

CAMP CAMPBELL, KENTUCKY

The powers that be must not have heard the rumors and sayings at Tennessee Tech for I was again on a train ride to another Camp in the U.S. As usual we did not know where we were going until we arrived, around noon. This time it was Camp Campbell, Kentucky, an Armor Training camp that straddled the Kentucky Tennessee border. "Dorothy" learned of this and transferred her classes to Austin Peay State University, Clarksville, Tennessee, and just a stone's throw from camp. I visited her several times when allowed a pass. She continued her aviation career.

The Aviation Cadet program was not the only victim of government cuts. The Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP) was also canceled. This was a special group of young intelligent men that were in college and trained for duties other than regular Army. Their program was declared unnecessary like the Cadets. Men were needed to fill the ranks of expected casualties, that we often called cannon fodder, for the front lines. We had a good number of these men later in the 100th division and they seemed to work out well.



Leslie, Gerald, Chuck

Here I met Leslie Cox and Chuck Greenwald and we palled together at leisure times. I even took them to visit my family in Louisville.

I don't remember getting a furlough to go home, but I got there anyway. (My diary says I got a furlough April 28, 1944) (D) Louisville was much too far to go from camp on a weekend pass but I hitchhiked rides or traveled by train to get there. On one train ride, the MPs came through checking passes. One looked at my pass and asked how far I was going. I told him, "As far as I can". He informed me the limit was Bowling Green. "I know that". He went on checking others. I watched as He disembarked at Bowling Green. If he had stayed on, I was going to get off, get lost and catch a ride by auto to get home. I was lucky



Barracks



Chapel

and stayed on.

After the first trip home and seeing Gladys, I decided she was the one I cared about.

We were very involved in training but I went home as often as I could.

GIs were given a break on railroad fares. For half price, I would buy a ticket, ride to or from camp and hitchhike the other direction. By doing this I had half of my round trip ticket left. I would turn it in for a refund and get half of my money back. After all I was only drawing \$50 per month less \$18.75 deducted for a \$25 war bond, \$6.50 for insurance, \$1.50 for laundry and I had to have some money to eat ice cream from the PX. When I was home I needed money to take Gladys to the movies. We walked there and back. I would walk to and from her home or ride my bicycle. That saved money! Neither of us had a car and streetcars or buses didn't go our direction. (Recently I measured the distance. It was 3.2 miles from my house to hers, 2.8 miles to the theatre, and the same to return. The total round trip distance for me was 12 miles but worth every step of it.)

I like cheddar cheese, so, on one trip home I bought a good sized chunk and took it back to camp. It was too much to eat at one time and I hid it in my footlocker. I forgot it was there and when I finally found it, it was green with mold. With my trusty pocketknife, I trimmed off the mold and enjoyed some of the best cheese I had ever tasted. The extra aging must have increased its tartness. It was really good.

To earn extra money I got an electric iron and pressed uniforms for others. I even took K.P for a fellow soldier for \$5. Every little bit helped. (F)

This was an armor training camp so I was classified as anti-tank gunner, like the basic training I had before. More of those long hot marches to the rifle range for practice, hand grenade, bazooka, and all the other weapons that we might have to use. The worst practice was the infiltration course. Even though I had been through it before it was still necessary, according to the "Brass", for everyone to repeat again and again.

One time I fell into one of the pits, used for the dynamite charges, because I was on my back and could hardly see the right direction to crawl. My back was wrenched and hurt terribly but I had to get out of that hole for I didn't know whether or not the charge had been blown. It was difficult for me to climb into the truck to get back to my barracks. Back at camp the Doctors dismissed it as "GOLDBRICKING", an excuse to get out of work. A.P.C.s, an aspirin type of medicine, was

used to cure everything so I was medicated with it. I thought I had left all this behind, when transferred to the Cadet program, but it returned with a vengeance.

We also practiced on the other weapons we had used in basic training. On one firing course with the M3 machine gun I had a score of 90 out of 100 possible hits and I was very pleased. We also learned to use high explosives of 10 and 12 pounds of TNT, nitro starch, booby traps and land mines, both the enemies' and ours. Molotov cocktails were made by filling a glass container with gasoline, placing a rag hanging out of it and putting a stopper on it. When ready to use the rag is lit and thrown at a vehicle or tank. When the glass breaks, the gasoline is ignited and is sucked into the motor's intake, disabling the enemy. (F)

On June 6, 1944, I was on another trip home. I was riding in the back of a pickup truck. Since the weather was warm the windows were open. I heard the radio announce "The invasion of Europe has begun". It was a shock. Even though it was expected, I thought I would be shipped over before it happened. Several of my "Basic Training" friends were in England preparing for the invasion.

June 17, 1944. (L) Again I was given lessons on driving a jeep. Later several of us were put into a half-track and this time several men were loaded into the back instead of just two. When it was my turn to drive I made several turns around the track then down into a steep ravine through a stream. Everything was fine until I started up the other side. Not knowing that I should give it more gas, the vehicle climbed partly up the other side and stalled. It rolled back down and stopped. It took several tries to coordinate the clutch, gears and accelerator and get up the hill. The jeep was lightweight and easy to drive. The half-track



Bazooka, practice

weighed about 9 tons and was difficult to handle. (F) That was all my formal training on driving.

One exercise I thought was interesting was firing bazookas. A firing demonstration was made by cadre with live ammunition to show the use of and the damages a bazooka does to armor. A wrecked armored half-track was placed in a field and a round was fired at its side. A bazooka launcher is a long pipe, open at both ends. The triggerman places it on his shoulder and aims by a sight mounted on the side. The loader pulls the safety pin of a round, places it into the rear of the pipe, wraps an electric wire that is attached to the projectile around an insulated post on the bazooka, taps the trigger man on the helmet and moves from the rear of this configuration. When the trigger man pulls the trigger, an electric charge goes from batteries on the pipe and fires the propellant charge. When the rocket strikes an object, hopefully the side of a tank or other vehicle, a charge in the nose of the rocket explodes, melting a hole through the armor. This molten steel ricochets inside the target and kills the enemy personnel inside.

Our practice was to fire at a real moving tank. Because the driver was not an enemy and we did not intend to do him harm, we used practice shells. The difference was the explosive in the nose of the rocket was replaced with a weight for balance. When fired, the rocket bounced off the tank and only made a loud noise. As with every other practice we had to "police up" the spent rounds.

A mock village on the camp was the training area to acquaint us with city fighting. Soldiers were divided into friendly and enemy forces. The enemy was positioned in houses that we, the friendly forces, had to attack. Blank ammunition was used. Things went well until I entered a building and a man, overhead on a wall, pointed his rifle at me only about two feet away. When I saw him I ducked my head as he fired. Even blanks have a lot of power at close range. The blast and wadding hit my steel helmet and rocked me backwards. I was lucky I ducked in time and was not hit in the face. I would have certainly been wounded if not blinded.

