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Dow Field Observer

Dow Air Force Base

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January 17, 1945

Dow Field Personnel, Bangor, Maine

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Dow Field OBSERVER

LATE CHANGES
APPEAR IN THE
DAILY BULLETIN

TELEPHONE
YOUR NEWS ITEMS
TO EXT. 281

Published Weekly

THE DOW FIELD OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—WEDNESDAY, 17 JAN. 1945

Vol. III. No. 11.

Base Offers Chance For All To Ski or Skate

Two winter sports—skiing and ice skating—are now in full swing at the base.

Facilities for both these sports exist here on Dow Field, with full information obtainable at the Base Gym.

An area between the Post Office and Squadron B day room has been cleared for skating. It is constantly maintained and snow is removed from the ice when necessary.

Warrant Officer Carl Powell, ex-ski maestro of Gander Lake, conducts skiing classes every afternoon at 1600 on Wac Hill. Occasional ski excursions are also made off the base to better locations for the sport.

A good sized group of GIs led by WO Powell made such a trip last week end to the Bangor Ski Club's hideout at King's Mountain. GI transportation was furnished and, despite the zero weather, the skiing was good.

WO Powell made a hit with the Bangor Ski Club last week by showing them movies of the "real" skiing at "Sun Valley" and "Grem-lin" trail at Gander Lake.

Dow GI Corrects 'Life'; 'Observer' Next?

"Life" magazine (which is also a good publication) stood corrected this week by Cpl. Harry Tsucalas, of Squadron "A" and Base Personnel. A picture in a recent issue of the magazine showed a sign in Greek, with the translation given in the lines under it. Cpl. Tsucalas, familiar with Greek, noticed that the translation was incorrect and wrote to "Life" giving the proper translation. His letter appears in the current issue.

He has never written to the "Observer" correcting it although, with a name like his, we expect a letter any day now.

Fund Drive Starts Here For Paralysis Sufferers

Cooperation in the fund raising campaign of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, which got underway the first of this week, has been requested by personnel of the base. Containers for contributions will be placed in convenient locations, according to Capt. George H. Stone, Special Service Officer, who is in charge of the drive here. He stated that no contribution should be considered too large or too small.

B-25s STAMPEDE ELEPHANTS

CHUNGKING, China.—U. S. Air Force B-25 bombers recently caused some consternation when they stampeded a herd of 30 elephants being used by the Japanese for military transport.

The action took place in Burma, where the bombers were attacking railroads and bridges.

Cash Awards Offered GIs

An opportunity to receive cash awards is open to soldiers of the base who make suggestions saving the government money; which make possible more economical operation, or which eliminate useless work.

Formerly cash awards were given to civilians only, but now the opportunity is open to soldiers as well.

In submitting such suggestions, details of reason the soldier believes the plan will be an improvement should be included.

Wherever possible the suggestions should be typed out, and drawings or other plans inclosed if they will clarify the idea.

Suggestions should be addressed: "Attention of the Budget Fiscal Officer." The deadline is Saturday for January suggestions, but the program will continue for following months.

USO Dance Tonight Plugs Waltz Contest

A waltz contest, with a free dinner and movie for the winning couple, will be the feature of the regular Wednesday night dance, to be held tonight at the Park Street USO. Under a policy started last week, the dances alternate weekly between the Base and the USO—next Wednesday's being held here in the gym.

The winning couple of the waltz contest will be entitled to dinner at "Ye Olde House," in Bangor, and will be given tickets to the Bijou Theater.

Kin of AAF Fliers Receive Awards

Three Maine heroes, two of them posthumously, were honored at Dow Field Saturday afternoon, by the presentation of decorations which they had won in combat. The presentations were made to parents and a wife of the Air Corps soldiers—with a guard of honor from Squadrons "A" and "E," and a picked Officer Guard of Honor, furnishing the background. Lt. Col. Orie O. Schurter, Executive Officer, made the presentations in the name of Col. Jensen.

Second Lt. Rodney S. Gerrish, of Holden, killed in action in aerial combat, was honored for the second time, with the presentation of the Silver Star to his parents. The citation, an extraordinary record of heroism, reads as follows:

"For gallantry in action at
(Continued on Eight)

'Bombers' Hope for NAD Victory To Revenge Defeat by Presque Isle

PI Wins 46-36; Base Has Split In Other Games

Dow Field's cagers, the "Bombers," who lost a return match with Presque Isle by 46-36 on the northern base's court Monday night will have another crack at the PI team in the NAD tournament to be played in Manchester, N. H., next Tuesday and Wednesday.

The Bombers chalked up a win and a loss in two other games played during the week. Camp Lee Stevens' Seabees bowed to them by 53-36 here at the gym last Friday night, and Bates College, playing on its own court at Lewiston, was victorious to the tune of 76-54.

Presque Isle Game

In the close game played at Presque Isle Monday, the Bombers—who took the Northerners at Dow earlier in the season—were leading at the half by 17 to 15. At the three-quarter mark, PI was in front by 30-21 and led by 10 points at the final whistle.

Best man on the floor was Presque Isle's "Ace" Elsner, a forward.

Buddy Adams was top scorer for the Dow team with 11 points. Joe Pohlman and Kessler tied for second with eight points each.

Cpl. Lee Dalecky, coach of the
(Continued on Eight)

Local Quintet Lists 7 Wins

Here is the record of the Dow Field "Bomber" basketball team for this season:

	Dow	Visitors
Sea Wall	58	21
Winter Harbor	49	52
Presque Isle	41	33
Old Town High	62	33
Leen Electric	58	29
Winter Harbor	53	34
Brunswick Naval	53	34
Bates	54	76
Camp Lee Stevens	53	36
Presque Isle	36	46

USO Friday Musical Stars Two Dow GIs

The fourteenth in the series of USO musicales, which have been popular with area based soldiers, sailors, Wacs and Waves, will be presented Friday night at the USO Club, Park Street.

These concerts have as guest artists talented musicians and singers from the Armed Services and the community. All servicemen and women music lovers of the area are cordially invited to attend.

Featured on this week's program will be Sgt. Dean Clift and Cpl. John Watler of Dow Field, French horn and flute duet, accompanied by Mr. C. Winfield Richmond, of the Northern Conservatory of Music, and Miss Josephine Thompson, voice, of Bangor.
(Continued on Eight)

Dow Will Face Division's Best At Manchester

The Dow Field "Bombers," fighting post basketball team at the local branch of the North Atlantic Division, ATC, will travel to Grenier, N. H., during the coming week to participate in the NAD elimination tournament set for next Tuesday and Wednesday.

Drawings for the competition, in which all North Atlantic Division teams from continental America may engage, will be held prior to the first game. The tournament, one of five which will determine champions of each division of the ATC, will see our boys opposing some teams they have met and beaten before, but against others about whom they
(Continued on Eight)

Evening Courses In Many Subjects Open to Base GIs

Because of a fluctuation in personnel, educational opportunities for off-duty hours are again offered through the Special Service Office of the Base.

Classes meet at Bangor High School on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday at 1930 and 2030. GI transportation to these classes is offered all who request it at Building T-6 and clippers may be sent if enough soldiers sign up.

Over 100 registered when classes began 9 October and many students have an excellent record of attendance.

The variety of subjects offered in this adult-education program compares favorably with other cities throughout the country. Americanization, English, mathematics, history, business subjects, home nursing, shopwork, and mechanical drawing are being taught by well qualified teachers. Mr. Ernest H. Legere is principal of the Evening School. Extra classes in shorthand and typewriting are taught at 1830 so it is possible to take three hours of work an evening if desired.

For those who cannot give up three days' time during the week, shorthand and typewriting are taught on Wednesday at Bangor High from 1900-2130. This class is conducted by Pfc. George Volmert who will assist beginners or those ready for advanced work.

Transportation brings the students back to the Base before 2200 if desired. Those returning independently are cautioned to bring their passes.

Ceremony Here Honors 3 Maine Men



LT. COL. ORIE O. SCHURTER, Executive Officer, presents an Air Medal and two Oak Leaf Clusters to Mrs. Loretta Rich, of Union, Maine. Mr. Rich is on her right. 1st Lt. Jerome Grossman, Commanding Officer of Squadron C, served as their escort.

Front and Center

By CPL. ARCHIE SILVER

Word picture of Bangor, Maine: City where the trolleys run on one set of tracks and you have to wait for that other trolley coming around the bend... where the customers know the motorman by name... where the streets are named after trees... where crime is so slow that the patrol wagon has time to give some of the citizens a ride into town.

Storm scenes last week: Discarded Christmas trees floating down the street... wires down... lights out everywhere... candlelight appearing here and there... street cars stalled... PX closed early... movies shut down...

Check on places where service men are welcome in town. Besides the old standby, the USO on Park St., you have the Masonic Lodge at 116 Main St.

With married men (EM) restricted to the Base three nights a week, perhaps it would be a good idea for their wives to form a Three-Nights-a-Week Club.

Pvt. Altamarino Monico, more popularly known as "Smiley" around General Mess, did not go to town for seven months although not officially confined to the Base but when he did finally get up enough momentum to go, it carried him all the way to San Antonio from whence he hails and where he is now spending a well-earned furlough.

When Dottie Scott and Sgt. Lewis, one of our flying guests, won the waltz contest at the dance held at the Community Center recently, they could not take advantage of the prize which consisted of tickets for the movies and a meal in one of the restaurants because of a previous engagement which the sergeant had with Uncle Sam. The runners-up, Cpl. and Mrs. Smolker, pinchhit for them.

