

Ettinger, William H. Recollections pt 1 5-30-91

[Speaker 1]

I received a letter from the draft board and it said, greetings, along with some other things. And then it said, bring enough clothes for three days. Be at the Wabash Railroad Station at 2 a.m. and don't bring much money, and so forth and so on. This was on August the 8th, 1941. We were there, about 20 of us, all draftees, I think, and a few of the boys had had a few beers. We saw the train light and the ticket agent came out with his lantern and started waving it.

Hermann Bozar said, someone blow out that damn lantern. Dick Simpson, a draft board member and a World War I veteran, was there. They said he was always there when a group left.

And he said we would be the last bunch of boys to go from there in the middle of the night. And I was told that they didn't. So we didn't have a band or a bunch of flag wavers.

After all, we were just going to get our year in the Army training while we're with them and be home. I always said I wanted to go west, but I failed to say how far. Well, before this story ended, I was so far west I was going east.

I also found out that when you get below the equator and keep going, you still walk right side up, but you can't see the North Star. And you also lose a day. And before we were to get back, we lost lots of days, or it seemed like we did anyway.

It wasn't all bad. The Austrian people were very nice to us, and they invited us into their homes and shared their recreations with us. Now, to get back to this train station and on to Chicago, they fed us breakfast in a restaurant, and then they took us for a physical with lots of different doctors looking at both ends at the same time.

I remember one doctor calling another doctor over, and it scared me. I thought I had something badly wrong with me. But he just wanted to show another doctor some developed muscles that I had in my back and shoulders that most of the boys didn't have since most of the people were from towns and didn't do the kind of heavy work that I had been doing.

I was on the farm and doing everything the hard way. I carried sacks of corn on my back over a foot log and over a spring branch to feed hogs that were in a pasture about 300 yards away. I didn't have a horse or a wagon or a car to take it over there.

We got through the examination and were sworn in. Then I was private. Now I was Private William H.

Ettinger with a serial number of 360-46480. I was not to forget that number. Then we were put on a train.

Some of us were shipped to Camp Grant in Rockford, Illinois. We arrived there about daylight. The train pulled right into the camp.

The Taylorville boys had all been split up, and there was only a few of us that went to Camp Grant. I never saw Herman Bozarth again. They fed us our first of many G.I. breakfast. Incidentally, this was our second night without sleep. Then we went to a Briggs to find our bunks and then to get fitted for clothes. They threw the size that they thought we should wear at us and said if it didn't fit to trade with someone.

Then they put a bucket of sand on one hand and gave you a pair of shoes to present the weight of the pack. They told me I would get used to them. Then we got a series of shots and vaccination, and some passed out.

One fellow had a reaction to the typhoid shot, and we never saw him again. I found a sympathetic sergeant that admitted that my shoes were too big, so I got a pair of 9 1/2's that was to follow and carry me throughout the rest of this trip. I didn't take my clothes and have them tailored.

I said that if this is the way they wanted me to look, it was okay with me. I stayed in that camp for three weeks before they knew what to do with me. Before I went in the Army, I saw Colonel Glenn McBride, who was a brother-in-law to young George Bates, who I grew up with, a neighbor of.

Colonel McBride was the head of the induction center in Kansas. I told him I wanted to be a photographer, and how did I get it? He said that when they interrogated you, they'll ask you what you can do, like drive a truck, cook, if you're a mechanic, or anything else.

Say no to all of them. Then they will ask you what you can do, and you tell them you've been a photographer all of your life, and that's all you know. Well, I wore a pair of shoe soles out on that first pair of GI shoes in three weeks that I was there.

I did close order drill all day long, and it was a blacktop out on the street. Finally, the corporal that was drilling us had me take his place. Then they called me in one day and said I was going to be shipped to a photo school at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey.

This time I got to travel in a Pullman coach, and that sure beat setting up all night. I had the upper bunk all to myself, and that was fine, only when we went around some of those curves in the mountains. I didn't sleep too well because of the noise of the train.

Which I would eventually get used to because I rode a lot of trains later on. Fort Monmouth was a large place where they had large brick buildings with guards on the doors. There were schools for heavy pole line construction, radio, Morse code, teletype, teletype repairs, message center, and telephone, and I don't know what all.

But they had a lot of secret things going on on their radio building, so that's why no one was allowed in there. I don't know what all. One little building was the photo school.

There were only three of us in that school. We had Captain McDougall, and he was the head of the school. Then we had a couple of sergeants.

One was Sergeant Hillock, who will eventually wind up in Fort Benning, Georgia, and then on overseas with us, and then he went to OCS school. Well, here I am, a plain old GI buck

private, all alone, and no one to feel sorry for me, and 13 weeks to go. Everyone in the photo school was really nice.

I was put in the barracks with other fellows from different schools, and a long way from my school. Everyone had to march to and from school in formation, and since I was the only photographer, the captain told us to stick around until all the schools were out, and then we could cut across the timber and then go to the barracks. He was not at all a GI.

I could have gotten out of almost all retreat formations, but if I was near the flag and at the time of retreat, I did stop and salute, and it does something for you and didn't do me any harm either. We went all over the fort, that is, as far as we wanted to walk, and we took pictures of everything that we wanted to take and then up ourselves, and then the captain would give us specific things to cover, and I think I took pictures of General Bradley one time. This was the highest ranking I had ever seen, ranking officer.

There was a lot of brass around a lot of the time, and we soon learned to have both hands full, and that you didn't have to salute every officer you meet on the street because you had your hands full. Another part of the school was to learn to run a projector for all of the required things that all the GIs have to see and get them on their records. I can remember the one on the VD, and I had seen all of them, but I hadn't had that one on my record, although I had projected it a lot of times.

I made sure it was on my record this time. I was getting smarter, and the same thing happened with the shots. My records didn't catch up with me, so I had the same series over again.

I only stood guard one time in Fort Monmouth, and that was two hours on and four hours off. I tried to sleep in the guard building, but the lights were on all night and people walking around all night, and I just didn't sleep much. The next day was school and no excuses.

I was on KP several times. Now, that was an experience you just do not forget. At Monmouth, the day started at 4 a.m. Two of us had to peel six sacks of potatoes, but part of the time we had help from some of the other fellows. Some of the potato peels could have been peeled a lot closer. The modern restaurants would fry them and call them potato skins and serve them for potatoes. Maybe they would have been a little more potato-detached, but not much.

I have really forgotten what we did have for any of the meals. I was never lucky enough in the States to be a part of a company that served fried eggs and crisp bacon for breakfast. It was always crumbled eggs and soft bacon, unless you were on KP and had time to cook them yourself, and the cooks would let you.

We had regular plates and cups and stainless knives and forks and spoons with aluminum pitchers, and the floors had to be scrubbed every day along with the garbage cans and everything else in the kitchen. That included the drain pipes under the sink. I do not remember if we had any time off during the day.

I don't think we did. The day ended about 9 p.m., and if you pulled KP on a Friday, your shoes had to be shined, and that was a good trick after your shoes were wet all day and

usually had some grease on them. I think I pulled KP three times in Port Monmouth, and that was enough.

