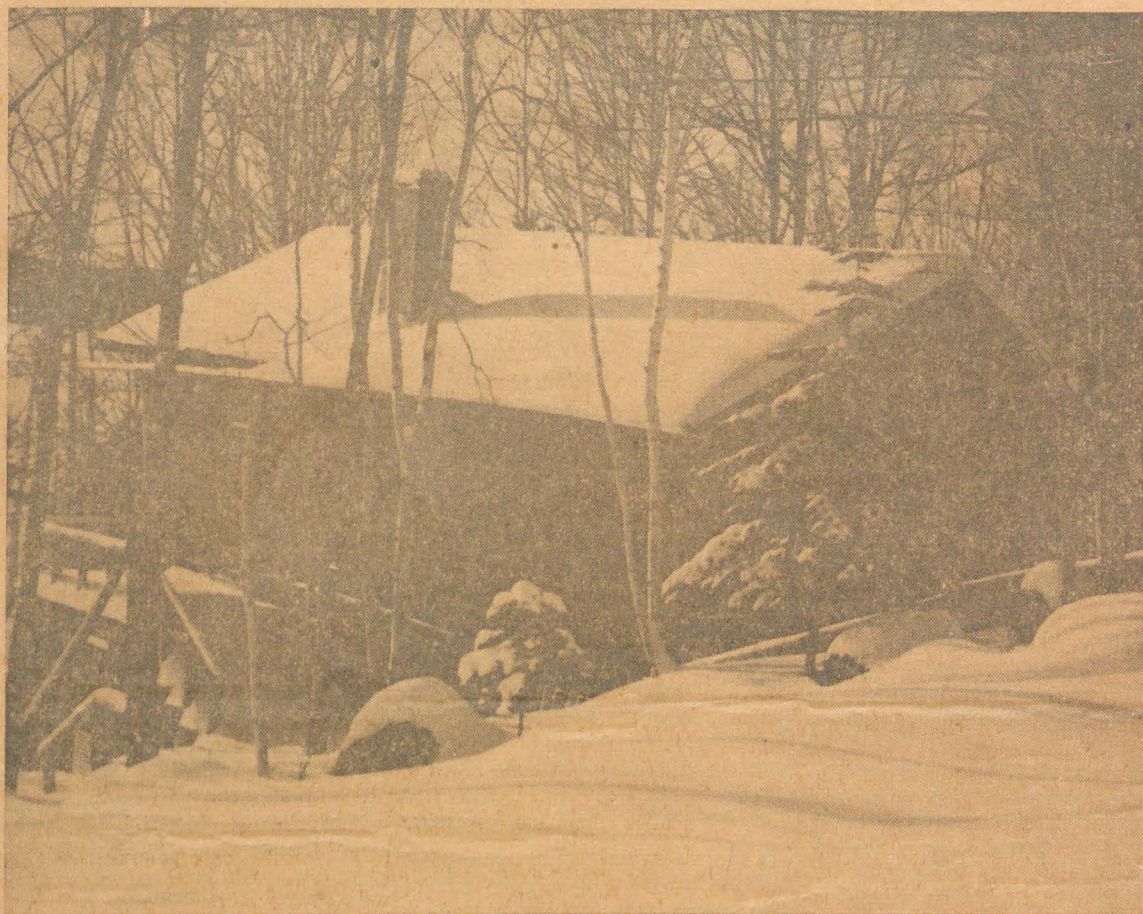


DOW FIELD Observer



Maine gets a "Snow" job as winter comes in all its splendor

\$450 Won in Dow Bond Raffle

Last week's bond raffle was held Thursday at 2:00 P. M. in base headquarters. Winners were as follows: \$100 bond to Mr. Calvin Curlew of Military Personnel; the two \$50 bonds to Ellen R. Bishop and Mrs. Warren Enman, both of Bangor; and the remaining \$25 bonds went to Lena P. Bell, Randall Sanborn, John N. Montgomery, and Charles Robinson, all of Aircraft Maintenance; Elston O. Mitchell and Leslie Darling of Ordnance; Helen Wilson of Bangor; Laura M. Parker, Medical Department; Roger Nickerson, Base Maintenance; and John Furey, Quartermaster.

These bond raffles are held weekly on Thursdays at base headquarters. Anyone can buy a ticket either at the candy counter of the PX or from any of the Minutemen. Tickets are 50 cents each. Buyone today!

Next Printed Issue--Christmas

Lack of funds makes this the last printed issue of the Observer until Christmas. Mimeographed Observers will continue to come out, pending the resumption of a snappy printed page again. We're working from issue to issue, and have no way of planning far ahead—BECAUSE IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW MANY SHEKELS WE CAN GET.

Marshall to Be Married Saturday

1st Lieut. Joseph Marshall, Special Service Officer and Information and Education Officer, will be married on Saturday at 3 P. M. to Miss Pat Glidden. All friends of the couple are cordially invited to attend the wedding. Chaplain Paul Ketchum, now of Presque Isle, and formerly of Dow, will perform the ceremony.

Dow Takes Snow In Stride

Last week's blizzard was "old stuff" to many Dow Field personnel, whose Arctic residence qualified them to say—"That's nothing. Why you should have seen the storms we used to have at . . .". Stories of how one guard was stuck in an outlying shack for three days without food at Mingan; of how the OD got lost in a Cander snowstorm; of how the roofs caved in when Goose Bay had five feet (believe it or not) of snow in one storm; of how one guy was blown into the air by a blast of air at BW-1; of how the winds always howled at Meeks Field, Iceland;—those are only samples.

Civilian employees, mostly Maine residents anyway, didn't let the storm stop anything, and the efficient base maintenance staff operating the snowplows, snow blowers and dump trucks got their first chance to strut their stuff this year. The snow was moved quickly and efficiently, and the runways were in operating shape within a few hours of the time the snow stopped.

Ski enthusiasts made immediate inquiries about the possibilities of getting some of the long flat boards, while skeptics doubted that the snow would last very long. But Maine weather is unpredictable, and anything is possible. The snow is here, and looks mighty nice.

He Has 219 Points And He Ain't Out Yet

NEW YORK (CNS)—Other returning high-pointers watched in awe as T/Sgt. Paul A. Smith strolled down the gangplank. The reason: Smith, 24-year-old aerial gunner from Charlotte, N. C., has 219 points. Entering the service in 1940, he went on more than 120 missions with the 8th, 14th, and 15th Air Forces.

CO On Route Familiarization Flight

Lieut. Col. Edward F. Tindall has just left on a route familiarization flight which will take him to London, Paris, and several other points in Europe. In his absence, Major Alfred Dehle, Director of Operations and ranking flying officer, has assumed command.

All operations and commanding officers, along with technical inspectors and other personnel concerned with the routes of the ATC, are required to make periodic route familiarization flights over the routes which planes fly coming to or leaving Dow Field.

Service Club for All GI Personnel

There has been some misunderstanding about the GI Service Club. It is not just for privates and Pfc's.—it is open to all military personnel on the Base and their dates. The club is open daily from 1300 to 2300, with sandwiches and soft drinks available until 1800; and with beer and the foregoing available till closing time.

Juke box dancing is available every night, so bring your dates along, and have a good time.

Schlepperman Coming Friday

Sam Hearn, better known as "Schlepperman" is coming to Dow Friday night with the USO show, "Hello Joe". Schlepperman was particularly famous through his appearances with the Jack Benny programs, and made a tour of all of the army bases in the United States with Jack. With "Schlepperman" is an array of vaudeville talent which should give you a pleasant evening's entertainment.

There will be two shows—at 6:30 and 8:30.

Dow Officer Sailed On Famous Arctic Ship, Effie Morrissey

1st Lieut. Robert Gross, now personnel officer of the 135th AACS Squadron at Dow Field, has vivid memories of his Greenland sea-faring aboard the famous Arctic schooner, the Effie Morrissey. Supervising the delivery of personnel replacements and supplies to ATC weather stations between BW-1 and BE-2 in

Eastern Greenland, and bringing in GI Engineers to make building repairs, Lieut. Gross' voyages brought him in close personal contact with Captain Bob Bartlett, grand old man of the Arctic and commander of the Effie Morrissey.

Captain Bartlett first became known to the world when he sailed north with Peary on the expedition which finally reached the North Pole. He brought Peary back to his first con-

Open House at Base Friday

Dow Field will hold an open house on Friday, December 7th, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. The general public is cordially invited to come, so be sure and invite all of your personal friends. All departments on the field will be open—so far as security regulations permit—and visitors asking to be shown through any particular department will be extended every courtesy by the officer in charge.

The accent on this Open House is on recruiting and reenlistment. Soldiers, ex-soldiers, and young men interested in enlisting are being urged to come to the field Friday and consider the career possibilities of the AAF. Many will be coming who are interested in a particular job in a particular section, and department heads are urged to give them every bit of information they can about the possibilities for the future in that job.

The Information Education Officer will be available to advise men on the types of specialized training they can get in the AAF; the Personnel Affairs Officer will discuss personal, allotment and other problems with visitors; the Recruiting Officer will be on hand to answer questions and sign up any prospects interested in going right ahead with reenlistment.

Parents, wives and girl friends of reenlistees and prospective enlistees are being particularly urged to come and see for themselves what an AAF career will be like. Many of these enlistees will be ex-infantrymen and artillerymen. They may have a lot of questions to ask, but we know they will be courteously treated.

At 1400, a number of reenlistees will be formally sworn into the regular Army at the Base Gymnasium. The general public is cordially invited to attend this ceremony.

It is particularly fitting on the fourth anniversary of the Jap attack at Pearl Harbor that Dow Field should have this Open House.

Octuplets Born At Dow Field

Octuplets have just been born on the base, in Officer's Barracks No. 229. "Miss" Sunny Marshall, ward of 1st Lieut. Joseph Marshall, Special Service Officer, is the proud mother of five dark and one light complexioned pups. Sunny was scheduled for an expert accouchment job, but the blessed event came suddenly. Lieut. Marshall is now passing out cigars.

'Avenue FDR'

PARIS (CNS)—Paris has changed the names of two of its streets. Avenue Victor Emanuel III has become Avenue de Franklin D. Roosevelt and Avenue de Tokio is now Avenue de New York.



1ST LIEUT. ROBERT GROSS, adventurer off the Greenland coast on the famous Arctic schooner, the Effie Morrissey.

tact with the telegraph station which told the world about the remarkable expedition. Bartlett acquired the Effie Morrissey about twenty years ago, and it has since sailed into about every nook and corner of the Arctic, and become one of the legendary ships of northern exploration and adventure.

