

ARMY LIFE

AS TOLD BY

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460TH PARACHUTE FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

IN THE

517TH PARACHUTE COMBAT TEAM

1943-1945

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INTRODUCTION

Time had slipped by since my discharge from the army so, in May of 1992, nearly fifty years later, I decided to sit down and recount as much of that experience as I could remember. I can thank my mother and father for saving almost every letter that I wrote home because now I can refer to those letters for good, solid facts and also to jar my memory for incidents of which I have since forgotten.

Of course it was not by choice that I became a soldier, but rather by invitation from our government. Like all other people my age, I can recall the events of December 7, 1941 vividly, and I can remember of going to bed that night very concerned about going into the service. In my mind there was the thought that I would be called almost immediately. I had just graduated from West High School in Minneapolis, Minnesota in June of that year and was working at the Nicollet Hotel, also in Minneapolis, as a porter to earn enough money to start college. In October of 1942 I entered the College of Education at the University of Minnesota and was able to finish my first quarter before the draft board started to breath down my neck.

One of my first attempts to beat the draft board was to try to sign up for the Navy Reserve Officers Training program. The physical was my downfall, they discovered that I was color blind, therefore disqualified me. It was a disappointment but I was happy to get out of jumping from the three meter diving board.

I had doubts as to whether I would be able to complete my second quarter or not so I checked with the local draft board. They would not give any guarantee that I would be able to do so but they did say that anyone who was half way through the quarter would be allowed to finish that quarter. Just before starting my third quarter I again checked with the draft board and the news was anything but encouraging. I was informed that my number was soon to come up so I signed up on the spot, thereby becoming a volunteer. This made no difference once you were inducted, but it was a nice thought at the time. Soon a notice came to report for duty on April 10th, 1943 at the Federal Building in downtown Minneapolis. Report I did and, with a group of other civilians, I was sworn into the army. We were loaded into busses and transported to Fort Snelling which was our induction center. We spent most of our Fort Snelling days in terror of the non-coms, especially the temporary ones with the band around their arm and a stripe or two on the band. On the first day we spent the greater part of our time listening to lectures on the special orders of the army with heavy emphasis and warnings about going A.W.O.L. (absent without leave). We were reminded that since we had already been sworn in there would be a heavy price to pay if we should "go over the hill", or even return late. After all of these threats we were piled on us we were released but ordered to return for duty in one week.

On the 17th of April I did report to the Fort Snelling Induction Center as ordered. As a new recruit the low-ranking non-commissioned officers and even privates seemed to prey on our fears. By this time I was resigned to my fate - that of a soldier! After all, most of the men my age were either in, or were about to go into the service. Regardless of the reason, any male not in uniform, was looked upon as a 4-F, a person physically unfit for service. I consider myself lucky to have lived in Minneapolis, which was the location of Fort Snelling, because I was able to take a streetcar home after duty hours during that week at the center. This is not to say that I could leave every evening, many of the evenings were spent working in the mess hall as a K.P.

There were two things I learned from my army career. One was how to "police" the

area. This consisted of forming a line and walking through an area picking up any trash, especially cigarette butts and candy and gum wrappers. Odd how almost everyone, with the exception of myself, smoked and threw their butts on the ground where I would later be assigned to police. I might note that smoking was much more fashionable in 1943 than it is today and the person in the service who did not smoke was the exception. Another activity in this category was street-sweeping - I can still remember the beautiful job I did on the street which encircled the Round Tower. Unfortunately the street is no longer there, due to the restoration of the old fort, or did I simply sweep the street away? There was a third thing I learned, that was K.P., kitchen police. That meant that about 0445 a non-com would wake you up and tell you to report to the mess hall where you would wash dishes, scrub floors, serve on the serving line, peel potatoes, scrub pans and kettles and wash tables until 2000 or 2100 hours. There was no rhyme or reason to the selection process and you never knew the night before if you would, or would not, be called. It might have been a case of each non-com being responsible for a given number of K.P.s for that day so he simply went through his barracks and selected the appropriate number. Never did they ask, or care, if you had been on the preceding day.

The Twin City Lines, operators of the streetcars in Minneapolis and St. Paul at that time had streetcar lines from both cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul, which ended at Fort Snelling, if my memory serves me correctly. To go home after duty hours I boarded the "Dummy Line" which was a very short section of line within the fort, then, from the "Dummy Line" I would transfer to the regular Twin City Lines streetcar which ran to the Minneapolis loop via of Washington Avenue. At the Washington Avenue and Hennepin Avenue intersection I would get off, walk three blocks along Hennepin to Fifth Street where I could board the Bryn Mawr streetcar. From there I rode out west from the loop on Laurel Avenue for about a mile and a half to the front door of our house at 1901 Laurel. This was about a ten mile trip and cost 7 1/2 cents, if you bought tokens, and the transfer was free. The return trip was a reverse ride but it was necessary to be at Hennepin and Washington Avenues to catch the midnight streetcar to the Reception Center, otherwise you would be late and considered A.W.O.L. There was always a large group of new recruits and regular servicemen waiting for the Fort Snelling car, soldiers who had been home or seeing the sights of downtown Minneapolis, so I was never alone.

After shots, a clothing issue, medical examination and some very basic training in military courtesy the time to be shipped out came. A few days before our departure and officer or non-com (I don't recall which, I still feared both) asked if there was anyone in the group who would like to join the paratroops - it sounded good to me so I signed up. Joining was easy, I simply signed a slip of paper that read, "I do hereby volunteer to jump from a plane, while in flight, and land on the ground via parachute". Only a few of us signed. At the time I thought that the paratroops would make a jump and, after a day or two, the regular troops would relieve them and the paratroopers would pull back to a rest area. Such was not the way the real army operated! This I found out later.

I had forgotten to mention the paratroops to my mother or dad but the secret leaked when they came out to Snelling to see me off on the train and saw the tag on my duffel bag which read, "Paratroops, Camp Toccoa, Georgia". It was not a pretty sight when Mom read the tag. At that point I had already begun to wonder whether or not I had made a wise decision. It didn't seem to bother Dad much and that made me feel a little more at ease. The eleven raw recruits that had chosen the paratroops boarded the train and started their trip to Georgia on April 29th, 1943. We did stop at Chicago to change trains and I had an opportunity to telephone my cousin, Mary Reilly. She came down to the station to meet me

but I had to leave before she arrived. We passed through Cincinnati in the evening of April 30th, and arrived at Camp Toccoa, Georgia on the first of May 1943.

CAMP TOCCOA, GEORGIA

Camp Toccoa was located in the extreme northeast corner of Georgia, several days by train from Chicago at that time. Not much can be said for that camp except that it was located in a very remote part of Georgia and that the ground was a red clay which I had never seem before. No sooner had we detrained than we were introduced to push-ups, and from that moment on until my discharge, I heard, "Give me twenty-five" or "Give me fifty", time and time again. I also discovered that paratroopers were not allowed to walk but had to double-time every where they went, even to mess and church. To make things worse the ground had been freshly plowed which made running much more difficult.

