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Dow Field Observer

Dow Air Force Base

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Dow Field Personnel, Bangor, Maine

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DOW FIELD Observer

THE DOW FIELD OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—WEDNESDAY, 18 APR. 1945

Vol. III. No. 24.

Athletic Area Being Completed In Central Spot

A new location has been decided upon this year, for the Dow athletic field, which is to be set up, complete with outdoor basketball court and equipment building, at the parade grounds near the Squadron E section of the Base. The new field, planned for some time, will do away with the long trips necessary for personnel who, in past years, had to go all the way to the Engineering section in order to attend practice sessions or to witness games.

Present plans call for setting up, in addition to two softball diamonds, several outdoor volleyball courts, chinning bars and possibly an outdoor handball court. Many had expressed the hope that the athletic field might be moved to a more convenient location, feeling that the walk to the old one was, in itself, enough exercise to last for an evening.

An archery range close to the new field is scheduled to be set up as soon as conditions permit. This year plenty of equipment will be available for those interested, with bales of hay in the background to stop any of the many stray arrows that, in some unknown manner, find themselves past the targets.

Memorial Broadcast Made on Short Notice

With only short notice, Dow Field enlisted men cooperated with the Park Street USO, Radio Station WABI and civilians to present a half-hour memorial broadcast for the late President.

Mr. John Reardon, director of the USO, discovered that as late as last Friday night no memorial broadcast had been scheduled for Bangor. He contacted Sgt. Herbie Blinn, of Personnel Service, and Wen Fogg, of WABI. With the cooperating of GIs stationed here and civilians they managed to arrange a half hour broadcast for 2215 Saturday night, but as late as 1700 they were still seeking talent and no script had been written.

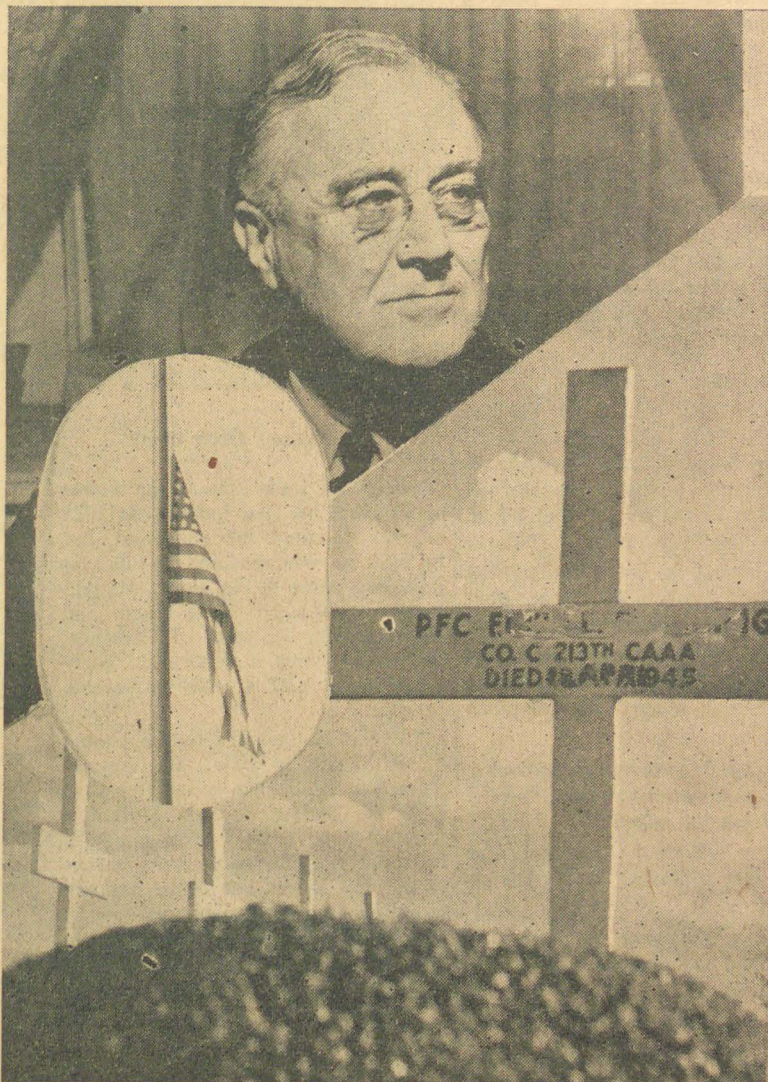
Taking part in the broadcast was Cpl. Leon Tarien, of Embarkation-Debarcation, who wrote and delivered a tribute to Mr. Roosevelt; Sgt. Leo Mossman, of Radio Maintenance, sang on the program, and Cpl. Bob Lindeman, of Classification, played the accompaniments and background music.

Squadron 'A' Party Set for Saturday

Squadron A's party and dance, featuring the music of the Squadron E Jive Bombers, will get under way this Saturday night at 2000 at the Penobscot Valley Country Club. The committee has been fortunate in securing the hall until 0100 Sunday, insuring an extra hour of dancing and entertainment for those attending. Arrangements for transportation to and from the Base are being made.

The committee includes Lt. Benninger, CO of the Squadron; 1st/Sgt. Kelley, and Pfc. Allocca. Master of Ceremonies Allocca promises a lively floor show and entertainment for Squadron A personnel and their guests. Admission to the party will be only by invitation.

...That Democracy Might Live



"What better way is there for me to die than in the service of my country?"—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Hitler and Tojo Will Hang When Bond Drive Hits Quota

Figures turned in to date in the 7th War Loan Drive are incomplete, and not too satisfying. As the drive progresses, Hitler and Tojo, now in a cage in front of Headquarters, will proceed through steps until, when the quota is reached, they will hang.

Under the supervision of Clarence Ryer, of Aircraft Maintenance, a big sign has been set up outside of Headquarters, outlining just what has to be done in order to hang the "gentlemen" in question. Effigies of our Nipponese and Nazi adversaries are appropriately housed in a cage adjacent to the sign. As the bond drive progresses, the various steps leading to their ultimate destruction by hanging, will be taken. Watch the display—and eventually these two monsters will swing for their crimes.

Progress Charts

All squadrons and departments have been issued progress charts, on which their own purchases will be indicated—in relation to the department or squadron quota. Watch the progress of your own outfit; and do your part to see that the quota is made.

A complete analysis of any quota indicates that it is achieved by the work of the individuals making up the organization. You can't count on someone else buying the bonds—you've got to do it yourself. You can't count on someone else doing more than his share, in order to make up for you. You've got to turn in your

share of the buying yourself.

All Purchases Count

Any buying done by members of your immediate family, even if the purchase isn't actually made here on the base, counts toward our quota. It isn't where the purchase is made that counts—it's just that the bonds are bought.

The fact that the bond is bought in your family is what counts. Every dollar of payroll reservation purchases of bonds counts towards the quota. Every dollar spent for cash purchases of bonds at the Finance Office counts. But make sure Minutemen know about it as soon as the purchase is made.

Ten Dollar Bonds

Don't forget that the \$10 GI bonds are available for cash purchase at any time. They are not restricted to enlisted men—officers can buy them. They make good gifts for members of your families.

Let's be selfish about this matter of buying bonds. Let's remember that the more money we salt away now, the less we're going to have to worry about what will happen after the war. Remember that for every \$3.00 you invest—you will get \$4.00 back in 10 years.

New Commander-in-Chief Is Veteran of World War I

By Camp Newspaper Service

Like many other Americans who have won distinction in public life, Harry S. Truman, 32nd President of the United States, and the new Constitutional Commander-in-Chief, is a war veteran with an outstanding record as a soldier.

Friends of the new President have said that his character was rounded and deepened by his experiences in uniform. Prior to World War I, he had worked at odd jobs, as drug store clerk, newspaper wrapper, bank clerk and had helped run the family's 480-acre farm near Lamar, Mo.

After he finished high school, he endeavored to get an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point but he failed because of poor eyesight.

Nevertheless, he enlisted in the Missouri National Guard, and when World War I broke out, he was inducted as a lieutenant. He went to France with his regiment and participated in the St. Mihiel and Argonne offensive. He was quickly promoted to a captain of Field Artillery and by the time the war ended was mustered out as a major. As a result of these experiences, he has unusual insight into the problems and psychology of the combat soldier, and throughout his lifetime he has maintained his interest in veterans and their problems.

President Harry S. Truman (the "S" is just an initial and doesn't stand for anything) was born on May 8, 1884, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson Truman, farm folk. That makes him 61 years old next month. Despite his slight build, spectacles and thinning grey hair, he looks younger, and has the physical stamina to stand up to what has been described as the most punishing job in the world.

Following World War I, the new President invested all his savings in a small business—a Kansas City haberdashery—and like many other veterans of that period, he lost his shirt during the hard times of the early '20s. Next he turned to politics. His first elective office was that of county judge. Although he then was 38 (1922), he decided he ought to have a knowledge of the law for

(Continued on Two)



President Harry S. Truman

Cpl. Gervais Buried At His Vermont Home

Funeral services for Cpl. Norman H. Gervais, who died as a result of injuries received when the tire of a C-46 blew out and he was struck by the retaining rim, were held early this week at his home in St. Johnsbury, Vt. Cpl. Richard Skinner accompanied the body home.

Cpl. Gervais, who narrowly escaped injury in a similar accident a week ago, was struck when the blowout hurled the 20 pound rim a distance of approximately 40 feet last Friday.

Mucklow Gives First Aid

M/Sgt. Harry Mucklow, working nearby, immediately applied a tourniquet to Gervais' badly mutilated leg. According to the Base Surgeon, a call for an ambulance was received at the hospital at 0915. Gervais was admitted to the hospital at 0932.

Major Allen said:

"Had the crash ambulance on the line been called we could have gotten the boy to the hospital sooner, since the ambulance could have speeded directly across the runways to the hangar. Should we have any serious accidents on the line, the line ambulance should be called. It is there for that purpose."

Remained Conscious

Despite all medical efforts, including continuous plasma injections, two blood transfusions and continuous oxygen administration, the Corporal never fully regained consciousness, and died at 1955 that night. Fatal injuries, involving lungs, brain and other organs, verified by autopsy, actually caused his death, rather than the more obvious injury to his leg.

Major Allen said:

"With such injuries, the rim must have been travelling with the force of a projectile. I wish to compliment the men on the line for applying the tourniquet, and for not moving the corporal, although loss of blood was not a factor in his ultimate death. With the injuries he suffered, he didn't have a chance. I wish to offer commendations to the entire Hospital Staff for their untiring work and attendance in this instance."

Handball Doubles Tilts Enter Second Week

First week of play in the Handball Doubles League placed the following teams in the winning column: Lt. Eaton and WO Sprague; Cpl. Seidman and Cpl. Stein; S/Sgt. Marcus and Sgt. Hirsh, and S/Sgt. Richardson and Capt. Ratner.