We are always sorry to see such old friends as S-Sgt. Harris, billeting NCO at TSPC, and Cpl. Julius Congeliere of Squadron C, leave our midst.

S-Sgt. Herman Aakre has been a new man since he heard the good news of his wife's remarkable recovery.

While waiting for my bundle to be found at the Quartermaster Laundry, I interviewed a few of the workers there. Cpl. Jack Kiviat, the "Brooklyn Kid," certainly knows a shoit from a skoit. That pleasant gentleman behind the dry cleaning counter answers to the name of Albert Lane and his great love in life has always been music rather than the rustle and bustle of a laundry exchange so rustle your shirts gently the next time you hand them in to the dry cleaners, fellows.

Since New Year's eve fell on a Sunday and since the law does not permit official celebrations of holidays that happen to coincide with Sunday, the USO recently took a page out of the President's book and celebrated New Year's twice, Saturday and Monday evenings.

The pass situation in our squadron has been so bad lately that the boys believe there should be a sign over at the MPs' gate, reading: "Thou shalt not pass." Last Friday evening when the passes were held up till about 9:15 p. m., Sgt. Juliano, who is CQ in Squadron B Orderly Room, almost tore his hair out answering phone calls for information from the Class A passholders waiting at the gate.

Well, see you next week, fellows, and, meanwhile, my advice to you is: Keep your nose clean.

General MacArthur Returns



GEN. DOUGLAS MacARTHUR led a mighty assault force ashore on Luzon, largest and most important of the Philippine Islands, to engage the enemy in the greatest land battle of the Pacific war. At stake are control of the entire Philippine chain, the harbor of Manila, capital of the islands, the Cavite Naval Base and numerous fine airfields. The Japs drove us from the Philippines early in 1942 after they cut off any possibility of supplies and reinforcement by the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. Strategically located Luzon is the master key to the conquest of Japan from the sea.

News of the Base Library

By ALYCE M. CONNOR

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES AND USAFI

I have noticed a decided lack in enrollments in these courses of study during the past month. Now that the holidays are all over, why not start today to take that course you always intended to and never got around to doing? We have all the necessary information here at the Library and also the applications. Come in today and enroll.

NEW BOOKS

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN . . .

Bromfield.

A collection of short stories.

COMPASS OF THE WORLD . . .

Weigert and Stefanson.

This symposium is the work of 28 leading authorities in the field of geography and international politics.

TECHNICAL BOOKS

New books are being added to our Technical Library every week and you have the privilege of borrowing these books on the same basis that all other books are lent from the library.

GREAT LIVES

In the Library program, three weeks—7 to 28 January—are dedicated to books on Great Lives, in the hope of bringing biography reading to the men who pass it by.

We have many books in this category and I will list just a few: Van Loon's Lives, Eisenhower-Miller, Abraham Lincoln, General Douglas MacArthur, Chiang Kai-

shek, George Washington, Madame Curie, Thomas Jefferson, Paul Revere, Benjamin Franklin.



"Will you sign this requisition for 20 feet of rope, Sir?"

Squadron B

By Sgt. S. J. Westock

WEATHER: Changes in unusual Maine weather is the usual thing and zero weather is sometimes so-called because it's so cold... but, changes in the duties of army personnel means simply the business of coming or going. By going out of Squadron B to assume his new duties of Base Troop Commander and Consolidated Pool Officer, we lose out CO, Capt. Charles D. Horvath, a man who spent little time studying the prehistoric origin of man and more time on what his finish was to be—an officer who gave us peace of mind whenever he gave us a piece of his. Coming in as our new CO, we will now encounter the welcome signal of our former Adjutant, 1st Lt. Edward Capp, who isn't starting from scratch, fellows. A gardener raises a few little things, and a farmer raises many more things, but Lt. Capp might raise everything if we don't stay on the beam. And if we can't be good, let's be canitary! Meantime, best of luck to our old and new CO.

SCOOP Not to be construed as a screamlined headline, but one of my very reliable grapevine spies tossed in a yarn about Capt. Horvath seriously investigating the process by which the grocer will get an account the haberdasher once had... and it may take place within the next thirty days! We failed to learn her name, but we know she hails from New England. It's a lady known as Lou—we think.

COMMENCEMENT: Pfc. Jas. E. Kicklighter may soon deal with a vital statistic. His wife is in the hospital expecting a bundle of boy or girl. Since aviators can do anything birds can, we hope 1st Lt. John M. White, C-46 pilot, and his wife, Eudora, will shed cheers when a (White) stork makes the expected landing. Courage, men!

MORALE: Congratulations to 26 men in Squadron B who were placed on separate rations and hats off to the officers who work-

ed in behalf of the boys main prop behind the root of most family trees. Nineteen extra dollars for rations may teach some women how to cook without having to burn down all the delicatessen stores!

PRETZELS: Something crooked happened to one of our men in his native state of Texas (the state of miles and miles of miles and miles.) While on furlough in his home town of San Antonio, Pfc. Augustin Ramirez, in-flight luncher, was sauntering down the avenue, peering at the moonshine's bright sky of Texas (clap-clap-clap-clap) when an unidentified man with the courage of his non-conviction poked a gun in Augustin's ribs. Taking a short cut to our friend's pocket, the thief removed \$51.00 in cash and Ramirez's highly prized possession, furlough papers. Augustin wired the Orderly Room, the Orderly Room wired Augustin... and we hope it'll be noose to the guy who stole under a Texas moon, when the law-men catch up with the furlough snatcher. Buena, la ciudad de Bangor, Ramirez!

DIG TOWN: Our Base basketball team was defeated for the first time recently by Lewiston. According to S-Sgt. Harry Richardson, who plays guard (damn good, too) on the base team, "Lewiston is a good town to die in." When asked why, he said, "Because it's dead already!" Beats me, fellers, how a town that's "already dead," could scare up five basketball players and keep them awake long enough to beat us! By the way, Harry, did you mean it was "dead" during the two days following the game?

SOLOMONEY: A word to the wife is sufficient, but unlike the modern dance, it has not developed in leaps and bounds. Visiting their husbands for a few days, we spotted Mrs. Shelhorse and Mrs. Amato being escorted gallantly by their "men of few words." All men are not homeless, but come a war and some men are home less than others... We hope S-Sgt. Shelhorse and T-Sgt. Amato will succeed in convincing their wives they ought to move back to Bangor. At least, for the duration of their "duration" at Dow Field.

GAIN: To our squadron and assigned to Embarkation Division, 1st Lt. James Wright. Capt. John J. Pesch, 1st Lt. Adam J. Wasileski and 2nd Lt. D. Wayne Weber, assigned to Transport Operations Section. Welcome and good luck in your new assignments at Dow Field.

Only Des Moines, Of 5 WAC Camps To Remain Open

WASHINGTON—Women's Army Corps Training Centers, which once numbered five, will be reduced to one at Fort Des Moines by 1 April with the discontinuance of training at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

This concentration signifies the extent of Wac acceptance into regular Army training channels as well as some reduction of enlistment quotas.

The aim in the past was to build up mass WAC strength and annual quotas were set at high figures which proved to be unattainable. Now the aim is to recruit for specialized services, such as technicians and medical and surgical aides.

The number of Wacs on active duty is now more than 90,000, of whom more than 15,000 are serving overseas.

Who's Who of Enlisted Men

'Greetings' Nip Radio Career So Riley Cuts New Groove

Mutual Broadcasting's Station WOR in New York had just signed a contract back in 1942 that would place the "Riley Brothers" in big time radio. Clarence—one of the Rileys—while waiting for the first program, had visions of his family becoming a second* Mills combination. But Draft Board No. 1, of New Rochelle, N. Y., had different ideas. Instead of being a radio entertainer known to millions, he became one of millions known to a few when he reported at Camp Upton, N. Y., on 30 July 1942.

Sports Enthusiast

Riley came to Dow Field the following month and found that the Army had little use for his musical talent, but could use his experience in sports. At New Rochelle High School he had been interested in track, football and boxing. For 15 years he had kept a scrapbook on the part played by the Negro in sports and believed that men became conscious of their natural abilities through that medium.

His interest in sports continued and he became one of the top-ranking players of the crack Dow Field "Bomber" football squad two seasons ago. He is still prominent in inter-squadron sports. Interest in athletics brought dividends for now he is S-Sgt. Clarence Riley, physical instructor of Squadron "E."

Future Plans

Plans for his future have also changed. After the war it won't be radio for him, but the necessary college preparation to become an athletic instructor and coach in some school.

The high point of his life since entering the service has nothing to do with the Army. In his own words:

"On April 29, 1943, I married the girl of my heart in Rye, N. Y."

Born in South

Sgt. Riley was born in Orange-



S-Sgt. Clarence Riley

burg, S. C., on 24 October 1919. His family moved to New Rochelle when he was nine years old. He graduated from high school there with a record as a fine athlete.

Since coming to Dow Field he has attended many service schools.

Jack-of-All-Trades

In civilian life he was a jack-of-all-trades but was really getting along in radio when Uncle Sam beckoned. The Riley Brother Quartet had become so well known in Southern New England that WOR had given them the audition that led to the contract.

The disappointment of its cancellation has long since vanished. Sgt. Riley has found a new groove in which he fits better. He knows he will be happier in sports after the war.

By Deane Good
Squadron 'E'

This Is Good



"Why do the Dow Field boys always flip a coin when they date us?"

