



*643rd*  
**PORT COMPANY**



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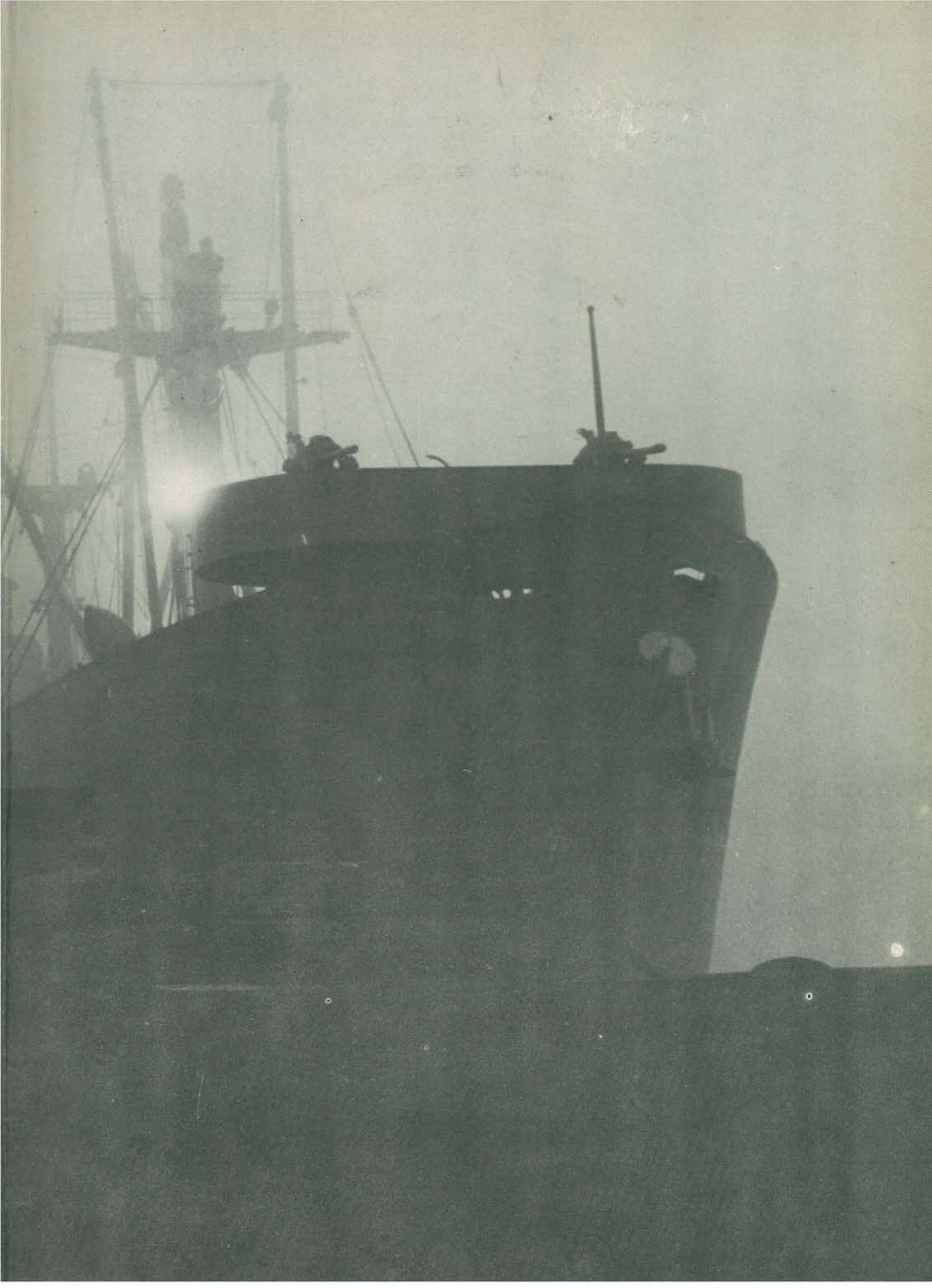
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# History

## 643rd Port Company



UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, UNITED KINGDOM OF  
GREAT BRITAIN  
AND  
COMMONWEALTH OF THE PHILIPPINES

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 ASSOCIATE EDITOR ..... LAWRENCE JOHNSON

\* \* \*

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Cpl. Foster Smith	Sgt. Alonzo Payne	Pfc. Lewis J. Bryant



# Dedication

"TO THOSE WHOSE LOT WAS NOT TO REASON WHY—THEY DID THEIR  
BIDDING BUT ALSO DIED".



World War II American Military Cemetery "St. Mere Eglise No. 2" in Normandy, France.

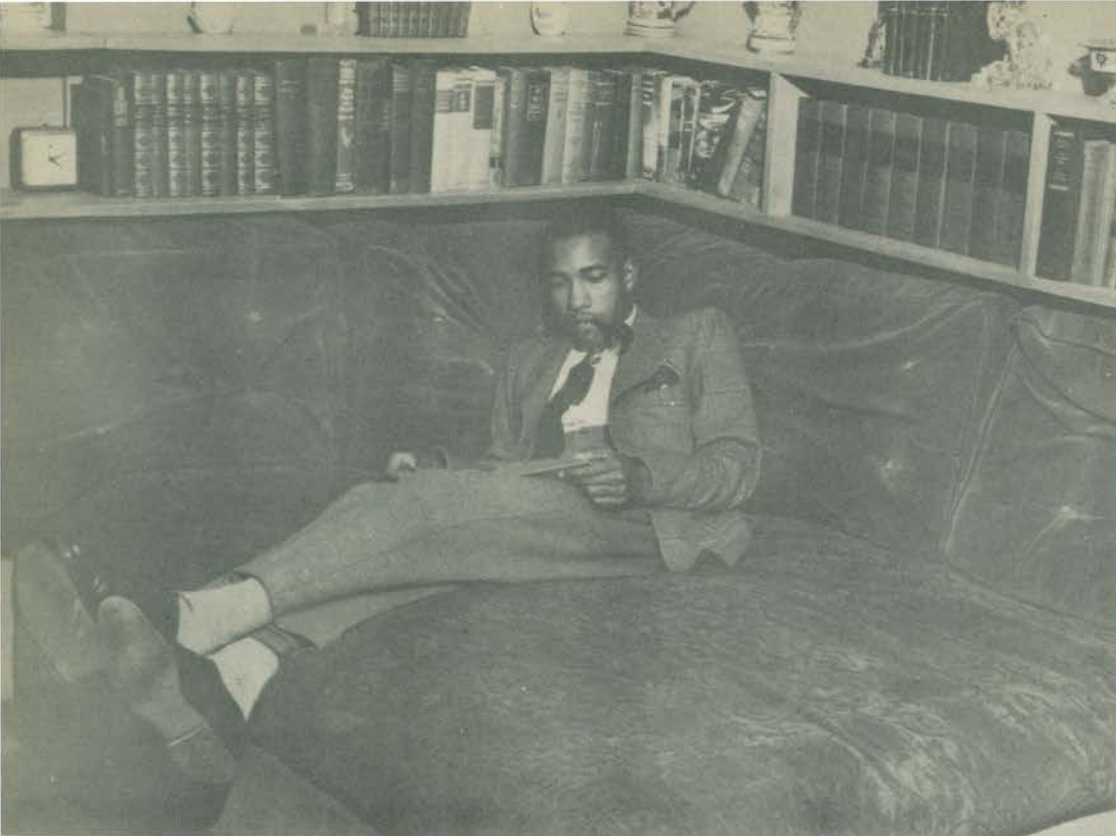
"... from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave their last full measure of devotion."

In Flanders Fields the poppies grow  
Between the crosses, row on row.  
They mark our places and in the sky  
The larks still sweetly singing, fly  
scarce heard amid the guns below.

Take up our quarrel with the foe  
To you from falling hands we throw  
The torch, be yours to hold it high  
If you break faith in us who die,  
We shall not sleep though poppies grow,  
In Flanders Field.

—John McCrea.





Dear Friends:

This is your book! You and you alone have made it possible. I do not feel that too much emphasis can be placed on the fact that we have accomplished many great things together. It is altogether fitting that this publication, a result of cooperative effort, shall be our last act together. To the best of my knowledge and belief this is the first time that a history of this type has been published by any organization of company level. As a rule only battalions, regiments and divisions attempt to publish histories and they do not usually carry individual photographs. As long as we are together I do not believe that there are many things that we cannot do.

We have come a long way together. We are now assembled together for the last time. All of us shall never be together again as a group. Some of us are destined never to see the others in this life again. With this book we shall be able to have our own formations and roll calls. It will bring back pleasant memories and those not too enjoyable. Perhaps some of the distasteful things of the past will, in the future, strike us as being funny or amusing. Anyway I hope so.

I regret that I possessed neither the skill nor the gifts of a capable historian to make this book what it ought to be. My two assets were simply a burning desire and your cooperation. I feel that my life has been enriched by having known and lived with such fine people as you. In my heart we shall always be together.

*Walter Johnson*



# BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS

## T. C. N. T.

"The Transportation Corps Will Furnish the Missing Transportation"

In this volume the editors attempt to present in a comprehensive manner, the history of the 643rd Port Company. The book has been written primarily for the benefit of its former members. Its intent has been to present a true picture, and not to influence to any degree, the minds of those outsiders who might have cause to peruse through these pages. The 643rd—fortunately and/or unfortunately—did not see combat, through no fault of its own. Casualties sustained have been through operations and not as a direct result of enemy action. The reason the unit did not enter a combat area in the European Theater may best be given as the high degree of efficiency of the company both from a standpoint of operational performance and military deportment. It is a matter of record that at a time when other TC units were being transferred to the continent we were reserved in the UK to perform, as a single unit, the operations of two or more units so transferred. Had we been less capable, we would most assuredly have joined them in the cross-channel movement. The record has spoken for itself.

This book has been written in a "lighter" vein. Its "primary mission" will be to entertain you now and in future years. Hence the unpleasant incidents, though comparatively few, have been purposely omitted. We hope that you will prefer it that way. Observe, if you will, the lack of journalistic "Local color". That is to say you will find no accounts of how we unloaded ships on the Channel on "D" day, under an incessant artillery barrage or aerial bombardment from the enemy. Some port companies did land with the first or second waves but unfortunately if there were anyone left to write their histories he would be able to find few if any of their members who would be able to read them. Histories are quite often made in blood and recorded in ink. Theirs has been written in blood which the French have probably read on the sandy beaches of Normandy.

While the 643rd has not distinguished or "extinguished" itself in combat, it does not need this book to perpetuate its accomplishments. The great British architect, Sir Christopher Wren, when asked what design he desired for a monument after death, replied, "None! If you would see my monument, then look about you". One has only to see the great Saint Paul's in London to appreciate his wisdom. Although whole areas en-

circling the Great Cathedral have been devastated by the enemy, the building still stands practically unharmed. The men of the 643rd will note that "the good that men do live after them". Indeed it would not be a facile task to attempt to record a true picture of the many things—both great and small—accomplished by the sweat of the brows of the men who live in these pages. Limitations of time prohibit such an undertaking. It is very improbable that a single mind could perceive the amount of suffering through arduous labor, the invisible tears, and occasional blood shed that had to be or were in order that the interminable stream of supplies could be kept on their way from our ports of operation to the vast expanding fronts. Numbed fingers have deftly placed the cartridges in the holds of a ship and sent it on to the infantryman awaiting in the fox holes with numbed fingers on an M1.

During the Battle of the Bulge some of us, heeding the urgent call of the Commanding General of the Communications Zone, volunteered as combat infantry reinforcements. The rest of us stayed on to finish the job and to assure those who had gone that supplies would be there when needed. There were times, to say the least, when all of us felt that although we were doing more than was expected—exceeding our daily tonnage requirements—we wanted to do more. The not to infrequent times when the civilian wharfmen went on strike, putting operations at a standstill, we were called upon to do the very nigh impossible so that the supplies would get through. Get through they did. From day to day we did the difficult. Quite often we accomplished the "impossible". We have been assigned many tasks. Some dirty and disagreeable, others somewhat pleasant. We have without exception, done our job well and earned well deserved praise by so doing.

We know that we, along with the other Port Companies of the Army Transportation Corp, including those that were practically annihilated at Anzio in the Mediterranean and Utah Beach, in Normandy, have helped them "get thar fustest with the mostest". We were told that the men behind the guns had faith in us—the men behind the men with guns. We have kept the soldier's faith. THE TRANSPORTATION CORPS DID FURNISH THE NECESSARY TRANSPORTATION.



# CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY

## OF

# THE 643rd PORT COMPANY

## TRANSPORTATION CORPS

25 January 1944.

Under authority of General Orders No. 10, Hq. Army Service Forces, 3rd Service Command, Baltimore, Md., dated 15 January 1944 and Table of Organization and Equipment No. 55-117 dated 31 July 1944 the 643rd Port Co. was activated at Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa.

1st Lt. Daniel C. Crevensten, assigned and joined from the 547th Port Company as Commanding Officer.

7 Enlisted Men were assigned from the TCUTC 599th Port Co. as Cadre.

30 January 1944.

4 Enlisted men were assigned from the TCUTC Pool, Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa. as Cadre.

2 February 1944

2nd Lt. Edward C. Welke, 2nd Lt. Robert Pelz and 2nd Lt. Clifford H. Bryson, were assigned from the TCORP, Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa. for duty as Company Officers.

14 February 1944

Capt. Lige M. Balceszan, was assigned enroute to join from Camp Butner, N. C. for duty as Commanding Officer.

Lt. Crevensten was relieved from duty as Commanding officer vice assignment of Capt. Balceszan and assumed the duties of Company Officer.

15 February 1944

212 EM assigned and joined from Ft. Bragg, N. C. under auth. of Par. 3, SO 38, Hq. ASF, TCUTC, Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa. for duty as trainees.

27 February 1944

2nd Lt. Paul Coughlin, was assigned and joined from the 641st Port Co., Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa., for duty as Company Officer.

The unit commenced training under MTP No. 55-117 at Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa. under the supervision of the Military and Technical Training Branch of the Transportation Corps Unit Training Center at that station.



2 March 1944	Capt. Balceszan joined the company as the Commanding Officer.
7 March 1944	2nd Lt. Bryson promoted to 1st Lt.
8 March 1944	Capt. Balceszan reld from assignment and duty as Commanding Officer and transferred to the TCORP, Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa.
17 March 1944	1st Lt. Bryson relieved from temporary duty as commanding officer.  1st Lt. Crevensten assumed the duty of Commanding Officer .
12 April 1944	2nd Lt. Coughlin relieved from assignment and transferred to the TCORP, Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa.  2nd Lt. Lawrence Saltzman was assigned and joined from the TCORP, Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa. as Duty as Company Officer.
17 April 1944	1st Lt. Bryson was relieved from assignment an transferred to the 644th Port Co., Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa.
22 April 1944	2nd Lt. Pelz was promoted to 1st Lt., per authority of Par 5, SO 97, WD.
9 May 1944	2nd Lt. Charles E. Waits was assigned and joined from the TCORP, Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa.
29 May 1944	2nd Lt. Welke promoted to 1st Lt.
31 May 1944	Upon completion of training, 207 enlisted men and 4 officers were granted a pre-debarkation furlough of 14 days.
14 June 1944	198 enlisted men returned from furlough and entered on a pre-debarkation training program.
16 July 1944	Unit departed from the Transportation Corps Unit Training Center, Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa. for Lickdale, Pa. Railroad Siding to entrain for Boston Port of Embarkation for duty in the European Theatre of Operations.
17 July 1944	Arrived at Assembly Area, Camp Myles Standish, Mass. for the Boston Port of Embarkation.
25 July 1944	Entrained at Assembly Area, Camp Myles Standish, Mass. for the Boston Port of Embarkation. Arrived at BPOE at 0742 and embarked aboard the S. S. Wakefield at 2000 enroute for duty in Europe.
1 August 1944	Arrived at Liverpool, England at 2340.
3 August 1944	Debarked at Liverpool, England and entrained at 0340 for Camp Claes, Swansea, Wales.
10 August 1944	Departed from Camp Claes, Swansea, Wales and entrained for Maindy Barracks, Cardiff, Wales. Arrived Cardiff at 1201, 11 August 1944.



12 August 1944	Departed from Maindy Barracks, Cardiff Wales 1430; and traveling via bus arrived at Camp Malpas, Newport, Wales.
13 August 1944	Commenced operations as our primary mission of unloading ships at the Newport, Wales Docks under the supervision of the 17th Major Port T. C.
24 December 1944	Unit reorganized under Table of Organization and Equipment No. 55-117 dated 31 July 1944 per authority of Letter Hq. Communication Zone, European Theatre of Operations Dated, 17 November 1944.
16 March 1945	2nd Lt. Salzman promoted to 1st Lt. per par 7, SO 75, Hq. ETOUSA.
1 April 1945	2nd Lt. Waits promoted to 1st Lt., per par 28, SO 91, Hq. ETOUSA.
19 April 1945	1st Lt. Fritz R. Morgan was assigned and joined from the Ground Forces Replacement Command, per par. 7 SO 198, Hq. 10th Reinforcement Depot, APO 874 dated 18 Apr 1945 as duty officer and Company officer.
1 May 1945	1st Lt. Crevensten promoted to Captain per par 3, SO 121, Hq. ETOUSA.
8 May 1945	All operations save for routine guard duty ceased due to VE Day.
10 May 1945	Resumed dock operations at New Port Docks.
16 May 1945	Unit reorganized under Change I, TO & E No. 55-117 dated 21 March 1945.
27 May 1945	Departed Camp Malpas, Newport, Wales at 1115 via government transportation to Newport. Departed Newport at 1145 via rail and arrived at Deal, Kent, England under authority of Movement Order No. 2025, Lt. Hq. United Kingdom Base, ETOUSA dated 26 May 1945.
29 May 1945	Commenced operations in the English Channel under the supervision of the 51st Major Port TC.
1 July 1945	Relieved from dock operations by the 306th Port Co.
2 July 1945	Departed from Deal, Kent, England at 0800; arrived at Maindy Barracks, Cardiff, Wales at 1830 under authority of Movement Order No. 2025, Lt. Hq. United Kingdom Base, ETOUSA, dated 26 May 1945.
17 July 1945	Capt. Crevensten relieved from assignment as Company Commander and transferred to the Hq. 7th Major Port per par 10, SO 196, Hq. UK Base dated 16 July 1945.  1st Lt. Pelz assumed command vice Capt. Crevensten relieved.
25 July 1945	1st Lt. Thorvald V. Nielson, Jr., was assigned and joined from the 7th Traffic Regulating Group as Company Officer under authority of Par 45, SO 12, Hq. UK Base dated 23 July 1945.



1 August 1945	Departed from Maindy Barracks, Cardiff, Wales at 1300 for Pacific Theatre of Operations. Arrived at Avonmouth Port of Embarkation and embarked on the SS Sea Bass for Pacific
13 August 1945	Arrived at Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone at 1330.
14 August 1945	Departed from Cristobal at 0540 and entered the Panama Canal; passed Balboa, Canal Zone and headed into the Pacific Ocean.
29 August 1945	Passed the Pacific International Date Line at 2030.
5 September 1945	Arrived at Hollandia, New Guinea at 1540.
7 September 1945	Departed from Hollandia, New Guinea, at 1700 enroute to Philippine Islands.
12 September 1945	Arrived in Manila Bay, Manila, Luzon, P. I. at 0830.
14 September 1945	Departed from Manila at 0730 enroute to San Fernando, Luzon, P. I.
15 September 1945	Debarked from SS Sea Bass at San Fernando Luzon, P. I. and was attached to Co C 3rd Provisional Staging Battalion, San Juan, La Union, Luzon, P. I.
20 September 1945	Departed from the 3rd Provisional Staging Battalion, San Juan at 0945 and arrived at San Fernando, Luzon, and was attached to the 373rd Port Battalion, T. C.
22 September 1945	Commenced operations at the Docks in San Fernando, Luzon under the direction of the Water Division, Base "M"; AFWESPAC.
25 September 1945	1st Lt. Robert Pelz relieved from assignment and duty as Commanding Officer and assigned to Hq 373rd Port Battalion per VOCO Hq 373rd Port Battalion APO 70.  1st Lt. Welke assumed command vice Lt. Pelz relieved.
14 October 1945	Unit relieved from assignment AFWESPAC and assigned to Base "M", AFWESPAC per letter Hq AFWESPAC dated 9 October 1945, file GSXOP 322 subject "Assignment and attachments of units".
22 October 1945	1st Lt. William H. Couch and 1st Lt. Walker E. Haase assigned and joined from the 641st Port Co., AO 70 for duty as company officers.  98 enlisted men assigned and joined from the 641st Port Co., APO 70 as members of this organization.
26 October 1945	131 enlisted men enlisted in the Regular Army under the provisions of WD Cir 310 by 1st Lt. Saltzman.



30 October 1945	1st Lt. Morgan, and 1st Lt. Waits relieved from duty and assignment and assigned to the 373rd Port Bn APO 70 per par I, SO 120 Hq 373rd Port Bn dated 31 October 1945.
	2nd Lt. Morris Spiwak, assigned and joined from 373rd Port Bn APO 70 duty as Company Officer, per authority par I, SO 122, Hq 373rd Port Bn APO 70 dated 31 October 1945.
	2nd Lt. Harry L. Schulthess assigned and joined from 373rd Port Bn for duty as Company officer, per authority par I, SO 120, Hq 373rd Port Bn APO 70 dated 30 October 1945.
	2nd Lt. Sidney R. Zahares, assigned and joined for duty as Company officer from 622nd Port Co. per authority par 3, SO 120, Hq 373rd Port Bn APO 70 dated 30 October 1945.
3 November 1945	64 enlisted men transferred to the 851st Port Co per Ltr orders Hq Base "M" dated 2 Nov 1945.
4 November 1945	Cpl. Charlie N. Stewart who had enlisted in the Regular Army in October was missing this date and was believed drowned, while out in the bay swimming.
7 November 1945	Our first two high point men S/Sgt. Robert W. Cheek and Pfc. John H. C. Smith departed for the US under redeployment plan. 33 enlisted men were upgraded from Pvts to Pfc and intermediate grades up to and including Sergeant.
8 November 1945	1st Lts. Couch and Haase were relieved from assignment and transferred to Base M Recruiting Office and the 642nd Port Company respectively. Two enlisted men Cpl. Cleather Hathcock and Cpl. Wendell French enlisted in the regular army unassigned. Two officers were assigned and joined from the 616 Port Company, Lts. Krause and McNulty.
9 November 1945	The first man in the unit who was 35 years of age and had two years of service departed for the 29th Replacement Depot, and one more man enlisted in the regular Army unassigned; Pfc Casper Hamilton.
15 November 1945	131 enlisted men, all "Redapplers" departed for 1st MP Bn for transportation to the US. All of these men were granted 90 day furloughs at home.
17 November 1945	The 643rd Port Co. started to disintegrate. 83 enlisted men were relieved from assignment and transferred to the 642nd Port Co and all Steve-dore Operations ceased at the Docks of San Fernando for this unit.
19 November 1945	13 enlisted men were relieved from assignment and transferred to the 642nd Port Co.
20 November 1945	4 Officers were relieved from assignment and transferred to the 506 Port Bn. They were Lts Spiwak, Nielsen, Schulthess, and Zahares.
28 November 1945	1st Lt. Fitz R. Morgan, Jr. was transferred back to the 643rd from Hq Detachment 373rd Port Bn.