Games scheduled for the week of 18 through 25 April are as follows:

Sgt. Lord and Cpl. Malisoff vs. Cpl. Seidman and Cpl. Stein; Lt. Eaton and WO Sprague vs. Cpl. Brown and Cpl. Balecky; Lt. Conrad and WO Campbell vs. S/Sgt. Richardson and Capt. Ratner; Sgt. Penza and S/Sgt. Gunn vs. Cpl. Rosenthal and Lt. Grossman; Sgt. Crook and Pfc. Adams vs. S/Sgt. Marcus and Sgt. Hirsh; Sgt. Lord and Cpl. Malisoff vs. Cpl. Brown and Cpl. Dalecky; Cpl. Seidman and Cpl. Stein vs. S/Sgt. Richardson and Capt. Ratner; Lt. Eaton and WO Sprague vs. Cpl. Rosenthal and Lt. Grossman; Lt. Conrad and WO Campbell vs. S/Sgt. Marcus and Sgt. Hirsh, and Sgt. Penza and S/Sgt. Gunn vs. Sgt. Crook and Pfc. Adams.

Who's Who of Enlisted Men

From El Alamein to Cassino, Walsh Was In Thick of It

Perhaps the more recent developments in the war have made hazy to you such names as El Alamein, Tunis-Bizerte, Mareth line, Tunisian, Sicily, Messina and Cassino. They're far from hazy to S/Sgt. Grant F. Walsh, administrative NCO of Personnel Services. He was at all the spots close on the heels of Rommel, the "Desert Fox." He knew Gen. Montgomery, the man who outfought the "Fox," for he was operations clerk with the advanced fighter group, the famous 57th, that took over air fields almost before Rommel evacuated them.

With Famous 57th

Walsh was assigned to the 57th Fighter Group while it was in training at Bradley Field, Conn., when the now-renowned Phillip Cocoran of Terry and The Priates, was CO. He shipped overseas with it on 16 June 1942, sailed to Durban, South Africa then to Tuffick, Egypt. From there the outfit entrained through Palestine, returning to North Africa to join the British Eighth Army at El Alamein, and to stick with it until the fall of Tunis.

Knew Montgomery

Almost daily he saw Gen. Montgomery; practically every night in the week his outfit was bombed and strafed, and from the time the drive started in October 1942, until May 1943, his food consisted mostly sea rations. During this period his only time off was two three day passes, on which he was flown to Cairo.

About once a month the outfit moved forward to a base evacuated by the retreating Germans. Sgt. Walsh recalls:

"Being such an advanced outfit we were a constant headache to the enemy. They bombed and strafed us continually. At El Agela we lost 60 men from bombing. At Sfax we were so far advanced that the enemy bombing was almost continual. But we had good days. At Cape Bon our outfit knocked out 70 enemy planes in one day. It was called 'the Palm Sunday massacre.'"

After the fall of Tunis Walsh was transferred to the Detached, Enlisted Men's List. In that capacity he managed to wangle himself a supply job with one of the first contingents to land in the Sicilian invasion. He remained on the beachhead at Scordia Air Field with the Ninth Air Force until his old outfit moved in and he rejoined it. Sgt. Walsh distinctly remembers that day. He said:

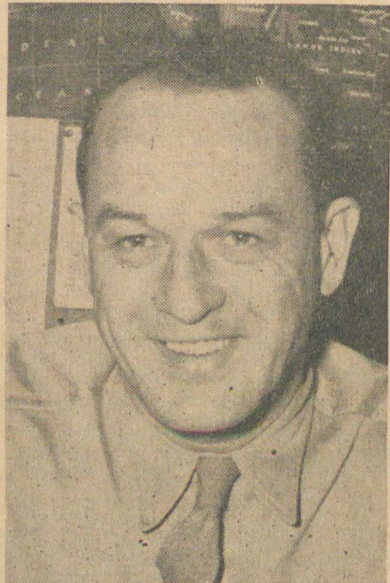
"That first night 60 men of the Canadian Air Force were killed by a single bomb."

Shortly after this, Walsh went to Cairo as a detached enlisted man. Three weeks later he joined the Twelfth Air Force at Foggia, Italy. He was in Bari the night of the terrific bombing.

For three months he was with the 34th Division at Cassino. While in Italy he was able to get to Rome and to see the Pope.

Again he was transferred, this time to the 57th Bombardment Wing, station at Trocchia, Italy, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. Here the volcano seemed to join up with the Axis by erupting. Walsh said:

"I was there at the time of the eruption. We lost sixty planes because of it; ash would gather on the wings and snap them off. I helped



S/SGT. GRANT F. WALSH

evacuate civilians. You'll see my picture in a copy of 'Yank' published at that time."

From Trocchia, Sgt. Walsh was flown to Corsica. There his outfit bombed Marseille and Toulon to soften up France for the southern invasion. They "took" plenty, too. Walsh recalls:

"One night we lost 80 men, from bombing. German planes became so bold that they put on their landing lights to strafe us. After it was all over parts of planes were hanging on trees. It was believed our outfit was jinxed and there was talk of moving us out."

When Sgt. Walsh sailed back to the United States last September he wore four stars on his European Theatre ribbon—for the North Africa, Libian, Sicilian and Italian campaigns. He also wore the Presidential Citation, but two clusters—worn by his unit on authority of the President and Montgomery have not been entered on his service record. He also had been recommended for the Legion of Merit. He said:



"That was for carrying supplies to American soldiers fighting with the Free French. Four of us started out in two trucks. The truck I was in was hit, the corporal driving it killed, and it caught fire. We managed to get a lot of the supplies out. We loaded it in the other truck and the three of us who survived got the supplies through."

When Walsh returned to this country he landed at New York and after a furlough, was transferred to Miami and then to Memphis and assigned to the ATC Ferry Command. A little over a month ago he came to Dow Field.

His home is in Cambridge, Mass. After graduating from CHLS high school there, where he played football and hockey, he took a course at the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Aeronautical Institute for two years. Following that he worked for a time for the John Hancock Life Insurance Company and then, in 1939, got a job as a wiper on an oil tanker sailing between Boston and Texas.

Inducted in 1941

He held this job until his induction in 1941. After taking basic with the 1st Infantry Division at Fort Devins, he was transferred to the Air Corps at Mitchel Field, N. Y., in the latter part of 1941.

From there he went to Bradley Field, East Boston Air Port, Fort Dix and then overseas.

Of Gen. Montgomery, leader of the British Eighth Army, with which Walsh stayed so long, he said:

"I say Montgomery almost daily and would have done anything he asked."

Of the Eighth Army (and Walsh was part of it) Winston Churchill said:

"When the war is over a man need say only, 'I was with the Eighth!'"

New Observer Nameplate Drawn by Pfc. Anthony

You've probably noticed there's a new masthead, or nameplate, at the top of the front page this week. It was designed by Pfc. George Anthony, draftsman in Aircraft Maintenance. As a civilian, Anthony worked in aircraft engineering and drafting, and at one time was a theatrical sign painter.

Change of appearance is not the only motive for using the new masthead. Although offering the same display value as the former masthead, the new one saves a total of nearly three inches of space on page one.

Charlie Share Deals in Magazines, Cigars, Candy and Human Relations



CHARLIE SHARE

By Pvt. Constance Klink

"Feeling better now?" . . . "That cold of yours about cleared up?" . . . "I see where you just got back from furlough . . . how was it—cold in Chicago?" . . . "Congratulations on your new stripe!"

You've all heard him, and all been flattered and deeply appreciative of his personal interest. The person in question? Charles Share of the main Post Exchange, who deals in human relations, as well as candy, cigarettes and magazines.

Keen Memory

He is one of the best known personalities of Dow Field, due largely to his unfailing courtesy and his kindness of manner, never bordering on the familiar or curious. His ability to remember names, dates and personalities amounts to an art. He personalizes his service with the result that each customer can not but feel that his likes and dislikes are of particular importance.

Charlie Share has been at Dow for a little over a year now and, in that time, has come to know practically every soldier, Wac and civilian on the Base by name. And, in turn, everyone knows Charlie.

Native of Bangor

Born in Bangor, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Share of 49 Pine Street, he attended the local schools, and was graduated from the Bangor high school in 1933.

Following his graduation, he went to New York, where he remained until 1943.

In March 1944, Charlie came to Dow Field to work in the PX. And there he has remained, except for the two months last summer when he went over to work in the North Area. The time was brief but colorful, and he recalled many incidents of Major Ballerino's now famous regime in that area, including the classic all-day party which the Major gave his men. Charlie says:

"This side of the field is very different. In North Area, I never really came to know any of the hundreds of men I had to wait on—it was an utterly impersonal deal. But here—this is different. I really feel as though I knew each GI well, and I would like to go on record right now as saying you couldn't find a sweller group of people anywhere."

After the war Charlie and his wife plan to open a cut rate store somewhere in Maine. He said:

"This state will always be my first choice. I like New York, but now I think I have had enough of it, as far as living or working there is concerned, and my wife feels the same way."

If Share manages his postwar enterprise as he has the cigarette and candy counter at the Dow Field PX, it will be a success. You can just hear him now saying to a customer he has not seen in six months:

"Why, Mrs. Smith, it's certainly fortunate you dropped in today—we just got in a supply of your particular powder."

New President . . .

(Continued from One)

the job and took a two-year course at Kansas City Law School. In 1924 he was defeated for reelection, but in 1926 he was returned to office as presiding judge of the court. He was known in Missouri as a liberal and an outspoken advocate of tolerance, but he also was a believer in party organization and a man of intense loyalty.

He was first elected to the United States Senate in 1934. He was re-elected in 1940 for a second term.

In the Senate he won himself a reputation as a hard worker and a legislator who "voted them as he saw them," but he did not attract national attention as a statesman until late in 1940 when, as head of the Senate committee which bore his name he conducted a series of investigation of America's war effort which just was going into high gear. The new Chief Executive and his fellow committee members toured the nation, visiting defense plants, shipyards and Army camps and questioning workers and executives. The result was a series of 50 reports recommending changes, reforms and improvements. Gen. Brehon B. Somervell has declared that the Truman Committee's recommendations saved the nation more than \$200,000,000.

When World War II broke out he held a commission as an active colonel in the Reserve Corps and made a bid for active service, but Gen. Marshall told him he was too old and President Roosevelt asked him to remain in the Senate.

At the 1944 Democratic convention at Chicago, he was nominated a candidate for the Vice-Presidency to run with President Roosevelt. He was elected in the Democratic sweep and served 82 days in that office.

The new President was married in 1919 to his childhood sweetheart, Miss Bess Wallace, who now becomes First Lady of the Land. They have one daughter, Margaret.

DANCE IN T-6 TOMORROW

A Patriot's Day Dance, jointly sponsored by the USO and Personnel Services, will be held tomorrow night in Building T-6 for enlisted personnel. Music will be furnished by Sgt. Herbie Blinn and his orchestra and USO hostesses will be in attendance. Uniform will be Class "A"—either o. d. or suntan.

A 16-year-old girl attended a dance at the Officers' Club, her first military social affair. Later she made this report to her parents.

"It was wonderful," she began. "At first I danced with 2nd Lts., but later I danced with the officers."

