

Marauder Making Belly Landing



The crippled B-26 Marauder, set down by her pilot "on the grass beside the runway at about 125 miles per hour in a most perfect belly landing," returned damaged, but repairable, to her English air base, carrying back to comparative safety a crew of American men, including one from Salem.

Crippled US Marauder Makes Perfect Belly Landing After Raid With Salem Man in Crew

By CAPTAIN KELMAR K. LeMASTER

It was morning in England. A formation of Marauders from this 8th Air Force medium bombardment group had gone on "ops" to the Lille-Vendeville airdrome in France. They were covered by an escort of Spitfires from the RAF Fighter Command, as they always are, and we knew they could expect fighter opposition, as well as a heavy anti-aircraft barrage from the strong ground defenses at Lille.

Belly-Lander



Second Lt. Phillip D. Himmel, son of Mrs. Grace M. Himmel, 653 North High street, Salem, was navigator and bombardier on the B-26 Marauder, member of the crew of which Capt. Kelmar K. LeMaster writes in the accompanying article. — Army Public Relations photo.

It seems always so when the boys are out on "ops." Nobody is able to settle down to anything and many minutes before the airplanes are due back, officers and men will gather by the perimeter track at the edge of the field to watch and listen for their return.

This is the way it was that morning. I was standing with a group of officers in front of the Briefing Hut and watching with the rest. Presently someone said, "there they come" and pointed to the southeast. There were two boxes of them looking miniature far up against the sky. I counted eighteen in the lead box—they were all there. But in the second box I only counted seventeen and I counted again because thirty-six had gone out. Everyone was silent during that moment of counting and for a moment afterward.

Then we heard a high pitched whine, loud above the thunder from the planes overhead, and low to the south, streaking straight for the field, was a lone Marauder. We knew by the sound of the engine that he was in trouble and the rest of the formation was forgotten and all eyes were glued on the stricken ship. As he passed almost directly over our heads, a red flare shot up from him and floated down. He made a tight circle over the field and presently the nose wheel came down into place. Slowly, as he continued to circle, the left main gear came down, but that was all. He widened his circle now, climbing as he went. The main formation kept wheeling high above the field waiting for the crippled airplane to land.

Finally, after what seemed eternity to us, we saw the nose wheel fold slowly back up into place. We knew if the left main gear could be made to back up, chances on a belly landing would be pretty good. At last it drew slowly back up out of sight and we breathed a little easier.

Perfect Belly Landing
Then the pilot made a wide circle and squared away for a landing. As he approached the end of the field another red flare went up and he brought her in. He set her down on the grass beside the runway at about 125 miles per hour in a most perfect belly landing.

Here Lt. Bennett took up the story. "When we got back over our field I cut in the emergency hydraulic system and started to pump the landing gear down. I managed to get the nose wheel down first and then the left main gear, but the right main gear wouldn't respond. I had trouble getting those wheels back up because we were losing hydraulic fluid all the time. It looked for a while as if we weren't going to make it and would have to jump, but I thought of all the war bonds the folks back home had bought to build that \$280,000 plane so I kept working at it. Besides we had a special attachment to the ship, especially that right engine which had taken a hell of a lot of punishment getting us out of France. I finally got the nose wheel in place and the left main gear far enough up to chance a belly landing.

Crew Stays With Ship
"Lt. Meyers asked the crew if they would rather jump before he tried to bring her in on her belly, and they all said they would ride her down with their pilot."

"Meyers didn't tell you that when we were hit by that flak a fragment came through and caught him in the left leg. He was too busy to examine his injury, to see just how badly he was hit so he told me to keep an eye on him and if he started to act queerly to take over, but it wasn't necessary. As you saw he made a perfect landing."

Meyers' wound is not serious, and he said as he left the room, "There's one thing sure—I've got the best damned crew in the European theatre of operations."