- 29 November 1945 1st Lt. Edward C. Welke, Jr. Commanding Office was relieved and transferred to 21st Replacement Depot for his trip home. Lt. Morgan assumed command.
- 1 December 1945 S/Sgt. William B. Black was assigned from the 642nd Port Co to make Company strength 1 Officer and 3 enlisted men.
- 7 December 1945 Cpl. Charlie N. Stewart who had been missing since 4 November and believed to have been drowned was dropped from the rolls as non-battle casualty and a report of same was forwarded to Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C.
- 8 December 1945 From this date until the 31st of December the Company continued in its inactive status awaiting orders to deactivate completely.
- 3 January 1946 1st Lt. Fitz R. Morgan relieved of command and transferred to 21st Replacement Depot Manila to await transportation home. 1st Lt. Charles E. Waits assumed command.
- 25 January 1946 Orders received, effective this date, for the deactivation of the 643rd. The Company was activated exactly two years ago to the day; it had departed for the European Theatre on 25 July 1944 exactly eighteen months ago to the day; It had served in the ETO for exactly one year to the day and in the Asiatic Pacific exactly six months to the day.

Those who enlisted in the Regular Army and those who had been redeployed to the states before this date will be pleased to receive a confirmation of what they already knew. The men who were left behind and are here on this date, in various companies, have without exception volunteered the truth that the 643rd was the best company that they had ever been a member of.

"MAY GOD BE WITH YOU—'TILL WE MEET AGAIN".





Pfc. Cleather H. Hathcock shows 1st Sgt. Leon B. Taylor, Jr., the reports of the days dock operations at this Army Transportation Corps Port.

#### A MESSAGE FROM THE "TOP-KICK"

To all men of the 643rd Port Company:

Many things have happened to all of us since that cold morning in February, 1944, when you marched in the snow up the hilly military reservation at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania.

First, we made soldiers of you indifferent citizens. You were taught many things, some of them useful in war, some useful in peace. To some of you, military life has left a bitter taste. To others it was an opportunity to see the world as well as gaining a new and exciting life as a soldier. Remember this, you were taught to think quickly and to act accordingly. Those of you who are making the Army your career, continue with the same spirit and ambition you have shown in the past.

The war is over now, and you who are about to become citizens again, go out in the world and fight. Yes, fight for what is right and live up to your belief in GOD.

*Leon B. Taylor*



## IGMR

### 'Cruit Training

"Upon the fields of friendly strife are sown the seed that on other fields, on other days, will bear the fruits of victory" . . .

Thus wrote General of the Army Douglas MacArthur at West Point. The potency of his prose is recognized today as time has surely proved that the lessons that we learned on the training field were of incalculable value to us in the lands across the sea.

Practically all 225 of us who arrived at Indiantown Gap Military Reservation on the cold morning of 12 Feb 44, were 'Cruits from Bragg. Most of us were southerners unaccustomed to the deep snow and cold. The open "sleigh" ride up and across the hill to our company area was just "too much ole man"! The inevitable "short arms" and lectures and then hot appetizing chow in the goatskin and we were "free" to ponder our (or rather the powers-that-be) next move.

Up at five AM the next bright (?) morning for reveille in the black outdoors in a snow white "environment." "If I ever get back into the free world" we muttered under our breaths. After reveille, @ the barracks, fix that bed so that a half dollar will do an about face on it. Fasten every button on your clothes. Why? They have to be unbuttoned in order to put them on, don't they? Sort of like getting sober when you know that you're going to get drunk again. "This garment goes in front of that one and that one behind another." "Shine those shoes. Lace 'em up and stand 'em at attention". Why? The growls of the platoon sergeant. "At ease soldier you're in the Army now". "I didn't send for you!" "Don't ask questions, you're not supposed to think." "I'll do the thinking. Just do as I say and we'll get along! Oh! So that's the secret of success. I'm not supposed to think, just do as I'm told. Well I'll show 'em!

And off we went on our unwilling journey. It's funny how you don't know your left from your right isn't it? From reveille to tattoo with first call, second call, recall, taps, fall in, fall out, left right, flanks, rear march, all sandwiched in between



somehow. Cold disgruntled aching noses, muscles aching, hungry, madder'n hell, homesick, disgusted contemptuous of everything, all in one. What a myriad of emotions. If I had to register all over again I'd never do it you say. I'd go to jail first!

The days turn into weeks and the weeks into months. We've had our share of KP and found out that the papers DO lie when they say that Uncle has mechanical 'tater peelers. But after all we can satisfy our growing appetites while pulling this skull duggery. We've been lectured to by the second looies and non-coms on military courtesy and discipline. They didn't hesitate to remind us of our "courtesy". It went something like this; "Jones"? "Yeah". "Yeah what", "Yeah sir"! The platoon sergeant is lecturing on knots and bends. (We'd like to cultivate a knot on his head with a left and bend him in the middle with a right bolo). Then first aid and practice demonstrations. For gosh sakes there's somebody applying a tourniquet around some poor devil's neck in order to arrest a cerebral hemorrhage! Applying pressure, too!

Our enlisted cadre were 1/Sgt. William H. Walker, Pfc. Leon B. Taylor, Jr., Amity Allen, Raymond C. Robinson, Wallace Reid, Willie L. Copeland, Robert W. Cheek, Overton Barron, and Sim Thompson. Also Sgt. Savoy Wilson and Tech 5th Grade Lawrence R. Hill.

Oh yes, we had to learn those infernal General Orders before we could get a pass. We made a little slang parody which made it easier. Those incessant close order drills in the ice and snow. Feet so numb that it feels as though they've been amputated. Frozen hands on frozen rifle stocks in drill and on the range; mines and booby traps; lectures on malaria control; obstacle course; long hikes with Lt. (now Capt.) Bryson; calisthenics; multi-miled hikes with full field packs; technical training on the land-ships. Some of us went to the Cargo checkers, welders, blacksmiths, tractor



operators, coopers, riggers, armorers, and many other schools because ours is a highly technical profession. It has been drilled into us that the primary mission of a port company is to load and unload cargo from ship to shore. In order to do that many machines must be operated. On the land ships we have learned to master the technical side of our job. We were chosen to load and unload the SS Trancora at it's christening.

And of course all work and no play makes Joe a dull yard-bird. And so our on-the-ball Special Service Officer, Lieutenant Pelz saw to it that we were entertained and were entertained royally. First there was our own company show with local color and Lieutenant Pelz as guest soloist on "Maizy Doats." There were of course the inimitable dancing of Arthur Parks, Charles Reid and Theodore Smith and creditable performances by others. Then there were the dances in Reading and Harrisburg exclusively for us and whom do you suppose will ever forget that famous beer party in the Area 2 "Rec" Hall? Lt. Charlie Waits gave out (and I do mean out) with the trumpet and the beer flowed like the waters of Niagara. We revelled on into the night and really "sent" ourselves. It might not have been the inevitable but it did happen! Somebody (nobody ever knows just who) threw a rock at somebody else and the feud was on between ourselves and our friends the 644th just across the way. The top kicks of the two outfits stopped the brawl. Nobody was injured and we've lived happily together ever afterwards. Oh yes, the OD came speeding up with "that" many guards! Of course the social affair of the season was our farewell party to our top-kick William H. Walker on the eve of his departure for Transportation Corp Officer Candidate School at New Orleans. (He's a 1st Lt. now you know). Our former company clerk Cpl. Harry Reynolds who left us to become the assistant to the area chaplain was on hand as was our former supply clerk, Cpl. Allard A. Allston (now 1st Lt.). We will remember that mad and frantic hop at the Sports Arena with the Duke of Ellington. Everybody who was anybody was there.

'Tis written that virtue has it's own reward. We did exceptionally well in our military and technical training. We were honored, but not surprised when we were chosen from a score of other units to demonstrate our technical training on the land-ships for the benefit of the visiting Conference of Governors. We were later honored by having been chosen the best company in the Army Service Forces Training Center by Colonel (Pappy) Forrest E. Ambrose, the Commanding Officer of the ASFTC. Our company mess was chosen also as being the best in the Center at this particular occasion. We won the banner for having the best mess in the battalion more times than any of our sister companies. When there were parades we were always there. We took the parade ground by storm on one of these occasions with our silent drill. As the boys always like to say "The 643rd came, saw and conquered."

Who among you shall ever forget those Saturday inspections by the Battalion Commander, Major Sam P. McClatchy and his Executive Officer, Captain White. We would always "suffer through" then because there would not be any passes until after inspection, providing of course that we passed it. The inspecting party would usually start to make the rounds about 0900. Somebody would yell "Here they come", and everybody would scramble to get beside their bunks. then, "ATTENTION"! Boot heels clicked like castanets. Shoulders back, arms down and supposedly somewhat relaxed, chest forward and eyes staring forward into space as if they belonged to the dead. The BC runs his white gloved hand along the wall in search of dirt. He takes it away and looks at it. Barely mussed. This won't do. As he leaves via the rear door he thrusts his gloved paw into the door jam and hits the jack-pot. Contentedly he turns around, faces the poor unfortunates and snarls "How could you live in such filth"? "At Hease" and inspection's over! A mad rush is made for the Orderly Room and passes and we'll forget about the Army until time to return.

We complained about the "slops" served for chow but at the same time those shoulders are getting broader and the scales at the Sports Arena tell us that we are putting on weight. Oh well we say. It must be nasty then 'cause nasty food always makes one gain weight or kills 'em. None of us have been buried yet although several of us are in the hospital.

The Platoon Leaders and Platoon Sergeants are having some difficulty in getting us to keep the windows down from the top. But it's cold we say. Besides the snow blows in. And so we put 'em up until the BC got wise and had them nailed so that they couldn't easily be tampered with.

We went down to the lake in order to undergo our abandon ship drills. This part we enjoyed. We despised most of all the very loathsome company "custom" of having to take a "prophylactic" before returning to camp on pass. We'd complain "I didn't do nothing"! but to no avail. Fortunately this inconvenient, if not inhuman practice was terminated after several weeks of "running" time.

We know that our POR (preparation for over-sea replacement) examination on 15 March was a farce. One soldier we know staggered into the doorway and handed his exam papers to the clerk who stamped it "passed" without looking up. He complained "but I've got flat feet, athletes foot, swollen ankles and a bad knee." To this the medic replies, "Ya walked in hyar—didn't ya"? Another medic shoved in the blood-testing needle about a foot deep. Our man then complained that he had bad blood. "Look" says the medic. "I stuck the needle in didn't I? Blood came out didn't it? That's all that I want. I ain't interested in its pedigree!"

Of course by this time spring had come to the Gap. The Gap is one of the most beautiful places that we know of during this season of the year. The long hikes through the green Pennsylvania

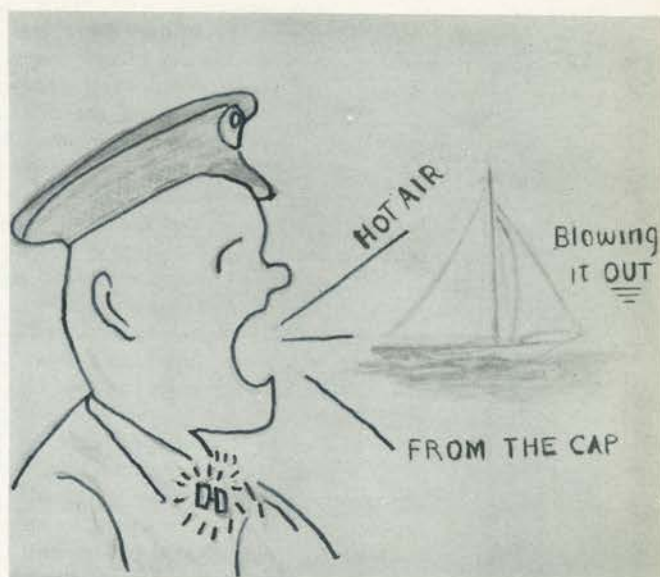


countryside were after all's said and done, very invigorating. Bivouacking at this time was much more pleasant than during the dead of winter. Those few week-day passes to Harrisburg are quite the thing also. Lots of the girls from the nearby towns visit us at the service club, but hell, you can't do any necking there! Those of us who are married have had our wives and children up to visit us at the Guest House. We have, so to speak, fallen into the drift of things, and have become somewhat converted to the army way of thinking and doing, whether we like it or will admit to it or not. The family and lady friends seem to admire us in khaki. We have just begun to learn that while being in the army has its disadvantages, it also has its advantages.

#### FURLOUGHS!

Training was over with and we were given fourteen-day furloughs home commencing 31 May. Before we left we had been instructed to enjoy each day as if it were the last. This we did. Most of us returned on 14 June and awaited the inevitable decree. "Across the pond". Some few looked forward with anticipation of visiting foreign lands. Others viewed "Operation Future" with dread. The majority of the men were eighteen and nineteen year olds just out of school. Most of them had never been away from home and they just couldn't see going that far away from mother's apron strings. Still others quite frankly did not "give a damn"! What concerned all however was whether we'd go to Europe or to the Pacific. Everybody, without exception wanted to go to Europe. Those days after the furlough were spent with advanced military and technical training. We were alerted for overseas movement early in July. The 28th Article of War was "read and explained". Everyone was informed that in the event that he "contracted gang-plank fever" and decided that he would "let this trip pass him by" he would be subject to trial by court-martial as a deserter and shirker of perilous duty (or something like that). Anyway we were ready and able if not quite as willing.

On Sunday, 16 July 1944, we prepared to move out of our company area for the secret staging area. All of our supplies and equipment had been packed and shipped away. At mid-day the company was formed. The CO took the salute from the TOP and also the lead of the column as we marched down hill in a column of deuces. We did a column right at the foot of the little hill adjacent to the 644th company area. One last fleeting glance at the area that had been our home for five months and three days. We had arrived during the cold of winter and were now leaving during the heat of mid-summer. We would always remember those wintry nights when we looked out of the rear windows of our barracks, situated high on a windy hill, down onto the sprawling reservation. The bright lights from the many buildings formed amusing patterns on the snow. How could we easily forget the bus rides through the snow from the Gap to Harrisburg. As the bus crept along the icy roads we looked



down and across the wide valleys blanketed in snow. The snow disappeared with the welcome arrival of spring. We observed the transfiguration of the valley from a blanket of white snow to a carpet of green grass. On the farms nearby the plowmen were turning the soil. Crows cawed loudly as they pursued their relentless search for grain. We could see a farmer's dog chasing a cottontail across the fields. Quite often we heard the farm bells calling the hands in from the fields for the mid-day meal. April showers brought the welcome and distinct smell of fresh earth to our nostrils. Many are the times that we saw the water boy run a losing race to get to cover before the showers caught up with him. Practically all of us were from farms or small towns. These everyday occurrences brought back to memory our days at home. When one is about to embark for places unknown what does he think about but the everyday happenings back home? And so quite naturally we were thinking of home as we marched down the hill on our way to the troop train. The ASFC band met us and we marched in time to the music.

GOODBYE TO ALL THAT!

We were suddenly brought back to earth by the cheers of our friends as we passed the Service Club. Our wives and sweethearts were there to say goodbye that would have to last a long time or perhaps forever. There were many eyes wet with tears on the embankment by the Service Club. It is very probable that there were few that were altogether dry in our ranks. The most pathetic appearing of all were the mothers and wives with small children in their arms and the young expectant mothers. Those who were not overcome with emotion fought valiantly and most often in vain to stem the tears. It goes without saying that there were lumps in our throats and some very heavy hearts in our bosoms.

We made another column right and continued on our way to Lickdale, two miles away, where we

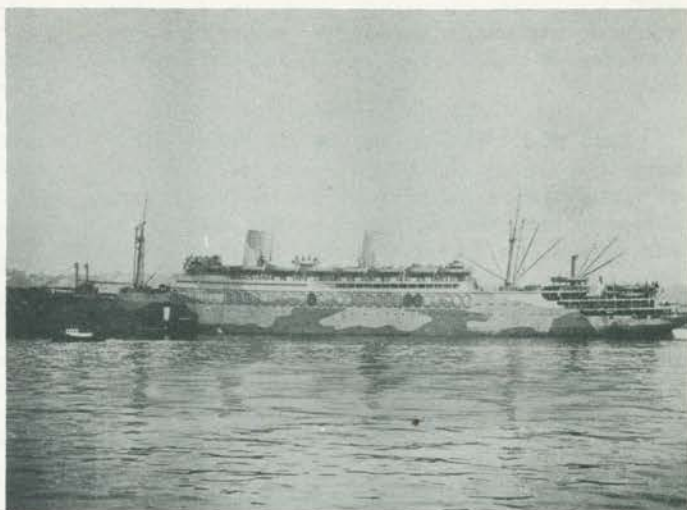


were to board our train. Gradually the cheers and goodbyes of our friends on the embankment died out. We looked forward into nothing, with jaws squared, and marched on. We thought, even at this early stage, that General Sherman was right when he said that war was what it is. Where were we going? "Don't ask questions soldier. Do as I say do". We thought that we had left that back in basic but here it was again. "Yours is not to reason why, yours is but to do or else". At the half-way mark Colonel Ambrose was standing on the right bank to say "Farewell. You've done a grand job here. Now keep it up". Major McClatchy met us at Lickdale to say "God speed and may God be with you". We imagined then that we knew how a condemned man in the death house felt when he was walking his "last mile". We did know that we were going to perform our "primary mission" and were going to help win the battle of supplies. Our travel orders had included the military abbreviations. TDN. (Travel Directed is Necessary for the military service.) Destination?????? UN- KNOWN.





## 8895-N Enroute to the ETO



We have traveled all night, it is now the morning of July 16, 1944. We "wiped" the sleep from our eyes and peered from the train windows. The country side we knew was definitely New England. As the rays of the morning sun entered the car we began our inevitable policing. Some early birds glimpsed a sign saying "Camp Myles Standish"—Then we knew! (of course we had guessed all along) Myles Standish, meant the ETO instead of the dreaded and much maligned Pacific. (or so we thought).

Then we were on the reservation and before long had stopped at the troop receiving station. We debarked upon orders from the loudspeaker atop the station house. Trucks pulled up. And we piled on and were on our way to our new temporary home.

We were told that we were not to use the name of our company during our brief stay there. While there we were to refer to it as "8895-N". Of course we made a few slips in the PX and the Service Club where signs on the telephone cautioned that "a slip of the lip, might sink your ship"! After that we were very careful. Then we met old man "Censor" for the first time. All letters were to be placed in the mail box unsealed. Instructions were given in what we couldn't and could say. The "couldn't's" exceeded the "could's". The folks back home would know where we were because we could say that we were "somewhere in the Eastern part of the United States". Which of course, as far as POE's are concerned, could mean Boston, New York, Norfolk, Charleston, or other intermediate ports. We attended a Security and Intelligence lecture in a sort of make-shift scooped out bowl. The intelligence officer who commanded the "briefing" commenced the lecture by saying "you are now in a secret location in the United States. Neither your friends nor enemies know your whereabouts,.. This brought guffaws from the group who observed Italian Pows listening intently. We thought that we discerned a

smile or two on their countenances. We were further cautioned about letter-writing and told that there were professional "Eavesdroppers" on the telephones to see that we didn't "dood it."

Some glib-tongued officer talked us into putting all of our money into War Bonds because "you have no place to spend money overseas" (Oh Yeah?). A few of us got passes to the city of "the beans and cod, where the Cabots speak only to the Lowells and the Lowells speak only to God". Boston of course! It was Sunday night and "activity" was at a standstill. You know how Philly and Boston are on Sundays. We did feel conspicuous wearing our overseas ODs in July while those not slated for immediate overseas shipment were in summer khaki. Everybody returned on time except Charlie Donaldson, who got "lost". But he showed up several hours later.

Lieutenants Saltzman and Waits left on a "Secret" mission or in other words "advance party" to the boat. We were issued our necessary woolens, including winter "unmentionables" that bite.

We went for our "very thorough physicals" which turned out to be quickie "short arms." What a let down. And were all the guys who just KNEW that they wouldn't pass the "rigid overseas physicals" burned up? And how! They're the ones who wanted to hurry up and get to the POE because they just KNEW that they wouldn't pass. Poor misguided, disillusioned, healthy souls. They should have stayed in the Gap. Then the inevitable "needles." Immunization for "Typhus." Didn't hurt much but burnt like hell.

About this time Private-first-class George W. Froneberger, who had a "bum knee", decided that he and 8895-N were incompatible. So thinking, he became "ill". Consequently we lost him to the station hospital. 3rd Platoon Sgt. Raymond C. Robinson was taken ill suddenly and he too joined our much lamented friend George, in the hospital, with similiar lamentations. Another member had a souvenir that he couldn't take with him



and he joined the two aforementioned. Then Pfc. (later Cpl.) John A. Wright joined us. He later left us in England to pursue the fleeing Hun into Germany. We shall cover this episode in another chapter.

—25 JULY 1944—

Late that afternoon we lugged heavy duffle bags to a railway siding half a mile away. (Plenty of transportation about too). We were up dark and early the following morning. Had nose count and slipped into harness (full field packs with that extra pair of shoes!) Then a walk of a mile to the waiting choo choo, which wasn't a choo choo at all but a diesel electric. With this engine the train COULD have been) the Florida Special, the Champion or the Super Chief. But we knew damn well it wasn't.

All aboard! We were off! And I don't mean to the races at Belmont or Jamaica or Agua Caliente. Our "Boll Weevil" pulled us rapidly through the countryside. The rumor-mongers said that we were enroute to New York for further training. (Aha!) Forty-five minutes of chugging and then a sight that was not unfamiliar to our eyes. Docks and boats! Could it be? The train pulled right into the enclosed wharf and alongside a huge ship. Yes it was! The omni-present Red Cross women were on hand with the inevitable coffee and doughnuts. A GI band was swinging out with "Tuxedo Junction," "Good Night Sweetheart," "There is a Long Long Trail Winding", (are they kidding?) and many more. At least one soldier's coffee was salty from the tears. Some GI boots kept time with the music apparently absorbed in melody. Others looked as if they were thinking of the ones back home. Without a doubt each person had something on his mind.

"When I call your last name, step up on the gang plank and sound off with your first name and middle initial", barked the sergeant at the gang plank. We learned then that our sea-going canoe was the SS Wakefield, formerly the luxury liner "SS Manhattan". Up we went with the heavy pack cutting into our backs, the carbine that would not stay put, and the two-ton duffle bag. Up stairs we went then across, then down, then up again, across corridors again and down again and then up once more and then down and finally we arrived in D—H, in the hold. What a beating we'd taken. Exhausted and perspiring we fell across our bunks. What a mess, we slept in tiers five or six high. Men to the left of you, to the right, above and below. What a hole! "The smoking lamp was out on arrival and that meant that we couldn't smoke for the time being. After waiting for what seemed an eternity we were permitted "topside". We were told that there were about seven thousand other poor devils aboard. It was conceivable. After all we were packed like sardines, guts n'all.

The gangplank was raised and at 2000 sharp the ship's whistle let go with a blast and we were under way. This was supposedly a secret sailing. However there must have been at least a thousand civilians on the shore waving goodbye. The tugs cut loose about half an hour later and we were on

our own. Several naval and merchant craft were passed as we headed out to open sea.