AAF DEVELOPS NEW BEACON

The Army Air Forces have developed an acetylene-burning air beacon that operates a year without refueling or adjustment and throws a 400-candlepower beam visible for approximately twelve miles. The automatic lantern is being used on peaks and other hazardous obstacles where electrical power is unavailable. A sun valve turns the light on at dark and off during daylight hours. A flash regulator flips the light on for two-tenths of a second, thirty times a minute.

Pfc.: "You should go on sick call." Cpl.: "What makes you think so?" Pfc.: "You're beginning to look like the photo on your I. D. card."

Officers and Men of AACSHere Come from All Parts of Globe



OFFICERS OF THE 135th AACs SQUADRON. Seated: 1st Lt. Nellie J. Carey (recently transferred) and Major A. H. Moore, Commanding Officer of Squadron. Standing: 1st Lt. F. E. Horn, 1st Lt. Robert F. Craven, 1st Lt. Lloyd E. Norling and 1st Lt. Deleau Rester.

Working directly with the Air Transport Command, but not actually a part of it, are two essential attached services—Weather and Communications. The headquarters of the 135th Squadron of the 6th Wing of the Army Airways Communications, formerly at Presque Isle, is now located here on Dow Field.

From the local headquarters of the 135th Squadron, control is exercised over AACs detachments stationed over a vast area, reaching from a point far west of Hudson Bay, to NAD stations in Baffinland and Labrador. Some of the interesting and isolated spots inhabited by the 135th are the Pas, Island Falls, Eskimo, Churchill, and Coral Harbor—all west of or on fabulous Hudson Bay. Clyde River, Padloping Island, Frobisher Bay, and a few other stations are located in Baffinland. In Labrador, bases include Hebron, Cape Harrison and Goose Bay. In Quebec, men are stationed at Fort Chimo (on Ungava Bay), Mecatina, and Mingan. These are only a few of the many communications outposts over half of the Canadian north.

Vital to Air Transport

Army Airways Communications plays a vital part in our air transport operations. Transmission of weather data from northern stations; the sending and receiving of flight plans and other messages relative to airplane flights; the maintaining of radio beams and other directional finding equipment for aircraft; the sending and receiving of administrative messages from base to base; and the handling, coding and decoding of secret and confidential messages—all these are functions of AACs.

Most of the personnel at AACs stations are especially chosen and trained. They are skilled radio technicians, signal experts, cryptographers, radio repairmen, and radio operators. Poor communications might spell disaster to planes so AACs sees to it that communications are as near perfect as possible.

Lonely Life

AACs personnel, manning the isolated stations of the arctic, know far better than most of us what the loneliness and desolation of life in the far north is. Most of the men stationed here have seen many months of service overseas, and all of them have tall tales to tell—stories of shipwreck, of snow drifts that completely cover their buildings, of the Eskimo wireless, of fabulous catches of fish and game, and of maintaining communications under the most abnormal conditions.

Major A. H. Moore

Major A. H. Moore, commander of the 135th, is a veteran of 16 months in the South Pacific. Transferred to San Bernardino, Calif., he became CO of the 101st AACs Squadron. Major Moore, a native of Greensburg, Pa.,

graduated from Purdue University and received his commission as a Reserve Officer in 1934. He was called to active duty in August 1941, and assigned to the 4th AACs, at Maxwell Field, Ala.

Lt. Robert Craven

First Lt. Robert F. Craven, Adjutant of the Squadron and a native of Indiana, enlisted in the army in September 1941. Sent to AAF OCS at Miami Beach, he graduated in December 1942. Later he commanded a unit in the AAF war training cross country school at Coffeyville, Kan., and afterwards became CO of a unit headquarters section. He entered the AACs in February of this year, coming to Dow Field after attending school at Sheppard Field, Texas.

Lt. Horn

Lt. Horn, a former social science instructor at Temple University, received a direct commission as a 2nd lieutenant in February 1943. At Moore Field, Texas, he spent nearly two years as an instructor in the cadet ground school, and was school secretary of the field. Transferred to AACs in February of this year, he was assigned to Dow.

Lt. Rester

Lt. Rester, a native of Bogalusa, La., enlisted in 1934, and served his first hitch in the Panama Canal Zone with the Coast Artillery. In 1937 he returned there with the Air Corps, working in radio operations and maintenance at France Field. He came back to the States in 1939. Graduating from Miami Beach OCS in 1942, he was assigned to Atlanta as an AACs Officer in charge of the local detachment.

Lt. Rester, was at Gander Lake, Stephenville, and other northern bases, where he installed instrument landing equipment and other AACs devices. He transferred to Dow in February of this year.

Lt. Norling

Lt. Norling is a native of Fargo, N. D., and enlisted in September 1942. During his Army career he went to Valley Forge Military Academy for cadet training, and to Yale University as a communications Officer, getting his commission in May 1943. After further training he went to Santa Monica, Calif., as cryptographic officer in the First Communications Squadron. In 1944 he was assigned to an NAD overseas base, as cryptographic officer, returning to Dow Field in February of this year.

The AACs detachment at Dow Field, commanded by Captain Le-Wayne N. Wall, is one of the units of the 135th AACs Squadron.

Close Order Drill; NCO Classes Begin

Many a Dow GI, preparing to step out in Close Order drill during the latter part of the week, heaved a sigh for the good old days and recalled all too vividly those basic training days in Luna, Atlantic City, Keesler, or at any one of the "boot" camps scattered over this broad land, when he was new to the Army and his shoes were new to his feet. Trying to add up the total of all the miles they traveled through the mud and dust of the drill field, these weary willies wondered if they were to be afflicted with basic English from a sergeant or two yelling, "hup, two, three, four," while the sun beat a steady tattoo on theiraching noggins.

This week's hour of drill is the second of a series of thirteen to be ended on 30 June, as part of the training program outlined by Headquarters AD. The other half of the directive is aimed at the NCO, who during the same thirteen weeks will be initiated and reinitiated in the duties and problems peculiar to those who possess two or more stripes following one another in rapid succession down the arm.

Most of the Non-commissioned Officers' classes will be held at the Base Theater, though the second is scheduled for the parade ground. NCO's, because of their attendance at school, will not be excused from close order drill, and therefore the privates may be said to have the last laugh, but not on payday.

Macy's BUYS From Public

Macy's Department store in New York, supervised purchases from the public rather than sales to it this week. The Quartermaster Corps of the United States Army set up shop on the fifth floor, in the music department, to buy band instruments for cash from the civilian public to supply the urgent needs of Army bands.

Squadron E

By Sgt Joseph C. Cooper

Sorta liked that column last week as provided by Pfc. William Anderson. 'Twas easy, interesting, and informational reading. Apparently, though, Pfc. Anderson was a bit too thorough for he was not without the verbal blastings that most columnists get from reactionary, shall I say, readers. Cpl. Charles Monroe, I am told, threatened the poor chap within an inch of his life. Tsk Tsk!

Inspections seem to be the order of the day. The squadron has seen quite a few in the past weeks. What's the Army coming to, anyway?

At this writing, our dear dear Fust Sergeant is on a well-earned furlough. May he rest in peace. (Ya know what I mean—or do ya)?

Although we are a bit late in announcing or acknowledging it, our CO heads the list for congratulations. Seems that he was present a few weeks ago at a marriage ceremony, which probably was not the first he had witnessed—only, this time he was the groom. Boy, do I know some people who envy him. The same thing was the case of Pfc. Elmore A. Williams. He, too, is sporting a wedding band. Pfc. W. H. Jeffries became a poppa a few days ago. Congratulations are also in order to them.

The Service Club opened last week with a bang. Nice place that Service Club. The attendance on opening night and those following is something for the books. Sgt. Antonio Strong and Pfc. Orlando Hughes deserve much credit for the fine way things are being handled. Dropped in a couple nights ago and was beaten. Don't take me too literally, I mean beaten at bridge.

Cpl. Louis A. Womble, of Montclair, N. J., is making quite a name for himself as a drummer. Guess who begged for some publicity in the Observer a few days ago?

Beauty Shop Operator on Hill From 'Mitch's' Home Town



MRS. JAMES COOK, Proprietor of the WAC Beauty Shop, adds the finishing touches to Pvt. Ernestine Stem's coiffure.

WAC Hill has an important new addition in the form of the inviting looking beauty shop which was recently opened for the exclusive use of WACS and Army Nurses.

The new operator and owner is the attractive Mrs. Verna Cook, wife of Sgt. James Cook of the Billeting Section.

Mrs. Cook takes over her new duties with fourteen years of experience in the beauty business behind her—ten years of which she had her own shops.

Corsicana, Texas, the home of 1st Sgt. Leah E. Mitchell, is also the home-town of Mrs. Cook. Born and raised there, she knew Sgt. Mitchell's mother and older brother, but had never met the top-kick before coming to Dow. Mrs. Cook said:

"We both graduated from the same high school, but she went there quite a few years later than I."

She was the proprietor of the "Modern" beauty shop in Corsicana for six years, and had another salon in Wichita Falls, Texas for four years. With the advent of the war, however, she went into defense work. Before coming to Dow Field, she was employed for 14 months as a storekeeper at Kelly Field, Texas. She said:

"I didn't intend to do beauty work when I came to Bangor. My husband was assigned to Dow Field after 21 months in Iceland, and I came up here to be with him. Then one day I was in the PX, and I got to talking to some of the Wacs all of whom were eager to have a beauty shop of their own up on the hill. I got to thinking about it then—and—here I am!"

The shop itself is most attractive with a cream and blue linoleum on the floor, and gold damask drapes at the windows; it is of a good size, with plenty of comfortable cretonne covered chairs and magazine-full tables for the waiting customers. There are few empty chairs, for the shop has made a tremendous hit. The Wacs are pleased with the caliber of the work, and delighted not to have to go into town for sets, shampoos and permanents. As a result business is rushing!

SUNTANS BECOME OPTIONAL

Wearing of suntan uniforms became optional this week, as did Class "A" or "B" uniforms for off-the-base wear. In other words, personnel dressed in o. d.'s may leave the Base without a blouse providing the uniform is not "mixed".

Medically Speaking

Squadron "F" welcomes to its ranks this week S/Sgt. Lloyd D. Huff, who comes to Dow Field from Romulus Field, Mich. Sgt. Huff is an expert Sanitary Technician, and has done extensive work along these lines in such far away places as Africa, India, and the Middle East, where he spent some twenty months. He believes he will like Dow Field just fine after he becomes more acquainted with the set-up here.

The boys are all afire this week with talk of a softball team, and each noon and evening brings the sound of the bat hitting the old pill out back of the barracks. We hope to duplicate (at least) the fine showing of last year's bunch of warriors, and with veterans like Palasek, Caple, MacFarland, Richards, and Kuehn, we have the nucleus. Newcomers, such as Old, Earl, Clark, Marcus and Hirsh, are showing up very well in practice. So here is fair warning to the rest of the teams, the Medics will have another of their great teams, and perhaps even better than the one last year, which finished second in the play-off.

"Tex" Simmons, our very capable mailman, has become a rather notorious figure of late. It seems the other day during the lunch hour Tex, attired in shorts, was seen very diligently and industriously polishing the piano. That's the best way we know of to do two jobs at once: polish the piano and the "old apple" at the same time. Incidentally, "Tex" says he is happy to be once more "one of the boys" up here on Hospital Hill, though he claims our gain is the Officers' Club loss.

