



The Army Air Forces Navigation School

Selman Field

Monroe, Louisiana

announces the graduation of

Class 43-16

on Saturday, December the fourth

Nineteen hundred forty three



H EADQUARTERS, NORTHWEST SERVICE COMMAND, ALBERTA, CANADA—When you say the word "pipe," soldier, smile! The guy alongside you may be a former member of Task Force 2600. If he is, you may never know what became of your beautiful friendship.

But he'll know, and if he doesn't dislodge your teeth, he'll talk your leg off about the pipe dream of Task Force 2600. He'll tell you about a song they used to have up on the Slave River that went something like this:

*The night is light, mosquitoes sho' do bite;
Look up the river and see mo' dam' pipe.*

There were other verses, too, such as these:

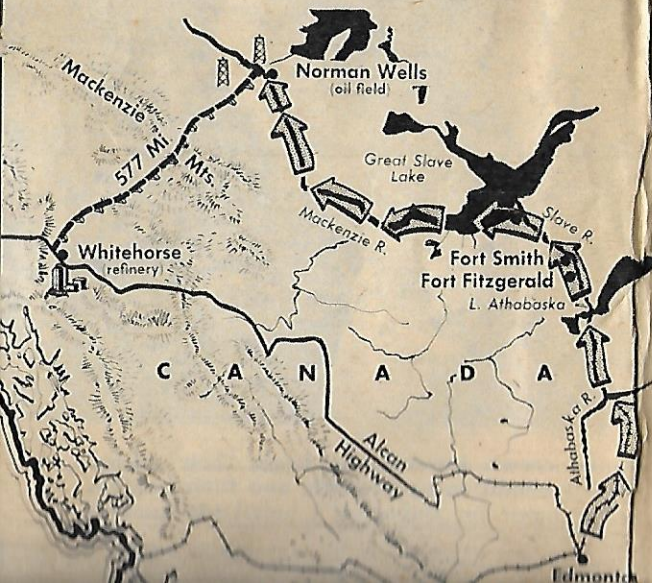
*There ain't no seconds when it comes to bread,
But there's always seconds o' pipe.*

*Crackers in the mornin', crackers at night,
Here comes the Athabaska with mo' dam' pipe.*

By this time you get the idea that this bird's woes have something to do with pipe. Before you can say "Athabaska," the story is on its way.

If you think the U. S. was caught unprepared by the Japs at Dutch Harbor June 3, 1942, any member of Task Force 2600 will put you at ease. Weeks before the Japs moved in on the Aleutians, laying siege to our entire North Pacific supply channels, TF 2600 was on its way into the Canadian Northwest to lay out a life line to threatened Alaska. Through this line today pulses the blood of the United Nations' Arctic war machine—oil. "Canadian oil" naturally became just plain "Canol" to the soldiers lugging in the four-inch tubework for this great transfusion. For more than a year, the Canol project—even the name itself—was kept under wraps.

Map traces Engineers' portage route from Edmonton to Norman Wells, now linked by pipe line to Whitehorse.



Pipe Dream in Canada

The same week the Japs were moling into the mountainsides on Attu, Kiska and Agattu, TF 2600 was pitching pup tents at Camp Prairie near a bleak little burg called Waterways, Alberta, at the junction of the Clearwater and Athabaska Rivers. Civilian contractors had been hired by the Government to develop oil deposits at Norman Wells, Northwest Territory, and pipe the output overland 577 miles to Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, and points in Alaska. At Whitehorse the civilians were to erect a refinery to be transported, piece by piece, from a dismantled plant in Texas. All that TF 2600 had to do was set up and maintain water, air and winter-road transportation systems for hauling in the pipe and other supplies. That job involved stevedoring and heavy labor, such as chopping trees to provide fuel for wood-burning stern-wheel steamers chartered by the Army for river traffic.