Suppose we refrain from going into a lengthy account of the voyage across. Sufficient to say that the zig-zag voyage through the north Atlantic was without incident. We arrived in the blacked out and bombed scarred harbor of Liverpool, England on the first of August 1944. Debarcation was made at Princess Landing Stage on August 3. Along with us had come elements of the 95th Infantry Division from our training station IGNR, Pa. Our sister companies, the 641st, 642nd and 644th were with us also as was the 648th Port Company who joined us at BPOE. There were Ordnance, Quartermaster and Air Corps units whose identities were unknown to us. No doubt you have a few pleasant memories. This writer can only recall a dirty crowded hold, long chow lines with beans, at the end of the rainbow three times a day; all night gaming sessions; loud talk and dark laughter; salt water baths and faulty latrines. You take it from there——

Brig. Gen. Benjamin O. Davis, Col. Edward H. Connor, Leavenworth, Kansas, Capt. Andrew A. Kirkard, New Martinsville, W. Va., and 1st Lt. Daniel Crevensten, Washington, D. C., converse after the General's inspection of a Transportation Corps Port Company in England. (A)







Three quarter starboard stern view of U.S.S. Wakefield, (AP21).

To the Members of the old 643rd Port Company,

May I express my gratitude to the officers and men of the company. Without these men the company could never have achieved its fine record and outstanding service to the Army.

The Company grew from a piece of paper—activation orders—to a reality on 25 January 1944 and certainly accomplished its mission and never undertook a job that was not satisfactorily carried out.

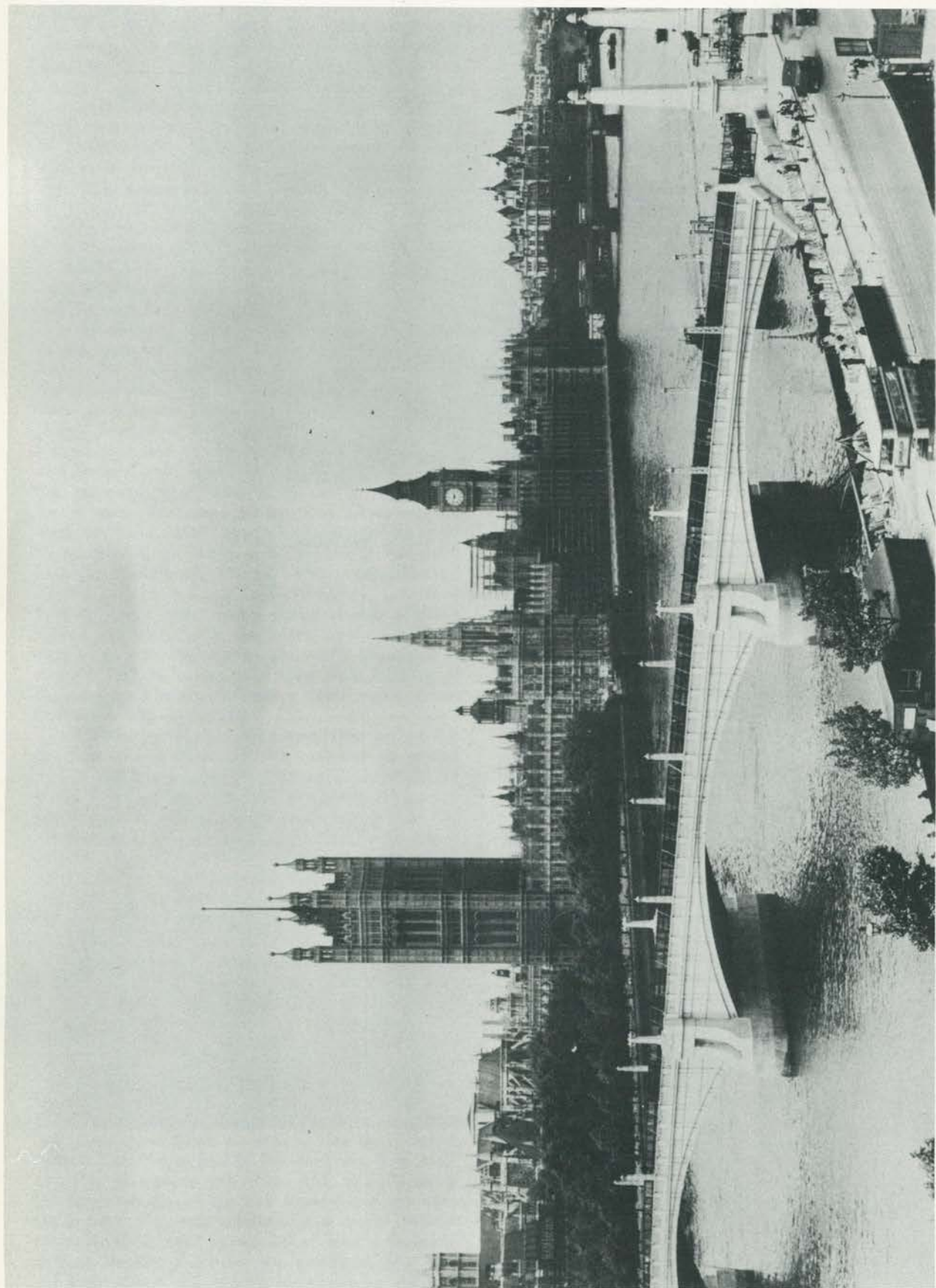
We were only a small cog in a vast machine, but we all helped in winning the war.

I wish each and every one of you continuous success in your civilian life and happiness in the years to come.



*Dan C. Greenstein*





LONDON FROM THE THAMES



# Great Britain

We arrived in the great seaport town of Liverpool on 1st of August 1944. The following day we docked at Princess Landing Stage. During peacetime the huge luxury liners of the Cunard White Star Lines had docked here. It was early evening of 3 August when our company of two hundred twenty odd disembarked. We could see the skeletons of bombed-out buildings silhouetted in the complete blackout. The docks had likewise been bombed and strafed. The streets were littered with rubble. All of us felt the strangeness of the cold gray evening light. Time seemed to have come to a standstill as we struggled with our heavy packs and duffle bags. We moved down the pier to the platform where we were to board our train for parts unknown. We waited for about two hours and then the toy puffing choo choo arrived. During this time the British and American Red Cross hostesses served us hot coffee and doughnuts. The country was under such rigid blackout regulations that it was difficult at first to ascertain whether our train was for cargo or passengers. Luckily it was the latter. Upon boarding the train we noted that each car was divided into separate compartments seating about six men. We were seated, removed our packs and were all set for destination-unknown. The toy engine gave a shrill whistle and our journey had commenced.

We were quite weary as the trip across the pond, which required about eight days, had taken much out of us. Some of us fell into "sweet Slumber" and others watched the jack-rabbits in the lush green meadows. Of course it was morning by this time. Some of the guys were in good spirits and they gave vent to their feelings by telling jokes.

The lush green rolling plains of England soon gave way to mountainous country. From our train windows we could see collieries and railway cars on sidings loaded with coal. Even if we had never seen similar scenery in the movies we would have known that we were in Wales. Later that afternoon we arrived at the railway terminus which was the city of Swansea. We debarked from the train and marched to the front of the station where double-deck busses were awaiting us. A large crowd of civilians had gathered outside and were apparently engrossed in our movements.

We were loaded on the busses and the convoy got under way. We passed through narrow roads, up and down steep hills and through many villages and hamlets. We were soon at our new camp which was perched atop a hill overlooking the town of Morrison. Our new home was called Camp Claes Farm. It was much nicer than anything we might have dreamed of. The streets and walks were paved. Our billets were constructed of brick and stone and were divided into roomettes. There were baths in each building. This was reputed to have been the finest campsite in South Wales. We have never had cause since to doubt

this claim. The camp was surrounded by fields and civic parks. Mothers pushed their babies about the parks in prams and the cricket players amused us with their sport. The people seemed to be in good spirits in spite of the very severe losses that they had sustained through aerial attacks.

We had been told back in the training center, while undergoing technical training, that we were preparing ourselves to perform our "primary mission", to load and unload ships. On 4 August 1944 we commenced to perform our primary mission. The Port Battalion, that had been operating the sub-port of Swansea, on the Bristol Channel, departed for the continent two days after our arrival. We were left, to carry on alone, the entire operations of this sub-port. This was our initiation into work on the "real McCoy." All of our training had been on "land ships." We operated all of the cranes at the port, performed warehouse duties, checked all types of cargo and kept things moving along as if we were a battalion in ourselves. To be explicit, we loaded and unloaded ships. Of course there were the inevitable camp details and the interior and perimeter guard.

In time, of course, we had to be on our way again. So after a very short while we packed up and after many farewells to our new friends we were on our way again to a point or points unknown.

We retraced our steps to the railway station at Swansea. We boarded our train and after a ride of about two hours arrived in the city of Cardiff, the capitol of Wales. It is about sixty miles east of Swansea. Debarkation was accomplished in a very short time. Our baggage was transferred to trucks and we commenced our trek from the Great Western Railway Station to our new billet area. Our march carried us through the heart of the civic and business areas of this old and beautiful city. The medieval Cardiff Castle and the very imposing Gothic buildings of the University of Cardiff were passed on our route. The business district was quite modern and reminded one of the large towns back home. Office workers appeared at upstairs windows of buildings along the way and waved to us. At the end of our march of about three miles we came to the barracks of the Royal Welch Regiment which had been requisitioned for billeting units of the American Forces. The Barracks were of stone construction and of medieval architecture. The buildings occupied a well landscaped plot in the heart of the city. We unpacked our gear and duffle and were all set for a lengthy stay. Much to our surprise early the next morning we were ordered to repack and be on our way. Busses arrived in the regimental parade ground. We boarded them and were off once more chasing, as it were, a phantom.

We rode westward for about half an hour and arrived at Camp Malpas Court. Camp Malpas is situated in the village of Malpas, a suburb of



Newport, Monmouthshire. Although we did not know it then, we were destined to spend the majority of our time in the United Kingdom at this camp. Our new homes were Nissen huts. The campsite appeared a bit desolate at first but then we got busy, policed the company area and set up housekeeping.

Malpas was strictly G. I. Military courtesy and discipline were stressed at all times. There were many small towns in the surrounding neighborhood. The largest, Newport, became our base of operations. The city has a population of well over a hundred thousand as well as many places of historic and current interests. Shortly after arrival we were given passes to visit the nearby communities. The first pub that we visited was the Three Blackbirds Inn. However our social circle soon widened and we traveled up and down the length of the valley. Some of the towns that we visited were Pontypool, Cwmbarn, Sebastopol, Griffithstown, Pontywiid, Pontynewed, Abergavenny, Risca, Cross Keys and Crumelin. The people were very friendly. We enjoyed their friendships in their homes, the parks and the pubs. They said that they liked our good manners. It is a matter of record that we were the best disciplined, best dressed and most courteous group of soldiers who had ever been billeted in that vicinity.

We commenced operations under the supervision of the 17th Major Port, Transportation Corps on 13 August 1944. We loaded and unloaded ships flying the flags of many Allied Nations. Operations on the Continent were now in full swing. The Allies had landed on D-Day, 6 June 1944. The Normandy Beachheads had long since been secured.

The Allied armies were still pushing inward towards the Rhine. Although Le Havre had been secured and the enemy-wrecked port repaired, the Continent was still sorely lacking in adequate port facilities. Port companies were still unloading ships in the Channel, and transferring the cargo to DUKS operated by Amphibious Trucking Companies. Severe casualties were sustained by these outfits who were trying desperately to avoid a bottleneck of supplies. Many of the ships in the Channel had been hit by mines, torpedoes, bombs, shells or had been strafed from the air. Cargo vessels still continued to arrive from the states only to lay in the Channel for several days or even weeks to be unloaded. The limited docking spaces were filled with other ships being unloaded. Others were awaiting their turn. Their only alternative was to turn to the ports of the United Kingdom. Many of them came to the Bristol Channel ports. While awaiting their turn to enter the small harbor at Newport they were less likely to sustain damage through enemy action. Once they docked they were our "meat". We unloaded the cargo from these ships in record time and transferred it to British goods wagons. The sturdy little English locomotives pulled the heavily laden cars across country to ports on the English Channel.

There it was transferred to landing craft for the short trip across the narrow waters of the Channel. The landing craft ran right up to the shores and dumped the cargo on the beaches. The boys could "get at it" there. No one suggests that this was not a round about way but in those days the supplies and equipment had to get through or else. It was a case of the material of war being here or else being in the hold of a Liberty in the Channel. TC was furnishing the necessary supplies via its own transportation system. We tried to see to it that it would be there rather than on its way.

Just as all of the little piggies didn't go to market all of the supplies didn't go to Normandy. That is after sufficient quantities had been landed in order to provide a backlog. Huge quantities of the munitions, tanks, tractors, trucks, half-tracks, guns and food that we unloaded, were routed to the large General Depots located strategically about the United Kingdom Base. These vast depots were the reserve warehouses for the armies in France.

Few of us have ever seen Top Secret reports of the conduct of the War across the Channel. All of us did have our fingers on the pulse of the blood-stream of battle. It wasn't necessary for anyone to tell us that the Armored Force had sustained severe losses in a particular engagement. We knew that when we were called back to the docks, after a very hard day's work, to load tanks and half-tracks on a priority basis, things could not have been going too well with the tankers. When loading of other supplies and equipment were stopped in order to rush through a shipment of big guns we knew that the artillery was hard hit or that a big engagement was impending. If perchance the loading of munitions and guns were interrupted in order to push through a shipment of trucks to the Continent we ascertained that the Quartermaster and the famous "Red Ball Express" needed replacements. These things and many more we knew. But we kept "the silent watch" lest a slip of the lip might sink the ship carrying the stuff that we had loaded to the front.

#### \* BLOOD SWEAT AND TEARS \*

Many persons, even some soldiers themselves, are of the opinion that port battalions and their member companies are all out "labor battalions". No doubt we have done more than our fair share of the laborious duties. Like any other Arm or Service we have had a share of the blood, sweat and tears. To be sure the flow of blood has not been as great as the flow of sweat. We place no estimate on the tears whether they be emotional or the wear and tear of fatigue. There have been many occasions when we thought that we would collapse from exhaustion. Our eyes refused to stay open but still we stayed on. We do know that the operations of a port company require the knowledge and use of several highly technical skills. The crane and winch operators who operate



# Operations



Pfc. John H. Williams adjusts a case of dehydrated eggs on the front of a lift-truck operated by Cpl. William E. Matkin.



Sgt. Leslie Barns rides along side a draft of smoke bombs being hoisted by a giant crane. Pfc. J. B. Randall, a slinger, signals to the crane operator, Cpl. Vance Dunk.



Sgt. George E. Zeigler checks the quantity of Ammunition being unloaded from railway car by Pfc. Henry Gerald.



Pfc. Julius Thompson, Jr., and Cpl. Vander White operate steam winches aboard a ship.





the powerful machinery that lift the cargo from the holds or docks were taught their jobs in the Technical Schools of the Army Service Forces Training Center at Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pennsylvania. The cargo checkers kept tab on supplies and equipment unloaded and loaded went to school also and demonstrated an efficiency, before graduation, that permits no inaccuracies. If a division or corps commander had requisitioned a thousand machine guns for an operation it was their job to see that he received one thousand instead of nine hundred ninety nine or a thousand and one. Their certificates of proficiency upon graduation said that they could do it and they did. There is no question about that. The coopers who must repair damaged crates and the welders and blacksmiths who were constantly called upon to do anything mechanical are all skilled artisans. The foreman mechanic and his many skilled assistants saw to it that the tanks, armored cars, half-tracks, trucks, jeeps, weapons, carriers and other machines and equipment that were unloaded or loaded were in the very best of condition. They were charged with making sure that these vehicles would be able to perform their primary missions for the man "up front".

A tank or half-track that "misbehaves" in the face of the enemy, through mechanical failures, is sort of like a faulty cartridge in a rifle chamber with you "zeroed in" on the enemy's sights. When life in modern warfare depends, to no little extent, upon maneuverability and the watchword of the day is "keep moving" there is no place up front for a combat vehicle that should definitely have never left the rear-echelon in it's condition. The men up front share the knowledge with the men who are behind to see that it doesn't happen there. This is but one of the many responsibilities of the mechanic foreman and his mechanics. He is of course concerned with the maintenance of the machines and equipment of his company and that used by his organization at the docks. One must not overlook the very valuable and indispensable work done by the nimble-handed riggers and the slingers.

To the riggers go the tasks of performing the necessary preliminaries before operations can begin to load or unload a ship. They must place the cables and lines in the proper places so that the winches will be able to use them in order to move cargo. The slingers secure the hook at the end of the cable to the draft in the best possible manner lest it become loosened, drop its load and most likely injure both men, cargo and machinery.

In spite of all of the many powerful machines that are utilized to speed operations and to reduce labor to a minimum, there are many very arduous jobs that must be done by hand. Thus the element of back-breaking labor enters the picture. To the longshoreman of the company fall most of the back-breaking tasks. They are the ones who must "tote". They are subject to the greatest danger of all. No one can tell in advance when a cable or net will break or become loosened

sending tons of cargo down upon their heads. Fortunately for us we have not sustained an accident as severe as that). It is understandable then that they shed blood oftener than the rest, they sweat the most and no doubt sustain the greatest wear and tear. Their jobs are the dirtiest, most difficult and most disagreeable. Innumerable times they've been called upon to go down into poorly ventilated holds filled with dirt, grime, oil, grease and indescribable filth. The longshoreman most often enters the hold for work in clean fatigues and most often emerges looking like a coal miner after a hard day's work in the pits. If he isn't on the alert at all times he may become injured or cause a fellow worker to get hurt. Back at camp he showers, eats, takes forty winks and if he isn't too tired he'll try to get a pass to get some beer. Back in camp from pass he falls in bed. He has a sound sleep but it seems as though his head has just touched the pillow when the stevedore foreman or his section chief is awakening him for the day's work. He arises, partially refreshed, and starts out for work. If he must handle high explosives on that day he knows that he must be particularly alert, for he'll be sure to get it if a bomb is detonated. He works hardest of all and as soldier-salaries go, is the least paid. Rarely does he become a Corporal or Technician fifth grade. Most often he's just a Pfc. or Private. Quite often he gripes. If anyone has the privilege, none deserve it more than they. Chance for advancement? Not much. T/O's filled. There won't be any promotions on this side of the ocean unless there are some demotions and there aren't likely to be many of them. It isn't always that he hasn't the ability to become a Stevedore foreman, hatch foreman or Winch Operator, etc. The same old story—the T/O's filled. The percentage of the PhD's who are Pfc's. is amazing. But luckily or unluckily we haven't any. The Stevedore foreman (Dock Supervisor) may be observed directing operations about the docks, his assistant may be seen scurrying here and there but most often you won't see the longshoreman. He's usually down in the hold "far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife." These are truly the unsung heroes of the Army Transportation Corps Port Companies.

In conjunction with loading and unloading ships we commenced operations in warehousing. Supplies and Equipment that had been unloaded were hauled on truck-trailers and stored there for future use. Train car-loads were unloaded and stored also. All of these war materials were kept in readiness and on a moments notice were dispatched where they were needed most.

All dock operations were carried on in close co-operations with British Civilian wharfmen. Quite often during the course of the war the civilians went on strike. We were called on to put forth extra effort so that the services of supply from our ports would go on uninterrupted.

We did maintenance work on the vehicles of the 9th and 3rd Armored Divisions. The Pilot launch which ferried the pilots in and about the



harbor, was piloted by one of our men; a former Smoke-Eater from Charleston, South Carolina.

On December 1944 the company was re-organized under a new Table of Organization. Instead of having three platoons we would now have only two. This of course made for greater efficiency.

#### "CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND"

One half of the Company was alerted for special anti-Sabotage guard at the docks. Port Intelligence had received word that the Nazis were attempting to make one last all-out bombing on the 17th Port. The Jerries had broken through the Ardennes and an undetermined number had penetrated our lines. Some had gotten through to the Channel and across to England. At the same time several hundred POW's escaped from the cages in England. Intelligence had gotten wind that they were to combine forces with the Jerries from the Continent and sabotage the docks. During the Christmas week-end our heavily armed guard was supplemented with British Civilian Police and Allied Intelligence Agents. However, most of the POW's were rounded up by the British and American military police and Intelligence Sections. The plot was nipped in the bud and we passed an otherwise uneventful Christmas week-end from home.

On Christmas morning, many of us attended Divine Services on the Post. Others having received invitations to do so went into town to Services and to Christmas dinner with British families. A few of us were lucky enough to get passes to London and stopped at the American Red Cross Liberty Club. The Liberty Club gave a Christmas party for a hundred children from the West End who were to be the guests of the American soldiers and sailors. A soldier-sailor choir, complemented by members of the Club's Anglo-American Staff, sang Christmas Carols. The Vicar of nearby Saint Pancreas Cathedral acknowledged the hospitality of the Americans in behalf of the British as did the Schoolmaster of the neighborhood. The huge tree had been decorated the day before by willing servicemen. Most of them were on rest-leave from the Continent. Sailors from LSTs and ships docked at Southampton had joined hands in the decoration of the tree. And of course we were there representing as it were, United Kingdom Base. Punch, cakes, nuts and candies were there in abundance for the youngsters and for the not so young who refused to grow old. Then there were Christmas packages and gifts from the school children of the United States distributed through the generosity of the American Red Cross. A few men and women from the British Forces joined in the party and we played with the kids until their bedtime. We were quite happy about getting down on our hands and knees to play "horsey" for the two year olds (providing they didn't insist on throwing in the spurs!) Then of course we had to play mumblety peg, leap frog and many other games. To these kids we represented their fathers on the Continent or in the Far East. They certainly



Snow covered blitzed building in the city. 20 January, 1942.

"Heap on more wood,  
the wind is chill,  
But let it whistle as it will,  
we'll keep our Christmas Merry still."  
—Sir Walter Scott

reminded us of our children and small brothers and sisters back home. All of us thought that our first Christmas from home would be without meaning because we were not with our loved ones. Well we did miss them of course. However, we were completely captivated by the littlest of the Britishers who hated to say good-bye, (when the party was over), to the "Chocolate Soldiers from the USA." We went "all out" for them too. We did know that our families back home were comparatively safe from direct enemy action. The British father, away in the Forces, could never be sure of the safety of his loved ones back home because of incessant aircraft and buzz-bombing. During the course of the party the club was shaken several times by buzz-bombs falling nearby. Those of us who had eaten dinner at camp became victims of food-poisoning as the result of improperly preserved turkey. Back at camp several crates of citrus fruits, destined for the mess were re-routed "by popular consent" to the underprivileged children. PX rations of candy and gum that had been systematically stored for several weeks in lockers, suddenly joined forces with the above. Specially requested fruit cakes, candies and gum, came from the states to supplement the above. Joe's strolled down the streets, pockets bulging with candy and gum, ready to fill small eager hands and pockets upon a suggestion of the inevitable "gum chum?" On this day, at least, we refrained from, asking "sister mister?"

Yes, Christmas was swell after all. The would-be saboteurs were apprehended, the docks were saved and we strengthened the "ties that bind" with our British friends.