With the coming of the nice weather, the boys here in the hospital are donning shorts and sunning themselves whenever possible. This won't last, however, because soon there will be the victory garden to plant and we'll be kept plenty busy picking out weeds.

Sgt. Lupo, a former member of the gang here, stopped in to say hello to a few of his old friends the other day. Sgt. Lupo, who is now stationed in the Far North at Goose Bay, is looking fine and seems to like his new situation. Incidentally, he was back on an emergency furlough. The cause of said furlough, a bundle of joy; a girl. Congratulations, Sgt.!!

DOW FIELD OBSERVER

Published weekly by the Information and Education Section of the Personnel Services Office for the personnel of Dow Field, Maine, and cleared through the Public Relations Office. Opinions expressed in this paper do not necessarily represent the views of either the field or the War Department. The Observer uses Camp Newspaper Service material. Republication of credited matter is prohibited without permission of CNS, 205 E. 42nd St., NYC 17, N. Y.

Lt. Col. Orie O. Schurter.....Commanding
Capt. Manuel Korn.....Personnel Services Officer
1st Lt. A. G. Thompson....Public Relations Officer
Sgt. F. M. Snyder.....Editor
Cpl. James F. Burns.....Reporter
Photo-Lab Personnl.....Photography

Editorial Comment

Only Fantasies?

The following item appeared in the current issue of "Time" Magazine:

"By order of the Memphis Board of Motion Picture Censors, 'Brewster's Millions' was banned last week from Memphis cinemas. The board's reason: 'Rochester' (Eddie Anderson), the Negro comedian, 'has an important role and has too familiar a way about him.' Also, the picture 'presents too much social equality and racial mixture.'"

So Rochester, a fictitious character on the screen, plays too important a role? What's the matter, you "Men" of Memphis, are you demanding that your theatres steer clear of reality? We don't have to tell you that Negroes play important roles in real life. You know it; your draft boards sent hundreds of them out to die to protect your homes and to fight for democracy. And, if they had refused to fight for the mockery you are making of democracy, you'd have been the first to shout about an unappreciative race, and to see that "just" punishment came to those who refused to defend "their" country—a country where they are even denied an important part in fiction.

We know why you refused to let the picture be shown. You don't want those who are unfamiliar with the Negro to know that he is a human being with hopes, fears, likes and dislikes just like any human being. Movies, you have learned, are great molders of public opinion. You'll only show movies in which Negroes turn white when they think they see a ghost; are lazy and shiftless; shoot craps when they should be attending to work; steal chickens; and act in other ways that real-life Negroes don't. Keep the ignorant thinking they are like that and the Negro will remain where you want him to: in a class that has nothing to do with the phrase "all men are created equal."

But the number of ignorant people is rapidly decreasing except possibly in Memphis. White GIs will return to Memphis (the Lord knows why) from Dow Field, where Squadron E's record speaks for itself, and from all parts of the world where you have sent Negroes to do your fighting, and you'll look ridiculous not only to other localities, but to your own sons who will see you for your contemptible selves.

We'll All Enlist Again?

Many men, faced with the imminence of the victory on the European battle lines, have begun to ask themselves, "Would I be wise to remain in the Army after the war?" And before they even begin to answer, they must find just what plans are being made by the higher-ups for peacetime Army, Navy and Air Corps.

In America, the Army is not the ideal of every American boy, who looks for his heroes in the ball parks of the nation instead; but it is a necessity, and as such, should be worthwhile for anyone who wishes to serve in its ranks, to raise his family under its colors and to wear the uniform of his country. Let's not have men saying, as they have in other years, "I'm disgusted with the civilian set-up. Jobs are few and far between. There isn't much to do around here. I guess I'll join the Army."

DOW FIELD CROSS SECTION DOW FIELD

Mathematicians have stated that a man's liking of the Army increases in direct proportion to the square of the length of time he's been in. To test this theory, the question was asked to five old-timers:

"After serving all the time you have in the Army, do you intend to 'sweat out' your thirty years?"

M/Sgt. Martin M. Hanes, of the Inspection Department, Headquarters, will have completed 20 years in the Army on 8 June. He answered:

"I'll stay at least until the war is over. After that, I wouldn't want to be too specific since it depends on conditions in the Army after the war is over. If they are the same as they were before, then the chances are I'll remain in service. In June I'll be eligible for disability retirement with three-quarters pay, which might be a factor in my leaving the service."

M/Sgt. Edward A. Randolph, of Supply and Service, has 22 years in the service of Uncle Sam. He replied:



"I like the military service and intend to remain in the Army until I retire. I enlisted in 1923 at the age of 18, and since that time have seen service in the Field Artillery, Ordnance, Motor Transportation and now the Air Corps. The Army is a means of security in old age, and eight years isn't a long time to

'sweat out'. I hope that the high rate of pay in the Army continues."

S/Sgt. Roland Schmidt, who enlisted 13 years ago at his home in Minnesota, said:

"I'll stay in if they'll give me a break. I enlisted as a bandsman and was a bandsman until a little over a year ago when I came to Dow Field. At present I'm a permanent CQ for Squadron B. Naturally I'd rather work at my own MOS because that's the one job I know better than any other."

T/Sgt. Arthur Hausker, working in processing, leads the band at presentation ceremonies. He has had 23 years in service and said:



"Yes, I'll remain in the Army until I retire. I enlisted on 13 October 1921, and have always been associated with Army bands. At Gander Lake, in Newfoundland, I organized one. I believe that the postwar Army will be larger and have more opportunities for the enlisted man. Twenty-one years of my

Army career have been spent in the Infantry and the remainder in the Air Corps."

Sgt. Buford Shepherd, a native of Atlanta, Ga., and veteran of the last war, works in Consolidated Supply. He stated:

"I'd be foolish to get out. I've only got a few more years to go, so I'll stay in no matter what happens; even if they cut the pay to the pre-war amount. I have twenty-four years in all read."



The Wolf

by Sansone



The Chapel Spire

Catholic Chaplain

Capt. James T. Kilbride

Protestant Chaplain

Capt. Edmund D. Viser

Telephone Ext. 215

CATHOLIC

Sunday—In Base Chapel, Masses at 0730 and 1100. Hospital Rec. Hall, Mass at 0945.

Daily—In Chapel, Masses at 1700.

Confessions Saturday night from 1830 hours and before each Mass.

PROTESTANT

Sunday—In Chapel, Services at 1000. In Hospital Rec. Hall, Services at 0900.

Wednesday—In Chapel, Choir practice at 1845.

JEWISH

Friday—In Chapel, Services at 1900 by Bangor Jewish Welfare Board.

Life's Passing Grade

Selected by Chaplain E. D. Viser

Jesus tells a story of the Last Judgment in Matthew 25:41 and sets forth the kind of examination we shall all have to take in order to get a passing mark on our lives. The people who passed were those who were sensitively aware of other people. They were the

ones who saw the hungry and fed them, saw the sick and ministered to them, saw those in prison and visited them. They got the grade, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you." The ones who "flunked" with a zero were those who didn't see and didn't care. They were the ones who were shut out.

It is a sobering thing to remember that what Jesus condemned were the sins of omission, the passing by on the other side because men were too busy with their own plans to notice or care that other people were in great need.

We may each ask how we would stack up on such an examination: Take my life right now—what kind of verdict would it win? From there the idea could be examined in some detail. First, the art of seeing and caring and doing something about the people near to us for whom we have no family responsibility, whose only qualification is that there is some need we can help. How many different kinds of help can be given! Then, there are also the people whom we never see, but who are deeply affected by our attitudes and practices. For example, take one case which may seem to be remote, but is very real. Think of the children born into the world this year 1945. What happens to them is in our hands. Will they be ground down by another world war in twenty years? No one of us can decide that question. But all of us are deciding it by our attitudes to the kind of world we demand be made. We each have a vote, for it is the collective will, made up of lives one by one, which finally will decide.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Mr. Editor:

When I came in the Army over three years ago, we were orientated on cleanliness and had inspections, but never did we have any notice on our bulletin boards to the effect that "if we were good little boys and got our barracks nice and clean we would get a ribbon, a gold star or a sign." Brother, that is the last straw!

Such a bit of writing certainly indicates that some people have no conception of what the enlisted men on this station are doing.

Can you imagine some fellows with several hash marks, wearing a number of overseas theater ribbons, maybe the DFC or the Air Medal, or a Unit Citation falling in with full approval of such a plan? I think that our Base Commanding Officer will agree with me when I say that the job on this Base to be accomplished first is the movement of aircraft, cargo and passengers, and I think that the majority of the enlisted men on this station realize that, but when you start throwing such stuff as Honor Barracks, after-hour training and other things on an equal CS quality, well, the morale is going to go "all to heck" and the work efficiency will be lowered.

And as the Memorandum also said: "An award will be purchased from the Squadron Fund." Just how in the hell can they buy such as that and say that it is for the "benefit of the enlisted men"?

Uneager Beaver.

Priorities and Traffic Section Has Nickname of 'The Hub'

By Pfc. Ralph Miller

OFTEN referred to as "The Hub," the Priorities and Traffic Section of Dow Field lives up to its nickname. Its mission of directing all air passenger and cargo at the Base makes P & T the vital center for that phrase of air transport.

P & T is a complex, smooth-running organization directed by Capt. Eric C. Forester, assisted by Lt. Frederick H. Schuett and Lt. Thomas E. Stephenson. NCO in charge of the section is T/Sgt. Roy Dattman. Mrs. Ellen O'Connell is Capt. Forester's secretary.

Organizational Set-Up

The basic functions of Priorities and Traffic are best explained by the break-down of the organizational set-up. First, the job of the Priorities Section is to control and issue priority rating for all traffic, both passenger and cargo. The Traffic Section expedites the movements of all cargo, mail and passengers transported in and out of the Base by air; this divides Traffic into Cargo, Passenger and Postal Sections. The Postal Section is under the direction of Capt. Charles E. Temple. Its function is to coordinate the flow of air mail coming here to be flown overseas. Supervisor of the cargo section (also called the "Ramp" section) is genial Mr. Victor Lavelle.

Priorities

All items of traffic, including passengers, mail and freight, must have a priority rating before P & T may dispatch them for flight.

For traffic originating at this Base and consigned to domestic stations within the division, P & T here is authorized to grant priorities. Priorities on traffic beyond these stations must be obtained from the Priorities Control Office at Presque Isle under the direction of Lt. Frank T. Page, Jr.

Controlling the policies on priorities for the NAD is the Division Office of P & T under the supervision of Lt. Col. Joseph Letzkus, Assistant Chief of Staff of NAD. Mail is usually given the second highest priority along with airplane parts marked AOCP (aircraft out of commission). AOCP items are given a priority over other traffic with a corresponding rating.

