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Dow Field OBSERVER

Late Changes
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Dow Reporter Scoops Entire Nation

Civilians Meet Bond Quota Of \$56,000

Civilian Departments reached their bond quota and, according to last minute figures, went a good deal higher. Final details are not yet available, but it is definitely known that the civilian bond quota for Dow Field has been busted higher than a kite. The quota was \$56,000—approximately \$62,000 had been purchased at the last recorded moment. In all probability, the grand total will exceed this. A detailed breakdown, showing departmental purchases in this figure, and giving credit where credit is due, will be published in next week's "Observer."

Military purchases will definitely exceed \$50,000—perhaps considerably more than that. Final figures are now being compiled. Watch the daily bulletin for the latest figures.

Congratulations to everyone who has helped to put this drive over. More specific congratulations will be handed out next week.

Don't Look Now But-- The Infantry Beckons

WASHINGTON (CNS)—Transfer to the Army Ground Forces off 55,000 enlisted men from the Army Air Forces and 25,000 men from the Army Service Forces has been ordered by the War Department (BPR release 14 December 1944) "to provide, in part, qualified personnel where the need is greatest." The men being transferred are those fully qualified physically for combat duty, whose places can be filled by others not so qualified.

"Men transferred will not lose grades or ratings held by them as a result of such transfer," the WD said. Among personnel not affected by the change are key specialists, combat crew members, men in combat crew training and those with various specialized technical skills not readily replaceable.

Cpl. Deane Good Fights At Chateau Tomorrow

Cpl. Deane Good, sharp-shooting Squadron "E" boxer, will meet Babe Quirion of Waterville in the top four-rounder at the Chateau tomorrow night. Cpl. Good is in the middle weight class and will weigh in at 155 pounds. Quirion is the same fighter who recently gave Cyclone Violette such stiff battles in the local ring.

Oldsters Will Remember---



TWO BLACK CROWS.—Funniest program of radio and phonograph a little over a decade ago was Moran and Mack. Mack has since passed on, but George Moran (right) is still carrying on assisted by Rade Sadler (left). They'll be here Friday in the Victory Circuit USO Camp Show, "Come and Get It."

Comedy Highlights USO Show Coming to T-6 Friday Night

"Come and Get It," a Victory Circuit USO Camp Show stressing comedy with its cast of 12 stars, will play two performances Friday night in the Special Service Center, Bldg. T-6. The first show will start at 1830 and the second at 2030.

Featured in the cast are:

Lew Brock and Jerry Ann, Emcees and Magicians. Their act has been a feature of clubs and theaters throughout the west for many years.

Two Black Crows, Blackface Comedy Team. George Moran and Rade Sadler have wowed them on bigtime radio programs and stage shows for many years.

Rosemary Marsden, Singer. She was formerly a feature soloist in "George White's Scandals."

Irene Brooks, Singer. For the past three years she has sung in Hollywood films.

Shea and Raymond, "Dancing for Laughs." The rubber-legged dancers have been in film, and have hit the high spots in clubs (Continued on Four)

'Observer' Writer First With Sidelight Story On Capture of Nazi Spies

While the story below was being written, phones were ringing all over Hancock Point—New York calling, Boston calling, Washington calling, Chicago calling. All of them were trying to get the information that an "Observer" reporter has recorded here — the human interest details which make up one of the finest news stories that has ever broken in Maine.

In company with a local newspaper photographer he scooped the nation with a human interest story describing how a woman's intuition, a boy scout's keen observation, and just natural Maine curiosity helped catch Nazi spies landing at Hancock Point, just 35 miles from Bangor.

Womanly intuition and the keen eyesight of a Boy Scout combined to give the original clues that led to the arrest of the Nazi spies landed at Hancock Point by sub- (Continued on Eight)

RAF's 'Dam Buster' Flies to 'Lost' Pals

LONDON (CNS)—On 3 September 1939, when Britain's war was not even one day old, RAF pilot Guy Gibson was one of a squadron of 26. On that day, he flew his first bombing mission—to Kiel's ship canal. By late 1943, Wing Commander Gibson was the only one left of the original 26, had become Britain's most decorated airman, and was dubbed the "Dam Buster" by Winston Churchill after the spectacular Mohne and Eder dam-breaching raids. One day recently, the Air Ministry sadly posted Wing Commander Gibson, 26, as missing, 10 weeks after he failed to return from a mission over Rheydt.

'Bombers' Meet Brunswick In Double Cage Bill Here

By Pfc. Buddy Adams

The Dow Field "Bombers" will meet Brunswick Naval Station, and Presque Isle will meet the Winter Harbor Indians in a doubleheader hoop battle at the Dow Field gym Monday night. The Presque Isle-Winter Harbor

game will get underway at 1900. The Bomber-Brunswick game will start at 2030. This doubleheader promises to be packed with thrills and spills. The band will be present to add the old spirit to the game.

The teams participating in this doubleheader present good records. The Bombers have the cleanest record, having taken the measure of Leen's Electric, Winter Harbor, Sea Wall Naval Station, and Presque Isle AAB. The only loss on the Bombers' record is a defeat at the hands of Win- (Continued on Four)

Spies Land At Hancock Point Nabbed by FBI

The arrest in New York of two Nazi saboteurs, one a U. S. citizen honorably discharged from the Navy and the second a German, about a month after they landed on a desolate beach in Maine from a German submarine, was announced yesterday by J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The place was Hancock Point, just the other side of Ellsworth, only 35 miles from Dow Field.

Hoover identified the prisoners as William Curtis Colepaugh, 26, former U. S. Sailor and native of Connecticut, and Erich Gimpel, 35, a German citizen who worked for several years in South America, and was interned for a short time in this country after his arrest. (Continued on Four)

Base Theater Schedules Two Exceptional Shows

Two exceptional features are scheduled to play at the Base Theater next week. Walt Disney's special feature, "The Three Caballeros," is playing Tuesday and Wednesday, 9 and 10 January; "Winged Victory" is playing Thursday and Friday, 11 and 12 January. "Winged Victory," which recently had its premier in New York, is the Air Corps version of "This Is the Army" and has in the cast two former Dow Field boys, Sgt. Frank Chamberlin, and Pvt. Bob Blakeman.

USUAL NAZI EFFICIENCY USED IN LIBRARIES

Brussels (CNS)—When the Nazis occupied Brussels, they instituted the "New Order" in all the libraries. Deciding the regular custom of arranging books according to subject was wrong, they arranged them according to size, "to give the place neatness and order."

European Theater Evacuees Land Here And Find Haven In Base Hospital



These men and women soldiers evacuated from the European combat zones because of wounds and sickness, made a landing in a snowstorm at Dow Field Christmas morning.

Front row (left to right): Lt. Col. Herbert W. Holston, New York City; 2nd Lt. Angelo Castellani, Chicago; Capt. Susie Thurman, Terre Haute, Ind.; Cpl. Jean Cunningham, Boise, Idaho; S-Sgt. Frank Simon, Youngstown, Ohio; Nurses Aid Doris Hazen, Bangor; and S-Sgt. Merico Simoncini, Archibald, Pa., surgical technician of the plane.

Second row: Major Michael McNamara, Bronx, New York; Sgt. Edward McLaughlin, Dubuque, Iowa; Pvt. John J. McVey, Paterson, N. J.; 2nd Lt. Benni Leibowitz, Lake Providence, La., a former flight nurse who took charge of the group at Dow Field; Pvt. Charlie C. Conner, Shamrock, Texas, and 1st Lt. Joshua Newborn, Richmond Hills, Long Island, N. Y.

Third row: Sgt. Benjamin F. Eades, Texline, Texas; Pfc. Joseph Lyles, Clearwater, Fla.; Pfc. Marcell Jimison, Seminary, Miss., and Sgt. Edwin Karau, Merrill, Wis.

It was Christmas morning here at Dow Field. Visibility was limited to a few feet and weather had closed in tight. Suddenly, those not in the know heard the faint roar of motors in the clouds over the field. Circling the field again and again was a S-54 Skymaster, loaded with sick and wounded soldiers, and two Wacs, just evacuated from the European combat zones.

Heading for LaGuardia Field, they had found that the New York base was closed in, so headed northward.

Coming out of the thick upper snow into the comparative thinness of the snow nearest the ground, the plane, piloted by Capt. Jim Crowley, made an excellent landing.

Dow Field had long ago been designated a Debarkation Hospital for the care of sick and wounded being evacuated from Europe. But this was the first evacuation ship loaded with wounded to land at the Base. Lt. Col. Charles K. Morris and his staff were ready with waiting ambulances.

This first load of patients was entirely ambulatory—that is, all of them could walk on their own power. Most of them had been

wounded, but their wounds had been sufficiently healed so that they did not have to be bed-ridden. They represented all branches of service—from the combat engineers to the air corps. And they represented all types of work—from cryptographic code clerks, to fighting paratroopers.