In addition to performing our primary mission



we were at times called upon to do other things not akin to our operations. On one of these occasions the first platoon, under the command of Lieutenant Lawrence Saltzman and platoon Sergeant Savoy Wilson, was sent to the Bristol Channel estate of the American, William Randolph Hearst. The estate is composed principally of a huge medieval castle atop a high bluff overlooking the Channel. Graduated slopes and steps from the castle lead down to a vast marble swimming pool several hundred feet below. Another set of steps met one at the level of the Channel. The estate had been acquired by the Military Authorities for the duration of emergencies for the purpose of billeting troops. Quonset huts had been constructed just outside of the entrance to the inner court of the castle. Our purpose here was to prepare camp for special troops who were expected momentarily. After this task, of about a weeks duration, was accomplished, we returned to camp. Sergeant Angelo Holman and Corporal Isaiah P. McIver were the chefs. Food was superb and the boys said they never had it so good.

## Operations



Sgt. Arthur P. Harris hauls personnel and supplies at this Port where he is a truck driver.



Admiralty Christmas Party for Allied Naval officers' children.



Cpl. John Dingle watches Cpl. John Bolden sitting in the cab of a giant lifting crane, prepare to hoist a General Sherman.



S/Sgt. Plummer M. McDonald rides around on tour of inspection with jeep driver, Cpl. Robus L. McEntire.



INTO EACH LIFE  
SOME RAIN MUST FALL

Victory was fast approaching. The radio and newspapers carried accounts of how the Allies were smashing further inland towards the vitals of Hitler's Fortress Europe. Spring had been with us for a month and everyone was biding time for the Victory that would soon be ours.

On 14 April, 1945 we received word that the President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt, had died in Warm Springs, Georgia. There were few in the company who were not visibly moved by his sudden passing. We had looked forward to hearing the first news of the Unconditional Surrender of the Germans from him. V-E Day would not seem quite the same without him.

Sunday, 15 April 1945, the officers and enlisted men of this organization, along with a large assemblage of other military personnel, met within the hallowed walls of the thousand years old St. Woolos Cathedral at Newport, Monmouthshire, to pay their last respects to their late revered Commander-in-Chief.

The enlisted personnel of the unit marched in solemn dignity into this ancient citadel of worship, flanked by officers on both sides of the walk. They took their places within as the soft strains of the organ solo filled the great hall.

When the enlisted personnel had been seated, the procession, led by the Dean of the Cathedral and the vestrymen, each attired in ecclesiastical vestments with the traditional wigs, moved slowly down the aisle of the vestibule and then into the great hall. Following the train were an American Army Chaplain; the Lord Mayor of the city who had come to represent the mourning citizenry of this Welsh community and the commanding officer of the 51st Major Port of which this unit was a member. Immediately behind them came uniformed representatives of the British Forces, Officers of the Royal Army, The Royal Air Force, Royal Navy and

officers and enlisted ranks of the Merchant Navy. In succession, according to ranks, the American officers filed into the Cathedral.

During the course of the Chaplain's discourse on the life, convictions and ideals of the deceased, the eyes of the mourners wandered discreetly from the dias to the sepulchers about the ancient edifice. Here and there we discerned tombs inscribed with the names of Knights of the Middle Ages who lay at rest therein. The choir rendered several numbers, some of which we learned were favorites of the President. The audience knelt on the centuries old stone floor as the Bishop of the Cathedral read the closing prayer. Immediately afterwards came the benediction. We stood at attention as the strains of Taps were played by the soldier organist. We marched out and back to camp after the Organ Postlude. The Chief had passed on.

ODE TO THE CHIEF

A great Man in this world was he  
Who will live forever in our memory  
He paid a debt that all must pay  
But still it's a pity we all will say.

He toiled and strived very hard indeed  
To give this world it's most urgent need  
A world of Peace, a place to rejoice  
In which every man without fear can  
raise his voice.

He strived thru hardships, with never a  
pause,  
To accomplish his mission, a true worthy  
cause.

So now the time has come and he has gone  
We, the people, must still carry on.  
May God bless the world and let us pray  
That his soul will rest in eternal peace.

S/Sgt. Savoy Wilson





THIS 'N THAT





## V-E Day in Europe

Victory at last! The welcome news which had been expected momentarily came by radio and newspaper. Dock operations were suspended for two days and we were given a well deserved holiday. The British Government had declared a national holiday for the civilians and so we joined hands and celebrated. We could afford to let up for a little while. Divine Thanksgiving Services were held at one of the Cathedrals in Newport. The 17th Major Port had departed for the Continent during the earlier part of the winter. We were now under the supervision of the 51st Major Port. All attached and assigned units of the Port Headquarters were represented at the services as well as members of the British Military and Naval Forces. Some of the lucky guys got passes to the Midlands and went up there to visit the Wacs. Most of us just stayed in the vicinity and assisted the British in consuming their beer and spirits that had been in storage for many years awaiting this momentous occasion. We ate, drank and were merry. The British were in the best of spirits because they knew that their loved ones in the Forces would soon return home from the continent. We were happy for them and happy also because we thought that we would be returning home to our loved ones also. Or so we thought. How wrong we were, brothers.



Pfc. Albert E. McIntosh, tractor driver, tows a trailer from which a load of bombs has just been removed as Cpl. Jasper Verdell, leader, stands by while Sgt. Basel Jones, directs his attention to a loading operation.

The two "days of grace" were soon gone with "that wind" and still we wanted to play. It seems as though the Generals felt like playing too and so they gave us a little more time in which to "get straightened" out. Several of us had gotten "straightened out." But we don't think that the brass had intended for it to be in that manner.



Pfc. Edward Pygatt, lift-truck operator, tells Pfc. John E. Elmore, warehouseman, how many loads of ammunition he has carried from the railway cars into the warehouse.



Section Sergeant Julius J. Carter and Sgt. Savoy Wilson check quantities of foodstuffs to be loaded in the holds of a ship. Pfc. Rufus B. McSwane, waits to tow the cases to the ship.



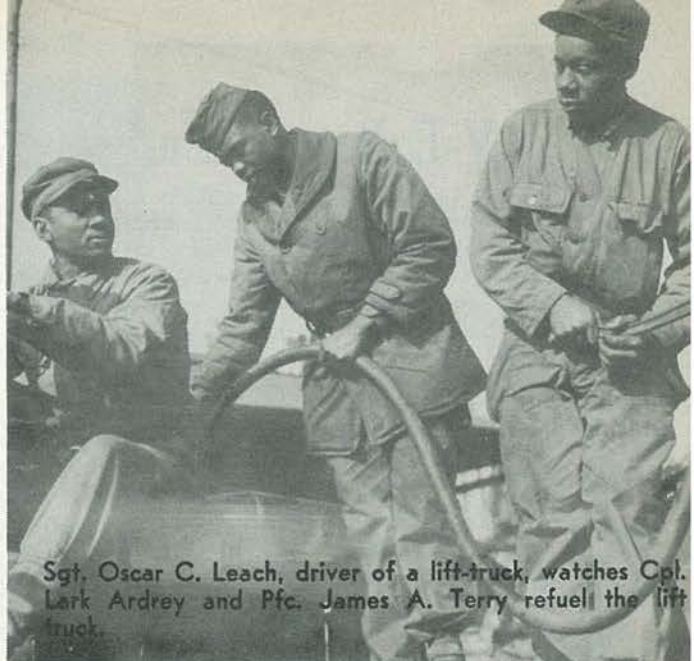
Cpl. Robert Lawrence receiving instructions in motor maintenance from S/Sgt. Lawrence R. Hill.



# Operations



A 14-ton truck is lifted easily by a crane and lowered into the hold of a merchant ship.



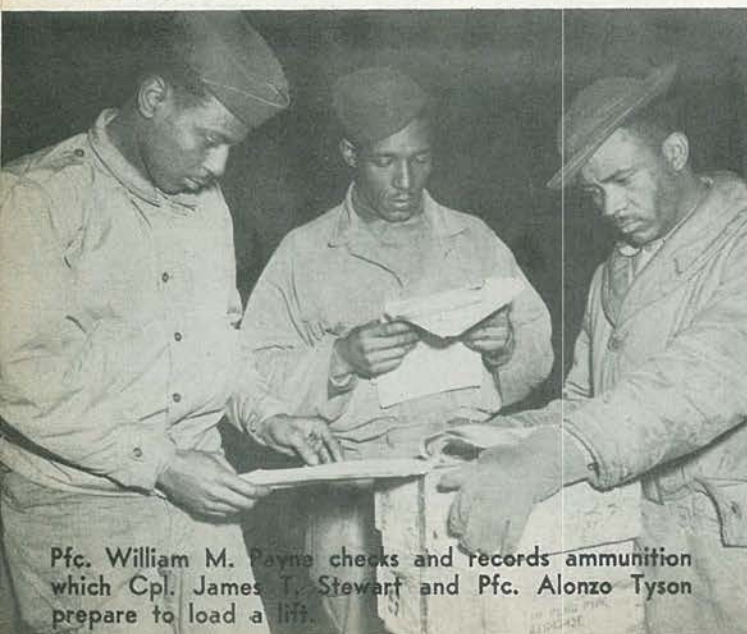
Sgt. Oscar C. Leach, driver of a lift-truck, watches Cpl. Lark Ardrey and Pfc. James A. Terry refuel the lift truck.



Cpl. Willie Moody and Pfc. Willie Newsome, members of this company, repair the headblock of a boom on a floating crane.



Pfc. Elijah Blake, hitches his tractor to a trailer of supplies as Sgt. James W. McArn stands by.



Pfc. William M. Payne checks and records ammunition which Cpl. James T. Stewart and Pfc. Alonzo Tyson prepare to load a lift.



S/Sgt. Thomas L. McKinney records data on supplies bound for the continent as Cpl. William H. Ligon and Pfc. Clarence L. Richardson move a case of precision instruments to be placed aboard a truck.





Pfc. Richard A. Stubbs and Pfc. Joe Sanders, Jr., receive mail from Cpl. James Sanders.



Pfc. George Mix, a slinger, looks on as Pfc. Nathan McMichael, crane operator, instructs him the operation



Pfc. James Towns tosses a box of precision tools atop others as Cpl. James W. James checks the serial numbers and Pfc. Dean I. Meminger prepares to move another load of instruments to a waiting Liberty Ship.

## Operations



Sgt. M. C. Boyd is issued a pair of overseas shoes by S/Sgt. Samuel R. Hawkins.



Pfc. Troy L. Robinson and Cpl. Oliver Pough, Jr., unload supplies from a lift truck driven by Pfc. Claude H. Mayo.







"There'll be bluebirds over  
The White Cliffs of Dover  
Tomorrow, just you wait and  
see.—"

"There'll be love and laughter,  
in the sweet hereafter,  
Tomorrow when the world is  
Free."

Alice Duer Miller

## Dover and Deal



THE GREAT WHITE CHALK CLIFFS (The Seven Sisters)

We cleaned house at Newport, Monmouthshire, South Wales, on 27 May 1945. We loaded our gear and selves into trucks for the Newport Railway Station. The station platform was crowded with our Welch friends who came to say goodbye. Some of them promised that they would visit us at our new stations wherever that might be. We didn't know where or when we'd make camp again. Guesses as far north as Glasgow and Edinburgh in Scotland and as far south as Southampton, England, the usual jumping off place for the continent. At about noon the little engine whistled and the RTO men urged us to take our necks, arms, and heads inside of the windows. Then we were underway amid "Cheerio's" "good-bye" "take it easy Yank" and a deluge of farewell kisses.

Where we were going was anybody's guess. Those in the know wouldn't tell as per usual, "Security you know"! (Oh Yeah!) We headed west toward London, then sidetracked. All of that afternoon we rode through the lush green meadows of rural Wales and England. About six bells our train skirted a very large body of sky blue water. It could not be the Bristol Channel . . . We'd passed under it in a tunnel several hours back. And then we saw them! Yes! unmistakably the Great White Chalk Cliffs. Well blimey if the train isn't passing right through a tunnel underneath them. Yes . . . no mistaking it, this is Dover on the English Channel. We'd always wanted to visit this place and here at last we were! About half an hour later our journey ended at Deal, a very picturesque resort town about seven miles from Dover. After debarkation was completed we stood around awhile doing

nothing. (You know . . . hurry up and wait.) Lt. Saltzman, who had preceded us in the "advance" party, showed up after a while and we started on a short walk (it turned out to be 4 miles) to our new camp.

We were impressed by the beautiful homes and quiet dignity of the villages of Deal and Walmer, through which we marched towards our new camp. The neat velvety lawns which are so typical of all England were quite in evidence. We thought that this was the most beautiful scenery that we had seen and wondered why the grass did not grow as green back home. We learned later that the moisture caused by the frequent fogs kept the grass perennially green. Dover, Deal and Walmer are located in Kent, one of England's most beautiful shires or counties. This is Britain's famous resort area and of course is to them what Palm Beach, Saratoga, Spa and Southern California are to some Americans.

We have just gotten our first glimpse of the Channel since being-on-terra-firma. It was a fleeting glance past the cylindrical Dover Castle which we passed "on the go". Several British Wrens and ATS girls waved at us. Passing Royal Marines gave the "V" sign. People in the pubs along the route invited us in for a drink during "breaks". Of course we had to refuse, but we promised to join them later.

Well at last we were there. We had been warned not to expect the "ideal" camp. Forewarned was forearmed and we had, as per usual our old reliable pup tents in our field packs. Our new camp site had a few semi-dilapidated buildings which would not accomodate all of the men



and so we pitched tents. Twilight turned to darkness and there were not too many lanterns. Within a few minutes tent city was up. No we're not '49 ers. But for the time being it was Boom Town. Our new camp site is situated on a knoll overlooking "Bomb Alley". The German Bombers used to fly low across here on their bomb run to London. This was formerly the camp site of a Royal Army Searchlight Battery. In those days this was really "boom town". After a supper of rations we bedded down and snoozed until morning.

Another day, another hard earned dollar. The doors of our tents were on the west permitting us to look straight across Bomb Alley towards the English Channel about a mile and half away. The chilly Kentish morning air stimulated our appetites and we looked across the way to see what "les cousiniers" were doing. We were surprised to find that they had set up the field ranges. The smell of crisp bacon filled the air and we went all out for chow. Mess kits were cleaned and then we made the rounds for seconds—but there weren't any seconds. Nothing had been consigned to the garbage pail either. Those three skinny guys who complained about the mess ate constantly and prodigiously and showed no evidence of their tremendous food intake. Tom McKinney, Wallace Reid, and Wm. Payne were always first for seconds and thirds.

Today some of us are going to work and some of us decided that we would goldbrick and explore. The cooks are busy working as are Lt. Welke, Sgt. Hawkins, French, Griggs and Harris who are concerned with the necessary supplies. We've attended orientation where we've been informed that we're the only American Troops on this side of London, some eighty miles distant. We learned that there have never been many Yank troops around and so had to be on our P's and Q's. We are going to execute our primary mission by performing salvage operations on the merchantman "SS Horace Buinny." The "Horace Buinny" is aground on a sand bar about two miles out in the Channel. She had struck a mine enroute to Cherbourg. Another vessel towed her back to the sand bar. All rigging had to be made before operations could commence. This was indeed a "primitive" job but the ingenuity of our riggers overcame the lack of rigging materials. They improvised from odds and ends. She is loaded with valuable cargo which must be transferred to other ships that will pull alongside. Orientation over, some of us hopped into a Dukk driven by a Royal Marine. We rode down to Deal and the "Bloody Duck" entered the Channel. The driver maneuvered the craft skillfully in and out of the countless masts and hulls of sunken vessels just above water. The English Channel is reputedly the most treacherous body of navigable water on the earth. Like the Atlantic it is rarely calm. Well it lived up to its name this day. We pulled alongside an LCT lashed to the Buinny, hopped over into it and climbed the Jacob's Ladder to the boat deck of the Buinny. We met the skipper, who informed us that the Buinny

had been damaged by a mine. A Thorough examination is not required to ascertain beforehand that salvage operations would be dirty, disagreeable and not without danger. The holds were littered with waste and filled with cargo and oil. This will be "operation stupendous."

Those of us who chose to explore followed our noses down Bomb Alley as straight as the crow flies. We wanted to see what was "over that hill" besides the Channel. We came upon the beautiful little village of Lansdowne. (Gertrude Ederle swam the treacherous waters from the Pas de Calais in France to this little spot in '26. She was the first woman to accomplish this difficult feat.) The haze lifted and we could see Calais about twenty miles across the Channel. A fleet of LCTs were moving in that direction from Dover farther up the beach. We noticed that most of the picture book inns, cottages and pubs were just camouflaged gun positions. Only a few weeks before the big guns talked back at each other from both sides. Barbed wire and steel obstructions were still on the beach. Part of the beach is still mined and we were particular to stay clear of the area marked. We could see part of the great oil storage tanks submerged in the earth with which the British had intended to transfer the channel literally into a sea of fire in the event of a German attempt at invasion. We collected a few sea shells and hurried back towards camp. On the way back we encountered a boy of about three inquiring if he could accompany "you chocolate soldiers to camp?" Regretably we had to refuse him. He seemed quite sad and disappointed. We promised that we would return again soon and play with him. Which we did.

Operations commenced. The job, dirty and difficult, certainly taxed the energy and ingenuity of all concerned. Practically everything in the holds was covered with oil, which of course makes operations exceedingly difficult. "The smoking lamp" is forever out. In the evenings we went down the ladders to the DUKKS for the return trip to camp. We noticed that the ladder had gotten a little longer. That is to say that as we unloaded the cargo from the ship it became lighter and rose further out of the water. The fruits of our labors became more evident. Although we could not say as did Longfellow in the "Village Blacksmith", "Each morning sees some work begun, each evening sees it's close". We thought of "man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done". (No doubt this was written during peace-time). Three weeks passed and operations were running smoothly. We were over "the hump". By putting forth the maximum effort we managed to proceed ahead of schedule and as a result we were going to get "Bonuses" (three day passes!)

The war in Europe had been over for several weeks. It was now obvious that we were going to be redeployed "somewhere" after operations on the Channel were completed. A detachment of about forty men had been ordered to Barry, Monmouthshire, South Wales, for the purpose of packing and crating our organizational supplies and



equipment for shipment. Lt. Welke and Lt. Pelz were the officers in charge. Sergeants Savoy Wilson and Howard Shaw were the senior non-coms.

We did so well on this operation that Captain Crevensten and Sergeant Taylor became quite liberal in the issuance of three-day passes. Most of us decided to go to London, eighty miles away. Traveling through the countryside by motor vehicle we passed thru' the sleepy and picturesque little village of Canterbury and got a glimpse of the world famous cathedral. Geoffrey Chaucer and his contemporaries sat around in the coffee, tea and ale houses and swapped literary tales during their times. No doubt the "Canterbury Tales" were written in and about this town. Along the way we also passed many other beautiful towns, picturesque inns and relics of times gone by. To lovers of nature the Kentish countryside offers a wealth of unsurpassed views. Witness the broad river valley on the approach to Rochester, an industrial town; but then we could go on and on.

Most of the passes were "dual purpose" liberties. That is to say that one could stop in London and then proceed on to Newport, Monmouthshire to visit our friends. Some of us stopped by to see how the detachment was doing in Barry which is eight miles from Cardiff and twenty from Newport. Once in Newport we branched out to all of the old familiar places, Risca, Cross Keys, Pontypool, Pontypridd, Sebastapol, Crumelin, Chepstow, etc. In London most of us invariably registered at the American Red Cross Liberty Club and then set out to explore other parts of the city. But for "military" purposes and intents we established residence at the Liberty Club at 12 Upper Woburn Place in the West End.

Some of the men decided to go to Scotland. They went to the London, Midlands and Scottish Railway yards at Euston Station and entrained on the Royal Scot for Glasgow and Edinburgh, some four hundred miles north. All of them said that they "just wanted to see Loch Lomond" but we suspected that they went "for a wee bit of scotch" and to see the "bonnie wee lassies". Some of them detoured to the great Midland city of Birmingham and Manchester to visit the Wacs. After termination of passes we reported to camp and learned that we were to return to Cardiff, Wales in order to prepare for "overseas shipment". Oh yes, the states were considered "overseas" too. We broke camp and on the morning of July 2, 1945 we entrained at Dover for Cardiff. We said "so long mates" to the Royal Marines at their barracks in Deal. They had been very hospitable on all occasions. They invited us to use their swimming pool and gymnasium and visited us at "Bomb Alley". Our showers were being repaired so they invited us to use theirs. They challenged us to Water Polo matches. In short they were very swell chaps and we shall never forget their hospitality. Of the citizens of nearby Deal, Dover and Walmer, too much cannot be said. We shall simply



The Harbour, Dover.

say that we love them and let that suffice. The lights have now come on all over the world again. This is the "tomorrow when the world is free." We hope that the bluebirds have taken the cue and are again winging their way over the White Cliffs. They couldn't have chosen a more hospitable or beautiful locale.

"Keep on fighting men", said the Nazi General. "Never give up 'till the last shot is fired. When it is, then run, I'm lame so I'll start now".

\* \* \*

Girlie—"I'm telling you for the last time. You can't kiss me!"

Leon Henderson—"Fine! I knew you'd weaken sooner or later."

\* \* \*

"Comfy, honey?"  
"Bout to freeze"  
"Want my coat?"  
"Just the sleeves"  
"Full or empty?"  
"Full, Please"  
"Comfy Honey?"  
"Ummmmmmmm!"

\* \* \*

KP Chaser—Sgt. McKinney—"Where've you been all day Newman?"

KP Pfc. Willie Newman—"Filling the salt shakers like you told me to sarge".

Sergeant McKinney—"All the time?"

KP Newman: "Yep. It ain't easy pouring the salt through them little holes".



## MAINDY BARRACKS AGAIN

We arrived at Cardiff about 1830 hours on 2 July 1945. Most of the detachment from Barry, ten miles away, had preceded us to Maindy Barracks and had set up housekeeping. The detachment had boxed and crated all of our organizational equipment and supplies. This means that they had readied for shipment over 200,000 pounds of company "stuff". Our new Table of Equipment included cranes weighing several tons each and capable of lifting several times their weight. The powers that be had thrown in a couple of dynamos so that we could generate our own electricity. We were certainly prepared for any emergency. Of course any fool knew then that if we hadn't needed private cranes and dynamos in the UK we certainly would have no need for them in the good ole USA. That was a helluva big straw in the wind. However the latrine rumor-mongers said that we were just taking the stuff back home because the British didn't want to pay us for it!

We were again billeted in the Building Detroit of the Royal Welch Regiment Barracks at Maindy. A printed legend in the mess showed that the famous regiment had participated in several battles and campaigns since the year 1792. During the time that we were billeted in the barracks the outfit was on the continent, having been committed to action during the Normandy and Rhine campaigns. We were occupying their quarters through Reverse Lend-lease

We had come to Maindy Barracks for a refresher and advanced training course. Our training was strictly military. The war in Europe was over but the Japs and the Allies were still at it in the Asiatic Pacific. Our training commenced almost immediately after our arrival. Long hikes through Welch countryside; toughening up exercises; drills; sessions on the rifle range; orientation; camouflage; jungle fighting; et al. Our training schedule was devised with an eye to future operations in the Pacific. Oh yes, there were the inevitable inoculations and immunizations. The interminable knock down and drag-out clothing formations.

