

Take-off from Washington

We arrived in Washington at 1:30, had luncheon at the Carlton Hotel, and started on our round of official visits. At the Army Transport Command we received our orders and instructions to check in for briefing. Immediately we ran into No. 1 difficulty—we had not received our final typhoid inoculation. It was promptly administered, much to Johnnie Hanes' sorrow.

I told the Lieutenant—who formerly worked for our company—to tell the medical officer maybe I could stand better an inoculation of ice-water rather than that sickening typhoid puncture. Don't know what I received, but I did not feel it.

Another difficulty was that we had no French visa—the French Embassy told us that they could not give us one for 72 hours. A little official pressure was applied and our conducting officer took our passports to the French Embassy. That evening our passports were given back to us, properly stamped.

The Lieutenant gave us advices about our trip, and we purchased insurance (\$10,000 maximum). Then the Lieutenant said he was very much embarrassed, but was required to ask for 50c to cover our meals while enroute to Paris. I told him this was rather exorbitant, that I had never before spent a half-dollar to get from America to France!

After clearing all official papers we returned to the Pentagon Building—miles and miles of floor space—it would take a week to orient oneself and ascertain how to get from one office to another.

Saturday, July 21

8 a.m. breakfast. Arrived at the airport at 10 a.m. There we were shown a very delightful motion picture on "ditching"; the film shows, if the plane is forced down over water, how to handle yourself on the collapsible life rafts, adjust your Mae West life-belt, etc.

Our plane was on the field—a Douglas C-54, what the Army calls a "plush-seat" job. They have two types of planes for over-

seas transportation: the plush-seat job and the bucket-seat job, the latter being a rather hard riding plane because one is required to sit on a tin seat across the ocean. We were placed in the plush-seat one, which has chairs like the reclining chairs on the trans-continental air lines.

Leaving Washington at 11:05 a.m., we passed the Statue of Liberty at 12:20 p.m. and then headed directly north up the Hudson River, following the Hutchinson River Parkway. Strange as it may seem, at 12:25 we flew directly over our house—I could see it very plainly from the air. Now I know that all those big four-motor planes that are continually flying over our house are transports going to and coming from Europe, as the pilot told me that it is on their direct route. (How I wished I could have dropped a note to you, Brigie and Richie!)

Stops in Maine and Newfoundland

We had a calm and lovely flight, our first stop being Presque Isle, Maine, where we arrived at 3:30 p.m. We were met at this airport by a young Captain who formerly ran a restaurant across the street from our Boston American. He is a friend of many of our Boston executives.

Presque airport is an Army base of the Army Transport Command with a staff of 2,500 and is not a scheduled stop for the European planes. It is about 10 miles from the Canadian border and was originally built as a destination point to fly our planes before we went into the war. U. S. planes were then taken to a little border village called Holden and were then towed across the border into Canada, the English buying and taking title to the planes at Holden.

The place is perfectly equipped. There is ample amusement for the men: the green countryside is beautiful indeed, and there is excellent fishing and hunting. The temperature in winter, however, goes to forty degrees below zero.