Other exercises used live ammunition. One by one we ran through a mock village, climbed over obstacles and fired at surprise targets. A non-com following close behind, raised targets, supposed to be enemy and civilians, by remote control

and graded a score. Points were earned for hitting an enemy and subtracted for firing at civilians or friendly forces. Quite tough for split second decisions.

One detail I really hated was "policing up" the area. Everyone was lined up left to right, ordered to bend over and pick up everything that did not move or grow. That meant to clean up all trash. The sergeant yelled out he didn't want to see anything but a---s (rear ends) and elbows. I didn't mind the trash, even if it was not mine, but I detested the cigarette butts. I didn't smoke and these were nasty. Cigarettes were supposed to be "field stripped" before discarding. That meant split the butts, roll the paper into a ball and mash it and tobacco into the ground with a foot. That way it disintegrated and was not seen. I did not feel it fair that I had to clean up after a lazy slob. Didn't matter, I was in the army and it was my duty "to do or die".

I did another dangerous and wrong thing once again. I decided to hitchhike to Oneida, Tennessee to see "Wanda" and just to see if I could go that far. It was much, much too far on a weekend pass, almost to Knoxville. Rides were hard to come by and I was caught by night. Finally a man, Mr. Sanders, who was taking his daughter home for the weekend from college in Knoxville, Tennessee picked me up. It was very late and he insisted that I stop at their house and continue in the morning. The girl said that mom would not mind for their son was in the service and knew what it was like. Too tired to put up much resistance, they finally convinced me. I don't remember supper but probably had some. Next morning, after a good breakfast he took me back the several miles to the main road and off I went. This family was a coal mining family and very nice. I was grateful to them. Generally people were extra nice to soldiers during the war and that made getting a lift a lot easier than normal. Rides were far between in this sparsely inhabited part of the mountains. (D)

I even saw several forest fires. Driving was treacherous because of the open range laws. Cows, horses and other farm animals were allowed to roam without fences and if you hit one you were responsible. When I finally reached "Wanda's" home near noon all I had time for was to eat lunch, talk a while, and start back about 4:00 PM. (D)

Again dark came too soon and I still had a

long way back to camp. There was little traffic on the so-called highway. Finally a GI stopped and asked where I was headed. Luckily he and several others were driving to Campbell also and said he would take me for a fee. This broke me but I didn't have much choice. As it was, we arrived just a little before reveille. Another close call.

One exercise and field problem was beneficial and also interesting. Friday, July 7, 1944, at 0554 we formed a convoy of vehicles and trucked to Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, arriving at 1100 hours. We pitched tents in formation and bivouacked in the Park. The interesting thing was, we got to tour Mammoth Cave. What a way to get in practice and have fun also. A real weekend get-

away. (L)(D)

Monday, September 4, 1944, about 1545 hours we left Camp Campbell to ship overseas but we didn't know in which direction we would go, Europe or Pacific. (D) Since the Army used only trains for long distance travel, the next trip was the same as before. When we reached Bristol, Virginia/Tennessee, everyone had to disembark for calisthenics. We were in the same train station, but some of us were in Tennessee and others in Virginia. I remember so well for the border of these two states divided the town of Bristol. I had never heard of a city divided by a state line before.



Taking ten minute break



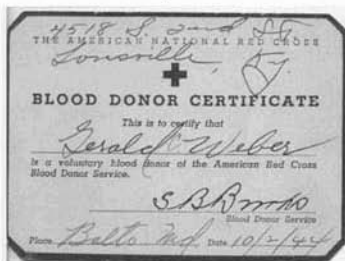
Chow line in the field

FORT MEADE MARYLAND

The next stop was 1130 hours, on Tuesday, September 5, 1944 Fort Meade, Maryland, port of embarkation to Europe. (D) More rounds of shots, close order-drill, more shots and exams, more shots etc. to fill time until ships were available. (L) I had \$6.50 for insurance taken out of my monthly pay, \$18.75 to buy a \$25 defense bond each month until this time.

I increased it to \$37.50 for a \$50 bond.

There was not going to be much need for purchases during combat. We also were told to check our insurance and get beneficiaries updated. Those that needed to were to bring wills up-to-date. I also made a trip to the Red Cross and donated a pint of blood.



This was my first time and I was so weak I was allowed to rest the next day.

We trained more and had to

crawl through that dreaded infiltration course again. We heard that some trainees were so scared they raised up and were killed during some of these courses but I never saw it happen.

Time was heavy and programs were set up to keep GIs out of trouble. One was boxing. Win, lose or draw, a boxer could earn a three day pass. I couldn't beat my way out of a paper bag and knew it but the temptation was too great. I wanted to get home one more time to see Gladys, so I signed up. The only matching was by weight. My opponent was a little tough guy from Ohio. (Wednesday, September 13, 1944) (D) The fight was stopped in the second round with a TKO. My lip was busted and I had a black eye. Tough, but I got my three-day pass. (D)

Again, Louisville was much too far, by regulations, to go on a three-day pass, but I took a train. I failed to tell anyone I was coming home. Why should I? If the MPs stopped me I wouldn't get there anyway. The Louisville train station was near Sears where Gladys worked and I went straight there. She thought I was a customer and looked up to ask if she could wait on me. When she recognized me, she thought I had been overseas and wounded. No! Only a bad lip and black eye. We did have a date once more.

I had arrived on Friday and would have to leave Saturday to get back to Fort Meade, by train, on Sunday night. I wanted to stay another day, so I asked Mom and Dad to lend me a few bucks and I would fly back to camp. That way I could see Gladys one more time. Twice, instead of once. Sunday, September 17, 1944, with the money, I went over to Bowman Field, then the only airport in Louisville. Three minutes before I got a ticket, some big fat man and a lot of luggage, walked up with reservations and some kind of priority. There had been two seats left when I arrived but with his luggage no more room would be available. (D)

There were no more flights in my direction that day and the clerk suggested I go over to Air Force operations and hitch a ride. I went over. There was a C-47 going to Syracuse, New York. I thought I'd go there and take another plane or a train to camp. They didn't have enough parachutes. Another pilot stepped up who was going to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and then to Philadelphia. I thought I'd go that far and catch a train the rest of the way. This way I'd get there on time. Two lieutenants were flying two AT6As cross-country training to the east coast. One plane had a rider in its back seat that was going to Brooklyn, New York, and the other officer said I could ride with him. He said "Go to supply and draw a parachute". When I came back he asked if it would work. I assured him I had never worn one and didn't know. I had to trade this one in for another for it had started to come apart and was tied with string. Glad he knew the difference. Finally, with this taken care of, he showed me how to use the chute for a seat and off we went at 2:15 PM Louisville time. (D)