In charge of their health while on the plane was S-Sgt. Merico Simoncini of Archibald, Pa., surgical technician.

Soldiers Corner Milk Market

Once arrived at the hospital, the entire group made a dash for the fresh milk supply, and could not drink enough of it. Fresh milk, fruit, vegetables, and meat were hard to get in Europe.

Through the courtesy of the Red Cross, and Mrs. Margaret Dunn, Assistant Field Director, the entire personnel of this group were allowed to telephone their families Christmas morning. Some of them had difficulty in convincing their families that they actually were back and were not seriously wounded.

For the entire group, it was truly a Merry Christmas.

Two Wacs in Group

Two Wacs were in the group. Capt. Susie Thurman, Terre Haute, Ind., worked in the historical section of the headquarters of ETOUSA. Her job was the filing and safeguarding of important secret documents. A school teacher in Terre Haute, she was awarded the bronze star for inventing and developing a system for safeguarding, filing, and classifying secret documents—a system which was eventually accepted by a number of major headquarters in the Eu-

ropean theater.

She said:

"I am proud of the work I did, of course, but I am proudest over the fact that the War Department sent a full Colonel to learn the system I invented."

Capt. Thurman has been overseas for 18 months.

Cpl. Jean Cunningham, of Boise, Idaho, had been stationed at an Advanced United States Strategic Air Force Headquarters somewhere in France. Originally working as a weather observer, she has devoted most of her time recently to breaking (decoding) secret messages sent in to USSTAF Headquarters.

All of the Wacs stationed with her "packed a gun," with instructions to use them is necessary. She reports that a Wac's life in the field is not an easy one. The hardships and tribulations of the soldier's life are shared by the Wacs. She feels that the work they did was of tremendous importance. Cpl. Cunningham, a ready-to-wear buyer in civilian life, hurt her back in a fall from a truck, and is being returned to recuperate.

CO of McNamara's Band

Major Michael F. McNamara, of New York, was commanding officer of an outfit of Combat Engineers, known as McNamara's Band. Wounded by shrapnel in France, he and his battalion went through the worst of the Brittany fighting—and when last heard from, were still slugging it out with the enemy at first hand. Intended as bridge and road block builders, but capable of doing any type of engineering work, they were fighters too. On one occa-

sion, in Brittany, they really caught hell when they advanced too far ahead and found themselves without any combat support. Not equipped for that kind of fighting, they turned the German 88's around, and let them have the fire power of their own guns. They held the fort for days, until aid finally arrived. Major McNamara looks forward to seeing his wife, Margaret, and his two children. The youngest (Michael Francis) is only 8 months old, and the Major hasn't seen him yet. He has been overseas for nine months on this trip, and for 30 months altogether.

Pfc. Marcell Jimison, of Seminary, Miss., was with the 5th Army Division, and in the armored infantry. A machine gunner, he was wounded in the arm by shrapnel near the Hurtgen forest.

Parachute Officer

1st Lt. Joshua Newborn, Richmond Hills, L. I., is a Parachute Infantry officer. He was wounded in the leg twice—on 21 September by a machine gun bullet, and on 24 September by a Burp gun—both times in Holland. He was one of the group which tried to relieve the British troops who parachuted into Holland near Arnhem. He wears the Purple Heart with one cluster, the Silver Star, the Bronze Star, the Presidential Citation, and the European Theater Ribbon with several battle stars on it. He had been overseas for 14 months.

Sgt. Edwin Karau was a member of the 343rd Engineers, specializing in highway and railroad bridge building. He was returned from France, with stomach ulcers, for hospitalization. His home is at Merrill, Wis.

Pvt. John J. McVey, of Paterson, N. J., was a paratrooper. He was in plenty of combat action in Holland, just below Arnhem, where they went in to relieve British Troops. It was very wet and damp, and he became ill. He was returned to recuperate in the United States.

Artillery Observer

2nd Lt. Angelo Castellani, of Chicago, was a forward observer advance of his outfit, observing with a field artillery unit. Far in the results of their fire while with an infantry unit, he ran into a German machine gun nest. The Germans saw him first, and blasted his arm, 1 December.

Lt. Castellani entered the Army in May, 1943, after his graduation from Purdue University. He went overseas 1 September 1944,

and has been right in the front lines ever since. After being wounded, he was hospitalized in Belgium for a while, and then evacuated to this country from Paris.

"That's German mud on those shoes," he said, grinning at his boots. With his arm in a sling, he could certainly be forgiven not having shined them.

S-Sgt. Frank Simon, of Youngstown, Ohio, was in combat in Belgium as a ground crew member of a 9th Air Force unit. He was returned to the states for treatment for his hearing.

Pfc. Joseph Lyles, of Clearwater, Fla., was with the 134th Infantry of the 35th Division. He was wounded by a German shellburst on 26 November.

Intelligence Colonel

Col. Herbert A. Holston, of New York City, was returned because of stomach trouble, after having gone through some of the toughest fighting of the war. He was attached to the G-2 section (intelligence) of ETO, formerly the Air Forces Headquarters. Entering the Army with the National Guard in 1940, he went through the Sicilian campaign, the Italian campaign south of Cassino, the Anzio Beachhead, and the French campaign as far as Paris. He wears the European Theater ribbon with three campaign stars on it.

He said:

"The toughest of all was the Anzio Beachhead. That's where they separated the men from the boys."

Sgt. Benjamin F. Eades, of Texline, Texas, was returned to the United States because of stomach trouble. He was a member of the airborne infantry stationed along the border of France and Belgium.

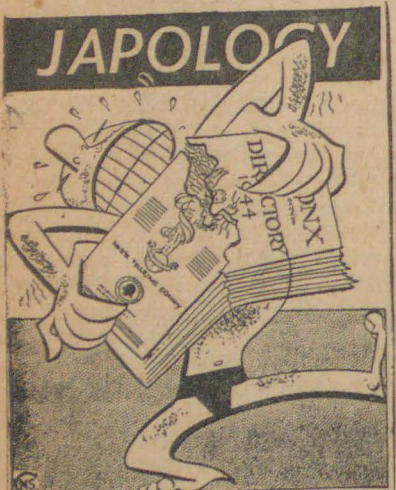
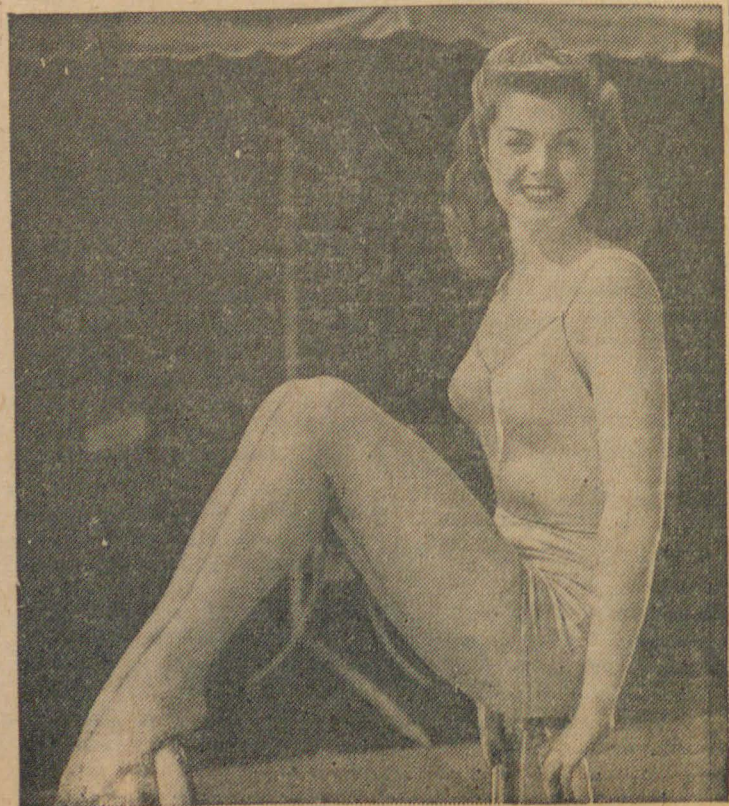
Sgt. Edward McLaughlin, of Dubuque, Iowa, was wounded by machine gun fire in Germany on 16 November. He was with the 1st Division of the 1st Army.

Pvt. Charlie C. Conner, of Shamrock, Texas, was returned sick. He was in the airborne Infantry.

The next day, rested and refreshed after their Christmas at Dow Field, the patients piled into the C-54 again and headed for LaGuardia.

"Girl elevator operator, alone in the car with a soldier: 'Going up . . . going up . . . anybody else going up? Please, will somebody go up?'"

