

Ettinger, William H. Recollections pt 2 5-30-91

[Speaker 1]

And every night someone would have another gal and they would say, run the soundtrack. The rest of that film was just plain blank and white. Watching this blank screen got pretty boring after a month or so.

And I went to bed one night and couldn't sleep. And all of a sudden I thought, why not make a movie using that soundtrack? And I woke Bill Murray and Gene Bunning up.

They were in my same room and told them my idea. The next morning at breakfast we started to work it out. We had Lieutenant Lokes to cover for us and he agreed.

And the other officers would ask what we were doing and he would say that he had sent us out on something. And before it was all over with, he had about run out of excuses. The words were about a buck private cleaning the latrine.

And we used Mike Pitcairn for the soldier and he made a good one. There was no dialogue, just music. It opened with a G.I. Lament printed on toilet paper in the toilet. And as you read the toilet, the toilet was flushed. Incidentally, the toilets down below the equator flush the opposite direction. The water turns the other direction.

And that was with sound. And that was the only sound we used on it outside of music. Mike was dressed to go to town and the first sergeant shows him where he was on latrine duty.

And we needed a tent and a bulletin board. And called Camp Ascot and told them we wanted to take a few scenes for a movie. And they wouldn't let us come for a day.

And you never saw such a clean camp. And we only used a few seconds of the camp. We had a lot of fun making it.

And after we had put it together, we waited. And one night the officers wanted a soundtrack. I didn't know if I should tell them that it was torn up or what, or whether to show it.

I turned it on and they began to laugh and holler. And it sure was different from the soundtrack. I also kept my stripes.

I'd like to know what happened to that and who has it. I can't say I did a heck of a lot of work, but I did catch up on my rest and eating. They had some prints of some of the moves that the boys had made and I had made.

And I enjoyed seeing them. And I could go in the projection room and see what I'd shot. And I didn't get to see everything.

It seemed like I spent a lot of time going to the hospital and seeing someone with malaria. Newman got the place job of base photographer at Sydney. It seemed that about all I did was take pictures of generals and other big high ranks and go to the Red Cross for breakfast.

Then I went to another restaurant for dinner. I had about forgotten what it was like to wake up and put on a pair of wet shoes. I could still be brought back by looking in my barracks bag for something and the musty, moldy smell of New Guinea was still there.

How soon we forget. I don't know who, but someone came up with a new smoke screen and they wanted to test it and take pictures. They wanted us to take pictures.

So we went out with the Navy the night before. And they got us up at two in the morning and that was a Navy's day for beans. And that means beans three times a day that day.

So it was beans for breakfast. We went to dock before daylight, tied the Mitchell camera on the PT boat, and I had a handheld ammo. I don't remember who was shooting stills, but I think it was John Moore.

I had never ridden on a PT boat, and I didn't know how fast they could go. Once in a while I think they were out of it, and when they hit the water it was a sudden and rough bump. It's kind of like skipping a rock on the water, only they're both the rock.

There was a Liberty ship that had broken in two, and we were circling it to see how long it took before you couldn't see it. And then they wanted to know how long the smoke stayed there. The smoke machine was set up on the back of our PT boat.

Then we made a couple trips along the beach to see how effective it would be on the landing. That ammo was hard to hold, and the rough ride was kind of harder on your kidneys. The skipper of the boat didn't offer us a thing to eat, and he finally gave us a box of swine bone.

Now that was my first and last time that I had ever eaten it. The next time I saw it was when Bill, our son, was gumming it down years later. About the middle of November, John and I got a seven-day furlough, and we went to Sydney to see Harold Newman.

I can't really say that I had a good time there. Just, oh, no. We returned to Brisbane by train on November the 21st, and before we got back, I started having chills on the train and fever.

And a GINR compartment had a blanket, and they wrapped me up in it. Boy, that was a rough trip. I won't forget it.

The next day they took me to the 42nd General Hospital, where I had seats in a pillow and pillowcase, and I was too sick to appreciate it. I had a very nice nurse, and she had been on duty in Port Moresby, and she had charge of the malaria ward and another ward. And she sat by me for a while that night and put four blankets and a couple of hot water bottles on me.

Then I'd break out in a high fever, and then she'd change my sheets and pajamas four times that first night. Now, she had to go to another ward to see about another sick boy, and she told the ward boy to put blankets on me if I had another chill. And the minute she left, he went out the back door.

And then the chills came, and I hollered and woke almost all the fellows up, and they started calling. No one dared get out of the mosquito net after dark. I guess I passed out.

When I came to, the nurse was there. Then the ward boy sneaked in the back, and she saw him. She really carried him up one side and down the other.

She said, You are straight from the States and have three hot meals and a good place to sleep with sheets. And I almost felt sorry for him. After three days, you begin to think you will live.

And what had a hold of you and was twisting your legs one way and the other thing was twisting the rest of your body the other way, it finally begins to let up, and you could get up and go to the mess hall in the latrine. But you were still a captive in the ward. There was a darned record player or phonograph, and it had three records, Yellow Rose of Texas and Deep in the Heart of Texas.

I don't remember the others, but I never want to hear them again. Being a captive in there, and I didn't like that type of music anyway, but boy, oh boy. I stayed in the hospital for ten days, and some of the boys from the lab paid a return call.

Now I know what the other fellows felt like, only I didn't have this material, and I had sheets too. The malaria fraternity, I'll call it that, was growing. The original men of the 32nd and the 41st Division had 100% membership, and for the most of this, it wasn't the last bout with it.

I never went back to the hospital, but I would be down and feeling bad and just take 12 Atterburns a day. That's what the hospital gave us, and this was the advantage of our outfit, and we could stay at Center House, and on our cot someone would bring food to you, and the officers knew about it. Now the hospital had 1,024 patients, and I didn't need to be one of them any more than necessary.

I sure hoped this would be my last ride in a meat wagon. It was an Australian ambulance. Maybe I should have gone back to the hospital, because I don't know what the records are like on my chart.

I have ran out of diary, and I'm still in Australia at the end of 1943. It was time for me to go back for the invasion of Hollandia. John Moore took me back to the plane in March, and then he went back and asked to follow me, and he still had some rest time coming.

When he got to the lab in Mooresby, I had a bad case of chigger bites that had turned into jungle ulcers, and the medics were about to put me in the hospital. I told them about John volunteering to go with me, and I'd come back after the invasion. So they put tar on my legs, up to my knees, and that seemed to do the trick.

They wrapped that with gauze then. We had a whole new ball game this time. We had a new lieutenant from Hollywood, Lieutenant Kane, and a Dave Silver.

He was a movie man, and he was also from Hollywood. And then we had a Texan by the name of Gowan. He was a still man.

And two fellas to help carry extra film and write captions. One of these fellas was a very good procurer of food or anything else that we needed. And one day we were in need of food, and the food bunk was nearby with guards all around it.

And there was a line of men picking up boxes for this new ration called 10 and 1. It fed 10 men one meal. Our man lined up, fell in line, and walked out with one on his shoulder.

He wasn't good for much of anything else. The other fella was a cooperative and could write captions for me. Gowan's had been issued a roll of flex that used a 120-size roll film, and he had 12 rolls of film in his pocket.

And it didn't weigh as much as the 12 of the 4-to-5 film packs that John was carrying. And I had the IMO and about 1,500 feet of film, movie film, and the helper had 2,000 feet of film in 100-foot rolls. Now, each roll weighed about a pound or possibly a little more.

We were on an Australian ship sailing along without much noise when an American ship came by and threw a message over. We were all lined up against the rail, and so were the American sailors. Then one of the American sailors said, They knew we were eating mutton, and that broke up the quiet.