JAPOLOGY



JAP soldiers in training rise at 0500 each morning and keep going all day. Their ideas of setting up exercises differ somewhat from ours. The Japs, stripped to the waist, line up in a long file and each man massages the muscles of the man in front. They believe this loosens their muscles.

General Mess

By Cpl. Archie Silver

First-Sgt. Shelhorse says that it's bad enough when they bring in the chaplain and their wives to help them get a pass but when they also threaten to bring in the babies as well, it's time to call a halt.

The recent inspection of Squadron B's barracks, Orderly Room and Day Room by Col. Jensen and his staff proved satisfactory. I was the only one upstairs when the Colonel and other officers came through and nobody noticed me tucked away in my side room. Even when they examined the room from top to bottom, they seemed to look right through me. Oh, well, it's better to have them look through you than at you.

R. F. C. Elmer, USO Commando, says that the food is pretty good so he'll stick around for awhile.

Pfc. Rafael Aranello says that the girls at the Chateau are very nice but they don't compare with his Senorita Manuelita Contrarez.

Cpl. George G. Hagen, blond Beau Brummel, and Squadron A's gift to Squadron B, is a member of the Academy (Bowling Alleys).

Does anyone know of a nice modern, furnished 3-room apartment to let? If so get in touch with me and you can save a soldier's life and wife for him.

Cpl. Peter Garguilo has a case of beer hidden away in the woods up in Gander somewhere. For a consideration, he will forward a map with instructions where the hidden treasure can be located.

T-Sgt. Fernard "Frenchy" Girard has lost a Parquet Lighter (made in Mexico) and says the finder had better return it to him at once if he expects him to return to his wife whose special gift it was. The lighter was lost somewhere between the PX and the Post Theater last week.

Cpl. "Red" Hejna's sudden interest in beauty parlors is a very touchy subject. What price a wave, "Red"?

M-Sgt. Brockman and Pfc. Sharp recently upset all speculations by ordering 3.2 butter fat milk instead of the 3.2 beer at the PX. This calls for an FBI investigation or something.

On his recent and otherwise pleasant furlough, Pfc. Augustin Ramirez had an unfortunate experience. He was robbed of his wrist watch, 50 dollars and railroad ticket (price: \$52). Rather an expensive trip this time, wasn't it, Chico?

Caught the 7:45 bus in front of the Park Theater the other a. m. I met Cpl. Charlie Martin, he-man from Texas, wearing a blouse alone and there I was shivering in my overcoat.

A recent guest at General Mess from Manchester said that the meal he had, which included chicken a-la-king, was the best he had ever had in the Army. Chalk up another victory for General Mess and Cpl. Puricelli, the man who was responsible for the dish.

DOW FIELD CROSS SECTION

It is interesting to find out what job each person in the Army would select if he had a choice. Thus, the question this week: "If you had an absolutely free choice of what you should like to do in the Army, what would you select?"

S-Sgt. Clarence J. Pursley, Ground Safety NCO, was definite in his choice of position:



"My heart lies with the Engineers and I would like to be back in construction. In my opinion, the Engineers have obtained the greatest possible glory in the Army. They are the men who do the

'can'ts' in modern warfare."

S-Sgt. Leonard E. Berkley, Classification Specialist in Personnel, has his mind in the sky:

"My only regret is that I am too old to be a bomber pilot and have spent my four years in the Army as a member of the 'Chair Corps.' The glory, excitement and high pay, and the feeling that you really are doing something worthwhile to end the war makes this job attractive."

1st-Sgt. Thomas J. Shanley, of Squadron "C" longed for the work he did before the war:



"I'd like to be in charge of an over-seas postal unit. Since I was connected with this type of work for 13 years before entering the service, and intend to return to it, I would prefer it to the position I'm holding now."

Pfc. Edward Albert, Permanent KP in Squadron "E" Mess Hall, decided he'd like a change:

"If given my choice I'd like to be a heavy duty truck driver driving highway transports. Pushing a big truck along the highway gives me my greatest thrill."



ADMIRAL YARNELL RETIRED THIRD TIME SINCE 1939

WASHINGTON (CNS) — Adm. Harry E. Yarnell, 69, who has one of the most distinguished service records in the Navy, has been retired for the third time. Adm. Yarnell was first placed on the retired list 1 November 1939 and was recalled two years later to serve as special adviser to the Chinese Military Mission. He was retired for the second time 15 January 1943 and called back to duty the following June. Since August 1943, he has headed a special section of naval operations.

Medically Speaking

By Sgt. Ramon Racomar

We have been getting a number of men in our Detachment from overseas. Some are from Newfoundland, Labrador, Iceland, etc. Listening to them is excellent orientation. The difference in the places seems to be remarkable. They say in one place the snow is only about twelve feet deep, while in another it's twenty and in a third a shallow fifteen, that is in the places where it has recently fallen. We have never heard of such a variety of scenery and we can hardly wait, if you know what we mean.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW: Sgt. Caple, are you growing that mustache for Skippy? . . . Sgt. Helwig, was that a shadow under your nose or did you start one too? . . . Sgt. Zubow, how many nails did you say were in the ceiling of the barrack up Artica way? . . . Sgt. Palasek, what kind of a job did you want to find in town? . . . S-Sgt. Marcus is back and he will perhaps be able to help you. . . . Pfc. Bagnasco, why didn't you take that Wac to the club? . . . Sgt. Hirsh, what WAS in that cocktail? . . . Pfc. Kelly, have you told Mildred the story of your life? . . . Pvt. Raymo, what did you do with that five? . . . Sgt. Flynn, are you really the "Meat Ball King"?

Some people think monkeys have more fun than people. We believe if you'd stop in the gym some day between the hours of fifteen and sixteen hundred you'd find, while playing volley ball, the Medics have more fun than monkeys.

Sgt. Seligman is now added to the list of men who came back for a visit, and he looks fit and the men were very glad to see him.

T-Sgt. Mowery has added another talent to his list. His latest is shower decorating. We still sleep and do other things very much Army fashion, but we shower a la Hollywood.

Little is going on a long trip, from here to a little way from Dallas. In other words, have a good time on that furlough, Pfc. Little E. Taliaferro.

Some men want to know how McDougal likes squash pie? McDougal ought to know. How about it Mac?

We advise Cpl. Culp to stop following Gloria around and sing "Arkansas" for her. We think it would help.

S-Sgt. Katz must read the "Observer" for we have been asked again. Barnum was right when he said, it pays to advertise.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT: The Medics basketball team WILL play again. Pfc. Huehn IS going to get married. Cpl. Korman DOES exercise. Poole and Berkowitz are SOME team. Pfc. Leonard can now drink TWO bottles of beer and still walk.

Sgt. Lupo's favorite song, "Going My Way?"

NON-EXISTENT

FORT WARREN, Wyo.—An officer of the civil air patrol called the public relations office.

"One of my cadets told me she has been informed by a colonel that the rank of corporal was being abolished. Is that true?"

"Madam," said a veteran Pfc. in reply, "it never existed as far as I am concerned."

CAN GI BARBERS ENTER?

NEW YORK (CNS)—New York barbers have entered a city-wide hairsnipping contest. A \$200 war bond will be awarded to the barber who delivers the quickest haircut.

Movie Thrillers Have Nothing on Dow Field Crew Chief

Feeding Elephants and Chasing Bandits by Plane Is Merely Sideline of Flying the Famous 'Hump'

TWENTY-THREE TRIPS over Mother Earth's highest mountain range—the fabulous Hump of the Himalaya Mountains—that is the record of S-Sgt. Donald F. Martin, now on the flight line at Dow Field. At least that is a part of the record, which also includes chasing bandits on the Sind Desert in Western India; being surrounded by hostile machine guns in the hands of excitable natives in Yun Nan Province, China; flying over the Taj Mahal, at Agra, India; feeding elephants by airplane; and other adventures.

S-Sgt. Martin, a native of Keene, N. H., enlisted in the Air Corps in Boston, 1 October 1940. After two months of basic training at Fort Devens, he was sent to Westover Field, Mass. In February 1941, he was sent to Air Mechanics School in New York City for six months. He returned to Westover Field, where he was a Line Mechanic, till March 1942, when he was ordered overseas.

By Boat to Africa

He had a long and tiring trip by boat, as part of a Transatlantic Convoy, to Freetown, French West Africa. At one time during the trip, excitement reigned when another ship was torpedoed 15 miles away. But in spite of constant alerts, the convoy made the trip safely.

The ship, a 33,000-ton luxury liner converted into a troop transport, then coasted along Western Africa, to Capetown, at the southern tip. Next stop was Port Elizabeth, just around the Cape of Good Hope—then north through the Mozambique Channel, between Madagascar and East Africa. At that time the British were besieging Madagascar.

The convoy continued north, without stopping, through the Indian Ocean and the Arabian Sea, to Karachi, which is in Northern India.

One of Hottest Places

"I was stationed at Karachi for four months," said Sergeant Martin. "It was the hottest place that I have even been; in fact, it is one of the hottest places in the entire world. One day the temperature went up to 130 degrees. This dry heat caused a lot of dust. The first few weeks we were there, we ate all of our meals out of doors, because the mess hall had not then been constructed. The sand got into the food—we felt like a bunch of chickens scratching gravel."

Stone Barracks, Rope Beds

"Our barracks were constructed of native stone, with slate roofs. They were relatively cool and comfortable. They were a good protection against both the sand storms and the heat. The mess hall was also constructed of stone. We had plenty of buildings and adequate quarters, but we slept on beds formed of Indian rope, tightly stretched across beams. We had no mattresses, and the rope used to get rather hard on our backs at times."