In the contractors' hiring offices in the States, a notice had been posted:

This is no picnic! Working and living conditions on this project are as difficult as those encountered on any construction job ever done in the United States or foreign territory. Men hired for this job will be required to work and live under the most extreme conditions imaginable. Temperatures will range from 90 degrees above zero to 70 degrees below zero. Men will have to fight swamps, rivers, ice and cold. Mosquitoes, flies and gnats will not only be annoying but will cause bodily harm. If not prepared to work under these and similar conditions, do not apply.

What went for the civilians went for the GIs, in spades. They couldn't quit.

The contractors admitted that the toughest part of their job was not laying the pipe, but getting the stuff there. That was up to the dogfaces—getting the pipe there.

AT Camp Prairie, 300 miles by rail north from Edmonton, here's what the soldiers discovered: Rain. Cold. Mud. No place to sleep but the ground, with last winter's frost still in it. No tent stoves. No sleeping bags or cots. No Arctic socks or shoe-pacs. And plenty of four-inch pipe waiting to be moved.

While they were unloading 30 to 75 carloads of freight a day, stevedoring, operating cranes and rigging pontons, the GIs also built docks, rail sidings and storage platforms. They stole the canvas tops from Army trucks and slung them as tarpaulins over foodstuffs stacked in the mud

and rain. Daylight lingered 18 hours in every 24. Farther north it hung on longer. Work hours were down to dusk. Between times you crawled into the mud puddle sheltered by your pup tent.

ALl this the troops of TF 2600—more than half of them Negro GIs of the 388th Engineer Battalion, many of the others white GIs of the 89th and 90th Engineer Heavy Ponton Battalions—took in stride, with only the customary griping. But when they found that their orders called for moving 30,000 tons of freight, mostly pipe, over 1,171 miles of rivers and lakes in three months, they almost tossed in the sponge then and there. Existing facilities would bear 5,000 tons of traffic a year; 30,000 divided by 5,000 gave you six years.

The route over which the freight was to move started at Camp Prairie, continued 507 miles "down north" along the Clearwater and Athabaska Rivers, across a narrow stretch of Lake Athabaska down Slave River to Resolution Delta on the shores of Great Slave Lake. Then there were 150 miles across the treacherous surf and underwater snags of the lake, one of the largest freshwater bodies in the world, and 560 miles more down the Mackenzie River to Norman Wells, less than 100 miles under the Arctic Circle. Navigation was possible from Camp Prairie half way to Great Slave late in May, but the lake, frozen since October, wouldn't open until July.

Even tougher than Great Slave was a 16-mile overland portage from Fitzgerald to Fort Smith on the Slave River, a stretch in which a series of cataracts tumble 120 feet in 18 miles. This meant unloading all the pipe at Fitz, hauling it by road to Smith, then reloading onto river craft. The Army found a pair of roads at the portage, roads where the dust billowed into the air and lingered for hours after a truck rolled by.

Until TF 2600 arrived, the biggest load ever tugged over the portage was a pusher boat 50 feet long, weighing 75 tons. Before the Yank troops were through, they were transporting barges 120 feet long, with loads of 160 tons each, past the rapids. Sometimes two or three of these barges made the trip in a single day. At no time, however, could a truck with a medium load make the 18 miles in less than an hour, and the big barge job was an eight-hour operation.

At more than half a dozen way stations along the rivers, the GIs had to knock new camps together. It was Camp Prairie all over again.



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FINIS FOR THIS ANZIO EXPRESS. For months the land- and sea-locked forces on the Anzio beachhead ducked when they heard the swish of the Kraut's heavy artillery shells overhead. The Germans pounded beachhead and harbor so regularly that the big shells were dubbed "Anzio Express." Above is wreck of one — a 220MM howitzer — which received 500-pound bomb hit.