BOXING CARD
FOURTH REPLACEMENT REGIMENT

43 SEPTEMBER 1944

RANK	NAME	ORGN	WEIGHT	HOLE TOWN	CORNER
<u>BOUT NO. 1</u>					
Sgt.	Wm. Reith	A-13	138	Grand Rapids,	RED
T/5	Anthony Naccarato	E-13	142	Kingston NY	BLUE
<u>BOUT NO. 2</u>					
PFC	Gerald Weber	D-16	147	Louisville Ky	RED
T/5	Sam Musarro	C-13	153	Cleveland O.	BLUE
<u>BOUT NO. 3</u>					
1st Sgt.	Joe Willis	B-13	158	Roanoke Va.	RED
1st Sgt.	Wm. Settle	B-13	160	Washington D.C.	BLUE
<u>BOUT NO. 4</u>					
Cpl	Wayne Ruziska	B-15	188	Cleveland, O	RED
Cpl	George Swoyer	A-15	182	Reading, Pa	BLUE
<u>BOUT NO. 5</u>					
M/Sgt	Sam Sherbert	E-13	176	Spartanburg SC	RED
S/Sgt	Joe Willard	B-13	178	Tryon, NC	BLUE
<u>BOUT NO. 6</u>					
T/5	Warren Smith	E-13	158	Cedar Rpd's Ia	RED
Sgt	Howard Young	C-13	164	Nassau, NY	BLUE
<u>BOUT NO. 7</u>					
PFC	Dominic Chairello	A-13	151	Trenton, NJ	RED
PFC	Robert Bergsten	B-15	155	NYC	BLUE
<u>BOUT NO. 8</u>					
Sgt	Harold Lowery	B-13	175	Bedford, Pa	RED
Cpl	Harold Siegel	C-13	175	Los Angeles	BLUE
<u>BOUT NO. 9</u>					
Pvt	Roy Sullivan	A-13	173	Lynn, Mass	RED
Cpl	Eugene Trottier	E-13	169	Woonsocket, RI	BLUE
<u>BOUT NO. 10</u>					
PFC	Ramon Hernandez	A-15	145	El Paso, Texas	RED
S/Sgt	WM Corbin	B-13	140	Orbisonia PA	BLUE

REFEREE: : Lt Roberts, Co A, 16th Bn
 ANNOUNCER : Lt Brown, Co B, 15th Bn
 JUDGE : Captain Loewen, Co B, 16th Bn
 JUDGE : Captain Coyle, Co D, 13th Bn
 MEDIC : Major Gold, Hq Det, 4th Regt
 TIMER : Sgt Milam, Hq Det, 4th Regt

When, in about 2 hours, we got over Wheeling, West Virginia, our radio went dead. It was so foggy; visibility was only three or four miles. We flew on, got lost and could not tell where we were. We circled every city we came to, for about 1-1/2 hours, (F) but could not find an airport. The mountains came up to meet us and the gas was getting low. I wondered why the pilot kept circling and getting lower. I had no way of talking to him, no gas gauge or map and knew nothing. I thought he was one of those wise guys when he started trimming trees and buzzing houses. I thought he was showing off before family or friends. It's a good thing I didn't know what was going on and he couldn't hear what I was thinking of him. I was already scared and when the two planes got so close together I thought the wings were going to bump.

Finally my pilot peeled off, lowered the wheels and headed for a landing. I was looking ahead and he was looking at the ground. I saw huge power lines on tall metal towers ahead but I couldn't do or say anything so I gripped the handhold in front. I thought of my chute but it was too low to jump. I was afraid we would crash or blow up if we hit those lines. Finally he saw the cables, opened the throttle and pulled back on the stick. We lurched forward too late and tore through the wires in a flash of light, like lightning. It seemed to blind us and sounded like thunder. Luckily, he had pulled up enough the wires hit the lower part of the plane and not the canopy where we were sitting. Fortunately we had enough speed, about 140 or 150 miles per hour, and weight enough to break the wires. We broke three cables and were told each carried 130,000 volts of electricity. Several people saw and heard this and were afraid we would crash. The cows in the field ran around like crazy. We went up a little, missed more wires and trees and finally landed in a field between rows of corn shocks. Later the farmer said he had just cut it the week before. I opened the cabin and asked what the H... is going on? Is this your home? He was an officer and I was only a PFC. I should never have said it that way. His answer, "No. Our radios went dead, we were lost and out of gas. Had to set down somewhere". The other plane had circled overhead and thought we were crashing but when we stopped he came in, overshot the field, pulled up in time to miss the trees and came in

again. Just made it. Good thing the pilots were good or none of us would have made it.

When we examined the damage we found the leading edge of both wings were dented and had electric flash marks. The motor cowling was dented. The propeller had a melted hole big enough to put a finger in. The wheel cover, called a "pants cover" was so badly damaged, it had to be removed and discarded. A piece of electric cable about three feet long was caught on the landing wheel. I removed it for a souvenir but finally threw it away.

Looking at my old diary and letters, I see we made an emergency landing on a farm near a town called Corry, Pennsylvania, about 70 miles south of Lake Erie. People came from all directions, running, walking and in cars and trucks. They described the noise as like thunder. A plane crash was unusual and everyone wanted to see it. Some one told us that just a week before a small plane had crashed into nearby electric cables and was caught as if in a spider web and burned. We had disrupted power to a small town and shut down a defense factory. The power was restored about 10 o'clock that night. (F) The Civil Air Patrol came in to check out the situation and State Police guarded everything, even overnight. Some kids stayed home from school and teachers brought their classes to see the plane and watch the take off.

The Air Force was called and we had to wait until Monday morning to have gasoline shipped out by truck and see if it was possible to approve the field for take off. If not, the planes would have to be disassembled and hauled out by truck.

A farmer took the two officers in for the night and another took the two of us enlisted men. They gave us supper, a bed overnight, breakfast in the morning and lunch at noon because we were so late in leaving. My host called long distance and sent a telegram to my camp "because of the accident, I would not be in until the next day". He wouldn't let me pay for it.