It was at Camp Toccoa that I almost washed out of the paratroops. There was a mountain within the camp area known as Mount Currahee which we were required to run up and down each day as a test of your endurance. While on these runs we were not allowed to look either to the left or right so we did not see or enjoy the scenery. You did not fall out of the run, unless you were unconscious, if you wanted to stay in the paratroops. To drop out meant that you did not have "it" therefore the paratroops did not want you. If you fell into an unconscious state you were not transferred to another outfit but, on the other hand, you were left lying where you fell and had to make your way back to the barracks. If a man was shipped out that was the end - his mattress was rolled up and placed on the foot of his bed then his belongings were gathered up and moved out. If anyone asked what had happened to Jones or Smith the only answer he received in reply was, "Who?", followed by the statement, "Never heard of him". My close call came during a run up Mount Currahee when a sergeant questioned whether or not my coordination was good enough for the paratroops so he kept several of us after the rest had been dismissed and had us do some additional running around the area. After a period of time the sergeant gave some of us the O.K. - fortunately I passed and was accepted, at least for the time being. The others were disqualified and shipped out to other outfits.

Two events took place in this camp, one good and the other not so good. The not so good one was the haircut. After forming a line we filed into the "barber" and he did his work. It must have taken him less than two minutes to do his job and each of us left the barber shop minus our hair. The other event took place on 1, May 1943 - it was my first payday in the service. In dollars and cents it was nothing to write home about since I only received \$5.00 minus thirty cents for the unwanted haircut. It took careful planning to stretch the remaining \$4.70 until the next payday and buy the necessities if life. The major expense was ice cream, really ice milk, at twenty cents per pint. The main problem was that the P.X. did not get enough to go around every day and there were days on which I did not have time to go to the P.X., so I was out of luck and forced to go without a treat.

While at Camp Toccoa I was ordered to report to an officer in a tent. The officer asked my name and started with some friendly conversation. "How did the Gopher football team do last season?" and "What were you doing before joining the army?". Then he suddenly asked, "What is a transit?". I answered, "An instrument used in survey work, Sir." "Artillery", snapped the officer and with that the conversation ended and I became an artilleryman.

While in this camp I was introduced to the mock-up tower. This was a 32 foot high tower with a simulated door of a C-47 plane at the top. We donned a parachute harness, less the parachute, and climbed up a ladder on the back side of the tower. At the top we stood n the "door" and, on command, jumped. The harness, which had been snapped to a pulley on a wire running parallel to the door of the mock-up, broke our fall and we coasted from right to

left down the wire. At the end of the ride we tumbled as if to simulate an actual landing. The landing area was a pile of sawdust which appeared to be a mile below when we stood in the jump position in the door, but jumping, even from the mock-up tower, was great sport. One thing you did not do was spit into the sawdust. Those who did were required to pick it up and hold it in their hand while they ran around the area several times yelling, and yelling loud, "I will not spit on the ground".

I also learned how to play "Jab". This was a game which was supposed to improve your response and train you to grab for your emergency chute rip cord automatically. At any time, even in the middle of the sentence, the person in charge would shout, "Jab" and everyone was to grab for the imaginary handle on his chest, where the rip cord handle would be located. Of course the response was never fast enough so usually the entire group had to do push-ups.

If you were caught with an unbuttoned pocket you were ordered to fill the pocket with sand and sew the top closed until you were given permission to empty it. Some of the guys had a pretty full pocket and carried around several pounds of sand for a number of days.

Our day started at 0600 hours, roll call was at 0615, breakfast at 0630 and by 0800 our training had shifted into full gear. Each hour was divided into fifty minutes of work then a ten minute break. So it went, work, break, work, break etc. A typical day may consist of drill, break, P.T. (physical training), break, drill and so on until noon and chow time. In the afternoon it may be drill, an army orientation movie, a four mile run, all with the ten minute break, until 1700 hours when we stood inspection and retreat followed by chow. For the rest of the day we could do as we pleased - such as shine shoes or wash clothes. At 2130 it was lights out.

The men in the outfit were young and may have been the youngest average age of any outfit in the army. The ages were definitely lower than that of the ordinary army personnel. Our "top-kick" at Toccoa was twenty, our lieutenant-colonel was thirty-one and I estimate our captain to be twenty-five.

The army, as well as other branches of the services, did offer one good thing - free mailing privileges. This saved us three cents each and every time we mailed a letter. To mail a letter, all that was required was that you wrote "Free" in place of a stamp on the envelope and have a complete return address with your name, rank serial number and unit designation. These letters went as regular first class mail. In those days there was also an air-mail class, a faster but more expensive way of moving letters through the postal system. Air-mail letters could not be sent free but had to have the regular six cent air-mail stamp on them.

I learned what happens when you turn the wrong direction during drill. At Toccoa I once did and had to run around the block twice while yelling, "I will turn in the direction I am told".

In the army a helmet liner was worn under the steel helmet. The liner was a plastic helmet in which there was a band designed to make the liner a universal size, a "one size fits all" unit which was worn under the steel helmet. All steel helmets were the same size and could be interchanged with any liner. This was not so with the German helmets, they came in different sizes and were worn without any liner. Early in our training, such as at Toccoa, we were required to wear a helmet liner but even this light plastic unit was a nuisance. It did make a decent sun hat though but, in spite of all that, I managed to get a good sunburn on my soldiers. The sunburn only served to balance off the pain of the blisters on my feet.

CAMP MACKALL, NORTH CAROLINA

I was shipped to Camp Mackall in North Carolina and arrived there on May 7, 1943. Although Camp Mackall was a temporary camp it was at least neat and clean. With its grass and pine trees it had a pleasant, but not a resort, appearance. It had been named in honor of a paratrooper killed in action in Tunisia. For the first two weeks we were restricted to the battery area so I was not able to get to the post office to mail home the pennant and T-shirt, which I had bought.

The barracks in no way resembled a luxury hotel. They were about 65 feet long by twenty feet wide and were poised on piles of cement blocks. These piles varied in height from only a few inches to about two feet, depending upon the grade of the land. The roof was a gable type with an interior height of just seven feet. Each battery had two barracks and each barracks housed forty-eight to fifty two men in double bunks.

I was assigned to Battery C of the 460th Parachute Field Artillery Battalion in the 17th Airborne Division at this time. Some handle! This was new division, just being formed, and had, as its insignia, the eagle's claw. This patch consisted of a yellow claw in a black circle with the usual "Airborne" arched over the top. It was not too long before we discovered that a little Mercurochrome applied to the tips of the talons made the shoulder patch look rather vicious and bloody. At this time we were allowed to wear the parachute/glider patch on our overseas cap, which made us feel like paratroopers even though we had never been up in an airplane or made a jump.

At Camp Mackall there was a lake which the army had improved by dredging and bringing in enough sand to make an acceptable swimming beach. During May the weather was hot in North Carolina and that particular year the entire area had turned into a dust bowl so swimming was a treat. Well, a treat except for the three mile hike we had to make to the lake and back.

Very early in our basic training we went to a location known as the "Camouflage Area" to learn how to conceal equipment and land features by the use of camouflage. In this area there were wooden mock-ups of jeeps, field pieces and even an anti-aircraft gun hidden in a house. All of this was extremely interesting to me, but it was not so much the technique as it was the full size models that I marveled at. Looking back on the entire set-up I don't recall ever using these ideas in combat.