An Illustration

The following illustration is given to show how P & T would handle an item of air freight. Say Air Corps Supply here wants to send an aircraft part to AC Supply at Presque Isle. It must be wrapped or crated in accordance with the requirements for air-freight as specified by ATC. A telephone call is then made to P & T to obtain a priority. The priority is given in accordance with the urgency of the shipment. The package is delivered to the Freight Section at P & T, accompanied by a shipping ticket containing pertinent data, including the name and address of the consignor, the shipping ticket serial number, weight, a

description of the contents, name and address of the consignee, and the priority rating. This data is transcribed onto the Airway Bill labeled to the package. The priorities designation is also stamped in large letters on all sides of the package, and if it is an AOCP item it gets plastered with labels stressing that fact.

With the cargo prepared for shipment, P & T now awaits a scheduled flight to Presque Isle. From Transport Operations they receive by telephone an ETA (Estimated Time of Arrival) of a C-46 coming in from Newark. Newark, meanwhile, has sent a telegram here telling what cargo for Dow Field is on the plane. Simultaneously, the Fuel Service Section, Weights and Balances, and Aircraft Equipment Inspection are notified of the ETO so that they may be ready to meet the plane and render their service. If any radio repairs are necessary, the Radio Maintenance Section sends a crew out to check the plane upon arrival.

"Muscle Men"

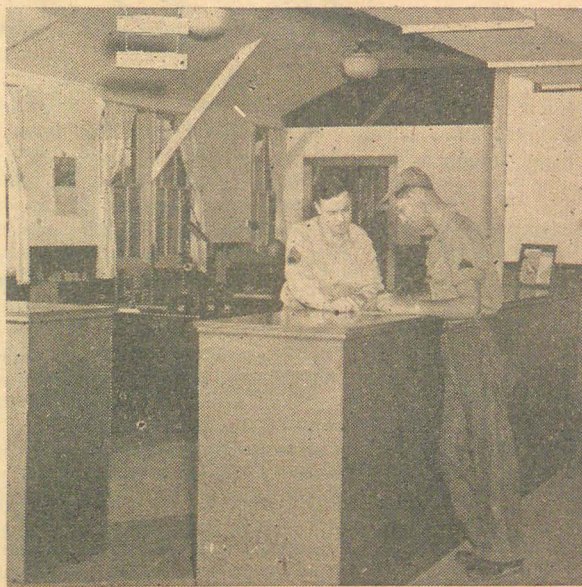
Meanwhile the "Muscle Men" of the freight section are in readiness with their truck and fork lift to handle the off-loading, on-loading and securing of freight and baggage.

As soon as the in-bound C-46 is parked in front of P & T, passengers are off-boarded and processed in the passenger section. The men from W & B, AEI, begin their duties on the plane. The freight crew swings into action with a truck and fork lift, a vehicle for loading and off-loading heavy pieces of freight. As soon as Dow consignments are off-loaded, outbound freight is loaded, with the allowable traffic load and location of all cargo being ascertained by the Weights and Balance crew. The freight is fastened down with the plane's Evans tie-down kit, an ingenious contraption that rivals the "skyhook."

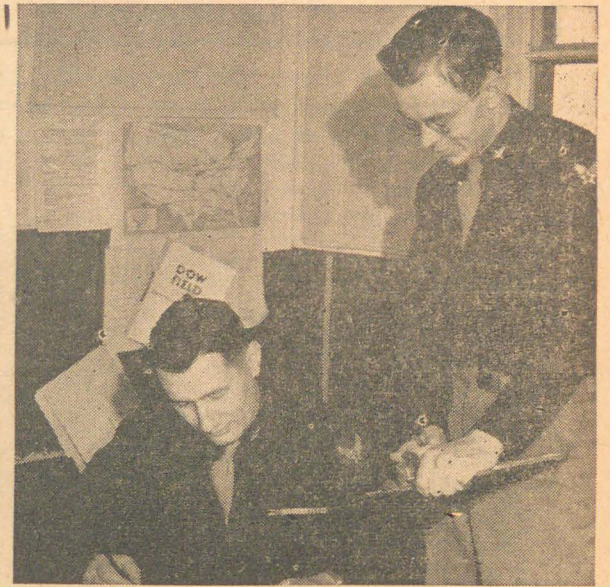
Paper Work

Accompanying each shipment is a form known as a manifest. This is much the same as the bill of lading used in rail shipments; however, in air transport passengers are manifested as well. The "brain busting" form to be filled out is the Plane Load Computation sheet, referred to as the OP-9. This document goes along on the ride and contains figures furnished by the Weights and Balance Section.

After all these matters have been attended to, the part destined for Presque Isle AC Supply is ready to take off in a C-46.



P & T men check a passenger list.



Captain Forester and Lt. Stephenson check a schedule.

A telegram, sent to Presque Isle P & T, tells them of our shipment on this particular flight. Afterward, the freight section delivers the off-loaded cargo to the consignees there.

Passengers

Occasionally, a C-54 comes in from overseas with returning passengers. The passenger section then becomes the "Hub" for several more activities. The passengers have to be processed by the Federal Customs and Immigration inspectors located in Bangor, and the Base Security Office. Each returnee undergoes a physical examination.

As an alternate Debarkation station for ambulance patients and evacuees, P & T has received, processed and given medical care to several shipments in recent months.

Unusual Passengers

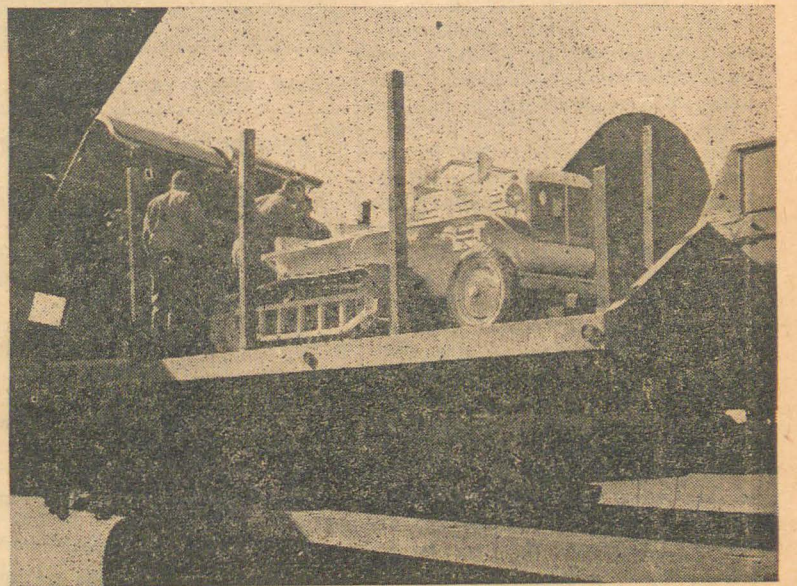
Among interesting and unusual passengers who have come through here were some Turkish diplomats, all wearing their distinctive fezes, and a group of Russian flyers.

The Russians' visit afforded considerable amusement to the office staff by an incident which occurred while they were waiting in the Passenger Section. One of them wanted to go to the men's room, but not being able to read English, he just guessed wrong.

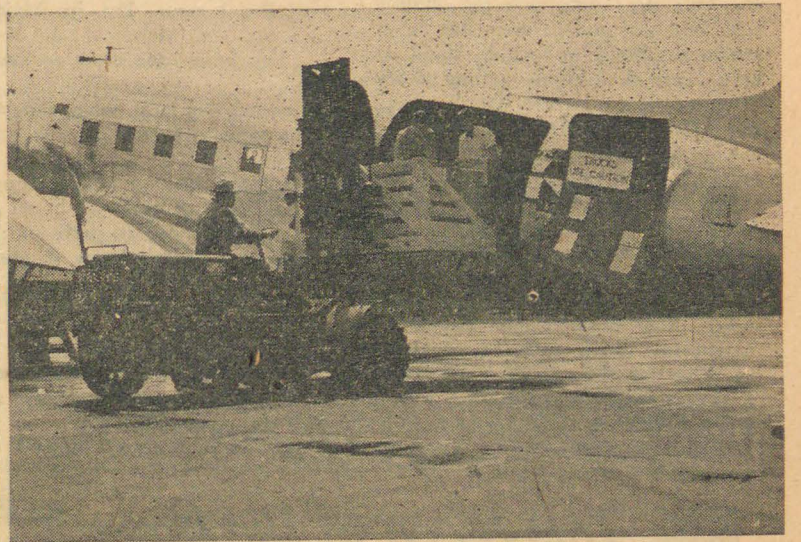
Some Tough Freight

Most spectacular of the items of freight which P & T has handled were two snow-tractors unloaded here; and the heaviest single item, a 4000-pound generator, sent here from Goose Bay. Written on the crate by the Goose Bay freight men was the challenging note:

"We got this baby on; now let's see if you can get it off." Considering all its vital activities, P & T well deserves the title of "The Hub."



Snow rescue tractor ships by plane.



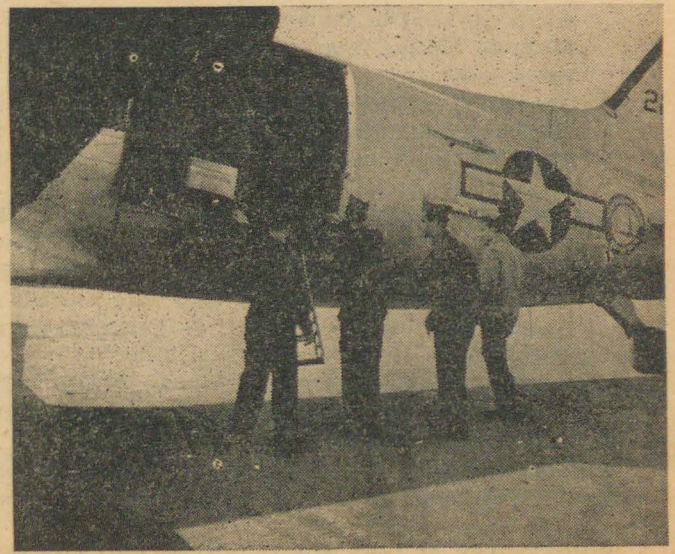
Loading cargo with the hydraulic lift.



Each passenger's safety belt is fastened securely.



Mail arrives here for reshipment.



Boarding a plane just before take-off

Dow Civilian Personalities

By Marjorie Talbot

This diminutive lass with the sparkling brown eyes, and an equally sparkling personality, is none other than Fern Clendenning of Base Ordnance. A sunny corner office in the Ordnance Base Shop is "her home away from home" for eight busy hours a day and judging from all outward appearances, she's happy about the whole thing.

Fern—a Mrs. by the way—is charged with the responsibility of all job orders going to repair sections. These orders consist of the time, labor, and material utilized on each job going through the Preventative Line Maintenance and Base Ordnance Shop. Any vehicle held up over three days must be reported and the reason for this delay noted—this may be due to lack of parts, shop facilities, shop personnel or tools and equipment. Every vehicle on the Base, from a scooter to a base bus, must have a 1000-mile check every month and a 6000 mile check semi-annually. She maintains a stock record system for parts and all shop equipment and must be sure that these tools are in good repair and see that they are not lost.

Keeps Many Records

All personnel actions of the Ordnance Department, including time records, leave slips, suspensions, promotions, etc., are processed through this office.