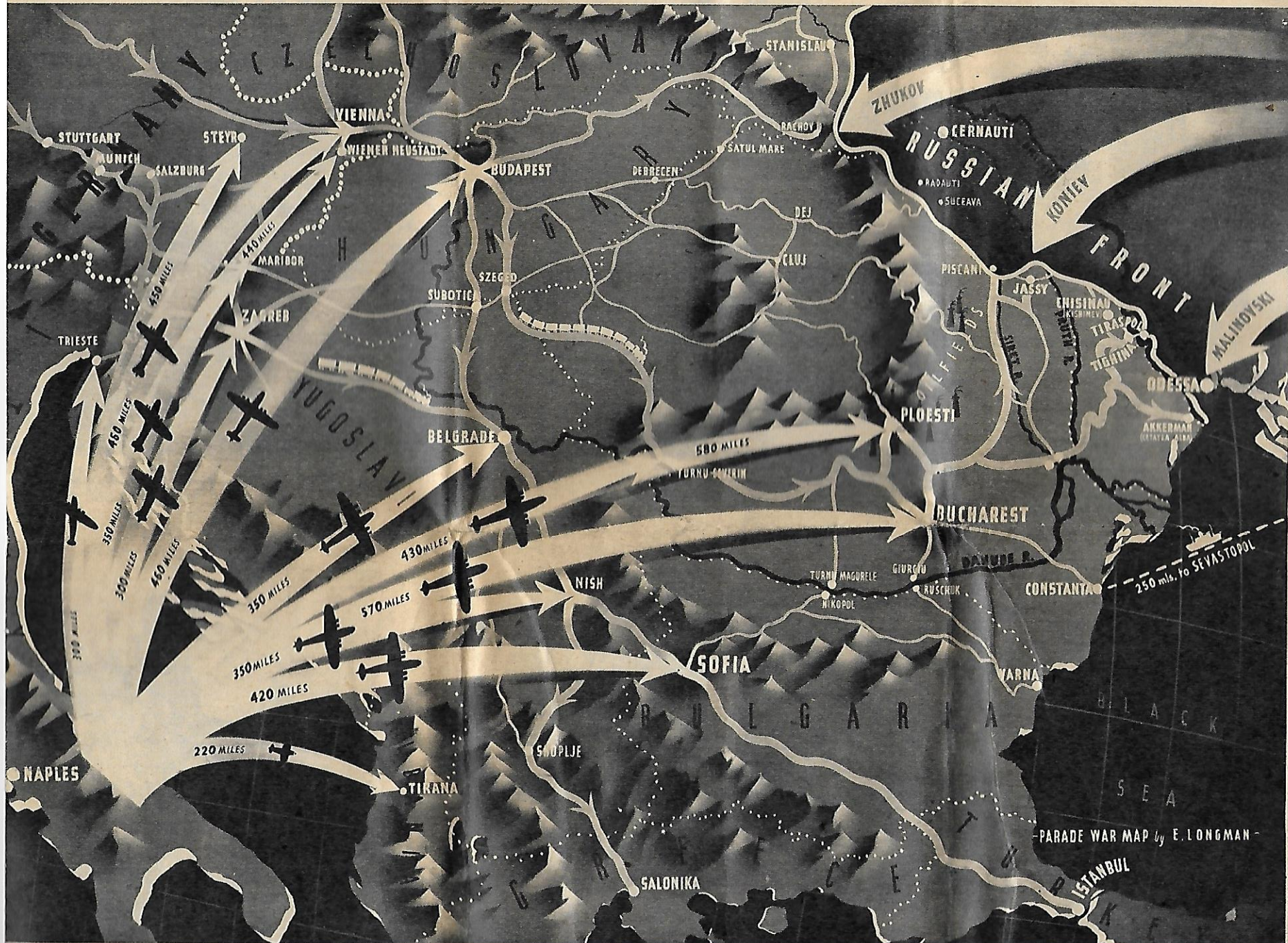


GUNNING FOR SNIPERS. Most of the ruins gained in the present push were infested with snipers. Americans shown in patrol above are delousing a battered farmhouse. Below, Canadian soldier looks at holes drilled in steel side of sunken pillbox by artillery fire. The pillbox was set up to oppose the advance of the Eighth Army units up the Liri valley in the current offensive.



tish, Canadian, and New Zealand tankmen of the Eighth Army gave momentum to the drive up the Liri Valley over tough resistance from the Nazi's Tiger and Panther tanks. The latter model was adapted from the Russian T34. In an effort to gap breaches made in their lines, the Germans brought in new armor from other areas.