Next morning the radio was repaired, gas was hand pumped out of 55-gallon drums, and we were approved to try taking off. We were supposed to have the gas at about 11:00, but it was late and we didn't take off until about 2:00 in the afternoon. The other plane was to take off first

but its battery was dead and had to be hand cranked to start. After they did leave, my pilot sat at the edge of the cornfield, brakes on, revved up the engine and released the brakes. We jumped in the air but did not have enough room to clear the trees in the woods ahead. He banked to the left to miss the tree limbs. We made it. I'm glad he had some experience. The other pilot in the air looked around, and told us later, he knew we were damaged and thought we were crashing when he saw us bank to miss the trees.

We headed north and followed Lake Erie to Buffalo, New York. The out-of-balance prop shook the whole plane as if to tear it apart. By radioing ahead, we got clearance to land at Niagara Falls, instead of Buffalo, for repairs. When told it would take at least three days for repairs, I couldn't wait. There were no planes I could catch because this was only a Ferry Command.

While there I saw something I had never seen before. A plane had no visible engine or prop and made no noise or a racket, just a whistle. It was my first view of an experimental prototype jet airplane.

I left to hitch a ride to Buffalo, New York. I still remember seeing the big stuffed buffalo standing in the railroad station. Since I was told I had to turn the parachute in to an Air Force Base or pay \$100, I carried it with me all the way. This was already Monday night and there were no flights out of Buffalo either. I sent another telegram that I would be delayed again, expecting to be in on Tuesday. I caught a train to New York City, transferred by subway to another train sta-

tion for Baltimore, Maryland, close enough to get a bus to Fort Meade. What a trip, with baggage, parachute and never having been to these places or on a subway.

It was only 480 miles from Louisville to camp but I traveled over a thousand miles to get there. I flew over or traveled through Kentucky, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, saw Lake Erie and Canada, through New York, New Jersey and Maryland and was 37 hours late. It cost me about \$16 to get to camp after we landed but would have been only \$8 from home on a train.

When I finally got to Ft. Meade, sometime after noon Tuesday, I expected to have trouble. Instead the First Sergeant said just sign in. I stored the chute in the storeroom until I could get to town. When the Captain saw me and asked what had happened, I explained and said he could check with the Air Force. He asked if anyone was hurt? I was glad to report there was not. I was relieved when he said all is OK, my telegrams had been received. I got an unexpected five days leave out of a three-day pass.

After duty hours I retrieved the parachute, caught a bus to Bolling Field, near D.C. and turned the monster in and got a receipt for it. When I wrote home about this trip, Mom didn't want me "to ever fly again". (D)(L)

I turned in my railroad ticket to get a refund of the unused portion. The refund finally caught up to me after several months in the war zone. I couldn't cash the check there and sent it home to be put into my bank account. (F)

Sun. Sept. 17, 1944.

MEMORANDA

I tried to get commercial plane to Washington. Another fellow had reservation & got on 3 min. before take off. I had to go. Caught an army plane AT 6a about 11:30. Took off at 2:15 C. N.Y. for Pittsburg. Visibility was only 3 to 4 miles. Our Radio went dead & we got lost at Wheeling, W. Virginia. We missed Pitt. & tried to get to an airport. We ran out of gas & had to land. While buzzing the valley to find a safe place to land we hit 3 high tension wires. 13,000 volts. The flock nearly blinded us & people said it sounded like thunder. We pulled up & tried to land again. Succeeded finally in a hog field & corn field. Rather lumpy. People came from miles around state troopers & C.A.P.'s came. We slept & ate at the farm house. Monday at 2:00 P.M. we got some gas & took off. Headed for Lake Erie for we were forced down at Cory, Pa. Went over the Lake, followed it to ^{Niagara} Falls airport & landed. Saw jet propulsion plane. Could not get plane there or Buffalo so took train to N.Y., N.Y. Made subway & carried 'chute. Went to Baltimore, Md. Got to camp 11:00 P.M. 77 hrs. late. Was exhausted. Took chute to Bolling Field Wash - W.D. night. Had to travel all over the city on a transporter.

My diary telling about the plane accident
September 17, 1944

EVENING JOURNAL

CORRY, PA.,

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1944.

BEACHHEADS ON ANGAUR AND Mines Opening Round In

Two Army Planes In Forced Landing Near Corry

Eisenhower Radios Order To Germans

Military Regime To Be Established As Allies Occupy Reich Territory—First Objective Removal Of All Nazi Leaders

By Associated Press
SUPREME HEADQUARTERS, Allied Expeditionary Force, Sept. 18.—An Allied military government under General Dwight D. Eisenhower will be established in Germany as the invasion armies move in, a spokesman at Supreme Headquarters announced today in a broadcast beamed to the Reich.

The speaker said General Eisenhower would exercise supreme legislative, judicial and executive authority through this Allied military government, the prime objectives of which would be to destroy Nazism and remove from responsible positions all members of the Nazi party, SS or other organizations who have been active under Hitler.

The text of the broadcast message:

TRAINER CRAFT STRUCK ELECTRIC POWER LINES

Both Land Without Serious Injury—Radios Out of Commission and Gas Supply Low—Take Off Today

Two Army training planes made a forced landing on the Kafferlin farm at West Spring Creek last evening, one of the pilots having a narrow escape when his slip tore down the high tension lines of the Penn Electric Company, less than a mile from the spot where the landing was made.

The two fliers had taken off earlier in the afternoon from Louisville, Ky., for a flight to Pittsburgh. The radio equipment of both planes went out of commission and the fliers became lost, finally arriving in this district with a failing gas supply. One of the planes made a low sweep over the West Spring Creek farm and looked over the ground before both attempted to land but the pilot had failed to note the transmission lines near the property.

LOCAL DRAFT BOARD LISTS A DELINQUE

The Union City-Corry draft board today turned over to the Federal district attorney's office at Pittsburgh the first case of an apparent willful and deliberate draft delinquent from the local area.

It is understood that the board has prepared papers and presented them to the Federal authorities indicating that Edwin Walter Miller, of 30 Liberty street extension, Union City, failed to report for induction with the group which left for service on September 11th.

The Union City man is understood to have made no effort to go into

hiding but is seen daily in a nearby town. There is no information as yet to the report as to his reasons for not complying with the order to serve but in Union City generally understood that he assumes the position that conscientious objector and thus to refuse to serve.

He will probably be taken into custody on a Federal warrant in a day or two and his case before the Federal courts of Pittsburgh in the future.

GREAT CROWD ENJOYED RIDING CLUB'S OFFERING

Horse Frolic Was Outstanding Event of Kind Ever Held In This City—Many Entries In All Events

SPARTA B WAS KILL

Young Lad Crushed Heavy Tractor—Enroute To Corry Hospital

Alfred Flick, aged 15 years

By permission of the Corry Journal, Corry, PA. September 18, 1944

Radios Order To Germans

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The text of the broadcast message: "(1) Allied military government is established in the theater under my command to exercise in occupied German territory the supreme legislative, judicial and executive authority vested in me as supreme commander, Allied Expeditionary Force, and as military governor."