We were issued among other things, khakis, 'skeeter nettings and anti-'skeeter lotions. Of course that started rumors again on the third 'ole in the out house. The boys said that we were going to Florida for advanced training. They reasoned that soldiers slept under mosquito bars there and wore khakis. (True enough but we didn't go to Florida so that makes it a lie!) Of course we had been told that we were a Category II unit. That meant that we would be re-deployed to the Pacific. What we didn't know was if we were going by way of home for "a little rest and relaxation" or whether we were going directly there.

Training completed we sat back and waited our time. We didn't twiddle our thumbs. No Sir! We just crossed our fingers. The dances in the 433rd Club in the main regimental building were just quite the thing to relieve the tension. Of course the charming young laides from the neighboring towns who came down to be with us made things much more pleasant. Lt. Pelz, who was now company commander, arranged a farewell party



for us in the 433rd Club and our friends came to say their last goodbyes. At this time he warned that we should "live each night as if it were your last". This we did. We told the young ladies of his timely warning and of course they joined in making the last few nights paradise on earth.

On the morning of 31 July 1945 we broke up housekeeping. We threw our gear and duffle bags into trucks and were off to the Cardiff General Railway Station. Our friends met us there on the platform. There were firm hand clasps from the men and kisses from the girls. Amid Cherios we pulled off. Twenty miles away at our old stomping ground at Newport more friends had come to say goodbye. We paused briefly while the 648th Port Company from Bristol got aboard. The platform was filled with friends from the Newport area who had come to say goodbye. The usual long and repeated parting kisses, and few dry eyes in sight. Big lumps in the throat.

We had said our last goodbyes to our friends who had remained steadfast and true during our year in England. The train sped on and before long we saw the familiar blue waters of the Bristol Channel as we approached Avonmouth, Port of Embarkation.

### THE BRITISH GIRLS LAMENT

Dear old England is not the same old place  
We heard of Invasion, well it came,  
But it's not the beastly Huns, the Yankee Army  
has come!

You will see them in the trams and busses,  
There isn't room for both of us  
We walk to let them have our seats  
Then got run over by their bloody jeeps.

They moan about our luke warm beer  
Think beer is like water over here,  
But after drinking two or more  
You'll find them lying on the floor.

And you should see them dance,—!  
They find a partner and start to prance,  
When you are half dead, they stop and smile,  
And say "How're you doing Honey Chile?"



With admiration we stop and stare,  
At all of the ribbons that they wear.  
Think what deeds both bold and daring  
Earned the medals that they are wearing.

But they haven't fought the Huns,  
No glorious battles have they won,  
That pretty ribbon just denotes,  
That they crossed the sea,—the bloaks.

Brave men! and they fight its' true!  
They fight, yes when they are tight,  
I must admit their shooting is fine  
They shoot a damn good Yankee line!

They tell you, "Your teeth are like pearls".  
They love your hair, the way it curls,  
Your eyes would dim the brightest star,  
You are "competition for Hedy Lamar!"

You are their life, their love, their all,  
For no other girl could they fall.  
They will love you dear "'Till death do us part"  
And if you leave, 'twill break their heart!

And then they leave you broken-hearted,  
The camp has moved, your love departed.  
You will wait for mail, that doesn't come,  
Then you will learn, you're awful dumb.  
For a different town, a different place,  
To a different girl a different face.

"I love you darling, please be mine",  
It's the same old Yank  
With the same old line!

—Anonymous

### "AND NOW GOODBYE"

"I smiled, so did you,—but somehow we knew  
it was our last goodbye" . . .

To be a soldier during wartime is sort of like  
being the son of an itinerant minister! One ac-  
quires new friends but soon has to bid them an  
affectionate farewell.

And so it is (as the travelogues would say)  
that regretably we leave our British friends, who  
have been our kind, genial and considerate hosts  
and hostesses during the past year. As we take  
leave of them we recall fondly many incidents,  
pleasantries and faces that will live forever in our  
hearts and memories.

We shall miss the workers at the Newport  
docks saying "Up a bit Mike, down a bit Mike".  
We shall miss the familiars "V . . . for Victory"  
and "thumbs-up" gestures of the kids from Glas-  
gow to Chepstow . . . and of course the inevitable  
"Gum Chum"? . . . We shall not soon forget the  
firm handclasp of the Lord Mayor of Newport and  
even now we can hear his fervent and stirring  
prayers in the High Street Presbyterian Church.

An Army Chaplain in a jeep has long since re-  
placed the familiar ecclesiastically-clad figure of  
the Village Vicar on his bike, but he shall remain  
forever in our hearts. It was he who reminded us  
that "Faith is an evidence and substance of things  
unseen." How many times have those words of  
Wisdom comforted us . . . We would just like to  
hear our cops for once say "You cawn't miss it"  
as the London Bobbies do when giving directions . .  
We do not believe that the verdure of the Swan-  
sea Valley and the West of England shall be equal-  
ed in any other place in the temperate zone. It was  
in the Swansea Valley of Monmouthshire that the  
locale for the cinema "How Green was my valley"  
was filmed. When we drop in at the corner bar  
for beer we shall be instantly reminded of the  
simple mining folks in the pub and how they seemed  
to have gotten so much from life. When we see  
busses in the states carrying factory workers to  
their jobs we shall think of the busses speeding  
along the Swansea valley carrying the hard work-  
ing miners to the collieries. And who could forget  
those who had lost their loved ones and homes in  
the Great Conflict, had somehow survived the  
murderous strafings and bombings by the enemy  
and yet still could smile in the face of these ad-  
versities. We shall never again sing "Tipperary",  
"If you ever go to Ireland", "Milly Millay" with  
the same genuine emotion as we did with them in  
the pubs. We shall say a little prayer for the  
orchestra leader at Workman's Hall in Risca who  
used to break into "Jealousy" or other favorites of  
ours when we entered the dance hall. Sort of made  
us feel like celebrities. Oh yes we'll remember our  
efforts trying to learn the Lapidian Tango or the  
Hokey Pokey at the dances there and in Cross  
Keys, Sebastapol and Pontypool. Then there was  
the Scot who offered us a "wee bit o' Scotch" in  
bonnie Glasgow and directed us to Green's Play-  
house, the equal of the Savoy and Roseland in New  
York. We shall often be possessed with the de-  
sire to run out to the corner and buy some "fish  
and chips." We always smile when we recall a  
Welch lad's definition of a Sherman Tank. "Why  
it's a bloody thing with tracks on 'er". We shall  
never be able to desist from saying "bye ere" and  
"aye". When we look back through the years and  
recall to mind the punctuality of our British friends  
we shall instantly be reminded of the inscription  
of the General Post Office in New York "Neither  
rain nor snow, nor threat of storm shall stay these  
couriers of the post". For it is truly written that  
if a Britisher promised you that he or she would  
meet you, that appointment would be kept, re-  
gardless of the weather, if at all humanly possible.

And—now at long last—it is goodbye. We  
have learned to love and to respect you. We have  
learned a lot about life and living from you. You  
have invited us to visit your country during the  
coming years of Peace. This, without doubt, some  
of us will certainly do. We extend an invitation  
to you to come to America. "Welcome" is on the  
doormats and the latch-string is always out. All  
the best and cherio!!!





"But the car broke down and we had to walk home through the cemetery"!!



"No, he doesn't do much, but somehow he always gets his promotions."



# Log of the Illustrious Voyage of the Good Ship "Sea Bass"



The "Sea Bass."

The 643rd Port Company left Cardiff, Monmouthshire, South Wales on the morning of 1st August 1945 and arrived at Avonmouth, a seaport near Bristol, on the West of England, that afternoon and went aboard the SS "Sea Bass", a naval transport.

During the wee hours of the morning of 2 August, 0200 to be exact; the "Sea Bass" pulled anchor and steamed down the Bristol Channel. Later that evening we passed "Land's End". However this landmark was not visible due to the very dense fog. The ship made very little progress and we had to accustom ourselves to the fog horns of our ship and others in the Channel constantly blowing.

We continued south from August 3rd to 6 August. We had only blue seas and skies to keep us company; for as one landlubber put it, "The ocean certainly seems deserted!"

August 7th was land ahoy as we passed the Azores. The Azores are a group of islands belonging to, and situated about four hundred miles west of Portugal. For years they have been a fueling base for the giant Pan-American Airways flying ships enroute to Lisbon. Flying fish playing about the ship brought to mind Kipling's immortal poem "Mandalay". Some of us are still not convinced that these fascinating creatures do not fly, merely leap. See'n is not believin'. Not always. Of course we have been harangued and bothered by those "necessary evils" abandon ship, submarine and aircraft drills. The Naval commanding officer promises that if we don't clear the holes quicker we'll have "encore" performances on our drills. Some of us are telling him to "blow it out" (under our breaths).

August 8th—brought on the usual drills. Seems as though that Navy two and a half striper gets nastier every day. Could be he's prejudiced against us army guys? Oh well, maybe he means well. Immediately after drill we were ordered below so that the Navy gun crew could have target practice without our being in the way. (Maybe they

don't want to lower our morale by revealing what poor shots they are!)

August 11th—We are now entering the grey-blue waters of the Carribean Sea. We are taking a beating from old Sol. Everybody is trying to find a shady spot on the deck. If perchance one did find a sheltered spot his happiness would be only temporary as those demons of ill-will, those would be amateur firemen, those hose freaks will soon come by and give you a very thorough wetting. They so very effectively washed the poor GIs instead of the decks that one would suppose that they were detailed to do. The tops of all of the hatches have literally been converted to beach houses by the ingenuity of the "fourth class passengers" seeking an oasis in this desert of sun and heat. The Carribean is rather bitchy, contrary to the tales of serenity the travel folders tell, and some of us have already given the "heave-ho" over the rails or at some other hapless spot. Some of us have mild (Could there be such a thing?) cases of mal-de-mer, (French for seasickness), and American for you can't take it with you. Those interminable queues along the sides of the ship composed of wilting humans awaiting a sip of that precious commodity, water, remind one of the good old days back in Times Square when Harry James came to the Paramount.

August 11th—Through alternating squalls of tropical rain we have sailed along the north coast of Puerto-Rico, one of our island possessions. We passed south between this little island and the Dominican Republic, a "banana republic" on the island of Haiti, the "Pearl of the Lesser Antilles". It was on the island of Haiti, sometimes referred to as Santo Domingo, that an Italian sailor in the service of Spain first set foot on the soil of the new world. The name—Christopher Columbus.

August 13th—Today we arrived in the Panama Canal Zone. The pilot was piped aboard ship and we pursued a very irregular course into the anti-submarine nets, apparently to clear the mine fields. And then all of a sudden we were inside the



vital area and before very long had docked at Christobal on the Atlantic side. A Navy band in whites welcomed us with "le Jazz hot". The wolves howled several times over the rails in the direction of the first girls that we had seen in nearly two weeks! The company mail orderly went ashore and brought back several sacks of mail. Boy were we happy to hear from home! (Now wasn't that thoughtful of our favorite uncle?) At six bells our "shore leave on the wharve" commenced. Burly, strategically placed MPs saw to it that our shore leave was confined to the wharves, lest we forget, become inquisitive and decide to see the town. We stuck our tongues in our cheeks and drooled while the sailor-boys strolled nonchantly off the ship and charted course for town. Oh well! It was a welcome relief to get off the "iron-fish" and onto terra firma again even if the terra firma was the concrete floors of the wharf. Amazingly enough the wharf turned out to be a super-PX with ice cold bottled cokes, our first in over a year! More than enough ice-cream and cookies were distributed by those charming Volunteer Hostesses of the American Red Cross, who wore home states insignia on their breast pockets. This super-PX was a souvenir hunter's dream and just seemed to be chocked full of everything. And the USO show!—



Cristobal, Canal Zone.

With a fine chorus of gorgeous Panamamas, a GI swing band and several other featured acts. The swoon singing and hip-swaying gyrations of that cute "Bim-Bam-Boom" number really "sent"

the thermometer soaring! And of course your friend and mine, Bill Day, of a neighbor company, who had entertained us on another ship at another time, was there to add to the merriment of the show. Yes he really "sent" us as well as the Panamamas with "Star-Dust" and "Besa me Mucho" and the whole joint jumped. And so, as the movie travelogues nearly always say, "At long last we depart with sorrowing hearts from this tropical paradise." Ruefully, we went aboard ship, having not



"Puerto Rico."

had enough of this gaiety, but somewhat "encouraged" by the omnipresent, omnipotent (so they think) and sometimes overwhelming members of the Corps of Military Police.

August 14th—Destiny has decided that today would be the big day in our lives. The early morning broadcast of the news had informed us that Japan had been brought to her knees and that her surrender was expected momentarily. We had been receiving radio reports of a new bomb of heretofore unheard of destructive powers. We listened with disbelief of the ship's radio accounts of how this new bomb had reduced to complete ruins the two large Japanese cities of Nagasaki and Hiroshima with a huge loss of life to the enemy. They called this agent of destruction the Atomic Bomb and we were going to hear more about it later. It suddenly dawned upon us that while we were enroute from the European to the Pacific Theatre the world had passed from one Era into another. We were leaving the air-age of aircraft, buzz-bombs and rockets and now we were entering the Atomic-Age. Strangely there were no rumors concerning this phenomenon. We just sat around wondering as we had done throughout breakfast a few moments before. Our Company Commander, Lt. Pelz, "briefed" us again today saying that we were supposed to dock at San Fernando, Phillipine Islands. We shoved off from the pier at 0800 and headed toward the Canal. We've read a lot about the "big ditch" in our geographies and history books in grammar school. And now appropriately enough, we're going to "wade in" and have a "looksee". Yes this is really the high-



way to Tokyo and of course to the New Atomic Era. The voice of our guide, thoughtfully furnished by our Uncle, is coming in clearly over the ship's loudspeaker. This hep-Joe says that eight hours will be required to complete the journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific side. Paradoxically in order to go from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which is normally east to west, one must travel from North to South! We have taken our advantage places along the rails, on the hatches, and elsewhere and are all ears and eyes. The ship is proceeding slowly into the channel that opens into the canal itself. We have now cleared Gatun Locks and are proceeding into Gatun Lake. We viewed with awe the picturesque verdure of this tropical paradise. The sky blue waters of this lake are bounded by green jungles of Royal Palm, coconut trees, as well as countless other varieties of flora. White sail boats skimmed over its shimmering surface and gorgeously plumed waterfowl sailed to and fro over the ship with great wings flapping in the soft breeze. Other creatures of the animal and fowl world could be heard calling to each other in the density of the nearby woodland. Our man on the mike told us that this was one of the great wildlife preserves of the world. He said that lovers of wild life, scientists, and members of the Audubon Society the world over often visit this wildlife utopia to observe and study the innumerable species of the animal, bird, serpent and plant world that flourish in their natural habitat undisturbed and protected by man.

We leaned on the rails, crawled up the booms and scrambled atop hatches, seeking a suitable observation post from which to watch the operations of the locks as they lifted our ship from one chamber to another. Yes we were, for all practical purposes, passing up hill. Oops! Pardon! I mean up stream. This part of the journey is reminiscent of a Caribbean pleasure cruise. Some very fortunate Joes were taking it all in through binoculars that once were the property of some less fortunate German Soldier. Our guide was still on the ball. "Watch out for crocodiles along the banks" he advised. We watched and were amply rewarded by getting good views of those ferocious beasts 'lazy-boning' themselves in the mid-day sun. Arrogantly and reluctantly they retreated under bombardments of debris heaved at them from the spectators. Someone passed around illustrated travel-folders all done up in color telling us in detail about the Canal Zone. These were published by The Army Engineers, whom you will recall dug this ditch. Yep the Army's quite a thing! The long awaited news of the anticipated came at last. As we were passing through Gatun, the first of the three locks—the news of the unconditional surrender of the Japanese High Command came! Cheers went up from everywhere and shortly we were at anchor in Gatun Lake. The inevitable rumors made their swiftest rounds. The one that caught the passing fancy of both latrines, Officer and enlisted—was that we were going to do an about face and head for New York. But did we



Corregidor (showing the tunnel)

do it? Nay we did not. We pulled anchor within half an hour afterwards and were on our way towards the remaining two locks. The rumor-mongers said that we were on our way to sunny California. We made some very sharp turns as the boat was about to follow the bend in the river. The whistle sounded twice and brought to mind the antebellum river packets on the muddy Mississippi. According to the cinemas, the steamboat skipper yanked the whistle cord and yelled "Steamboat 'round the bend". We proceeded up stream clearing the remaining two locks. Enroute we passed the picturesque little towns of Darien, and Gamboa. The Panama Railway, which reminded us of the trains in England, Chugged alongside on the nearby bank for several miles and suddenly disappeared in a tunnel amid a black smoke screen. Submarines, P-T boats and other naval craft were at anchor or docked in one of the small naval bases near the Miraflores Locks. After we had passed through Miraflores we continued towards the oceanside. We passed Balboa that afternoon at five and headed out into a very calm and to all appearances peaceful Pacific.

August 15th to August 25th—We sailed just a few degrees south of due west. Great schools of porpoises came up to play and once in a while we thought that we saw a shark. There was no sign of life other than ourselves on this great expanse of ocean. The seaweed that we had seen in the Caribbean was missing but the flying fish graciously put on a show for us. An unrelenting sun beat down mercilessly. The water fountains—our oasis in this desert of water—were often overtaxed and were sometimes cut off in order to build a reserve. This brought to mind a line from the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner"—"Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink." Everybody was asking the next man, "who in hell said the Pacific was peaceful?" The ship rolled heavily in the great seas and the weaker or less fortunate





Bataan Peninsular.

ones gave the old heave ho again. The same old landlubbers who "couldn't take it with them" before, their ranks increased by some newcomers, decided that in that case the ocean which to all appearances begrudged them of it had best have it and so it did. The hold where we slept was almost untenable, except for those who engaged in various games of chance throughout the night. Bill Day and the fine little band from the 477th Port Battalion were sending us daily. Swoon-singers John W. Johnson and Savoy Wilson entertained us too. The "Ancient Mariner", Willie Sloan showed himself out of a port occasionally. (Once when he came up we thought it was Ground Hog Day!) Portland Haynes and Monroe Dinkins were confined to sick bay. One E. J. has apparently gone AWOL aboard ship. That "soldierly soldier" Leroy C. Waddel who (at this writing is "in absentia") was more or less the "business manager of the band". (He carried the music sheets and so forth for them.)

August 26th—We passed south of the Christmas Islands, but could not see them. We passed another transport 'a sittin' smack damn in the middle of the Pacific! We did an about face and went back to see if we could help. They signaled that they had minor repairs to make which they could do. And so we left them there and proceeded on our chosen course.

August 31st—We passed the International Date Line and lost a day. Lawrence Bracey was cheated out of a birthday. During the evening we passed south of the Gilbert Islands and the Marshalls, but our only sight of them was the reflected glow of an airfield in the sky.

September 3rd—For several days we had been forewarned of the gruesome spectacle that would befall those of us who had not heretofore crossed the equator and been initiated into "The Ancient Order of the Deep". Several nights before the anticipated and much whispered about event, we had been warned that our days as "lowly Pollywogs" were numbered. This ill omen came to us over the ship's loud speaker. Our informant sneered at us

Pollywogs in a very sinister voice and signed off with an eerie laugh like that of the "Shadow".

The "Day" is at hand. We had been warned to prepare ourselves to enter the realm of Neptuneus Rex, Ruler of the Raging Main, all mermaids, Sea Serpents, whales, sharks, porpoises, skates, eels, crabs, suckers, pollywogs, and all living things of and under the sea. Before entry into the Realm one must be found worthy and duly initiated into the order.

The ceremonies of "Crossing the Line" are so old that their origin is lost but they undoubtedly stem from the mythological times when sailors believed in the existence of a food of the Seas called King Neptune. From the seamen's attempt to appease him and pay respect to those of his underwater domain grew the ceremony as we know it today. Those who have never crossed the "Line" are known as Pollywogs, because a pollywog is the lowest form of marine life and is anathema to a shellback or one who has been initiated into the mysteries of King Neptune's Court. Pollywogs are vile, low, loathsome landlubbers, beachcombers, guardhouse lawyers, lounge lizzards, yardbirds, goldbricks, sickbook riders, crapshooters, tonk-players, and in general a collection of no account scum who have been sailing so short a time that they have not crossed the equator. We will cross the equator at approximately 0930. Promptly at 0900 all of the Pollywogs have been ordered to report to the boat deck. Ordered to report for the 643rd are Lieutenant Bob Pelz, the Top Kick, and the Lord. But only the Lord shows up. So what? So he goes through with it. (Well he thinks he will anyway!) Number three Hatch has been cleared and the Court decorated for the arrival of the Royal Party. The boat decks and hatches are covered with spectators. Many have secured vantage points on masts and booms. All have come to watch the initiations and agonies of the Pollywogs who have been scared out of their wits by the ominous carryings on. From their perch high up on the boat deck these unfortunates get a sweeping view of the Royal Court with its be-dazzled throne in all of its Regal Splendor. Two thirds of the Court has been allocated to the "Royal Torchery" which reminds one of the Torture Chambers in Madame Tussaud's Wax Works in London. The long awaited and much feared hour is at hand. The court is decorated with multi-colored buntings, The Black Flag, the infamous skull and bones, is struck! Onto the court walk his Majesty and the High Officials of His Majesty's Court. His Majesty wears a crown and he is be-decked in regal splendor as are the Royal Mortician, The Royal Surgeon, The Royal Barber, The Royal Prosecutor, The Royal Chaplain, The Attorney-for-the-Defense, the Gentlemen and Servants of the Court and last but not least Davey Jones Himself. The Court is now in Session. The long line of pollywogs dwindle as they enter the Court and "take their medicine". Without exception all are guilty of the Charges and to the Specifications of the charges. The Attorney for the Defense is definitely "for the Prosecution".



"Justice" dispensed here is very thorough. One is convicted and punished almost simultaneously. No sweating it out!

As we enter the court we kneel before his Royal Highness and are instantly given the "shock of our lives" by a slightly charged kneeling board. The Lord Prosecutor and Attorney for the Defense mumble incoherently and we're doomed. Next we "kiss the baby", which turns out to be a mustard-colored salami. An "aide" promptly shoves our face, into the mire. Then we're off to see the Royal Barber who administers the coup de grace to our head. Such a crude "barber" too! Then onto the operating table and the Royal Physician squirts a vile liquid into our mouths which is destined to last for a week. Then a quick crawl through the "Pigs' trough" with the Royal Chaplain looking on. Then noggin' and hands into old New England type stocks, while somebody warms the seat of our backsides with a huge oaken paddle. Somebody rushes us into a huge coffin, where presumably we shall be buried after we've been sawed in half. But we get away with some sticky molasses like substance on our hair, pardon, heads. And now we've "had it" and survived. The huge gallery of spectators is kept roaring with laughter by the comical (to them) spectacle that unfolds itself in the Court below. The hapless pollywogs don't think that it's so funny. This sort of reminds one of the duels to death in the Arenas of Ancient Rome with the victims suffering and the spectators in the gallery enjoying it all.

Some of us couldn't take it and didn't "survive". Those of us who did have now been thoroughly initiated into the Mysterious Realm of the Ancient Order of the Deep. Lord Black, the only representative for the 643rd, came through. The honor of the 643rd was saved and we're all Shell-backs now. Thank you Lord!