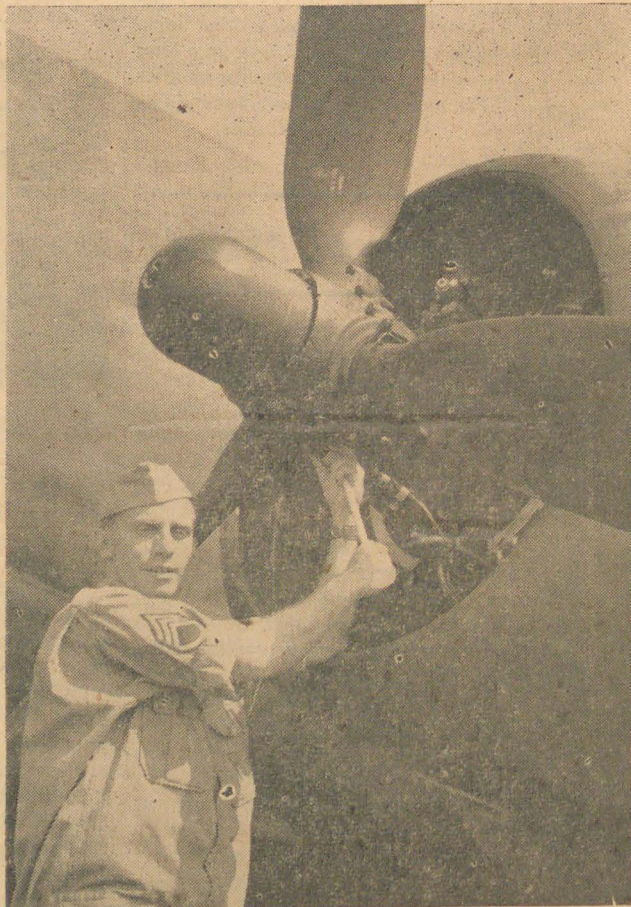
Natives Poor

"The natives there were Mohammedan and Hindu—most of the upper class people being Mohammedan. The average Indian is poor, however, and his living standards are extremely low. I was amazed, for example, to see poor people coming to our base, stealing our garbage, to use for their own food. Animals lived in the same dwellings with the people—most buildings have the same animal smell that one would get at the circus. The streets are dirty; cows are sacred animals and roam everywhere, with the right of way in their favor; the people excrete wherever they like, and consider human manure the best fertilizer for their gardens; and animal manure, dried, is generally used as fuel."

Karachi City of 100,000

"It is obvious that living standards in India do not compare with our own. Karachi is a city of 100,000 people or more, with plenty of shops, bazaars, and other mercantile establishments. There were several theaters—one of them featured reasonably up-to-date movies. The others played anything they could get. About half of the movies were Indian produced, and in the Hindustani tongue. Some of these were talking movies. I saw previews of some of these Hindustani movies, but they didn't make much sense to me."

"The natives used to attend our movies, which were held in an outdoor theater on the Base. They got a big kick out of the pictures, even though they couldn't un-



S-SGT. DONALD MARTIN, seen here at Dow Field working on an airplane engine.

derstand the words.

Cautioned About Native Foods

"We were cautioned against eating native food—because of the almost complete absence of sanitary standards that we consider necessary. Most of the eating places in town were out of bounds to American troops. We were cautioned not to buy fruit from the natives, since some diseases can be transmitted by fruit handled by sick people. There were two or three native restaurants, and three or four Chinese restaurants, at which we were allowed to eat. They tried to serve food on the American style, and a good deal of Chinese food, but none of us cared much for Indian dishes. We were able to only one brand of ice cream—made out of goat's milk. It was better than nothing, of course."

Runways at Karachi Built by Manpower

The native women worked, just as the men did, and carried stones, cement, and dirt in flat pans and baskets on their heads. Our runways at Karachi were built largely by hand power. Natives cracked the rocks by hand; gravel was carried in baskets on their heads; and even the wet cement was carried in flat pans on the heads of countless natives. Building an air base under these conditions is a tedious process, but since there was plenty of native help there, the building proceeded rapidly. They were just building the runways when I arrived—the entire project was just being completed when I left for home almost two years later.

Crew Chief of "The Goon"

"I was crew chief of the C-47 Transport Ship which we affectionately called 'The Goon.' The C-47 is the old reliable ship of the Air Transport Command—from one end of the world to the other."

"Since the runways weren't completed when we arrived, we had to do our flying on smooth, hardened ground. It was quite dry in Karachi, so we didn't have to worry much about mud, and flying was fairly good."

Japs Conquering Indies at That Time

"Our arrival in Karachi coincided with the time when Corregidor was making its last heroic stand. Oddly enough, although the entire South Pacific area just to the east of us—in Burma, Sumatra, Thailand, French Indo China, etc.—was aflame with the Jap invasion, and collapsing completely under the force of the Jap attack—the people in western India did not seem even slightly alarmed. We were on a sort of constant alert, however, just in case the Japs tried to make a big jump and try for Western India."

Hunts Bandits on Sind Desert

"About the only real excitement I had at Karachi was at the time the Hurs, a bandit tribe living in the barren wastes of the Sind Desert, which is north and east of Karachi, went on a rampage. Roaming about the desert, they pillaged every village they could find—burning the houses, killing the men, and kidnapping the women. The Sind police, aghast at the effrontery of these bandits, and inadequately equipped to cope with the situation, enlisted our aid in finding the criminals. We went up in the 'Goon' with a load of watchful Sind police, and

searched the desert for hours. We saw many burned villages, and one which was still in flames—but we were unable to locate the fast-moving Hurs. Nomads of the hot southern desert, they would take to the hills when chased—and were difficult to find. Their raids came in spurts—flaring up and dying down. At one time, they were a 'holy' tribe—but by division in their own ranks, they separated into two warring groups. The Hurs were the black sheep of the original holy men."

By Train to Assam—On the Brahmaputra River

"We left Karachi in October 1942, travelling by train to an ATC base in the Assam Valley, in Northeastern India. The train trip took two long weeks. Our Base was located on the Brahmaputra River, in a wild jungle country, about fifty miles from the foothills of the Himalayas—the highest mountains in the world. We called it, familiarly, The Hump. All around the base were tea plantations and jungle—when cultivation stopped for a while, the jungle started in all over again. There were all kinds of poisonous snakes, spiders, and other hazardous insects; plenty of game, including black panthers, jackals, elephants, monkeys and apes; but the only birds I recall seeing in any numbers were parrots and vultures."

Men Keep Jungle Pets

"We had some brightly colored parrots which we tamed, but we couldn't get them to talk. We had a couple of dogs and several monkeys as pets. The monkeys used to get on a dog's back, and ride him wherever they could go. We used to get the monkeys drunk on bamboo juice—a native drink probably made by fermenting and distilling rice. Why it was called bamboo juice, I don't know."

Bamboo Barracks with Grass Roofs

"Our barracks were of bamboo construction, with grass roofs, and dirt floors—made by the natives. They were called bashis, and were far from comfortable. During the monsoon season, they would leak constantly. Assam has what is supposed to be the heaviest rainfall in the world—500 inches a year. When it rained, it would pour continuously for hours at a time. It was warm when the sun was out—in fact, it was steaming hot. It was almost impossible to sleep at night, during the warm season, because of the high humidity. During the winter season, however, it was quite cold at night—we wore leather flying suits, and winter underwear many nights."

"At our Base, the people were mainly Hindus, and were poor. The village was quite small—and there were no social diversions, such as we had at Karachi. We had movies once a week—out of doors. The rest of the time we had plenty to do—sometimes working 40 to 50 hours at a stretch without stopping."

Only Fifty Miles from Burma Border

"We were right on the edge of the Japanese advance—in fact, we were only 50 miles from the Burma Border. We were only an hour's flying time from Myitkyina, which was the scene of recent fighting between Colonel Philip Cochrane's Air Commandos and the Japs in northern Burma."

Strafed by the Japs

"We hadn't been in our Base for more than a month before the Japs strafed us—flying their Zeroes low, just off the ground, they sprayed us for a half hour continuously, with 30 caliber machine gun fire. Fortunately, no one was hurt although we hadn't yet been able to dig slit trenches, or set up an adequate defense. We fired at them as best we could, with rifles, revolvers, tommyguns, and one machine gun. The latter jammed, so it was useless."

"We had our planes pretty well hidden under the thick surrounding jungle, so they were not damaged. We had no fighter protection at that time, although we did get pursuit planes at a later date. After that first experience at being raided, the boys dug slit trenches with incredible speed."

Base Bombed by the Nips

"Our Base was bombed three or four times by Jap two-engined bombers, which resembled our own B-18s. We could tell a Jap Squadron from our own at any time, however, by the difference in the sound of the motors. Their bombing wasn't particularly effective, since most of their explosives landed in tea plantations, rather than on the vital installations of the Air Base. Some of the natives were killed by the bombings, but the soldiers came through with flying colors, because of the newly constructed slit trenches. The Japanese claimed afterwards, that they had practically wiped us out—actually, we kept right on working."