The photo school was easy. I'm not GI. We learned some do's and don'ts and how to get around things, and at the higher the rank of the officer, the easier he was to deal with.

Now, we had passes almost every weekend, and I got to New York City twice. I received my first pay at Port Monmouth. \$21 was \$6.90 out for insurance, plus your dry cleaning and laundry. You just can't do much on that, and that lasted for almost a year. I finished photo school and all the requirements on Friday, December 5, 1941, and was with nothing to do on Saturday. I went back over to the photo lab and made some personal prints and did the same thing on a Sunday morning.

I was sitting on the sorting table listening to the radio, and they stopped music and broke in with the darndest bulletin. The Japs had just bombed Pearl Harbor. Now, the rest of it, history.

History was beginning to unfold and take shape sooner than anyone expected, but we all knew that our one year of service had just vanished, and the duration was for how long? I have long to wait at Monmouth, because on a Monday, the orderly room called me in and handed me an envelope and told me to get my things together, and they'd take me to the depot. I was headed for Fort Benning, Georgia, on my own.

I think they gave me \$0.65 a meal, and I was supposed to eat on the train? No way would they buy me a chicken sandwich or a hamburger or hardly a cup of coffee. I had to change trains in Washington, D.C., and I had over an hour wait but didn't dare leave the station. The capitol was blacked out, and so were a lot of other buildings. The train was late, and every railroad had soldiers guarding the bridges. I arrived in Atlanta, Georgia, and found my next train had already gone.

Oh, boy, oh, boy, a new buck private going to a new company and late already. I knew they'd be at the station to meet me. They told me they would.

And I went to the ticket agent and told him my story, and he said that if you damn soldiers would stay sober, you wouldn't miss your train. And he wouldn't give me an excuse for a statement. I saw an MP and told him my story all over again, and he said he'd give me what I'd have to have to clear that up, but not to worry, that none of the trains were ever on time.

And so I had to get a cheap hotel with one light hanging down from the ceiling, and I ate a hamburger and went to bed. I caught another train the next morning, and when I arrived at the station, I didn't think I'd ever seen so many G.I.s in my life, and all going to Fort Benning, Georgia. I seemed to be the only one traveling alone, and there was no one to meet me that I knew of.

I went up to an officer that had an armband on, but I had forgotten what it said, what the armband said. And I told this officer my story, and he said he knew where I was to go, and that a truckload was going to Lawson Field, the airfield, and that was close by. And he asked a driver if he knew where the Signal Photo Company was, and the driver did, and it was right at the fork of the road.

He stopped, and there was a 161 Signal Photo Company, and was I ever glad to see that place. I grabbed my barracks bag and threw it over my shoulder, crossed the road, and went into the orderly room, and wondered how much hell I'd catch for missing the train. A fellow said he had met the train, and didn't find me on it.

The captain called me in, and I stood at attention, saluted, and expecting the worst, and told him my story as I handed him my orders. And he smiled and said, Very few make it down here, because these trains just don't run on time. And that was a relief.

Now, a CQ, or charge of quarters, took me to the barracks. That was to be my home for several months. Now, my bunk was the first one inside the door, and that meant that everyone that came in had to go by my bunk.

And I looked up and across the room, and sitting on top of the wall lockers, was a red-headed guy with his legs crossed, and he was like a snake charmer, and he was smoking a yellow pipe with a curved stem on it, and it was like Sherlock Holmes smoke. And on his head was a fatigue hat, folded and sewn like Sherlock Holmes's hat. He looked at me and went back to reading his book.

Wow, what have I gotten into? It took him a long time to get that Section 8. They sent him overseas with me, and after about a year, he made it.

When he got home, he sent a postcard to one of the captains that he didn't like, and he just said, Call me mister. Now, a Section 8 is when you're kind of off in the upper story. And that was all he said.

Now, his name was Antel, and he was one of our artists. The last time we saw him, he was dancing like an instant in part of the hospital yard that was over in Brisbane at the hospital. Antel and I, I think Antel and I were the only two that didn't have to go to the Philippines to go home.

Now, that's not quite right, because we did get some boys killed on the way up. The food wasn't very good, and it didn't improve for some time, or until the mess sergeant got drunk and fell down the stairs and landed right by my bunk. And they took him to the hospital, and he never came back.

One day, a mechanic from the motor pool was on KP, and he made cinnamon rolls for dessert. And this was the first dessert that had ever been served in our mess hall. They made him mess sergeant right then.

One of the cooks was a regular Army, and he had spent too much time in the tropics without a hat, and he wasn't too bright. And the others weren't much better. Theirs was a way of the least resistance.

Now, we had coal-fired stoves, and the cooks put the coal in with their hands and washed them afterwards if they felt like it. Now, the lowly privates all took turns at KP. Now, we had the same old food, scrambled eggs and bacon, and once in a while, sticky oatmeal for breakfast.

We would be on assignment someplace else and on the post at another mess hall. And it didn't seem like the same Army. They served the same ingredients at all the mess halls, but you could eat roast beef at another mess hall and ask what our mess had when we came home, and it was stew.

I, like all other privates, pulled KP, but it wasn't as bad as mine. The food was simple, and you had the same dishes to wash, but fewer pots and pans. We didn't scrub the floor every day, but our own officers did the Saturday inspection, and they weren't too GI on that.

Now, the trucks would haul us a load of coal for the barracks and the kitchen, and then they'd put brown paper down on the bottom of the bed and go get a load of Army bread, but it wasn't wrapped, and no one told them to go get the bread first. Now, I was put out to work in the lab pasting file prints in large albums with no white borders, just the date, location, and each negative had an identification number. Now, this was on there for identification.

It was on a black border, and when you printed it, it showed through. One print went to Washington, one to Public Relations, and they used a lot of pictures, and some for training, and some for history, and various other things. I think we made six prints.

There were always some brass coming to look at the pictures. Then I was assigned to the darkroom to develop all the film from 8x10s down to 4x5s, and then we had to develop some personal pictures once in a while for somebody. Then one day while I was on KP, I was called into the orderly room and told to see the captain.

I went in and saluted and stood at attention. He said, Eddie's the acting corporal. No more KP for you.

Then he told me that I was to have a division combat team totaling six men and an officer. Lieutenant Miller was a brand new second lieutenant and a nice going guy for this unit. Then we had Bill Gould, the movie man, with an IMO 35, with a 150mm lens and a tripod.

Then comes John Moore, fresh from the Signal Corps driving school. I don't know how long John had been there before we started this. Then one day soon, a little guy came shuffling into the barracks and his name was Harold Newman.

And he wound up a still photographer. He had been transferred from the infantry and fresh out of the hospital with bad feet. He always said, Take care of that camera.

The only thing between you and the infantry. And he knew what he was talking about. He believed in the old adage saying, Never stand when you can sit and never sit when you can lie down.

Then we had a man by the name of Donald Tabor. He was a truck driver. And he wasn't with us too long for some reason.

I don't remember who was the other man. Maybe we didn't even have one at that time. Mike Pitcairn was a 90-pound green-eyed redhead who was very quiet and always looked as if he came out of a band box.