Pin-Up Perfection



SOME Jap soldiers wear stomach bands, called "domakis," made of ribbed wool. The Japs believe the warmth of this belly-band gives them greater strength. Many of them also wear a yellow band with a thousand red stitches in it. This is supposed to protect them from harm.

The Dow Field Officers' Call

WAC Lt. Hearon Specializes In PT, Writing and Music

First Lt. Mildred Hearon, new commanding officer on WAC Hill, has an interesting and varied background. A former physical training instructor at Shorter College, Rome, Ga., she is also a writer—operating under a secret

nom de plume. A native of central Florida, she yearns to live on and operate a cattle ranch in the Carolinas. To make the weird combination of personality factors complete, she is an expert musician, specializing in trumpet and drums—and headed up her own 18-piece musical aggregation at Florida State College for Women, calling the orchestra Mickey's Merry-makers.

But right now, the past is definitely put by—the future is indefinite. The only thing that counts right now is her job, and getting the war won. She is devoting herself heart and soul to the job of operating a WAC Squadron efficiently—and, in her own words, "My girls come first."

Second WAAC OCS Class

Lt. Hearon enlisted in the WAAC 31 July 1942, at Camp Blanding, Fla. She attended the second OCS Class at Fort Des Moines—the same class as Lieutenants Kingsbury and Proctor, who have been stationed here.

She stayed at Fort Des Moines for the next nine months, doing company work and as adjutant of the staging area. Her main job was coordinating the supply problem for about 30 companies in the staging area—a big responsibility.

Old Prison Camp

She was transferred to Monticello, Ark., where the 5th WAC Training Center was located. When she arrived, the problem was to deactivate it—not to get it going. She attained her first WAC command there—her first company. She enjoyed her stay in Arkansas—even if the base was originally built as a Prison Camp for Germans. The people in a nearby small town were very friendly, as were the 120 WAC officers stationed there. With the exception of a Regular Army CO and two officer assistants, the Wacs ran the entire base themselves.

Running the ex-prison camp had its problems too. The furniture was conspicuous by its absence, so improvised desks were made out of wooden cornflake boxes, and chairs were built up out of stumps. But even with the inconveniences of the place, Lt. Hearon had a good time there.

Moves Around

After a couple of weeks in Intermediate Officers' School at Fort Des Moines, she was assigned to the Troop Carrier Command at Sedalia, Mo., as Commanding Officer of the WAC Detachment. In September she was transferred to the Troop Carrier Command Headquarters at Baer Field, Ind., as Assistant Adjutant of the Base, and later Assistant Rail Transportation Officer. She took time out to do a little recruiting work for the Air Corps in Ohio and Indiana—processing and swearing in new recruits to the WAC. She was stationed at Indianapolis for a while, and then moved to Cincinnati.

In May, 1944, she was transferred to the Air Transport Command. She spent a week in Headquarters in Washington, and was then assigned to the 36th Street Airport in Miami, where she activated a WAC Company of about 300 girls. She remained there till 10 December of this year. She was promoted to first lieutenant 13 April 1944.



Lt. Mildred Hearon

Becomes PT Instructor

She graduated from the Florida College for Women in Tallahassee in 1940, receiving a B. S. degree, with a major in Physical Education. After leaving college, she worked as Physical Education Instructor in charge at Shorter College, Rome Ga., and later at the Junior High and High School at Jacksonville Beach, Fla., as Physical Education and Health Education Instructor.

She is young—but her youth has never handicapped her. She took over her first command at the age of 22, and feels that age is no barrier to leadership. "If people in the command know that their interest is yours, and everyone understands that, everything goes fine," said Lt. Hearon.

Her boy friend, 1st Lt. James E. Henry, is stationed in India with the Signal Corps. He is from Fort Lauderdale—not too far from Desota City, which is Lt. Hearon's home.

"... the cold!"

Lt. Hearon finds it difficult to remember particularly exciting bits of her WAC history—every bit of it has been exciting, she insists. Right now, she is having her troubles getting used to the cold weather of Maine.

"I've never seen such cold weather in all my life," she says, "but at the same time, I've never seen friendlier people in any place I've been. I like Dow Field, and I know that I'm going to enjoy working with the fine Wacs in Squadron G."

411,368 Negro GIs Now Serving Overseas

WASHINGTON (CNS)—Of the 701,678 Negroes in the Army at the end of September, 411,368 were serving overseas, the War Department revealed. A partial breakdown of Negro strength showed: Infantry, 49,483; Coast and Field Artillery, 36,302; Engineers, 133,180; Air Corps, 73,685; Cavalry, 867. Commissioned Officers totaled 5804. The first tank destroyer battalion made up of Negro Officers and EM already has seen action, figuring in the capture of Metz.

Squadron E

By Sgt. Joseph C. Cooper
Gee, Christmas was grand. The townspeople came out that day and partook of our Christmas dinner. They couldn't have selected a better time for beautiful scenery. The 'White Christmas' was furnished, of course, by Mother Nature, and our own talented artisans did the rest. The Mess Hall was attractively decorated with bright holiday decorations. These decorations enhanced greatly the painting that the Mess Hall received recently.

The food was excellent, typical, of course, of Squadron E; and both the hosts and guests were well dressed and beaming with the holiday spirit. So, Christmas was a gala day and a really festive occasion.

In order that they may successfully carry out their promise (threat) to take all comers, the Squadron basketball team has begun to practice quite seriously for the second half of the season.

And now for something feminine: During the last week, I have seen and conversed with quite a few of the "better (and we do mean BETTER) halves." Talked with Mrs. Joseph Brooks a few days ago, and, as usual, she came out ahead. What woman doesn't? Mrs. Luther McLean (now there's a charming and attractive young lady) arrived in the city for the holidays a few days ago from Montclair, N. J. Mrs. Alfred Samuel returned with her husband from Washington, Baltimore, and New York City. Must have been pretty nice spending the holidays in those places.

We regretted very much seeing those ten fellows leave Saturday for new stations. They had been here a long time and were really fine chaps. But can you name any phase of life in which there is no sadness?

Oh well, one can't write forever, can one?

A soldier recently transferred to a carrier pigeon outfit was cleaning out the cages, singing happily at his work.

A passing GI commented, "Good heavens, don't tell me you enjoy doing that?"

"Soldier," he replied, "before I came here I was in the Cavalry."



Gloria Jean, Universal Pictures star now with Olsen and Johnson in "The Ghost Catchers."

One Year Ago At Dow Field

Happenings gleaned from the "Observer" of a year ago this week:

—v—

Sgt. Chester X. Jackson, head of the file and reproduction department, was written up as the personality of the week.

—v—

Brian Ahearn, movie star, visited Dow Field entertaining the enlisted personnel with informal chats.

—v—

Base Librarian, Mrs. Alyce Connor, and Hostess, Mrs. Madeline Shaw, celebrated their first anniversary at Dow Field.

—v—

"Know Your Officers" featured Lt. Laurence Fitton, Base statistical officer.

GI Covered Wagons

By Pvt. Herbert R. Bronder

Pfc. George Ratner has said, "Yes I do," for the first time. He was married a couple of weeks ago. George, we in the Motor Pool wish you and that lovely wife of yours all the best of luck.

All you fellows in the Motor Pool who have dates and can't find anyone to work for you just see Cpl. Jessop. He's a twenty-four-hour man. It is understood that Grant called in from town and asked Smitty if he needed any drivers. Of course Smitty wasn't going to say no. Then Jessop grabbed a cab to come to work to complete his tour of 24-hour duty.

If you like Hillbilly music just stop at the Base Motor Pool as we have a good trio there; Pvt. Collins does the singing, Cpl. Witten plays the guitar and Pvt. Williams the mouth organ. Admission is free.

We are all glad to see Pfc. Lee Walker out of the hospital. We guess even the Colonel is glad to see him, as we all know that Lee is his driver.

Yours truly started Christmas Day off right. I pulled CQ for half of the day then, by request of Lt. Kopp, I finished the home stretch by KP.

We in Squadron "A" working at the Base Motor Pool want to thank Lt. Kopp and 1st Sgt. Kelly for the lovely Christmas and New Year's cards.

There will be a lot of rank pulling in the Motor Pool now that most of the privates went to the grade of P. F. C. And I don't mean "Personal Friend of the Cooks."

The other night a very drunk soldier called the orderly room of a certain section of the base. The CQ answered the phone.

"You the CQ?" the drunk asked. "Certainly," the CQ said.

"You're going to have an awful job in the morning," the drunk said.

"Is that so?" the CQ said. "Why?"

"Because I'm on KP," the drunk replied, and hung up.