ATC Planes Replaced the Burma Road

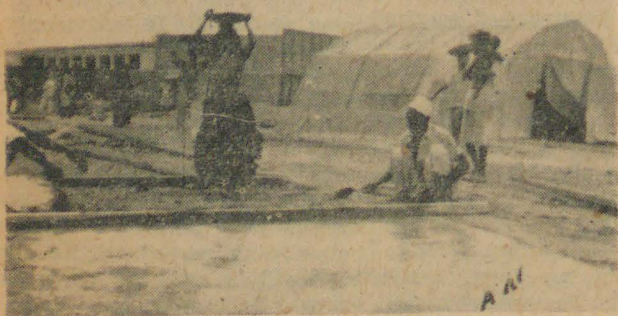
"At that time, in late 1942 and early 1943, the Burma Road was completely closed by the Japanese occupation of Burma. The Ledo Road hadn't even been started, and there were only two routes to China—one by camel caravan through Outer Mongolia via Russia, and the other by air over the Hump. We were part of the organization flying the ships which took the place of the Burma Road."

Receives Presidential Citation

"We were part of the 1st Ferrying Group, and located in what is now the India-China Wing of the ATC. This Wing has received a Presidential Citation for the tremendous job it has done in ferrying men, materials, and planes to China, over the Hump. We did our part."

Regular Run Over the Hump

"I was crew chief of another C-47 which we called 'Edna.' At that time, Edna Pelletier was my fiancée—now she is my wife. 'Edna' was part of the regular ATC



MEN AND WOMEN carry materials on their heads to build a runway for an ATC base at Karachi, India. Machinery was scarce but manpower plentiful.

C-B-I Experiences of S-Sgt. Martin Make Weird Story

run between Assam and various points in China on the other side of the Himalayas—such as Kunming and other lesser known air bases. It took about three hours each way on the hop over the Hump.

Crossed at 18,000 Foot Altitude

"Since we were only 50 miles from the foothills of the world's greatest mountain chain, we had to circle several times in order to gain altitude enough to clear the foothills, and go over the Hump at a general minimum altitude of 18,000 feet. This is three and a half miles high. The highest peaks in the Himalayas tower 29,000 feet, although it has been reported recently that one pilot discovered a new mountain range 31,000 feet high. If so, that is a new all-time high for mountains.

Asked to Avoid Mount Everest

"We were asked not to fly near Mount Everest, since the natives in that section believe that their God lives on or near that huge mountain. When they first heard the roar of our planes, they concluded it was a message from their God that he was angry. So—much to our sorrow—we were asked to stay away from the world's highest mountain.

Dawn Over the Himalayas a Thing of Beauty

"Flying the Hump is beautiful, particularly if you take off while it is still dark, and approach the mountains as the sun rises behind them in the morning. The clouds would appear as a beautiful shade of gold and deep purple—some of them would have all the colors of the rainbow. At the same time, the valleys beneath would be pitch black. It was thrilling when the first rays of light appeared in the morning.

Men Thought About "Shangri-La"

"The higher peaks in the Himalayas are covered with snow and rock—the lower mountains have trees on them. I've often been flying at an 18,000 foot elevation, and seen native huts only 3,000 feet below us. They were living at an elevation of 15,000 feet. We often talked, as we rode over these mountains, most of which have never been visited or explored by white men, of the Shangri-La of the movies, and wondered if it really existed. More precisely, I guess, we wanted to find that sort of a place.

Excitement on the Burma Road

"We had interesting things happen to us on the other side of the Hump, in China. Sometimes there were bitter quarrels in the towns we visited, as to 'who' was boss. One day, in Yun Nan Province, where we have a Base, we accidentally became involved in one of these local controversies—it could have been serious. The Base is located on the Burma Road, about 80 miles from the Salween River front, where the Japs and Chinese have been fighting bitterly for the past three years. It is approximately 200 miles by the Burma Road to Kunming.

Surrounded by Angry Machine Gunners

"We were housed and fed at a hostel operated by the Chinese Government, just across the road from our flight strip. At that time, the town was occupied by Yunnan Province troops, who didn't feel particularly friendly toward our hosts. There are many war lords in China, and they don't always agree. At any rate, some of the Chinese from our hostel became engaged in a revolver and bayonet skirmish with some of the Yunnan soldiers. We were down at the Air Base, which is about half a mile from the town. When we heard the shooting, we returned to the hostel, and armed ourselves fully—thinking that a revolution was in progress. When the Yunnan soldiers saw us armed to the teeth, they assumed that our intentions were hostile—and surrounded us with fully loaded machine guns—plenty of them. Had one of our men been itchy on the trigger, anything could have happened. We were few enough so that they could easily have wiped us out.

Col. John R. Alison Saves the Day

"But we were fortunate in having with us Major (now Colonel) John R. Alison, then Commanding Officer of a P-40 Pursuit Group, operating under Maj. Gen. Claire L. Chennault. This was right after the Flying Tigers had been converted into an official U. S. Army Fighting Unit. Maj. Alison, a cool and self-possessed soldier, managed to bring together and reconcile the heads of the opposing Chinese factions, and forced them to decide immediately which of them was to boss the town. He threatened to fly immediately to Chungking and bring back enough 'brass' to settle the dispute to the disadvantage of both parties if they didn't. Since Chinese punishment is strict, the disputing parties settled their differences immediately. They put away their machine guns, and we were all friends again.

Alison Helps Organize Famous Air Commandos

"Maj. Alison, together with Col. Philip G. Cochran, organized the famous First Air Commando Force, which has been fighting so brilliantly in northern Burma against the Japanese. Towing gliders filled with Air Borne Troops, their C-47s loosed thousands of paratroops against the Jap invaders of eastern India, cutting off their lines of communication, and harassing them constantly.

"In addition to the functions of building up this Air Task Force, they were given the responsibility of building up an air striking force for close support of General Wingate's columns after they had been delivered to the enemy's rear in Burma. The story of the achievements of Major Alison is interesting."

In a recent War Department press release, Col. Alison is quoted as describing the undertaking, as follows:

"The plan was all right with Wingate. He was a great leader. He saw the value of this type of

warfare, using the air to move the ground forces quickly to positions behind the enemy line, to work on the supply lines and troops of the enemy. In the face of many cries of 'It can't be done,' we went ahead. It was difficult to get going because we were superimposed upon the plan, which existed in the theater, and the theater itself knew little of what we intended to do."

The plan was this: Air Commandos were to fly gliders



S-SGT. MARTIN with Major Wan Kun Wang, one of Chiang Kai-Shek's officers.

towed by transports (C-47s) carrying Wingate's troops to guard the fields, while airborne engineers built the airports with equipment which had been brought in by the gliders.

Col. Alison continued:

"We were to build the airfield, and to operate it, and receive the airplanes of the Troop Carrier Command which brought in the bulk of the troops. Operations sound relatively simple, and I guess they are. General Wingate would tell us that for strategic reasons he would like to have so many troops put down in a certain area. Cochran or I would go out in a fighting plane and make a reconnaissance of the area, and note on our maps any possible landing spots. Then the photographic planes would go out and photograph all the spots marked.

"Then we would take the photographs to General Wingate and we would say, 'In the strategic area you have chosen, we have four (or any number) of picked spots. An airfield can be made in any of the spots. For tactical reasons, which spot do you want?' He would say: 'This is the place we want the airfield.' Then we would make our plans to put the troops down on the spot where he wanted them."

"Our C-47 was not attacked on its trips over the Hump," continued Sgt. Martin, "but other ATC planes were occasionally shot down over the same route. We were flying a little too far away, and over dangerous terrain for Jap fighters. The transport planes can fly through weather that the fighters dare not venture into. Our planes always flew alone—so they were never very easy to spot. C-47s were not armed, so their only protection from fighters was to dive into a cloud bank, or to fly low in narrow valleys, relying on camouflage protection.

Feeding Elephants by Airplane

"I had one interesting experience while stationed in Assam—that of feeding elephants by airplane. The Japanese were advancing toward Port Hertz, in northern Burma, and we went in there to evacuate the field, which was occupied mainly by British army personnel. The local army commander was using elephant power to transport his men and supplies into the Air Base, prior to evacuation. The Japs had cut off his feed supplies—which normally came from the south. The elephants had been sufficiently domesticated, so that they could not get along on the plants and trees in the local jungle. So we were detailed to fly in baled hay.

"We loaded the C-47 with hay at Assam, and flew back to Port Hertz. The local soldiers had marked an X with strips of white cloth on a hill to indicate the spot where the hay was to be dropped. We didn't try to land on that hill—just pushed the bales out of the door. They broke when they landed—and the hay flew in all directions. The elephants were able to make HAY with the hay.

"Port Hertz was successfully evacuated—but the Japs never did reach the field, although they came close."

"I was stationed at a Yun Nan Province Base in China for two exciting months. This was a 'hot' field, because of constant Jap bombing and strafing—so it was important to get planes out of there as quickly as possible. Air traffic was heavy, and a lot of Transport planes were constantly coming and going. Together with another man, I was stationed there to see to minor repairs on planes belonging to my squadron. While there, we were bombed a number of times.

Bombed on the Burma Road

"The most memorable bombing was on Christmas Day, 1942. We heard the roar of ships high in the air, and looked up, wondering if they were our own. When we saw them release the bombs, we hit for the slit trenches immediately. There were a number of natives digging dirt, used for covering the runways; they had no slit trenches to go to, so they crowded together and crouched against a two-foot dirt embankment. Unfortunately, many of the bombs landed just on the other side of the embankment, so the greatest force of the explosion went right toward them. About sixty of them were killed in one pile, only a hundred yards from where I was lying. Zero fighter planes were overhead too, but they didn't come down—why they didn't strafe us, I don't know.

"The next day, the Japs came over again, but this time, our fighters were ready for them. In this particular raid, there were 27 bombers, and 15 Zeros. We shot down all the Zeros, and confirmed two or three bombers—there were an additional four probables. Maj. Alison was Commanding Officer of the Fighter Group at that time.