"(2) The immediate task of Allied military government during the course of military operations will be to secure the lines of communication of the Allied armies and to suppress any activities in the occupied areas of Germany which would

(Continued on Page Two)

SUGAR SHORTAGE BROKE MARKET ON PEACHES IN CITY

Price Dropped To \$1.99 Here and Was Reported As Low As \$1.00 In Some Larger Cities.

A decidedly unusual situation developed here late Saturday when

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Two Army training planes made a forced landing on the Kafferlin farm at West Spring Creek last evening, one of the pilots having a narrow escape when his ship tore down the high tension lines of the Penn Electric Company, less than a mile from the spot where the landing was made.

The two fliers had taken off earlier in the afternoon from Louisville, Ky., for a flight to Pittsburgh. The radio equipment of both planes went out of commission and the fliers became lost, finally arriving in this district with a falling gas supply. One of the planes made a low sweep over the West Spring Creek farm and looked over the ground before both attempted to land but the pilot had failed to note the transmission lines near the property.

The one plane struck the wires, sending a shower of flame and sparks, and damaging the propeller to some extent. The plane landed safely however, and the occupant escaped injury. The second plane came down without accident. Arlo Williams, working at the Clough property, telephoned the first report of the accident to Corry and Dr. Rhodes and the CAP members immediately went to the scene and volunteered for duty in guarding both planes until the State Police took over late in the night. Dr. Rhodes assisted the fliers in contacting the Pittsburgh base and a supply of aviation gasoline was brought to this city this morning with which to refuel the machines. Both planes took off about noon for Buffalo where it was expected the damaged propeller could be replaced. It was thought the flight could be made to that city without attempting repairs here.

All three wires of the high tension power line were torn down by the plane and crews of the Penn Electric were on the job until after midnight before repairs had been completed. There was little interruption of service here, however, as the city is supplied through auxiliary lines in such emergencies.

LISTS A

The Union City-Corry draft board today turned over to the Federal district attorney's office at Pittsburgh the first case of an apparent willful and deliberate draft delinquent from the local area.

It is understood that the board has prepared papers and presented them to the Federal authorities indicating that Edwin Walter Miller, of 30 Liberty street extension, Union City, failed to report for induction with the group which left for service on September 11th.

The Union City man is understood to have made no effort to go into

GREAT CROWD ENJOYED RIDING CLUB'S OFFERING

Horse Frolic Was Outstanding Event of Kind Ever Held In This City—Many Entries In All Events

Nearly two thousand people, many of them from nearby towns, attended the Horse Frolic staged by the No-Bar Riding Club of the Frank Darrow farm just west of the city. It was a marked success in every way and the outstanding effort of the kind ever offered in this vicinity. Fair weather and ideal arrangements contributed to the big event. The program opened at 1:15 and was not concluded until after 6 in the evening. Officers of the State Police gave valuable service in handling the crowd and traffic at that point on the Sparta road.

Seventy riders participated in the grand march which was followed by the pony class with the following as winners in order given: Mary Ellison, of Jamestown; Joan Harmon, Peggy Fox, Corry. In the Western, first place was taken by Raleigh VanTassel, with John Ellison, of Jamestown, second, and Carroll Stockton, of Columbus, third.

The open three-gaited class was taken by Mary Castor, of this city, with Mr. Waterman, of Erie, second, and Jack Pollard, of Youngsville, third. The Musical Stall event, which proved popular with the crowd, was won by John Ellison, of Jamestown, and Jack Pollard, and

Journal Mon Sept 19, 1944

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., MON

Flier, Lost, Out of Gas, Lands Safely in Meadow

Pilot of Second Plane Also Unhurt
In Same Field at Spring Creek, Pa.

Spring Creek, Pa.—Despite the fact his undercarriage ripped down three high tension wires near here late yesterday an army aviation cadet, lost and out of gas, brought his advanced training plane down safely in a meadow, escaping injury and causing only minor damage to the ship.

A second pilot, who had been en route with him from Louisville, Ky., to Pittsburgh, landed without accident in the same field.

The fliers remained in Corry overnight, waiting for a shipment of aviation fuel from Pittsburgh, and took off for Buffalo at 11 A. M. today. The army did not divulge their names.

As the men told their story to Civil Air Patrol officers in Corry, they left Louisville in the two planes yesterday afternoon for Pittsburgh. Somewhere along the route their directional radios went bad and they lost the course. Running low on gas they began to look for a place to make forced landings.

Dropping down to 500 feet one of the pilots reconnoitered the Kafferlin farm at West Spring Creek but failed to notice the high tension wires, a 2,300-volt line running from Corry to Warren. Coming in for a landing the undergear tore into three of the lines and brought them to the ground.

The plane's propeller and landing gear were slightly damaged but it was able to get off the ground for the flight to Buffalo.

The second pilot, seeing what had happened to his comrade, avoided the wires and landed without mishap in the same meadow. The flier then phoned from the Clough farmhouse to Corry, seven miles to the west, and CAP members took them to that city and posted a guard on the planes. At midnight state police took charge of the craft.

Playoffs Lure 10,259 Fans To Stadium

TRACTOR DRAGS BOY 20 FEET

Carl Emmott, Jr., 15, of Sinclairville, was under treatment today at Jamestown General Hospital for bruises of the head and back suffered late yesterday when he fell off a cut-down tractor in Park Street, Sinclairville, and was dragged for about 20 feet. His condition this morning was reported as "good."

The machine from which the youth fell was owned by Frank Rownde and driven by Harry Koteras. The driver summoned the Harrison & Hampell ambulance to take Emmott to the hospital.

Milkweed Drive Goes Forward

4-H Office Gets Requests for Bags

Enthusiasm over the campaign to collect milkweed floss for use of the armed forces, was running high with Chautauqua County boys and girls today, with requests for additional bags for collection coming in to the County 4-H office, which is sponsoring the project in the county.

According to Kenneth L. Coombs, County 4-H Agent, all mesh bags to be used in collecting the pods have been issued, with the exception of a few remaining rural schools.

There were 5,000 bags allotted this district, he said, and all

By permission of the Post Journal, Jamestown, N.Y. September 19, 1944

Sept 22, 1944

Dear Folks,

I'm sorry not to have written sooner but I've been awfully busy since I got back. I didn't get here until 1:00 P.M. Tuesday. I had a swell trip back here, but it was rather exciting and expensive.

Tuesday night I had a night-problem. Had to go to Washington to turn on my parachute. Then I had to ~~to~~ come waiting. I'm trying to write tonight while waiting for a hail out.