September 6th—We arrived in hot Hollandia,

Dutch New Guinea. As we approached the harbor we saw, on both sides of its mouth, huge rocks perforated with great caves, reminiscent of Gibraltar. The town itself was at the foot of a large tree covered mountain range. A few of us managed to get "shore leave" on the wharf, only there wasn't any PX, a USO show or the Red Cross—but the MPs were there as usual. Fact was, the only thing was red mud and jungle. The indomitable wolves made inquiry of the feminine sex from passersby. They were answered "what women?" One of them allegedly composed this poem which I shall pass on to you and title it "New Guinea Lament".

Just give me a gal,  
With a million or two  
Or one that is beautiful  
Would happily do  
A sweet little thing  
Would send me any day  
Or one that is famous  
Would suit me o'k  
But if the Gal shortage  
Should get any worse  
Then go back to the very  
First line of this verse.

September 7th—We are still simmering here in this pagan territory, better called the Devil's Plantation. We've watched the natives paddle their small canoes in and around the giant cargo vessels. Sharks are swimming nearby apparently attempting to make a bill-o-fare out of the slender pickeral-like fish that seem to attach themselves to our boat. There are plenty of jeeps on the islands, also trucks. An oiler has drawn alongside to refuel us. This sleepy little place looks like a veritable fairyland, a town of make believe, from the boat at night all lighted up. Times Square in New York or Picadilly Circus in London have nothing on it.





## SAN FERNANDO P.I.



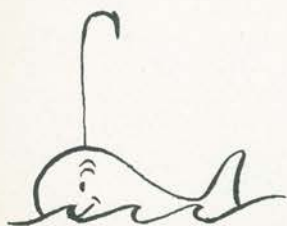
September 8th—We went north in convoy with a destroyer escort and a C-4 carrying about the same number of troops as ours, or say about 3,000.

September 11th—We passed along the East coast of Samar and through the San Bernardino Straits, which divides the island of Luzon from Samar of the same family.

September 12th—We passed north of Mindoro island and entered Manila Bay. The bay was hot and we could see the almost destroyed City of Manila across 850 invasion ships anchored in the bay. (over 500 ships were in the bottom of the bay. American, English and Jap ships sunk since 1941.) Through field glasses we could see bomb-scarred and shell-wrecked Dewey Boulevard, on the waterfront. Named after another sailor, Admiral Dewey, who had on another occasion sailed into the harbor.

September 14th—The Sea Bass pulled anchor and is again headed out to sea. We are now en-route to San Fernando, about 175 miles north of Manila. We are moving very slowly and the ship is riding out the ground swells. On our right, rising out of the sea, is the long finger of land known the world over as Bataan. In the spring of 1942 the American and Filipino Forces were pushed literally in the sea from Bataan and Corregidor. General of the Army Douglas MacArthur made his now famous "I shall return" proclamation from Corregidor. Return he did. The Stars and Stripes have now replaced the Rising Sun on the "Rock" and on "Bataan."

September 15th—San Fernando! MacArthur, we are here! We are now at San Fernando, La Union Province, Island of Luzon, Commonwealth of the Philippines. We have come from "Lands' End" to Journey's End!





# The Philippines

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

LAND OF  
"HUBA HUBA"



Aerial view, Base M.

Well here we are at last! From the rails of the "Sea Bass" we can see the coconut and palm on the shore a mile away. Everywhere about us are the hulls of Jap and American Naval and Maritime vessels. Others are awash on the beach. There were many destroyers, destroyer escorts, LST'S, and numerous other craft at anchor in the bay. The harbor is rather naked compared to the countless hundreds of invasion craft anchored off the Philippine Sea Frontier in Subic Bay, Manila.

Tugs towed a large floating dock out to the Bass and maneuvered it into place with some difficulty. They certainly received no assistance from the tide which pushed it in the opposite of the desired direction at every opportunity. Afterwards, those sea-going soldiers, the men of a TC Harbor Craft Company, secured the dock to the vessel and made ready for our debarkation.

At about 10 A. M. debarkation commenced. The headquarters company of the 7th Major Port was the first unit to debark. Then came our turn. We had previously gone through the preliminaries of packing and securing our gear and putting ourselves, (or getting put), in roster order. Then out of the hold (or hole if you prefer), we came. Up the long ladders with pack, that extra pair of shoes carbine and a duffel bag that felt as though it weighed a ton. Adhering to Newton's Law of Gravity and a childhood axiom that "Everything that goes up must come down," we saw that we had to go down again in order to get to the floating pier. And so a shove on our duffel bags and then a walk down a swaying ship's ladder. Upon reaching the dock we grabbed duffel bags and shoved them into a Dukk that had been brought alongside to carry us ashore. Then we were off. We gazed first at the shoreline then watched the

"dukk" drivers as they maneuvered their vehicles in and about the masts and hulls of the sunken ships and "rode over" the swells. After awhile the "Bloody dukks" swam right up to the shore and we transferred to open 6x6 trailers.

The Trailer-convoy got underway and we began to feel the heat. We rode along the beach for awhile and presently were riding through the village of San Fernando. Of course, that was the cue for some to give out with "San Fernando Valley." People along the way yelled greetings which in most cases were "Hey Joe"! Some youngsters yelled "Pom Pom," and giggled. We wanted to know the meaning of the word but got no explanation.

Enroute we viewed the block houses, bamboo huts, and the ruins of war. Along the way we were delighted to note "home town" names on the bamboo bistros such as "The Harlem Grill," "Hurricane," "Copacobana," "48 States," "Times Square" and countless others. As per usual and expectedly, the greatest attraction of all were the women. Their beautiful brown complexions would naturally remind us of some of the folks back home. We passed through another barrio, San Juan. Then the convoy turned left off the concrete highway and we were at our new camp. And camp it was with tents, sand for floors and a few mosquitoes to keep us company. We had the South China Sea, only a short distance away, for our bathing beach.

We set up house and listened to lectures by the company commander, Lt. Pelz, and the supply officer, Lt. Welke. They instructed us not to eat or drink in the native restaurants and not to fraternize with them for reasons of health and safety. (I might add that the good lecturer's breath was



wasted.) The boys bought bananas from the very beautiful vendors, who also did laundry. That's where the "fratting" began. Who says that you can't mix business with pleasure?

We learned that our new home was a staging area for troops about to embark for Japan. We crossed our fingers. It worked. Within a few days we packed again, retraced part of our steps and went to our hoped for permanent camp on the beach road at San Fernando.

Our new camp site is about all that one could ask for in the tropics. The company that moved out ahead of us must have taken much pride in its' area. We have a nice large partially screened mess, a day room, a screened orderly and supply room and latrine. Our huts are very comfortable. They're made of bamboo, two or three feet off the ground and with bamboo lattice work along the side. They had been wired for electricity and before long we had electric lights. At night we would lay in our beds under 'skeeter nets and listen to the waves of the South China Sea breaking against the white beach a few yards away. It seems as though they're going to come right up to our door and wash us away.

The company area is one of the best on the base we're told. The palm and coconut provide sufficient shade to protect us from the tropical sun. The beach, which forms one boundary of the area, offers excellent bathing. We're due to spend a lot of time there bathing and searching for shells with which to make trinkets for the folks back home. The fine white sands on the bank are sufficient inducement for sun bathing. Our friends the 644th are in the adjacent area. The carpenters busied themselves and screened the mess and built a new latrine. We're surprised to find squirrel size rats climbing the tall bamboo and coconut trees. The lizards yell "sick-call-sick-call" all through the night.

We'd hardly gotten settled before being called on to perform our "primary mission." The trucks pulled into the area and the gangs went off to the docks. The shooting is all over but the stuff to do the shooting with is still coming in. We began unloading munitions, tanks, artillery pieces, trucks, jeeps, ducks, etc. Night and day we worked around the clock and still there is always more cargo to unload. Ships were unloaded swiftly and then moved out into the harbor. Another, fully loaded one took its' place. This procedure was repeated countless times. And the ships still came from the U. S., Manila, Okinawa, and Japan. Those of us who worked on the day shift saw ships in the harbor on our way back to camp in the afternoon that were not there during the morning when we left for work. Many ships were unloaded in the harbor. Their cargo was placed into smaller vessels and dukks. War materials and equipment were stacked high and wide in out-of-doors warehouses.

Riggers came into their own again by working under extremely adverse conditions. All ships that were unloaded had been tied up at Panama for

months and the gear was rusty and rotted. This was another dangerous job. Many items of cargo were lost because of faulty rigging until our experts went to work. The salvage job they did on the English channel gave them a wealth of experience at rigging. Here they worked around the clock because there was such a back log of work. Ships had been waiting for three to seven weeks to unload. When we commenced operations they were unloaded in record time of 72 hours at the maximum and 36 hours if three companies worked around the clock on the same ship.

#### BACK-LOADING

Several weeks passed and we were still unloading supplies from the "arsenal of democracy." Then of a sudden there were no ships to unload. Fine we said. We'll rest now. And then it came! Back loading! Suddenly the docks and harbor was filled with unladen ships waiting to take on cargo for the States or carried elsewhere to be disposed of as surplus property. Work again! The process was reversed. We loaded the ships to capacity and watched the supplies in the store yards dwindle. O'k, we thought, American tax payers' money won't rot away at San Fernando.

Work we did and we played a little too. A few of us got passes to Manila and had quite a nice time. The majority of us visited the bars, grills, grottos, etc., of nearby San Jaun, Agoo, Bouang, Rosario, San Frenando. The "48 States" seemed to be the most popular of them all. It was alleged that it was more or less, the connecting link between another establishment (?) which some of us (law of average you know) occasionally visited. It does seem as though the MPs (meddlesome persons) curtailed (to say the least) our patronage to the latter edifice by putting the torch to it and it went up in flames. We looked for other sin spots and dens of iniquity, which indeed were not hard to find. Even a short sighted person could have found one with little difficulty. The "Game Warden" did, and he's near sighted.

Now it seems as though a certain beverage called Black Label, but more appropriately referred to as Dark Lightening, was the favorite (and cheapest) quencher of thirsts for those who were that thirsty. It may have had its better qualities. If so we regret that we haven't been informed of them. We do recall that said potion was alleged to have caused blindness and insanity in two soldier-friends of our acquaintance. Some of us got "sent" by Nepa wines, a sort of Oriental Sneaky Pete, Tequilla, cognac, Moonshine and calvados all in one. But then we survived. Time alone will tell if the derogatory effects are of a permanent nature.

Of course the good little boys always went to the American Red Cross Poro Beach Club located on the beach of that name about a mile and a half from our area. The sprawling club of bamboo and sawali was set amidst picturesque surroundings of palm, coconut and bamboo. Mr. William B. Walker of Washington was the director and Mrs. Dorothy W. Chance of Washington, D.



# Base M

WORK AND PLAY

Headquarters, Base M, American Forces, Western Pacific.



Our homes overlooking the South China Sea.



During Jap occupation of Manila, Americans were  
prisoned here in Santo Tomas.



On the beach of the South China Sea.



# LOAD AND UNLOAD



Supplies and equipment for pack loading.



Supplies from the Arsenal of Democracy.





C., and Miss Melvynne Sanders of Chicago, Ill., were the program and canteen directors respectively. Very competent Filipino civilians complemented the ARC staff. Mrs. Chance inaugurated Sunday afternoon vespers as part of her very interesting and varied programs. Chaplains from the various battalions were guest speakers. Then there were whist and bingo parties with cigarettes as prizes, movies, billiards, ping pong, and language classes, etc.

The Poro Beach Club reminded one of the luxurious clubs in the tropics that one sees in the magazines and movie travelogues. With the exception of the floor, which was made of wood, the entire club was made of bamboo and Sawali. This rambling bamboo structure was situated on the west bank of beautiful Poro Beach. The building itself was only about fifteen feet from the water's edge. The view from the club commanded a sweeping view of the bay, the native huts, fishing skiffs and tropical vegetation beyond. The club house was comprised of a main lounge, with stage, which served on dance nights as the grand ballroom, a library, billiard room, writing lounge, craft shop, canteen, and general office. Mrs. Chance displayed several excellent objects of art by soldier artists and craftsmen in the writing lounge. Poems by soldiers of nearby companies were also prominently displayed.

Miss Lowe, a member of the staff, left for service in Japan shortly after our arrival and so we did not get to know her very well. We did get to know and love Mrs. Chance and Miss Saunders and are appreciative of the many things, both great and small, that they went out of their way to do for us. The Poro Beach Club is now closed. The director, Mrs. Chance and Miss Saunders are now in Japan carrying on. Again we say thanks and wish them the best of luck. To the guys in Japan who'll get to know them we say,—"You lucky dogs!"

We found excellent "pickings" in the "barrios" of Bouang, San Juan and other villages. The trip to Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines and erstwhile "playground of the Orient" provides some hairraising thrills. The narrow road around the mountain, winds and winds always upwards. We leave the hot tropical valley behind and begin to feel the coolness of the mountain air. Enroute we pass huge caves that the wily Japs used to commandeer the road. No one could have asked for a more advantageous point. Enroute one sees large herds of lean hungry looking dogs. These are the "Eating dogs." The natives come out along the route to barter for them for Sunday's roast. We have just passed the boundary of Mountain Province in which Baguio is located. The sign reads "You are now entering Mountain Province." "We have the coldest jails on Luzon." Up further a sign reads, "Drive slow and live. Drive fast and see our jail or be buried." Still another, "Drive to the right and live." Up and up you go. Seems as though the jeep will leave the road and plunge into the deep chasm below. We wouldn't be surprised even if the wily Rocky Mountain Goats who had been around, would hesitate negotiating this steep



drive. The jeep chugs on. The scenery and steep grade reminded us of the almost vertical approach (on pack mule only) to the summit of La Citadel de ferriere, Christophe's Castle in Haiti. Further ahead we see another sign "Three killed here; seven wounded; five missing." The "missing" intrigues us. Looking down into the uncharted depth there is no further need to wonder. It is doubtful if any human has ever set foot in the maze of tropical vegetation thousands of feet below on an almost vertical slope.

Now a sign says that we are in the city of Baguio. We approach the city and there she is. White buildings set among well landscaped green grass and pine trees. The air is very invigorating. In the market place one sees the Aborigine Igorots who walk about the city trouserless in "G" string and a spear-like staff as part of their "equipment." A hurried visit to the Holy Family Convent and we observe the students under the tutorage of the Sister, making the silver service and the intricate designs of jewelry for which the city is justly famous. A run out to Camp John Hay, where was formerly located the Philippine West Point, and which now serves as a leave and rest area for soldiers in the Philippines. There they enjoy golfing, tennis, archery, etc. Like the rest of Baguio it is situated in the pines and reminds one of Aiken, South Carolina, or Southern Pines, North Carolina. It is truly the "Playground of the Orient."

Half way around the world we have met a very different people from those we left on the other side. Naturally our first thoughts were "What have we done to deserve this?" Yet we must weigh the few but wonderful opportunities that were before us to learn about the people on the other side of the world; to see and appreciate the beautiful tropical islands; to know that you as an individual are helping to better friendly relations between our country and our allies.



Upon landing here we found we were faced with a mighty barrier of customs handed down from generations to generations as written or unwritten laws. As per example: If a young man wishes to court a lady, some member of her family must always be in close attendance; Married couples generally walk together in public with the husband just a little behind and to one side of his wife. Along with his proposal, a young man must offer the young lady's parents a dowry and show that he earns a certain wage (enough to support the young lady in the manner to which she is accustomed.) There are many other customs that require notice such as taking off ones shoes before entering the house; eating with ones fingers and the genuine hospitality shown when visiting a Filipino home.

On our passes to Manila, we have had opportunities to learn more about the country and its people. Throughout the city is mute evidence of the ravages of war. However in some sections much of the modern culture and spirit had been preserved and was quite evident. Many stately buildings and modern homes were still intact. This was living evidence of a new culture and different plan of living, damaged but not wholly destroyed. We must give credit to the courage, fortitude and ingenuity that the Filipinos displayed after their famous city was practically demolished. Instead of be-moaning their fate, they immediately plunged right in with whatever tools and materials they could muster and proceeded to rebuild their country. They opened new stores and restaurants to supply the needs of the citizens. Many began to weave new clothes and tan leather. There were many families that had been left homeless and starving. They were soon busy providing makeshift homes and also food for the unfortunate.

When we first arrived we were astonished by the simple but compelling beauty of the women. It varied from a smooth creamy complexion to a soft chocolate brown. Their lovely features are crowned with an abundance of long luxurious hair. They are rather small in stature compared to American women but nature has endowed them with well formed bodies and extremely beautiful legs. Naturally clothing was at a premium when we first arrived, but with the wants of the people being alleviated by shipments of food and clothes from the States, we found that the women had a very distinct taste for wearing apparel. The men are somewhat small in size yet fairly handsome. Small features with a tendency to wear their hair straight back from the brow are prominent characteristics. They cut very handsome figures in their tropical whites. Of course, there are many who, even yet, are not able to afford to be well dressed.

When we docked at the fairly large town named San Fernando, on the west coast of Luzon, and moved into our company area, we did not know about the garrison regulations forbidding civilians from entering Army Reservations. I guess the Filipinos knew, but being people who are used to making themselves at home on any part of the islands, they came to welcome us and brought many souvenirs, different kinds of drinks, food and much desired information. Many of us from the European Theater changed our minds about the Philippines after such a generous reception. In a few weeks we became accustomed to hearing their many dialects, though many of the Filipinos can speak English very fluently. The principal language of the residents of Northern Luzon is Ilocano (Il-o-ca-no). Further south we have Pangasinang, in Pangasinang Province and Pampanga in Pampanga Province. The citizens of Tarlac Province and the city of Manila in the Province of Rizal speak Tagalog, the national dialect. Quite a few of the American soldiers have mastered some of the dialects to the extent of being capable of carrying on fluent conversations with the Filipinos. The Filipinos have various dances that are very interesting but difficult to execute. Recently, however, the American troops have been sponsoring dances with American music and American dances such as the fox trot, two step and even 'jitter-buggin' are becoming very popular. American slang is casually introduced into most conversations. Yes, we can honestly say that we have added to our host of friends, the Philippine people . . . But are the Filipinos becoming Americanized?

On 26 October 1945, one hundred nineteen of the original members and sixteen of the replacements enlisted in the Regular Army. A few days later seven more enlisted. The operating efficiency of the company, whose strength had been reduced from 225 EM to about 85, was impaired. 14 November when then enlistees moved out for the 5th Repple Depple in Manila, it ceased to be an active organization. The men remaining were transferred to the 642nd Port Company in the same battalion. For all practical purposes the 643rd was no more. Tents were "struck" and the last remnants moved away to their new assignments. This was indeed a sad day for those of us left behind to see the end. And so we say "so long to the Philippines and farewell to the simple folk in the barrios" with whom we shared tales of Europe and America over the juice of the coconut, Black Label or jungle juice. We wish for the people of the Commonwealth of the Philippines best wishes for the progress and pursuit of happiness when they achieve their Independence, for which they have long labored, on 4 July 1946.





The staff of the Poro Beach Club.



Poro Beach from the club.



Chance and Sanders leave for Japan.



## PORO BEACH CLUB







Luzon villagers going to early morning market, where they will buy rice, fish and other foods.



On the road to Baguio.



Native Bamboo and Suwali huts.



The Carabao—Beast of Burden.



The mountains and Valley of Mountain Province.

## ROAD TO BAGUIO



## "YOU ARE THE ONE, JOE!"

"On North Luzon  
We fret and stew  
While Palm trees whisper  
Nuts to you  
But for thee  
My darling  
Do I Pine  
So won't you  
Be my valentine?"

Searching brown eyes peering downward into innocent appearing black ones; a huge grimy ebony paw grasping a dainty brown one. A deep voice: "—And what are you doing tonight baby." The reply, (cooly) "It's up to you Joe!" Joe, warming up, confident that he's getting on "some time" parries, "Now listen babe, how do we stand with each other?" She, sweeter still: "You are the one, Joe!"

The foregoing skit, or a reasonable facimile, has been duplicated any number of times between "Joe" and the beautiful Filipino lassies strolling along the sandy beaches of the South China Sea or along the narrow dusty roads of Luzon. Some of the women have been quite sincere and true and some Joes have proved themselves faithful and worthy lovers. However our purpose, just now, is not to discuss the demure and chaste ladies of the islands but ratherly the particular parties given to wholesale infidelity and who have told many a Joe on many occasions that he was "the one." These personages we shall henceforth refer to as the "Ladies of Leisure." These are, of course, the Geisha girls of the islands whose sole purpose is to entertain the "liberators" as no doubt some of them did the Japanese during the Occupation.

Innumerable small stands border on the dusty highways that wind through the barrios. Most of these are sustained by GI trade. Here Joe, as the natives call all Americans, makes purchases of wines, liquors, souvenirs, papayas, bananas and other tropical delicacies. However some of these establishments are not what they're "put up" to be. Some of them are "dual-purpose" businesses. While they do a thriving business catering to the souvenir-famished GI they serve also as fronts for the "oldest profession." (Some of the "candy and cigar stores" back home are really policy and

racing fronts. Remember?) Invariably a well-beaten, though inconspicuous path, leads from the stand to another bamboo and suwali hut in the rear camouflaged amid a cluster of banana trees and other tropical flora.

The interiors of these cottages or "chambers of commerce," as the boys have so aptly named them, are radically different from most Filipino dwellings. To begin with they are larger and are given somewhat to greater privacy, suwali-thick partitions being provided for the semi-privacy of the guests. The GI equipment and furnishings are items of luxury which no peon of the provinces who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow can ever hope to match. GI cots with mattresses (and sometimes army linens) have replaced the thin mats of the peon. It goes without saying that these luxuries have been obtained through the GI-Filipino black market or have been "donated" through a barter system whereby the procurer "takes" it out in trade." Mosquito netting (secured no doubt in a manner similiar to the above) are welcome additions to some of the bedsteads. While the danger from malaria is practically non-existent in these parts at this writing a mosquito would have all of the makings of a picnic of his life during the course of the evening at his disposal. And of course with so many specimens to choose from he could afford to be discriminating if he had a mind to. (Some of the boys say that Willie Anophles has adopted the dive-bombing tactics of the Navy's carrier-bombers and must have long ago learned the secret of the Norden bombsight as they are exceedingly accurate). Of course I don't think that we need believe that the 'skeeters go around and draw blood for testing purposes before they decide what carcass they want as the evening's bill-of-fare! However in this atmosphere of seclud-



ed modernity there is still a trace of the primitive. Lizards, ranging in size from a few inches to a few feet, race up and down the walls in interminable pursuit of the elusive insects attracted by the lights. On a moonlight night one can peer out of the windows at the huge rats as they scamper along the limbs of the tall bamboo.