THIS EXCELLENT MAP OF THE MAAF'S ATTACK ON THE BALKANS IS BY E. LONGMAN, ARTIST FOR PARADE, BRITISH ARMY WEEKLY

HEAVY BOMBS cascade on Wiener-Neustadt factory complex where ME109s are made - one of biggest in Europe.

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BLASTING THE BALKANS

Every week thousands of Americans fight in the German-held Balkans. They are pilots, crews of the 15th U.S.A.A.F.'s heavy bombers and escorting fighters who are flying an average of 4000 sorties weekly, dumping bomb loads which approach the volume now being dropped on Germany. As this YANK went to press, MAAF, in a special communique, made the portentous announcement that a force of Allied Strategic bombers attacked targets in Rumania and went on to land in Russia. In view of this, especial interest is attached to pictures on this and following three pages, showing, step by step, the great amount of planning, work, personnel and plain courage included in the simple phrase, "mission completed."

MISSION STARTS in War Room at Wing Hq. C.O. and staff plan B-24s' next target.





↑ MISSION PLANS then go to Group II for fulfillment. Officers above study the plans, working out their air tactics with diagrams resembling

those of a football coach. This completed, day of mission starts with awakening of crews. Navigator Jerome Wojciechowski, Milwaukee, above,

is aroused by his pilot, Lt. William Vanden Dries, Brooklyn, holding foot, and co-pilot, 2nd Lt. James B. Chessington, who is from Vista, Calif. ↑