I looked at the plane later, after they had brought her into the hangar and she isn't damaged badly. A new set of propellers and some repairs to her underside where she slid and she'll be in the air again as good as new. One of the engineers said the job would take a week or ten days.

War Writer's Biggest Thrill

By MAX HILL AP Features

NEW YORK — Two guards stood beside the entrance to the courtroom, taking their duties seriously. Another policeman sat beside me, his hands resting loosely on his legs. Obviously he was ready to thwart any attempt at escape.

My face and head were covered with the cone-shaped rice-straw dunce cap all prisoners wear every time they stepped out of their cells.

I was in the court for sentence, and had been waiting for hours in a damp and dark basement cell. All this happened in Tokyo, five months after Pearl Harbor, while I was a prisoner in solitary confinement.

Each time I was taken to the court, not far from the Imperial palace, I rode from Sugamo prison with some forty Japanese prisoners who were roped together and handcuffed and then crammed into the bus.

Two weeks before I had been tried—and convicted of "sending stories detrimental to Japan's diplomacy" to The Associated Press in New York.

Japan's legal system is based on the Napoleonic code, and I was sure the chief of the three judges would follow the recommendation of the procurator, which was:

Eighteen months in prison!
The officer rapped my leg, grunted at me. I stood up stiffly. The three judges filed in.

In slow, dignified Japanese, the center judge read the charge, and his conclusions.

Then he quickly announced the sentence was to be eighteen months, as recommended, but that he would suspend execution of his order for three years.

Suddenly the sun seemed brighter—and it was worthwhile living, even in Tokyo, the key city of our enemy. I was taken back to prison, but was included in the diplomatic exchange a few days later.

I had returned to freedom from what accurately might be called a living death.

By JOHN A. MOROSO, 3rd WITH THE ATLANTIC FLEET—The admiral radioed us to go and sink some French destroyers coming out of the harbor of Casablanca.

We already had fought a fierce battle with them but our skipper, Captain Francis Compton Denebrink, was elated. We headed toward the enemy ships, 12 miles away.

Suddenly enemy shells began whizzing over our ship. They struck all around and splashed foam 30 feet high.

Back at his battle station amidships G. G. Herring, commander and executive officer, noticed that we had been heading on a straight course.

As we started turning to port, he spotted the telltale bubble of four or five torpedoes.

"They were headed at us. I looked at them and I looked at the bow of our ship as it swung around. I did not think they could miss."

But we did turn and those tin fish passed by.

I watched them as they sped through the water and I thumbed my nose at them.

Seconds later we began exchanging shells with some French cruisers and destroyers. We fought another battle later, but the memory of those torpedoes racing through the water lingered on as the outstanding event of that bloody November 8, when we invaded Morocco.

Service Men

Where They Are—What They Are Doing



Robert Norton, above, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Norton of route 4, Salem, has returned to Farragut naval training station in Idaho after being at home on furlough at the close of his recruit training. He was a student in Salem high school prior to entry into the naval service.

Leaving soon for training at Camp Allen, Va., are a number of men from Salem and vicinity who have enlisted through the Salem naval recruiting station in the Seabees. They include: Eau Claire J. Byers, storekeeper, Woodburn; A. I. Fast, electrician, Dallas; C. D. Fortenberry, carpenter, Salec; P. A. Hagen, boat-swin, Silverton; A. T. Pettit, carpenter, Independence; W. R. Massey machinist, Salem; G. L. McClincey, carpenter, Gaston; E. T. Weaver, construction, Independence; and John Edward Hill, construction, Salem.

Ken R. McVey, third class aviation radioman who is an aerial gunner, is spending ten days leave visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roger McVey of 1343 Sixth street, West Salem. McVey enlisted through the Salem navy recruiting station a year ago last September and received his recruit training at San Diego. He completed radio schooling at Memphis, Tenn., and will report for duty with the Pacific fleet.