"I'll never forget my 40 days with Captain Bob Bartlett", said Lieut. Gross. "It was the highlight of my 17 months' residence in the world's loneliest continent. The Effie Morrissey is a 98 foot wooden schooner with two masts and an auxiliary motor. Ironically, it will go faster with sails (13 knots) than it will by motor (5 knots). It has 700 square yards of sail cloth, a tremendous spread considering the size of the ship. The crew included Captain Bob, his brother Walter, and six other men".

The Effie Morrissey left Narsarsuaq (BW-1) on July 26, 1944, loaded with men assigned to the ATC weather station at Skjoldungen. These are the men who were marooned later in the winter by the disastrous snow avalanche which wrecked many of their buildings, buried their food, ruined their radio, and made them sweat out a really dangerous 10 months until they were finally rescued early this fall. The party included 4 weather men, 4 AACS men, a medic and a cook.

Masts Nearly Under Water

The Arctic schooner ran into trouble almost immediately after leaving BW-1, when a terrific storm hit

Continued on Page Eight

DOW FIELD OBSERVER

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Lt. Col. Edward F. Tindall.....Commanding
1st Lt. Joseph J. Marshall.....I & E Officer
1st Lt. A. G. Thompson.....Public Relations Officer
Charlotte O'Donnell.....Editor
Photolab Personnel.....Photography

A Challenge

The war veteran going home, may find it hard to settle down to the slowness, the never changing monotony of civilian life. He may find that there is no question of adjustment at all—but that somehow there is an unfulfilled yearning in his mind for adventure, for struggle.

Such a man may shrug his shoulders and let it go or he may complain about living in this day and age—where, as he puts it, there are no more frontiers, no more new worlds to conquer.

How wrong he is. The world today offers more opportunity for the pioneer than ever before in its history. Vast frontiers await the man with the ambition to build a life for himself in some virgin country that has not yet felt the tread of a human upon its soil.

We are not talking of the dream worlds of space or the undiscovered voids of science. We are speaking of territories we have known since we were small children but, which somehow, we have always discounted in our dreams of "new worlds" to challenge.

One of these "new worlds" is Alaska. The opportunities there are only limited by your own ability—they abound in every conceivable occupation and profession. Here is a frontier in your own country waiting to be built, waiting to be expanded.

We advise, however, that you do not run off helter-skelter. Use one of the things that the Army has taught you—preparedness. Investigate first. Read something like "Alaska—Land of Veteran Opportunity" by Lt. Col. Don Mace. Write to the Chamber of Commerce in the town that attracts you, to the Department of Interior in Washington, to the Smaller War Plants Corp. office in Juneau, Alaska. Be specific—tell them what you can do—what you want to do—they are glad to help you find your spot in Alaska.

FOR A BLUE SUIT

One of our friends said the other night that he would never wear brown again as long as he lived. It seems as if everyone of us has formed some resolution along the same lines.

You and we may never want to don the khaki again, we may hate the thought of it right now. However, there is no doubt that five years from today, perhaps sooner, we will look in the old cedar chest up in the attic—take out the disheveled set of ODs and reminisce on some of the wonderful times we had back in the good old squadron. Don't delude yourself—you will reminisce, you will recall the happy moments long after you have completely forgotten the unhappy hours.

There are some guys who like the Army though and they are staying in. Most of them are not re-enlisting because of you—they have figured the deal out and it looks good to them as individuals. However, we're darn sure that most of them are figuring the army Enlisted Man is going to get a better than fair shake in the future because of YOU. Yes, you. People are going to look to you—they are going to say, "What's the score, after all you were in?"—on any and all problems that affect the army. The man who's staying in (whether you like it or not you are getting out sooner because of his enlistment) knows that you won't forget him—that if anything you're going to try and make the army a heck of a lot better career than it is today.

How do you do all this? By acquainting yourself with army problems—unification, one air force, etc.—by exercising your right to vote, by making sure that your elected representatives are not saying one thing and voting another.

The soldier wants you, more than anything, to be a good citizen—never giving up the rights that are justly yours—and never forgetting what it's like to go slogging through hell.

Advantages

Features of the New Regular Army Recruitment Program as Authorized by the Armed Forces Voluntary Recruitment Act of 1945

- Enlistments for 1, 2 or 3 years.
- Enlistment age from 17 to 34 years of age, inclusive.
- Men reenlisting before February 1, 1946, retain their present grades.
- Furloughs up to 90 days, with pay and travel included, for men who reenlist.
- A 30-day furlough every year at full pay.
- Choice of branch of service and overseas theater on three-year enlistments.
- Privilege for commissioned officers to enlist in Grade 1 and retain reserve commissions.
- The best pay and allowances ever given our Army.
- Reenlistment allowance of \$50 a year for each active year of service.
- Twenty per cent extra pay for overseas service.
- Mustering-out pay to all men who reenlist.
- Increase of 5 per cent in pay for every three years of service.
- Retirement at half pay after 20 years; three-quarters pay after 30 years.
- Family allowances for dependents.
- The finest medical and dental care.
- The best of food, quarters, and clothing.
- Benefits of National Service Life Insurance.
- Benefits under the G. I. Bill of Rights.

Base Library

By Alyce M. Connor

Program of Recorded Classical Music Every Monday Evening at 9:00 at the Base Library Bldg., T-33. All Are Invited.

LIBRARY NEWS

By Alyce M. Connor

The Library welcomes the new men to Dow Field, and extends a cordial invitation to visit us. You will find a cheerful atmosphere with all the latest books and magazines and comfortable chairs to lounge in, to read, or to listen to the radio or phonograph. Writing facilities are available at all times so come in and visit with us. Library hours are: 9:00 a. m. to 10:00 p. m. Monday through Saturday, and 1:00 p. m. to 10:00 p. m. on Sundays.

NEW BOOKS

The Mantee, Bruff.—A robust, powerful novel—the story of Jabez Folger, a savage, romantic man of the sea, with a sinister secret in his past and a passion for his ship's figurehead. This story is set against the colorful background of Nantucket at the peak of her great whaling days.

Man Against Pain, Raper.—This is the epic story of anesthesia from the ancient legend of the whack on the head to produce unconsciousness to the streamlined operations of today.

Teresa or Her Demon Lover, Gray.—The story of Teresa and Lord Byron—is a story and not an official biography. It is amusing, amazing, dramatic and tragic. Teresa was the last of Lord Byron's "ladies."

Appointment in Manila, Chamberlain.—This is a prize mystery novel by a new writer. Olivia Brander hadn't expected that murder would greet her return to Manila, her childhood home. Here are stark tragedy, unforgettable characters and suspense.

Arctic Books are Free

GIs who served in Labrador, the Crystals, Mecatina, Indianhouse Lake, Cape Harrison, Hebron, Lake Harbour and River Clyde will be particularly interested in a series of free publications published by the Canadian Government. All of them have interesting pictures and facts about the Hudson's Bay country, Quebec, and Baffinland, and are well worth getting.

Just write a letter to the Department of Mines and Resources, Lands, Parks and Forests Branch, Ottawa, Canada, and ask for:

An Outline of the Canadian Eastern Arctic; Mineral Resources and Mining Development in the Canadian Eastern Arctic; Eskimo Population in the Canadian Eastern Arctic; Economic Wildlife of Canada's Eastern Arctic; Conquest of the Northwest Passage; A History of Exploration and Research in the Canadian Eastern Arctic; and Physical Geography of the Canadian Eastern Arctic.

If you've wanted pictures and information on the north, these are swell. These are all 1944 and 1945 publications, and have all the latest information, including the location of all the NAD bases.

Red Soldiers Don't Want To Marry German Girls

BERLIN (CNS)—It's OK for Russian GIs to fraternize with German frauleins, but Ivan isn't marrying any of them, according to an Associated Press dispatch.

The Red Army men aren't prohibited from marrying German girls, officers have insisted, they just don't want to. There is even a marriage registry at Russian headquarters in suburban Karlshorst where anyone can file intent to marry, but no one has applied.

"There's just one reason why a Russian soldier should marry a German girl," one officer said. "And there are lots of reasons why he shouldn't. So he doesn't."

The Chapel Spire

Captain James T. Kilbride, Base Chaplain
Telephone Ext. 215

CATHOLIC

Sunday—In Base Chapel, Masses at 0730 and 1130.

Daily—In Chapel, Masses at 1230.

Confessions Saturday night from 1930 to 2030 and before each Mass.

PROTESTANT

Sunday—In Chapel, Services at 1030. In Hospital Rec. Hall, Services at 0900.

JEWISH

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

Lord, Teach Us to Pray

"Never did people need prayer more than at the present time. Yet in their hour of greatest need they have lost that which was indeed their birthright—the knowledge of how to pray."

These are not the words of a leading Churchman, but the sentiments expressed recently by one of the foremost diplomats of our time.

If man's awareness of his own insufficiency were thus made articulate, he could understand that his real need was a knowledge how to open his heart to God in prayer. Prayer is the most natural thing in the world to one who has a vivid belief in God, on Whom he is dependent for every temporal and spiritual benefit—yes, for his very existence and preservation. Prayer is nothing more than intimate conversation with One who is both able and willing to help him. But, of course, there is a loftier kind of prayer, and that is worship and reverence and gratitude, flowing from a heart which has not sufficiently reciprocated God's love and goodness.

There is a very close connection between prayer and religious education, because we cannot truly love God if we do not know Him. We are not likely to pay heed to His Commandments unless we know them and have them interpreted for us. The one who has not been educated in mathematics is not ever able to use it. One who is not acquainted with history is not to profit by its lessons. One who has never been taught to read, cannot even pen a letter nor receive consolation from the Bible, nor get any bene-

fit out of the newspapers or magazines.

Illiteracy in religion in the world is the saddest misfortune of our times. Instruction in its doctrines and in the morality which flows from such doctrines, is the paramount need of our times. Without it the world must become irreligious, at least unmoral, and civilization must decline in the proportion that illiteracy in religion grows.

Padre.

\$3300 in Prizes For GI Handicraft

NEW YORK (CNS)—Popular Science Magazine has offered \$3,300 in cash prizes for handicraft by members of the Armed Forces and veterans. First prize is \$1,000 and there are 58 additional awards.

Eligible are all servicemen, servicewomen and veterans of this war. The competition starts 1 December and ends 1 April 1946. Entries must be sent to Popular Science Monthly, 353 4th Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Only paintings, drawings, prints, renderings and photography are excluded as entries. All other forms of handiwork will be accepted.