It's a good thing you gave me as much as you did when I left. I don't have but \$ left now. I know it's awful but you'll understand after I tell you.

First I'll tell you about my trip here. Don't get excited or worried before you finish it either.

I tried to get that Eastern Air Lines plane but couldn't. A fellow stepped up ahead of me 3 min. before take off and took the last seat. He had a reservation in for 2 wks. I went on ~~in to the corner~~ out of the field. They had nothing going my way. I still waited. Finally about 4:30 I found a pilot who was going to Pittsburg and then Philadelphia. I was going to take the train from there to camp. I got my parachute checked out & went to the plane. I thought it was a large plane but it turned out to be a small advanced trainer AT-6A a two seater. There was two planes and the other plane was taken by a fellow who was going to New York.

We went along for about 2 hrs. alright; then our radio went dead over Wheeling, W. Va.

"It was so hard to see with no radio we got lost. We flew on for about an hr. & a half trying to find an airport. Meanwhile our gas got so low we had to land. We were up in the mountains & tried to land in a valley. The first time my pilot tried to land while the other fellow circled over head. My pilot was watching the ground and didn't see an electric wire ahead. I did & it certainly scared me. He saw it but not in time. He pulled up some but we hit it throwing a flash all around. The wires hit the ground and started a fire. We were lucky we didn't explode. We went on up again. He had ~~been~~ pulled up enough that the propeller hit it & it didn't hit across the top of us.

The fellows above us thought we had crashed until we pulled up again. We missed the field again & landed. I was scared stiff. The other plane came in, didn't have enough room, pulled up & came again making it the second time. We got out unharmed. People come from all directions by car & foot to see what had happened. The pilots called for gas & the airport & reported what had happened. I sent a wire to camp telling them what happened & I wouldn't be back on time. The people there told us we cut three high tension wires of 130,000 volts each. We were certainly lucky not to have blown up. We landed in an old corn field & were lucky not to have nosed over it was so rough. I guess Uncle Sam needed me over sea too bad. The people were awfully nice to us. The power co. fixed the wires about 10:00 that night. Cutting them had momentarily put a city out of lights & cut the power to some war plants until they turned on another source. The state patrol guarded the planes over night & some

3. civil. Alonzo the pilots came out. People came for miles around & some kids stayed home the next day to see us take off. The teachers there brought their kids out to see the planes.

We landed about 4:30 (C.H.T.) (3:30 (H.T.)) & it was 2:00 P.M. Monday before we got some gas. Some fellows had to come out to see us from the airport before we could take off again. The propeller was nicked and bent the wing & motor cover dented. The wheel cover was so badly bent we had to take it off.

A piece of the wire we had hung to the plane and fell off when we landed. I have a piece of it. It was a real heavy copper cable about 2" thick. It melted where we hit it.

There was excitement galore, reporters & police etc. It was announced over the radio Monday morning.

The take off was a problem. We went to the end of the field & took off from three points instead of the normal two, to keep from nosing over in the rough ground. At the end of the field were trees too high to go over so we had to go around. The boy in the other plane had taken off first & looked around to see if we got off safely. He knew our plane had been crippled. He saw us bank to miss the trees & thought we were crashing for he couldn't see how high we were. He waved goodbye to everyone & then left.

We had landed near Long's, close to Lake Erie so we headed for the lake as a landmark & find our air port. We went to Buffalo N.Y. & then to Niagara Falls, N.Y. & landed. My plane vibrated quite a bit but we made it all right. The pilots grounded the planes for repairs. The one I was in needed them badly. All the other one needed was a new battery. The de volt was dead & the motor had to be cranked to be started.

4. Because I couldn't wait the 3 or 4 days for
then to be repaired I & the other fellow tried
to get another plane but couldn't. We
had landed at a Ferry Command airport
instead of an army base so I had to
take my "chute" with me. It had to
be turned in at an army base. We
saw one of the new type airplanes there.
It had no propeller. It worked on the
principle of the rocket. It is called a P-59.
The new jet propulsion airplane. It's
certainly beautiful & streamlined.

We went on to Buffalo to get a plane
but couldn't. We caught the train to
New York, N.Y. Went another wire to camp
to tell them I couldn't get back until
Tuesday. I took the train that night
arrived at N.Y. next morning, rode the
subways with my "chute" also & took
another train to Baltimore, Md. & then
to camp.

During the whole trip I covered a lot of
ground, Ky., W. Va., Pa., N.Y., saw Canada & Lake
Erie flying over it a while, went through N.Y.,
Pa. again, & Md. When at Louisville I was only
~~400 miles from Washington~~ I travelled approx.
10 to 15 hundred miles to get there.

The capt. excused me for being late, for I
had a good reason.

Well, I guess this will be all for
a while.

Love,
Gerald

SAILING TO EUROPE

When a ship was ready for us we were transferred to the harbor in New York City to board our transport, the British Liner Queen Mary. Boy was it big! It had been converted from a luxury liner to a troop transport and carried 20,000 troops when loaded; twice as many that could be housed in berths stacked five high in a very small "cabin" with about ten berths to each cabin. There was just barely room to slide sideways into the berth and none of us were fat. The idea of double loading means that each man slept in a bunk one night and on the deck the next night. Therefore you sleep in a bunk every other day. Not fun. The officers and nurses, of course they were officers too, were housed in much better quarters on upper decks. We were not allowed to go there and mix.

With so many men, provisions, fuel and no one knows what else, it took a few days to get loaded. I got sick the first night and the ship had not even left the harbor. Oh man! I thought this is going to be some trip. The swimming pool had been converted into a mess hall and everywhere there was garbage and a stench. In fact I found the whole ship was in this condition. Rumors passed around, that it was a British ship and was noted for lack of cleanliness. On top of this, the first meal was some sort of pickled dish and smelled terrible. That was the source of my illness, not seasickness. As soon as we moved out of the harbor I got some fresh air and was ok. It was quite a sight to see the Statue of Liberty standing in the harbor as we moved out. Many of us aboard had never seen it and all wondered if we would see it again. [My letters to Gladys said we were ordered to go below

deck and button up but I still believe I saw the statue, either when we boarded or after we cleared the docks.] (L) While most of the trip was routine there are a few things worth mentioning. The Atlantic was not as rough as it is at times, so that was good. Time did get heavy on our hands. Some of the men recalled wives and loved ones. The air was so stale in the bunkrooms I spent as much time on deck as I could. During the day I watched the waves and the "flying fish" sail from one wave to the next. At night blackout was strictly enforced and at times only working sailors were allowed outside.