I had worn a pair of old socks on purpose, so when we went in, I was sure we'd get wet, and I had a pair of new Australian wool socks that I could put on when I had time. John and I took pictures all around. Then they brought in a command car in with the Signal Corps radio, and the beachmaster came in with it, which was our signal company officer, one of them.

And I asked if I could leave my pack there until later. And we went to our right to Pancake Hill, and on the way back, we decided to rest. So we sat down at the base of a coconut tree, and there was an island with a few trees on it about 200 yards away.

And we heard a spat just between our hips and knew it was a sniper. He was from the island. So we rolled over to the side, and knowing it, our .45s wouldn't do us any good. So we went back a couple of hundred yards and told the major from the amphibious engineers about it. He looked in the tree and said, There little bastard is, and gave a couple of greetings to the gunners on the buffalo. And he fired one shot, and the top of the tree came down.

So John and I caused the little Jap to fall to his death, and I never was sorry about it. We went on down the beach and didn't get back that night. Shortly after dark, a lone Jap plane came over and dropped one bomb on their own Jap gas dump right in the middle of our area and set off the darndest explosion I had ever heard.

We had been unloading ammunition of all kinds, and sizes, plus gasoline. And believe me, the American forces can unload a lot of equipment in a day. Now just before dark, John and I had spotted a little cave with a small stream running out of it, and we didn't dig a hole, so we had this place in mind.

And when the explosion started, we didn't know what was going on, so we headed for the cave and stayed there for several minutes, straddled this little stream. Now the hole was probably not over three foot high, so it was pretty uncomfortable standing there. Then we decided the noise wasn't going to get us, so we crawled back out.

And we got under John's poncho, and the concussion from those explosions was moving that poncho all night. Towards morning, we heard hand grenades going off on the hill above

us. The next day, we found out it was some of the, I think it was some of the 24th Division boys.

One got out of this hole and another thought he was a jet, and threw a grenade. And that started something. The next morning, they started bringing the boys down, the wounded.

I'm going to back up to the middle of the first morning at the landing. We had Lieutenant Kane with us, and he had kept us on the beach, and we had met no resistance. So John and I wanted to go on, but Lieutenant didn't.

So we sat down, and the signal company lieutenant and beachmaster asked what was the matter, and we told him. And he got ahold of our lieutenant and said to let us go on, go where we wanted to go, that we knew what to do. And I never did get back to that command car or my pack after that explosion.

But it may still be up in the air. I talked to one of the boys that was there for three days, and he was still shaking. And he said that if you wanted to light a cigarette, you just held it up when a lighted gas barrel went by.

The next day, we were going to move for a landing, make a landing across the Lake Centennial. Lieutenant and I got on top of a deck and was waiting to start. But when a chap fired a round of anti-aircraft at us, it exploded at our right quite a ways.

It did get a couple of our fellows, and they were calling for medics anyway. I jumped off and under the deck, and they fired another round, and a piece of shrapnel hit the spare tire that I was sitting on. Lieutenant didn't know what to do.

John came over and got under with me, and John said, Lieutenant, those aren't blanks. That's the real thing. After someone knocked the gun out, John and I got on a buffalo, and we had to ride on top because it was full of infantry.

And we sat over the motor, and it kept getting hotter and hotter. They landed us in the wrong place in a limb bush, John, and it was full of big white ants. They won't let go after they bite.

And another fellow helped me get them off of John. Then we backed off and started for another place. And a sniper fired at John and me because we were sitting ducks up on top of that thing.

And a machine gunner got him, and that motor kept getting hotter and hotter. We landed at the end of the Santini air strip, and a squad of men in my alligator went over the side, and we were about waist-deep in water. And we all started down the strip, and we were the point men, and that meant there were only 12 men in front of John and me.

We didn't go any farther. We found out the next day they'd got 85 jets near the runway. As we went down the strip, I saw a GI start a jet roller, and he came down the strip starting to iron out some of the rough places.

Then we crossed over to the Cyclops strip, but I'm not sure it was the next day or not. Anyway, we were both out of film, and three C-47s came in and landed, and they were

probably in some supplies, and they were taking wounded back. And we were helping to load them, and I was on the foot end of a stretcher, and this fellow had a Japsaber by his side, and he also had a very bloody leg.

I wondered if he had traded that leg. It would make a good story if I traded a leg for a saber. Anyway, to go back, John had to take the place of a medic.

His plane lost a motor and barely got back to Nantz. And the other two planes didn't make it at all. Now, we were walking down the edge of an airstrip, and suddenly John said, Whoa, and I saw I was about to step on a landmine.

We marked it and went on. Now, over to our right, I saw a white flag waving out of the mouth of a cave. And as we stopped, an Indian with a turban on came out followed by about 100 more Indians.

One of them could speak a little English, and he said they had been in there for three days without food. We took them to G-2, and they opened some 10-in-1 rations, and they dived in, and then one started to read. Then he yelled something, and they all quit eating.

They were Hindus and weren't supposed to eat beef, but they ate everything else in them. And that was the last we saw of them. I had gotten by without even a toothbrush, and one of the signal company boys that I met had had an extra one, so he gave me his extra one.

And we shared John's poncho at night. But I still didn't have any socks. Some of the brass wanted to show how much firepower they had, so they put all tracers on .30 caliber machine guns, belts, and any other guns that could fire tracers. And the operators had an asbestos glove, and everything they fired was tracers. And that evening, they set me up on a little raise in a Jap train. And as soon as I was ready, they opened up, and the thing really lit them up.

We started to get some ricochet right over me, and they stopped and asked if I was okay, and I was. I really was, because the Jap that had occupied that place had just had some clean laundry, and he had a towel and some tube socks. So I probably was one of the first Yanks to wear tube socks, and they fit fine.

They were a little thin, though. They were thin in my Australian time. When we were living in a Jap grass shack at the end of Cyclops Runway, the reason we got it was to keep our cameras dry, and all of us were talking one night, and a reporter that saw the shack came over and asked if he could stay with us.

We talked for a while, and then he got his typewriter out and started to write. And after a while, I said, We'd better shut up and let George write his story. And he said that when you quit talking, that's the end of my story.

His name was George Thomas Folster. We never saw the article. He knew I had lost my pack, and he was going back the next day, so he gave me his.

And that included a mess gear, which I hadn't needed, because we were eating the C-rations in the 10-in-1. The next day held more surprises. The PBY, that's a plane, that lands on land as well as water, came in, and they were to go on a rescue mission, and I was to go along.

They were supposed to go up with a flight of planes. Why me? And I didn't like planes anyway.

Didn't the Air Corps have their own men? We got up in the air, and the mission had been called out. So they told the pilot to fly me along the beach and photograph them.

They put a mic on me. It was a throat mic. And I was to tell them how far away I wanted to be from the beaches.

If they were too far away, he'd cut out sharply and come in again. And when he cut in that, I'm a weight 50 pounds. And then when we got too close, we started all those small-arm fires.

I ran out of film, and was I glad. I told the pilot and I told the gunner that was using the same blister that I was that I was going to lie down. He thought that was a pretty good idea because I was pretty green.

The next day, they had to rescue a squad of infantry that had walked out of their new jungle boots, like tennis shoes, only they went up to your knees. Some were sick, and a couple were slightly wounded. And they were by Lake Santana.

I went along, and we landed on the lake, taxied up and put them on, and went clear to the end of the lake. And as usual, we were overloaded. And it took the entire lake to get into the air.

We got back to the strip, and when we stopped, the pilot said, No more breaks. And we were right against our own hut. After about three weeks of this, the first trip in Hollandia, we got back to the beach where the signal company would camp.

And right behind them in the swampy area, they'd brought in a heavy O-line construction outfit straight from the States. They were all black. They brought their tents and everything back to the area in the 6x6s, and that made the mud a little deeper.