Not Given to Keep

I rested my hands on the ivories
And gazed with wonder at the keys,
For the chord I'd just played
I had heard once before,
Long ago in my youth, gone forevermore.
Then my mind wandered back, at first afraid,
Wandered back through the mists of memory,
To that perfumed hour when the stars in flight
Were dimmed by the moon's silver light.
Our hearts that night were in harmony,
For we laughed and kissed, we lived our song,
While the night and time flowed gently along.
Then we struck one chord that was born of love,
Notes lent for the moment from above.
All the musical words, such as timbre and tone,
Could never describe that exquisite sound
Which you and I made all our own,
But in joy we forgot which keys we had tried,
And in futile discord our song slowly died.
Then when we knew the cord we had found
Had been loaned to us, not given to keep,
I despaired and you began to weep.
For this chord, like our love, so vibrant, so rare
Was not meant for mortals to share . . .

—Neil Horgan

Gezundheit Doesn't Excuse

The sudden climatic change from the sunny Azores to the blustery blizzards that blow over Dow Field comes as a shock to even the hardiest individuals. Yet from my window I see these unfearing individuals ambling about in nothing heavier than a blouse.

The only protest of the misuse of your particular respiratory system may be a few sneezes, or it may go so far as to knock you off your rugged manly feet into a hospital cot. And consequently slow up your discharge if that's what you sweating (?) out.

You've read the ads about the dangers to your popularity as a result of B.O., halitosis, or dingy teeth, but those would seem like Lana Turner's charms compared to the obnoxious person who sneezes and coughs his way around other people. The simple reason is B.O., halitosis, and dingy teeth are only unpleasant—they aren't contagious—or dangerous.

So for heaven's sake at the first snuffle or sneeze—take precautions. I guess the Army has taught you G.I.'s the value of precautions as weighed against the expense of cure. Get plenty of rest and water, and if cold symptoms persist—try Sick Call.

And if you're a civilian, don't be a martyr and come to work and spread your cold to the rest in your department. Seek medical advice and get rid of the cold before it gets rid of you.

The First Boatload Of Troops to Goose Bay

"We sailed north on the steamer Belle Isle," said Captain George Busick. "We were the first boatload of American troops to land at Goose Bay, in August 1943. Our party consisted of 100 GIs, including a complete Quartermaster detachment of 88 enlisted men and four officers. It took us 15 days to make the trip from Boston, with a layover for repairs at St. John's, Newfoundland."

Captain Busick, now Quartermaster at Dow Field, had his apprehensions about the Arctic, but his worries were pleasantly dispelled when the Belle Isle docked at Goose Bay. "We were happily surprised about the comforts and relative civilization of the base," he said. "It was a well organized base when we arrived. All of the American troops which preceded us were flown in to the base, and they had done a marvelous job of building it up."

Ironically, the complete QM detachment had not been expected by officials at Goose Bay, and was not actually needed as such, since there were plenty of QM officers and men actually on the spot. The unit was split up. Captain Robert Gallivan, the C/O of the outfit, was sent to Crystal II, and Captain Busick was sent to Crystal I as Assistant Quartermaster.



"Crystal I was rough when we arrived there," said Dow's QM. "There were still about a thousand civilians from the Al Johnson Construction Company, which built the base. They outnumbered by far the relatively few soldiers who had arrived—we had only about 125 soldiers at that time, but the number was soon increased. In September, Captain Gallivan came down from Crystal II and became my boss again. I had a lot of jobs, including Commissary Officer, Legal Officer, Air Supply Officer and Claims Officer."

In the spring of 1944, Crystal I began to drop in size, starting out with a general reduction in the number of officers. Captain Gallivan left, and Captain Busick became General Supply Officer, including the titles of Quartermaster, Ordnance Officer, Air Supply Officer, Chemical Warfare Officer, etc. He remained at Crystal I till September 1944, when after 15 months of the Arctic he was able to return home again.

On his return, he was married to Margaret (Peggy) Browning of Arlington, Virginia, his home town. They took their honeymoon on the way to his new assignment at Manchester, with the North Atlantic Division. Captain Busick sweated out five months as Assistant Division Quartermaster before coming to Dow Field nine months ago—originally as Commissary Officer, and later as Base QM.

A graduate of George Washington University (1940), he got two years of Law School Credit before joining the Army in 1941. He was assigned to the QM Corps at Camp Lee, and on the completion of 90 days training was sent to the QM OCS, also at Camp Lee. He received his



SERGEANT LEE SCROGGS, photolab chief, back to Dow again after over a year at Grenier and in the Azores.

Scroggs Returns As Photolab Chief

It's a complete reversion to the past at the Photolab now, with Sergeant Lee Scroggs back as Lab Chief. When the base was brought into the ATC in March of 1944, Scroggs was in charge of the Photolab. Transferred later to Grenier Field, and still later to Santa Maria in the Azores, Scroggs has seen a wide variety of action since he left Dow Field. His pictures have been highlighted in the Airmada, and some of his work on photo-murals in Santa Maria will never be forgotten. He has flown to Africa and to Newfoundland, and given proper photographic coverage to all these things.

But no matter where he went, he didn't forget Dow Field. Five weeks ago, he married Miss Barbara Wormlight, telephone operator from the Base. They're living now in GI Village.

All of the rest of the old-time photographers at Dow Field are now civilians, including Guido J. (Hank) Hartman, Jimmie Whitley, Johnnie McNaught, Mario Sirabella, and Emil Rondeau. As one man, they have the same ambition—to set up a photographic business for themselves, generally in the old home town.

The base photographers have always been closely associated with the Observer, and the men have often worked late hours to help the staff meet a deadline. Always working behind the scenes, their work has not always been given the recognition it deserves.

They're Really Mellow!

TOKYO (CNS)—Jap dancing girls "are crazy about jitterbugging," and "are quicker to learn boogie than girls back home," Sgt. Harris Rosedale says. Sgt. Rosedale, who has been teaching jitterbug steps to the girls, should know. He used to be a dancing instructor in Cincinnati.

commission as a second lieutenant in April 1942.

He was then assigned to Camp Lee as a basic military instructor, giving the raw recruits their basic training in the Quartermaster Corps, including everything from right and left face to the problems of logistics. The GIs went through a five weeks course, and of course there was a rapid turnover of personnel.

Captain Busick was later placed on temporary duty with the Quartermaster Board, and as he puts it, "rode the gravy train" all over the country giving a lecture on food conservation, visiting air bases and ground services installations in about 25 states.

From the gravy train, he went to the wilds of Labrador.

"I'll be eligible for discharge sometime this month," said the Captain. "I expect to go back to law school. I have some reason to hope that on graduation I can go to work for a Washington law firm—and that is what I want to do."

DOW FIELD CROSS SECTION

This week's Cross-Section is based on a question submitted by Sergeant Sam Westock of Special Services. The question asked was: "In your opinion, should the secret of the atomic bomb be shared with the Allied Nations of the world?"

Cpl. Albert J. Rosania, projectionist at the base theater, said:

"In my opinion, yes. In sharing this secret with our allied nations, it will tend to establish world faith and trust, which at this time is an important factor in developing a lasting world peace."



Cpl. Nurmi J. Caggiano, awaiting discharge, is in the 135th AACCS, and was a radio operator at Goose Bay. He says, "The security and peace of the world depends on what we will do with what is known of atomic power."

"No matter how the secrets known are guarded, every nation in the world, no matter how small, will make great progress with atomic energies. The question is—what are we to do with what is known of atomic power? It is my opinion that if the United Nations are strong and unified enough to protect and maintain the safety and peace of all nations, a council under its jurisdiction should be formed to foster future research and development of atomic power. This organization would direct the use of such power."

"With a sound organization of this type, the peace and security of the world would be insured and all mankind would benefit by future developments of atomic power."



Cpl. Frank Katzker, 135th AACCS, radio operator who spent 18 months at Crystal I, said: "Definitely not. Having possession of the secret of atomic energy places us in a state of security. To divulge this secret to other nations of the world would mean relinquishing this security."

"It is a shame that this secret which can be so beneficial if used as an instrument of peace, should be kept from the other people of the world, but we must think first of the safety of our own nation and preserve that safety at any cost."



Pfc. Clyde L. Williams, 135th AACCS, radio operator at Goose Bay, said: "It is my opinion that the secret of atomic bomb should be shared among the United Nations, since we have mutually fought and won the war over the axis. The defeated nations will not have the power of using such energy to value for some time to come, and by that time the weaker and defeated nations are again a peaceful member of the world society. The good and friendly sharing of developments among the United Nations as a peaceful body will be of great value toward an enduring peace in future culture and peaceful developments."

Sgt. Pierce R. Irwin, Special Service projectionist, said: "In my opinion, yes. If we do not share it, there is only one conclusion for our allies to draw, that being, we intend to use the Atom Bomb against them in case of another world conflict. Also, if we do not disclose this secret, scientists of our allied nations with the above thought in mind, will eventually discover the secret of Atomic Energy, or worse, in the process of research, discover something much more powerful, unknown to us. This will be exceedingly more dangerous to the establishment of world peace than if we share it now."

Farm Aid for Vets

WASHINGTON (CNS)—A plan to enable vets seeking to buy farms or make improvements on farms to borrow at 3% interest, with a 40-year repayment period and a variable repayment arrangements, was proposed by the National Farmers Union.

Exit Rickshas

SHANGHAI (CNS)—The ricksha, famous as a tourist conveyance, will disappear from this city's streets. Chinese newspapers reported that rickshas will be discontinued as part of a three-year plan designed to save manpower.



This Week at the Base Theater



WEDNESDAY, 5 December—HOW DO YOU DO? with Bert "The Mad Russian" Gordon, Harry Von Zell, Randy Brooks and Orchestra; Film Vodvil; Phoney Baloney, a Fox and Crow color cartoon.

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, 6 and 7 December (Matinee Thursday)—THE STORK CLUB, with Betty Hutton, Barry Fitzgerald and Don DeFore; Sunbonnet Blue, a Blue Ribbon Hit Parade cartoon; Movietone News.

SATURDAY, 8 December (double feature program)—DING DONG WILLIAMS, with Glenn Vernon and Marcy McGuire; VOICE OF THE WHISTLER, with Richard Dix and Lynn Merrick.

SUNDAY AND MONDAY, 9 and 10 December (Matinee Saturday)—GETTING CERTIE'S CARTER, with Dennis O'Keefe and Marie McDonald; This Is America, Airline to Everywhere; Canine Patrols, a Walt Disney color cartoon; Movietone News.

TUESDAY, 11 December (Matinee)—THE DALTONS RIDE AGAIN, with Alan Curtis, Kent Taylor and Martha O'Driscoll; The Guest Pest, a Pete Smith specialty; Melody Stampede, with Spade Cooley; Nasty Quacks, a Looney Tune cartoon.