"The day after that, General Chennault came to our base to personally commend Major Alison for the fine job his fighter pilots had achieved. But the Japs kept right on coming—life on the Burma Road was definitely on the uncertain side. We had to be on the alert constantly—but we were never bothered at night.

"Life is cheap in China. Dead bodies are often left for days unburied—either due to indifference, or to the pressure of work or enemy action. Frequently it is unnecessary to bury bodies—because the wolves, the vultures, the crows, and other carrion eaters—pick the bones clean.

Truck Trip on the Burma Road

"One time, I took a trip by truck up the Burma Road to Lake Tali, up near the Salween River. One mountain, which we crossed through a series of cork screw curves, must have taken us up and down 5000 feet. The road is probably as good (in good weather) as some of the poorer country roads in Maine, but it is rough going at the best. It is wide enough for two cars to pass each other at all places.

Life Cheap in China

"At one particular town, about eight miles from the Burma Road, I ran across a Chinese University which had been moved from the East. There were two white professors and their wives there, who hadn't seen a recent newspaper or magazine for three years. They were very hospitable to me. When I returned to India, I sent them a quantity of magazines, which they ultimately got.

I made a particular friend of a Chinese Major, Wan Kun Wang, who was stationed in Yun Nan Province. Serving under Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek, he was in charge of some purchased German anti-aircraft guns which they had acquired before the war. A detachment of Germans had been stationed there, and had drilled and trained many of the Chinese troops. As a matter of fact, much of their equipment, including their helmets, was of German origin.

"Wan Kun Wang was helpful to me since he spoke English well. He had graduated from the Chinese equivalent of West Point, and learned English there. He was likeable and pleasant. He was instrumental in helping me get some fine Chinese silk, and also in supplying me with tangerines and other fresh fruits.

Fun Watching Aerial Dogfights

"One interesting angle of life on the Burma Road was watching the numerous dogfights between American and Jap pilots in the sky above us. Every time we had a Gingbow (Chinese for Air Raid), we would watch avidly. The Chinese would run immediately to the cemetery on top of the hill, and hide between the gravestones.

Too Tired to Visit City of Kunming

"I landed at least 15 times at the Air Base at Kunming, but I never did get into the city. We stayed there

(Continued on Seven)



YES, IT'S A LIVE HUMAN BEING. When first seeing this picture of a beggar on the streets of Karachi, India, a Dow Field GI said, "It's a lie."

THE DOW FIELD OBSERVER

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 Pvt. BUDDY ADAMS.....Sports Editor
 PHOTO-LAB PERSONNEL.....Photography

'Suckers!' Says Goebbels

According to a recent newspaper item, the Germans faked a broadcast—attributing it to BBC—in which they gave Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery all the credit for stopping the recent drive into Belgium. Needless to say, before the truth of the origin of the broadcast was known, our GIs fighting on that front were plenty burned up.

Propaganda of the same kind is working in reverse at Dow Field. Whether started by Nazis or not, some GIs here have been saying, "Why is it we're doing all the fighting on the Western Front? What's the matter with the British."

No matter who's doing the fighting, or whether such talk is "original" or not with the guy using it, it's just what the Germans want. Dissention among the Allies is one of their greatest aims.

We can't give you any statistics or percentages about our troops on the Western Front. And we believe that the less we try to be "arm chair generals" and the more we stick to the job assigned us, the quicker the war will end.

If the generals planning the strategy of this war (and, incidentally, an American general is the boss of the front in question) wanted more troops from other Allied nations on the Western front, they'd be there. If the troops from other Allied nations are in minority, the brass hats have a reason for it.

The Germans would like us to believe that all the other Allies have "gooped off"; that we're doing all the fighting, furnishing all the material and are getting none of the credit.

But think back.

They told France that "Britain would fight to the last Frenchman" so that a practically all-English affair known as Dunkirk would come about.

Shortly after "Pearl Harbor," practically everyone was critically asking, "Where is our Navy?" We all know the answer to that one now.

While the British were being pushed back toward Alexandria, in Egypt, they must have been saying, "What are the bloody Americans doing?" There's now many a "bloody" American grave in North Africa.

While the Russians were putting up the big show in Europe, they were demanding, "Where's the second front." We who were in the North Atlantic Wing at the time weren't loafing. Whether we were KPs, fliers or clerks, we were getting the planes over there for the "second front."

And while some here at Dow Field are asking, "Where are the British," you can bet that they are not home drinking tea, as the Germans would like us to believe.

This Week at the Base Theater

WEDNESDAY, 17 January—THE FALCON IN HOLLYWOOD, with Tom Conway and Barbara Hale. Also Heather and Yon, Melody Parade and Mouse Trouble, MGM Cartoon.

THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 18 & 19 January—KEYS OF THE KINGDOM, with Gregory Peck, Roddy McDowall and Thomas Mitchell. Also Movietone News.

SATURDAY, 20 January—(Double Feature)—ADVENTURES OF KITTY O'DAY, with Jean Parker and Peter Cookson. THOROUGHBREDS, with Tom Neal, Roger Pryor and Adele Mara.

SUNDAY & MONDAY, 21 & 22 January—PRACTICALLY YOURS, with Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray and Robert Benchley. Also Army and Navy Screen Magazine, and Movietone News.

TUESDAY, 23 January—DANGEROUS PASSAGE, with Robert Lowery and Phyllis Brooks. Also the MARCH OF TIME, Fella with a Fiddle, and Woo, Woo! with Hugh Herbert.

WEDNESDAY, 24 January—(Revival)—SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE, with Robert Walker and Donna Reed. Also Barney Bear's Polar Pest, and "Out Fishin'," a Sportlight.

General Arnold Lauds ATC Work

In a letter dated 6 January, Maj. Gen. H. L. George, Commanding General of the Air Transport Command, was congratulated by



Gen. H. H. Arnold, Commanding General of the Army Air Forces:

"From its first fledgling hops to the smoothly run

General Arnold intricate operation it has become during the last year, the Air Transport Command has come a long way. Our combat air forces are accustomed to consider themselves widely travelled, but many out-of-the-way corners of the earth which have remained completely unaffected by the war have come to know the pilots and planes of the ATC.

"The manifold urgent demands of our complex war machinery have made air transport as vital as any combat operation. While the exploits of the ATC may be less spectacular than some missions flown by our air forces, we all recognize and appreciate how much we owe to the men who fly long, hard runs with valuable cargos of men and supplies.

"In recognizing the accomplishments of your flyers, however, we give but half the credit. So vast a network of transportation has also been dependent on the efforts of those who man the way-stations. I know that some of these bases are so remote and isolated that their names are all but unknown even to the inhabitants of the countries in which they are located. It is difficult to assess the strain of the loneliness these men endure, and the barrenness of their surroundings, but anyone who has passed through the small shack which marks an air-base in the desert finds no difficulty in recognizing the contribution they make.

"The impressive body of knowledge and experience that is being stored up every day by the ATC is bound to result in enormous benefit to our postwar air transportation program. The methods, routes and techniques developed under the extraordinary stresses of present-day war, when blended with the technical progress achieved by the designers and manufacturers of our aircraft, will inevitably shorten the distances which today separate one nation from another. The ATC is certainly keeping pace with the great success of the entire AAF in this fight.

"Accept my best wishes for continued success during the coming year, and please transmit them to the men in your command."

Gen. George added to the letter:

"The above letter is a tribute to the work of every man and woman, soldier and civilian, of the Air Transport Command, as it is only through their individual and collective efforts and devotion to duty that such recognition has become possible."

WASHINGTON, January 11.—Award of the Distinguished Service Cross to seven Japanese-American doughboys, including one who attacked a German position armed only with a shovel, was announced today by the War Department.

All were members of the famed special 100th Infantry Battalion, which fought in Italy and now is in action in France.

The Chapel Spire

Chaplain
 Capt. James T. Kilbride
 (Catholic)

(Protestant)
 Capt. Edmund D. Viser
 Ass't Chaplain

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.

Circuit Chaplain

By Chaplain William Woods

(Temporarily Serving for Chaplain Kilbride)

Midnight High Mass with a choir of forty GIs followed by the Mass of the Shepards Somewhere in Labrador; Mass of Christmas Day Somewhere in Northern Quebec; and finally another Midnight Mass, the Mass of St. Stephen in Baffinland with husky sled dogs and Eskimos among the watchers—this is a picture of the Christmas of the circuit Chaplain serving this week at Dow in place of Chaplain Kilbride.

The storybook land and men of the North become commonplace and unglamorous to the personnel of our far-flung Stations. Some see the Old World charm of the French-speaking fishing villages or the primitive life of the Indian tribes of the early New World. Others find themselves in the forested wilderness of cold Labrador and meet its friendly Christian people in their tiny settlements. Others are in the Far North which knew only Eskimos, Hudson's Bay Company Factors, Indians, trappers, missionaries and Northwest Mounties before our coming.

And everywhere throughout the North the scattered people love the American for his innate decency and warm friendliness. It might have been otherwise, for certainly we must have been regarded as strange intruders. There must have been misgiving and suspicion. But as the Chaplains of the Arctic make their rounds, they are proud of the good will between ourselves and the men of the North. And our constant prayer is that such understanding and good will may exist between all peoples of the earth in the years to come. "And on earth, peace to men of good will."