At Mackall I started making friends and some of those friendships have lasted to this day. The men in my barracks were from all over the United States and have been to reunions or we have kept in contact through the years. To mention a few, there was Sgt. Schneider, my favorite sergeant who lived near Detroit, Floyd Dunn and Frank Hupman from California, Rex Johnson from Utah, Sgt. Bill Westbrook from Florida, Cameron Gauthier of upper New York, Merle McMorrow who now lives in North Dakota but was from Minnesota at the time and Albert "Bud" Gallwas from Washington who frequently wrote to my sister Marion and even Dad. There are are some I have not seen or heard from since leaving the service; Fitz Patrick from New York, Long from New York and Ping from Chicago, Illinois. As other men joined us the battery grew to its full strength of 108 men. To me it was a surprise to discover how few of the men had ever been outside of their home state before joining the army. I guess that I was fortunate in that Dad worked for a railroad and we were able to travel on a pass, so I had traveled much more than the majority of the men.

Pat and I had spent a month in Florida in 1992 and on our way home we stopped and stayed a night with Gaylord and Roselyn Bucher who spent their winters in Rockingham, the nearest town to Camp Mackall. The old sergeant and I paid a visit to what is left of Camp Mackall, which is still an active military establishment, but there was little to be found of the camp as we knew it in 1943. Trees had grown where barracks and roads had once been and all that remained were the cement slabs which had served as the floors of the latrines and some abandoned plumbing of a few mess halls. The latrines brought back memories which were not the most pleasant ones, those of the long rows of stools where you had no privacy. For that reason, when I first went into the service, I tried to go to the toilet late at night, or even during the night, so I would be alone. At that time the absence of toilet lids, although there were toilet seats, made a bad impression on me.

Along this line there was another phase of army life which I could have lived without - the "short arm inspection". These inspections were always unannounced and at random intervals. For such inspections we were required to fall out and into formation wearing only boots and a raincoat. Then we had to hold our penis and "milk it down" as the regimental physician walked by and inspected for evidence of syphilis or gonorrhea.

At Camp Mackall I first saw the field piece with which we would eventually use in combat. It was an antique looking 75mm. howitzer. I say antique because of the wheels, they were made of wood, 30 inches in diameter with twelve wood spokes, and an iron tire. The wheels looked like farm wagon wheels and I am sure that they were a hold over from World War I. The field pieces were known as pack howitzers or mountain howitzers and were of a design which allowed them to be broken down into parts, packed on mules, transported through mountains, then reassembled quickly and made ready for action. This was the ideal field piece for the airborne artillery because it could be disassembled into units small and light enough to be dropped by a cargo parachute, then be reassembled and in action in a matter of minutes, that is if all the parts could be found. A cargo parachute could carry about 400 pounds so it was necessary to use several parachutes, one for each belly and each door load, to safely lower the howitzers to the ground. American paratroops during World War II jumped from Douglas C-47s, the standard cargo plane used by the United States and most of the Allied nations. The C-47 carried six belly loads, in our case parts of the howitzer and ammunition, and three smaller loads in the cabin. The cabin loads were made up of the wheels for the howitzer, the gun sight, survey equipment, .50 caliber ammunition, radio etc. and were pushed out of the door just before the first man jumped and as the belly loads were released. This method gave our airborne infantry artillery support within minutes after landing which was a reality only in the U.S. Army - the parachute units of other armies had to go it on their own until glider troops could be brought in, before they could enjoy the support of artillery. One fact that was never pointed out until we were ready to start our training was that there would not be any vehicles to pull the field pieces and that they have to be pulled by hand. For this reason we tried to capture enemy vehicles intact to be used for this purpose. To pull the 1365 pound artillery piece it took seven men, six to pull by means of a harness and one to sit in the tube to counter-balance the piece. It was a hard, hot job but we got plenty of practice during training.

Not long after I got to Mackall, probably by the second week of June, the wood artillery wheels on the howitzer were replaced with steel wheels fitted with pneumatic tires. I do not recall of ever pulling the howitzers outside of the battery area before the old wheels were replaced but, after the new wheels were installed, we pulled the howitzers all over the countryside.

By the middle of May we had been introduced to our personal weapon, the M1A1 carbine. This was a .30 caliber, semi-automatic gun with a fifteen shot clip and a folding stock. This was a great improvement over the .45 caliber side arm which the artillery formerly carried in that it had a much greater range, the clip carried almost three times as many shells and was far more accurate from 50 to 300 yards.

On May 1st I was assigned to a detail to unpack the new carbines which had just arrived at Camp Mackall. These guns were coated with oil and wrapped in brown paper, then placed in wood boxes for shipping. It was our job to unpack and clean each gun. It was not a bad detail - we could do a gun in about ten minutes but we had another lesson to learn, that of gold bricking. We learned the second lesson well - we spent an hour and twenty minutes to do each gun. We started to do the unpacking and cleaning outside but it started to rain at 1500 hours and it rained so hard that the entire detail, of eight or nine men, went back to the barracks and goofed off. The rest of the men were assigned to guard duty so we had the barracks pretty much to ourselves.

On the preceding day we had been introduced to the bazooka. This was a portable launcher from which a rocket propelled missile was fired. We went out to Area A and fired practice rounds at a moving tank. It is said that this weapon can knock out a tank.

Our training about the carbine went into full swing. We learned to disassemble, name and identify the parts then reassemble the carbine while blindfolded. This is to make us able to care for our carbine under a combat condition even if we did not have any light. I, personally, never had to use this training while overseas.

We were issued gas masks on May the 14th. There was never an occasion where we had to use the gas mask except for one false alarm in Italy which will be recounted later. Instead, many of the masks were discarded and the case used to store hoarded rations.

On May the 15th, 1943 I found myself on K.P. At Camp Mackall K.P. was miserable except when the rest of the battalion was out in the field. At least the K.P.s were allowed to eat an early chow and always got plenty of food. When assigned to K.P. the day started early and ran late but, because of the uncertain hours which varied with each tour of duty, I cannot recall my exact hours. I do remember that if you were on K.P. there was little time to do anything else after you finished in the evening except maybe to write a short letter. For one thing, by the time you finished you were so dog tired that the only thing on your mind was to get some sleep.

One month after the eleven volunteers for the paratroops left Fort Snelling there were only three left. The entire idea of the airborne was to weed out as many of the candidates as possible, even before they got to jump school.

Mail call was always the high point of the day and I was very fortunate in that area. My family wrote frequently and there was a steady stream of letters from friends all through my army career.

Since we were in the South there was a difference in the diet. I had to get used to food prepared the southern way, to army rations and to mass produced meals which was a real change from the home cooking I was used to. For example, in North Carolina we got a lot more salt and more green vegetables than I did in Minnesota but far less fats and proteins. We had heard that steak, an almost forgotten commodity in civilian life, was plentiful in the service but I would like to know in which part of the service - I have not seen any so far. Butter was scarce and we only had it for breakfast but, as I mentioned in one letter home, you get used to not having it with every meal. One food that I really hated was goat's meat. I could not stand the taste of it, but even worse, I could not tell what it was by looks alone.