Medically Speaking

It seems that Mother Nature knew what she was doing when she piled the snow up around here this week—at least she kept some of our would-be celebrations pretty quiet, especially since it came right after pay day. Sgt. Ramick had his snowshoes, so he made it—he always does.

Sgt. Snyder seems kinda blue these days, probably because his right-hand man in transportation left him. What a pair!

We all welcome Sgt. Vincent G. Flynn to the gang. Miss Fisher, our X-ray gal, was overjoyed when she heard he had only 31 points; in fact, she actually laughed. Now she may get her release, but we sure hate to see her go. It's not a bit of fun having a GI X-ray you.

Now that "Noofy" MacDonald is a Corporal, he doesn't think the U. S. is so bad after all. He has been threatening to quit and go back to Newfoundland, where they make home brew and put everything in it but a pair of dirty socks.

Since Roger Shaeffer made Corporal, the phone rings twice as often for him. Don't know whether he now has two phone numbers or if the same one thinks he can afford to go out twice as often now. Better inform her of the amount of a Corporal's base pay, Roger.

Practically the same applies to Corporal Owens' girl back home. Seems that she knows darn well that they can afford to take the fatal step now! How about that, "Useless"?

Tickets Going Good For Victory Ball

Tickets are selling good for the all-base Victory Loan dance on Friday, December 21st. Tickets, costing only 50 cents a person, are available at the Post Exchange, and through a host of volunteer salesmen on the post. If you haven't gotten your tickets yet, do so at once.

Everybody will be going—officers, enlisted men, civilian employees, and the civilian friends of the whole base. Tickets will be on sale in town, so urge your friends to come along. Music will be by Norman Lambert and his orchestra. Tickets will entitle every buyer (whether he shows up at the dance or not) to a chance at the door prizes, which may total as high as \$1,000 in bonds. First prize is a \$200 Roosevelt Commemorative Bond, and everything over actual expenses will go into door prizes.

One of the biggest features of the dance will be an auction where valuable merchandise, donated by local merchants, will be auctioned off to the highest bidders in War Bond purchases on the spot. If you've got some money you haven't put into War Bonds yet, bring a check along with you, and participate in the bidding for the fine merchandise that is going to be handed out free.

Officers and enlisted men of all outlying military and naval installations have been invited to come. Although the party itself will not feature "drinks", a number of cocktail parties are expected to precede the dance itself.

All in all, December 21st will be a big night. Be sure you come.

Jap Scientists Bungled Atomic Energy Theory

WASHINGTON (CNS) — Japan was working full-speed during the war on an atomic bomb and a death ray, Dr. Karl T. Compton, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, revealed to a Senate military-commerce sub-committee. He said their atomic bomb efforts failed because Jap physicists reached mistaken conclusions, and because B-29s demolished the laboratory where experiments were being conducted. The death ray would kill a rabbit at 30 yards, Dr. Compton said.



ABOVE IS A GROUP OF PERSONNEL who worked on the ship, the Hag of Hardewyck, when it came through Dow Field last year. This group is typical of the personnel who have worked on the various aircraft passing through Dow Field in the past and who have given Dow Field fame for the expediency and efficiency in servicing transient planes. In the picture (left to right): Jasper H. Shorey, foreman; John L. Miller, inspector; Ralph E. Patterson, mechanic; Henry P. Smiley and Kermit L. Clements, engine branch; Amasa E. Sherman, electrician; Clarence B. Dyer, superintendent; Major Joseph G. Moran, former Aircraft Maintenance Officer; Captain Malcolm M. Eckhardt, his former assistant; William F. Muir, electrician; Anthony A. Herbert, painter; George B. White, oxygen branch; Paul C. Thompson, Armament branch, and Edward B. Byers, mechanic.



A MUSICAL MOMENT at the mike with Corinne Sweetney swinging the blues to the accompaniment of Sergeant Bob Lindemann's orchestra. This was the first of the bi-weekly dances to be held at T-16, the new service club at Dow Field for all enlisted personnel and their guests. The club is open daily from 1:00 to 11:00, with beer and cokes served from 6:00 till closing. Juke box dancing is enjoyed every night.



CAPTAIN BOB BARTLETT, grand old man of the Arctic, who brought Peary back from his successful dash to the North Pole. With him is Sergeant R. J. Smith, one of the ATC soldiers scheduled to be stationed at Skjoldungen.

Civilian Employees Military



WHATEVER SUCCESS the present Observer can claim is due in great part gratifying. In the front row, left to right: Marie Pecorelli, Quartermaster; Fisher, Air Supply. Back row, left to right: Cecilia Riley, Aircraft Maintenance; Margie Talbot; and Marion B. Amundsen, Base Maintenance, who has been



CIVILIAN EMPLOYEES of Base Maintenance doing a "Snow Job" on the Runway as Dow digs from under.

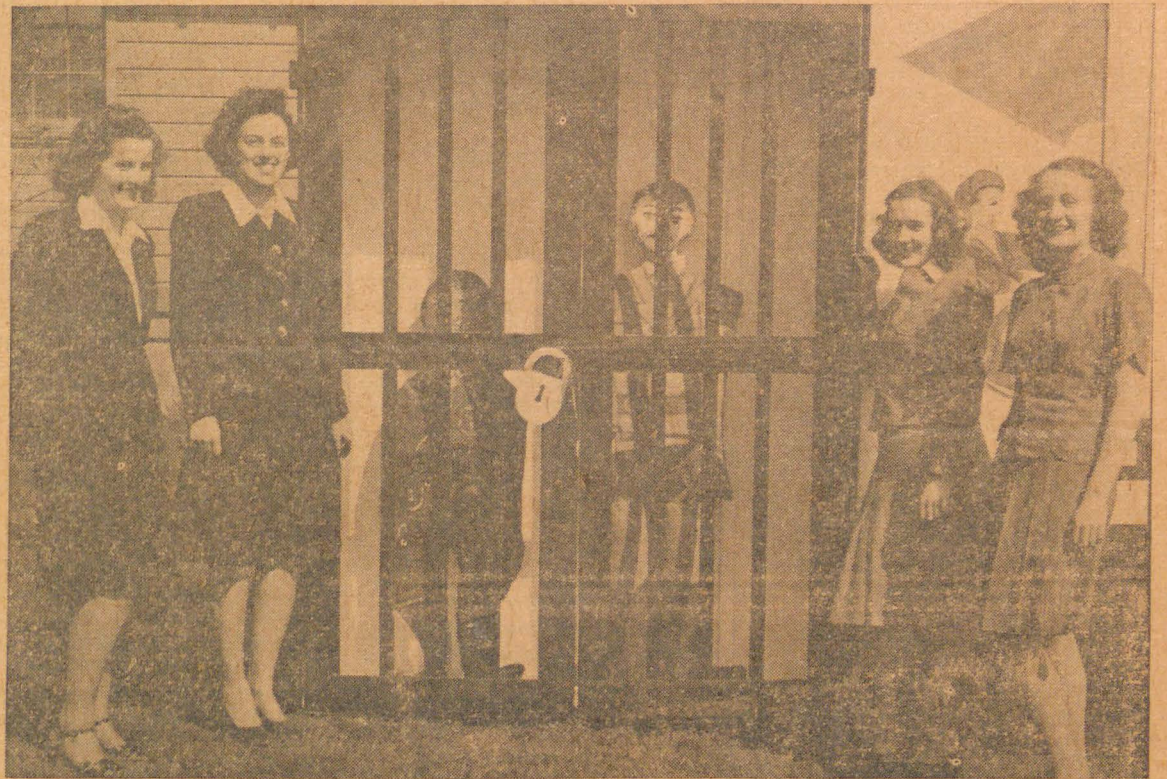
Now Outnumber Personnel



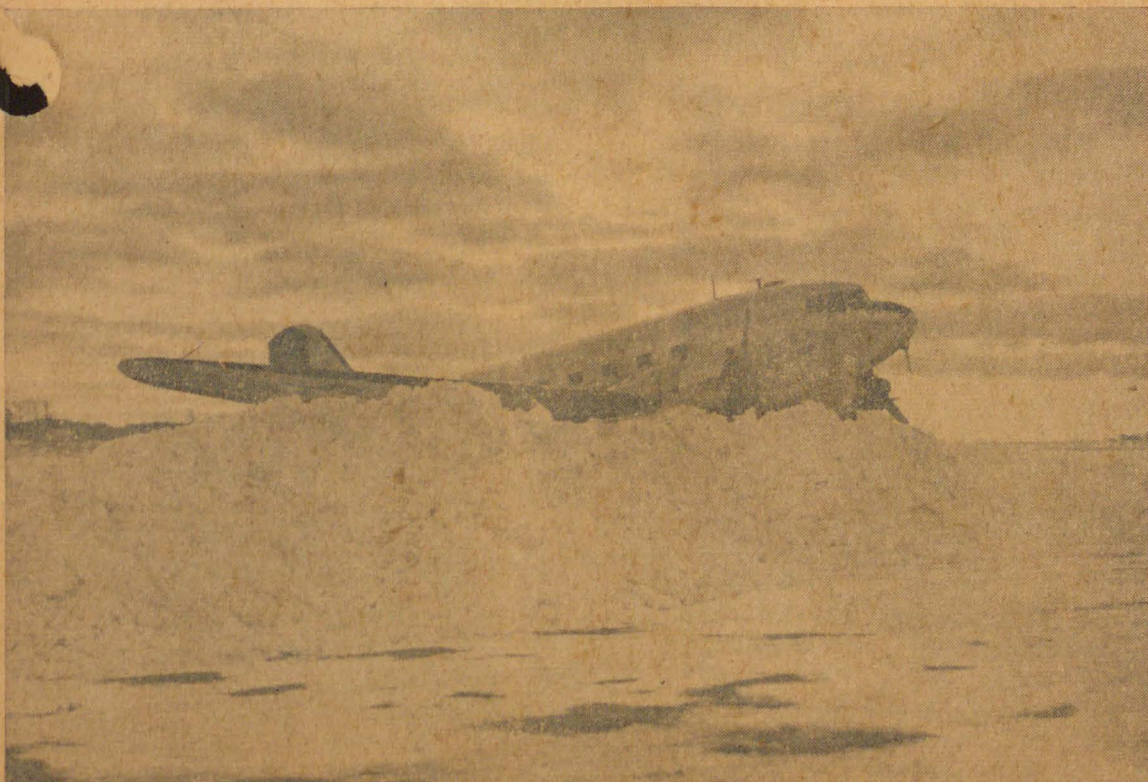
to the scribes above. Their complete cooperation has been extremely Dottie Bates, Headquarters; Gloria Cyr, Rail Transportation; and Anne ce; Charles Russell, Motor Pool; Janet Reid, Civilian Personnel (with pinch-hitting for Theresa O'Brien.