Accepted as apprentice seamen in the navy and to be trained at Camp Farragut, Idaho, are Clair John Vandehy, Woodburn, and Gerald Thornton Hall, Salem. The two enlisted through Chief Quartermaster Robert B. Fallon at the local recruiting station.

Tech Sgt. Paul Pennington of a fighter squadron, stationed at Salinas, California, wrote his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Pennington of route 5, that he lost all his possessions in an apartment fire.

Pfc. Claire M. Miller, marine corps, has finished his basic training at San Diego and is at home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Miller, his wife and six-month old daughter. He will leave late this week, returning to San Diego to take further training.

David Steiner Berger, son of Maj. and Mrs. Armin E. Berger, 2145 South Cottage street, recently graduated from the aviation radio school at the Jacksonville, Fla., naval station, and was promoted to private first class in the marine corps. He entered the marine corps January 26, 1943, and received his recruit training at San Diego before being transferred to the naval air technical training center. He is now a qualified aviation radioman and will probably see service with a marine aviation detachment.

Orville Sparrow, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Sparrow, who has been in the navy for a year has been stationed at the US naval air station on Whidby island as a pharmacist's mate, third class. After a leave, which he is spending at the home of his parents, he will go for further training to Tulane university, New Orleans. He formerly was a student at Willamette university.

HOLLYWOOD DRIVE—Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Forgard have had as their guests their son, George, who is a chief warrant officer stationed now at Chicago, and his wife from Seattle. He was stationed at Seattle for some time and Mrs. For-

gard will remain there until he is permanently stationed.

SWEGLA — Elbey Sizemore is at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Sizemore, on Sunnyview avenue for a short furlough. He is in the army air corps at a southern training station. His mother has been ill and he hopes to have his furlough extended.

MISSION BOTTOM—Bill Meithof, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Meithof of Hogmore, went to Portland Friday to take examinations for entrance into the army. He was sworn in and will leave for Fort Lewis on November 5. He hopes to enter the air corps. Before going, Meithof is harvesting his potato crop.

Orville George Mull, third class aviation machinist's mate from Corpus Christie, Texas, is home on a few days leave from the naval air corps training station. He arrived Tuesday and will visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Mull, 1130 Norway, until October 29. Mull was employed in the Statesman mailing department and for Southern Pacific before enlisting. This is his second leave.

Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Backe, who live on Monroe avenue and have two sons in the service, have received letters for the past two months from their son, William, describing life on a south Pacific island. He is in the navy and is stationed where it is very warm, the water on their shores being 80 degrees. He has been working on water distillation. The men make all their drinking water from sea water. They are on duty 12 hours per day. He writes, "The marines use more of our water than we do." The men take their showers from barrels on a platform between a couple of palm trees. Eating is not a pleasant experience. They sit around on the ground and try to get the food before the flies do. They eat many coconuts and drink the juice from several every day. Most of them live in tents under palms. If they have some cloth, they are able to obtain natives to build a house for them. They traded some of their underwear for some mats for their tents, he wrote. Backe's sister mailed him several yards of material hoping he may have his house.

Sororities Pledge 71 at Linfield

McMINNVILLE, Oct. 20 (AP)—Pledging of 71 girls was announced today by Linfield college sororities, with Phi Beta Mu taking the largest pledge class of 20.

Pledges included: Phi Beta Mu — Mary Lou MacLean, McMinnville; Jeanne Remme, Dayton; Janet Haynes, Yamhill.

Kappa Alpha Phi — Louise Lawson, Amity; Phyllis Mandigo, Dayton; Florence Fairhill, Florence Pool, McMinnville. Sigma Kappa Phi — Ellen Cross, Betty Maxwell, Alys Jeanne Fink, Kathleen Kelly, Florence Westphall, all McMinnville. Zeta Chi — Esther Calkins, McMinnville; Marie Noris, Amity.