News of Bangor USO

WEDNESDAY, 17 January—FAMOUS STATESMEN PARTY—honoring Benjamin Franklin, born 17 January 1706, and Daniel Webster, 18 January 1872. Dancing 8:30 till 12; music by Sgt. Diamond and his Dow Field Aces. WALTZ CONTEST—with dinner at Ye Old House and movies at the Bijou as prizes. ART NIGHT—Charcoal portraits and judging of best cartoon of week by USO art director Mrs. Sheila Findly.

THURSDAY, 18 January—JAM SESSION—Jive records for the jitterbugs, with the USO girls for partners. CRAFTS—leathercraft, woodenware decorating, with Miss Georgia Worcester to assist you.

FRIDAY, 19 January—USO MUSICALE—fourteenth in this weekly series, sponsored jointly with the Northern Conservatory of Music, with Miss Josephine Thompson, voice, and Sgt. Dean Clift and Cpl. John Wadler, French horn and flute duet. MOVIE—"Champagne Waltz," starring Gladys Swarthout, Fred McMurray, and Jack Oakie.

SATURDAY, 20 January—INAUGURATION DAY PARTY—Dancing 8:30 till 12; music by Sgt. Herbie Blinn and his Dow Field Jive Bombers. Radio broadcast over Station WABI and variety show 10:15 to 10:30 p. m.

SUNDAY, 21 January—AFTER CHURCH—rolls, marmalade, homemade donuts. COFFEE HOUR—4 to 6 p. m., with sandwiches, cookies and cake, donated by a community organization, served by the USO Sunday Snack Bar committee. COMMUNITY SING at 8:30 with Fred Carlton at the piano—new song slides.

MONDAY, 22 January—GAME NIGHT—Ping pong, pool, checkers, chess, bridge. JUKEBOX DANCING—with USO girls as partners.

TUESDAY, 23 January—BINGO NIGHT—Play for cash prizes with the USO girls to bring you luck. Letters-on-a-record made for service folks and townspeople with family members in the armed services; Miss Connie Beals, hostess in charge. DREAM DANCING—New sweet music recordings for th devotees of slow dancing.

WEDNESDAY, 24 January—AT DOW FIELD—Mid-week dance, music by Cpl. Jimmie Baker and his Men of the Air. AT THE USO—ART NIGHT—Oils, water color work, sketching, judging of best work of the week under direction of Mrs. Sheila Findly.

The Dow Field Officers' Call

Dow Transportation Officer Was Once Waac Pool Driver



Lt. Florence Foy

2nd Lt. Florence Foy, of Goshen, N. Y., is the new Transportation Officer at Dow Field. Enlisting in the WAAC 18 August 1943 at New York City, she spent 10 months at Fort Des Moines as a driver and senior dispatcher of the motor pool. As a T-5, she was sent to the Fort Des Moines Officers' Candidate School, receiving her second lieutenant's commission 31 July 1943.

She reported to Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., for her Intermediate Officers' School. From there she was sent to Randolph Field, Texas, for processing, and then assigned to Selman Field, Monroe, La., the largest air navigation school in the country. She worked as assistant civilian personnel officer there, and was later assigned to Air Wac Recruiting, working in Shreveport and Monroe, La. Later she became assistant adjutant of the Selman Field Navigation School, a job she held for seven months.

In July 1944, she was made Assistant Transportation Officer, a job she held till 29 November, when she was ordered to the North Atlantic Division of the Air Transport Command. She arrived here at Dow Field 7 December 1944.

In civilian life, she was Deputy Clerk, Guardianship Clerk, and Reporting Clerk of the Surrogate's Court in Orange County, N. Y. Her husband, Storekeeper Second Class George Raymond Foy, is at the submarine base at New London, Conn. He returned to the United States a year ago, after 15 months in Panama, South America, and the Galapagos Islands.

Million French Troops Predicted for Spring

PARIS, Jan. 11.—War Minister Andre Diethelm declared recently after a tour of the Alsatian battlefront that by the end of spring France would have an army of 1,200,000 men equipped and powerfully armed with the latest American material.

France's increased contribution to the Allied war effort is to be a direct result of recent conversations among Prime Minister Churchill, General Eisenhower and General de Gaulle, in which the Allies agreed to send larger amounts of equipment to the French.

There are more than 1,000 persons per square mile in the Saar district in Germany.

You mean "were," don't you?

LIFE SAVERS



If you use a cloth shield to protect your face from cold winds, keep the bottom of it loose so your breath can escape.



BEARDS are a detriment instead of a help in cold weather as they collect moisture which will freeze your face.

Navy Ship Total Climbs to 61,045

Here's how the U. S. Navy, largest in the world, shapes up at the beginning of the New Year:

Total vessels, 61,045; total number of warships, 1167; landing craft, 54,026; battleships, 23; aircraft carriers, 26; escort carriers, 60; cruisers, 63; destroyers, 418; destroyer escorts, 496, and submarines, 249.

The following table shows combatant ship construction since 1941:

Items	'41	'42	'43	'44
Battleships	2	4	2	2
Aircraft carriers	1	1	15	8
Carrier escorts	2	13	50	37
Battle cruisers	0	0	0	2
Heavy cruisers	0	0	4	2
Light cruisers	1	8	7	11
Destroyers	16	81	128	84
Destroyer escorts	0	0	306	197
Submarines	11	34	56	77

Total 33 141 568 420

Private Receives Thank You Note From Gen. Patton

WITH THE UNITED STATES 3RD ARMY, France.—Pvt. Norton G. Addison, of Chicago, received a four-day rest pass from the 35th Division and spent the time at a 3rd Army rest camp.

He saw movies, danced a little and ate plenty of doughnuts. Having had a good time, he left a note to his host saying so, and expressing his thanks for the hospitality.

A few days later he received a reply. It said:

"My dear Addison:

"I have been trying to look out for the health and happiness of soldiers for 35 years. However, your letter is the first time I have ever received written thanks and I am very appreciative. . . . I trust you and your grand outfit will have continued success and wish you and them a very merry Christmas and a happy and victorious new year.

"G. S. Patton, Jr.

"Lieutenant General, U. S. A.

"Commanding."

A LONG TIME ROTATING
NEW YORK.—An IG was going down the ranks at the POE here questioning the men with overseas ribbons. "How long have you been back?" he asked one well-decorated soldier. "Twenty-four years," answered Sgt. Schraeder of Co. D, a veteran of the first World War.

The above story appears in the Camp News pages of the 26 January issue of "Yank," on sale at the PX 19 January.

C-B-I Experiences of Sgt. Martin

(Continued from Five)

mainly because it was too late to go back over the Hump. At night the town was dangerous, unless we went in large groups, since robbers infested the streets, and some of our men had been beaten up and robbed. Actually, at night, there was more to do at the Base than in town. Generally, we were quite tired—and were more interested in rest and sleep than anything else. Sometimes we worked forty and fifty hours at a stretch without sleep or rest, and flying at high altitudes is fatiguing.

New Years Eve Singing Party

"I visited Major Wan Kun Wang on New Year's at his invitation. We had tea, cookies, tangerines, peanuts, and other refreshments—the best that could be had. His soldiers were from many different provinces in China. One soldier from each province sang a song typical of his locality—their antics were interesting. No doubt they thought the same of us, since we sang too. I sang 'Home on the Range,' another sergeant sang a lullaby, and a third man sang 'The Caissons Go Rolling Along.'

"I went to another banquet, given by another friend, a Chinese Colonel educated in London, who was celebrating his promotion. There were twice as many Chinese as there were Americans—Maj. Alison was one of the group. We had several Chinese dishes, and plenty of Gingbow Juice (rich wine) — before the night was over, everyone really had a fine time. Our allies were boosting each other on their shoulders—giving the Chinese equivalent of three cheers, and really whooping it up. Every time the Gingbow juice came around, some one, Chinese or American, would propose a toast—and it would be bottoms up. There was no half-way measure—you had to tip the cup upside down out of courtesy to the host. After a few slugs of Gingbow Juice, we substituted tea, but our Chinese friends preferred the oriental equivalent of 'panther milk.' The famous Gingbow Juice is pure alcohol—strong enough so that it burns with a steady blue flame.

"I returned to northern Assam. We continued flying the Hump, as before, with some close calls. One day, we were flying high and struck a downdraft—visibility was zero. We dropped 3500 feet at a terrific rate of speed—the pressure knocked us all to the floor

as we fell, and although we tried to dive out and use our parachutes—we couldn't move. Luckily, the ship pulled out of the dive. We were directly over the center of the Hump, where a good many peaks range up to 18,000 feet. We must have fallen between some of them.

Coached in Living Off Land

"We were coached in what to do in the event that we had to bail out. Luckily, I didn't have to hit the silk anywhere over this wild country—but one of my friends, a tech sergeant from Mid-dletown, Pa., bailed out of his burning ship one day and was two months getting back to civilization. Our government has a standing offer to the natives of 100 silver rupees for every American returned safely to the Base. A hundred silver rupees would represent wealth to the natives; in our money it is about \$30. Getting back from jungle fastness may involve the help and cooperation of large numbers of natives.

"I was taken sick with liquid pleurisy and pneumonia at the same time. I was cared for at a hospital in Northern Assam. Eventually, still weak, I was moved by air in a hospital plane to the American hospital at Calcutta. After a month there, I was sent to the hospital in Karachi, where I rested a few days, until I caught another hospital plane all the way to the United States, via Arabia, Khartoum, Accra, Ascension Island, Brazil, British Guiana, and Porto Rico, to Miami Beach."