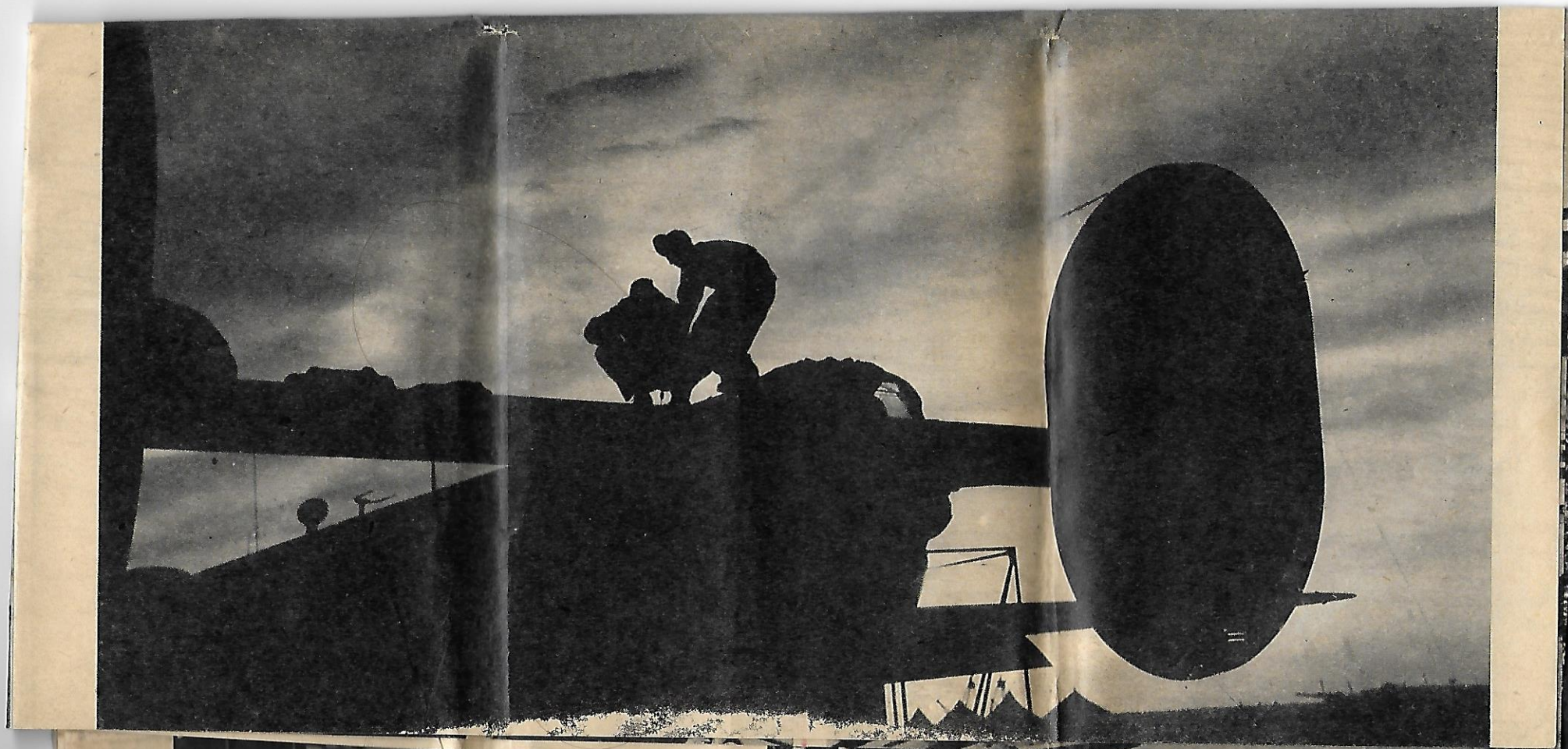


↑ CREW IS UP early on day of mission because there is much yet to be done before takeoff.



Right above, crews assemble for briefing in renovated Italian farmhouse. Here they learn what

fighters, how much opposition to expect. Below, two ground crewmen are silhouetted against dawn ↑





CRANE SWINGS CLUSTERS OF HEAVY BOMBS ONTO CENTRAL ITALY AIRFIELD

FIGHTERS RUN INTERFERENCE

In this theater as in others, American bombers pick specific targets and precision-blast them by day, this being possible largely because they can put a fighter cover over their bombers all the way. We knock out individual plants while the RAF concentrates on night saturation bombing of an industry in general. Extra fuel tanks

which may be dropped at will enable the fighters to accompany the long-haul bombers. Tanks are dropped when fighters reach the half-way mark, or when they get into a fight. Sound judgement is required to know when an enemy is really attacking, or just feinting to cause a pilot to drop his tanks. In the language of the airmen, the fighters are on hand to "delouse" the bombers' route of "bogies," the 15th's name for the planes of the hard-pressed Luftwaffe.