Mike was a better listener than a talker and always looked you straight in the eye when you talked to him. I never heard him complain about anything. The last I knew about Mike was that he was in an identification unit that took pictures of civilian employees for the government.

Then we had a Bill Merring. He was just the opposite of Mike. He was 6 foot 2 or 3 inches tall and probably weighed 250 pounds.

He was dark-complected with a voice to fit his size. He was a nice fellow. Bill kind of took Mike under his wing.

It was like Mutt and Jeff. We had a panel truck to carry all of our lab equipment and the two tents. Then we had a carry-all that had a rack on top to take pictures off of.

Now, it held the six of us. Or seven of us. But it was kind of rough riding.

And we had a wooden box or crates made to put all of the equipment into so it wouldn't break. We worked for quite a while learning where each box would fit into that panel truck. Then we practiced for speed.

Lieutenant Mason had the same setup we had. He bet Lieutenant Miller that his boys could load the trucks faster than we could. Lieutenant Miller took him up on it.

John Moore and I were in the trucks placing the boxes. And the rest of the boys fed the boxes to us. John was fresh from Colorado and used to thin air and used to carrying blocks of ice on his back in the summer and shoving coal in the winter.

I was used to scooping grain with an old iron scoop and running down holds. So everything John and I did, we did the hard way. So hard and fast work was part of our lives.

In New Guinea, one saw us walking down the road with field packs and cameras and said we looked like we were walking into the wind. We did okay because we could keep up with the infantry when some of them were dropping out with the heat. Anyway, Lieutenant Miller won the best bet by our sweat.

We had a little fella by the name of Moriello. We called him Bacala. I don't know what it meant, but it had to be good because he was such a nice and friendly little guy.

And he wouldn't hurt your feelings for anything. He was a bugler, but a good trumpeter he wasn't. You couldn't tell what the call was unless you knew what time it was.

We used to give him a hard time at Reveille by saying at least you could get that one right. And he would laugh, and he said he always had to get up before us so he could blow the bugle, and so that allowed for that. He was also a still photographer.

And as far as we knew, he was the only photographer to get his name on a caption. He was on an invasion, and the kid next to him got his head blown off. And Moriello wrote on one caption on the film pack, Holy hell, too hot to write captions.

And that was his only swear word that I knew of. I talked to Harold Newman on the phone last year. This was in 1986.

And he said he was walking down the street in New York and thought he recognized Moriello, and it was. He had a TV camera and was working for some station in New York, and he happened to be in the right place at one time and got a big scoop and said it went national. I had a ten-day furlough with no travel time at New Year's.

Every train out of Columbus, Georgia, was a milk train. I mean that literally. It picked up people at every crossroad and left them off as well as picking up the milk and the mail.

Now the best route was to Memphis, Tennessee, then on to Mattoon, Illinois, where someone had to pick me up. Then the same in reverse. That was my only furlough until I got into Australia, and that was a seven-day furlough with no travel time.

Now the barracks right behind us at Fort Benning housed the 501, 502, and 503 paratroopers. Now they had to run or trot everywhere they went unless it was to the medics for sick call. Now some were on canes and some on crutches, and lots of them were in casts.

Now the paratroopers practiced judo behind our motor pool in a sandlot, and it cushioned their fall. That was a rough way to go. I met a man in Flagler, Daytona, in 1984 that was in the 501, and he had been wounded.

He had seven machine gun bullets in one leg, and he was limping. He laughed when I asked him who was the toughest, the paratroopers or the armored division. The post never let both outfits go into Columbus at the same time because they were always trying to find out, to decide who among themselves were the toughest.

Now they ran 15 miles. The paratroopers ran 15 miles every day, rain or shine, and I think they had their packs on most of the time, full packs. Now they might get them up at 2 o'clock in the morning and start them out, and then another bunch would come in at about the same time.

I was told that at one time one sergeant took three bunches out in one day. This fellow I met in Florida said it paid off. They ran into a bunch of Germans that were dug in, and they hit them from one side, backed up and ran to the other side and fired again and hit them from the other side.

And the Krauts thought they were surrounded and gave up. They were good boys to have on our side, as good as the paratroopers were, not the Krauts. In New Guinea we had Morales Marauders.

They were just as good, only they went in by submarine on rubber raft. And I don't think they took guns with them, just piano wire and knives. Now they went in as observer, and they weren't supposed to be seen.

They never contacted the Japs at all. When I first got to Fort Benning, most of the fellows were just getting back from maneuvers in Louisiana. And they were really beat.

I never went on in maneuvers or went through the unobstructed course. And I had to ask to fire a rifle on the range. We were there but always taking pictures.

I wanted to fire on the range, but I never did ask to go on the obstructed course. In Benning we always had our own transportation, so we never walked. And our passports, passes, let us go wherever we wanted to go or needed to go.

And again I say our outfit was not GI. In the late spring things began to tighten up and furloughs were hard to come by. And if anyone got one, it was for a very short time.

We got a new second lieutenant by the name of Gary Lopes, a very small man, dark-complected, and with a small mustache and a slow speaker and had a soft voice. We liked him and we always got along fine with him. He never once told us how to take pictures or how to face them.

He would always try to get anything we needed. And we found out after we got into New Guinea that he had flat feet and he couldn't do a lot of walking. He spent as much time with us as possible.

He told us one time that the officers wanted him to spend more time with them and he apologized and said he'd rather be with us. Now this was in New Guinea. They played a lot of cards and gambled and he didn't gamble.

And I don't think he drank too much and we didn't drink at all. This was kind of unusual for six men, none of them drank. On May the 12th I found out there were eight photo units leaving and my unit was one of them.

We were issued Springfield rifles and went to the rifle range. Now on June the 9th we found out that we were leaving. We loaded the trucks on the flat cars and I had to see that they had all been tied down properly.

And I was no expert at this but I would become one later on. I think there were 86 men going and that included the lab boys and their equipment and all of their trucks. Now I drew \$20 and when I got back to camp after the final inspection of the trucks I was almost too hot and the boys said I was chalk white.

I took a cold shower and by then they were all loaded on the trucks and waiting on me. They threw a sack of lunch at me and we left at 2.30 p.m. Now I saw the sun come up in Illinois again after we got on the train again for the last time in a long time to come. We went through Illinois.

We arrived at Frisco June the 14th. We stayed in a dog kennel and the Red Cross took us in cars across the bridge and to see the town at night. Also up Knob Hill at night.

Now that was some sight. Now we boarded the ship Clip Fontaine and that ship was to be our home for the next 30 days. Now that was a rough trip for me.

There were 1,800 men on board. The food was terrible with two meals a day. We had raw chicken one day and when you picked it up underneath the wing it was green.

After several days there was a lieutenant who was a mess officer for the day. He climbed on a box on the deck and said ask for volunteers for cooks and KP's to clean up the place. Now he had all kinds of volunteers.

He had plenty. And the food was better but it wasn't soon enough for me and I was afraid I wouldn't die. Now we crossed the equator on June the 30th at 2 a.m., at 11 a.m. ready for King Neptune and a sub was sighted and that ended that. What they did was they made a dunk some, made a canvas place in the hell water and they dunked the boys in it but that was ended when the sub was sighted. The escort took, destroyers really took out. I don't think a ship, I didn't think a ship that size could zigzag so fast but I'm glad it did.