As a consequence I would load my plate up only to discover, after tasting it, that it was not beef. There was no particular odor to give a clue as to what it was.

There was a man in our battery, whose name I cannot recall, who was a vegetarian so I made it a point to befriend him and be right behind him in the chow line. In that way I became the happy recipient of his share of meat. I don't know what happened to him, he may have shipped out to a different outfit or may have decided to eat meat in order to survive. Either way, I was happy that he had spent some time in my battalion.

Another hard to find item in civilian life was film but the P.X. would get in a supply every once and a while and, if you could get there at the right time, you could buy up to two rolls at \$.25 per roll for the 116 size. This gave me eight pictures per roll on my camera. This price was a bargain when compared to the \$.37 I had to pay for the same film before going into the army. It made little difference that I did not have a camera in camp but I had hopes of having mine sent soon. Cameras were permitted but you were required to get a permit and use common sense as to what pictures you took.

Our laundry could be sent to the quartermaster laundry and \$1.50 would be deducted from your pay or you could do your laundry but it would have to be done by hand and the weekend was the only time you could find time to do it. To identify our clothes each piece had to be stamped with the initial of your last name and the last four digits of your army serial number, thus mine was H-8318. I do not know what the chances are of two laundry markings being the same but, by some coincidence we had two such people in our battery. This caused a great deal of confusion since the clothes were all the same style and color, right down to the socks and underwear.

Then there was Cameron Gauthier, an industrious young man who spent his weekends doing laundry he had taken in from other members of the battery. He charged a small fee of, as I remember fifteen cents per item, for his labors. During World War II servicemen were not allowed to wear civilian clothes, except in their own home while on furlough, so there was never a problem of mixing up, losing or identifying civilian clothes.

G.I. insurance was optional, at least for the single soldier. The price was very reasonable, only \$6.50 per month for a \$10,000 policy which could be continued on after their discharge.

When payday came and the deductions were added up there was not much left. For your laundry \$1.50 was withheld, for insurance another \$6.50 and an additional \$18.75 for a war bond; that left you with a mere \$23.25 for the month.

One day I decided to have sparkling shoes (this was before we got jump boots) so I took my G.I. shoes into the shower one night and went after them with a scrub brush and bar of G.I. soap. Guess what - the following morning there wasn't any color left on the shoes.

Movies were a great source of entertainment on our free evenings. Now that I look back I feel that most of the enjoyment came from the fact that you could sit down for an hour or two. There were at least two, and maybe even four, theaters at Camp Mackall at which each movie would be shown three or four days, then the movie would move to the next theater. This was great for several reasons. If you heard the other fellows talking about a particularly good movie you still had a chance to see it, or if you really enjoyed a certain movie, you could catch it a second time. It was very seldom that you missed a movie because you were busy every night that the movie was in camp.

The theaters were buildings without air-conditioning but with fans mounted high on the walls to circulate the air. Usually you had to get there early to get a seat, but even

getting there early did not guarantee a seat since an entire section in the center, and well toward the front, that was reserved for officers.

The beer garden was a neat place to spend an evening. There were no flowers there of course, but there was a large concession stand in the center of the garden and picnic tables spotted around the grounds. Beer, hot dogs, pop and other goodies were offered for sale at very reasonable prices. You can imagine what a popular place this was for those who were not on some sort of detail and, at the same time, too broke to go to town and pay civilian prices.

We had one fellow who wanted to get out of the army so was 'bucking for a section eight', a mental discharge. His favorite thing was to eat glass. He would go to the beer garden, unscrew an electric light bulb from the eaves of the concession building, place a bit of mustard on it and proceed to eat the bulb. What was even worse, he would sometimes wait until after 2130 when all of the lights were out in the barracks, then take out a bulb, break it on the steel frame of his bed, much as you would crack an egg, and eat the glass. The sound of crunching glass in the dark made us all hope that his discharge would come soon. Eventually it did, the lucky dog!

During this time I may have had a chance to get out of the army but I was too dumb to carry the procedure to its logical conclusion. At the Fort Snelling Reception Center they noticed that I had flat feet and about once a month they would ask if my feet bothered me. They did not cause me any trouble so my answer always was that there was no problem so I stayed right where I was. Had I claimed pain or trouble with my feet I may have been put on limited duty or even discharged.

Back to K.P. I had observed that there were a great number of dishes to be washed at the mess hall. We did not have a dishwasher so every dish had to be scrapped off, then the dishes, cups and silverware were washed by hand. The plates and cups were placed on racks and sterilized with scalding hot water, then these two items were left on their racks to dry. Somehow I always managed to burn my hands with the hot water. I still remember how the silverware was dried, it took two men and a mattress cover. A mattress cover took the place of a sheet on our bunks. It was to the mattress as a pillow case was to a pillow but was made of a muslin material and fit over the mattress. The silverware was placed inside of the mattress cover, then with a man at each end the cover, the silverware was bounced up and down for several minutes until the contents were dry. In civilian life this method was usually frowned upon - something about scratching the silverware.

The floor of the mess hall had to be scrubbed of course, but one of the most clever operations was the scrubbing of the tables. At each table there were benches, rather than chairs, but only on one side of the table. The top of the table consisted of three boards, the two outside boards were fixed but the center one was removable. This enabled the K.P. to remove the center one and thoroughly clean between the boards. The center board was then raised at one end and the lower end was wedged in this upright position of about 30 degrees. After the table had dried the board was put back into place.

By May 21st I was in trouble again. That was the morning that nine of us displayed an independent streak and took off for the mess hall on our own. As a result the first sergeant invited us to go for a ride, which sounded like fun until we discovered that it was a truck ride and, since we had exhibited so much energy earlier in the day, we were required to load the 2 1/2 ton truck and the one ton trailer it pulled, with dirt. I would rather have not gone for the ride but I had no choice.

During the day we had the regular calisthenics, drill, a lecture on cannoneering, a lesson on how to grease, change oil, and take care of a jeep plus a lesson on how to

disassemble and assemble a .50 caliber machine gun. And, remember, we self taught ourselves how to shovel dirt into a truck and trailer.

At about this time we had a driving test. They piled us into jeeps, three men and a non-com to each one, and off we went to show our driving skill. I didn't do too bad but I did pray that I would not have to stop going up a hill and start up again. I was not sure that I could do it without jerking the living daylights out of the other passengers. I was surprised at the number of men who had never driven and marveled at the Californians, all of whom seemed to be good drivers. Driving a 2 1/2 ton truck was a different story, a sad story to be sure.

The heat in North Carolina got to me one day so the doctor ordered me to take some salt tablets and stay in the barracks for the afternoon. This was a welcome mini-vacation.

I took time to write home about one exceptional meal we had at Mackall. We had roast pork, asparagus, creamed corn, bread, celery stuffed with cheese, eggplant and ice cream. Butter was missing, though we still have only one pat at breakfast and potatoes are seldom served.