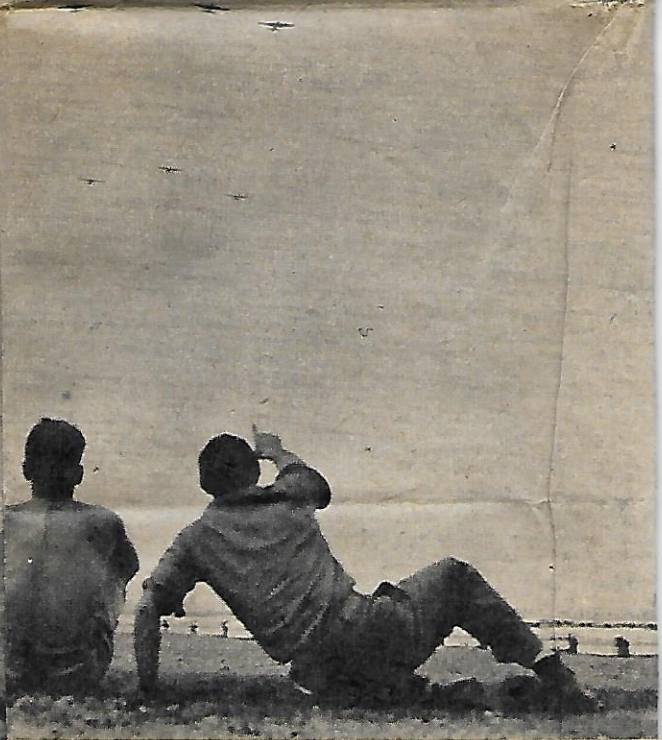
BRIEFED AND LOADED, THIS LIBERATOR LIFTS ITS 60,000- POUND WEIGHT OFF R



↑ FORTRESS ON WAY to Balkan target meets its Lightning Escort at appointed rendezvous. Yan-



kee fighter planes have made possible the extensive daylight attacks of the 15th Air Force.



↓ THESE GROUND CREW men anxiously co bombers as they return. In upper right ph wounded gunner is helped from crashed B-

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↑ HT OFF RUNWAY ENROUTE TO BALKANS



Interrogation, left below, comes first after mission is completed, crews relating experiences and opposition encountered. Immediately after mission

ground crews, lower right, begin their endless job of reconditioning bombers and their engines at top speed for tomorrow's inevitable mission.



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THESE GROUND CREW men anxiously count bombers as they return. In upper right photo, wounded gunner is helped from crashed B-24.



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BRIEFED AND LOADED, THIS LIBERATOR LIFTS ITS 60,000- POUND WEIGHT OFF RUNWAY ENROUTE TO BALKANS



Print the complete address in plain block letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

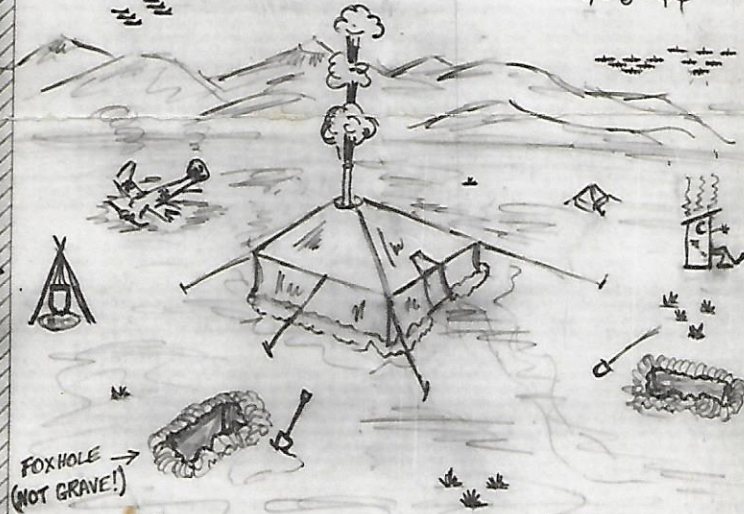
To MR. FRED K. CASHMAN
1715 S. PHILLIPS AVE.
SIOUX FALLS, S. DAK.
U.S.A.

From

Lt. K.V. CASHMAN
(Sender's name)
483 B. GP 816 B. Sq.
(Sender's address)
APO 520 9/10 PM
(Date)
NEW YORK, N.Y.

— SOMEWHERE IN ITALY —

4-5-44



FOXHOLE
(NOT GRAVE!)

Hi Pop -

HERE'S OUR HOUSE - WITH THE
LI'L OL' GASOLINE FURNACE PERKIN' AWAY!
DO YOU SEE MY BIG FEET ANYPLACE?
I HOPE YOU'RE ALWAYS FEELING
BETTER, DAD.

Love,
K.

V-MAIL



8-11-42

Dear Mom -

Please don't think I'm writing only because I have a favor to ask of you! We have a few spare moments at lunch time (we almost eat with a text book in one hand and one eye on it) - but I'll just just say "Kello" now for it's all the time I have - please tell Catharine I received her swell letter ("swell", as ever) - + Dad's cards + your letters.