We left the convoy and were on our home on July the 4th. We crossed the date line on July the 5th and lost Monday altogether. We didn't pick it up for almost three years.

We arrived in Suva, Fiji, July the 8th. Boy did that ground feel good. I was able to get into Suva and get a meal in a restaurant.

I bought a can of salmon that I was to carry all over New Guinea. The boys wanted to eat it when we were all pretty hungry but I said things might get worse. They mentioned that in our reunion last July the 9th in 1984 in Portland, Oregon.

That was for John Moore, Newman and Paul and myself at Paul's house. Now, I met Charlie Love. He was from Taylorville.

He was one of the boys to be stationed on Fiji Islands. I wrote in my diary, I sure feel sorry for those poor devils. Little did I know what was in store for us.

We arrived in Auckland, New Zealand on July the 14th. I was one of the gangplank guards. Being a sergeant paid off.

They had sergeants for gangplank. I got on the ground first and was the last to get back on the ship again. Some of us got to go into town.

We headed for a restaurant. I'll never forget that fresh bread and butter. I'll bet the waitress doesn't either for she had just kept bringing more bread.

Now, we had a steak and oysters and French fries and my diary says for 40 cents but that can't be right. You see, when we paid for something in New Zealand or Australia to start with, we just held out our hand and they took what they wanted. Then we walked around and that diary says that we had a piece of pie and three milkshakes.

Now, did I have the three milkshakes? I don't think so. I think that food lasted me until I landed in Melbourne, Australia.

That was on July the 22nd. We wandered around the island of Tasmania and I just thought that I'd been in some rough water. The props came out of the water and the water came down the air vents that were at least six foot above the deck and it was cold because it was winter down there.

Later we had, when we got into the camp in Australia, we had frost on our tents. Now, this was my first night of many nights to sleep in an army tent. They had stoves in them and they burned a limited amount of coke.

These folks were at war and didn't have a lot of everything. Anyway, we had a spark get on the tent right above my cot and someone said, look at the moon. And then we realized that the tent was on fire.

We got it out and I had a six-inch hole above my cot. Now, another tent didn't fare so well but I don't remember whose tent that was. The food wasn't bad.

The city was inbound and the streetlights had what looked like a can with one end cut out and placed on the streetlight. I'm not sure if every other light was turned off or not. This was because of air raid and also so that the ships from outside couldn't see the town too well.

I forgot to mention that we picked up another fellow just before we boarded the boat. His name was Roger Fureisen. He spelled it with four E's.

Now, we nicknamed him Fuzzy right away because his hair was very thin and it was fuzzy. And he didn't seem to mind. He had never been outside of New York nor away from his mother.

So this was a big adventure for him and he wanted so much to be a hero. Well, it was also an adventure for all of us. He was our new movie man but Gold wouldn't let him near the camera.

He had a lot of fun. We had a lot of fun with him. He had a good sense of humor.

And I don't know what happened to him but I think they sent him home with asthma. Anyway, he was with us throughout the training with the 41st Division in Rockhampton. Then we left him in the hospital at Rockhampton and he was to catch up with us.

He flew into Doberdure one day and called from the airstrip and the fellows went out to get him and they took him straight to the hospital. They said that if he lived they'd send him back the next day. It was cold and we had two blankets.

This was in Melbourne. Noom and John and I went to town the second day and bought six horse blanket pins for each one of us and I took them and fastened the blankets into a sleeping bag. Now we bought several newspapers to put on the cots and that helped.

But I had to get up at night and put more coke on the stove. The first night we all rolled and tossed I heard someone's teeth literally chattering. I turned on my flashlight and it was fuzzy.

He had laid down on the cots with nothing under him and the two blankets over him. I put him in between the blankets the best I could and tried to make an envelope out of him and we had passes and went into Melbourne every day since there was nothing to do but wait. We were in Camp Stanley T.

Robertson, a cricket ground in Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, 10,000 miles from home and no North Star and the Southern Cross was to take its place. I had enough trouble finding the North Star when I was lost at home. What the H would I do with the Southern Cross?

They had better food than on the ship and we found out that a pint of milk was almost a pint and a half. It was the Imperial pint. Petrol went by the same measure.

Now petrol was gasoline. And that we, or John, had to learn to drive on the left side of the street. Then we had to learn fair dinkum, good on you, Yank, bloody this and bloody that.

And they ate with their forks in their left hand and right then they were glad to see the bloody Yanks because the bloody Jacks were almost in Port Moresby, New Guinea. Another thing I learned, when in Rome, do as the Romans do. They asked us if we wanted coffee or tea and we said coffee.

And from then on it was tea. Their idea of coffee was hot milk in the place of hot water. And we didn't want to hurt their feelings, and I'm sure they learned later, but we were among the first Yanks over there.

And they had a lot to learn about us. Mainly we weren't all from New York or Chicago. And we weren't all rich.

I will say that our higher pay and better clothes gave them that impression. And some of the blacks passed themselves off as American Indians. A lot of the G.I.s were good liars too. I'm very sorry for the Aussie people that were taken in. But when you have so many young fellows away from home and not knowing their future, a lot of them just went for broke. It was a rough time for all of us.

The Aussies were very nice people. It was hard to understand that they were about 50 years behind us in a lot of things. One thing we did find out, they stopped for tea.

I met a fellow from New Zealand, and he had been on one of the rats that told Brooke. And he said, we didn't mind Rommel driving us back, but the bloody bastards wouldn't give us time to stop for tea. Now, while in Melbourne, we bought some carbide lights.

The Aussies used them on their bicycles. And we bought an iron skillet, which we used a lot. And on August 8th, we loaded our boxes on three freight cars.

Every state had a different width track. So in case of war, it was harder for the invaders. We had to unload everything and reload when we moved from Melbourne to Brisbane.

And that is where we were headed. We were getting off the trucks, and Newman caught his ring on his little finger on the truck end gate and hung there. We got him off and thought he would lose his finger.

They took him to the hospital, and we weren't sure if we would ever see him again or not. Getting back to your own outfit that far away was something else. But with the luck of the iris, Newman was Jewish.

He'd make it. He did join us a few weeks later, and were we ever glad to see him. August the 10th, we had come to the border and had to change trains.

And that meant unloading all of our freight, nailing it down again in the rain. We made 150 miles that night. We stopped to eat at towns regardless of the time.

Cold mutton at two in the morning or in the afternoon. Mutton sandwiches. Four of us were in a compartment with our barracks bags under our feet.

In other words, we couldn't put our feet down on the ground. We were in sheep country now, and there were a lot of them. Now, we made a hammock out of a mattress cover for a table and hung it above us.

It worked pretty good. So we made another one, and Eulig used it and broke, and he landed in my stomach. Now we're in kangaroo and emu country, and lots of them.

It's pretty country. Termites and anthills over six feet tall with lots of trees. And Mario's got a rifle bullet through his spare gas can on his carry-on.

I have to call it petrol from now on. It's very hard sleeping on the train and cold too. What a rough-looking bunch we were.