These Men Wear Five Stars



Marshall



Arnold



MacArthur



Eisenhower



King



Nimitz



Leahy

THE ARMY now has four "super" generals and the Navy has three "super" admirals as the result of recent Congressional action authorizing the new ranks. Approved unanimously by the Senate for promotion to the rank of Generals of the Army were: Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff; Gen. Douglas MacArthur, commander in the Southwest Pacific; Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, and Gen. Henry H. Arnold, Commanding General of the Army Air Forces.

For the Navy the Senate approved nominations of Adm. William D. Leahy, President Roosevelt's personal Chief of Staff; Adm. Ernest J. King, Commander in Chief of the Fleet and Chief of Naval Operations, and Adm. Chester W. Nimitz, Commander in Chief, Pacific Fleet.

Landing of German Spies

(Continued from One)

rest in Peru for working with Nazi foreign agents.

The pair, brought to Hancock Point, in Frenchman's Bay, in a Nazi U-boat, landed the night of 29 November, bent on sending messages by short wave radio to Germany. Both were trained in the use of explosives, photography and sending messages with invisible ink. They did not succeed in contacting the German secret service, according to Hoover.

Both Colepaugh and Gimpel, who were arrested separately in New York, have made complete statements of their activities. Attorney General Francis Biddle will decide whether the men, now being held in New York without specific charge, will be prosecuted in a civil court or by a military tribunal. A spokesman for the Department of Justice said in Washington yesterday that Biddle will confer with President Roosevelt and Secretary of War Stimson before deciding on the method of trial.

Their seizure recalled the apprehension of the eight Nazi saboteurs who landed in June 1942, on the eastern coast, four of them in Long Island, and the other four south of Jacksonville, Fla. They were armed with TN bombs and fuses and confessed they intended to blow up key war plants and bridges to create panic in this country.

Six of them were executed in the electric chair in the District of Columbia jail eight weeks after they landed. President Roosevelt accepted the recommendations of a special military commission and commuted the sentence of the other two, one to life imprisonment, and the other to 30 years in prison.

Hoover said both men had been intensely trained in sabotage in special German centers. Colepaugh, once arrested and freed on Selective Service charges, offered his services to the German government after jumping a neutral liner in Portugal, he said.

The FBI chief said the public had slackened its vigilance toward espionage in the belief that the war is over, and warned that the German espionage system was still extremely active.

"The German Government has a very intensified program of training and sending agents into the Western hemisphere," Hoover said. He added that Colepaugh, educated in American schools, had adopted the alias, William C. Caldwell, and that Gimpel also was known as Edward George Green.

The German submarine which brought them across the Atlantic and slipped up past Bar Harbor, Maine, in the night, was not seen, Hoover said, and he declined to disclose how the FBI picked up their trail. Hoover said they went ashore from the submarine in a rubber boat at 11 o'clock at night. Travelling on foot, they made their way to Bangor, Maine. At

Bangor, they boarded a train, and went to Boston, spending several days there, and then came to New York. They had been in New York for more than two weeks, when they were arrested separately.

When arrested, the men already had bought parts to set up a short-wave radio. They had been trained in radio operation, according to Hoover. They had secret ink with them for use in writing messages, but they had not yet succeeded in contacting the German Government. They brought ashore about \$50,000 in American currency, and had spent more than \$3,000 in the month, during which they lived in the best hotels in Boston and New York. Hoover said they frequented cocktail lounges and public places to listen to conversations of servicemen and civilians.

Both men had been trained at the SS School at the Hague, Netherlands, officials of which boasted that men from there had succeeded in rescuing Benito Mussolini from Italy, Hoover said.

Colepaugh had been arrested by the FBI on 22 July 1942 in Philadelphia for violation of Secret Service regulations, having failed to notify his draft board in Boston of his whereabouts. He was not prosecuted and he joined the Navy on 2 October, Hoover said. He was honorably discharged, 29 January 1943, "for the convenience of the government." Before and after his Naval Service, he had been employed as a merchant seaman.

Colepaugh sailed as a mess boy on the Swedish exchange liner, Gripsholm, on 12 January 1944, on a voyage to Europe. When he landed at Lisbon, Portugal, in February, he deserted and went to the German consul and said he wanted to join the German Army.

The consul sent him to Germany, where he went to "school" in Berlin, Dresden and the Hague, and was accepted for service in the SS (Elite Guards). He sailed from Kiel on 26 September 1944, aboard the German submarine 1230, in company with Gimpel.

Gimpel went to South America in 1935 and stayed there until 1942, working for the Telefunken, otherwise known as the German Radio Corporation with headquarters in Lima, Peru. During that time, he had associated with Nazi agents. In June, 1942, he was arrested by Peruvian authorities and, under a Pan American agreement, was brought to the United States with other internees. He was interned in Texas but in July 1942 he was repatriated to Germany, aboard the Drottningholm.

Gimpel worked at Hamburg designing short wave radio receivers and transmitters, after his return to Germany, Hoover said, until Hamburg was bombed out. Then he became a courier for the German Foreign Office, serving between Berlin and Madrid.

He and Colepaugh met at the

Hague, where they were both trained in handling short-wave radio, sabotage techniques, photography and the use of explosives on railroad tracks, Hoover said.

They had no explosives with them as did the saboteurs who landed back in 1942. The FBI recovered from them secret ink, a camera, two automatic revolvers and certificates establishing their identity. Their effects included blank draft board cards dated as far ahead as 1946. Both had forged discharge papers from the Navy, in blank, so they could insert names and birth certificates from the Connecticut State Department of Health, Hoover said. He said that he was confident they were the only men who landed from the submarine. Colepaugh spoke perfect English and Gimpel with a slight accent, he said.

Colepaugh, who was born at Niantic, Conn., had attended school there, and at New London, Conn., and studied at Admiral Farragut Academy. He also attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1940.

His mother, Lina Colepaugh, was born aboard a ship en route to the United States from Germany. His father was a native American. The mother is still living, but her whereabouts are not disclosed. The father is dead. He also has a sister, Louise.

More details will no doubt be forthcoming in the papers during the next few days.

THE MAIN MORAL OF THIS MAINE STORY IS—IT CAN HAPPEN HERE. We must be on the alert all the time for suspicious strangers, people who ask too many damn questions, and snoopers who have no business being where they are. Keep your eyes and ears open.

Double Cage Bill

(Continued from One)

ter Harbor early in the season. Presque Isle holds victories over Grenier Field and Bowdoin College. The only defeat on their slate is the 42-33 trimming by the mighty Bombers. The Winter Harbor Indians have won 8 games this season, having lost only one game to the Dow Field team. Brunswick will be the dark horse of the night because they will be making their initial appearance of the season. Brunswick always turns out a fighting and a polished team, so you can bet the Bombers will have their hands full when the Navy comes to town.

Cpl. Lee Dalecky, Bomber coach, thinks that his team has the situation well in control and states if it plays up to par, the Bombers will nail another plank on their "V" fence.

This corner will not predict the outcome of the PI-Indian game, but the PI team has a decided advantage in height, and the Indians are sure to take advantage of their own speed and deceptiveness. If you want to witness some high class basketball, then be on hand when the first whistle sounds. All Base personnel is invited to attend and bring guests.

USO Show Friday

(Continued from One)

and on the stage.

The Two Divines, Dancers. Both young, red-heads and attractive. They appeared in two musicals and have played clubs in San Francisco, Buffalo and other U. S. cities.

Cpl.: "That civilian insulted me by offering me a beer."

Sgt.: "What did you do?"

Cpl. "I swallowed that insult."

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.

The New Year

By Chaplain E. D. Viser

Once again we bid goodbye to the Old Year, and once more we usher in the New. The year 1944 was one of spectacular effort on the part of the armed forces of the United Nations. The great supply lines of America threaded the seas and the skies, that free men on the soil of Europe and Asia might fight on to ultimate victory. At the year's end there was a brief set-back in Belgium, and perhaps this might give Americans cause to think that victory does not consist in mere might of arms alone. Nor will the ultimate triumph—which, pray God, may come before 1945 ends—be due wholly to our industrial and military strength. There is a God who reigns and rules in the affairs of nations. Oftentimes we give Him but infrequent lip service, and perfunctory allegiance. We sing our Christmas carols lustily and crowd the sanctuary—once a year! We pay homage to the Babe of Bethlehem, and then, one week later, forget all about Him! What would happen, do you suppose, if we as a nation and as soldiers would turn back en masse to God in 1945? This is what would happen, and it rings like a tocsin call from the Old Book. It is God's word to Solomon, "If my people who are called by my name shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

News of Bangor USO

WEDNESDAY, 3 January—STATE NIGHT PARTY—Celebrating the anniversaries of Georgia, 1788, Utah 1896, New Mexico 1912, Connecticut 1788. DANCING 8:30 till 12. Jitterbug Contest with tickets to dinner and the movies as prizes. Music by S-Sgt. John Bessmer and his Dow Field Octet. ART NIGHT—with Mrs. Sheila Findley.

