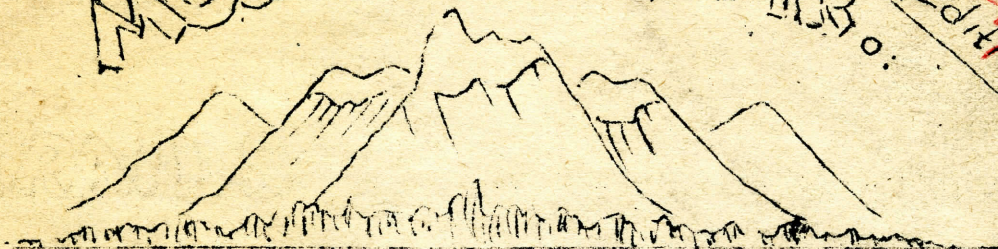


# THE PANDO MOUNTAIN- EAR.



*to  
Capt. Larman  
An appreciation  
for his  
Sovereign Final Edition*

THE HIGHEST CAMP NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

VOL. II NUMBER X

PANDO, COLORADO

OCTOBER 20, 1944

## A FAREWELL MESSAGE

The Editor informs me that this is to be the last issue of the MOUNTAIN-EAR, and has asked me to give you a farewell message.

I think most of us now are beginning to realize how much of a wrench it is going to be to see the camp closed. It is a good deal like the old-fashioned melodramas where the cruel banker foreclosed on the old homestead and drove the good people out into the winter snows. The management has even provided the winter snows to make it more realistic.

Seriously, it is going to be a good many years before we forget Camp Hale. In bidding you goodbye I can only thank you all for your loyal cooperation which has made this one of the outstanding cantonments in the United States. Good Luck.

J. A. CHASE  
Lt. Col., FA  
Commanding



# THE PANDO MOUNTAIN EAR

Devoted to all Civilian interests  
and the betterment of the commun-  
ity.

VOL. II, Number X, October 20, 1944

Editor---Mr. Gordon Byler

Asst. Editor---Mr. Charles Webber

Associates and Contributors

Sponsored by Civilian Welfare  
Committee

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## PARTING CHAT WITH YE ED:

### THANKS! GOOD FRIENDS!

In the natural order of things the opportunity to start a publication comes to a number of people and the need for such a publication becomes a challenge to the skill, willingness and ingenuity of such people. Dissemination of news, discussions of pertinent topics, services rendered in a number of ways thru such a connection brings an inner glow of satisfaction to those who participate in such a venture. The termination of such a venture, however, brings a pang of regret and the editor of the Mountain Ear wishes to extend thanks to those people who unselfishly gave of their time and energy to make this paper, "the highest camp newspaper in the world", possible. The list is long and even so it isn't possible to name everyone who helped. Some, however, who pitched in with a right good will are: Ruth Ricker, Legal Assistance Office, who so

cleverly typed stencils (often on date night); Charles Webber, Post Engineers, Asst. Editor; Marie Caywood, Finance Office, active in our Civilian Affairs and instrumental in starting the Mountain Ear; Doris Erickson, typist, late of Quartermaster Office; Ella Myer, well known to most as a loyal worker in civilian activities; Mrs. Pycha, who typed long hours to make ready copy; Eleanor MacArthur, Vivian Malaguerra, Florence Wiloy and Betty Reary, who likewise shared at the typewriter; WAC Cpl. Vera McLean who wrestled with the mimeograph on publication day. The Boy Scouts were invaluable, under the direction of John Miller and C. L. Dunagan, in the delivery of the M. E.; Silas Bradford, Mrs. Klatt, Mrs. Bunker, and the rest of school groups too, for their School Notes.

There are others, too, who gave invaluable help in various activities. "Tex Abshire", the dependable who was always in evidence at our Saturday nite dances, along with John Harvey, and Art "Cowboy" Caywood, Bill "Shakespeare" Puett, the Thespian, always ready, willing and able to turn his talents to theatricals, shows and amusements. At the Post Engineers were Brekke, "Red" Schroeder and his G. I. helper, Jim Wolfe; Bill Salls; Sweitzer; John Miller; Carl Hixson; Frank Priegnitz



the PX kid, who didn't know about bedtime when there was entertainment work to do; Gaskin and Trask of Civilian Housing; in fact a list of those individuals whose ready response to any demand would include the entire list of Civilian Personnel.

This little tribute would be incomplete without mention of the hearty cooperation of the military from the G. I. Joes on up to Colonel Chase himself. To insure cooperation between Civilian and Military and to build morale to make this a smoothly working organization their assistance was sought and freely given in a manner that tended to make us one big "family".

They and all of them, may take pride and satisfaction in the knowledge that thru their efforts they contributed to the pleasure and the welfare of the entire camp and the Civilian Group in particular.

To all of them, again we say,  
THANKS! GOOD FRIENDS!

\* \* \* \* \*

SEE CIVILIAN BULLETIN BOARDS FOR  
WANT ADS

\* \* \* \* \*

BE BRIEF! THERE'S STILL A WAR ON!