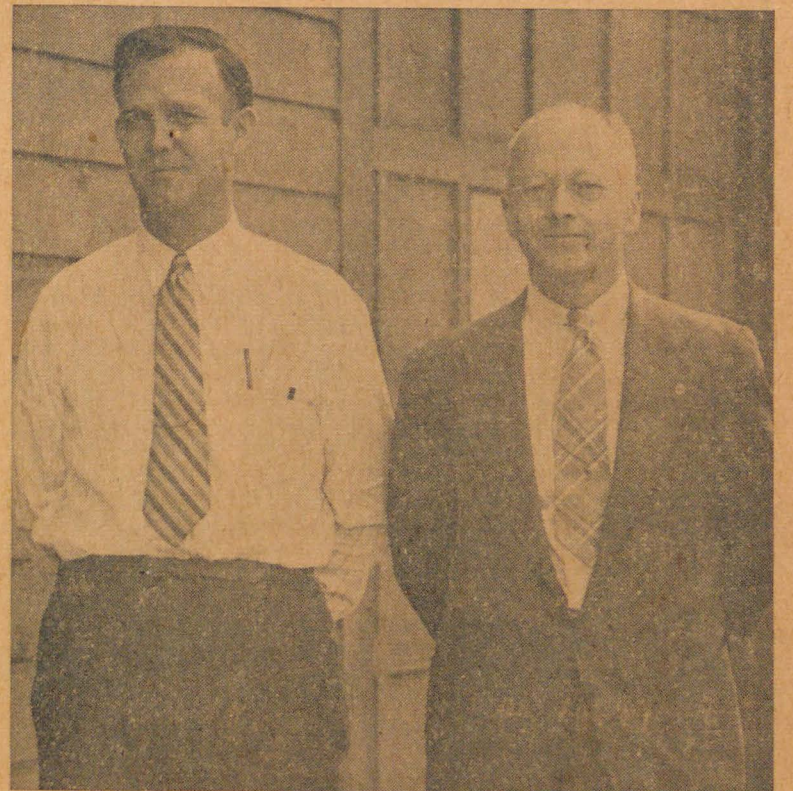
TWO DENS of Bangor Cub Scouts who were recently taken on a tour of Dow Field by Lt. Bruno Pieromarchi, Base Training Officer.



THE PRETTY JAILORS in the above picture are left to right: Shirlee Knight, Sergeant Major's Office; Betty Taylor, Organizational Planning; Ruth Sullivan, Air Inspector's Office and Barbara Carr, Civilian Personnel Office.



AFTER the recent snow storm, there were many beautiful scenes at Dow Field, such as this scene shot at sunset.



MR. CHARLES B. JOHNSON, Chief Clerk, and Mr. John F. Finnigan, Warehouse Superintendent, of Air Supply. On the shoulders of these two men lie the responsibility for proper issuance and receipt of all Air Supply material, and they are, in large part, responsible for the enviable record of accuracy that the Air Supply holds. Mr. Johnson supervises the flow of office work, and Mr. Finnigan the material.

Civilian Employees Now Outnumber Military Personnel



WHATEVER SUCCESS the present Observer can claim is due in great part to the scribes above. Their complete cooperation has been extremely gratifying. In the front row, left to right: Marie Pecorelli, Quartermaster; Dottie Bates, Headquarters; Gloria Cyr, Rail Transportation; and Ann Fisher, Air Supply. Back row, left to right: Cecilia Riley, Aircraft Maintenance; Charles Russell, Motor Pool; Janet Reid, Civilian Personnel (with Margie Talbot); and Marion B. Amundsen, Base Maintenance, who has been pinch-hitting for Theresa O'Brien.

DOW FIELD CIVILIAN CHIT-CHAT

Civilian Personnel

By Janet M. Reid

If it's still snowing by the time this article appears in print, I'm afraid the lads and lassies that work at Dow Field will be looking like a bunch of snowmen.

Here's a question to ponder over. Why do the M. P.s at the gate ask to see your pass? As one handsome man in CPO put it: "What fool would be coming to Dow Field at 8:00 a. m. unless he were going to work, and why would he be leaving Dow Field at 5:00 p. m. unless he were going home from work." He's got something there.

Mr. Cronin's car has become an object of worship to the many who seek transportation. It's a mad dash at 5:00 p. m. every night to see who rates the bottom layer. They can be sure of a soft seat beneath, and a couple of soft seats on top of them. It's one continuous debate as to which pew is the more comfortable. The first time Captain Houlihan rode with us he thought his eyes were deceiving him, but now he accepts the harem—the harem that doesn't scare him—that was a bad one. We ride in leisure and comfort, or so it says here in small print. You try riding with ten others sometime and see how it feels?

Mr. Hammond's son came into the office the other day, took a good look at all the females, and announced that they were all too old for him. Ouch! However, after catching a fleeting glimpse at him, we wouldn't mind robbing the cradle.

What's the attraction in Portland, Barbara Carr? It seems you spend a good many weekends over that-a-way. Tell us what's over there.

If you want to see a fur coat that will turn you green with envy just catch a glimpse of Mary McGee. She even has a hat to go with it, and you'd have to go a long way to find anything cuter than Mary when she's all dressed up in the outfit.

Georgia McKenney's husband made her a pocketbook that is out of this world. And it's made out of ostrich leather and lined in maroon. Something new and different has been added.

Margie Talbot headed for Boston last Thursday to buy herself a fur coat. They say the storm was even worse in the Bean City—how could it be?

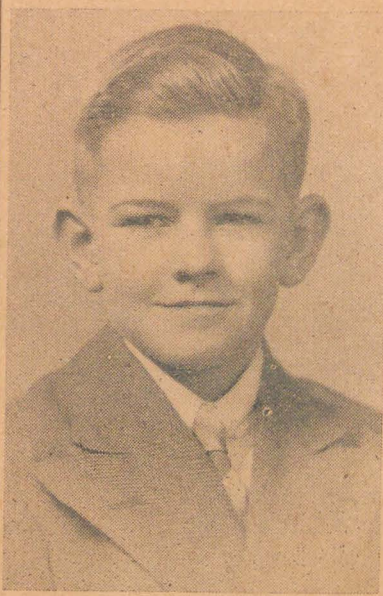
Paul Leavitt left us for the Azores. Now what are we lacking that Azorians must have? We've certainly missed his beaming countenance around here.

SCOOP: When the nurse found lipstick everywhere from his lips to the middle of his back (and it was imprinted so firmly that even rubbing alcohol wouldn't remove it) she began to wonder if Betty Browne had had two bowls full of Wheaties for breakfast. We know you miss him, Betty, but the next time you pay him a friendly visit take it easy on him. After all, he's supposed to be sick.

A-Root-te-toot-te-toot Daley is at it again. Anything that wears a skirt gets a workout from Daley. Just walk behind his desk and you'll be safe; walk in front of him and you'll be sorry. He has a way of singing "A Root te toot te tooty" that has a way of swinging (your hips, stupid!). It's an unconscious act that every woman possesses. You may not think you're swinging them, but when Ed starts the song you stop dead in your tracks. And, lady, the cause of that blush was your own fault.

Charlene Chester is leaving us in order to do a bit of traveling this winter. The latest plans are to take in the Mardi Gras in New Orleans and then head for South America. My, my.

I always knew that people came to the Civilian Personnel Office if they wanted anything, needed anything, or were lacking anything. But when this office turned out to be a place where you fill out applications to secure a husband it was almost too much. So if any of you want a husband, just come in and see us. It's simple . . . just fill in the answers on Form X21613749 and before you can say Zobiaelabamweecooky you'll have a husband.



THIS IS Roger Fisher, son of Ann Fisher at Air Supply. He is 14 years old, and goes to Fifth Street Junior High School.

Base Maintenance

By Marion B. Amundsen

Changing weather having caused an epidemic of colds in the office, and Teresa O'Brien became one of the victims. Due to her continued absence, we greet you once again through the column.

Tension in the atmosphere was strong the other night preceding the dinner-dance at the Penobscot Valley Country Club when about 65 members of the National Federation of Federal Employees and their guests sat down to a banquet at the clubhouse. It looked like snow, and some of the roads and ground crews had visions of a heavy snowfall and early leave to plow the runways before the evening was over, but the light fall of snow left only a thin icy coating on the surface of the earth. "Ted" Preble, the only casualty of the evening, met with a fall which, however, was not due to the icy condition of the roads and was not fatal. It is reported that Roy Bard and Joe Watson were very busy entertaining the guests to the extent they hardly had time to partake of the bountifully spread table. John McDonough's Band played incidental music during the repast. Royce Allen sang "Bells of the Sea" and the English ballad, "John Peel," and dancing to the music of the band was enjoyed following the dinner. Highlights of the evening were the dancing of "Jinny" Bond and Capt. Chenell, and Mrs. Elsie Frye as the belle of the ball.

It does, indeed, look like wedding bells for Thelma Hillman, for she has resigned her position in the stock department of the Post Engineers to be off with her knight. Felicitations are extended to her and congratulations to M/Sgt. John Jacobson, formerly stationed at Dow Field.

Jim Cunningham and his crew will be working 24 hours a day from now until the last slush snowfall of the spring, for the blizzards are beginning to blow in from the northeast and a stormy four months are envisioned ahead. More power to Jim and his sturdy men! This means heavy work for the time clerks, for office tempo is geared to high speed when Old Man Winter really gets busy.

And that reminds us that Clarence Chase, our time clerk, entertained forty persons at his home with a fish chowder the other night. What Clarence can't think up in the line of a palatable dish isn't worth mentioning.

Once more we bid you adieu, trusting Teresa will be with you next week when the Post Engineers will again greet you.

Battle Stars

WASHINGTON (CNS)—Units entitled to battle stars for the following campaigns are listed in WD General Orders No. 85m, dated 10 October 1945: Air Combat, Balkans; Air Offensive, Europe; Aleutian Islands; antisubmarine, Central Pacific; ground combat, European theater.

Rail Transportation

By Gloria Cyr

The spotlight shone brightly on the Observer last week with its numerous pictures and new columns. The civilians are really getting on the ball. It couldn't be that the different departments are trying to see who can write the best column, could it? It's lots of fun trying, though, and really gives the paper "zip and zing." How about you other departments who are silent? It took a lot of courage, but I came through with only a few scars.