And they churned it up all day long. Then they had to put their tents up in this mess. John and I were talking to some of our boys in front of the message center, messenger pigeons, coops.

Messenger pigeon coops is what it amounted to. And this is the first time I'd ever seen a pigeon used. I don't think they used them.

They had them there. And a couple of new fellas came over from this O-line construction, and they asked if there were any Japs in the area. And that was all it took.

The stories got bigger and better, and their eyes got bigger and bigger. And our guys were good storytellers anyway, these two fellas were. And just as if on cue, a couple of infantry boys brought a Jap through the area right in front of these fellas.

That night, some of them were on guard around their area. And a rat or something made a noise, and one of them emptied his carbine right through our area. We were in our hammocks for the first time on this trip.

And let me tell you that you just can't get out of that thing unzipped fast enough. And a lot of the mosquito nets were torn. I wonder whose eyes were the bigger after that.

We went to the airstrip to catch a plane back. And I went up to a major in charge and told him what we wanted. And he said it would take a couple of days to get orders cut.

And we gave him the orders from General MacArthur to General Kenny. And he said, Good God, fellas, you can go home on that. Go find a pilot, and go on your way.

And I still have that order. John and I were at Finchhaven one time. We always seemed to be together.

Maybe it's to keep me from getting lost. Anyway, they wanted us to go to the Admiralty Islands and shoot some stuff on the 1st Cavalry Division. Now, some of our photographers were already over there.

We met some of our other photographers there, and we stayed there for three weeks. When we came back, the plane was loaded, and we had the center aisle full of mail. And we got into a rainstorm, and the pilot couldn't climb over it, so he went down so low that we could see the flying fish.

And if one wing had had dropped, we would have been in the water. I found out when I got home and looked at my records that the Admiralty Islands are not on there. And that was another combat zone also.

These stories are not necessary in order. I was in a lot of places, sometimes only staying a short time. I did put a lot of hours in the air going from one place to another.

One time, Lieutenant Rooks and I started out to take a picture of a fellow that was good at throwing hand grenades. I don't know the story yet, but they wanted movies on him. We got on a B-17 and started out, and one motor gave out.

We went back down, and they fixed it, and we started again. And another went out. Back again, and the third time, we made it.

We stayed all night at a hospital at NADZ. Of course, they had cots and tents and better food, and besides, that's where the airplane landed to stay all night. I guess we knew where the best accommodations were.

Anyway, the pilot said he was leaving at 6 a.m., so we left my bag of movies at home on the plane. But I took the camera. I don't know why we didn't go with the Air Force.

Maybe they didn't want us to. Then we got to the airstrip. We saw the plane just leaving the ground.

I called the photo guys on the airfield, asking if they had some film, and they did. They brought some over to me, and we caught another plane. They told us before that Samaritan's Army was secure.

So I went with khaki clothes and no helmet, but I did have my .45. We always had to carry that. We landed on Wacky Island and took a boat to Samaritan's. That's on the mainland.

The beach wasn't very wide, and I was given a cot in a tent right against the back of the clearing with a .50 caliber machine gun almost close enough to touch. It was right at the back of the tent. Then they told me that the Bushmasters had taken the place away from the Jap Marines, and the place had been about a quarter of a mile wide and four miles long.

Well, those Jap Marines turned around and came back up that beach, and it wasn't as long as they said it was to be. That guy on that .50 caliber kept popping away about every minute or less with a short burst. I could hear the brass hit the ground, and that just didn't lend itself to a good night's sleep.

I found out much later when I got home that a fellow by the name of Gene Berry from Taylorville was in the Bushmasters at the same time, and he was there. In Jewish, it meant a man could get killed. It was a favorite saying apparently.

I didn't know Gene at this time, but I still kid him about not having a secure base when I got there. At that time, our Natives were identified as five degrees south of the equator. There was an area that had quite a few caves, and the infantry were closing them off.

So they called up a bazooka team, and he was shooting them shut. And I was standing behind him and to the side because there was quite a blast coming out from behind as he fired. And I pulled the trigger on that ammo, but I dropped to my knees.

I couldn't stand it. I heard a noise, but I didn't know what it was until someone off to the side said that a rock about the size of my head came right over me. I doubt if my helmet would have done any good.

When we got back to the lab at Fort Moresby, they'd made me acting first sergeant, but no more stripes and no more pay. But I did get all the headaches that goes along with the job. The officer would tell you what to do, and you'd tell the men, and they'd think it's your idea, and they'd blame you.

Thank God most of the men knew better. I didn't take my stripes with too much authority, and the boys knew it. They brought in a regular first sergeant, but he didn't stay very long.

Now we had a wooden floor in the large tent at Fort Moresby, and some of us slept in it. And we had a new man come in, and I put him on the outside wall in the end, and each one had just so much room. And that wasn't enough for him, so he moved his cot closer to the other fellow.

And then the other fellow didn't have much room to get in and out of. But he didn't say anything, but he did move the cot back where it belonged, and this went on for a couple of days. And then the boys came to me and told me what had been going on, and I talked to the new man, and he said that he just couldn't get along with that small amount of space.

The next night he moved it again, and the boys asked if they could take care of it themselves, and I said, okay, but no rough stuff. And that night the guy tried to move his cot, and the boys had drilled holes in the legs and the floor, and they had put 16-penny spikes through and clenched them. And he came to me crying, and we moved him to another tent.

Of all the time I spent in Moresby, I never got to the beginning of the Dakota Trail. I met a man in Palm Coast, Florida, a retired Presbyterian minister, that had taken a cruise on the Love Boat, and they were taken to the beginning of the Dakota Trail, and they ate lunch there. It was rough enough riding an old C-47 over the own standing range, let alone walking over and looking up at the muzzle of a Jap rifle, and I'm glad I didn't.

And that was the Aussie job, I guess. While at Moresby, we had Jack Binney, Carol Landis, Martha Tilton, Larry Adler, and Lanny Ross, and we took pictures of them in one of their shows, and otherwise, too. And I have a half-pound Aussie note with their autographs.

Now, Little Jack Little and Ray Bolger was there later on, and one of our officers knew them and borrowed a piano and had them come over one night. Lieutenant sent me to the hospital for the alcohol, and the fruit juice came from the mess hall. We had a good time, and they played and sang almost all night.

Now, Pop Watson could match them joke for joke, and Ray Bolger kept saying, I've got to remember some of these. Pop was a World War I veteran and a private then and a private now. Pop got real drunk and disappeared, and some of us found him in the officer's tent.

He had pulled down all of their vessels, and he was asleep one night. They built a lab in Hollandia, about halfway up Cyclops Mountain, and MacArthur's headquarters was at the top. The road was called the Million Dollar Road, and I believe it.

We had to go up there three times a day because we ate with GHQ. The road down was really hairy. It was a low gear most of the way, and the same going up.

Several trucks went over the side. I went back to Hollandia as acting first sergeant again. There was a lot more combat teams coming and going at this time.

We had a lot of new boys, but most of them knew each other. When a team would come in back in, it was my job to see that they had a place to sleep, and that was easy. Having been in their shoes, I knew how tired they were, and they needed a rest and a place to wash their clothes.

Some officers would see someone lying on their cot or washing their clothes in a stream, and they'd wonder why he wasn't working. I guess it didn't look good when some big brass came by him up on the hill, because our tents were right next to the road. I was called in, and I told the officers that these men had just gotten back and had to wash their dirty clothes, and they were tired.

It was hard to get across to a lot of these officers, because they had never been out of Kentucky or slept on the ground, let alone under. One day a new lieutenant came in. He was new to me with his unit, and I had never seen him before.

He won the sergeant in charge, and I told him I was. He said, Get these men a place to sleep and a place to clean up. This he did before going up the officers' tent.