We went to another racetrack, Camp Newman. Cold days and hot, or cold nights and hot days. Took Lieutenant Lope to the hospital, and several days we went back to see him, and we heard sirens on the way back, and it was an air raid drill.

It was our first. We had our cameras, and everyone else was in the air raid shelters. But we were driving down the street alone.

No other cars. We were ready to take pictures of anything, and we did take pictures of the empty streets in Brisbane. Now I found an old man that could braid whips out of kangaroo and kangaroo hides, and he made me one out of an entire hide, and it was 18 flats, which is 18 strands, with a whale bone for the center, and four and a half ounces of lead for balance, and the handle for balance.

It was about 10 foot long. There isn't another one like it in the world. It took him quite a while to finish it.

I still have it, but it is very fragile now. The hide is rotten, and I could take the ashes off of a cigarette or cut an inch off a piece of paper. Now the main lab is being built on top of a hill in a very nice house, and this would be our headquarters for a long time, and the lab.

Most of the outfit found a home there, and almost a permanent one. Newman joined us on August the 30th from his finger problems, and it seemed to be all right. Just before we left for Rockhampton, Queensland, Lieutenant Lopes traded the taber for another driver from Denver, Colorado.

His name was Bob May. Bob was a quiet blonde, but he soon earned the nickname of Leadfoot. He was a slow mover but a fast driver.

I'd rather have John. I'd rather ride with John Duke. The first night in New Guinea, we found out that Maine was more afraid of air raids than we were.

Later on in Doberdura, we had set up our sledge trenches just outside of the tent, and right by the side of each cot. One night, we had the flaps on our tents all staked out for cool air, and so that also kept the rain out of our sledge trenches at night, or not at night, but any time. One night, we went to headquarters to a show, and we had an air raid.

Maine was in a strange country, so were we, but he knew where his own trench was. So he headed out and went through a tent and knocked down a small pole. Then he said he knocked down another tent, but he made it out to his own hole.

He had a flashlight with him, I'm sure. He did what was asked of him most of the time. Now, we loaded our equipment on a train for Rockhampton, only this time it was just two trucks and our own equipment.

Lieutenant Lopes, Newman, Moore, Maine, Fuzzy, and Gold, and me. We left September the 11th. Moore and Maine rode in the trucks, and the rest of us in the caboose.

And a slow ride it was. We stopped at 10 p.m. and 8. They said we made 10 miles an hour.

We arrived in Rockhampton, Queensland, on September the 14th. Went to the fairgrounds and joined the 41st Signal Company. Our lab was to be in a building by the Signal Depot in Rockhampton, and we drew up our plans for the darkroom, and the carpenters started.

The Signal Company was very good to us, and there was lots of nice guys in it. We had lots of pictures to take all over the division, and after the lab was set up, we were wondering if we would do any other work. The officers thought we were there just to take pictures of them and process their personal pictures.

So we were more than busy, along with taking our own personal pictures on GI film and paper. And we had a good officer to censor them and send them home, but we did an awful lot of GI pictures, too. We had our own transportation, which was our carry-all, and we had a Class A pass for everyone and a permanent trip ticket for the carry-all because we had to go whenever it was necessary to take pictures of something that happened.

The MPs would wave us through, and General Fuller's aide, Captain Skelvig, knew us by name, and the General almost did. We never got out of line and never caused any trouble, and we were busy all the time. We were on detached service, and that meant that we did not have to stand formations or full guard or KP.

They knew we worked at the lab late at night, not every night, but lots of nights. It was our near-perfect setup as it could be. The signal company really had good food and good cooks.

They made pies and cakes and fried eggs when they had time and it was usually on a Sunday. We could come in late and get something to eat, and they kept the mess hall open because they had the switchboard operators and radio operators on duty in shifts around the clock. Now, they even tried to make pancakes out of ground-up hardtack in New Guinea.

Each cake weighed about a pound, but they did try. There are only so many ways that you could cook. You can eat beef stew and add things to it, onions and carrots, or bully beef, and the cooks tried them all by adding all the onions and the carrots and whatever else they could get, but that was about all we could get that would keep.

And I had heartburn almost every day. Around Christmas time, it was very hot, and no wonder. In Rockhampton, Rockhampton sits right at the Tropic of Capricorn, or about 23 degrees south of the equator.

On Christmas Day in Rockhampton, we had turkey, dressing, mashed potatoes, ice cream, and watermelon. Now, it rains a lot at this time of the year. On December the 27th, Lieutenant Lokes had a fever of 101, and we took him to the hospital with dengue fever.

We're getting ready to move up to New Guinea now. We arrived in Port Moresby on January the 20th. It was on their 100th bombing raid.

And we went to a camp, to a French camp, and passed under a sign that said, through these portals pass the best damn mosquito bait in the world. They were right. We left there by boat on January the 26th, and landed in Ora Bay.

This is where we learned how to exist in a new jungle hamlet. And also that you don't put your shoes on the ground when it rains, or they will get full of ants and ant eggs. That you can't put wet clothes on over wet shoes and stand up.

And it can rain 12 inches in one night. If you have to eat C-rations out of your mess gear while it's pouring down rain, you never quite get to the bottom of it. It just keeps getting thinner.

You also find out that the jungle pack can hold more than you can carry very far. And 18 miles with that pack can't be made by me in one day. And a can of cold beef stew for breakfast just doesn't taste like pancakes and sausage.

And warm, heavily chlorinated water ain't exactly a good substitute for coffee. And the heart deck doesn't have the same consistencies as a glazed donut. Sometimes the trees are too far apart for the hammock, so you sleep, using the word sleep loosely, on the ground.

The mosquito dope lasts exactly 2 hours and 15 minutes. And sometimes it doesn't rain at night. You don't realize how stiff and sore and tired you could be the next morning and still get up and go on.

You're with a small bunch of fellas that couldn't make it any more than you could. And they are just as tired as you are. But you're safer that way.

You wonder if you will ever find the other fellas, but you will, as long as you stay on that path. And since you can't get off of the path very easily in too many places, you will come out okay. Or you hope you will, anyway.

And then, when we did come out at the edge of the old Jap airstrip near Doberdure, there was a Salvation Army with hot tea and hardtack. The money you gave to the Red Cross just didn't go that far. At that time, they never got out of Port Moresby.

We had one suit of clothes to wear. Now, that was our fatigues. And back in Rockhampton, they had us tie our fatigues in knots and turn them in.

And when we got them back, they had been dyed with a green dye. They really had a good idea. We wore them, washed them, put them on wet, and sometimes put them out in the rain to get the stink off.

Then we were given a suit of camouflage coveralls with suspenders inside, and they were heavy and hot. And I didn't wear them but a few times, only when I had to. We were just a short distance from what was to be our new home for the next several miserable months, Doberdure, New Guinea.

And our negatives would be identified as 9 south, 148 east. That means we were 9 degrees south of the equator and 148 east of Greenwich, which is 0 degrees, which, my friend, is a hell of a long way from home. On the way over, we were as far south as 45 degrees.

In Illinois, we live about 40 degrees north. We couldn't figure out what was weighed on their scales. I believe a stone was 16 pounds, and their scales were marked in stones.