So, despite the fact that it may usually be a man's job to keep a car in good running order, this young lady keeps a sharp look-out on a number of vehicles—of all shapes and sizes.

Mrs. Clendenning came to Dow in May of 1943, making her a comparative new-comer to the field. Both she and her husband, Douglas, come from Orono and, incidentally, she tells us that they were childhood sweethearts. At the present time he is in the Army stationed in Belgium.

Although she's a real "State of Mainer" she'd like very much someday to settle either in the Middle West or California. However, an extended trip to Belgium would fill the bill perfectly for the present.

A Radio Fan

She's an ardent radio fan and Bing Crosby holds first place on her list. "The Voice" runs a close second, but she says she's outgrown the "bobby sock brigade" and to date, has never swooned. She's a capable hand at taking care of children—getting plenty of experience with her sister's young son. Horseback riding and swimming are her favorite sports; she hasn't been getting much practice lately, but we've heard rumors that she cuts a "mean rug" on the dance floor.

As for a nice quiet indoor sport, there's just no two ways about it—cribbage is tops. And every noon, when other conventional people are wondering about such trivial things as what they'll have for lunch, you'll find Fern, and any other three willing persons, putting their heads together and really concentrating on this game.



MRS. FERN CLENDENNING

TWO GIs RUN NAZI TOWN

Two anti-aircraft gunners took over American military government in Staden, a Ruhr Valley village, recently. Almost immediately, 400 villagers besieged them with requests.

Private First Class William Farrell, of Bayonne, N. J., and Private Albert Simonds, of Worcester, Mass., the two gunners, appealed to A. M. G. officers. After three days, they were relieved.

"We wanted to get back to the peace and quiet of the front," Farrell said.

ALSO RHYMES WITH 'RAIN'

Overheard outside of one of the booths in the telephone center recently was the following conversation:

"Hello, honey. I'm in Maine . . . No, No, Maine—M-A-I-N-E . . . You know, the most northern state . . ."

Three minutes later, when time was up, the same conversation was going on.

A dejected looking officer stepped from the booth, mopped his brow, and said aloud to no one in particular:

"She still doesn't know where I am."

CONSOMME!

Theirs was a beef stew romance, To put it nice and crude— She was always beefing And he was always stewed.

Civilian Slants

By Bud Leavitt, Jr.

This 'n That or How Should We Bake Hitler's Hide: This town lost one of its swellest guys this week when Bror O. Hultgren, Jr., packed his duffle and departed for an overseas assignment. The little guy with the weary-weary expression didn't have time to get around for a hand-shake, so he has asked us to wave a "seeya later" on the presumption that he'll be back some time to take up residence. . . . What do you think of "our gal" Fern Clendenning pictured elsewhere in this edition? . . . The long-bearded mystery dealing with Johnny Mullaney's "Bard Setter" still hasn't been solved, but some of the lads are awfully hot. . . . Ol' Jim Cunningham, the Lochinvar of Dow's Roads and Grounds, hit the salmon a helleva wallop a few days yonder. Jim was dragging his own streamer-fly creation and the salmon in Flood's Pond nearly chased him out of the boat.

Sir Klondike Mandrake Sheets, one of the big wheels of Aircraft Maintenance, has an even dozen chickens for sale. . . . Arthur Hayward really enjoying life these days with the fish taking hold. . . . Clarence Icabod Pursley, the GI edition of a Texas Chamber of Commerce, recently hired Louie the Barber for a job—and you ought to see the head that's wearing the haircut. . . . Speaking of "hair-looks" reminds us that we saw a civilian from the Motor Pool the other ayem who tops 'em all. This guy looks like a cross between a pre-revolutionary war injun and a Boris Karloff movie. . . . The draft boards must have had their beard's ruffled, because more men are "IA" at the moment than it would take to whip Hitler. . . . They say Supply and Service's "Doc" Ankrum can really tee off on baseball.

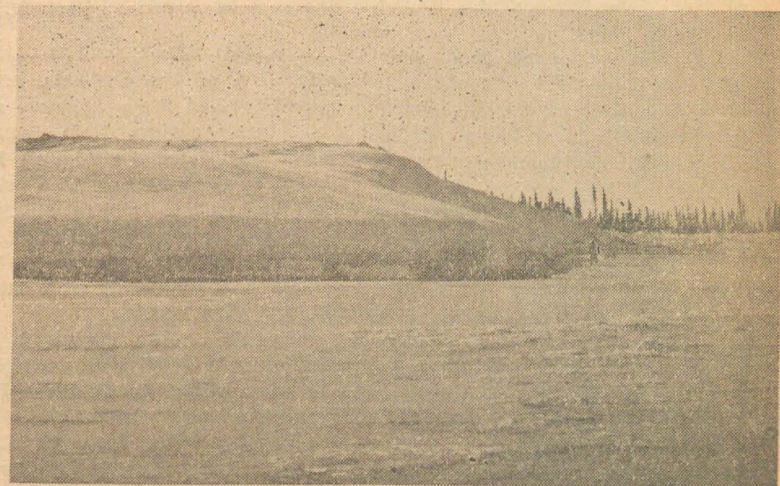
Speaking of baseball, isn't it nice reading to note where major loops have started their annual race? . . . They tell us that Mister J. P. (that's for jet propulsion) Williams can whip up quite a lather off a pitching mound. I wonder what keeps the man together? J. P. is a brittle looking "boy" and to imagine him toiling through nine heated innings is asking a lot of an imagination. . . . The annual chowder-and-marching frolic for the civilian-military bowling contestants was held the other evening. The affair was held within the stately chambers of the Bangor House and was still going strong when all good people should be in the arms of Morpheus. Prexy Michael Francis Quinn, Boston's contribution to Bangor, held the rostrum as master-of-ceremonies, while Banker Edwin Cronin rendered the annual financial report. The lads, between buckets of foamy brew, passed out the annual prizes in the form of War Stamps. Each competitor received a book and stamp as a starter with forceful instructions from Brother Cronin to "fill'er-up" before the completion of the Seventh War Loan Campaign. It was a swell party and to our knowledge there were no serious casualties.

Charlie Ross, the butter and egg man, who fights fires for Charlie Turner's bucket brigade, is looking for an automobile to buy. . . . Incidentally, the writer has knowledge of a car radio for sale. . . . Can any of the customers help us with a project sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce to acquire all unused fishing tackle? This equipment will be turned over to the Personnel Service Section of Dow Field and used to good advantage. . . . Add-big-guys-proud-as-hell-of-new-babies: Big, Irv Meltzer is glowing like a lantern these days due to a fat, little fella. Gladys and the boy are doing well, but Meltzer has stopped eating.

ORIENTATION

Is dissemination And assimilation Of varied information By the military population Of any post, camp or station.

Monograph Describes Flight Over Northern NAD Territory



NOT A HILL but a snow pile on the runway at Goose Bay. For lack of space, snow was driven in trucks to the top of the mound until it towered 75 feet. There were at least two other such piles at Goose. This one had settled to a mere fifty feet at the time the picture was taken. Note the six foot soldier at the right.

At frequent intervals, officers connected with various sections on the base which are related to flying, flight briefing, weather, navigation, etc., are required to go on route familiarization flights over the routes travelled by the tactical and cargo planes of the ATC.

These flights refresh the officer's concepts of the route as such, and bring his knowledge of the actual route conditions up to date. The following excerpts from a Monograph describing a recent route familiarization flight, with Lt. Col. Schurter, Captain Jack Dailey, Captain John O'Connell, and Captain Herbert Huebner aboard, give a fair picture of Arctic conditions as they were last week. The Monograph is far too long to reproduce in full.

"Anticosti Island is getting closer (in the St. Lawrence). I can see large expanses of farm land at the western tip of the island where we will cross. Anticosti doesn't look as wild as it is reputed to be, and there seems to be plenty of snow. I can't see the river at all because of misty clouds, but the air is remarkably clear over the island. It is flatter than I had expected—I look at a map, and find that the highest point is only about 600 feet. Down below are little settlements with interesting French names, like Trois Ruisseaux, Grand Makasti, and Port Menier.

"On the north shore of the St. Lawrence is the NAD base of Mingan. The country is very wild below, with fine fishing and hunting. We pass by many lakes, including Manitou Lake, Lac Allard, and many others without names on the map. The mountains grow higher, and the terrain becomes progressively rougher. Mist begins to develop as we near the Quebec-Labrador boundary line, and finally we are enveloped in thick soupy fog. We can't see a thing till we finally get to Goose Bay.

"There is still plenty of snow at Goose Bay. They had a terrific snowfall this season. Although the temperature is warm, huge piles of snow a block long, and at least fifty feet high stand along the flight lines. These piles were built up by hauling snow in trucks to the top of the pile, dumping them, and then spreading the snow with bulldozers. In the course of the winter, the piles were built up as high as 75 feet—they have sunk a little. Paths between buildings are on top of snow four to eight feet deep. There is still plenty of snow at Goose Bay.

"We leave there the next morning, and are lucky to have good visibility. Below us is a limitless expanse of glistening snow. Lakes, rivers, bays—everything is frozen solid, and covered by so much snow that everything below is white. Even the bushes are covered up. In the distance are high snow-covered mountains. Far to the east stretch the waters (now in solid form) of Goose Bay, Lake Melville, and the various arms and reaches of Hamilton Inlet.

"Some trees can be seen below, but from a 7000 foot altitude, there are not enough of them to change the color from white to green. All we can

see is white. We dip down over the Labrador village of Northwest River—the square frame buildings look very tiny indeed. There is a little stretch of running water at Northwest River—everything else is frozen.

"We turn, and fly toward some of Labrador's highest and most dangerous mountains. They make the going a little rough for the plane. Down below is country that would really be hell if we had to land in it. Steep cliffsides, deep gorges, very few trees, sheer precipices—all covered, more or less, with snow. There are no running streams—even the waterfalls seem frozen solid. There are little ponds, but nothing more than that. These mountains are too much straight and down.

"We change direction again, and head for the NAD station of Cape Harrison. Just before we get there, we cross a steep mountain range, and the plane drops abruptly. I rise a foot in my seat—very suddenly, and without expecting it. The bay is frozen—a ship is frozen in the ice. Outside the base are icebergs frozen in the ice. They are very bluish—rather than the white you would expect to see. Still further out, the ice is cracking up a little bit, in huge pieces a block or more square. Out in this semi-open water are icebergs from Baffinland—huge masses of floating ice broken from still larger glaciers further north. They are bluish on top, and bluish green under water. We can see deep down into the clear water below.

"We fly south along the Labrador Coast. It is a wild country—a land of snow and ice—and very much the land of the bird which goes around saying 'Kee, Kee, Keerist but it's o'. We look for these mythical kee but don't see any. There is plenty of ice in the ocean below us—pack, solid shore, and loose floe ice. The ocean looks very cold. The shore line looks cold too. The color is only white—broken here and there by the brown of rocks and cliffs, and the mild green of trees. Further inland, big forests can be seen—but the coast line of Labrador is rocky.

"We cross over an occasional Labrador Village—they are very lonely, very windswept, and very tiny. The Labrador coast is the bleakest sight I have ever seen. But in magnificent grandeur, in awe-inspiring scenery, it view.