Drinking water was the only fresh water on board. Showers and anything else was salt water. That left your body sticky and not feeling clean. I remember trying this only once.

One day an announcement came over the P.A. system "everyone below deck". Shortly the whole ship shook from stem to stern. The three-inch gun on the aft deck was being fired. Rumors were, "a submarine was following us". Other tales, "The crew was just practice firing at big drums that were thrown overboard". The truth may never be known. Most troops being sent to Europe were sent by ships in convoy and escorted by Navy or Coast Guard. We were without escort because a sub could not catch the "Queen" for its speed was so much greater than a sub's. Of course a sub might guess the path to be taken and lay in wait. Even so, the direction of our path was varied every few minutes. A real zigzag course, all the way. Convoys had been attacked many times before and a lot of ships were sunk.

SCOTLAND & ENGLAND

Food and the stench did not improve but we made it. Lots of people were seasick and had diarrhea. Human waste was sloshing all over the latrines.

We left New York harbor on October 12, 1944 and arrived off the coast of Scotland on October 17, 1944. Only five days at sea which was a lot better than most troop ships. (L)

The usual berth for the "Queen" was a deep-water dock on the English Channel but it was within striking distance of Germany's bombers and it could not dock there during the war. We halted off shore from Scotland and anchored where the ocean was deep enough, for none of the docks on the west coast of England had the necessary depth. Everyone and everything had to be off loaded on smaller craft and ferried into shore. Personnel climbed over the side on large nets into boats that bobbed up and down. Good thing we had practiced this in the States. A lot of helmets and other gear fell off and was lost overboard. We boated into the dock, unloaded and marched to a large field, pitched our shelter halves and bedded down. Scotland lived up to the reputation of England's that night. It poured rain all night, flooding everything. A miserable restless night and a morning of wading in deep mud. Was this an omen of things to come?

It was not long, but too long for us, before we loaded into trucks and were carted to the Eng-

lish Channel, and what we thought, was South Hampton. As usual we were never told where or why. The day we left I wrote a letter to home. "Some where in England. I arrived here safely just a short while ago. I can't tell where I came from, how I came here, or where I am. What's more I hardly know where I am." (F)

For a day or two we slept in some old buildings used for barracks. The weather was cold and wet but I felt I needed a shower. The facilities were in an open sided hut and the cold water almost froze me. At least the water was not salt water.

Writing letters back home was a little different than in the States. For a GI, postage was always free, by putting a military return address and army serial number on the letter, and in place of a stamp, "free" was written. V-mail was a system used overseas to speed up mail and also save shipping space and was really encouraged. A letter was written on a V-Mail form, mailed as usual, taken somewhere out of the combat area, I think mostly to England, microfilmed, sent to the States and then printed. The copy was the resulting format the recipient received. To speed up the mail I purchased and used airmail stamps instead of "V" mail. (H pg. 187)

Much smaller ships than the "Queen" were used to ferry us across the Channel to France.

PREPARE BY TYPEWRITER IF POSSIBLE OR PRINT IN PLAIN LETTERS USING BLACK INK
DO NOT PREPARE CARBON COPIES

TO—

Gladys Weidman
656 Lynn St.
Linnville, 9, Ky

FROM—

Pfc. Gerald C. Weber, 3570511

Regt. G. 3rd Arm. 398th Inf

A.P.O. # 447

6 P.M. N. Y. N.Y.

FOLD HERE

Dear Gladys

Effective immediately and until further notice please do not send any more mail to me at the address given below. I will advise you promptly when mail should be resumed and will give you my proper address. I cannot do so now for military reasons.

DO NOT WRITE
IN THIS SPACE

Gerald C. Weber
(Normal Signature)

Pfc. Gerald C. Weber *3570511*
(Grade) (Name) (Serial No.)

Regt. G. 3rd Arm.
(Company or similar unit)

398th Inf
(Regiment, group or similar organization)

A.P.O. No. *447* % POSTMASTE

New York *New York*
(City) (State)

FOLD HERE

INSTRUCTIONS

- (1) This form will be used by personnel in order to discontinue mailings to them. It will be mailed to:
 - a. Each individual with whom they correspond.
 - b. Each publisher of a newspaper or magazine received.
- (2) Do not enclose anything with this form.

WD AGO FORM 971-1
18 AUG 1944

V...-MAIL

This form supersedes WD AGO Form 971-1, 6 October 1943, which may be used until existing stocks are exhausted.

FRANCE

Several hours later we landed at "Omaha Beach" where the invasion of France had been made June 6, 1944. (L) The war had advanced beyond Paris by the time we arrived. The artificial harbor of sunken ships was still partly intact so we used it as a walkway into land. Looking up at those cliffs caused us to wonder how the "D Day" troops had ever made it up and over. They would be difficult at any time, but impossible with an enemy firing at you.

We finally reached shore and had a very steep walk up a high hill through the cliffs. It seemed much longer than it really was because we carried all the gear we owned, personal and GI. When we finally made it to the top, a sobering sight hit with full force. Just to the left was a field filled with thousands of crosses. It was the military cemetery of those that did not survive "D Day". Was that our fate in the near future? It would be for many!

Another truck ride to parts unknown through a lot of small towns and no large cities. We arrived at a replacement depot in a large building that we called a "Repple Depple". A gathering place for new live bodies to be held until shipped out to any area in which replacements were needed to fill in for casualties.

The best we could figure, this place was close to the town of Theon, near Epinal. Several

men felt they knew enough about the location and wanted to hitch a ride to Nancy, reportedly a resort town. They never were able to get away. We later learned it was good they didn't try for Nancy was still in German hands.

We were given a large bag made of ticking to fill with fresh straw to be used as a bed. I think these were also used as body bags when needed. I don't remember the showers but the toilets were inside and were holes like a long groove in the floor. They had to be straddled for use and a flow of water washed everything away. Sure not comfortable.

This is also where we were parted with most of our personal goods. Instructions were to place every thing that a person could do without in a duffel bag; a big lock was put on it, our name and serial number stenciled on the outside. Keep a razor, paper and pen, extra socks and underwear etc. All excess, into the bag. Too much material and it would be unable to be carried. We were promised that we would have to carry everything we kept. They assured us that these bags would be placed in a storage locker in France and returned after the war. We complied, but had little hope of this. Sure enough I still haven't as yet seen mine.

Every day some of the men were shipped out to an outfit where they were needed. I was there for a week until my day finally came. (F)

BEGINNING COMBAT

It was November 7, 1944. A date easily remembered, for we wondered who would win the election at home! F. D. Roosevelt or Thomas Dewey. This was our discussion as we were trucked toward the front. The trucks were the normal 6X6, 2 1/2 ton general duty type.