THURSDAY, 4 January—JAM SESSION—with new records; a treat for the Jitterbugs. Facilities for reading, writing, dark room-photography, sketching, water colors, crafts, ping pong, pool, games.

FRIDAY, 5 January—USO MUSICALE—8:15 p. m., with artists from the services and from the community. MOVIE—A major Hollywood production, 9 p. m.

SATURDAY, 6 January—GREAT COMPOSER'S PARTY—featuring the tunes of Vincent Youmans in the dancing. VARIETY SHOW AND RADIO BROADCAST—Dancing 8:30 till 12; radio broadcast over Station WABI, 10:15 to 10:30 p. m. Music by Sgt. Herbie Blinn's Men.

SUNDAY, 7 January — BREAKFAST — after church; bacon, rolls, donuts, coffee. COFFEE HOUR—4 to 6 p. m., with sandwiches, cake donated by a community organization. COMMUNITY SING—with cartoon song slides. It's great fun.

MONDAY, 8 January—GAME NIGHT—Form your own Bridge Group. Pool, Ping Pong, chess, checkers, jukebox dancing, with USO girls as partners.

TUESDAY, 9 January—BINGO—8:30 p. m., for cash prizes, with USO girls as partners to bring you luck. LETTERS-ON-A-RECORD—for the home folks. CRAFTS—with Miss Georgia Worster, wood-ware decorating and leathercraft.

WEDNESDAY, 10 January—AT DOW FIELD—Base Dance with Cpl. Jimmie Baker and his 17-piece orchestra, "Men of the Air." AT THE USO—Art Night—sketching, water colors, finger painting—directed by Mrs. Sheila Findley.



This Week at the Base Theater



TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, 2 & 3 January—BELLE OF THE YUKON with Randolph Scott, Gypsy Rose Lee, Dinah Shore and Bob Burns. Also "I Am an American" and a Donald Duck cartoon.

THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 4 & 5 January—HERE COMES THE WAVES, with Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton and Sonny Tufts. Also Movie-tone News.

SATURDAY, 6 January—(Double Feature)—THE BIG BONANZA, with Richard Arlen, Jane Frazee, and Robert Livingston. DANCING IN MANHATTAN, with Jeff Donnell, Fred Brady and William Wright.

SUNDAY & MONDAY, 7 & 8 January—EXPERIMENT PERILOUS, with Hedy Lamarr and George Brent. Also Movie-tone News, Army and Navy Screen Magazine, and Bugs Bunny Special.

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, 9 & 10 January—THE THREE CABALLEROS, a Walt Disney Special Feature. Also Army and Navy Screen Magazine, and Dark Shadows (Crime oDes Not Pay).

THE DOW FIELD OBSERVER

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Colonel JAMES C. JENSEN.....Commanding
Captain GEORGE H. STONE.....Special Service Officer
1st Lieut. A. G. THOMPSON.....Public Relations Officer
Sgt. F. M. SNYDER.....Editor
Pvt. BEATRICE VIZENA.....Reporter
Pfc. PASQUALE GROSSO.....Staff Artist
Pvt. BUDDY ADAMS.....Sports Editor
PHOTO-LAB PERSONNEL.....Photography

Mother of Indian Receives Citation

Gets Flying Cross For B-17 Gunner Lost In Action

In a ceremony at Dow Field recently, the Distinguished Flying Cross was presented posthumously to S-Sgt. Walter P. Meader, Jr., first member of the Passamaquoddy Indians to die in the service of his country in this war. Receiving the award in his name, was his mother, Mrs. Walter P. Meader, of South Portland, Maine, accompanied by his sister Laura.

While a picked guard of honor stood at attention, and the Dow Field Band played the Star Spangled Banner, 2nd Lt. Robert Fox read the citation from the War Department:

"... For extraordinary achievement, while serving as Ball Turret Gunner of a B-17 airplane on a number of bombardment missions over enemy occupied Continental Europe. Displaying great courage and skill, Sgt. Meader, fighting from his gun position, has destroyed one enemy airplane, warded off many enemy attacks, and materially aided in the success of each of these missions. . . ."

Sgt. Meader is the oldest of 11 children. Although Mr. Meader Jr. is white, and Mrs. Meader has some white blood, their son has always considered himself an Indian—very proudly. So far as his mother knows, he is the first Indian in the United States to receive the Distinguished Flying Cross.

His greatest joy was in being a member of the Air Corps. The greatest moment in his life was when he received his silver wings as a ball turret gunner. On that day, he wrote his mother: "This is the most wonderful moment in my life." Wherever he went, as he was transferred from one air base to another, he would send his mother souvenirs of his new station.

Sgt. Meader enlisted in Portland in November 1942, on his 18th birthday. He was sent to Miami Beach, Fla., for his basic



Col. Jensen presents DFC to mother of Indian lost in action.

training, and then to Buckley Field, Colo. He was then sent to gunnery school at Tyndall Field, Fla. He went overseas in November 1942, as ball turret gunner in a big Flying Fortress.

He was overseas for a year, before he was finally killed in action. During that time, he was awarded the Air Medal, the Purple Heart, and several Oak Leaf Clusters. He learned in advance that he was to receive the Distinguished Flying Cross, and in his last letter his mother received from him he wrote: "I have learned of the award, and I have earned the Distinguished Flying Cross for you, Mother." Those were the last words he wrote home.

In letters from his buddies overseas, she found out a few more of the details of his death. In one of many bombing missions over Germany, their ship was attacked by enemy planes, and

heavy ackack fire from the ground. He started for his gun, and said, "I am going to clean . . ." He didn't say another word, for he was killed instantly by enemy fire.

Last February, he was shot down over the North Sea. Their Fortress, buffeted about by heavy waves, broke in two, and sank almost immediately. But getting out their rubber life raft and inflating it, they managed to hang on until they were rescued by the British Air Rescue mission.

Prior to entering the service, he was employed in the New England Shipyards, in Portland. He attended school at the Pleasant Point Indian Reservation at Perry, and the Portland High School.

The Passamaquoddy Indians are very proud of the first of their sons to die in the fight for freedom—and Maine is particularly proud of the heroism of this really native son.

General Mess

By Cpl. Archie Silver

Confessions of a goldbricker . . . I went to work the other evening at General Mess and after I got through there, I went over the In-Flight Lunch Mess to finish the night and part of the morning working. I returned to the barracks in the rising hours of the morning and after a hot and cold shower—hot to cleanse the body and cold to keep me awake long enough to crawl into bed—I assumed the prone position and kept it for several hours (not too many) when the hustle and bustle around me indicated that I was up and so was something else. I was right. There was to be a very special inspection by the Colonel the next day. I dabbed some icy chlorinated water on my face to suppress the yawns coming up but it was no use, I just had to yawn. Leisurely, I began to shine my shoes, trying to get that kitchen grease off but it took a little more energy than that so, rubbing my eyes a few times, I awoke and started all over again. I was in the running again. Then came the windows, such large airy windows, and then the shelves and, last but so important, the floor. A GI floor seems to require more attention than a baby's posterior. By now the whole barracks were in an uproar. Brooms, mops and buckets were flying (and when I say flying I mean "flying" in the true tradition of the Air Corps) all over the place. I managed to gain possession of one measly pail and with the aid of a broom, some lye and GI soap, and a mop, I was off for cleaner pastures, as they say. Since the room which I call home was cleaned the previous week by the other two occupants, it was my turn to move foot lockers and beds to one side and start sweeping. Following this up with an application of soapy water, I had to move everything back to the other side and start all over again. While waiting for the solution to sink in and take effect, I interviewed some of the cooks and KPs whose names appear in this column from time to time. As usual, I was more interested in finding out what they didn't want me to write than what they did because columnists, like gang-

sters, often know more than they care to talk about. After this slight interlude, I went down to change to clean water and by the simple process of mopping up the soapy solution, washing and wringing out the mop many a time and oft, I finally succeeded in getting the empty half of the room clean. Then I had to move the cots, shoes, hand bags and foot lockers to the clean side and mop the soap off the other side. When the floor was sufficiently dry, I put everything back in place again. I was undecided whether I should go back to bed for a while or take a shave. I made the wrong decision. I never reached the shaving room because a villain in the form of a clerk from the orderly room nabbed me for what he said was a small sand shoveling detail outside the barracks. If I weren't so sleepy I would have known better than to wear my lowcuts on any sort of a detail even outside the barracks and so I got a little more than I bargained for. Once outside the door, I found myself on a truck headed for the sand pile. "There goes my shine," I thought like a good soldier. The sand was cold and damp and I was in it up to my knees with the rest of the boys. Shoveling diligently, we soon raised a sweat and I was hot on top and cold below like a drunken Eskimo. We brought the truck load of sand back to our area and spread it over all the walks around our barracks. I was still very tired but I was hungry too so I went over to get some chow. I should have gone to bed after that but how on earth do you expect a man to spend his day off in bed sleeping? So into town I went to see another movie and then I went to bed. I would have slept around the clock but, unfortunately, that is not an Army custom so here I am back on the job again ready for another uneventful, humdrum day of GI life.