I did write home about a breakfast too, a breakfast which consisted of only three fried eggs. Fried eggs were a real treat and when they were served we always went into the mess hall through the back door and directly into the kitchen. There the mess sergeant and K.P.s would be cooking eggs on the top of the stoves and we would point to the egg or eggs we wanted, thereby getting the ones that were "just right". That is about as personal as the army could get. Normally, when eggs were served they were scrambled and the rubbery mess was set out on the mess line in a huge pan. By the time you went through the line the eggs were cold. You wouldn't think that scrambled eggs could be messed up but, believe me it is possible.

I also began to develop a definite hate attitude toward the Army Air Corps, especially at 0400 in the morning, when they flew their C-47s over our barracks at about 200 feet.

Every soldier must learn to pitch a tent using his shelter-half and so it was on one nice May day when we went out to Area A for our lesson. This particular day we dived up into groups of four and combined our shelter-halves to make a four man-tent. Everything went fine until the center pole got out of line and one of our men had to crawl inside to straighten it. Somehow the tent got buttoned up with him inside. At that time an officer came by, lined us up and was about to inspect our work when he noticed that there were only three men. He made us tear the tent down and start all over again.

Area A was the section of our camp in which we did most of our training - a field about a quarter of a mile from our barracks that had no buildings and only a few trees. Oh yes, there was one building, the latrine. This had a canvas shield around it and all it amounted to was a crude outhouse.

On May 23rd my camera arrived but I could not use it until the permit came through.

One of our bivouacs was an overnight affair, as most of the bivouacs were, but in this instance the plan called for a march of thirteen miles by way of a round about route and a shorter, more direct route of seven miles on the return. We lucked out for once, the short route was used in both directions. The packs were light, about twenty five pounds, but the sun was exceptionally hot and never stopped beating down on us. I am not kidding when I say my fatigue jacket was dripping sweat after I took it off, even without wringing it out. The same was true of the helmet liner which was so hot that I could not touch it with my hands.

The shoulder straps that support the musette bag did a good job of cutting into my shoulders during that march. It must have bothered some officers too because it was not

long after that we were supplied with felt pads to protect our shoulders. Of course the pads were considered "sissy stuff" but they were secretly appreciated everyone used them.

Back to the bivouac. We arrived at our destination at 1530, pitched our tents and camouflaged them, always aware that the enemy might be nearby. I drew guard duty from 0200 to 0300 and found out how dark it can really get. The guard post was about 100 yards from my tent but when I tried to find my way back to the tent I walked for twenty minutes, and had passed within fifteen yards of it, before I finally found it.

While on bivouac we had to eat in the field, and I complained in my letters sent home about the small size of the mess-kits - they simply did not hold enough food. So much for bivouacs for now.

Pay day was another experience worth note even though it only came around once a month and always in camp. If we were out on a problem the pay had to wait until we returned to camp. Let's run through the typical pay procedure. We went to the day room, stood in line while waiting our turn and, when our turn finally came, we would uncover, enter the office, salute and give our name, rank and serial number before receiving our pay in cash, less deductions, at the first table. This left three more tables to stop at - it reminded me of an obstacle course. Nothing happened at table number two so the next stop was at number three. At that table we were relieved of \$1.70 for swimming trunks which we were required to buy. This was not the end of the ordeal and it was at the last table that they took another \$.30 cents for shoulder patches, items which we were required to buy and wear. And who sewed them on? We did of course.

A day room was a barracks, divided by a partition through the short dimension of the building, so one building could be shared by two batteries. Each day room contained an office for the battery commander and first sergeant in which they could do their paper work. The office area was separated from a recreation area for the men by a wall. Our day room area was mostly used for loafing, letter writing and playing cards. The lower portion of the walls, from the window sills down, was fir with a very unusual decor. The wood was charred slightly with a blow torch which darkened the soft part of the grain and created a contrast between the soft and hard areas. Then a coat of varnish was applied to protect it and give a glossy appearance. It was furnished with a couple of picnic style tables with attached benches.

While writing some letters in the day room one evening the first sergeant asked for a few men to move some "junk" in. I helped and now our day room is one of the nicest in the entire camp with six chrome chairs with red plastic upholstery, four foot-stools, four wall lamps, a three-way floor lamp, curtains and a honey of a table model radio worth about \$49.00. Until this time we had been able to get only local stations, which did not offer much, but now we are able to get something worthwhile from stations in large cities.

By the end of May I had hoarded at least sixteen rolls of film, each with a capacity of eight pictures. Since film was so hard to get I bought a roll or two every chance I got.

Brownies were always a welcome gift from home and in a letter I wrote to mother on May 31st I thanked her for the brownies I had recently received and thanked her for not cutting them. Since it was impossible to conceal food from the rest of the guys it was necessary to share with them and, if they were not cut, they could be divided into the appropriate number of pieces. On this particular occasion I was able to save an entire row for myself.

Heat and hikes came with June. In June we started to pull the field pieces, by hand, on our hikes. And it was hot, so hot that our shoe polish melted and we could not polish our shoes. Everyone felt pretty bad about that.

On June 5th we went on our second hike which they called a tactical problem, this meant that we had to pull the howitzer and play like we were in combat. But this time we did not have to carry a full pack, only a musette bag on our back with a rain coat, mess-kit, a towel and a pair of socks in it. Our shelter-half and one blanket was rolled into a long roll and slung over the howitzer tube to lighten our personal load.

First we went to a crossroad, four miles from our area, and set up a position until dark. At 2230 hours we got the C.S.M.O. (Close Station March Order) and set out for another position 0.7 of a mile down the road where we went into position for the night. All activity was carried on in the dark and with a minimum of noise. It was a very uncomfortable night - we laid our shelter-halves down and slept on it with the blanket over us. The big problem was trying to decide whether we should keep the blanket on us and suffer from the heat or discard the blanket and feed the mosquitoes. The next time I am going to leave my dog-tags where they are clearly visible so the mosquitoes will not have to roll me over to find out what type of blood I have.

From 2330 to 0030 I had guard duty. We were not supposed to use a flashlight but there was one case when I would have been better off if I had - that was after I had finished my time on guard. There was no written or formal order stating or who was to go on guard or at what time, so it was the responsibility of each soldier to wake his relief up to stand the next hour of guard. First I tried to get Fritz up but he made it clear that I had relieved him. Then I tried a sergeant who, because of his rank, would have no part of guard duty. Finally I got Andersen up and on duty. It was so dark out in the North Carolina woods that you cannot see five feet in front of you and it is deadly quiet.

At 0530 we had to get up and we had breakfast. We had to dig the battery in - a trail-pit, gunner's fox hole, slit trenches and an ammunition pit to simulate combat conditions. It took thirty minutes to dig the holes, then a lieutenant-colonel came by, fell into a foxhole and within a matter of thirty seconds completed his inspection. After the inspection we had to fill the holes in, then we moved out. We were back in camp by 1130 and guess what - we had to clean the guns.

We were always carrying our carbine. It went through the chow line with us, we had it on our shoulder while doing drills on the howitzer and slept with it both cocked and within easy reach. All of this but no ammunition had been issued, not one shell.

I made a Venetian blind for the window over my bunk out of cardboard and string and it worked perfectly - that is until the first inspection after I had installed the blind. At that time I was ordered to remove it because it was not regulation and the other windows were not similarly equipped. It did a good job of keeping the sun out on the one Sunday which I did not have to get up before the sun.