And that was confusing to us. We had to stop and figure it out if we wanted to know. We left Australia with the 80 fellows from the Sigland Corps, Sigland Company, and their Lieutenant Lopes, Newman, Moore, Maine, Gould, and myself.

As photographers. About two days later, about one half of the boys from the Sigland Company, including Lieutenant Lopes and Gould, were down with malaria and or dysentery. Sometimes both.

The rest of us could still walk, although most of us had dysentery. Lieutenant Lopes became so sick, he went to the hospital, and then Gould. Lieutenant went back to Australia.

Gould was out of his head, and the hospital couldn't take care of all of them, so some of them were told to go back to their units and eat hardtack and drink hot, weak tea. But we didn't always have the tea. And they had to walk back.

There was no transportation. One thing about the high fever, it helped kill the chiggers on your legs. Since the Sigland Company was so low on manpower, and Captain Hallis asked us if we would take turns as standing guard, and we did.

I don't know whether it was John or Harold, and I were on guard close to the latrine, and walking in water over our shoes, and we had to stop to hear if a Jap was walking, too. We saw a patch of white going towards the latrine, and it turned around and said, I just couldn't make it. It was Captain Hallis.

If you were too sick to make it, we found out that you had another use for your helmet. Of course, you took the liner out. Now, the boys in the infantry found that out.

We were better off than they were. I have no notes as to exactly what we did from January the 7th to February the 12th in 1943. I guess just survived from the elements.

Air raids almost every night, and rain and rain. We didn't have our tents and cot until late February. We started eating sea rations on January the 7th.

That was on the ship going up. We managed to get a jeep and take off for San Amanda, where the 163 Infantry had managed to kill and starve the Japs out. It really wasn't a pretty sight or smell.

You just couldn't describe it, and the pictures we took weren't exactly portraits. Since the Japs cremated their dead, the boys gathered up about 300 and put them in a pile and made two Jap officers witness the cremation. The pictures were to be released over Japan to show the Japanese that we were complying with their ways.

The Jap officers didn't want their faces to show. They shouldn't have allowed themselves to be captured because they lost face. This was about the end of the Buno San Amanda campaign, except for some stragglers.

Some months later, they found a couple of Japs who were living close to Oro Bay and reporting by radio on all of the ships that came into the bay to unload and how many troops. Then they watched the trucks and the troops go down the only road that there was. They ate out of the G.I. mess hall at night. They'd steal in there and steal rations out of there, food. One day the Japs sank a ship that had fresh meat on it and other good food, and that made us mad. Our five fighter planes, that was all we had, P-38s and P-40s, got to Colfords.

But that isn't what we called the Japanese that day. One of our pilots was a fellow by the name of Second Lieutenant Richard Baum. He was from Wisconsin.

He was later a very famous pilot. In fact, I think he had more planes to his credit than anyone else in the entire war. The opening of a new Catholic church, when the air raid came on, and the priest said, That's all, boys.

Hit the hole. We saw the planes swarming over the bay and saw a Jap come down the chute. We got in our jeep and headed for Oro Bay.

You can only go so fast over four-way roads, and John did his best, but it still took us four hours. The ship was still on fire, and we went out on it and took pictures. The ammunition was going off on the other end, and the deck was so hot it burned our feet through the shoe sole.

The bombers also got a bunch of buried bags that were piled up and soaking wet. On the way home that night, it was dark, and there was another air raid. The reason we knew was that the lights went out in a camp that we went by.

John drove the west of the way back to our camp without lights. I couldn't see my hands in front of my face. Good old John.

We finally got our lab tent set up next to the Signal Company radio tent and the generators, so we could have lights to print and make enlargements and write captions. Then we moved another tent next to the lab, and we had the phone in there along with our sorting table, and we wrote captions and letters on it. Being next to the radio tent was pretty exciting when they had an air raid during the daytime, and our P-38s and 40s went up to dogfight.

The radio operators in the radio tent would turn the spare radio to the frequency of our pilots. This sometimes was fun and sometimes not. Sometimes the pilot would say they didn't have time to put on their leather jackets and they would be sweaty, and when they got up high, they would be cold.

One pilot asked another pilot how he was doing, and he said, peeing frost. One would say, there's a Jap coming up on your tail at 5 o'clock, and then an exciting cry of, I got one. The P-38s would get above the zeroes and drive them down to the P-40s if they didn't get them on their swing at them.

I saw a lot of gun camera pictures of Lieutenant Bones spliced together. In most cases, he came up from underneath the zeroes and the zeroes would explode. He was a P-38 pilot.

The way the air alerts came would be from our farthest outpost, and he would fire three rounds from his rifle when he heard the planes. He just barely heard them, so he didn't know what they were. Another guard closer would do the same.

It was difficult to tell whose planes it was, but you could always tell the Jap bombers because their motors weren't synchronized, and ours were. So when they got in closer, we could tell where their planes were. They were Michibuchi bombers.

Now they were making cars for us, and they were more trouble-free than ours. Anyway, when the airstrip heard the shots, the pilots in the ready tent, all five of them, would scramble and take off for their planes. They weren't always warmed up enough, and the Japs were over us sometime before our pilots could get in the air.

The Japs usually had five planes to our one, and when the flight was over, there were more Japs on the ground than ours. Now we had the first darkroom in a combat area. We brought our water up from the Sambogo River in five-gallon water cans and hoped the water was cool enough to use and not let the emulsion slide off.

It did a couple of times. We always sent our official film back to Brisbane for processing. We couldn't take any chances on official film, but we did a lot of good personal work.

And then if General Fletcher was to see them right away, we processed them at night. Of course, we had to wait until late at night so the water in the barrels would be as cool as possible, and then it would be dark enough in the tent too. Paul developed some one day and kind of forgot to take them out of the water, and the emulsion slid off as he brought them out.

I've got to back up a little bit. I don't remember the date Paul Schrapp came to us from the 41st Division Artillery. Golds wasn't getting along with any of us, and that wasn't good for a small unit of six men, all living in the same tent and working together every day and night.

Paul had a good disposition and fit in well. He had had an accident before he came to us, and he had lost his index finger and his ring finger on his right hand. Now, one of the first things he did was try to bet us that no one could do what he could do.

So he proceeded to put his hand up to his face, and it looked like those two fingers were all the way up his nose. Just after he came to us, we went to headquarters to a show one night, Arsenic and Old Lace, and the old boy had been with Teddy Roosevelt and his rough riders. He didn't have a full day.

Somehow he imagined himself going up San Juan Hill and yelling charge. On the way back from the movie, we had to climb a small ridge, and everyone was quiet for some reason. It could have been because just outside of the area the night before, a couple of G.I.s had been shot. Anyway, Paul yelled charge, and we didn't know what we had. And after the initial shock wore off, we accepted him. So after Gould was out and fuzzy back in Australia, there wasn't anyone to take movies, and none of us knew how the IMO worked.

And so all of the boys wanted me to try, so I took a roll of film and learned to load and unload it. Then I had to transpose the exposure meter reading to the movies. The film was at slow speed, and the lens was a F3.5 and only had a 50-millimeter lens. The next day, the division chap and Colonel Atterbury called and said they were going to have a wedding by proxy and thought it would make a good story. We were there and made the order out of two cases of C-rations, and a fellow had to stand in for the gal. Newman took still pictures, and I shot 100 feet of movies, and that was all one roll.