I said, Thank you, Lieutenant. He said, What for? I told him why.

I said, I think his name was Lieutenant Herman. We had an old fellow that came to us, an older fellow, that came to us by the name of Gay Feliz, and he had almost as many personal cameras as the company did. They had GI cameras.

I found his wife was a lot older than he was, and she had lived in the Philippines next to General MacArthur. She apparently was pretty wealthy. He was a buck private.

About this time we were given a shoulder patch that said official U.S. war photographer. He had one on his sleeve, and so he went into the officers' mess in GHQ-8. Someone recognized him, and the word got out fast.

We had gotten in trouble with that. The patch was similar to the war correspondence, and they were allowed to eat there. Well, after that blew over, Feliz didn't stop trying to find, and this goes to show you that it isn't what you know but who you know.

The next thing we knew, Feliz was MacArthur's personal photographer. He took pictures of when MacArthur landed in the Philippines, and he wasn't the only one, of course. There was an article about Feliz in the magazine, and he was a major, and when he was out on a wreck more personal pictures than GI, he carried a Leica and a 16mm movie, and he would shoot his own first, so I was told I was never with him.

We had a little fellow by the name of Frank Getzheimer, and he was from St. Louis, Missouri. I later met and worked with a man that knew him and worked with him in St. Louis. Frank would fight a buzzsaw when he'd had a few drinks, and he was a good photographer.

He and another fellow made a good team, and they would be gone for three days and take nothing to eat with them but a de-chocolate ration bar. Now, a de-chocolate ration bar was mostly chocolate, and it had a lot of other things in it, and it was just hard as it could be, and if you ate that and drank a lot of water, you would soon be full, and it was good. These boys volunteered for paratroopers for the mission that turned out to be the landing on Luzon, and Frank took the pictures of shooting the locks off of the prison gates, so I'm told.

Soon after that, it was time to move the main lab up to the Philippines. They still had the rear lab down in Brisbane. I don't know why, only I'm glad they did because it had to be moved up, so I was sent down to supervise the packing and also for a rest.

There wasn't too many boys left down there, but Hank Manger was one and Perry was another. We moved to the lab and gave up the other house. Manger and Perry and another fellow and myself and our cops in the back of the lab and the other guys lived in the front part.

We were two different cliques. We did get a beer ration every two weeks, and I would also get a liquor ration. I didn't drink anything, so I gave the boys with me, Hank and Perry, all of my rations, and they would ration it out so it would last until the other ration was due.

The boys in front would drink their ration up in one night and get drunk, and the next day the rest of us would have to do their jobs. They'd come back and try to talk Manger and Perry out of theirs, and they were going to beat me up one time because I wouldn't give them mine. Just a couple of days before the new ration came in, Manger and Perry would finish off the bounce and never get drunk, but they were really funny and slightly thick-tongued, but not abusive, just funny, and they would tell jokes and funny stories and some in dialect.

I wouldn't have missed that night for the world. While the lab was being packed, my orders to go home on rotation came. The other boys went up north, and I was supposed to go after the last box left, and I think Lieutenant Kasner was the remaining officer.

My orders read to proceed to the Philippines for rotation to the States. The ocean was right there, and I asked the lieutenant that he couldn't get them changed so I wouldn't have to go all the way up there, and I had been spoiled by eating good food, and that meant staying in tranchement camps for days maybe, and a slow boat because I was going home. Sea rations didn't appeal to me either anymore.

All shrock was on the same order, and when he got back up there, they sent him out on a couple more missions. Newman's slogan came to me again, and a man could get killed while waiting for a boat. The lieutenant got the orders changed, but I had to go to the tranching camp in Camp Ascot for 30 days.

The boat was two days. I just missed the boat for two days, and I had to wait a further 30 days for the next one. The camp was full of guys going back, and we had a lot of passes, but we couldn't stray too far, not knowing when the boat would come in.

So we took tents down and moved them two feet to the left and then later turned them around, and this was for Master Sergeant on down, but we were all going home, so what the hell? They couldn't make us mad. Besides, we knew it was to keep us busy, and this wasn't the first time, but it was getting to be close to the last time.

When the war in Germany was over, we were confined to the camp, and it was probably a good thing because you never can tell about a bunch of G.I.s celebrating a thing like that, and it also eliminated the chances that we might be shipped over to Europe after we got home. The boat came in, and we eventually got on. I was the second that hadn't had a scratch and fell on the gangplank and was in a cast, but he made it this time.

I had a stateroom about above waterline with a porthole yet. I think there were four of us in that stateroom. We all drew duty, but I never heard a complaint.

I drew guard in the foyer up front, and I soon found out who I was guarding. We had a lot of Aussie war brides. There was a guard on the other side, too, but I never let a G.I. or a sailor by me, but once in a while, one of the stateroom doors would open a little, and I could see someone's head out, and then a woman. I believe I was on the original love boat. As for food, it couldn't have been better. With cold milk and ice cream and good meat three times a day.

Why couldn't they have done that for us going over? I never got sick once. It was a pleasant ocean voyage.

Just before we could see land by day or two, the ship took a very sharp turn, and we found out that we'd gotten pretty close to a loose mine, but we did miss it. Now, the Golden Gate Bridge did loom up, and it was the best sight I'd seen in a long time. I don't remember any bands playing or any flags waving.

I believe we went to Angel Island to be degraded. We saw a prisoner of war walking around without guards and a G.I. prisoner with one M.P. to a prisoner, and the guards had a shotgun, and we immediately got a chip on our shoulder. We went into a large hall and sat down, and an officer came in and started by saying, I know you all have a chip on your shoulder.

Well, take it off because all of the G.I.s you've seen here that will be helping you have been here and just got back a little sooner than you did. Don't break your arm saluting. You're still in the Army, so you could feel the ice melt and the chips fall.

We walked back to the railroad freight station, and some of the boys that went in had sent their brass bags home. I sure wish I had. They took everything away but the dirty khaki outfits I had on.

I had a pair of nearly new shoes on and a new pair in the bag, so I put the new ones on and put the other ones in a pile. I talked them into letting me keep my Edelman tablets and the old fatigue cap that had the photo shoulder patch on the belt and a pair of sunglasses that I had taken out of a B-17 bomber that had been wrecked, but they kept the case. I'll bet they went home with a lot of things every night.

Then the last long train ride, and again I was lucky enough to get a Pullman. I don't remember how long it took us to get back to Chicago and Fort Sheridan. There we had a final physical, and then the big laugh came when they asked if anyone wanted to re-enlist, and there were some.

I was paid and given a train ticket home and that piece of paper that said that I was now a civilian. I just liked two days of being overseas, three years, and a little over a month of being in the service four years. In on August the 8th, 1941, out on June the 27th, 1945.

I was eating dinner at my mother's at 605 West Market Street in Taylorville, Illinois, when they announced over the radio that the war was over. I was just 40 calendar years older, when I got out, but it seemed like a lifetime. I got to know a lot of nice people.

Some were very close, and I valued their friendship very dearly. Some I would like to hear from, and others I would not. It would have been hard to have gotten along without Harold Newman, John Moore, and Paul Schrock, Lieutenant Lopes, although we weren't with him very much.

I tried to put almost four years of living into a fairly short space, and I know I have forgotten a lot, and I can't remember where I put my hat yesterday, but I still know when it's time to

eat. I never will forget the sound of the Jap bombers and how close they came. They could come in, because we only had 50 caliber machine guns at first.

We could hear the pop and then the swish of the bombs. Now, they never did whistle. I'm squeezing this in, but it has nothing to do with the bombs, but it does have something to do with my stomach.

I was extremely disappointed when I went to a good restaurant just after getting back to Australia. I ordered a big steak and all of the trimmings, but I found out that my stomach actually had shrunk, because I could only eat about one half of the meal. Now, that's the crowning disappointment.