There was a mention of strawberries in a letter from home and I answered that I had not seen any since before I joined the army. We did get blueberry pie once in a while. Butter is still only a breakfast item.

More than once I stayed in camp because the transportation to town was so bad. Often it was a wait of one to three hours to get on the bus, and after you go to town there wasn't much to do and all there was to see was hundreds of G.I.s. The bus itself was not exactly a first class or luxury vehicle. The tractor unit was a Dodge truck which pulled about a thirty foot trailer, probably without springs, if one was to judge by the quality of the ride.

There were times when K.P. was not too bad. One example was a Friday when we had 350 for noon mess but only 95 for the breakfast and the evening meal. All we did is loaf

around, eat oranges and pie and pester the mess sergeant. We were done by 1900 rather than the normal 2130 and there were so few men in the barracks that we turned the lights off when we felt like doing so.

During the day we had made an even hundred pies but after the K.P.s left there were only ninety-nine. It comes down to the fact that one K.P. (not me) had a pie to himself. The following morning the mess-sergeant set out to find the thief. When the sergeant found him he made the culprit return the pie tin because, he the sergeant, had been charged out with 100 tins and did not want to be charged for the lost pie tin. The sergeant didn't ask any questions or even mention the pie, but he did get his pie tin back.

We had two popular mess-sergeants, one was Sgt. Hess and the other was Sgt. Prill. Therefore the mess hall became known as Hess' Mess or Prill's Grill, depending on who was our reigning sergeant.

Fritz and I were trying to perfect a chocolate sauce to put on ice-cream so be ready for a new and tasty treat from Camp Mackall in the near future. Nothing more was ever heard of this invention.

Fritz had a good and bad experience. First the good one. His brother had been reported killed in action by the Navy Department about five weeks ago, but since then his family has received a letter from him. The bad thing is Fritz's black eye. His harness was too loose the last time he jumped from the mock-up tower and it smacked him on the left eye which is still black.

At Camp Mackall I completed my post graduate course in bed-making and finally arrived at the stage where I can make a bed with the blanket so tight that a "quarter would bounce on it", which is supposed to be the ultimate test.

On Sunday, the 13th of June, I went to Mass which was supposed to start at 0700 but did not start until 0725, as a result I missed breakfast. Boy, was I hungry! Hungry because in those days we were required to fast from midnight, even in the service. I did make up for it at noon with an outstanding meal of ham with raisin sauce, string beans, a salad, bread, ice-cream, cookies and lemonade. This meal was worked off by playing two games of pool and going swimming. Of course all of these activities worked up an appetite and I was compelled to have some ice-cream made into a fresh orange sundae.

The heat was still a point to write home about. The number of runs and the double-timing with full pack has been cut, but not completely eliminated. This freed up more time for lectures and "games", which is another way of saying personal competition. On June the 14th it thundered all day while the sun continued to shine but there was no rain. This weather, with all of it's sunshine, did help my tan which was as deep and dark as I have ever had. Don't forget though, before the tan came a deep, red burn, also the worse I have ever had.

With the hot days and full training schedule it was common that I would write a letter in the evening, after lights out, while sitting under the streetlight. This is what happened on June the 18th after going to see the movie "Bataan". At least I started to write but I had to cut the letter writing short because it started to rain. I was looking forward to seeing a movie coming soon, "Five Graves To Cairo", at least it gave me a chance make some choices while in the army.

Earlier in the day, the 18th, a new fellow, fresh from Toccoa, joined our outfit and reported that a G.I. had fallen dead while running the mountain when they were both at Toccoa.

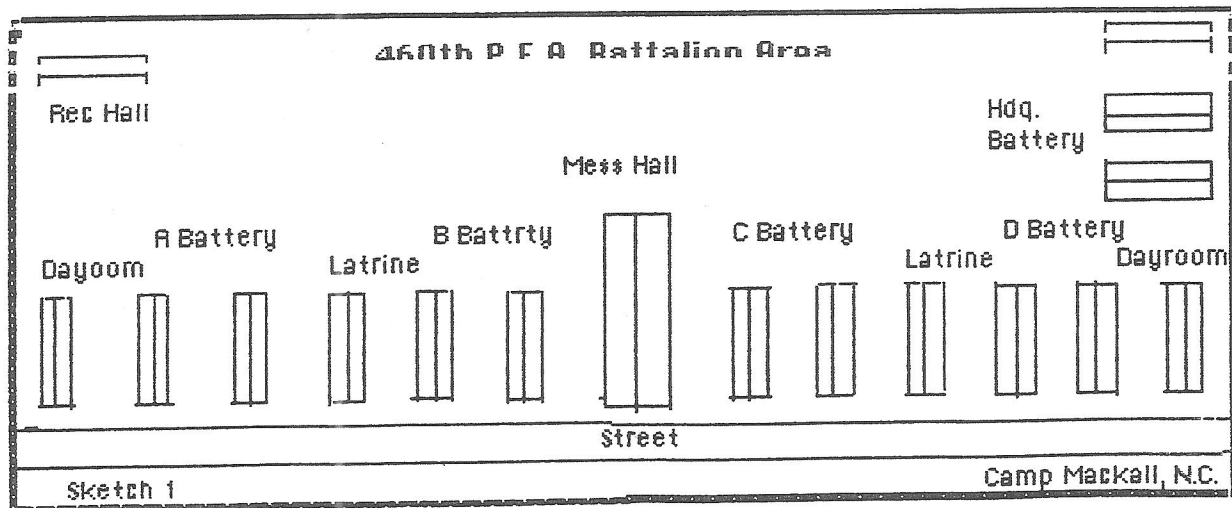
In a letter I wrote to Dad on Fathers' Day I described how Fritz and I had learned how to make the best of our bivouacs. It was rather simple. First we pitched our tent on a pile of

sand left from digging the field pieces in, this was soft for comfort and high enough so the warwe would run around it and leave us high and dry in the event of rain. Then we buttoned our raincoats over the open end of our shelter-half so we were comfortably enclosed. After pitching the tent we took a walk down the road to a small store and bought some cokes, cheese-crackers and a large box of vanilla wafers. With the oranges and checker game we brought with us we had an interesting evening before the rain started. During the rain we stripped and took a shower, a rather cold shower at that.

Letters began to mention a possible trip to Mackall by Mom and Dad. They could stay for three days in the guest house, which was a barracks divided into rooms, but reservations had to be made at least two weeks in advance. The cost was \$5.00.