Look here KP, this man next to you is doing twice as much work as you are.

Yeah, that's what I keep telling him, Sarge, but he won't slow down.

Postmaster: "I'm sorry but I can't cash this money order for you unless you have some identification. Have you some friend in camp?"

GI: "Not me. I'm the duty sergeant."

Ratings Go To 57 Privates And One Pfc. During Week

Harding R. Good, of Squadron "E"—better known as Deane Good to boxing fans and those who follow his cartoon, "This Is Good" in the "Observer"—was promoted from private first class to corporal this week. An additional 57 PFC ratings were also announced. The new one-strippers are:

SQUADRON "A"

Charles A. Boyce.

SQUADRON "B"

Harley W. Amos, Fafael Arelano.

Bernard A. Beale, Alejandro R. Bravo, Morris J. Brown.

Shirley Clay, Dale R. Clements, John H. Cates, Stanley J. Corsa, Jr.

James W. Dakin, Florenz J. Dekowski, Ralph Del Maestro, Marion H. Dover, Benjamin F. Dykes, Jr.

Roy W. Earlenbaugh, Tiburcio P. Flores.

Charlie Garcia, Merle E. Gardner, Carl Gore.

Charles M. Howell, Andre H. Jacques.

George W. J. Kemppainen, Chas. E. Koenig, Thomas A. Kurtz.

George J. Lauro, Thomas F. Lavin, Joseph E. Lopez.

Edgar J. Martin, Kenneth R. Michaelson, Raymond Mahon, Philip McGettrick.

James R. Neely.

Robert K. Perry, James E. Powers, Joseph H. Pohlman, Anthony R. Pustorino.

Abelarde R. Quezada.

Earl K. Reid, Louis N. Roque, Leonard A. Ruabe, Augustin Ramirez, Vicente R. Robles, Irving Russo.

Roy Small, Eugene F. Szczepanik, Winthrop H. Sharp, Clarence A. Stanbury.

Gordon L. Thompson, Claude N. Turner.

Leroy L. Weidner, Isaac G. Walker, George E. Windham.

SQUADRON "E"

James D. Bright and Isvan D. Williams.

SQUADRON "G" (WAC)

Marion R. Morris and Catherine F. Niles.

Gleanings by Grosso

A Summary of the Week's News
By Pfc. Pasquale Grosso



PBY Furnishes Entire Arctic Station

Lt. Edward Price, Now at Dow Field, Aids Undertaking

Second Lt. Edward C. Price, now a C-46 Pilot at Dow Field, is one of a group of NAD pilots who have built a Labrador weather station by airplane. Flying two PBYs equipped with wing floats, they carried many tons of supplies and personnel, in a never-ending shuttle run from Goose Bay to an isolated weather station constructed on a wilderness-lake hundreds of miles north of the base.

Materiel was transported from the United States to Goose Bay by C-47s.

The weather station was built on an inland lake which was really a widening of one of Labrador's rivers. At that point the river is about a half mile wide for about ten miles. It is deep, but with a three to five mile an hour current. There are rocks all over, making the "lake" not the safest place in the world to land.

PBYs Used for Speed

The main reason for using a flying boat for cargo transport was speed—the weather station had to be built during the relatively short summer months. Since there was no wilderness airport closer than Goose Bay, no roads, and no water highway to the weather base site the amphibious plane was the only solution.

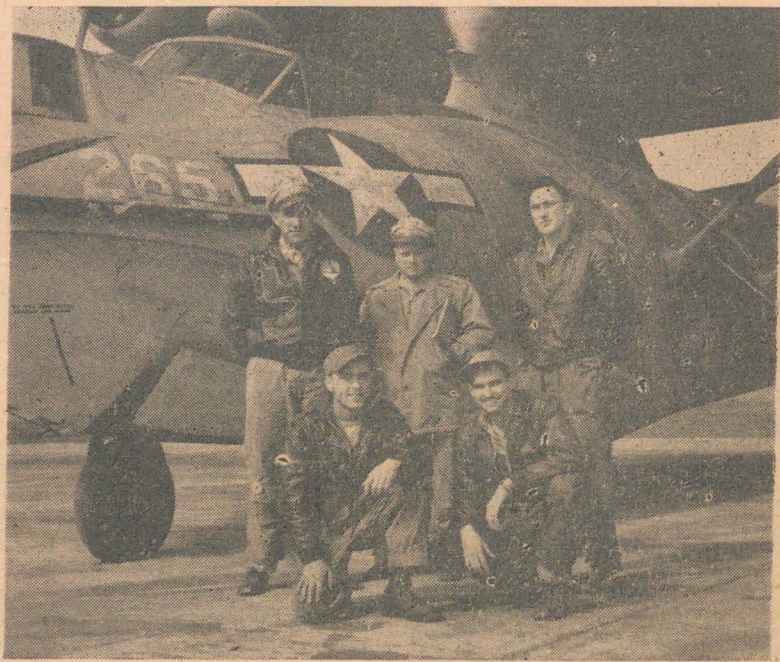
The ship was one of two planes operated out of Goose Bay—both of them amphibians, capable of landing on either water or land. The crew consisted of a pilot, copilot, two flight engineers, and a radio operator.

The plane was loaded to the limit with necessary cargo. This included fuel oil, gasoline, lumber enough to build a half dozen houses, nails, cement, furniture, plumbing, stoves, dynamos, radio equipment, weather equipment, and all the hundred and one things necessary in building and operating an Arctic weather station. The average pay-load was about 5000 pounds, which was all the plane could safely take over the almost completely uncharted terrain below.

Maps Poor

Existing maps are none too accurate in this particular area—there are a great many places in which white men have never set foot. After a short time of flying this shuttle, the men of the crew go so they didn't have to look at the map. Weather permitting, they made the trip twice a day.

Speed was essential in loading and unloading the plane, because time was limited in the sense that



BASE BUILDERS BY AIR.—Shown with one of the amphibious planes use din the building of a remote Labrador weather station, are the crew of the ship. 2nd Lt. Edward C. Price, now a C-46 pilot at Dow Field, is standing at the left. Others in the rear row are 1st Lt. Charles Smith and S-Sgt. John Newman. Kneeling are T-Sgt. Lorin G. Rennick (left), and S-Sgt. Charles Brown.

winter would come soon. The lake was frozen from October to June, so all flying had to be done during the short summer.

Landing Problems

"When you land at this wilderness lake, you have to land upwind," said Lt. Price. "That was sometimes difficult, because there are high hills on both sides of the lake. We had to maneuver the ship around, so that we could get at least a quarter of a mile landing space. Sometimes, we had to land right straight across the lake, and just hope that we could stop in time. You can't land too close to shore, because—although the water is deep—the sides are rocky and there are occasional sand bars and other hazards."

"Many is the day we went in there with not more than a 200 or 300 foot ceiling—we would hedge-hop all the way, in order to get in. When we landed, we would taxi up to a small dock which the construction crew had built out into the water, with a buoy farther out. The crew chief would grab the buoy, and we would tie up the plane. They would throw a rope from shore, and swing the ship around alongside the dock."

Live in Tents

The men constructing the station were both soldiers and Newfoundland civilians. They lived in tents equipped with wood stoves. One tent was rigged up as a cook tent. Their supplemented their daily rations by catching fish, and shooting Arctic partridges.

"All of the construction materials and supplies we hauled to

the lake was moved by sheer manpower. They had no bulldozers, tractors or heavy hauling machinery. These were too big to fit into our PBY.

Finish Job on Time

"No one expected that we would actually finish, but by everybody pitching in, and making two trips a day, we got the hauling job done. Those boys up there did a fine job, and they have everything pretty snug and tight there now."

"We didn't get much recreation or sleep ourselves—we were generally pretty tired by the time the whole task was completed. But we got the job done, and that is the thing that counted."

"We also made trips to Crystal 1, where we picked up window sashes, doors, and oil, which had been delivered to Ungava Bay by boat."

Indian Migration

"I didn't see any natives there," said Lt. Price, "but they were expecting the Indian migration in September. Every year they leave the Labrador coast, where they get seals and fish, and move inland, camping near the lake where our station is. We saw a lot of native camps there, but no Indians."

St. Louis Man

Lt. Price graduated from Roosevelt High School in St. Louis, in June 1939, and attended Harris Teacher's College and Washington University. He enlisted in the Army in September 1942, at St. Louis. After a short stay at Jefferson Barracks, he went to San Antonio; Sikeston, Mo.; Winfield, Kan.; and received his wings at Waco, Texas. He was trained at the C-47 Transition School at St. Joseph, Mo., and assigned to the North Atlantic Division.