Forget the hush of the men moving up with no talking, only the rustle of their clothes and the sound of their feet on the road. Now, I wonder what was going on through all of our minds at that time. You couldn't see or hear the dry throats or sweaty hands and later on the cry of medics.

Those sounds will stick with all of us for the rest of our lives. Also, the click of the camera shutter in our chopper. Now, the photographers, we didn't make history.

We just recorded it. I was looking at some pictures of us going up to New Guinea the first time in January of 43, and our sleeping quarters were so crowded that on the floor, three of us would have had that much room in a regular bed, and everyone could not lie down. My place just happened to be on a row of ribbons.

Now, we were prisoners in the jails and pens. Thankfully, they're crowded, and on this ship is where we ate the sea rations, out in the rain, and it rained so hard that you couldn't get to the bottom of your mesquite, and you had soup, and there was no place to get under cover. Our equipment was very good, and a jungle hammock that, when it was put upright, it kept the rain out as well as the mosquitoes, and it had a loose cloth under it to keep the mosquitoes out from biting through from the bottom, and then the mosquito net that zipped up, and when you had to get out of it in a hurry, you couldn't, only by tearing it.

Now, we had two flotation bags that you blew up and put under your arms and under your clothes when you waded ashore. I never used them, only one of them for a pillow. Now, we had four rubber-lined food bags that were called rice bags.

I never used them for food, but they kept things dry. A matchbox with a compass on one end, and I was issued a regular compass and a one-cell flashlight, and I had a regular flashlight, a poncho that could keep you dry, and you could roll up in it and sleep if you were wet from perspiration or rain, but you would have been cold without it, and it also kept the cameras dry. At Hollandia, we wore holes in our clothes in three weeks' time.

Another story I forgot to tell, the second or third day at Hollandia at the site of the airstrip, we heard a couple of Jap rifle shots and then some M1s, and we found out that the snipers had caught a cuttie, and one of the boys had a brother in the same squad. They decided to take the boys back a few miles, bury them, where they had started another cemetery, and that was easier for Gray's registration to keep track of them. So someone got a Jap truck to

run, and they put them on the floor and the guards, including the brothers of the dead boys, and John and I were on the outside.

The truck couldn't pull us. Then one of our old weapons carriers came by, and they put us all in that good old olive drab truck and took out without any trouble. Along the way back, we passed a dead Jap that we had passed that morning.

His rifle was still at his side. After we had taken pictures of the burial and started back, we came to a Jap bridge that had broken down, and two boulders had tried to fill it in so we could get across. Now, we had crossed that thing, I don't know, I think it was the day before, that bridge, and the dozer just sank out of sight.

This was a one-way road, and with pullouts, that's what the Japs had made, and then our engineers widened it out later on. So that was the end of the ride. John and I started walking along with the three chaplains.

We had picked up at the funeral, and this was mid-afternoon, and between the five of us, we had 245. I wish I could remember the conversation those three chaplains had. They were talking about how much faith they had, and if they had a gun, would they shoot a Jap?

Then we came upon that same Jap that we had seen earlier, and the sun had been shining on him all day, and he looked like a balloon with a string tied around him. John picked up his rifle and threw a shell in it, and I felt a lot better. It was now getting dusk, and that isn't healthy.

Then one of our signal company wire trucks came along, and we told them that they couldn't get through, so we climbed aboard and went back to camp with them. We headed into the sun, and I had about six foot of film that I had to get out of the camera. So I shot it on the boys riding in front of me with helmets, silhouetted faces, and rifles, and bumping along the road.

I think that scene was in the picture that we made called The Road Back. Back on the first day in New Guinea, the first days, our passwords had to have the letter L in it because the Japs could not pronounce the letter L, and the word spelled out so that the one being challenged had to say the letter L. We were camped next to some Aussies, and they wanted to trade tomato juice for some of our rations.

It sounded good to us, and when we opened the cans of tomato juice and took a big swallow, somehow it had been sabotaged with kerosene. Our jeep always ran good, and we bragged about it until one day we were driving along the edge of the airstrip, and we noticed several jeeps stopped with their hoods up. We didn't go far until ours stopped too.

We had just filled a gas tank, and all of us had water in the tank, gas tank, and the drain plugs were rusted shut, and we had to put our mouth over the cap opening, the fill cap opening, and blow the water and the gas out of the hose that went to the carburetor. The gas barrels had to be floated in from the ships, and that might have gotten the water in them. Anyway, the Japs could have put it in at night.

Our first experience in the battlefield at Santa Ananda was when we parked our jeep on a pile of Jap rifles so it wouldn't sink in the mud. We started walking around and taking pictures, and I came upon a mound of dirt about five feet long, and I saw a pair of Jap shoes at one end, and I kicked one of the shoes, and it made a funny noise. A Jap was buried under the dirt, and his shoes were sticking out.

A message center took our jeep one day and wrapped a telephone wire that they had laid out on the ground, and the drive shaft wound it up, and it took all day to cut it out, and we had put a lot of phones out of service, but they had to cut it out, not us. Now, we were issued World War I Springfield rifles, as I said before, and we found out that we couldn't take pictures and carry the rifles. I put mine against a tree one day and almost lost it.

We tried to get the .45s through channels clear down to Brisbane, but no luck. Newman found out that the ordnance major was having a birthday, and Newman went over and took him out in the brush and took pictures of him with his helmet and all on, and Newman told him we wanted some .45s, and when we took the pictures back to him, we had six pistols full of cosmine. It took us all day to clean them out.

One full moonlight night, we were issued two bandoliers of ammunition and three days of rations and told the Jacks were coming in on us by way of parachute, but they didn't. Now, when I first started using EIML, I soon found out that I couldn't leave the roll of film in the camera overnight because it was damp and it stuck together and the film stuck and it just sounded like a piece of adhesive tape. Now, at Hollandia, John and I found a zero in perfect shape, covered up, and at the side of the airstrip, and G-2 had asked everyone to watch out for good planes, so we went back to tell them, and while we were gone, a company of infantry moving up found it and cut it up.

I wound up with 14 suits of khakis. I had four suits to start with because we had to wear clean clothes all the time, and every time I went out on a mission, we wore fatigues, and on our way back, we would get to some supply and want new clothes, clean clothes, and they'd give us khakis because they wanted to keep the fatigues for the front, and we were going back anyway, and when I started home, I was only allowed two suits, so I gave the rest to the boys that were staying behind. The rest to the boys that were staying behind.

I don't remember if I've ever mentioned the adamant tablet. They were yellow and bitter. One a day, and your skin and eyes turned yellow.

When you got malaria, you took 12 a day. We were supposed to take lots of salt tablets. They didn't bother me, but they did make a lot of fellas sick.

Now, our first night at Oro Bay was where we learned to put up a jungle hammock, and I was lucky enough to stay dry in spite of a 12-inch rain that washed out the roads and bridges from Oro Bay to Doberdure. This meant we would be walking 18 miles and wading rivers where bridges had been. There was a small flatboat motor that took us across the deepest river.

We rested about 10 minutes out of every hour, but by evening the rest got longer. One rest was in a coconut grove, and the Aussie that was in charge of it and the natives had some of

the natives climb the trees and knock down some coconuts. The natives took a piece of vine about 5 or 6 feet long and tied it to make a loop.

Then they put a foot on each side and pulled themselves up by their arms and hands as far as they could, and then they would draw their feet up as far as possible. Then they'd move their arms up again. They could go up a tree pretty fast.

The natives gestured that they wanted our machetes and they proceeded to make about 3 or 4 whacks. The end of the coconut was opened and they handed them to us. The milk tasted good.

Then we learned another lesson. Green coconuts had good milk, and the ripe ones were for eating. And we soon got tired of coconuts.