Convalesces in the Florida Sun

Sgt. Martin spent two months in the AAF Regional Hospital at Coral Gables, which is part of the Air Corps Convalescent program for sick and wounded airmen. At Coral Gables, they received excellent food; were quartered three men to a large room; had plenty of fresh milk (the first he had received since leaving the United States) and was treated splendidly.

He was discharged from the Coral Gables Hospital 1 May 1944, and arrived home on his 29th birthday, 3 May, for a 23-day furlough. He was married 13 May to Miss Edna Pelletier of Keane, N. H., and spent his honeymoon in Canada and Atlantic City. Sgt. and Mrs. Martin were quartered at the Ambassador Hotel in Atlantic City, while he was awaiting assignment.

He reported to Dow Field 1 July 1944, and is now working as a Crew Chief in the Line Maintenance Section.

The Wolf

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"EEEEEEEE—there's that mouse again!"

by Sansone



P.S. SHE DIDN'T WEAR SAFE SHOES.



there are 2 ways of doing any job...



TAKE YOUR CHOICE



From National Safety News
Published by
The National Safety Council

'B' Boys' Unbeaten Record at Stake



SQUADRON "C" TEAM of the Inter-Squadron Basketball League— Standing: Sgt. John J. Murphy, Pvt. Robert L. Mathson, Pfc. Ralph Hopkins, Sgt. John F. Beam, Pvt. Julius S. Brown, and Pvt. William Nowak. Kneeling: Pfc. Martin Olinski, T-Sgt. Mario Dierna, Cpl. Stanley E. Schultz, and Pvt. Valentine J. Dickman.

Ceremony Honors Three

(Continued from One)

great risk of life and against overwhelming odds on 23 May 1944 while on a highly strategic mission to bomb a heavy concentration of enemy troops in Italy, approaching the target through a barrage of intense and accurate anti-aircraft fire, their B-24 type heavy bombardment aircraft received a direct hit which penetrated through the bottom and exploded inside. The entire top of the aircraft was torn off from the radio antenna to slightly aft of the waist windows, and from the waist window sills on upwards. The explosion also severed the elevator cables, and, in addition to seriously wounding several members of the crew, two or three parachutes, two life rafts and other equipment was blown out of the aircraft. This damage was inflicted at a time prior to reaching the target, yet, with full knowledge of the consequences of proceeding further, into the highly defended target area, the gallant crew, motivated only by their high conception of duty which called for the destruction of the assigned target, elected neither to turn back nor abandon the damaged bomber.

"Instead, rather than jeopardize the formation and success of the attack they unhesitatingly entered the target area. Finding the target completely obscured by a cloud coverage which made bombing impossible, they turned out to sea and salvaged their bombs. A course was set for a friendly field in an endeavor to bring to safety their

* wounded comrades who were unable to bail out. A short distance from the field, the aircraft suddenly went out of control due to the extensive damage sustained, crashed to earth and was consumed by fire. By the crew's heroic and courageous decision to complete their assigned mission, regardless of consequences, and their refusal to abandon their wounded and helpless comrades in utter disregard for their own lives, and by their gallant and valorous execution of this decision, these men have upheld the highest traditions of the Military Service, thereby reflecting great credit upon themselves and the Armed Forces of the United States of America."

Other Decorations

An Air Medal and two Oak Leaf Clusters were presented to Mrs. Loretta Rich of Union, Maine, for her son, S-Sgt. Walter C. Rich, who is now a Prisoner of War in Germany. He was an aerial gunner on a Flying Fortress.

An Air Medal and one Oak Leaf Cluster were presented to Mrs. Helen R. Chamberlain of Ellsworth, for her husband, 1st Lt. Alfred C. Chamberlain, Air Corps, who was killed in action. He was pilot of a B-24, flying out of England.

Capt. Charles Horvath, Troop Commander, exercised his new responsibility publicly for the first time.

Winter fashion note: Young ladies will be wearing the same thing in sweaters this season.

Revenge for Loss Is Gremlins' Aim

Tomorrow night's inter-squadron basketball game, between the league-leading Squadron "B" five and the "A" Gremlins, is an all-important one for both teams. The Squadron "A" basketball team is now only one game out of a tie with the leaders. Squadron "B," in order to maintain their unbeaten record, must down their opponents at all costs.

With an enviable record of eight wins and no losses, the leading five has shown skill in all phases of this winter sport, but the Gremlins have dropped only one decision, and that to the same team which they'll meet tomorrow night. They're out for revenge.

The Officers, with a standing of five wins and only two losses, stand well up in inter-squadron competition, and the nearest to them are the "C" team, holding a .500 average of 4 and 4. The follow-up teams include: Squadron "E," 2 and 6, Squadron "D," 1 and 7, and Squadron "F," 0 and 7.

NAD Championship

(Continued from One)

know nothing, including the Gremlin Field and LaGuardia fives, and the quintets north of the border, may provide stiff competition.

The Army Air Forces Championship, goal of all competing basketballers, will bring not only publicity and satisfaction to the winners, but also the honor of representing the Army Air Forces in such competitions as the AAU meets and Madison Square Garden Invitational Tournament. This AAF Championship will be determined sometime during the latter part of February.

With a good share of victories already tucked securely under its collective wing, the Bombers squad is displaying a fair amount of confidence about the more important battles just ahead.

Their fighting spirit should see them through, but win or lose, they'll be fighting all the way according to Cpl. Lee Dalecky, Bomber coach.

USO Musical

(Continued from One)

gor.

Miss Mary Hayford of the staff of the Northern Conservatory of Music will accompany Miss Thompson. The Conservatory and the USO jointly sponsor the concerts, with the committee on arrangements being made up of Mr. A. Stanley Catyng, Director Northern Conservatory of Music, S-Sgt.



MEMBERS OF THE BOMBER SQUAD, who will travel to Manchester next week to play in the NAD Tournament: Front row (left to right): Cpl. Hyman Sepowitz, Pfc. Moire, Cpl. Dick Culp, Cpl. Lee Dalecky, coach. Second row: Lt. Dick Mullen, S-Sgt. Hugh Tobahan, Sgt. John Murphy, Sgt. Joe Crooks, Sgt. Paul Kessler. Back row: S-Sgt. Harry Richardson, T-Sgt. Irv Meltzer, Pfc. Joe Pohlman, Pfc. Buddy Adams, Lt. George Doran.

Bombers Take 1; Lose 2

(Continued from One)

Bombers who had not played this season because of a bad knee, went on the floor for the first time and put in a good game.

According to Dalecky, the Bombers have a good chance of breaking the tie with Presque Isle and winning the Division championship next week.

Seabee Game

Smashing its way through a tricky and rough Seabee team with a fine passing attack and the excellent shooting of "Buddy" Adams, the Dow Field five on Friday night took over the Camp Lee Stevens quintet by a score of 53 to 36. Though hampered by fatigue resulting from a too-full schedule, the local lads kept intact their record of no losses on the home court, and coasted most of the way on the 25 points scored by the team's new star, Adams. Binetti of the Seabees was a long-shot threat all the way with a 20-point total.

Adams, usually at left forward for the "Bombers," replaced high-scoring Joe Pohlman at center—out because of illness—and made as many field goals as the rest of the team put together. Tobahan's play was an encouraging sign of improvement, while Arty Moore engaged in the best game that he has played on the post this year.

With many games still to go and the tournament set to begin on the 22nd, the boys are jamming

Fred Freeburne of Dow Field, and Mrs. Katherine Spillane of the USO staff.

Friday night's program begins at 10:15.

*in serious training with their still-important present series, and hope to be set when the going gets "really tough" as it has proved to be in two games played off the base this year.

Bates Game

Bates' undefeated basketball team ran and shot its way to its sixth win the season by outscoring the Dow Field Bombers 76-54 in a fast hoop game last Wednesday night on the Lewiston court. Behind by a point at the quarter mark and trailing by as much as five points on occasion in the first half, Bates pulled away to a half-time lead of 31-27 and raced to the wire at top speed as their Phil Barnhart totaled 28 points.

Joe Pohlman, Bomber center, displayed speed and elusiveness as he put in 26 points. Kessler and Adams were also effective shots for the Bombers.

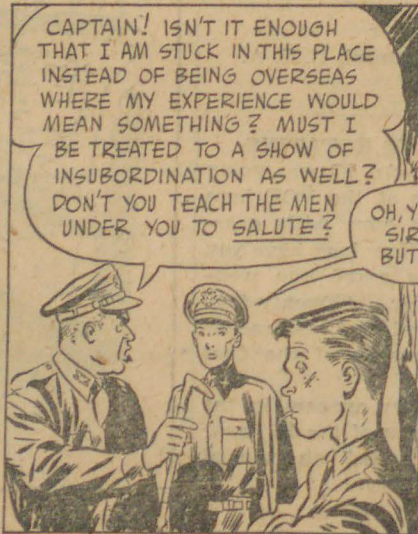
Bates trailed in the opening period, going ahead briefly on Ronnie Anderson's shot which made the score 15-14 for Bates, but Dow was on top until a Bates rally in the second quarter tied it at 25-all as Paul Mitchell's pretty shot supplied the tying basket. From there on the Bates V-12s were never behind and the score at the half stood 31-27 in their favor.

The Bombers were not in quite the same hard condition as the Navy men and wilted in the last half. It was 53-41 at the three-quarter mark and the game ended 76-54 in favor of Bates.

Because of the rugged schedule during the past week and the coming tournament this week, the Bombers have postponed a game with Bath Iron Works Sunday.

Male Call

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



Well, Slip My Cable