On pay days the pleasure-bent Joes go from pay table to their favorite watering spots where they tank up on Black Label, Jockey Cap or Bosse. The latter concoction is an Oriental version of Sneaky Pete. (Cheap red wine). With a snort or two of this under the belt they were in the mood to get in the groove and off they went, whiskey in belly, bottle in hip-pocket, in quest of a wee



Miss Orlando from San Fernando.

bit of horizontal relaxation. These pleasure-seekers are playboys for the day and paupers for the remainder of the month or roughly until next payday, thirty long days hence. However the unfortunate truth that the middle of the month catches them "unfinancial" does not in anyway deter or limit their desires to call upon the ladies of the bamboo casbahs. However, as might be suspected, these Lotharios, who in most cases will readily admit that they are "weak to the flesh" are rarely at wit's end and seldom without ingenuity when caught "unfinancial." They are at their scheming best when devising ways to secure the wherewithals for procuring what they consider the "necessities" of life. Luckily for these "libertines" the natives are sorely in need of clothing and will pay handsomely for GI clothes, blankets, mattress covers, mosquito netting etc. Apparently these patrons of the Chaplain-labelled "holes of degradation" concur in the opinion that there is nothing unethical about their practice of exchanging certain government

expensables in exchange for certain tangibles at these soirees. After all they say "Aren't Filipinos Americans too? No?" Anyway they are undeniably beautiful and because of that fact one could hardly be expected to "keep to himself." Their beautiful brown-skin oval faces appearing beneath a maze of long black hair along with flashing white teeth and black eyes are in themselves an adequate inducement to fraternization. These compliments of nature are in addition to well formed bodies partially concealed beneath colorful prints not exactly Schiaparelli but modish enough to accentuate the positive. It is understandable then that the boys leave them reluctantly looking as if they had held the losing hand in an allnight session of strip poker. The girls have talked them into letting them have their clothing for their "brothers" and "fathers." Several of these "night fighters" have returned to camp by a roundabout route clad in little more than their natal suit. One might easily and no doubt fairly be impressed by the astuteness and thoroughness of the gals at the Geisha houses. They are unquestionably Mr. Cordell Hul's most enthusiastic supporters and exponents of Reciprocal trade. (The boys call it mutual aid!) If one hasn't the necessary and most often elusive pesos which are requisite (Should we say pre-requisite?) for an evening's entertainment he need have no fear that he will lose out. If he has anything on his person of any practicable value whatsoever he is certain to get what he came after even though he leaves with far less than he came with. But then that's business and hoss-trading may not be a lost art after all. They will gladly accept your watch, fountain pen, cigarettes and especially the khaki. Chances are this Joe who converted his khakis to cash will show up the next day at the company supply to put in a complaint that some ornery critter has "beat him for his rags." Most likely the Supply Sarge has been through the same mill on the floss and so he directs the poor "unfortunate to the Chaplain who supposedly issues TS slips. (or so they say). Just as there are guys stateside who will neglect to clothe themselves properly for wine, women and song, we have over here their GI counterparts who will dispose of their GI wardrobes "for same reasons. Brothers under the clothes I guess.

On the doorway of the den of iniquity that we've been talking about the slogan of a well known brand of American cigarettes stands out in one of it's advertisements appended to the door. It says simply "they Satisfy." (You may draw your own conclusions but methinks that some GI placed the sign there instead of the native proprietors). The affairs of the club are administered in a very business-like manner. Here the careful observer may witness some of the purest examples of collective bargaining to be seen anywhere. If the GI guests entertain an idea of "bringing their own" they are sadly mistaken and due for disappointment as the houseboys maintain a closed shop. They can demand strict adherence to the rules of





Native huts—Hollandia, New Guinea.

the house as they operate under the Law of Supply and Demand. At present the supply is not quite equal to the demand. (The wiseacres say that comes mass Redeployment the house will change over to the Law of Diminishing Returns). The ingenious Joes who are addicted to practical jokes have added many signs of various kinds to these "club houses" in the same manner as does a college student to his room. Tacked on one of the interior walls was a sign for all to see. It read "Take all you want. Want all you take." This one was obviously filched by the fun-craving Joes from an army mess and most probably from one of those operated by the Engineer General Regiment along the highway near AGOO.

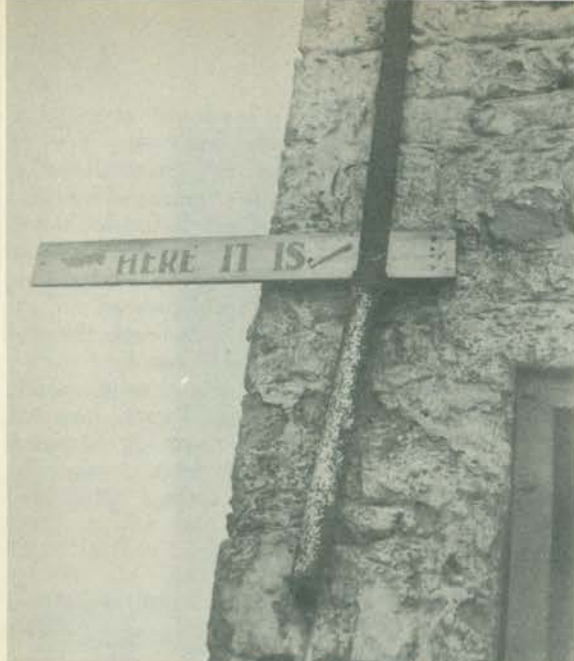
One of the guys who has been around these parts for sometime tells me that he knows a very chesty lassie with a very classie chassie who promenaded up and down the beaches wearing Good Conduct Medals about her sarong when the American Forces first landed at Lingayen Gulf. He claims that he saw her a few weeks ago minus the Spam ribbons but sporting the Distinguished Service Cross. Says that the boys around the barrio agree that in their opinion and professional judgement her "services" have merited this distinction.

No doubt, some of our younger Joes, were they at home, would have sublimated the "call of the wild" to things athletic, a splash in the ole swimmin' ole, sandlot baseball or football. However they chose to heed the counsel of the un-Godly, the older but not quite as wise, or merely followed suit and walked in the paths of the un-Godly. And so they "went the way of all flesh" and patronized the sin spots. Although, they have, so to speak, fallen by the wayside let us hope that these wayward sheep shall return to the fold as soon as they return to their homes, if not before.

And so our time has come to say goodbye to these uncertain ladies of leisure of Luzon. No doubt some of us shall as before, chase "our favorite Phantoms" and call upon their American counterparts. This does not seem unlikely since this trade has been plyed successfully and profitably for many long years before Christ.

We shall soon be on our way stateside. To those Joes just arriving from the states, we say "We know that you're going to enjoy them soldier 'cause they've been enjoyed before." (To the "ladies" we say, 'Til we meet again.") Any way it's up to you, Joe!"





"Here it is"—ask any beer-drinker what what is.

#### PUB-CRAWLING

with Wendell W. (The Finger) French  
 (The companys' foremost authority on Welch customs & traditions and especially on drinks alcoholic of any nationality. ED)

I should like to take the liberty and pleasure of dedicating this tale of the Welch Pubs to Mr. Ted Gillard, proprietor and operator of the "Three Blackbirds Inn," Cwmbran, Monmouthshire, South Wales. He is a personal friend to almost every member of the organization. There are few of us who have not enjoyed the hospitality of his hearth. Those of us who stopped by to "wet our whistles" were destined to return again and again, to the cotswold cottage-like structure nestled by the side of Blackbirds Lane.

We learned early during our stay in Wales that the Pubs are as much a part of the landscape as the pyramids are to Egypt. They have been a national institution for many years and no one doubts that like swing music, they are here to stay. We can think of no sane person who should wish it otherwise. Perhaps the fore-runners of the modern day pub (public house) were the Tea and Coffee "shacks" of the Romanticists and Elizabethians. Doctor Samuel Johnson and Geoffrey Chaucer used to sip tea, quaff ale and exchange pleasantries in just such establishments. No doubt the histories even go much further back than that. The pub is as indispensable to the Welch as is tea to all Britishers and as our double-feature movies are to us.

We discovered that a pub was more than a bar. It is to be exact a somewhat homogenous combination of a bar, town hall, womens' knitting and gossiping circle, game room, public meeting place, farmers grange and what have you all in one. The patronage of the Welch Pubs that we visited was composed almost exclusively of miners and their families, factory workers and men and

women home on leave from His Majesty's Forces. And, of course, the inevitable "Bloody Yanks."

The pubs were the first spots that we looked for on our first passes. We wanted to quench our thirsts. It was a little difficult at first getting accustomed to the lukewarm beer. We couldn't ascertain the value of the British pounds, crowns, shillings and pence. Rather than struggle and try to fathom it out we most invariably thrust out our hands filled with the stuff and asked the pub-keep to take what he wanted. They were, of course, honest. With some assistance from new acquaintances, whom we met there, we soon learned the monetary system. It wasn't long before we realized that a pound was worth four bucks even if it did look like a soap coupon. This was the beginning of our orientation into Welch customs and peculiarities of speech. Their "mild warm beer" turned out to be a very potent potion as some of us found out struggling to get back to camp on our own momentum. It sort of ran in one end and out the other and we were constantly asking "Where is it?" Some ingenious and thoughtful person put up a sign saying "Here it is!" and then we always knew. The beer reminded us of stateside sloe-gin. It sort of crept up on a guy from behind and then boomerang, he was in boozy spirits! One of the boys who had previously fought a losing battle with it remarked "It has a retroactive effect." Then there were Shandys which seemed to have



The "Fighting Cocks" at St. Albans. One of England's oldest houses.

been a mixture of suds and cider. The ales and cider were on the "bloody ball" too. A quart of cider and a seat near a warm stove could and did perform miracles with the equilibrium. We were never able to find sufficient quantities of spirits in the pubs in Wales but the lush pubs of the English Channel towns and the Scottish Highlands more than compensated for that which we had missed.

We loved to visit the pubs because thats



where we first met our new friends. Of course, we went there often to continue our acquaintances. And the Welch hospitality—! Well, if you've never been entertained by the Welch in a pub then brother you should have stayed at Back Bay in Boston. You should never have used that bunk on the Wakefield that some other more appreciative and well deserving bloke could have used. When we crossed the threshold we were most invariably greeted by a round of "Hi there mate," "Lo there Yank" and "Have one on me." How could one forget the very strong handclaps of the somewhat gnarled hands of the miners; the firm handshake from the man in the Forces or the ever so light squeeze of the hand by the gentler sex. All of these contributed to making one feel as if he were at home.

Teds' Three Blackbirds was the favorite of the majority of the pub-crawlers. Just for old times' sake suppose that we make a flash-back to our "first love" and see what's doing there during a typical night of the week. Any night could be called the "typical night." There's Sergeant Willie



Holy Island Plays It's Part.

Sloan playing a medley of tunes on the piano; Sergeant James Stephens would be leading the pub-crawlers in "We'll always be together." Private First Class Albert Britt would be sipping suds and have two arms around as many smiling, chirping lassies. Pfc. James Towns, Pfc. Monroe W. Clarke, and Cpl. Jimmy Sanders would all be eyeing the same little girl and vieing with each other for her

favor. There's "Whiskey" Townsend saying "set 'em up again and again. Don't let 'em git empty!" He'd brandish a few fast dwindling pounds and say "and there's more where they came from." Private First Class Rufus McSwane, Chairman of the Board of Managers of the Malpas Fresh-air Fund, would be waiting by until closing time. Then he would guide his patrons to the Malpas Country Club which was over the hill, across the dale and near the old canal.

Seregant Julius J. Carter would be discussing the relative merits of Welchman Tommy Farr and American Joe Louis with a Royal Artilleryman. Sergeant Oscar Leach and a farmer would be holding down a smoke filled corner, mitts filled with mugs, discussing hunting and fishing. These two are oblivious to the noise and chatter which surrounds them. It does seem possible, though hardly likely, that Thomas Grey might have had just such a spot in mind when he wrote in his "Elegy"—"and each shall chase his favorite phantom." That's just what everyone is doing tonight. Every man is to his own pleasure. In another room of the pub a girl from the forces would be playing darts with one of our men while her mother kept score. And on into the night the festivities and merriment would go on. We say into the night. However night quite ofen does not fall in Wales until nearly "mid-night." The pubs close at ten PM which may be dusk or twilight, depending upon the time of the year.

The Welch love to sing. They are somewhat partial to the Old English ballads and Irish folk songs. In our "hazy lazy like, kinda crazy like, North American Way," we converted them partially to our downbeats and boogie. Before long they were giving out with Hit Parade numbers and the other popular tunes of the day. Of course, the ballads were up our alley as well as the folk songs. And so we joined in with them.

Most of the pubs where we downed suds had about three rooms. A public bar where the flash-back action mentioned above usually took place, a private bar and a small room with blinds to hide those who didn't care to be seen in the public section. The lovers preferred the private bar for it was here that many tender romances were born and nursed along. Most of the lads and their lassies came in here to spoon and to drink. 'Tis said that a Welch lassie looks best through a mug o' beer but methinks that they look good through anything.

In closing permit yours truly to make the observation that the pubs and the folks who went there played a very vital part in maintaining our morale at a very high level. We shall never forget the "Rufera," the "Half-way" and our first and last love, the "Blackbirds."

On our last night at the Blackbirds everyone was toasted until his and her legs felt as if they were made of rubber. Then everyone stood and sang, "We'll always be together," in emotion filled voices. We emptied our mugs for the last time. The old clock on the wall slowly and seemingly reluctantly struck the hour ten. Ted leaned across the bar, looking unusually somber, and announced "TIME GENTLEMEN, P-L-E-A-S-E!"





Sgt. Evander T. Griggs (RA)  
1534 E. 12th Street  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina  
"Vander"

How could one ever forget his infectious giggles especially when he's giggled up on giggle juice? One of the best liked men in the outfit. Another winch-operator turned driver, and a damn good one at that.

#### FLYING ON THE CROSS KEYS LIMITED . . . .

(A tale of a six-by-six between two cities on route sixty-six . . .)

"Listen my children and I'll be very thorough in recounting my tale of James Roseborough . . ."

Thus might some Welch grandmother, two generations from today, put her grandchildren to sleep recounting the hair-raising exploits of Corporal James L. Roseborough, better known as "Flite-Lootenant" (D.F.C., D.S.O. with bar and Spam Medal.) By this time the renown Flite-Lootenant of Cross Keys will have become as well known in English Fables as the redoubtable Ichabod Crane of Sleepy Hollow. Children will lay aside Grimms' Fairy Tales, Dickens, Hans Christian Andersen and Robert Louis Stevenson to read about the bloody yank who sped about their peaceful countryside in the middle of the night

No doubt you have all heard of the famous and patriotic ride of the Yankee mule-skinner Paul Revere and of course the aforementioned Icky, Mister Crane. To be sure you've seen the speedy diesel-electrics that whiz past on the country's railways. You know whereof I speak. The ones that require two people to see them. One who will say "Here she comes" and the other to say "There she goes." You should be tired of hearing that Mohammed went to the mountain because the mountain wouldn't or couldn't come to him. And of course you know that after a very tough struggle Hannibal did cross the Alps. In physics and

science you learned that light travels faster than sound. While you were across the pond you found out that the buzz-bomb could outfly the RAF tempests and the V-2's outdid sound. But verily I say unto you these phenomena are trivial compared to the tale that you are about to hear.

Who then is this mad rider? What sort of an egg is he? How does he shape up in our books? Well ole man he is about the best hell-on-wheels master of a 6x6 GMC that ever put foot on an accelerator. The six-by-six of his choice is called "Jeanne" after a lass of his choice up Cross-Keys way. Officially Rosey was assigned to ferry the pleasure-bent boys on pass to and from the dance in Pontypool way. In between times he allegedly made "dashes" up Risca and Cross Keys way. The latter towns are in the opposite direction. The flights thru Risca, which was a whistle pause on the way to the Keys, had all of the makings of a permanent trip to the land of Nod. There were many curves on this road which was built like Hazel Scott. Neither curves nor crossroads fazed him. Once he stepped on the gas and started for his destination there was no stopping. It behoved all and sundry to get not on the side but off the road and stay behind. The word danger is not in his vocabulary and the element of it never entered his mind. On these flites everything that was behind him stayed behind and everything in front soon got behind. And that included MPs', too. To send an MP jeep out to apprehend him was like dispatching a ruptured terrapin to catch a wild jack rabbit stimulated by a shot of Sloan's linament up his tail. The flite lootenant says that "piloting" Jeanne over the Welch territory was like "taking candy from a baby."

We remember on one occasion, when we were unwilling passengers on the Midnite Express he turned a curve so fast that the engine bumped into the tail gate and smashed it because he rear was too slow catching up with the front! It is also on record that a couple of MPs were hospitalized because of wind burns sustained from being too near the road when he flew by. Truth is that bystanders never exactly saw Jeanne. Most often they heard a noise not unlike the Swan Song of the Green Hornet and then a breath of hot air and that was all. The purring motor of Jeanne was a symphony to his ears. When he put her in second in Cross Keys the pedestrians and motorists in Risca, three miles away, hauled oxen (or words to that effect) for that "flying bloody fool from Buffalo." There were supposed to have been curves on the route from Cross Keys to Malpas. However we don't think that he ever saw them. If he did he damn sure acted as if they were insignificant bubbles on the stream of progress.

Instead of stopping while the trains passed at the crossroads in Risca, Roseborough tooted horn and the gates dropped across the tracks to hold the trains back. As he sailed by the Crossroads Pub, with accelerator renting the floor board, a miner who set his watch by Flite Lootenants timely trips, lifted a mug of beer in the air and toasted "Run 'em down you cheeky bugger."



# The Malpas Country Club

"RELAX, BE HAPPY, AND ABOVE ALL  
KEEP IN TRIM"

Much has been said about the ultra exclusive health resort known variously as the Tavern-on-the-Green, Cabin-on-the-Canal and sometimes as the Stork Club.

The activities and festivities of this Spa which might possibly have had something in common with White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia or Bad Nauheim, Germany, were looked after by the very lordly and benevolent internationally celebrated host, the Right Honorable Rufus B. McSwane; K. G. (Knight of the Garter.) Whole-heartedly sharing the responsibility of this thriving community were the very quiet and dignified Earl of Gaither and the exuberant Sir Clyde Mayo. Sir Clyde was accepted into this closed corporation after having served an apprenticeship as a private caterer. He is known in military circles as Sergeant Stack.

The estate is composed principally of two brown buildings and a vast acreage of well landscaped lawns and gardens. There are several thoroughfares leading to the club buildings. One approach is by way of the very beautiful Malpas Canal which flows as gently as the Sweet Afton. Here one crosses a picturesque little bridge and is then on the club property. One observes signs saying "Do not trespass, Private Property." However regular members and patrons disregard these disfigurements to the landscape, and hurry on. Another approach is through the wooded preserve that adjoins camp Malpas Court then down into a ravine and over the vale. Canal visitors are not encouraged to journey by this route as it is a concession reserved for charter members.

The club houses stand on a knoll that overlooks its vast acreage. One of the substantial structures is most often referred to as the Grand Pavilion. It is completely air-conditioned. Three of its four sides are open giving the lounge an unobstructed view of the lush meadows and the Grand Canal. The second building, of magnificent construction with huge hand hewn beams, is reserved for the entertainment of the guests. It has several private rooms for the relaxation of the club's clients, all of which are very well furnished and appointed.

The clientele of the club have been culled from the Blue Books of Society. Mayfair and the Riviera are well represented. Park Avenue has had one representative. The titled personages who entertained and were entertained there could fill a volume the size of Webster's unabridged dictionary.

All has not been smooth sailing however. There are the usual gate crashers and social climbers. A group of bandits led by the notorious "Duck" gained admission to the premises and "abducted" the entertainers. These unscrupulous culprits also ransacked the linen closets and carried away all of the fine linen and woolens. What a pity!

The grass surrounding the club got out of hand due to the labor shortage and Mr. McSwane

and his eminent associates were forced to turn loose a very fine herd of Guernseys and South-down Ewes to keep the lawn in trim. In the meantime they busied themselves with maintaining the club's conditioning program even though beset with the aforementioned adversities. As a matter of fact your writer recalls the welcoming sign at the magnificent Gothic entrance gate (from the Rivera side.) It read, "Welcome to the Country club. We will make a better man of you. Keep in in trim here!

The distinguished patrons who took the "cure" represented the top drawer of Camp Malpas Society. The Sage of Frogmore and the Right Honorable Ernest Jenkins, Squire of the Carolina Lowlands, held a private underground passageway. The Game Warden came to grouse around in the hunting preserve. We hear that he always bagged the limit of quail during the open season.

The excellent cuisine of this chateau was provided by the Viscount Amity Allen, Founder, President, Chairman of the Board and factotum of the International Order of Greying Grey Lovers. His noteworthy contemporaries in this field were Baron Herbert Boom, the Viscount Angelo Holman and Sir Jay Bird Hester. They made notable contributions and served without compensation as the supervisors. The duties of Superintendent and Housekeeper were attended to by the ingenious Sergeant Stack. His excellency Lord Cuff, concerned himself with seeing that there were sufficient quarters, kind and sizes of well chosen stock and entertainment.

All of the patrons without exception went in for riding. Some rode western style, some rode the English Saddle. But the majority took to the Southern Seat which they introduced to their Allies and which, quite expectedly, went over with a much bigger success. As might be expected damage was done to the hay used by the mounts and the rider. The gentleman farmer, who had leased the property to the enterprising businessmen, demanded an immediate redress of fifty pounds. Of course this caused quite a scandal. Squire McShane immediately sent for his barrister, Sir Robert Pelz, and instructed him to institute proceedings for libel against his accuser. However the parties concerned settled out of court and business proceeded as before.

The eminent scholar, Mr. Edward Pygate, had reason to call upon this chalet during his spring holiday from study. He was in the company of the playboy Jesses Thompkins, who was there for a rest having been confined to his Castle-on-the-Canal. The management frowned on what it termed cheap publicity for its guests and so did its clients. The gilt edge guest book, which could tell many tales if it could talk, was kept locked in the vault at all times.

As one leaves the magnificent grounds by way of the bridge that spans the Canal, he is



reminded by a sign that reads "you have entered and are leaving these premises through the courtesy and benevolence of the 643rd Port Company."

### MEMORIES OF YOU

(Things, persons and places that we shall never forget.)