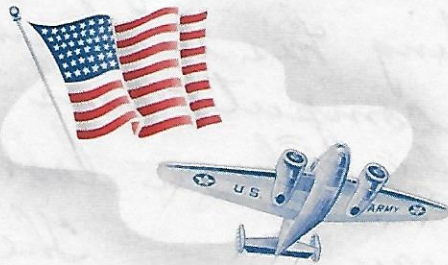
We've been going like "bats out of hell" - + have completed one weeks work in the last 2 1/2 days! Hope I hold up under the grind.

The favor: I would appreciate it, if you can locate, (among my personal effects), the pictures of Dr. O.C.E.'s operation which I took last summer. They are all mounted on a paste-board, so it shouldn't be too hard to find. Those pictures of the "hospital life" which I have c me interest the fellows so much, I wish to get ahold of those others. Could you send them to me sometime soon, Mom? "Shore" would appreciate it —

All my love to you
mother,

-K-

9-6-43



SELMAN FIELD
MONROE, LOUISIANA

Dear Mildred,

another Sunday afternoon, but rather atypical of a usual Louisiana afternoon. For today, we're enjoying a mighty welcome rain - the second such occasion in 9 weeks! The weather has been unbearably hot all summer, & any change is met with heartfelt sighs of relief.

Have I mentioned that since being stationed at Cape Girardeau, Mo., I have transferred from Pilot training? Now, instead of flying 'em, I'm navigating 'em. Very interesting work, indeed.

This morning we headed out for Waco, Texas, but due to inclement weather, were forced to turn back. In the air for two hours, I didn't see the ground once! Such conditions make it quite difficult to navigate

by the methods I was to use on this mission. The navigator is usually too busy reading his instruments and making his computations that he has little time to take a look at the ground anyway! The work, highly mathematical in nature, is great, though.

How is everything in Berwyn? Are the summer months starting their departure for another year, Mildred? As yet, we've seen no signs of Fall. As far as that goes, I couldn't even say whether or not there is such an animal in Louisiana!

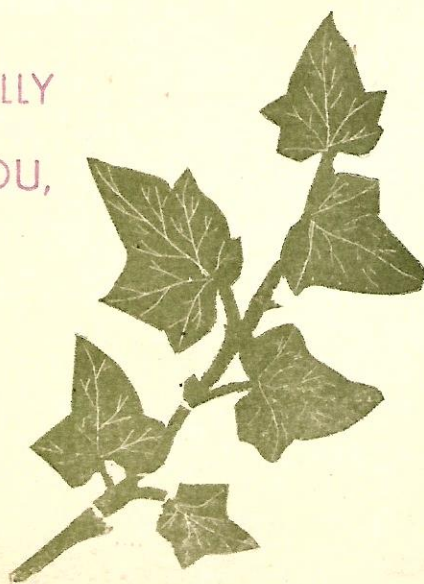
With so much work + studying to do in so little spare time, I'll have to say "Goodbye" for now, Mildred, but will try to write a bit more often in the future

—
Sincerely,

K

With Love

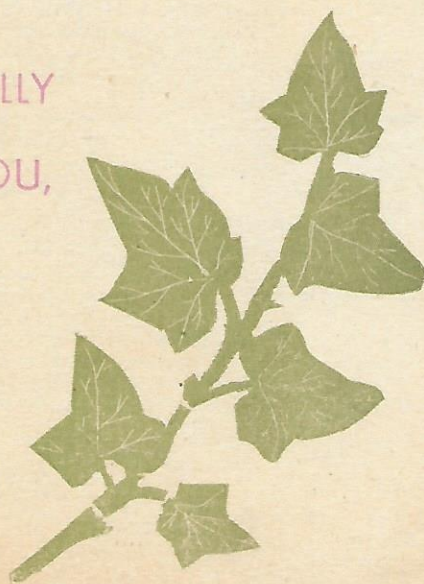
ESPECIALLY
FOR YOU,



M
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With Love

ESPECIALLY
FOR YOU,



M
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M O T H E R

You don't get any medals, Mum,
For the job you have to do,
Although you work much harder,
You're brave, constant and true.