Received a letter from our ex-Transportation Officer, Lt. Foy, and she asked to be remembered to all of her friends, Army and Civilian. She's a civilian now and a mighty happy one. Oh, yes, she went on a shopping spree and bought many new clothes. Red, blue, green, coral and black were some of the colors, but she stated emphatically, "No Browns."

Heard through the grapevine that our ex-Chief Clerk, James E. Casey, has been moved from Montreal to Manchester. It sounds pretty good. We hope he pays us a visit soon. Wonder if married life has changed him.

Flash! Did you know that Sterling Dymond is running in competition with the Penobscot Transportation Company? Since the arrival of the little gray "mare," or I should say "ford," Transportation has been riding in style. He swears, though, he'll start charging 10c a ride, but we know better . . . or do we?

Since the "Hop-Jon" (guess what that is?) has been closed for the winter at T-218, we are like the little Hindu, doing the best we can do at the mercy of our kind neighbors of the nearby vicinity. Sure do hope it's a short winter.

A certain young man from our office took a trip up north last weekend and won't explain why he was late. Says that there was a terrible snow storm which caused the train to be late. Oh, Willie, how could you . . .

You all remember Betty Cottier, who used to work for Transportation. Well, we had a surprise visit from her hubby "Norman," who was once stationed here. He just got back from overseas and looks grand. Says that Betsy is coming along fine, too.

Also heard ex-Cpl. John Allocca is running in stiff competition with Clark Gable in his new position with Warner Brothers in Brooklyn. The only difference is that he is distributing them instead of making them. But give him a little more time, he'll make the grade.

Guess that's all for this week, folks. Be seeing you . . .



THIS IS Shirley Ann Dubey and her pet goat, "Jeep." Shirley is the daughter of Emile S. Dubey, foreman of Parachute and Fabric.

Quote of the Week

(By Camp Newspaper Service)

"The best selling serious novel today unfortunately has little influence compared to the comic strips."—Sinclair Lewis, author and winner of the Nobel Prize for literature.



MRS. SHIRLEE KNIGHT of the Sergeant Major's office. Shirlee says when anyone wants to know about Dow Field—they call Sergeant Major's office and she gets the answer. She checks all mail—incoming and outgoing; reads all Army regulations, circulations, etc., and makes distribution of them to the various offices on the Base. Shirlee was married in July 1943 to William Knight, who had been overseas for 33½ months serving with the 9th, 12th, and 15th Air Forces. They make their home at 29 North Street, Bangor.

Motor Pool

By Charles Russell

This is the first time our organization has been heard from in the Observer, and I wonder why. We think it is quite an outfit. It runs 24 hours a day and supplies all Base transportation requirements.

During the past season we have bid farewell to all the GI drivers and by the time you read this, our GI dispatcher, Floyd Fales, will be on his way home. Sergeant Fales has served the Motor Pool faithfully for the past 19 months and was considered in general a good Joe.

About the biggest news of the week was the storm which crept upon us and caught most of us unprepared. Friday forenoon the Base was pretty well snowed under, but the boys of the Motor Pool went to work and soon had the traffic moving pretty well.

While most of us were clearing away the snow and digging out the vehicles, Bob Washburn, one of our truck drivers, was taken suddenly ill.

Mr. Cameron notified the Medics, who removed the stricken driver to the Base hospital by ambulance. We are all pulling for you, Bob, and we hope it is nothing serious.

Mr. Cameron, our supervisor, returned from a hunting trip just ahead of the storm. He did not get more than a weasel, but at least he bagged an animal and that is more than some of the rest of us can say.

You can imagine the joy of our Janitor, Floyd Sanborn, when suddenly and without warning his brother showed up after two years service overseas. He arrived, in the middle of the night, and Floyd was some surprised.

Ralph Grant, our young civilian dispatcher, showed up the other day with a 1940 Packard sedan. Up until now Ralph has owned quite a variety of cars. Now we hope he is satisfied. Good luck, Ralph, to you and your Packard.

That is about all for now. See you next week.

U. S. Casualties

Total 1,069,632

WASHINGTON (CNS) — Latest figures of the nation's war casualties reach a total of 1,069,632, including 922,645 for the Army and 146,558 for the Navy. The Army breakdown lists 216,966 killed, 571,330 wounded, 18,565 missing, and 115,784 prisoners. Navy figures: 55,896 killed, 80,256 wounded, 9,287 missing, and 1,119 prisoners.

Aircraft Maintenance

By Cecilia Riley

We're delighted to know that it's a bouncing boy for Lt. and Mrs. Bernard O'Connell. Lt. O'Connell formerly was our Assistant Aircraft Maintenance Officer, and Mrs. O'Connell was the former Ellen Drummey of Priorities & Traffic. It's rumored that the Lieutenant is on his way home from overseas.

Arthur Fisher, formerly S/Sgt. Fisher of Acft. Maint., dropped in on his way to Presque Isle to marry the girl of his dreams, Miss Dorothy Parsons. They will spend their honeymoon in his home town, Blue Springs, Nebraska.

Alta Edgecomb, that refined and pretty girl in the General Shop Foreman's office, says that she is glad our workers are getting social minded at long last. She tells me that Sheets has joined the Elks Club and that a number of the others have joined "Club 21."

Alfred Jellison, of Paint & Dope, is looking so very happy these days. He got word that his boy is on his way home from Japan after 22 months overseas.

Curtiss Hart and Ted Cary surprised us with a visit. Both left here in 1943, Curt to join the Army and Ted to join the Navy. Seems good to greet old friends as they come back day by day . . . and it's fun guessing who'll be the next one.

Happy are we to see Ludger Pelletier again. He was T/Sgt. (Polly) Pelletier of Acft. Maint. He's back after spending 20 long months in Alaska, and he's in hopes of getting a job at Dow Field. Ever popular with the workers here, "Polly" has a genuine friendliness which seems to melt the hardest hearts. At the present time he and his pretty bride are scanning the ads for an apartment.

It does our hearts good to watch Lt. Charles L. Flecher . . . he gets such a big thrill stamping through the pretty white snow and the feel of it as the big flakes blow in his face. He's our Aircraft Maintenance Production Officer, who hails from the sunny south, and it's been all of ten years since this officer has seen snow.

Come the close of the hunting season we find the following out trying their luck: Johnny Miller, Francis Albert, Johnny Reardon, and George Grant. No doubt they'll be back with either deer or some tall tales.

Marise Smythe, that pretty and well groomed gal of Production Control, is transferring to Headquarters. It's a little sad watching our office team break up as they leave us, one by one. Next on the list is blond and pleasant Margy Miles, who resigns as soon as her hubby arrives home from Japan.

Vivacious Theresa DeVivo, of Crew No. 4 is resigning. She will return to her home in New York, as her mother is very ill.

Lena Bell, of the Tool Crib, is back looking so refreshed after her eight-day vacation . . . the first she has had in her three years at Dow Field.

Joe Danforth, of Mfg. & Accessories Shops, is overjoyed as his son, Lt. Paul Danforth, will be home for over the Christmas holidays. Lt. Danforth is a pilot, whose job was to fly supplies over the Hump.

Br-r-r-r . . . we pity the poor mechanics out on the runways on these cold, stormy days!

Battle Credits

WASHINGTON (CNS) — Units entitled to battle participation credit for action in Sicily are listed in WD General Orders No. 91, and those entitled to credit for the Po Valley campaign are listed in GO No. 93.

INDIANAPOLIS (CNS) — The toughest kids in Indianapolis are two teen-aged self-named "Dillinger twins," who broke windows, stole automobiles, smeared pie over a bowling alley and looted five firms of \$5,000 before they were nabbed by the police. Admonished by a judge to go home and learn the Ten Commandments, they ran away from home with \$100 instead.

Air Supply

By Ann Fisher

Our first real snowstorm of the year found all of us sort of unprepared. Most everyone got here by degrees, and not too late. When we came in on the bus, we found Reginald Russell's car in a snowbank. Elaine, Estelle, and Eleanor got their feet wet, and looked sort of funny trying to walk around in flying boots. Reminds us of those stormy days in winters past.

Laura Nash, Muriel Merrill, Ruth Bull, and Sophie Gass are out on sick leave. We do miss Sophie's chatter—it keeps us pepped up, as we never know what she will say next. Frannie says she hasn't anyone to talk to, but she seems to be doing all right.

John Finnigan is back from his hunting trip with empty hands. Arlene DeRoche's husband, Joe, got lost on the trip, and while finding his way back shot a nice eight-point buck. Now we are all waiting for a sample of it.

Charlie Friend is back with us again. For several months he has been at Local Issue keeping Helen Howells and Les Simpson company. Helen says it is very dead up there now.

Four of our personnel—Ma Brochu, Louis Bean, Fred Clancy, and Ray Torrey donated blood at the blood bank the other day. Much credit is due them, as they have done this several times in the past.

Cliff Wetmore came to work today with his face all scratched up. His excuses were not very good, either. The other day he took a swing at Francis Kearnes. Francis dodged, and Cliff came up against a steel tire rack. So he is in pretty rough shape at this writing. Cliff and his wife celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on Nov. 25th. Mrs. Wetmore was very thrilled to receive a beautiful bouquet of flowers. When Cliff was questioned concerning this he said, "Oh, I gave her a can of silver polish to brighten up the silver she got 25 years ago."

Louis Bean and wife celebrated their tenth anniversary this month, too. Louis reports that he is as happy as a lark, and that the past ten years have been wonderful. "Nothing like marriage," he says. He was smiling, too, as he talked. We all agree—or don't we?

John Ward is off hunting again. Guess he must be practicing the old slogan, "If at first you don't succeed—". Hope he doesn't get snowed under too far.

What office female beat what office male bowling the other night?

Ira Hart has received word that his son, Ira, Jr., has been promoted to fireman first class. He is with the Seabees, 19 years old, and has been stationed on Okinawa since last spring. Things were pretty tough for awhile, but have improved a little now. At the present he is building recreation halls for the Navy to use. One building they have had to put three different roofs on, due to the terrific winds which rip them completely off. And to thing we gripe over a little snowstorm that causes us some inconvenience.

Bonnie is out for a day to attend her uncle's funeral in Old Town.

Eleanor Savoy received the drawings of her two future homes (we'd be satisfied with just one) from her boy friend in Germany the other day. They were cleverly done, and very complete, even to the curtains at the windows.