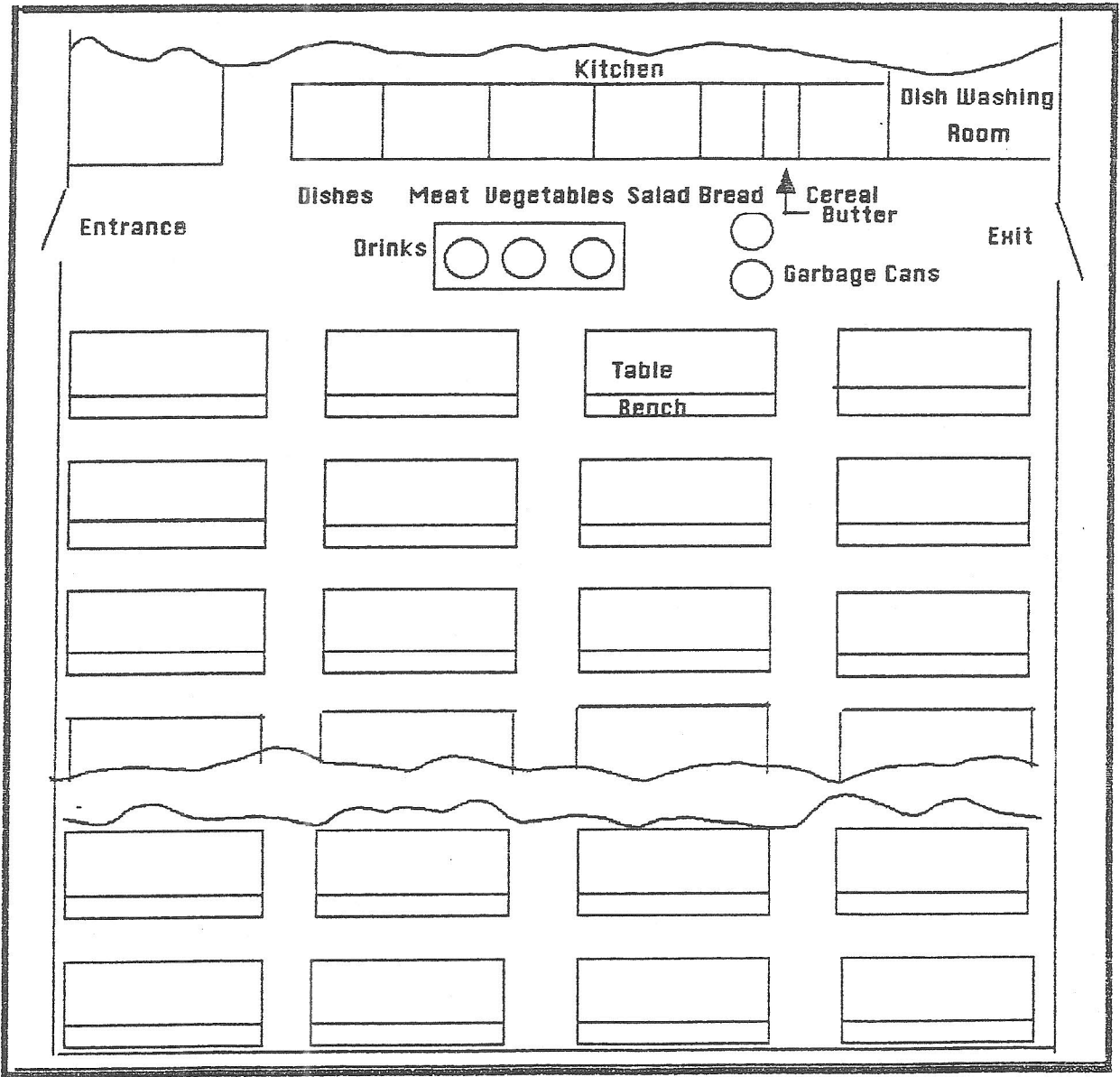
The official temperature was 100.2 degrees on June 17th but it felt like 120 in the sun. That was an all time high for that date, so what did we do but go on a hike with full pack.

Since there was little to write about I choose to describe the mess-hall (See sketch 2). My first sketch shows the general layout of the battalion area with the mess-hall wisely placed in a central location. Those of us in C battery were fortunate in that our barracks were located next to the mess hall and on the entrance side so we could watch the line. With this advantage we developed a tactic to save time and energy - we could wait in the barracks until the line got rather short, then join in. This was not a foolproof method, but a gamble as to whether the food would run out or there would be a little extra. If the food ran short the servings got smaller and smaller toward the end of the line and sometimes even ran out. Sometimes we were lucky and there was plenty. In such case the servings increased and those at the end of the line came out best. Seconds were rare but sometimes available. There was a very ridged schedule followed for the serving of meals. Meals were served at 0615, 1145 and 1745 and the doors were never opened ahead of time. This resulted in a long line before each meal and another waiting period. At the precise time the doors were flung open and the line started to move. In about fifteen minutes you were at the door, then it happened - you were through the door and in a different world. It was then that you realized why it was called a mess-hall.



Once inside you took a plate and loaded it with everything you could get your hands on, then you sat down and ate. (See Sketch 2 on following page). After eating you scraped

the remaining food from your plate into the garbage can and put your plate through a window into the plate room and left. From there you usually went to the P.K. to get something else to eat. Oranges were about the only thing you could bring back to the barracks from the mess-hall but an apple or two have been known to fall into my lap and find its way back to my bunk.



On June 24th we went out to Area A to take part in some maneuvers. No sooner did we get out there than it began to rain. For about fifteen minutes it rained harder than I have ever seen it rain in Minneapolis and then it drizzled for another half hour. I had a letter in my pocket which I had started to read but did not have time to finish - what a mess that was! The envelope came unglued and the ink ran to the point that the letter was almost impossible to read.

On my nineteenth birthday, the first birthday I spent in the army, I don't remember

anything special except that I got a pile of cards and letters from friends and relatives along with a birthday cake from home. Birthdays came and went and there was nothing to mark the event, save the birthday cake that might arrive in the mail. In such cases all those in the barracks pitched in to help consume the goodies.

July started with a gun drill in Area A in the morning. That was fine until it started to rain, then it became miserable. For an hour we drilled in the rain and when we finally started back to the barracks we were soaked to the skin. Right in front of our barracks door there was a puddle of muddy water about three inches deep, fifteen feet wide and twenty feet long that looked so inviting that one guy could not resist diving in. We were already wet so most of us flopped in. After changing to clean, dry clothes we went up to the day-room for our pay and then I returned to the barracks \$23.25 richer. A short time later I turned out for guard duty and walked the post from 2000 to 2200 and from 0200 to 0400 in a light rain. It gets pretty lonesome on post especially when it is raining - for some reason it doesn't seem so bad when the stars fill the sky. At least it was cool that night with the light rain.

On the third of July it rained and with the rain went my chance to jump from the mock-up tower. In the evening we took in a movie, "Stage Door Canteen" which I thought was pretty good.

I spent the Fourth of July on K.P. wondering what all this talk about independence meant and to whom it applied. It was evident that it did not hold true in the mess-hall, that's for sure.

During July we were practicing tumbling in preparation for landing after a parachute jump. First we tried it on the flat ground, then off a four foot platform and finally off a six foot platform.

During the first week of July there was a jump scheduled for the officers and non-coms. Like everything else there were work details connected with it, my job was that of a spotter to watch and see if any of the jumpers landed in the woods. Other jobs included choppers to help, or if necessary, chop down those who landed in trees, to run out and meet each jumper as he landed in case he had been hurt, another was to set out markers and still another detail was to build fires. Makes one wonder who will be there to meet us when we jump in combat and behind enemy lines.