I didn't know how long to hold a trigger down or what made a scene. We sent it to Brisbane Lab and could hardly wait for the results. Burkhauser, who processed this stuff down there, always told me what was wrong or right, as the case may be.

But his notes on this roll, which was my first, said they were wonderful, good exposure, good composition, only shoot more footage and let them edit it down there in the lab. Then I found out it made the newsreels, using 90 to 95 feet out of that 100-foot roll. They said it was steady, and I had handheld the camera.

This was the same camera that the Pathé newsreels used for all their news shows. It sure got heavy sometimes. On a trip with General MacArthur, it got so full of dirt and dust, it had to be sent back to Brisbane to be cleaned.

We were the last jeep in the convoy of officers on the inspection trip, and believe me, it was by rank. I told him we should be closer, but rank was it, and we were the low men. The high road to Doberdure was a very dusty road, and we had to be issued khakis, and this upset the signal supply.

Then we found some goggles. You see, we had to be at least 50 yards back from the last jeep, and when we stopped, they would yell for the photographers, but they still wouldn't give up their place in line. When we finally got there, General MacArthur looked at us and laughed and said, good God, they look like a bunch of owls.

We always had to place everybody when we took pictures, so at least I can say that I have told General MacArthur what to do one time. On March 11th, we had an air raid, and we looked up and saw 57 jet planes. We had never seen that many jet planes before.

It seemed forever before our P-38s got up, and when it was over, there were 11 zeroes down and one bomber down. We had two P-38s that got burned on the ground. We got off the

airstrip as soon as we could, and I saw a pair of shoes smoking right beside a mechanic's tool box, and this was just below the nose of a P-38 that had burned, and in the seat was a shot star charred body.

I started taking the movie shot, started at the shoes, and then to the tool box, and then on up to the nose of the plane, and then went on to take shots of other things. A G.I. blown to bits. He tried to cross the road right where the bomb was, one of them.

Then we went to the hospital and take shots of other things, like a G.I. blown to bits. Then we went to the hospital and took pictures of the more dead and wounded. Now, Colonel Atterbury, the division chaplain, was there, and I saw him take his handkerchief out of his pocket and wet it with the water out of his canteen and kneel down and wash the blood and dirt off the young boy's face, and as he did this, he said that, I think this boy's mother would like that, and I cussed a little bit and cried a little bit.

The engineers made two boxes that was to be the first boys buried in boxes, and Colonel Atterbury called us, and we went to the cemetery and started taking pictures, and a new second lieutenant from Gray's registration came up and said, No pictures. We told him we were official photographers, but he said that he had been told no pictures, and he wouldn't take Lieutenant Lopes' word for it or our passes, but if Lieutenant Lopes would call General Fuller, then it would be okay. General Fuller told Lieutenant Lopes to get the new lieutenant's name, and so we took our pictures, and the next time we saw this lieutenant, he asked us what he could do for us.

Apparently, General Fuller had straightened the lieutenant out. We sent all the pictures safe into the lab, and when we got back to Rockhampton, we went to the show that night and saw the shots of the bombing on the newsreel just as though it had just happened. This was five months later.

I approve of that kind of censorship because maybe the Japs didn't know how much damage they had done. By today's standards of immediate TV coverage, we couldn't have had much of a Nielsen rating, and we wouldn't sell very much advertising. Neither would we have been the cause of maybe a company of men getting killed because we had to be the first with the news and give their positions away.

How many points is a dead GI worth? The Japs didn't need to drop a bomb every time they came over at night, but when we heard the Jap bombers with the unsynchronized motors, we got down into the hole, and that served their purpose. It kept us wondering and kept us awake at all times of the night.

We lost a lot of sleep, and for example, we'd have one air raid and then another one maybe a couple hours later, maybe three hours, and then another one later on. This broke up our sleep night after night, and one plane can do it. Now we are buying cars from that same company that made the bombers.

Now, Joey Brown came to our area and put on a show, and we took pictures, and when he finished the routine, he asked what they wanted him to do. And one fellow said, Tell us some dirty stories, Joe. And right then and there, Joe stopped and said, Fella, I hate to slap

you in the face this way, but I've been in show business for, he named a number of years, and have never told a dirty story.

I'm sorry. You could have heard a pen drop. Then he got the biggest ovation you ever heard.

Now I saw him in a little theater in a small town in Sullivan, Illinois. He was there in a show, and I went backstage and talked to him, and he had written a book called *Your Kids and Mine* after the war, and I had the book and asked him to autograph it. Now he had a boy killed over there.

He asked where I had seen him, and I told him at Doberdure, and he mentioned the story, and it's in the book. His home had burned, and he lost all of his pictures, and I gave him some that we had taken of him. It seems that about now we were getting much better food.

After being without bread from January 7th to March the 18th, we had come a long way, and we wouldn't have had that if we hadn't gone to the hospital to see a major, and he asked us to eat supper with him. In April, we had steak, potatoes, cabbage, grapes, and other food. Then we had steak or roast beef several times.

So food was much better and less air raids, so they could bring in the ships. Now we're darn glad that the hospitals had this better food, and I'm glad we didn't have to be in the hospitals to get it. Those boys deserved it.

Paul took Lieutenant Lopes, John, Newman, and me to Horico so we could get a small ship to go up north to the farthest point of our troops, traveling by night only. We got to Douglas Harbor by morning and went swimming in the harbor. Now we had an air raid, and while we were in the water, it was our own plane, but we didn't know it.

But walking out of there in three foot of water with an almost solid coral bottom isn't funny. It wasn't deep enough to swim in, and it wasn't shallow enough to get out of there in a hurry. We stayed there that day and pulled out again that night.

We were pulling a barge with Native police, and we were headed for Morobi. And as we neared Morobi, a jet bomber came over, and the captain cut the motors and let the barge swing around, and he said, we'll make like an island. The bombers dropped two flares, and they went out a little too soon, I think, and then he strafed where he thought we should be.

And we were taking off our shoes, and the captain said, just stay with us, boys, because you'd never make it to shore because of the crocodiles. We had .250 caliber machine guns, so we didn't fire back. Now when we landed at Douglas Harbor, the Natives were having a funeral for one man that had eaten a poisoned fish and died.

The Natives were taking two steps towards the water and one step back and beating the air with the sticks and the ground. Then they waded into the water as far as they could and flailing the water. The captain said they were driving the devils back into the water.

We went ashore and faded for bananas and saw all kinds of Jap equipment. The Japs probably saw us and pulled back into the jungle. We did have a man on the machine gun on the ship, but we would have been between the gun and the Jap.

So that was an interesting trip. Now, Joey Brown made the same trip later on. But while we were up there, we got a small boat and went over to a PT boat base in a very deep river and took some pictures.

I started to take pictures of a machine gun emplacement around the water's edge, and a captain came up and said, I know you're an official photographer and I can't stop you, but if you are captured, on the way back you know you are dead and they will process your film and know where our guns are and then our post will be wiped out. I didn't take any more pictures. There again, if I had been a TV newsman, I would have lost some Nielsen points.