That was another dangerous thing, too, to walk underneath of those coconuts because those fronds would fall down and they'd come down like a... they swirled when they came down and they could really stretch your head open. Now I think I saw one...

I'll call him a wild jack. It was Art and John and Harold and I were on our way from Oro Bay to Dover Gary in the jeep. And we thought...

think we saw him cross the road in front of us, but too far away to be sure. My rifle was loaded, but nothing in chamber. And John couldn't stop fast enough.

All he wants to do... I tried to take a movie with the camera in my hand and I loaded Cock .45 in the other hand. The camera trigger was placed so that you had to press it with your right thumb but to hold the camera with your left hand.

In other words, it took both hands to take pictures. And when you put the camera viewfinder up to your eye, your helmet was in the way. On this particular section, we were walking through the undergrowth, but there was a path and it was very heavy undergrowth on both sides.

And I didn't want to take a picture of a jack jumping out to shoot a photographer. So I put the camera in my left hand and my .45 in my right hand until we got through that spot. Then I uncocked the gun, let the hammer down, and put the gun back in the holster.

There were many people who considered General MacArthur an arrogant man and a showman, and that he was. But I told him what to do one time. To start with, in New Guinea, he took the inexperienced 32nd and 41st Division, which as I understood, they were to fight a holding action and keep the Japs out of Australia.

And they were already in Port Moresby, or almost. Instead, he pushed them back over to Dakota Trail with the help of some good Australian troops to Boonin, San Fernando, and then on back up north. I know some people wonder why I don't let go of the war.

Well, I have fungus under my fingernail, on my pointing finger in my left hand, and today of November the 9th of 86, I put that finger in peroxide, and it boiled, and it probably always will, and the nail is very loose. My second trip to New Guinea is still not on my record, and I probably won't ever get it there, although I am trying. Now, the southwest Pacific area was

small potatoes compared to Europe, and I couldn't imagine a hundred bombers, let alone a thousand, but I'm kind of like Willie in the book up front by Bill Mulder.

He said, Like hell this ain't the most important hole in the world. I'm in it, ain't I? So I spent 1,415 days someplace before I would have chosen to be.

Now, in April of 1943, the Natives were allowed to have their first dance after the fighting in Boonin, San Fernando area was over. They came in their finest dress, feathers and beads. The Marys, or women, wore sarongs of, I think, tree bark that had been beaten until soft and then dyed with a different colored dye.

They had beads around their necks and arms, and some were tattooed. And they also had coconut meat, I think, in their hair and on their faces, and it was white and sour. Nothing but beads and tattoos on the top half of the Mary's body.

The Joes, or men, wore a sarong of white cloth or bark or grass. Some wore a g-string about a foot wide, and some were not quite so white. Beads on their arms and around their necks, and some had beads with shells.

Others had large tushes. We were told the large shells signified rank and similar to a mare. They also had white on their faces and hair.

The men all had spears. Some of these tribes had been headhunters less than a year before, so the Aussies in charge of them said. The men could carry a large load on their back or shoulders, but they couldn't lift much.

The Aussies said they didn't have very good stomach muscles, but they were especially good at litter-bearing. They would chant and sing and grunt in unison when doing things together, such as carrying a log or chopping wood. Their normal dress for both men and women was a sarong of white cloth, furnished by the Aussies, but you could tell them apart.

When a family or a small tribe walked along the road coming from their gardens, the mares carried the stalks of bananas or poplars or whatever they had. The naked children walked or carried the smaller children. Most of the natives chewed beetle nut, which made their teeth very red.

They used a crushed shell, and it neutralized it. We traded them bully beef for bananas. The beautiful large ones we found out were cooking are making their joy juice.

The little runny green ones were good to eat. If you wanted to make a native happy, you just give him a band-aid or a piece of adhesive tape. It stood out like a diamond on that very black skin.

They were called fuzzy-wuzzy angels because they carried the litters of the wounded so carefully and tenderly. During this dance, I got the idea of having the men form a large circle around me and dance. Their drums were outside of the circle.

As they danced around me, some of them dropped out, and the circle got smaller, and pretty soon there was only six or eight left, and their eyes were fixed on me, and the smell

got stronger. I wondered if head-hunting was coming back into their minds. It was an eerie feeling.

When I see pictures of New Guinea natives on TV, I realize how different they are now from 45 years ago. The women are fully clothed, and the men are wearing shirts and pants. The women are wearing a lot more than the so-called civilized world women are wearing.

You couldn't get a native to wear a bikini during the war. And during the war, they took baths in the river and didn't take off their sarong. Just a few days after our tents arrived, and we put them up in Dordre in May of 43, we had one of those big rains, and the trench around our tents wasn't big enough.

Now this was at night, and we took our clothes off, down to our shorts and shoes, and started digging while one fellow held the flashlight. Then we saw a flashbulb go off. Newman had taken our picture.

The water got above our shoes, and then up to the crossbars on our cots. To keep our cameras and everything dry, we put it all on top of the cots. Our sled trenches had water running out of them.

We were getting ready to move out to higher ground, and then the rains let up. We all looked at Newman, and he had on his clothes, and he was dry. That is, all but his shoes.

Then we realized he hadn't helped dig at all. We looked at each other almost in unison and said, Newman, get down in that trench. And he knew we meant it.

He asked if he could take his clothes off first, and we let him. When he started in the trench, I grabbed his speed graphic and started to take his picture. And he asked for his helmet, and he tipped it just as I took the picture.

And when we got the next copy of Yank Down Under, there was Newman on the cover, and I don't have a copy. Now, in April of 1944, they brought in a bakery which would give us bread every day, and this was real good news. We beat it down there as soon as we heard about it, and took pictures, and naturally we asked if we could get a loaf of bread.

The lieutenant said we could do better than that. He said they were baking cinnamon rolls, and for us to see the sergeant, we went back to camp with cinnamon rolls and a loaf of bread. A few days later, we went back with pictures and picked up more rolls.

The next time we went by, we took a few native pictures. They were always good for food. Apparently the sergeant had seen us put new batteries in our flashlights.

We changed batteries about every six flashes, but they were still good for flashlights, so more cinnamon rolls. The sergeant said they had to go to GHQ to get their mail, and they'd just drop off more cinnamon rolls and pick up batteries. Things were really getting better for us.

When we went back overseas, we were attached to the 832nd Signal Service Battalion. This was on my service record and discharge. However, several of us, maybe all of us, were put in

the 832nd Signal Maintenance Company, which I was told would consist of hundreds of men from different outfits on detached service and scattered out all over the country.

Anyway, our rank had been frozen in the 832nd, but this outfit had openings in it. So on the 19th of December of 1944, I was made staff sergeant, and John was promoted also. This transfer also made us the oldest men in terms of overseas duty and combat.

I had 115 points, and I think it took 85 points to get on rotation. At this time, the war in Europe was not over with, so we would go home for 30 days and then be reassigned to Europe. But Germany surrendered while I was waiting in the trenching camp in Brisbane.

Thanks, God. I thought I had this all wrapped up, but I just keep finding, thinking of something else, and so this is addition to the World War tapes or things I forgot to mention, some of the things. Now, before we went up to New Guinea the first time, we had had a regular dog tags that gave your name and serial number and next of kin, religion, and blood type.

My blood type was O, which was the most common. I put mine on a kangaroo hide, a shoelace, and I always wore them. We separated them so they wouldn't make a noise, and one was tied to the end of the lace, and the other was put on the big loop that went around your neck.

And I used a bowline knot so it wouldn't slip. And then they were stamped out of aluminum, and each one had a regular hole in it, and the other end had a notch. The separation had two purposes.