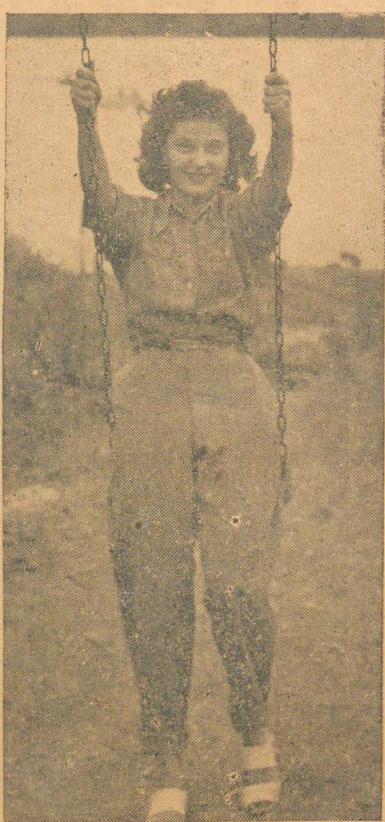
We all like Elaine's new haircut. By the way, Elaine, is it true what we hear about you, or not? We're not curious (much), just interested.

Vic Hanna's latest pastime is making doll clothes—cute, too. The rest of us just droop at rest periods, while Vic sews away. Such ambition.

We wonder why Avis Elliott is always out in the Whse. calling on Francis Jordan. Way down in that back corner, too.

The main center of interest in town at the present seems to be Joe's Canteen. Guess we must visit the place and find out what it is all about. From the looks of some people here in the morning, it must be good.

The long awaited bowling match



"Margie" Talbot is secretary for Captain Houlihan and Mr. Avery Hammond in the Civilian Personnel Office. Margie is a Bangor gal, but was originally from Boston.

Sunshine spread over Dow Field the day Margie was hired about nine months ago, and it continues to shine wherever Margie goes. If you ever have any gremlins, dark clouds, or gloom in your office, call up Margie, and, presto, sunshine and laughter!

Margie is still single and likes her men tall, dark, intelligent, and SUB-TLE. She likes music, dancing and swimming, but her forte is correspondence (and I don't mean military) and poetry—both of which she usually destroys before anyone reads them. Must be pretty good (or bad), Margie. Occasionally, however, some of the letters get mailed, and sometimes Margie sweats out an answer. What's the matter—can't you write, Captain, or are you thinking it over?

Over this weekend, Margie rushed to Boston to visit her aunt who is attending Tufts Dental College, and who expects to graduate in March. And, incidentally, to buy herself a fur coat.

Margie is an eager beaver for education and is at present taking an extension course at the U. of M. in history and English.

It is unfortunate that this column is limited, because we could go on for ages telling you interesting things about Margie—about the night at the Lancy Hotel, and the time she got so scared at 4:00 a. m. in the Statler, but we'll let Margie tell you about them herself, sometime.

between the women and the men is to take place Wednesday, December 5th, at 8 p. m. at the Bowling Academy on French Street. The bets are running pretty high, and the tension is mounting rapidly. The teams are on speaking terms so far, but probably won't be long. So—come one, come all, if you want to see a real game. I wonder if I'll dare mention the results next week.

It sure seems good to have the Observer printed again. That gal—Charlotte O'Donnell—is doing a swell job putting it out. Of course, we never know what day it will appear. After all, Charlotte used to work at Air Supply. Enough said.

See you next week.

Testimonial

WASHINGTON (CNS) — Honorably discharged personnel of the armed forces who served for any period between 15 September 1940 and a date to be announced, are eligible to receive a testimonial from the President of the United States. Men and women already separated may get the testimonial by presenting their papers in person or by mail at posts, forts, airfields, bases, air stations, separation installations, service command or naval district headquarters, and other installations. Others will get them at the time of separation.

Headquarters

The first snowfall of the season has left every place covered with a beautiful blanket of snow—not to mention the stalled automobiles and lame backs.

This week we say good-bye to Mrs. Ruth Sullivan of the Air Inspector's Office. She has been with us for a long time, and we'll miss her cheery smile and our "gab-fests" at the PX. Good luck to you in your new job at Ft. Totten, Sully.

Also leaving us is WOJG Calvin Curlew, Asst. Military Personnel Officer, who is being transferred to Middleton Army Air Depot. We wish you the best of luck, and we'll miss you, "Chief."

Forgot to mention last week that we have a new Adjutant—1st Lieut. M. C. Benninger, who was the Asst. Adjutant under Captain Boyd, who has now been made "head man" in that section.

Colonel Tindall is leaving this week for a familiarization tour of the Atlantic and European Division stations of the ATC.

Visitors in Hq. this week included Major Hoyenga, Project Officer from NAW Hq., and Captain Morton, from the First Service Command.

Old friends who called to see us this week included Lt. Col. Carleton Duby, who used to be our Personnel Officer here back in '42. He is now on terminal leave. Captain Davis, former member of the "fightin' seventh" AB Sq., also dropped in to say hello.

We know for a fact that children always have the urge to play in the snow, but hardly expected to see a demure (?) Hq. maiden and an officer rollicking in the snow. At first we thought it was snow worms and everyone prepared to sound the alarm. However, as we all stood back at a safe distance with bated breath, who should appear but the above-mentioned officer and maiden. If any of you people get the adventuresome spirit, there's a swell snowbank right in back of Hq.

We're seriously considering taking up a collection for a certain young lady in Hq. who, for two consecutive days, was running around Hq. with her toes hanging out. She claims it was two different pairs of hose—how about it, Billie?

If anyone knows the art of applying lipstick to give that "glamorous" look, kindly contact Marie Duffy. To date her experiments have been unsuccessful but startling.

We welcome back to our midst Francis Rosenthal. We are also happy to have Marise Smythe with us—she transferred to us from Acft. Maint.

Radio Maintenance

By Clarence O. Corder

Rumors — Rumors — Rumors. If you are in need of a good rumor just come up Radio Maint. way. Recently a plane landed at Dow Field, and there was a peculiar marking on the side of the ship. One of the mechanics noticed it and remarked that things are sure to burst wide open before long. The reason for his remark was due to the fact that the plane was carrying a lot of civilians and up to now he had never seen such carryings-on.

We of Radio Maint. are going to be very sad for some time to come because we are losing a very dear friend. Mr. Jimmy Hennigan is taking his leave from Dow Field.

Stewart Hodgman has been complaining lately about his side hurting, and he is going to the Hospital tonight and let the surgeon remove that little thing which causes so much trouble and is commonly called "appendix." We trust he has a quick recovery, for I'm sure he will be dreaming of a "White Christmas."

Mrs. Jones, Radio Maint. stenographer, has been sick for some time, and we are hoping that she will return before long, because it is quite a job to do any typing by using the "hunt and peck" system.

IN THE PACIFIC (CNS)—Men of the 41st Inf. Div. bought and retained more than \$385,000 in War Bonds during a 40-month period.



Mr. John L. Graham, head of the 2nd and 3rd Echelon shops on the Base, is one of our old-timers. He was hired in October 1941 as an automobile mechanic. In August 1942 he was made foreman of the Base garage, and at that time his mechanics were mostly GI. He recalls the early tribulations with the southern GI drivers, who were unused to winter driving. In the summer they battled the terrific mud then prevalent, until the snow came, and they battled the snowdrifts. These men were later shipped to England as part of the ground crew of the 8th Air Force. Some of them returned this summer to Dow Field and paid their respects to Mr. Graham.

In 1942 the 41st Bomb Group was stationed at Dow Field, and when the group left Mr. Graham was one of the three supervisors who were detailed to coordinate the efforts of a crew to load and ship all their equipment to the west coast. The equipment included everything from airplane parts to T/Os.

In May 1943 the 3rd Echelon Shop was built, and Mr. Graham appointed technical inspector. His duties were to inspect all vehicles entering the shop, to determine repairs necessary, and to again inspect the vehicle before it left the shop to determine whether necessary repairs had been made and tech orders complied with.

In November of this year Mr. Graham became head of both 2nd and 3rd Echelon shops, replacing Mr. Donlin, who transferred to the Azores.

Mr. Graham lives with his wife and two children, Mary Ellen, age ten, and Sheila, age eight, at 183 Parkview Avenue.



John Lousey has been Chief Clerk in the Quartermaster office since April 1942. John was the first civilian man to be hired at Dow Field—five years ago next May, and today he has been working at the Base longer than anyone else—military or civilian. He was first hired as a Quartermaster storekeeper at the Armory in Bangor.

John recalls those early days when the mud at Dow Field was deeper and slicker than our present snow. Shortly after the present Quartermaster building, T-202, was built, John moved in, and has been in the same office since. In his present duties, he assumes charge of the issuance of everything from pencils to parkas—everything, he says, to keep the mind and body happy. Anything worn out

By Marie Pecorelli

An unnatural peace and quiet has descended upon the QM office these days, due to the fact that our morale builder, junk dealer, and general ladies' man, Ray Jordan, has "folded his tents like the Arabs and silently (well, hardly that) stolen away"—as far as S&S office, to be exact. Now that he is no longer here, I feel that the time has come to cease from making slanderous remarks and write up a proper and respectful obituary in his honor, heading the admonition of that popular ballad, "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone." But as this is too much to attempt for anyone as definitely alive as Ray, will just say that after all's said and done it really grieves us to see his desk empty, and we even miss those soprano renditions of "I'll Be Seeing You" and "Only a Shanty In Old Shanty-Town," which he used to give with on occasion (every occasion). And from a personal point of view it will be difficult to find material for this column without his unusual (to say the least) doings to comment upon.

Ginny Woods' heart did a double tailspin last Thursday when a telegram came over the wires from "that man" in her life. She was so overcome with joy that she even did an impromptu song and dance act for our benefit, but we haven't as yet found out just what it said. (This curiosity is killing.)

If the PX noticed a sudden increase in customers last week, it was because the furnace in T-202 began getting temperamental and with one exception we were evacuated. The exception being that hardy soul, John Lousey, who held the fort and kept from freezing by running a marathon with himself between telephones. It took several hours to get de-frosted at the end of the day, however. Due to this unfortunate incident, the team from Boston Q. M. Depot who arrived here to check our records met with a most chilly reception. We hope this will not cause them to think too harshly of our vacationland state.

Lt. Donnelly seems rather wary about starting on another hunting trip. Last time his balance proved a little off, and he found himself taking an early swim in the stream at the bombing range. Now we know why he didn't appear that afternoon.

We are sorry to see Irving Cookson on crutches after spraining his ankle while coming out of cold storage (the Commissary refrigerator).

Wonder why one of the Laundry employees has to carry on his phone conversations under an assumed name these days?

CORRECTION — It has been brought to my attention that a grave social error was made in this column last week in stating that the wedding gift given to Betty Burke and Ralph Olson was given by QM employees. In reality, it was a gift from Purchasing & Contracting, Budget & Fiscal, Rail Transportation, QM, and other friends of the couple scattered around the Base. The trouble is that we still can't grasp the idea that all these are no longer under our wing as in the good old days, but have gone into business for themselves. Just goes to show the kindness we still feel for all our old family.