"Long stretches of frozen shore ice—bays and arms seemingly frozen forever—lakes covered with ice and snow—little fishing villages on lonely islands—occasional stretches of open water—the frozen forests of Newfoundland, with less snow than we expected—and finally the thin narrow ribbon of open water that is Cander Lake."

This Week at the Base Theater

(Note: Two shows at night: 1800 and 2000. If the first show runs over two hours, running time is indicated below from which the start of the second performance can be estimated. Matinees Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday at 1430 and when announced.)

WEDNESDAY, 18 April—TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR (revival), with Jimmy Durante, Van Johnson, Gloria DeHaven and June Allyson. Also, "Kickapoo Juice," a Li'l Abner Cartoon. Running time: 2 hours, 10 minutes.

THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 19 & 20 April—WITHOUT LOVE, with Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn. Also Movietone News.

SATURDAY, 21 April—THE POWER OF THE WHISTLER, with Richard Dix and Janis Carter. Also "Are Animals Actors," "Goofy News Views," a cartoon, and "It Looks Like Rain," a Passing Parade.

SUNDAY & MONDAY, 22 & 23 April—PATRICK THE GREAT, with Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan. Also "Track and Field Quiz," and Movietone News.

TUESDAY, 24 April—DILLINGER, with Edmund Lowe and Lawrence Tierney. Also "Snooper Service," "Shrines of Yucatan," and "The Egg Yegg," a cartoon.

WEDNESDAY, 25 April—SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (revival in technicolor). Also "Nova Scotia," and "Overseas Roundup."

Squadron A

By Johnny Allocca

The saddest news of the week (and I could add many a week) was the death of our beloved Commander-in-Chief. The untimely death of our leader came just on the eve of our greatest triumph, the defeat of our common enemy—Nazi Germany, a defeat which probably cost the great man a great number of years of enjoying the fruits of victory for which he so gallantly fought.

This week I was happy to see some old, familiar faces of men that I was proud to call my friends; these boys are all new arrivals from the "Happy-Haven," called Gander. Last year when I first arrived from the above mentioned paradise, it really took quite a while before I realized that my dream had come true. They tell me, though, that the place isn't really bad anymore. Could that be?

Personalities: The most surprising thing is that Simon (Huba-Huba) Fogg really gives a good orientation here. Red Hammond the original "D" is really a sack-time specialist. Buddy Adams is quite an all-around athlete, and this year he is the manager of the post ball team. And I'm willing to bet dollars to doughnuts that Dick Seay, the semi-pro star, is one of the finest second basemen in the country barring none. A real pleasure to watch Dick cavort around the keystone sack. Sgt. Jolly, who is now our steady CQ, is a real fellow who is really on the ball at all times.

Complaint Sect.: Every day you can hear the chow hounds moaning (including myself), "Why did they take our mess hall away from us?" Boy, we really miss that place and are hoping that Lt. Benninger can work a miracle to get us back on the good food standard again. Now that the big hearted bigwigs of the Army have broken down with the rating of Pfc. to any man that has been a private for a whole year, what about giving the rank of corporal to the same man that has been a Pfc. for a whole year? The Navy system has the right way of rating a man, and it's one branch where seniority prevails which is right and just.

Thoughts While Lying on the Sack: I wonder if the Japs won't throw the towel in right after the defeat of Germany. Some people (and I'll bet a lot of them) didn't know that our new President was a captain in the last war. Mr. Truman is also a rabid fight fan, and while he is in New York he frequents Madison Square Garden. Speaking of fights, I put on a one man show the other night at the Chateau after one of their rank decisions. The outsider must really murder the house fighter to receive the nod in that jernit. Will next summer find me back home in good old Long Island, I hope.—Now rolling off the sack.

No late flashes this week, but I will be back next week with some newsy items that I think you will enjoy. ADIOS.

Bill Proposes 150 Bucks New Civilian Duds

A bill providing a \$150 cost-free purchase certificate for civilian clothing to be given to veterans upon their discharge has been introduced in the House by Rep. Gardner of Ohio.

The certificate would be in addition to present or future mustering out pay and could be used only for the purchase of clothing.

REAL PUBLIC SERVICE

A sailor had fifty minutes to make connections at Union Station, Chicago, for his first trip home in two years, but the streetcar he boarded just didn't go to Union Station. Normally, that is. In this instance the motor-man threw out all his passengers but the sailor, put a "Not in Service" sign on the car and sent it over a course not listed in the Chicago transit system. Racing over any track that went in the right direction, the trolley car, the sailor and the genial motorman made the train with a minute to spare.

No Stuffing



Someone started circulating the rumor that Greer Garson's legs were stuffed with horse hair during the filming of "Random Harvest" in which Miss Garson played a dancer and had to show her gams. Greer says it's a lie, and she sends this picture to prove it.

Squadron C

By Pfc. Ralph Miller

All the fellows who worked with Cpl. Norman H. Gervais have felt deep concern over his death, and pitched in with a contribution for a floral tribute.

Hangar (Wash) Line—The members of the "Weary Willie" Biery fan club are all agog over his recent romantic triumph in "Ye Olde PX." Cpl. Frank Fellows is now called "P-47" by his associates, mainly because of his streamlined fuselage; but also because he has been doing some recent high flying up around WAC Hill. Cpl. Ronald Brady, recently rotated here from Iceland, had a rather unusual assignment up there. He ran the tailor shop since they had no civilians available for that job.

We wonder what the fellows of the Aircraft Service Section think of that new designation when referred to by the initials.

Sgt. Woodrow Anderson left on a furlough just in the nick of time. Under the weight of his many duties he was just about ready to pop a valve.

It is rumored that Pfc. Hank Epstein and Sgt. George Tusky have become Brake and Wheel Specialists. They've recently required enough experience to qualify them as such.

Fatal Election Years Come 20 Years Apart

President Roosevelt's death carried on an American tradition that Presidents elected at twenty-year intervals die in office.

The list includes:

- 1840—William Henry Harrison.
- 1860—Abraham Lincoln.
- 1880—James A. Garfield.
- 1900—William McKinley.
- 1920—Warren G. Harding.
- 1940—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Squadron B

Sgt. S. J. Westock

Dear Private-and-on-up-to-Master Sergeant:

Last week, at the request of your CO, 1st Lt. Edward Capp, you were asked to assemble in the Base theater for the purpose of getting a first-hand report about certain matters regarding your deportment. However, Lt. Capp devoted much of the time to something which Hitler and his staff of bullies and the Japs and their pagan fanatics will be watching very carefully for the next three months.

Naturally, to a certain number of soldiers, advice is what they take for a cold. It's your own business if you want to rid yourself of your pay and come back to the barracks with a roaring headache and a tongue like the floor of a bird cage, with a few sick memories thrown in for good measure.

But, we don't need to kid ourselves that in this war it takes only courage to serve our country. Money is involved in almost every enterprise, and the success of the 7th War Loan Drive will undoubtedly prove whether we shall hang Hitler separately soon, or hang him and Tojo on the same scaffold but with separate lengths of rope.

All over the world, firing the ammunition that protects those who cannot stand on the firing line, are soldiers who stand between your home and the enemy which hates your way of living. These soldiers are carrying their load and doing their duty in the face of enemy fire, and the bodies of sons, brothers, husbands and sweethearts lie in the bloody soil between you and your relentless enemy.

Now is the time, Private-and-on-up-to-Master Sergeant, to forget about going off for a "binge" or squander money which might help the men on the firing line.

Lifting a gun, you will agree, is slightly different from lifting some cash out of your pay envelope for the purpose of buying war bonds.

The quota for your squadron is \$7,545. Bonds totaling \$2,200 have already been purchased by personnel in your squadron. You lack only \$5,345 before the quota is reached.

But, your squadron has a reputation for disregarding quotas by going far beyond any set figure.

You will shortly be approached by the Minutemen in your squadron who will ask you to buy more war bonds. Will you buy the extra bonds cheerfully, readily, intelligently, and with the same spirit you have shown during the past?

What about it, Private-and-on-up-to-Master Sergeant, will you fall in line and do your duty?

I think you will.

Yours truly,

S. J. W.

Tentative Date Set For 'A. M. Mayhem'

"A. M. Mayhem," wacky musical comedy about Line personnel, has been tentatively scheduled for its initial performance at Building T-6 on 1 May. With a cast made up of all sizes and shapes of EM and Wacs, the show promises a good deal in the way of laugh-provoking surprises for those who attend. Press agents for the show declare that they expect a large audience for the premiere performance, in as much as many of the cast have relatives living nearby.

OFFICERS LOW ON DOUGH

A Merchant Marine officer, stopping off at the Officers' Club here the other night, plunked down a \$100 bill in payment for his order. When the club couldn't change it, he complimented the local officers by asking them if they could.

None could.

Then someone not asked drew out a wallet and produced the change. It was Elbert Hardy, a corporal working at the club.

Squadron 'G' Presents:

By Pfc. Constance Klink

"Sweet and wholesome" may be an old-fashioned term, but we still think it's a rather nice one, and certainly applicable to this week's Wac, who is pretty, grey-eyed Ruth Miller, the Medical Lab technician.

Ruth who is the daughter of Mrs. E. N. Miller of Eureka, Kan., enlisted in the service 27 April 1944, and took her basic training at Fort Des Moines, Iowa. From there she went to Rosecrans Field, St. Joseph, Mo., where she spent four months learning medical laboratory methods at their station hospital.

Here Since October

Upon completion of her course she was transferred to Dow Field, arriving here late in October of last year. In her job as Lab Technician she works at the station hospital, doing routine lab tests and cleaning. She goes into the wards to "bleed" patients, tests ordered by the medical officers. She is now learning to do milk and water analysis, a branch of lab work.

A graduate of Kansas State Teachers' College, with a B.S. in education, Ruth taught school in Kansas before coming into the WAC. She hesitates to say, however, that she will go back to teaching after the war. She says:

"There are so many things to do—or rather—there WILL be so many in this post-war world of ours. Of course, like everyone else, a lot will depend on the opportunities and needs of the moment, but I would be terribly interested in doing reconstruction work in Europe, or in continuing with my lab work, after I take additional training in it."

Ruth is one of the best all around gals (as we used to say in school) that we have on Dow Field. Always friendly and pleasant to every one, she gives the impression that she is enthusiastic about life, and would like her friends to share the same enthusiasm. We can't recall having ever heard Ruth make one unkind or catty remark about anyone on the field. Apparently her philosophy is that if she can't say something good, she prefers to maintain silence on the subject. She loves dancing and also long hikes. She is an extensive reader, and likes stamp collecting, a hobby she has pursued to the extent that she now has a fine collection. We are sure that when Miller had to police the grounds at basic training, that she was keeping a weather eye open for stray stamps.

Ruth has one brother, an engineer at Beech Aircraft Corp., in Wichita, Kan.



PVT. RUTH MILLER

STILWELL CAGE ACE

Gen. "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, commander of the Army ground forces, brought basketball to the U. S. Military Academy.