One was, the one that was tied to below the other one was for the grave's registration to cut off and put on the temporary marker. I saw one on a broken native canoe paddle. The other one stayed around the neck, and when the body was moved to a more permanent place, they had identification.

And when the final white crosses were placed on the tags that had been cut off, were put on the crosses, and the other one stayed with the body. Now, the dog tags, we had new dog tags made while we were still in Australia, and all they had on them was your name, serial number, blood type, and religion. The story goes that the Japs were taking tags off of our boys and writing their parents or whoever the next of kin was on the dog tag and telling them they had captured it.

And they were using this for propaganda. At least this is the story we got. We were issued the regular gas mask, World War I gas mask.

They were the ones with the hoses that went down to the canister. And the Army decided that they would be useless in the brush, so they had them turned in and replaced with the training mask that didn't have the hose. I saw a pile of gas masks, and some had the hoses pulled out, and some hoses were cut into two, and two sections were taken out.

The hoses were rubber and were made up of rings so it could be compressed and put into the carrying case. And someone had discovered the rings were just the right size to fit over

the dog tags, and that would keep them from clanging together. So we discarded the training mask.

Also, because the... We also discarded the training mask because the humidity was so high, and the gas would have clung to the ground so long, and so far that you couldn't get out of the contaminated area anyway. Now, when we joined the 41st Signal Company, we were camped outside a rock camp in a pasture with lots of shade trees.

And the water, a two-hour shower, right on top of the ground with just one pipe. And if you were the first to take a shower in the evening, the water had been in the pipes and out in the sun all day. It was really hot, but you couldn't add cold water.

And if you were in the shower, when the hot water was all used up out of the pipe, you got a very cold shower. There were very little happy mediums, but it was a fresh water system, not salt water. Now, in my 41st Division magazine, there was a fellow that went back over to Australia just not too long ago, and he was able to go out and visit some of the areas where we were camped, Australia, in Round Rock Camp.

Our tents were pretty close to the road, and I remember waking up about daylight to the sound of lots of feet on the blacktop. A very large herd of cattle was being driven south by Aussies, and they were afraid the Japs were getting down into Australia, and at this time the Japs were getting closer to Port Moresby. The cattle were pretty thin, and the Aussies had been pushing them.

They went by our camp in a fast trot, and I don't know where they found enough grass for them. They went by my tent for over an hour, and back to New Guinea. They gave us nine cans of sea rations at Oro Bay to get us from Oro Bay to Doberdura, which was 18 miles, as you heard before, in a one-and-a-half day with a full pack.

It was heavy at best, as I can remember. It had the hammock, one blanket, two sets of underwear, two pairs of socks, a carton of cigarettes, mess gear, toilet articles, including a can of tooth powder, not toothpaste. We found out that the tube would break, and you really had a mess.

I think we also had that suit of camouflage coveralls, which was hot and heavy, and I believe we lived with this for about six weeks, and the only thing that was added was the sea rations. Then we were down to the last day, and the planes finally were able to come in because the storms had cleared. Now, I could have done without that camouflage suit.

It really was heavy, and the fact that didn't... Then we had a machete, an entrenching spade, a rifle, ammunition, belt with ammunition, canteen, four-by-five-speed graphic with film packs, and when I finally got to Doberdura, I was so tired and never had such sore feet before nor since. Newman and Lieutenant Lopes hadn't kept up with John and me, and John decided to go back and help carry their stuff.

I couldn't let him go alone, so I went with him. We hadn't gone very far when we spotted them, and boy, were my feet glad. John and I helped...

We put up their hammocks and dug their holes, and during the night, Lieutenant turned over and tore his net, and we had to patch it for him. We were great at this kind of living, and looking back, some things could have been fatal. I ate the sea rations out of the end of a...

The sea rations fell off my plate. I ate the sea rations out of the can and then stuck the spoon in the sand to clean it off, then wiping the sand off with my fingers. I learned a day or so later that you can get dysentery because the sand was full of everything from fungus up and down the scale to sick little making microbes and all that.

I cleaned my utensils that way when I was in the scouts, and I didn't know what the rest of the fellows did, but out of the 80 signal company guys on this trip, at least half of them came down with dysentery, and the rest of us were barely on our feet, and Gold and Lieutenant were ours down. Most of these fellows came down with dysentery. We were eating sea rations out of rusty cans, and someone had picked out all of the cans of meat and beans and left us with a stew.

Cold beans were bad enough, but cold stew for all three meals for days was worse. Now we had another can of hardtack and instant coffee with two or three pieces of hard candy, and I think there were three pieces of hardtack, in the other can, and Gold would not eat anything but the hard candy. He would open up the can, take the candy, and sometimes the hardtack, and throw the rest away.

That hardtack was something else. You could soak it in the water overnight, and it would still float. I think that was the reason we had to have...

We had seen them floating down the San Bogo River, and I don't know if the natives couldn't or wouldn't eat it. It was or looked like vanilla wafer, only a little larger, but that's where the similarity ended. But they were nutritious.

I really believe the only thing that could dissolve them was the acid in your stomach. They wouldn't even mold. After so many weeks in the hammock, we would be glad to get back into a cot and stretch out.

The tents and cots finally came, and we put them up, but we found that the cots were much harder than we had remembered. They took some getting used to. It also took a few days to master the hammock.

We'd cut two sticks to put at each end and keep it from swallowing you up when you got in. They were spreaders. Then you had a rope that tied from the hammock, hopefully, to two sturdy trees.

Then you took the other ropes and attached the middle of the roof and tied it to the same tree, only a couple of feet above the other rope. Then you put two more sticks or spreaders on each end of the roof, and you had a gabled roof. It stuck out enough that most of the rain didn't get to you.

One night we were putting these up in a swampy area with not too big trees. Some of the guys, two of them, usually tied to the same tree, and then they'd spread out, and that way

you didn't have to have as many trees. One of the fellows would get into his hammock and then the other one, and then the tree would ease right out of the ground and down, and it would go both hammocks.

John and I put new ones up, and we cleared a place for ours, and this we did with a flashlight in one hand. Our tree went down too. And some other fellows were okay for a while, and their tree slowly went down.

And you could hear guys cussing all night long. Then we had a very heavy rain, and when they woke us up before daylight, I had put a clean pair of dry Aussie wool socks in the hammock with me that night and stepped out and down into water. That was above my shoe tops.

Then I had to put my wet pants on over wet socks, over wet shoes. I didn't think I mentioned that the tighter you could get the hammock ropes, the straighter you could sleep. But if you got it too tight, you could flip over.

And do not try to turn over on your side and sleep, because that's hard on your back. I do not have a picture of me in the hammock. It was a good, efficient piece of equipment.

Mine kept me dry and free of mosquitoes. If you got the hammock before zipping yourself in, or if you had a DDT bomb, I wouldn't have wanted to use one in a forward area, because it would have been too easy for the Japs to put a knife up to the bottom, and I understand they did. The first night on the beach at Humboldt Bay, or White Beach, Orlandia, I picked up a mat that a Jap had slept on.

It was in his tent. And as I picked it up, a .45 slug fell out. It started to get dark, and John and I dug our holes at right angles on the beach from each other so we could wake each other up when it was time for the other to sleep.

I put the mat down in the bottom of my hole, thinking it would keep me out of some of the sand. I put my .45 on top of my stomach to keep it out of the sand, so I'd have it ready. And then I wouldn't have to hunt for it if I hadn't had it during the night.

I didn't think I'd sleep much, let alone turn over, but I was wrong on both counts. I did sleep, and in fact it was hard to stay awake while John slept. My .45 wound up at my side, so full of sand, I couldn't have fired it. Now a fellow loaned me a brush to get some of the sand off so I could strip it down and finish cleaning it. When John and I headed back to the signal company, we had to cross a lake, and we bummed a ride on a duck. Now I had never been on a duck before, and a duck is a six-to-six truck that looks like a john boat, and it has a propeller on it.