So to hell with those GIs. I had kind of a diary and it was fun to go back and read what had happened in 1943. I found out we did have more pies out of General Fodor's mess than I thought.

I'm beginning to wonder if I was left out once in a while. We did have several things out of the officer's mess. Some one would bring back steaks when no regular mess had it.

And once in a while the OD would just happen to come in by our lab and pop his head in and say, what's cooking? He could smell it from the outside. We used that hot plate to heat the water to mix our developers with and we also used it to cook whatever we had on out of this skeleton we brought up from Australia.

We also knew that the signaling company had to have a generator to run their radios and we were attached to the signaling company. But all of this, when we were doing our cooking, they never told us or made us shut the stove down. But we did feed quite a few officers a day.

We didn't have much, but it was something. When we turned the hot plate on, the governors on the generators would open and I guess they went to the old adage that you don't bite the hand that feeds you. When we went up to one of the outfits of the headquarters of 186, they were the ones that unloaded the ships.

Now the ships would just pull out into the harbor and they had to unload it on the smaller ships to bring in or float the stuff in. And we took pictures and tried to be there at noon every time we went up. And we always ate with them.

The first time, they had soda crackers and chocolate pudding and they said we could come back any time, but don't you bastards tell anyone. We went back lots of times. Then as time went on, the months dragged by, we began to get better and more food.

And the air raids got fewer and the roads improved and the living got easier and it was time to go back to Australia. We went back for a rest after eight months of hell. We never knew how hot it was, but I had a fever thermometer and the medics had given me.

And any time I took one of the fellow's temperatures, it was always at the top or almost. And I had, before I had to shake it down so I could take the temperature. While we were packed and waiting to go back south to Australia, a new major from our outfit in Brisbane, he was from Hollywood, came up to see what was going on.

We found out just, he found us just sitting in the tent. He asked us how long we had been up here and we told him and he blew his stack and said, do you mean to tell me you've been up here all this time and those other fellows have been down there all of that time? And we said yes and he said he was going to get us out right away.

We told him we were on our way back and we'd go back with part of the 41st Division to Rockhampton and then to Brisbane. Sometime if orders are changed, we could have found ourselves in a tranching camp and been there for a couple of weeks. As it was, we got on and off those trucks and ate bully beef for a week before they could make up their minds about any division getting on the boat, let alone us.

We should have listened to the major. I'd forgotten to mention that we had been without an officer for over four months. I happened to be the highest ranking non-com, and that was Buck Sargent.

We had plenty of officers in the signal company to sign for safe hands. That was the way we sent exposed film to the main lab. And they would also get us anything we needed.

We had a good relationship with them, and as a unit, it didn't matter much. If someone wanted to know who the ranking non-com was, that was all right, but that was the Army. Finally, just before we left, they sent Lieutenant Rooks, a very nice fellow, and John Paul McCoy.

I got to know him pretty well because he went up north with them, and they liked him. We got on the ship to go back to Australia on August Friday the 13th. That made it eight months up there.

I only had ice water one time, and that almost took my teeth out. Why did they hurt? This was at the hospital over in Port Moresby.

The air raids had fallen off to nothing, and we didn't miss them at all. We could once more enjoy the full moon, and it was nice there at night with the full moon. It wasn't so nice when the bombers could see where we were, and we came to say we didn't get much sleep.

Lord, you made the nights too long. Ice cream and cold milk, here we come. My teeth would just have to get used to it.

I said I was going to have ice cream for breakfast every day that was possible, and I did. Mrs. Roosevelt came to Rockhampton on September the 8th, and we followed her around until she left on the 11th. The best part of the 8th, of course, was that Lieutenant Lopes called from Brisbane and said the orders had been cut calling us back to the lab in Brisbane.

It took us until September the 21st to get on that train to Brisbane. I wonder if it would have taken us that long if they wanted us to go up north. When we arrived the next day, we had hot showers and then loaded up on Coca-Cola and had a good meal.

Now, you just don't appreciate the finer things in life until you do without. Then I slept under a solid roof without termites because we had been sleeping in some shacks, and the termites were eating the roof over your head. We had clean khaki, and we could send the dirty clothes to the laundry.

We had forgotten what living was like. Then I had to polish my shoes, but it was worth it. Wooden floors sure beat sand or mud, and sidewalks were hard on your feet, but I'd get used to it again.

No more mud. In a few days, I will have forgotten about the mud. Then it's very nice to get up and put on dry, clean clothes.

My pants was a size 32, soon to stretch to a tight 36. I discovered that you can get over being too full, but not over being too hungry and too empty. And that your stomach could and did shrink, and you can only eat so much bully beef without your stomach rebelling.

And then Mother Nature takes over and shrinks it so you won't have to be so hungry. I knew I ate most of my meals in restaurants, according to the little book, and the Red Cross got me for breakfast almost all the time. Fried eggs and bacon.

I managed to get my share of rest for several days with Lieutenant Lopes covering for me. Centra House was the name of the house in which the lab was located, and Newstead House was the house we lived in. It was or had been a museum, and was located in a very nice park with a nice creek called Breakfast Creek.

Of course, the explorer, Captain Cook, had apparently camped there, and so they just named it Breakfast Creek while they were exploring the country. We took a tram from there to Centra House, which was located on a very high hill in a beautiful location. And as I picked up weight and got softer, puffed more in climbing the hill.

We had vehicles after we got to the lab, and we even took one of the Red Cross for breakfast. Now you know why one of the costs of the war was so high. All in all, I had a very easy life there for a while, and these other fellows had had it all the time I was up in Guinea.

Then I was ready to go to work. I had the job for some time of going to MacArthur's GHQ twice a week and taking pictures of six boards that had plastic letters and numbers on them. And they, every ship in the southwest Pacific area.

I went down by myself, but I don't think I came back alone. When the film holders were turned in, there was an officer from headquarters that never let them out of his sight, and every print that was discarded had to be torn up by him. There was a lot of nice fellows there, and we did a lot of talking.

And one night Hank Manger, who went to New Guinea with Lieutenant Mason and was with the 32nd Division and the 163 of the 41st Division, was telling them about the time they wanted a picture of a Jap gun. And they sent Hank out to get it. And he was walking along a path by himself, and he ran into a lieutenant.

And the lieutenant asked Hank where he was going, and Hank told him. And the lieutenant told Hank, he said, You better wait here till our boys take that gun. Now Hank had no business being out there by himself either.

We took the picture of the same gun, and later I have a shell from it. The job fell to me to run the projector for the officers almost every night when I was back in Australia. And we

had the projection room, and the officers would pick up the film, or one of us would, and the officers would have their girlfriends in and Captain Stevens married his girl, and she was a nice person.

Then a bunch of photographers from Hollywood brought over a record of a song, G.I.'s Lament, and to the tune of Begin the Begin. And it had been cracked on the way over, so the boys... And I want to fill out a gap on the end of this tape.

I mentioned several times that we sent our official film back to Brisbane for safehand and for processing. This tape was made over a long period of time, and I had forgotten that I had mentioned it several times before, and I'm sorry.