To make life miserable for our sergeants we went through the process dividing up their money and clothes between us, assigned a "blotter detail" for those whose chute didn't open and we cut out paper crosses on which we lettered their names and placed on their bunks.

On the day the jump was scheduled it rained and the jump was postponed. Oh well, it gave the sergeants a little more time to sweat the jump out.

The jump did take place on July 23rd and it proved to be a day long event. Over fifty men jumped but there was only one plane so it had to make two flights and two passes on each flight, dropping fourteen men on each pass. There were no injuries but two men landed in trees. It was fun to watch as it was our first chance to be on the spot for a jump and I was able to take some pictures.

In July our schedule called for a lecture and demonstration on what to do in case of a gas attack so on this particular morning Lt. Cooper marched us out to Area A to go through the gas chamber. His face was a little red when he found out that the tent had not been set up and there was no gas chamber to be found. He settled for a lecture and demonstration of how to use the gas mask. Several practice or "dry runs" followed.

Summer storms in North Carolina were a nuisance and frequently the lights went out as a result of these storms. This made letter writing difficult and often a letter went

unfinished for several days. I do not know if the interruptions were actually more frequent in camp than anywhere else but they seemed to be to me.

Our training on the mock-up towers continued and some of us plotted to take pictures. Evidently this plan failed because, to this day I cannot recall seeing any pictures and there are none in my collection.

Also in July we were visited by General Marshall and General Guard, a French general. It was a big deal and the day before the review, which was on a Sunday, we had to spend time cleaning and painting the field pieces. On the day of the review we marched to the airport and stood review. The actual review only took a few minutes as the generals rode past the ranks in a jeep. We then marched back to the battery area. Although it was only three and a half miles to the airport and another three and a half back we managed to cover eleven miles by marching to the airport, weaving across the airport and taking a round-about way back to our area. There are times when I am not happy to have visitors drop in, no matter how important they are.

The invasion of Sicily took place in July of 1943 and the parachute field artillery went into action for the first time. In Camp Mackall we watched the results with special interest because the success or failure of the two field artillery battalions of the 82nd Airborne Division forecast our future. If they proved successful we would continue on with our training as a field artillery battalion - if they were not effective we would probably be converted into an infantry outfit.

One day in July I became a carpenter by a cruel stroke of fate. Between each of the bunks there was a shelf above a clothes rack which was divided into two equal parts and shared by the men in the upper and lower bunk. Gallagar and I shared a shelf and rack which, for some reason, gave away. The result was that everything from toothbrushes to overcoats were dumped on the floor. However, he had taken it upon himself to go over the hill and I was stuck with the clean-up job. The least he could have done would have to wait a week longer before going R.W.O.L. because last week was his turn to sweep the floor and I got stuck with that task too.

Fire guard was a soft job, all one did was sit around the barracks and pass the time by writing letters, or whatever you wanted to do, just so you stayed in the barracks and awake. The bad side of the detail was that you could not go anywhere in the evening even if the barracks was full of people.

Basic training actually started on July 19th. Until that time we were simply marking time until the battalion could be brought up to full strength so our regular training schedule could begin. A good share of the trouble was boredom. Almost all of the lectures had been given two or three times already and it was difficult to stay awake while sitting on the floor of a hot, stuffy barracks on a humid day. It was always a humid day because the lectures would be saved until a rainy day, when we could be inside.

It was a major crime to fall asleep, or even yawn, during a lecture. To do so meant that you would have to dig a 6 X 6 on your own time, that is after training hours. In this case, a 6 X 6 was a hole six feet square and six feet deep, to be dug that evening and as far into the night as necessary. This meant that you got little or no sleep that night. The same detail may result from removing your helmet.

Our basic training was cut from twelve to eight weeks because we had so much of the training while waiting for the battalion to fill up. The army seems to be a hurry up and wait deal. Especially during basic, rain had very little effect on our training. As an example, we went out one evening and by the time we got 300 yards from the gun park it was raining cats and dogs. This did not have any effect on the training schedule, we went anyhow and

practiced night firing of the guns - without ammunition. That is really stretching the definition of a "dry run". When we got back to the battery area there was coffee waiting for us in the mess-hall. This tasted good because of the rain and the standing order that we could not carry a canteen unless we were gone for at least one meal.

All of my equipment seemed to be falling apart at the same time. The point fell off my mechanical pencil and I lost the point, now the pencil is useless. The cable release on my camera, which was already in poor condition, broke completely off but the camera has a regular shutter release so it is still usable.

A new order just came down: "There will be no more jumping off the roofs of moving trucks".

Sgt. Schneider from Detroit was one of my favorite non-coms. He had a great sense of humor and kept our spirits up. We all had the feeling that he would do anything for us and I know that the guys would do anything for him.

There was the time when took us out on a detail to build a log bridge over a small stream in Area A. We rode all over the camp looking for suitable trees and averaged about a mile per log. While looking for logs Sgt. Schneider came up with the sensational idea that we were thirsty and should stop at the P.K. where we downed a couple of bottles of pop, some cookies and a candy bar. While we were feeding our faces in the P.K. the sergeant saw a good-looking girl and decided that he needed some stationery. After a half hour of discussion with the clerk as to just what kind of paper he wanted, the rest of us made the decision for him. When we finished the bridge we tore it down and kept the parts for a demonstration at a later date. After the demonstration all of the guys that worked on the bridge were given a three-day pass so Jim Andersen and I took off for Raleigh, North Carolina. Lt. Saad gave us a ride to Fort Bragg on the twentieth of July where we caught a bus to Raleigh. It was 0145 when we arrived in Raleigh so we took the first hotel room we could find. It was one with two twin beds and cost \$6.50 but we were so tired that we did not shop around for a better price. The beds were so soft that it was difficult to sleep in.

Saturday morning we started out on foot to see the city but it wasn't long before we found ourselves on a city bus with "Merdith College" on the destination board. It was an all girls' school about the size of West High school and a real disappointment since it was summer vacation time and there were only eight students left on campus. Back on the bus we went and to the State College with its roller rink and outdoor swimming pool. First we went skating, then swimming. I caught Andersen on the merry-go-round and he made me swear that I would keep the incident a secret. Later in the day he ducked out and went over to some girl's house for a chicken sandwich.

At the swimming pool my pity for a civilian caused me to strike up a conversation with a red-head, just to try to raise her moral. We had a long chat and she told me that she was from a little mistake on the map about 150 miles from Raleigh, goes to business college and lives in a boarding house. She would not make a date but suggested that the U.S.O. on Hillsbrough might be a nice place to visit later in the evening. Andersen and I both went to the U.S.O. as per suggestion and had a good time. The U.S.O. was a Catholic one and only about three blocks from the hotel we were staying at. After the U.S.O. closed Bernice and I went to a midnight movie. This was against the U.S.O. rules in that the girls were not supposed to go out with the G.I.s after the U.S.O. closed, but we sure enjoyed the movie.

Sunday morning Andersen and I split and went to our own church, he to the Mormon one and I to a pretty little Catholic one next to the U.S.O. There were only about twenty-five Mormons in Raleigh so the people in church noticed Jim. A Mr. Henderson invited Jim, and myself, to a picnic that noon. It was a great picnic, the weather was perfect and the food