I was deposited, along with James Petch, at the rear area of a combat Division's kitchen. The 100th Division's 398th Regiment had just been inducted into the front line that day. They had not had any casualties as yet but expected to have them soon. We were replacements.

The first night there we had no bedroll and there was nothing to sleep in. Jim and I looked around, found a previously used foxhole and decided to try it. The weather was cold and it had been raining for days. The hole had been partly covered with limbs and dirt and had only a small hole for an entrance. This was a good practice for it helped protect against shrapnel. The bottom was only a little wet but water was seeping through the dirt covering it. I found a piece of canvas, looked like part of a tent, and pulled it over the whole emplacement to keep more rain from seeping through the dirt into the hole. We put in our few belongings and crawled in. Just enough room to sleep side by side and turn in unison. One side was a little lower so we slept up hill. During the night I woke up. My feet were in water and that caused me to need to empty my bladder. The canvas didn't have enough support over the entrance, formed a bowl and when it filled with rain, it funneled water inside. I was desperate. By pushing with one great push trying to empty as much water at once as possible, I shoved. Of course most of it came in. I crawled outside, completed nature's call, replaced the canvas and wanted to return to sleep. The low part of the hole was now filled with water. We both sat up on the highest part of the bottom, put our feet in our helmets and finished the night.

Next morning we awoke to winter weather, crawled out of our hole and broke ice that covered everything. We were close to the kitchens which were located as close to the front as practical to be out of rifle and other small arms range but close

enough to try to get food to the troops. They were within range of heavy artillery but were seldom fired on. Still they were not too safe. We could hear firing of small arms, mortars and artillery in the distance.

After we were fed, we were loaded into trucks and taken to our new company, Headquarters Company, Third Battalion, 398th Regiment of the 100th Infantry Division. We were to relieve parts of the 45th Division. Both Jim and I were assigned to the telephone squad of the communications platoon. The switchboard was located in a foxhole near a big old farmhouse. From here on out, all buildings and towns would appear either old or ancient.

During combat we could write letters only on one side of the paper. If the letter was censored, as every letter was, and something was written that was forbidden, it was cut out with a razor blade. If writing was on both sides, part of the letter on the other side was also destroyed. Thus we were ordered to only use one side. (F)

While in combat, letters did not get to me for 4 or 5 months. One letter dated October 12, 1944 was not received until February 10, 1945. Another dated October 30, 1944 was received February 2, 1945. Between having to be sent overseas during wartime and our moving so frequently, it was difficult catching up. That made homesickness even more of a problem. With everything else it made me feel worse. At times I felt no one cared, but down deep, I knew better. Mother sent a jar of chicken and it was so broken into pieces it had to be thrown away. (F)

I felt a need to have a try at another bath! I heated some water, don't remember where or how, went into the house and started to wash, using my helmet as a basin. I had just stripped and the "Krauts" threw in some "Screaming Meemees", small rockets that scream and scare the wits out of you. I don't remember how, but I found myself in a foxhole near the switchboard. Still, can't say I was even dressed but I know it was cold. I had not had time enough to dig a foxhole but I found a used one.

Steel helmets had many uses. In training in

the States, we dreaded their heavy weight. In combat the story was different. I felt naked if I did not have the steel "pot" on or handy. Every time we went out of a protected area, the helmet was the first thing reached for. It grew to be a part of me.

One night I was assigned guard duty but I had not been issued a weapon yet. Someone picked up a Thompson sub-machine gun and gave it to me to stand guard. That was one of only a few guns I had never fired and I didn't even know how to take the safety off. I was glad when that night was over.



Lineman's knife

Next day or so Sergeant Francis Barrows, a redhead, took me out to teach me how to repair a broken telephone line. He found one that artillery had cut and we crawled into a ditch for cover from a German machine gun firing overhead, and proceeded to repair the wire. Instructions: "Cut both wires in the line to make a good clean end to patch. Bare each wire about an inch or two, do the same in matching wire on other end of line. Tie together in a square knot, weave in 'seasoning wire' (this was a soft copper wire) to make good electric contact, wrap with rubber tape and then wrap the whole thing with friction tape. Repeat with the other wire to make both capable of carrying current in a complete circuit." Next was "tap into both wires with a portable telephone to be sure a circuit was complete and not broken elsewhere." Then we hauled out for safer territory. Sometimes this was back to the switchboard or to more broken wires. This was the proper procedure for repairs but it proved to take too much time in dangerous areas and was made briefer in practice. Anything to get a complete circuit in as brief a

time as possible and a sure repair. This was repeated time and again because the wire was always being broken by shrapnel, trucks, or tanks and even cut by the enemy.

I wasn't in combat long until I wrote



Knife my Dad sent me

home asking Dad to get me a good big knife, the hunting type. He had a friend, Mr. Hayden, to make one and shipped it to me. I used it until I returned home and a long time after that. The leather pieces on the handle finally disintegrated and they were replaced with plastic. I had been very glad to get it and still use it. (F)

The first several days I still didn't have a rifle and felt naked. Finally someone found an M1 rifle and I loaded it up and kept it for a long time. It was unhandy because we had to carry a field telephone, wire and tools. As soon as I could I found a carbine. Someone was a casualty, lost it and didn't need it. I put the M1 in a truck headed to the rear and kept the carbine. I wanted plenty ammo so I taped two clips together and had both filled.

I also put electric tape around the handle of a hand grenade, so the pin would not fall out accidentally, and put it in my jacket pocket. In another pocket I had the Bible that Mom and Dad gave me when I left for the Army. Inside the Bible I kept Gladys' picture. They were all there as long as I was in combat. Read the Bible and looked at the picture often and was fortunate I never had to use the hand grenade.

A lot of the rifle company men did not like my job and called it too dangerous. We moved up, as telephone service was needed but had little time to dig a foxhole. Whenever we

stopped long enough we did dig in. If stopped for a period of time we cut limbs and covered the hole. If we had more time that would be covered with leaves and then dirt. We needed to protect ourselves from shrapnel and overhead firing from strafing. The riflemen did the same thing but usually stayed in their holes until they had to move forward. I would rather have my job than theirs.

Private's pay was \$50 per month, but it was often expressed as \$50 a day once a month.

PFC pay was \$54 per month. A PFC overseas was paid \$64.80 per month. When I received my combat infantry badge, that added \$10 more, making a total of \$74.80. Out of that \$6.50 was deducted for life insurance and I sent home two \$18.75 bonds a month (\$37.50), leaving me \$30.80. I didn't need all of that so I sent money home for savings and tithe to church as I could, just leaving me enough to spend on trips and souvenirs.