Many blobs of printers' ink have been spread upon paper on various occasions and especially such occasions as goodbyes.

In this case shall we dispense with the usual palaver and review a few salient points, first the reason for goodbyes. Deactivation came as a thunderous surprise, exploding in robot bomb fashion upon our consciousness at a time when it seemed to all concerned that this particular installation was chosen to train more troops and remain an integral part of our training system. The impact of change in our lives is always in the offing and though most of us, at least in our subconsciousness, follow the will of the wisp called security, but is it not better to achieve it by meeting the challenge of each new day with courage, willingness and high purpose.

We choose to regard the closing of Camp Hale as a symbol of the progress of our armed forces. While there are many bitter struggles ahead with a too large measure of blood, sweat and tears, this deactivation points to a lessening of need for these facilities and a shortening of the time when our loved ones will return. May the God of Battle speed that time. In the meantime let everyone pursue his course with a determination to add his strength, skill and energy to the task at hand and speed the day when wars alarms are past and the glad day of peace is at hand.



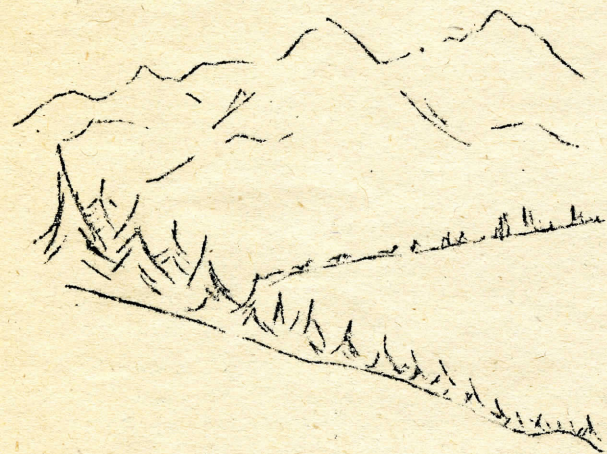
**I** A. Pandote being of sound  
and disposing mind and memory and  
not acting under fraud, duress or  
undue influence of any kind, do  
hereby make, publish and declare  
this to be my LAST WILL AND TESTA-  
MENT in the manner following:

I hereby give devise and be-  
queath to all those who follow as  
well as to those who now depart:

1. The Gold which is not  
locked within the earth, but that  
above; the quaking aspens, tremb-  
ling with every breeze, splashing  
midst the dark evergreen, a riot  
of red, brown and gold in the lav-  
ish way that only a bountiful and  
joyous nature celebrates the end  
of a summer idyll.

2. The stately evergreens,  
marching ever upward like regi-  
ments of the irrestable legions  
which we trained here, countless,  
enduring, inspiring.

3. The snowcapped peaks them-  
selves, upon whose broad shoulders  
and cathedral spires the King of  
Winter crowns with a sparkling  
blanket of crystal purity. Whose  
craggy heights point the way to an  
untrammelled freedom as old as Old  
Earth herself and which we can only  
keep by a determination as change-  
less as these unchanging sentinels.





4. The singing streams which dash restlessly and endlessly to the far oceans, crystal clear and pure as the pine laden air above them. The mountain torrents whose icy waters teem with speckled beauties and beckon to the angler.

5. The flower decked meadows whose gay carpets of bloom delight the eye and make the painter despair of ever catching on mere canvas and oil their matchless beauty.

6. The cool green glades like the quiet aisles of a cathedral where man can meet his Maker and commune with Him in the great solitude.

7. The vast expanse of Heaven with cloud castles in the bluest of skies and framed by the rugged watchmen of the Rockies.

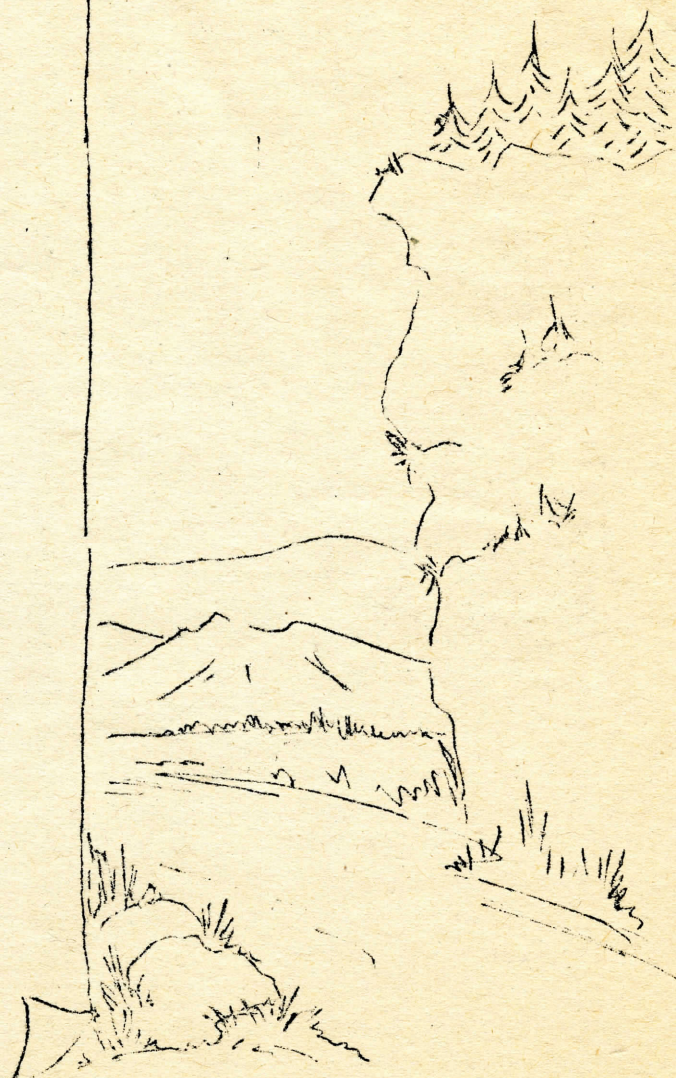
8. The shy wild things of the forest who look with wide wondering eyes on the changing and impermanent things of Man.