He has flown C-47s and C-46s with the North Atlantic Division, serving the 21,000 miles airlines network for five months out of Presque Isle. He was then assigned to Goose Bay for the special mission of building the weather station.

Together with the entire NAD C-46 airline system, he moved to Dow Field on 15 November.

Captain: "How long have you been working in this office?"
Private: "Ever since I saw you come in the door."

There's that silly about the sow who asked the other sow if she had heard from her boar friend. To which the other replied, "Oh, yes, I had a litter from him today."

Squadron 'G' Presents:

By Pvt. Constance Klink

An important person in the Special Service at Dow Field is Pvt. Frances Dickerson, Winona, Minn.

Pvt. Dickerson, who arrived at the Base late in August, after the completion of her basic training at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, is well equipped for her new duties, Charge of Education, one of the numerous branches of Special Service, under the direction of Capt. George Stone.

Her duties cover a quantity of phases of the Educational program—among them, the enrollment of Dow Field GIs in special night courses offered by the Bangor High School, private classes in welding, and the conducting of Americanization classes. It is a full-time job, but one that the efficient Frances more than adequately fills.

Her whole educational background makes her a "natural" for this sort of thing. She has been employed in educational work since her graduation from Winona Teachers College, where she majored in Art. Her first assignment after her graduation was as art teacher in Junior High School at Hayfield, Minn. From there she went to Newark, N. J., where for 18 months she taught in Ann Street School, and became acquainted with what is known as the Platoon System—a method whereby the pupils are taught in cycles of 5 to 10 weeks, and there is a constant turnover. During this period, she enrolled in Columbia, where she studied for several summers, taking, first, her B. S. in Education, and, later, her M. A. in Art.

For several years she taught General Science in the Old Southside and also Eastside High School Annex in Newark.

Frances had many hobbies and interests aside from her work as a school teacher. For five summers she served as a councilor at Camp Wildwood at Bridgton, Maine,—a camp for older girls,—where she enjoyed a life of outdoor activity. This same love of the outdoors, and keen interests in sports took her for many winters up to Stowe, Vt., for the skiing and ice skating at Mt. Mansfield.

In addition to her other activities, she found time to enroll in a War Training Course in Photogrammetry, one of the extension



Pvt. Frances Dickerson

courses offered by Princeton University. The course, which consisted of four months' study of aerial map making, is equivalent to one year of Civil Service training.

Frances feels that the post-war world opens up almost unlimited opportunities for educational work, not only here, but abroad, because of the vast amount of reconstruction and reconversion work that is to be done to restore living conditions to anything approximating the normal. She feels that her work at Dow Field is a vital one, and of the nature to have the greatest possible bearing on the world of tomorrow.

She joined the Armed Services to be of the greatest possible use to her country during the present emergency, and she cannot but feel that she is doing just that in her present work.

The story goes that Sandy was returning home from a bit of a brawl. His way led through a cow pasture, in which he lost his tam o'shanter. In the dusk he tried on four before he found one that fit.



"So THIS is a GI party!"



"I'm suspicious of this guy, Sarge!"

Wacs Call Pals at Motor Pool 'Twins'



Private Alice Fillion

Front and Center

By CPL. ARCHIE SILVER

The best Christmas and New Year's gift I got this season was one of my own choosing. I took unto myself a wife. It's the sort of gift which lasts a lifetime. (And she can cook too.)

Sgt. John "Spider" Kennedy was so busy dishing out the turkey for the Christmas dinner at General Mess that he didn't notice Col. Jensen behind him. The Colonel watched him for a solid five minutes marvelling at the ease with which he handled the plates.

Sgt. Beck is a hard man to find these days. To make a bad pun, we might say that he is at nobody's beck or call.

Old "Pop" Mahan, private first class, no less, says that he is hungry for the beautiful girls but (stealing an old gag) they are much too hungry for him.

Sgt. Tom Diaz whose tough luck has been running true to form recently caught one of his fingers in the meat grinder but not to be outdone by that, Cpl. Berge went and sliced a few of his with the carving knife.

Soldier: Your dog likes to watch you cut hair, doesn't he?

GI Barber: It ain't that. Sometimes I snip off a piece of ear.

Pvts. Alice Fillion and Ruth Collins, strangers till the fortunes of war brought them together, have become the inseparable motor pool twins. Drivers of the all-important staff cars, and maintaining their cars with the best of the men, they quickly became acquainted, and by this time are the best friends in the world.

Both Wacs, taking over jobs that men held before, have been doing a good job. Regardless of ice, rain or snow, they manage to bring the car through. No doubt there are times when they are tempted to growl, because keeping a car in good order isn't the easiest thing in the world in cold weather, but on the whole, they do their job as well as a man could. They are proud that they can take it.

Pvt. Collins is from Clifton Springs, N. Y., near Rochester. Pvt. Fillion is from Littleton, N. H., which is not far from Manchester.

Pvt. Collins enlisted in the WAC 29 March 1944, at Rochester, N. Y. She got her basic training at Fort Oglethorpe, and was then assigned to Love Field, Dallas, Texas. She drove a staff car in the motor pool there—having one particularly interesting assignment—that of driving S-Sgt. Gene Autrey around. Autrey is now a Flight Officer. She was transferred to Dow Field in August, and has been driving in the motor pool ever since.

Before enlisting in the WAC, she attended Goddard College, Plainfield, Vt., and worked at the Seneca Ordnance Spot, Romulus, N. Y.

Pvt. Fillion enlisted 12 June at Manchester, N. H. She received her basic training at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., and was assigned to Dow Field 18 August 1944. She was assigned to the Motor Pool, and has been working as a driver ever since.

Her brother, S1c. Eddie Fillion, is in New Guinea, with the Sea Bees. Another brother, S1c. Robert Fillion, is somewhere in Asia in the Naval Air Force. A third brother, Pvt. Francis Fillion, is in California with the Marines.

Pvt. Alice Fillion graduated from Littleton High School in 1941. She worked in the Pratt and Whitney Plant at Hartford, Conn., prior to enlisting in the WAC.



Private Ruth Collins

Squadron B

By Sgt. S. J. Westock

Heretofore, it had been my opinion that I alone, read this column faithfully each week. But I am mistaken. Having omitted the nominal pile of news-mongering material from last week's issue of the OBSERVER, a faithful reader called to inquire whether I had written anything for Squadron B. After checking up on this new ally (?) I learned that one of his Christmas presents consisted of a new type of calendar with railings around it so he couldn't slip off wee kends. Had he been away for the Christmas weekend—but, why go into that! Thanks, pal. Call in for a drop or two. Anytime . . .

The following hapnawly-wedded couples will try to get their hands on a butcher in order to get choice cuts of meat: Pfc. John H. Cates and Miss Hazel Evelyn Shelley, the latter who is from Old Town. Sgt. Carl Berghouse and Miss Lucille Parker. Mrs. Berghouse hails from Waterville, Maine. Congratulations, fellers. Attending a post nuptial party at the Bangor House, in honor of

They Learn and Recuperate



Sergeant Chester C. Sutton (seated) of Atlantic City, shows Private Samuel A. West of Washington, how to make yarn mats. He learned this fine art from the Gray Ladies, who teach arts and crafts to patients at the Dow Field Hospital. He is proud of his accomplishment, and made a number of beautiful mats for Christmas presents. Sgt. Sutton is Orientation Non-Com for Squadron E, while Pvt. West is one of the plane guards.

Sgt. and Mrs. Berghouse, were: Sgt. Charles Brownless, Cpl. James Biarte, Cpl. and Mrs. Leonard Malisoff, Sgt. Paul Le Compt, S-Sgt. Louis Feathers, T-Sgt. and Mrs. Paul Abrams, Cpl. Joe Klem, S-Sgt. and Mrs. Robert C. Raines and his sister, Mrs. Marty Delp, from Toledo, Ohio, and Miss Betty Plummer, of Bangor.

Capt. Charles D. Horvath, CO of Squadron B, is on ten-day leave with his family in Allentown, Pa. We hope he'll get a good rest from the trials and tribulations which often beset a Squadron Commander. 1st Lt. Edward Capp is carrying the load during his absence and 1st Sgt. Shelhorse has been seen shoveling the snow away from the Orderly Room entrance. When I asked him about having to "stoop" so low (it was a shorthanded shovel), he cracked poetically, "Never let it be said that I ever ask any man in Sq. B to stoop, squint or squat to do anything I, myself, wouldn't do!" . . . Anyone have a pegless violin so I can buy it without any strings

attached? . . . Cpl. Stella Stappler, Wac in our Orderly Room, will lay aside her stapling machine long enough to spend three quiet days (with about 100 people) in New York over the New Year holiday.