First cage game played at West Point was back in 1903 when Army trounced a Yonkers, N. Y., quintet, 54 to 10. Stilwell starred in that tussle, managing the team and playing first string.

Historians write that Stilwell, who later became coach of the Army five, was "a pioneer of the game and a smart, aggressive player with a keen eye for the basket."

MIXED IN INSTRUCTIONS

KEESLER FIELD, Miss.—At the Regional Hospital here recently the voice on the hallway and ward public address system announced:

"Visiting hours are now over! All patients are requested to leave the hospital!"

Visitors—and not the patients—eventually unscrambled the meaning and took their leave. Patients said, however, it reminded them of the Biblical admonition: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk."

News of Bangor USO

WEDNESDAY, 18 April

Art Night with Mrs. Katherine Spillane. Special records on the juke box; USO girls for dancing partners.

THURSDAY, 19 April

Dow Field: Patriot Day Dance at Building T-6; music by Sgt. Herbie Blinn and his orchestra. At the club: Crafts, under the direction of Miss Georgia Worchester, shell jewelry, decorating woodenware and leathercraft.

FRIDAY, 20 April

Movie, "Easy Living," with Jean Arthur and Ray Milland, Edward Arnold. Jam Session: Juke Box Jive for the jitterbugs.

SATURDAY, 21 April

NCCS PARTY, celebrating the Fourth Anniversary of The National Catholic Community Service, Member Agency of the USO. Special Radio Variety Show 10:15 p.m. Music by Sgt. Herbie Blinn and his orchestra. Dancing 9 to 12:00 p.m.

SUNDAY, 22 April

Breakfast after Church with your buddies at the USO Snack Bar, eggs, rolls, doughnuts, coffee. Coffee Hour, 4-6 p.m., with refreshments donated by the Schuman Club. Community Sing, cartoon song slides and special song sheets.

MONDAY, 23 April

Join our Bridge Group and bring a friend. Also chess, checkers, and cribbage. Color that important photograph at our Photo Oils Class.

TUESDAY, 24 April

Bingo Night. The USO girls will be your partners and you may win a cash prize or that door prize. Make a letter on a record for the folks with Hostess Connie Beal to assist you.

WEDNESDAY, 25 April

Mid-Week Dance; dancing 8:30 till 11:30; music by Sgt. Herbie Blinn and his orchestra.

Magazine Gives Detailed Story On Spies Landing Near Here

In a story in the April "Inside Detective," Barton Black tells a detailed yarn of how William Colepaugh and Erich Gimpel, German spies who landed only thirty miles from Dow Field on 29 November 1944, were tracked down and captured. Here is a synopsis of some of the clever G-Man work.

When Harvard Hodgkins and Mrs. Mary Forni of Hancock Point saw two mysterious strangers on a lonely road, and wondered why they were there, they started the ball of justice rolling. The FBI in Bangor was notified, and special agents came immediately to investigate. The Federal men listened to the Boy Scout's story, and investigated, searching the entire area, and questioning everyone.

Work from Bangor

Returning to his Bangor office, the special agent in charge reported at once to Chief G-Man J. Edgar Hoover in Washington. He received instructions to intensify the local investigation. Additional agents were sent to the scene.

Meanwhile, Hoover alerted his agents in the Boston and New York areas. Hoover knew that the invaders—if such they were—would waste little time in sparsely populated areas, and would eventually proceed to New York, principal embarkation point for troops and war materiel.

The plan was to have G-men infiltrate the German speaking sections of the larger cities, watching the haunts of suspected Nazi sympathizers, shadowing possible contacts, and above all, delving into the FBI's voluminous files on German aliens and American citizens of German birth. A 24-hour watch was kept at major hotels in Boston and New York, while smaller hostelrys were regularly checked.

During the next week, a careful search of the Hancock Point area was completed, without discovery of a clue. There was no sign of a rubber boat or other landing craft.

Figured Background

G-Men, as students of Nazi espionage and sabotage techniques, knew that at least one of the newest invaders unquestionably was a man who had lived for some years in the United States, and spoke English fluently. He would be familiar with New York City, and with the territory where they landed. Hoover was seeking in the files data on potential enemy agents who had lived in both New York and New England. They found a number in this category.

Only one, however, answered the description on which both Hodgkins and Mrs. Forni agreed—young, thin and of medium height. He was William C. Colepaugh, an American citizen of German descent, who had disappeared the previous January in Lisbon, Portugal, where he had jumped ship.

The G-Men studied carefully the record of Colepaugh. A copy of his picture was air mailed to Hancock Point, where Mrs. Forni and Hodgkins agreed that he could have been one of the pair. But they were not sure.

The week before Christmas an in-

cident occurred in a Boston cocktail lounge, which led the G-Men directly to the looked-for spies. A sailor was standing at the bar drinking with his girl, when a pair of strangers fell into conversation with them. From pleasantries, the conversation led into direct questions about ship sinkings, and other restricted material. The sailor became suspicious; the spies became abusive; and the affair ended in a brawl—terminated when the bouncer threw the strangers out. A G-Man standing by and listening, tailed the strangers to another large Boston hotel. Another G-Man was seated in the lobby. They compared notes, and found nothing directly suspicious about the men, who were registered as William C. Campbell and Edward G. Green.

One of the men pulled out the picture of Colepaugh, which their chief had sent them. There was a definite resemblance—and the same initials. They were reasonably sure that William C. Colepaugh and William C. Campbell were the same man. Beyond suspicion, there was no evidence against the pair. Washington was notified.

Underground Reports

Operatives in the German-speaking section of New York sent word that some of Der Fuehrer's henchmen had landed somewhere on the East Coast. Since absolute secrecy had been maintained by the G-Men and the people of Hancock Point, the reports must have come through underground channels from Germany.

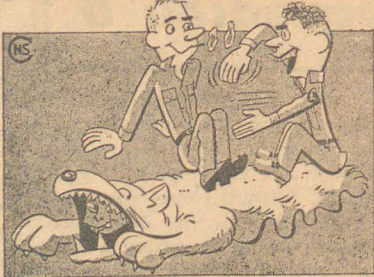
The focal point of the investigation was Boston, where G-Men worked to learn the truth about Campbell and Green. With the hotel's cooperation, G-Men lifted fingerprints from glasses and furniture, and compared them with those in the FBI's national file. Their baggage was searched, but nothing discovered. The men were tailed everywhere. They spent money lavishly, presenting \$20, \$50, and sometimes \$100 bills. The agents obtained the serial numbers of several large bills passed, and sent them to Washington to determine their source.

Go to New York

On the morning after the night their room was searched, the suspects checked out hurriedly, and entrained for New York. Other G-Men were waiting at Grand Central Station in New York when the two arrived, and eight agents were following in four taxis when they hailed a cab and headed for a large hotel in midtown Manhattan.

In Washington identification experts established that the prints of one of the men were those of Colepaugh. The second set of prints came from Erich Gimpel, 35 year old German radio engineer who had been arrested in Peru in 1942, interned in Texas and finally repatriated to Germany in July of that year. The picture of

JAPOLOGY



The Jap soldier loves to practice deception and is very adept at employing ruses. Japs sometimes conceal themselves near our lines and listen for the names of individuals. They then call out the name of some soldier and, when he shows himself, shoot him.

Gimpel in the files was an exact likeness of Green.

Bills from Europe

In another office in Washington, intelligence agents of the Treasury Department had checked the numbers of the \$100 bills, and had determined that some of them were on deposit in France and Belgium when the Nazis invaded the low countries in 1940. Every move Colepaugh and Gimpel made was watched by the FBI. In the daytime, they spent hours shopping in the radio retail district in Lower Manhattan, purchasing parts for a short wave transmitter. This led the G-Men to conclude that their reason for being here was espionage, not sabotage.

At last the time arrived for the FBI to close in on the pair. G-Men with drawn automatics were waiting in their hotel room when the pair returned from their latest shopping tour on 30 December with the most vital part of their transmitter—the high powered vacuum tubes.

Searched for weapons, each was found to carry a fully loaded .32 caliber automatic in a shoulder holster. In their pockets and sewed into the lining of their jackets were U. S. bills and coins totalling \$53,574, vials of indelible ink, forged birth certificates, spurious draft registrations, and classification cards and phony discharges from the Navy. Finally, 100 small diamonds worth several thousand dollars were found secreted in hollow compartments under the rubber heels of their shoes.

Hoover Questions Them

Handcuffed, the prisoners were taken to the New York offices of the FBI, where Director Hoover questioned them. Confronted with the overwhelming evidence, they broke down and confessed. The prisoners told the G-Men they had sailed from Kiel, Germany, in the submarine U-1230 on 26 September. Because the U-boat submerged in daylight hours and surfaced only at night, the Atlantic crossing took 54 days.

Entering Frenchmen's Bay late on the evening of 29 November, the submarine slipped by Navy patrol ships and surfaced off Hancock Point. In the driving snowstorm, the two spies were rowed ashore in a rubber boat by members of the crew, who landed them and returned with the boat to the sub.

The spies were tried by a military tribunal and sentenced to death. No announcement has yet been made of their execution.

Just a Mile from Dow Field



BEAUTY ON THE KENDUSKEAG. This picture was taken less than a mile from Dow Field along Kenduskeag Stream, a colorful rural river flowing into the Penobscot. It is dotted with ice houses, ice dams, and all the charm and picturesqueness that goes with rural life in Maine.

Just a mile north of the Base is a quiet peaceful valley, lovely as any part of the Maine countryside could possibly be. A winding stream drops gently down among the hills, eventually ending up in downtown Bangor, where the Kenduskeag joins the Penobscot.

But there is no resemblance between the river in Bangor, and the sylvan stream in the country North of the Base.

To get there, walk or drive about one mile North from the old Staging Area gate. There isn't much traffic, so it's a pleasant walk. In a little while, you'll come to a big steel bridge, just above an old ice dam. On the other side is a big ice house, crammed with a load of the ice garnered in this winter. In the early days of the base, owners of the ice houses used to complain to the CO that soldiers were throwing rocks on the ice, and making it tough on their saws. Things are different now, when the Staging Area is uninhabited, and there have been no complaints this year.

There are many ice dams in the Kenduskeag—ice was once one of the big industries in these parts. The old ice houses are still there—some active, and others falling apart from rot and disuse. They are all picturesque, and make darn good material for photographs.

There are many fine picnicking grounds along the stream—and many pleasant trails on which to walk or bicycle. There are spots where swimming is all right, particularly early in the year. There are nice places to relax, and forget that the army ever existed.

Kenduskeag is probably the closest of the thousands of beauty spots within easy reach of Dow Field. Get on your hiking shoes, invite your girl, and find out for yourself how interesting it really is.

Local Catch



S/Sgt. EDDIE CROW, of AACs, with two land-locked salmon he caught recently at Green Lake. The big one is 3¾ pounds and the other three pounds.

SON BORN TO MELTZERS

It's an eight-pound three-ounce boy, named Jeffery Allen, at the Irving Meltzers. The baby was born Saturday night. T/Sgt. Meltzer is classification and assignment NCO here, and Mrs. Meltzer formerly worked on the Base.

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Snappy Story