Grand Island Club Slates Meeting

GRAND ISLAND — The first meeting of the season for the Grand Island Community club will be held Saturday night. School children, directed by the teachers, Mrs. Will Duren and Mrs. James Richardson, will give the program. Musical numbers will be featured.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Will and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Will and two children motored to Jennings Lodge recently to compliment their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Will on their 54th wedding anniversary.

Cycle Rider Fined
SILVERTON — J. Amstutz paid a \$5 fine in Judge Bert Terry's court Saturday on a charge of careless riding of a motorcycle in downtown streets.

Treated for Fracture
SILVERTON — Mrs. Edwin B. Hyatt is at the Silverton hospital being treated for a fractured left leg sustained in a fall at her home at 501 Whittier street.



From where I sit...

by Joe Marsh

Ned Buxton was home on furlough last week. And you ought to see the fuss the town made over him. Seems like almost everybody wanted to give a party, or a testimonial dinner, or stage something special in the way of celebration.

Of course, Ned acted grateful. But he told me later, all he really wanted was to sit down with a few old friends, enjoy a glass of beer or two, and talk about old times again.

I guess that's how many soldiers feel. They don't want a lot

of fuss made over them, with formal celebrating and such.

What they really like are the simple pleasures—one of Mom's home-cooked meals, visiting with friends over a glass of beer—enjoying things that mean home and comfort and security.

From where I sit, our biggest job, apart from helping win the war, is making sure those things are waiting for our men when they come back home for good.

Joe Marsh

Military Censor Not to Write Comment on Mail

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20 (AP)—A military censor has no right to add his comment—witty or otherwise—to mail he examines.

Announcing this, the war department asked anyone finding remarks added by the censor in mail received from soldiers to report the incident to the adjutant general, sending along the letter and envelope, "so that the point of origin and the identity of the offending censor may be determined for disciplinary action."

"Censorship of communications to and from persons under military jurisdiction," the department said, "is a necessity in wartime to prevent disclosure of information which would give aid and comfort to the enemy."

"The war department has nev-

er intended that privacy of the mail should be invaded beyond this absolute necessity for security."

ROSEDALE — T. D. Trick, who was ill at his home last week, is in the general hospital, Salem, for observation. Mr. Trick is president of the Red Hills local of the Farmers Union.

Trick in Hospital

er intended that privacy of the mail should be invaded beyond this absolute necessity for security."

Maintained
QUALITY BY KUPPENHEIMER



We Guarantee that in every detail of their new Fall clothes, Kuppenheimer has maintained their famous quality standards.



From sheep developed by careful breeding and climatic conditions, comes the wool for Kuppenheimer clothes.



All Kuppenheimer fabrics and foundation materials pass tests for strain, friction, sunlight, water and perspiration.



190" in this dryer! It's a part of Kuppenheimer "tempering." Improves fabrics in finishing, tailoring qualities, wear.



67 years designing experience behind these clothes! One style may be cut in 222 different sizes to fit all figures.



Only the quantity and quality of handcrafting in these clothes could achieve such fit, distinction, serviceability.



Not mere pressing—but shaping with the hand iron, gives lasting contours to the collar, shoulders, and chest.

KUPPENHEIMER
Suits \$50.00 and more Topcoats \$42.50 and more
If you NEED one—buy a GOOD one

The Man's Shop

MOXLEY AND HUNTINGTON

The Store of Style, Quality and Value
416 STATE STREET

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



Bomber Trip to Berlin

Drop explosives on Hitler! You and other women can do it—by saving used cooking fat for gunpowder. Even with rationing you can save a spoonful a day. Rush each canful to your butcher.

Approved by W.P.A. Paid for by Industry



DRS. CHAN . . . LAM
Dr. V. T. Lam, M.D., Dr. G. Chan, M.D.
CHINESE Herbalists
241 North Liberty
Upstairs Portland General Electric Co. Office open Saturday only—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; 6 to 7 p.m. Consultation. Blood pressure and urine tests are free of charge. Practiced since 1917