With the scarcity of glass and glass-blowers, and as a result of continued losses of beer pitchers at the NCO club through breakage, it has been rumored that beer will be sold only by the glass—at ten cents per. T-Sgt. Roy G. Ditman from P&T was compelled to cancel his three-day pass recently and make reservations at the hospital, having caught a cold the day before he was to depart.

S-Sgt. Randolph Harper from Flight Control, who has been in the hospital for the past four weeks, is on the mend and will be back on duty within the next few days. . . . About Resolutions for the New Year: A good resolution is one that is not too good. The good resolutions are those we keep, and our bad resolutions are too good to keep.

Australian Women Guard Searchlights



On the crest of a coastal mountain in Northern Australia, a group of Australian service women man an anti-aircraft searchlight battery and mount their own sentry over the installations. These searchlights have not had to pinpoint Jap raiders since the girls took over but they have swung into action on several occasions to lead in battle-weary fliers who have lost their bearings. During the height of the Japanese invasion menace to Australia, there were 98 enemy air raids on the Australian mainland.



—By Pfc. Pasquale Grosso.

"American call me yellow, but me show 'em I got guts."

Dow Reporter Scoops Nation

(Continued from One)

marine on 29 November. Mrs. Mary Forni, whose husband Dante Forni is a tax collector and school teacher, and 17-year-old Harvard Hodgkins, a senior student at Ellsworth High, and Junior Assistant Scoutmaster of Troop No. 85 of Ellsworth, are the principals in a drama of spies, midnight landings on a lonely coast, and the prospect of sabotage and destruction to come.

Harvard Hodgkins, son of Dana Hodgkins, lobster and deep sea fisherman, and deputy sheriff of Hancock County, was coming home from a dance in the Hancock Town Hall, about 2330 on 29 November, driving the family station wagon, when he noticed two strangers walking along the road toward Hancock, where U. S. Highway 1 heads in toward Bangor. It was snowing lightly, and rather odd that two strangers would be walking along a lonely road at that time. He looked at them momentarily—in the short interval of time in which they were in the glare of his headlights. He noticed that one of them carried a bulky bundle, and the other what appeared to be a hand suitcase.

"It looked very strange to me," said young Hodgkins. "I couldn't help but wonder where they had come from, so as I drove along, I watched their footprints which were clearly visible. When I got to Howard Crabtree's mailbox, I noticed that the footprints ended. I couldn't help but wonder where they had come from—I wasn't too suspicious, but it was very strange."

About a half hour later, Mrs. Mary Forni, mother of three youngsters, was driving along the same road, on her way home from

a visit to a friend in Hancock. She too noticed the strangers—and being slightly more curious than young Hodgkins, she started wondering right away what the score was. They were definitely strangers, and at this time of year, there aren't many strangers about."

Hancock Point is a small settlement, with relatively few permanent residents. People on Hancock Point all know each other well—in fact, they know everyone for ten to twelve miles around. A stranger to a resident of Hancock Point is just about like a red rag to a bull—curiosity is immediately aroused. And strangers in the snowy road, coming from nowhere (the Peninsula ends in a few hundred yards), are definitely mysterious.

"I drove slowly after that," said Mrs. Forni, "watching the footprints carefully. When I got to Crabtree's, I stopped, and noticed that the prints went back into the woods, toward the shore. I did nothing more about that then, but when I got home, I told my husband about it, and asked if there was anything I should do."

"He laughed at me, and said that women were too darned nosy, but I guess this is one time when being nosy has paid dividends."

In the morning, Mrs. Forni went to call on her neighbor, Mrs. Hodgkins, and asked her if Harvard had seen the strangers. They exchanged notes, and decided to ask the advice of the senior Mr. Hodgkins, deputy sheriff of the county, who was out on a hunting trip. When he returned two days later, he was alarmed about the situation.

"My first thought," said Mr. Hodgkins, who is a pleasant, affa-

ble Maine fisherman, "was that these men were probably burglars who had broken into some of the summer cottages. So first I went to Crabtrees, and looked the house over carefully. Nothing had been touched. I then went to all the other buildings, and found that nothing was wrong with them."

"But something kept telling me that there was something very wrong about these men. Finally, I decided to go down to the FBI office in Bangor, and tell them the story."

FBI action was quick and sure with the net result that the spies were apprehended.

Mr. Hodgkins led the way down to the spot on the Hancock Point coast where the spies presumably landed. It is wild and desolate in the winter, although there are a number of cottages scattered close by. Some of them were occupied the night of the landing. There are tall balsam and spruce trees everywhere, and for the most part, the coast line is rocky. There are relatively few spots where the beach is smooth enough for a landing to be made—particularly in a small boat. In many spots, the rocks, worn and slippery, are practically standing on end.

Frenchman's Bay is a body of water that generally fills all the space between Mount Desert Island, and the promontory on which Schoodic Point is located. The coastline is universally rocky and irregular—there are hundreds of small bays and coves, where a landing could have been made.

At that point the Bay is probably ten or twelve miles wide, and almost anything could happen there, without its being noticed.

In between two long stretches of upjutting rock ledges, is about fifty yards of relatively smooth gravel beach. It is a perfect setting for burying pirate gold, or for landing Nazi spies. There was no trace of a rubber boat there when Mr. Hodgkins first looked the spot over. But the footprints which ended at Crabtree's mailbox, had very definitely led directly to a little used woods road, which started at the rock-surrounded beach. There seemed no doubt in the mind of the alert Maine fisherman, that this was the origin of the Nazi spies American travelling.

"Just think," said Mrs. Forni, "if Harvard and I hadn't been suspicious, if Maine people weren't just the least bit nosy, perhaps these spies would never have been captured."

Harvard Hodgkins, their next door neighbor, is 17 and an enthusiastic boy scout. Junior Assistant Scoutmaster of Troop 85 in Ellsworth, he is a Life Scout. He has sailed the Maine coastline for years with his father, who has several boats in the fishing industry.

So—in the final analysis, a woman's intuition, a boy scout's keen observation, and a natural tendency for Maine folk to be curious, gave the FBI the leads which enabled it to catch the Nazi spies.

Library News

By Alyce M. Connor
NEW BOOKS

ELEGANT JOURNEY . . . John Selby

This is the story of a man who took both his family and the luxury of plantation life with him into the wilderness of Wisconsin and built a city. He was a dynamic man who could command the respect of all men, but refused to let his love for a woman weaken his ambition. "Elegant Journey" is the third novel about the Trace family in order of publication but chronologically it is the first. The order makes little difference however as each is an independent novel.

NOT QUITE DEAD ENOUGH . . . Rex Stout

Another Nero Wolfe double mystery. One story finds Archie a Major in the Army and the second story finds Nero working for the War Department.

TRAGIC GROUND . . . Erskine Caldwell

This book's review will have to wait.

Ho hum, the hustle and bustle of Christmas is all over, no more packages to wrap in those bright Christmas wrappings we were always telling you about. I am convinced that the Daily Bulletin and "Observer" are read very thoroughly by the number of packages we at the Library did wrap. Well over a thousand, by the way. A very Happy New Year to all of Dow Field from the Base Library.

Handball Crown Goes To Rosenthal And Lt. Grossman

First Lt. Jerome Grossman and Cpl. Sheldon Rosenthal copped the Base Handball doubles crown by defeating Capt. Lee and Lt. Fox 21-17 and 21-5 in the Gym last week. Cpl. Rosenthal already held the Base singles crown.

Rosenthal and Lt. Grossman won their opening match with T-Sgt. Meltzer and S-Sgt. Richardson by the score of 21-13, 21-6. In the second round Rosy and Lt. Grossman found the going extremely tough as they tangled with Cpl. Lee Dalecky and Cpl. Charles Brown. Rosenthal's serves proved to be the only advantage held for his team as they banded out a 21-19, 21-20 set to take the match, and thus win themselves a berth in the finals.

In the lower bracket, Capt. Lee and Lt. Fox fought their way into the finals with two impressive victories. In their first match they were forced to the limit by Lt. Eaton and Lt. Riddle, who fought them to the finish. Capt. Lee and Lt. Fox took the first game of the match with comparative ease as they won 21-6. The tables turned in the second game as Lt. Eaton and Lt. Riddle won by 21-15, which featured a 12-point serve by Lt. Eaton. The last game of the match was a thriller as the game was tied throughout with neither team holding more than a two-point advantage. Lt. Fox and Capt. Lee finally tallied the winning point after the serve had changed two times with the score standing at 20-20.

The Wolf

by Sansone

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Male Call

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



This Is Good

By Deane Good
Squadron 'E



Daddy, Would They Bust A Marine For This?