All of this I give and more:  
the conscience free memory of a job  
well done to help preserve all of  
this for the generations of America  
yet unborn.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have here-  
unto set my hand and seal this 1st  
day of October 1944.

Signed - A. Pandoite  
(The Editor, Mountain Ear)

by request--





SAGA OF THE PIONEERS

We have Pioneers in Pando. Not dating back to gold rush days in one sense, but anyone who thinks there was no gold rush here in the construction days of the Camp is wrong. When the troops started to come in and the previous employees were offered Civil Service salaries in the camp offices, many were the upturned noses and packed suitcases. It resulted in the gold hunters following the construction gangs to other fields and the more conservative group who loved the rigorous life in the Pando Valley stayed as employees of the War Department. By May 1943, one year after construction was begun, the settling down to business routine was well under way and the different offices were staffed with military and civilian personnel. Each supervisor thought his group the pick of the bunch, a very happy arrangement. There had been plenty of incentive to get organized entertainment under way for the civilians but no one had any authority to call groups together or the time to do it. Living conditions were healthful, dormitory rules strict and work the paramount thing considered. During the summer, hikes and fishing filled the short one-day weekends and the 6-day intervals between were limited to personal ideas of activity. In July

Col. Johnston paid a visit of an official nature from the Omaha office. In the course of conversations he outlined a program of civilian activities which should be started to lift the morale of the personnel; he offered to send the literature and an outline to be followed in organizing a group to act as foundation material. Thanks to Col. Johnston's solicitation, the Blue Cross Service in Denver came in and started a group which is very active now in providing hospital service for individuals.

A mass meeting for all civilians was held in the Service Club and it witnessed the birth of the Civilian Welfare and Recreation Association.

On September 1943 the first housing units were occupied and family life returned to Pando. The first efforts to spread good cheer were slow, hampered by lack of a meeting place or a hall to conduct dances or gatherings of any kind.

Our Recreation Director brought life to these activities. The spirit of the group had been willing but the efforts haphazard, we know we needed an official whose entire time could be given



to the numerous details. So with the cooperation of the Federal Works Agency, which had secured a school for the village, we were able to finance a director. Since his project has started, we have enjoyed group picnics, weiner roasts, a library, Boy Scout overnight hikes, Junior choir, dances, an orchestra. We have been able to enjoy our Mountain Ear, a weekly publication of timely civilian news and topics compiled at his direction.

Since that time an increasing tempo in activities was climaxed by the "Frontier Days" in September 1944 at which time all the remaining military and civilians whooped it up in true pioneer fashion to celebrate the year of energy building, friendship cementing fun all have enjoyed in their cooperating efforts. The civic spirit built by the association was evident on all sides.

We are indebted to Lt. Col. Chase for many favors, chief of which was the opening of the Pando Recreation Hall on August 25, 1943. Library space and an office for the Recreation Director.

Inactivation of the Camp has caught this activity in full bloom and it is hoped that its memories can all be good ones. When we are spread out all over these good United States, we will think of the days we might

have had with our organization in full swing this winter, a year of experience behind us and unlimited plans ahead.

The list of active workers is too long to be mentioned as no one has more credit due than ten others and justice could not be done, the unnamed would be too numerous.

In the new setup which will follow evacuation of the old Pando side of the tracks, the civilian organization will be known as the Pando Citizens Association, so the best of luck to the continuation of spirit of Pando.

There will be no let down in spirits and the American way has been preserved and the American spirit has triumphed. --Marie Caywood.

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#### THE INDIAN LEGEND OF PANDO VALLEY

"When the tired sinews forced the chase to a halt, the warriors gathered the dried venison and flesh of the buffalo, and with their young trailed the footsteps of their ancestors to the peaceful valley. The valley of rippling waters where the shade of many trees cooled the heat of the summer sun, and the surrounding hills admitted not the biting winds of winter, there to rest, fish and talk of conquests. Then it was that the old men grew glad of heart again and fretful paposes ceased their whirling." -- contributed.



TRAILS  
END.