Someone was taking a jet prisoner back, and we were on the tail end of the duck, and when we started up out of the water, the sand was soft, so the driver let the air out of the tires while we were coming up out of the water. Then he put the air back in and let it out on land. I had never seen that.

I have a story about the 41st Division MPs. When we went back to Rockhampton, the Division, the infantry boys were given passes to go into town and have a few pints, and some

overdid it a little. We saw a couple of the happy boys swaggering and rolling down the streets, and then the 41st Division MP jeep came in and stopped long enough to shoot the fellows up and head down an alley or a side street.

Just before the I Corps MP jeep came by, I think the good guys got away. I wish I had mentioned more places and things by name, like the Fitzroy River in Rockhampton and the bridge there. Also, there were different rivers and bridges in Brisbane, along with streets.

There was always a Queen Street. Lots of memorials and Anzac memorials, which were Australian, and New Zealand memorials. Lots of different beaches on the ocean, and everyone went to the beach for their holiday or fortnight.

The Aussies loved their tea and the beach. They always stopped for tea, and we thought that was funny, but we just called it a coffee break in the U.S. Now, before we had chlorine tablets to put in your canteen to purify the water, all we had was a vial of chlorine, and it was meant to be broken and put into a Lister bag of water, and I don't know how many gallons. That held maybe 20, 25 gallons.

I don't remember how many gallons. In the field, a sergeant was to fill the canteen with water, fill his canteen with water, and break a vial of chlorine in the canteen, then take the canteen cap and pull out of that solution and put it into each G.I.'s canteen. They gave me a vial, and one time we, that is the photo boys, needed water, so we filled our canteens, and I broke the vial and put a few grains in each canteen and put the rest of the vial in my cartridge belt and forgot about it.

Several days later, I noticed I had a hole in my cartridge belt. The chlorine had eaten a hole through the belt. Now, the first few weeks in Dobro, we took baths in the Sambogo River.

We always did that, but this was right to start with, in the evenings, and someone built a platform on the bank and mounted a machine gun. We never needed it, and I can tell you this, that if we had been taking a bath and that machine gun would have had to have been fired, that water wouldn't have been fit to take a bath in anyway. I had a book that was given to me after we went up to New Guinea entitled, The Pawpooin Campaign for Use of Military Personnel Only.

It is on the Buna-Sandinan operation, showing maps and rivers, villages, and swamps, and it's dated November the 16th, 1942 through the 23rd of January of 1943. Along the coast, we had, from south to north, Ora Bay, Cape Sudest, Ariko, Boreo, Cape Eninder, Jiropi Plantation, and then there was Jiropi Point, Buna Mission, Entrance Creek, came out between Buna Village, Suare Village, Tarika, Gurua, Sandinander, Sandinander Bay, Wai Point, Cape Killerton, and one I can't remember, Bassabua and Gona. Dobner is inland a little ways.

Then there is Saputa, Jamboro, Opendetta, Boreo, and Morisota. Now Morisota was a plantation, a coconut plantation. It had been a long time since I visited any of these places, but at one point or another, they meant something to us.

We spent several months in this area. The two rivers that I remember are the Samboro and the Gurua. Now there wasn't a single building in this whole area.

All there was was native huts. Now my second trip to New Guinea was a different story. The old things were broken up, and we no longer had our own lands.

The teams moved around and covered more miles. It cut down on the personal pictures. I never did take a close-up of the animal in a movie, hand-held, 35mm, with a spring-wind motor.

It was noisy, and I very seldom used a tripod. Now I inherited this movie job when Golds was moved to the signal company supply. I had used thousands of feet of film, but I saw very little of what I had shot.

I started with a 4x5 speed graphic with an F4 lens and a Weston Master III exposure meter, which I also used with the IMO movie camera. It shot at speeds of 24 frames per second, but I'd forgotten how I transposed the figures. Of course, 24 frames a second meant about a 48th of a second, about what the speed amounted.

The graphic had two shutters. The rear one was a cloth shutter and had speeds from 1 second to 1,000th of a second. The other was a between-the-lens shutter and went from, I think, 1 second to 400th of a second.

It had a range finder that you could focus with if you had enough light to see by, and it had a split image. It could get out of line, and so we had a jewelry screwdriver to set them. Then it had a flash gun that used three batteries, and in New Guinea, they didn't last long.

They were the telephone W8A batteries, and we used them in the W8A combat phone. The power drained from them pretty fast, but they'd last a long time in the flashlight. However, this gave us more trading material for food.

The flash gun had two reflectors, or a ring inside the larger reflector that would throw a spot a long way. I think the bugs were called peanut flash because they were much smaller than the older bulbs. But they gave off as much light, and you could carry a lot more in your pocket.

Then they had the filaments that looked a lot like hair in a bulb, but it was silver. They also had a dot on the end of the bulb, and it was blue when it was good, and then it was pink when it was not good. And that saved film because if you had to have a flash, well, you'd look there and throw it away.

We set the front shutter at one hundredth of a second, and that synchronized with the flash bulb. I'd forgotten the speed of the film, but I think it was a whopping one hundred. We also had a wooden folding tripod.

It wasn't very steady. We also had a posting post. It was about three or four foot square and black.

You could put the camera on the tripod and use the ground glass and see exactly what you were shooting, and only it would be upside down. All this equipment fit into a carrying case made out of composition that was very tough and almost waterproof. I think the case held

six cut film holders, or six film packs, which held, each film pack held twelve thinner pieces of film, and took up the room of one film holder.

Each piece of film was attached to a piece of black paper, and after you took the picture, you pulled the black paper, and it would pull the exposed film behind the new film. And you could then write the caption on the tab, which was very hard to read, even at best. So if you had white paper, it worked better.

I would fill my fountain pen up before I left on a trip, but when I got back on the ground, the thinner air had forced the ink out into my shirt pocket. Now, when we were really out on jobs, we put our speed graphics and the film and everything in what we called a musette bag, and carried it over our shoulder. The captions always stayed with the negatives, and when we processed them at the lab, the caption was typed up and attached to the back of the print, the date and latitude and longitude, and the letters SWPA, Southwest Pacific Area, and also the chronological number and the camera number.

This was all printed on the edge of the negative, and when the contact was made, all the information was on the black border. If the lab was ordered to make extra prints, they used the white, and the numbers didn't show. The labs made several prints.

One was put in the large album. One went to the department in Washington, and one to public relations, and to be sent to the G.I.'s hometown paper, and the briefs carrier was my hometown paper in Taylorville, and where I started my photography and photo engraving in 1932. Now, they used a picture of John Moore shaking hands with me as I boarded the plane for New Guinea, the second time on the invasion of Atlanta.

Then they used a picture of Hillock, me shaking hands with Lieutenant Hillock when he became second lieutenant. Now, John went back to the lab and volunteered to go back to New Guinea. Another time was, oh, another time was, well, I'll skip that.

Pinto, Lieutenant Pinto was one of the Pinto brothers that took color photos for the Saturday Evening Post before the war, and this picture of me shaking hands with him congratulating him was sent to his newspaper. I do not know how the negative prints from the movie cameras were handled. Lots of it was used for newsreels.

We also understood they were making a movie, The Road Back, although we never saw it or heard much about it. I did mention before that I had been sent along the way to get a shot of a G.I. throwing a hand grenade. I saw that shot in Florida on the public broadcasting station in July of 1987 on TV.

As I had mentioned before, the signal company cooks did their best, and when they finally got their field stoves, they burned gasoline under pressure. We had hot stew and regular coffee. And every night someone would have another gal, and they would say, run the soundtrack.

The rest of that film was just plain blank and white.