Are You Bored? Collect Plant Life

NEW YORK (CNS)—A good way to keep from going nuts if you are stuck in some remote corner of the world is to develop a hobby based on the animal and plant life of your area, or on native customs and ways. You may think it late in the war to go in for these researches, but scientists are still making such studies and often are unable to gather material which to you may be utterly commonplace.

(due to fair wear and tear) John will have replaced.

John has been married almost nine years, and lives with his wife and six-year-old daughter Mildred at 47 Fifth Street.

Dow Officer

(Continued from One)

them near Cape Farewell, on the southern tip of Greenland. "The masts were bent over so far they were nearly under water", reminisced the Lieutenant.

To make things worse, when the ship neared Prince Christian Sound, it ran into a fjord for shelter, and found the ship going toward an almost solid and hard packed ice-wall. Captain Bob noticed that the current was shifting the ice along one side of the ship, and gambled that he could wait out the ice pack. He guessed wrong, and the ship was packed in the ice on all sides, seriously damaging the propeller shaft and the winch.

After five days of trouble, the Effie Morrissey was forced to return to BW-1 under sail power. The boat was soon repaired, and the Skjoldungen relief expedition started out again on August 8th, with better luck than they had at first. The men slept on the boat in reasonably comfortable bunks, but were tightly crowded together because of the very limited space.

"On our way to Skjoldungen," said Lieut. Gross, "We stopped off at a little Eskimo village on the southern shore, called Nanortalik. As we sailed in, Governor Benzen, head of the settlement, and Dr. Christiansen of Julianhaab came out in a boat to meet us. We went ashore with them, where we met a Lieut. Defal, a Coast Guard dentist, and Miss Olson, a Danish nurse. We had dinner in her apartment in the village hospital, and afterwards went to visit an Eskimo dance."

Skimo Dance Aromatic

The dance was held in a small candlelit room, with about 75 people tightly packed into the small space. The music was furnished by an old Skimo with an accordion, and the dancing was much like an old fashioned country square dance in this country. The Skimos, traditionally averse to bathing, were so unpleasantly aromatic that five minutes was all the dancing that the American visitors could stand.

The Effie Morrissey made another stop at Prince Christian Sound to get weather reports, and then proceeded northward through loose ice fields toward their destination at Skjoldungen. The ice wasn't too bad, although the ship spent 8 days dodging big icebergs and loose ice, weaving all over the icefields to make the trip in safety. Constant watchfulness was necessary, but ice sailing was nothing new to Captain Bob Bartlett, and he wasn't worried a bit.

When the ship reached the approximate location of the weather station, it took them three quarters of a



THE EFFIE MORRISSEY, famous for twenty years as an exploration ship in the Arctic, with the backdrops of a Greenland Fjord.

day to locate the buildings. The men on shore, knowing that the Effie Morrissey was near, built beacon fires to guide the ship. When they actually saw their relief boat, two men risked their lives to come out in a small leaking rowboat. One man had to bail constantly, and the ice represented a constant threat to their lives. "I'll sweat that those men would have swum out to the ship if they hadn't had a rowboat," said the Lieutenant.

Unload Skjoldungen GIs

There had been a snow avalanche during the winter, and a group of GI engineers from BW-1 were on board to make necessary repairs to damaged buildings. They were taken off the boat, along with the new team for the station, together with all of their duffle and supplies for the coming year. During the two day stay, Lieut. Gross became friendly with many of the local Eskimos, including Louis Muko and his family. Louis made the lieutenant some wood and soapstone carvings, and a pair of sealskin Komicks (boots). A soapstone carving of a walrus, with ivory tusks, is particularly attractive.

Captain Bartlett loaded up all the GIs who were leaving Skjoldungen (and glad of it) and sailed north again. En route, they passed several lively schools of whales, which

flashed in and out of the water, loping around as easily as if they were small fish instead of giant 90 foot mammals. One school included six of the big putters.

It was a rough voyage north from Skjoldungen, since the weather was terrible all the way to Ikateq (BE-2). Although there were tremendous quantities of loose ice and big icebergs, the coastal scenery was magnificent, and the Effie Morrissey, not a very large vessel, hugged the coastline closely. The snow-covered jagged mountains rose from three to six thousand feet right from the water's edge in a series of tremendous ranges, deeply cut by dark wild fjords. East Coast glaciers dropped icebergs into the ocean before their eyes.

Lost Horizon World

"It was a Lost Horizon world," said Lieut. Gross. "The weather was incredibly dreary, and gave us the feeling that we were floating in a sort of nothingness—lost completely to the civilized world."

The ship stayed overnight at the Eskimo village of Angmassalik, about 60 miles from the ATC station at Cape Dan. The men were guests of Kaj Gensen (the governor) and his wife, who lived in an attractively

furnished and comfortable wooden house. They even had a small vegetable garden outside the house.

"I had my first taste of musk ox and seal liver at the Jensen's," said Lieut. Gross. "Musk-oxen tastes a lot like beef, especially when prepared in hamburger style. Although it is very strong in taste, I enjoyed my MUSK-OXBURGER. Mrs. Jensen has one very interesting hobby. She embroiders the names of all her visitors on the cloth as a permanent souvenir of their visit."

One of the Lieutenant's most surprising adventures came when he noticed an attractive painting on Jensen's wall, and recognized the signature of George Gay, one of his old buddies from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Now a Coast Guard artist, Gray had stopped at Angmassalik in a cutter, painted the picture, and given it to Jensen. "It's a small world," said Lieut. Gross.

Sub Scare at Ikateq

The Effie Morrissey proceeded north to Ikateq (BE-2) and dropped off the men from Skjoldungen, who were scheduled to be flown to BW-1. While at Ikateq, they had a German sub scare—the submarine was supposed to have been sighted on the nights when the Morrissey had docked

Hobby Shop to Open Soon

A hobby shop, or an arts and crafts club, will open soon in Building T-15, according to Corporal Sheldon Rosenthal, who will be in charge. Construction work is going on now in the building, to provide facilities for water color painting, sketching, model airplane building, wood carving, metal work, clay modelling, leather work, and any other type of craft work that men wish to pursue.

A photolab will also be set up, with a printer and enlarger, so that men who wish to make enlargements of their favorite pictures may do so. Chemicals will be provided by the Base, but men will be expected to supply their own printing paper.

According to Rosenthal, the hobby shop should be open in from a week to two weeks, and will then be going strong from 1300 to 2300 daily.

Rosenthal is a first rate artist himself, and expert in many forms of craftsmanship. He will give all GIs as much help as they want—or leave them strictly alone, if they so desire.

at Prince Christian Sound and Angmassalik.

"I asked Captain Bartlett what he would do if a sub showed up," said Lieut. Gross. "I'd stop the boat and invite them to tea," said Captain Bob. There was no armament on the small schooner, so there was no particular point in his being belligerent. The sub was probably on a weather mission, according to Lieut. Gross.

After a couple of days at Ikateq, the schooner sailed southward again, loaded down with 12 men assigned to the Icecap station at Atterbury Dome, about 125 miles from Ikateq. The buildings are just below the edge of the icecap, and two of the officers in command were members of the Byrd Expedition to the South Pole.

From Atterbury Dome, several expeditions under the leadership of Lieut. Dorsey and Major Wade (the veterans of the Byrd expedition) had penetrated to the very center of the Greenland ice-cap. According to Lieut. Gross, Atterbury Dome is the bleakest and most desolate place in Greenland, since there are no nearby settlements, no vegetation, and no animals of any kind—just everlasting snow and ice.

The Effie Morrissey remained there overnight, and took off in the morning with half of the two dozen men at Atterbury Dome. Another boat brought additional replacements later in the summer. The Morrissey's new passengers sailed back to Ikateq, to be flown to BW-1.

Voyage of the Belle Isle

Lieut. Gross decided that he would rather fly back to Karsarsusk, but after sweating it out for ten days, he finally sailed for BW-1 on the Belle Isle, another none-too-large Arctic boat. They had a rough journey south, starting out with a terrible snowstorm at BE-2. Better than half the passengers were sick as dogs. Gross is proud that his sea-faring days on the Effie Morrissey had conditioned his stomach so well that he was in excellent shape during the three and a half day trip.

"Getting back to BW-1 was like returning to a big city," he said. "I spent forty days on the trip along the Greenland coast—26 of them on Bob Bartlett's ship, the Effie Morrissey."

Lieut. Gross, a native of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, attended the Valley Forge Military Academy, the Harrisburg Academy and the Pennsylvania Military College. He entered the army in 1942 as a private, and graduated from OCS at Miami Beach in May, 1943. After nine weeks at Lowry Field, Colorado, and 5 weeks with AACS at Langley Field, Virginia, he was sent to Presque Isle where he waited two months for air transportation to Greenland.

He has been stationed at Dow Field for the past three months as personnel officer of the 135th Army Airways Communications System Squadron.



ICEBERGS were the order of the day as Lieut. Gross and his ATC weather and communications men sailed northward.

News of Bangor USO

WEDNESDAY, 5 December

Star Dance with Sgt. Bob Lindemann's orchestra and special mixers.

THURSDAY, 6 December

Arts and Crafts Night. Your opportunity for that hand-made Christmas gift so much appreciated. A charcoal portrait by Miss Georgia Worster would please someone—yours for the asking.

FRIDAY, 7 December

Movie of the week: "Roxie Hart," starring Ginger Rogers and George Montgomery. The story is based on the play "Chicago."

SATURDAY, 8 December

Holly Dance. Broadcast. Refreshments. Dancing to the strains of Sgt. Bob Lindemann's orchestra.

SUNDAY, 9 December

Delicious coffee, rolls and doughnuts for Sunday morning breakfast at the club. Quiet, comfortable lounges for that Christmas card writing and Sunday papers. Coffee hour, 4-6 p. m. Home-made cake and sandwiches provided by the Zonta Club. Cartoon song slide "sing" at 7:30 p. m. Fred Collins at the piano. Prevues of the movie of the week at 8:30 p. m.

MONDAY, 10 December

Game night. Solv-a-crime or minute mysteries—new and exciting. Excellent facilities for pool, ping pong, table hockey, or the complete relaxation of listening to classical recordings on our popular third floor. Hostesses willing to aid with that important Christmas wrapping. Your opportunity, too, to try your hand in ceramics.

TUESDAY, 11 December

Beano with variations and cash prizes. Hostesses Jean Libby and Gwen Ayers calling those lucky numbers. Juke box dancing to the new and popular tunes.