Your fortress is just four brick walls,
A ceiling and a floor;
To have to battle with your heart—
That's what God made Mothers for

You've struggled on all your life,
No battle is too big for you;
You had many big decisions to make,
But you always came smiling through.

You tried to be brave when I had to go;
Behind your smile was a tear;
In your dear heart you wanted to cry,
And I knew it, Mother, dear.

I can still, see your loving smile
And feel your tender kiss
I remember all the little things
That I am beginning to miss

They should scribe your name on a scroll of Fame
In letters of purest gold;
No honour could be too high for you,
And your deeds that are seldom told.

I somehow don't think they'll ever know—
They don't even seem to hear
Of the millions of Mothers there are like you.
God bless you, Mother, dear.

from

K.

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from

HC.

*Birthday
Greetings*

ITALY
1944



Please do not
destroy thee will
enjoy for a change
I think Sara will also.

Some days bring joys ;

ITALY

1944

Some days bring less.

May your birthday be filled

With great happiness.

Happy Birthday,

To Mom
+ Sara J.

From K.

Please do not
destroy thee will
enjoy for a change
I think Sara will also.

15th Air Force
Italy

May 7 - 44

Dear Mom:

Your airmail was waiting at the Orderly Room when we returned from a mission this afternoon. And, as ever, I was ever so glad to hear from you.

I'm not feeling so hot today (must have been something I ate - or drank) - out over the Adriatic this morning I got sick - or rather, had such severe abdominal cramps, that they made me half-sick.

As we kept climbing to altitude they got worse (because of the pressure decrease) and I just hoped we wouldn't run into any German fighters along

(3)

to talk about after the war,
or when I come home.... you
probably saw a news photo
of a burning B-17 which was
entitled something like "A
Fortress Goes Down over Jugo-
slavia". (I understand it
received nationwide publicity.)
That also was one of our Forts,
and I saw it go down, too.
I wish you would keep that
picture - I am sure it ap-
peared in the Argus, Mom.
That was in April - the picture
probably appeared around the
15th.

Back here in our camp
everything is so peaceful &
the war we're fighting is
discussed as we would a

(4)
movie, after attending it. It's
only real those minutes (which
seem like hours) which we
spend fighting off enemy
interceptors, or watch the
flak come tearing thru our
ship while we adjust our
armor suits, and again as
our bombs fall away and
we crane for a look out
of the window half a
minute later as they blow
buildings, bridges, trains,
and people a thousand
feet in the air. Only
then does the war seem mat-
terial. Other times we
sit about & play cards, &
write letters, or spend the
day in town. I like to go

65

to town, myself! The Italian
dinners at the Albergo Moderno
Ristorante (Modern Hotel Res-
taurant) - Officers Only - are
really good. The Italian
vino (wine) is served at every
meal - it is much more
common than water, (& there
is no milk in the country)
and more sanitary than
water, too, I believe. I
usually manage to swig down
a bottle at dinner and then
run over for a chat with my
girl-friend. I can't chat
with her yet, but am fast
learning enough of the language
so will soon be able to keep
up a "chat." Mamma, Papa,
brother, cousins, & friends

(6)

all help tutor me! Then
at supper time I run back
to the Moderno, eat supper
+ some more "vino", rendezvous
with some of the other fellows,
and then walk out of town
to hitchhike back to camp.
And another day is done!

You mentioned that one
of my Brazilian letters had
been censored - leaving
"quite a thrill" uncensored.
That pertained to a description
I made of crossing the Equator
+ the Amazon River at an
altitude of about 20 feet!
(We now cross the Danube -
at an altitude of 20,000 feet!)

Also, Mom, I'm still
wondering if you ever