The way Roseborough could and did fall asleep anytime anyplace . . . Willie L. Green's plea to the world not to "fence me in 'cause I ain't nothing but the bloody truth!" . . . The fit that John Blount had when the monkey paid a midnight call to his bed on Luzon . . . The escapades of General Cherry Red and the Channel Commandoes . . . The time that the Cuff threw dust in the Duck's and the Top's face when they tried to chase him in Malpas Woods . . . That famous gripe-session when everybody told the brass off and the brass told everybody off . . . M. Sanders' dramatization of that famous incident at Myles Standish when somebody forgot to salute somebody else . . . (Git back thar, Lieutenant. Throw it on me!) . . . Those wild hair-raising "rides with Rosey" . . . The long hikes with Lt. Bryson at IGMR, Pa. . . . The saying "Men! We did it! We did it once and we'll do it again!" . . . That last night at Malpas when the colonel of the Port made an awful ass of himself . . . Said later that he did it all "to protect us." Have we ever needed any protection that we couldn't provide ourselves? . . . That famous trial at Newport when we thought that one of our boys would surely lose his head . . . The way Savoy Wilson used to knock himself out crooning to himself . . . The rip-snorting Bob Cheek flying off to fight the Battle of Bunker Hill again . . . the way that Britt, Joe Sanders, Jimmy Sanders and everybody else used to ride his scooter while he slept . . . The races that Barnes boy Brownie used to race the cars up and down the turnpike . . . The time that the Cwmbrian girls stole Maizy Doats puppies so that they could have something to remember the 643rd by . . . (As if they didn't have enough already!) . . . Those impersonations of Willie Sloan and those moods he used to get into . . . The way that O. Dick could slump into a chair and stay there for hours without moving . . . The way that everything seemed to tickle Fletcher McCoy . . . The manner in which Drag Payne grew round shouldered from patting himself on the back. And those over sized clothes he used to wear in order to appear broader . . . The time when M. C. Boyd came into the orderly room crying because his tooth was "killing him" . . . Angelo Holman anytime when he is asleep . . . The way Jaybird Hester tells you that he knows that he's "ugly" . . . The recitations of Slo'Leak Nobles, the poet from Stratford-on-the-Alabam . . . The dangerous tricks that the Finger played on his bunk mates . . . By right he should have been in hell long ago and must now be living on borrowed time . . . The many occasions when Mose, The Lord and Geech chowed down on the Tops' ham. He ate some too, without knowing it . . . The way Zeigler and Dickie Bird Weaver turned their hut into a rotisserie . . . The times that Willie Newman threatened to tear it but never did . . . The week that Eat-em-up stayed high as a kite cele-

brating Victory in Europe . . . The time when Amity Allen sent back to the states for clothes for his English friend . . . The time when Theodore Graham found it necessary to come out of the second story window . . . The time when the sweet little thing in Cwbran gave Geech Wilson the twister to her slammer and he asked her what to do with it . . . The occasion when Joadie Johnson and his crew stopped the dance in Newport . . . The time when Frank Alston volunteered for the infantry. We remember when he "couldn't" make those short hikes at the Gap . . . The Hell that Hathcock pitched when he was taken off of limited assignment classification and given general classification . . . The time when Lil' Sutton became afraid of the water at the Gap . . . The scuffle between Eat-'em-up and Griggs . . . Eat-'em-up said, "I don't care about no ratin,' my buick is all the ratin' I need . . . The time when Lonney Scott tied Waddell to a tree in Luzon . . . The famous letter that those reformed characters, Waddell and Harrington, Limited, wrote to their friend Lt. Pelz from the Newport Rest-club . . . It was a Lulu.

### G-I'VE BEEN AROUND

In the army a guy gets pretty much attached to his fellow soldier. Chances are he spends more time with the fellow on the next bunk than he did with his brother who shared the same room with him back home. He eats with him, sleeps with him, works with him, shares his toilet with him, fights with or agin' him and plays with him. The guy on the bunk above you may have been a thief, the one to your right may have been a gambler, the one to your left a murderer and the one across the way a kid just out of high or in his frosh year at college. But you're all in the same boat together now and you're all in a game where both sides play for keeps and the winner takes all. Regardless what you think of these men one thing is certain you've got to live with each and every one and maybe you'll have to take orders from that guy with blood on his hands. The men in the know don't know the man from the campus with the tweeds and flannel from the hepster from the avenue all a-zoot. It's not likely that they'd care anyway. Chances are that each of these men from the many walks of life knows something that you don't which might benefit you if you'll only take time to listen. And usually instead of being aloof you listen. You observe that the man who has been a murderer is unusually kind to animals and maybe the ex-gambler willingly gives several times the amount that you contribute to the Red Cross with only a fraction of the hulla-baloo that you've put forth. You learn then that if you aren't careful that superiority complex may do an about face and leave you with a feeling of inferiority about certain things. If you're wise you'll just use others as a mirror to see yourself better and strike out for improvements. You agree then that the army is a "great leveller of men" and marvel at the way a dictatorial system has brought a democracy to the place where it must all begin—your heart.

—W. B. B.



## AS HE SEES IT

### A RECRUIT BELIEVES THAT

All officers are gentlemen.  
Army chow is the lick.  
SOS means ship in distress.  
He can drink anyone under the table.  
All women are ladies.  
WAC are Soldiers, too.  
His bed is his best friend.  
A PFC is a helluva guy at the Reception station.  
The army is quite a thing.  
Reveille is an abominable thing.  
A pass is a privilege or reward for good soldering.  
Someday he's going to be a sergeant.  
Cheese eatin' and bucking are deplorable.  
The army expects every man to do his duty.  
He's going to be the best soldier in the company.  
Crime doesn't pay.  
Going AWOL is like playing hookey from school or running away from home.  
Orientation & Training films are interesting.

### AFTER 13 WEEKS OF BASIC A PFC BELIEVES THAT

There must be officers.  
Army chow ain't fit for a dawg.  
SOS is a vulgar name for creamed chipped beef on toast.  
He can drink a great deal.  
Most women are ladies.  
A WAC is a WAC.  
His carbine is his best friend.  
Pfc means praying for corporal.  
The army is an "impossible" thing.  
There's no good reason for reveille.  
A pass is a right.  
Just now he'd settle for a corporals two.  
After all a man's gotta be ambitious.  
Second looeys are wise guys.  
The army expects a helluva lot from a guy.  
He's going to be a good soldier.  
Crime doesn't pay as much as it used to.  
If he'd gone AWOL he wouldn't be where he is today.  
O & TF are better than drilling.

### THE PLATOON SERGEANT BELIEVES THAT

Officers are a necessary evil.  
SOS is a damn rotten dish.  
He can drink someone under the table.  
Some women are ladies.  
A WAC is not necessarily a Whac  
The eagle who screams is his best friend.  
PFC's are very smart soldiers.  
The army is on his list.  
Reveille is a pain in the unmentionable.  
A pass is a pass.  
He isn't sure that he wouldn't prefer being a PFC.  
Bucking is an ole army custom.  
There are just two bad people in the army. A 2nd Lt. and a BG. The BG knows that he's bad and the 2nd Lt. thinks that he is.  
The army expects too damn much.  
He'll soldier until the CO comes across with that Dependency Discharge.  
Crime could be more lucrative.  
If he didn't have too much to lose he'd go AWOL, too.  
He'll be able to cop a nod while the looeys are gassing off with the 'cruits.

### THE TOP KICK BELIEVES THAT

Officers are unnecessary and a pain in the neck.  
Those choice cuts of steak reserved for him are the lick.  
SOS is true to it's name.  
Maybe someday he'll meet someone whom he can drink under the table.  
Ladies are women and women are women.  
A WAC is definitely a woman.  
He has no friends.  
There are too damn many PFC's.  
The army ain't from \*\*\* --- ... ..  
Reveille will tell the story.  
A pass is good bait to make a soldier do what you want him to.  
He is Mr. Big, Henry VIII, Louis XIV & Cromwell.  
Its' o'k by him as long as the bucking is for Tech Sarge or below.  
2nd Looeys are very dumb guys who took correspondence courses in soldiering.  
The army expects a damn sight more than it's gonna git outta him.  
His soldiering days are over.  
As long as he can get his paws on the passes crime will march on.  
They never found out that he had been AWOL several times too.  
Orientation gives the shavetails something to do and keeps them away from him.



## CAROLINIAN AT CAMBRIDGE

Immediately upon arrival at Cambridge University I registered at Stuarts House on Mills Street. I was assigned quarters at Trinity College, founded in 1546 by Henry VIII, whose statue occupies the centre niche of the Great Gate. There are three noteworthy gates at Trinity, The Gates of Humility, Virtue and Honour. It is the custom for students to enter the first on his admission to the college, proceed thru the second as he takes residence and upon the completion of his studies pass through the Gate of Honour to receive his degree. Through these three gates I proudly walked.

Sir Isaac Newton, William Shakespeare and Thackeray are products of Trinity. Lord Byron, the eminent poet, as a student, kept a bear in his room.

The classes were held in the parlour of Caius College. Here I heard noted lectures on many subjects of current interest. "France" By N. Scarlyn Wilson of Pembroke College; "The Everpresent Past" by Professor S. A. Cook of Caius College; "Why Shakespeare?" by D. R. Hardman, M. A., L. L. B. of Christ's Church; and the "Problems of Germany" by E. J. Passant, M. A., Sidney Sussex College. Of the several interesting lectures, I enjoyed most of all, "Why Shakespeare?" by Dr. Hardman.

Social activities after classes included a tea in the lodge of the Master and Mistress of Downing College, Admiral Sir Herbert and Lady Richmond. Here I met the Lord Mayor and other prominent citizens of Cambridge. Lady Richmond, as a hostess, is a peer of the socially impeccable and indefatigable Emily Post and Elsa Maxwell . . . Never a dull moment for the guest. She is charming, gracious, and also, very beautiful.

On Thursday evening, Mrs. Debenham, head of the Department of Geography, gave a tea for eleven of us at her home. Here we enjoyed the genial hospitality of seven beautiful young ladies and of course the equally as handsome hostess, the like which has never been received elsewhere. We danced, chatted and played games.

One afternoon I asked three of my male associates and four young ladies to join me for a few hours along the bridle path. Thinking myself a master of horseflesh, I requested a spirited animal. My request was granted, much to my later regrets. I found myself sitting on the ground twice within a few seconds after mounting. Upon my return with aching and swelling buttocks, the stable master presented me a bill for L4-15', which did my pain no appreciable good. This I will long remember for the rest of my stay in Europe I was still suffering from that financial blow.

At the close of the week I walked through the Gate of Honour with a certificate from the University.

—S/Sgt. Thomas L. McKinney

\* \* \*

London cabby: "I take the next turn don't I?"  
Robert Lawrence: (In back seat) "Oh, Yeah?"



Cambridge on the Cam

Guardhouse, Newport Civic Center  
10 July 1945

Our dear friend Sergeant Black:

How are you at this present moment? Fine we hope. We are fine in health but not in spirit. Our epistle for today shall be short, not that we didn't have a great deal to say. You know we always have lots of talk for you. Since we have gained the honor of being your friends, we thought it would be a great pleasure to write you and thank you for everything you've done for us since we have been with you. We are hoping to get out someday and return your kindness to you. Since we have nothing but "time" on our hands we hardly know where to go from here. But trying to refresh ourselves further we might add that we are going to make up our minds to do nothing but the right things when we do get out. We have learned our lessons, and that is the last time that we will go AWOL again. Convey our sentiments to our mutual friend, Lt. Pelz, Well Sergeant Black now that we have come to a loss of words we know nothing to do but bring this letter to a close. While closing we hope you the best of luck.

From two fellow soldiers,  
Pvts. L. C. W. and L. J. H.

P. S. We are having a fine time and wish you were here. We realize now that crime doesn't pay (as much as it used to.)

\* \* \*

She: "Stop or I'll tell your commanding officer."  
Lt. Welke: "I am the Commanding Officer."



## A SOLDIER SPEAKS

So, you are sick of the way the country is run  
And you are sick of the way rationing is done  
And you are sick of standing around in line  
You're sick, you say, well, that's just fine!

So, I'm sick of the sun and the heat  
And I'm sick of the feel of my aching feet  
And I'm sick of the mud and the jungle flies  
And I'm sick of the stench when the night  
mists rise

And I'm sick of the sirens wailing shriek  
And I'm sick of the groans of the wounded  
and weak

And I'm sick of the sound of the bombers dive  
And I'm sick of seeing the dead, alive—  
And I'm sick of the roar and noise and din  
And I'm sick of the taste of food from a tin

And I'm sick of the slaughter—I'm sick to my soul  
I'm sick of playing a killers' role  
And I'm sick of blood, the mud, and smell  
And I'm getting sick of myself as well

But, I'm sicker still, of a tyrant's rule,  
And "conquered" lands where the wild  
beasts drool

And I'm cured damn quick when I think of the day  
When all this hell will be out of the way  
When none of this mess will have been in vain  
And the lights of the world will blaze again  
And things will be as they were before  
And kids will laugh in the streets once more  
And the Axis flag will be dipped and furled  
And God looks down on a peaceful world.

—Anonymous.

## IF YOU CAN'T BE GOOD BE CAREFUL

When I look up at the stars above  
I think of you darling, the one I love  
I think of times that I have spent  
Since accepting the invitation of the President  
But now I'm in the army, as you very well know  
And I can't get around much anymore.

### II

But sooner or later I'm coming home  
Once there, from there I shall never roam  
Regard as "off-limits" every dive and den  
And stop cabareting and pomenading with  
other men

I love you more than words can tell  
So please be careful baby, I'm already in hell.

### III

I can't help think of the times we once had  
Baby thinking of them really makes me very  
sad

I'll be glad when this thing's all through  
And we can meet at our secret rendezvous  
Then close together we will stay  
As long as we like, both night and day—  
For peace and good will in our hearts shall always  
abound

When I caress you, my darling, and my  
Golden Crown  
So honey please stay straight and don't go wrong!  
Cpl. Samuel McMurray

Sgt. Johnson: "Hey Owens would you like to see  
some bubble dancing?"

Pfc Leemon B. Owens: "Sure would."

Sarge: "Well get the hell over to the mess hall  
and wash those dishes."

\* \* \*

Sergeant Allen: "Another bite like that soldier and  
you'll leave the mess hall."

Sandy Gourdine: "Another bite like that sergeant  
and Ill be finished."

\* \* \*

London kid: "Gum Chum?"

GI: "Sister mister?"

\* \* \*

London Lady: "I say soldier would you help a lady  
in trouble?"

Irving Williams: "Say lady what kind of trouble do  
you want to get into?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Jimmie Sanders: "Do you know the secret of  
popularity?"

Mary Blackbirds: "Yes but not tonight."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dean I. Meminger: "Aw c'mon let's go for a walk  
over to the haystack."

Lady: "Didn't I tell you that I was a lady?"

Meminger: "I don't care nuttin' 'bout your past!"

\* \* \* \* \*

DEAR CORPORAL WILSON: Come see me to-  
morrow night. Papa is laid up with a sore foot.

DEAR ENID: I can't come tomorrow night. I'm  
laid up on account of your father's sore  
foot. . . . Cpl. Wilson.

\* \* \* \* \*

## IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?

Lt. Pelz: "—And now you are enroute to the Philip-  
pines presumably to participate in the com-  
ing invasion of Japan. Are there any further  
questions?"

Pfc. Marion Tyson: "Just one little one sir. Is  
this trip really necessary?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Recruiting Officer: "—And now how many of you  
would like to join the paratroopers?"

Recruit: "Well I don't know. Sort of dangerous.  
Suppose it doesn't open?"

Recruiting Officer: "That my friend is what one  
calls jumping to a conclusion!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Said one little strawberry to another little straw-  
berry: "If we hadn't been in that bed together we  
wouldn't be in this jam now."

\* \* \* \* \*

J. W. Rorie: "How did your blind date and  
you get along last night?"

Weston Furgess: "She said, stop, my lips are  
for another."

Rorie: "And what did you say?"

Furgess: "I said, hold still and you'll git an-  
other."



# YANKS AT OXFORD







THE MESS IS HERE!  
(How 'bout that mess?)

Well how about that mess? Well the mess is here. Civilians and army men alike have long recognized the undeniable truth that the army travels on its stomach. One school of thought interprets this axiom meaning literally that a soldier's favorite means of locomotion is to crawl on his belly, glow-worm fashion, presumably to toughen his anatomy for the rigors of war. This is the same manner in which we "suffer through" the infiltration course. The other extreme, however, holds that the fighting man's locomotion is largely dependent on his stomach being supplied with a well-prepared balanced diet. The fact that Socrates said that "Some men live to eat but I eat to live" does not enter into the picture at this time. We'll take that up in due course.

The fact remains that many army "cooks" are not masters or even good students of the Culinary Art. It is not expected that a "snatchee" cook will be a Parisian or New Orleans Chef or another Oscar of the Waldorf but we do expect that a cook will be something more than an over-rated KP. Soldiers are the most discriminating gourmets in the world. We recall our first "square" at the Gap after that long cold ride through the ice and snow. Boy was it delicious! Pfc (later S/Sgt) Allen busied himself and crew and served a very delicious meal. Gee, we thought we were going to have some good chow here. (We were surprised later!) Herbert Boom, Raymond C. Robinson and Overton Barron were his cadre assistants. Kennedy, Holman, McIver and the unforgettable Froneberger came up from Fort Bragg with us. Old George (Sgt Walker's personal friend) was our dining room orderly until he decided that he wanted to be

be a civilian. (The whys and hows are covered in another chapter.) Well, things went along OK. Allen decided that he didn't want to be mess sergeant and so he became first cook and Boom the mess sergeant. Holman and Allen were promoted to Tec 4 as first cooks.

Presently, Froneberger went to the hospital with "my knee" and James Barnett, a Tennessean, became DRO and finally a baker, Donaldson and McIver were turning out biscuits and pastries like Ford's Willow Run. Froneberger paid us a visit from the hospital to inquire about his "rating." Capt. (then Lt. Crevensten) made him a "first class" soldier and he returned to the infirmary with peace of mind. Holman went down to Fort Dix to attend a two week's course in Dehydrated Foods. When we arrived at Boston POE Froneberger decided that he could cook stateside meals only on the stateside and so we left him in Boston along with Raymond C. Robinson who had deserted the kitchen and had become a platoon sergeant. Another cook, John R. Wright, joined us and we "swam" the Atlantic to England. Cousiniers Wright and Barnett became officially a culinary team as well as vintagers. They collaborated on a vin-like beverage known as "make it, shake it, take it, and break it." (This was private stock.) And so feeling in good spirits they made long distance runners out of the here-to-fore crippled Willie B. Brooks, also Lonnie Scott and Willie Newman. They were content to make sprinters out of many others. On one occasion Wright proceeded to break-up our "maison du detention." Finally, our friend Wright received an invitation from the infantry and went off to mix it with the Germans in the Battle of the Bulge. Thus ended a very colorful era and pleasant friendship.

Kennedy and Holman continued to "cook," Mose Sanders' favorite dish "Poke" Chops. Donaldson, McIver and Barnett continued to do admirably in the pastry line. Barnett was thought by many to be the master of his field. However, you can get an argument there anytime. These three turned out delicious cinnamon rolls, cakes, pies and biscuits.

Donaldson, a very likable fellow, somehow managed to get himself involved in a number of unusual "situations." Apparently his sense of direction was very inaccurate as he was always getting lost. His desire to do favors for all sometimes resulted in unpleasant incidents.

In May 1945 we moved by rail from Newport, Wales to Dover on the English Channel and pitched pup-tents on a hill over-looking Bomb Alley. It was here that our mess sergeant did a magnificent job. Sgt. Boom was hospitalized and Sergeant Allen assumed "Command." Aron Foster was our ace keeper of the flames for the mess hall. McIver busied himself with putting the stoves in good working order and the entire mess staff including the Shakespearean "Slo" Leak Nobles and the roly-poly Pickett, prepared some very tasty meals. The first of these we enjoyed in the out of doors over looking the English Channel. Our man Donaldson enters the picture again. This time





Cpl. James Abrnett, baker, slices a butterscotch pudding that he has just baked for the men of his unit.

two friends of his, Mose Sanders and Bahamas Taylor staggered in from Deal late of a Saturday Evening after prolonged festivities. They decided that they wanted some of Sunday's roast chicken fried on Saturday night. It has been alleged (well he got blamed anyway) that Charlie befriended these famished foot sloggers and tossed them an "Insignificant" bird out of the window. Whereupon said gentlemen improvised a barbecue spit outside of the chow hall and proceeded to prepare the gospel bird in a manner representative of the best southern and British traditions. (Mose was once a short-order cook and motorcyclist all in one and Taylor has the soul and hands of an artist). All went well and the two lushies began to "destroy" the fowl amid giggles and screams of glee from Mose and excited Bahamas accented laughter from Taylor. The two admired and enjoyed their culinary masterpiece. The merriment was in careless abandon and the aroma of barbecued meat, carried along by a gentle-Kentish breeze permeated the air. They were presently joined by interested and hungry observers coming in from pass, passers-by from the latrine and early risers from-their-beds. With few exceptions all

joined in a chorus of "gimme some" or "how 'bout some of that mess." Mose rolled his eyes contemptuously and Taylor appeared to be out of this world and couldn't hear a thing. Talk brought on more and louder talk. This seemed to be too much upon the ears of the slumbering Sgt. Allen who, upon being awakened, arose from his bunk and went to investigate. Charlie Donaldson got it in the neck and Sanders and Taylor got it in the belly by being refused chicken the next day.

One of the main complaints of the cooks has been that the men always complain when the stuff isn't ready, but never hand out a compliment when it is. As Al Smith used to say "let's look at the record."

We do remember when we stumbled out of bed in the pitch darkness for reveille and fell back in shortly thereafter without bothering to pay the mess hall a professional visit. (Could have been that some of us were eating breakfast elsewhere and maybe some of us had "K" and "C" rations stashed away.) Anyway we went on "Strike" and refused to eat breakfast which usually consisted of "iron-cow" milk and "spattered yeggs" (scrambled powdered eggs.) In the interest of Allied harmony we will reserve comment on the Welch bread received through lend-lease, I mean lease, lend, oops-mutual aid! I should not even mention the spam (what am) or the so-called "luncheon meat" under disguise and that saucy Aussie "sausage." And so we went hungry, grew thinner and got gingivitis. The dental officer said that it came from vitamin deficiency resulting from not eating "breakfast foods." We said to hell with 'em and continued to sleep late. Well, the Commanding Officer, Captain Crevensten, decided something had to be done. And so he called a meeting of the "mess staff" (no laughs or wise cracks please) and decided to make some changes in personnel. Cpls. James Barnett and Isiah McIver were put on the "Swing Shift." They began making coffee that tasted near like what any GI coffee can instead of an unmentionable name; rerouted the butter from the Haystack, Risca and Chepstow. We were then having good java, hot buttered biscuits, crisp bacon and on occasion hot cakes. That dood it. The mess hall again became mecca and the pilgrimage to it started again. And the staff was once more on our side.

When we arrived in the Asiatic-Pacific, Jay Bird Hester, Thomas Johnson and James Terry became full pledged members of the culinary staff. Terry went to the Quartermaster mess management school at San Fernando as did James Alford, another excellent baker of long civilian experience, who "baked" his way across the Pacific on the Sea Bass.

But all in all our cooks without exception did a very commendable job. What they lacked in experience they made up in willingness to serve and ingenuity. Our hats are off to them.

Cpl. Jay Bird Hester has earned for himself the reputation of being the "stingiest cook in the whole damn army." He has never been known to give a man a full spoon of food. His obsession





is that he just must leave part of your helping on his spoon. (And he wants to run a restaurant!) Sergeants Angelo Holman and James D. Kennedy served ably in their capacity as first cooks. The highly efficient manner in which all members of the mess staff served, without exception, cannot be over emphasized. It is not believed that the army has produced a more competent efficient and conscientious mess sergeant than S/Sgt. Amity Allen. He again took charge of the mess hall after S/Sgt. Boom was transferred from the company in Wales to the Zone of the Interior. Sgt. Allen was not content to supervise the mess but did many of the jobs usually reserved for the other members of the mess staff, from first cook to KP. He shall not easily be forgotten.





## HOPES FOR A NEW YEAR

A New Year filled with joy and bliss  
Will give this world it's greatest wish  
We pray that God will bless us, and in the least,  
Will reward us with a world of peace.

Though parted from our loved ones far and near,  
We hope for a reunion in the coming New  
Year

There'll be cheers galore and loads of joy,  
Prayers answered by God for mother's boy.

We fought and lived thru threads of fear  
And gained friendships that became very dear  
And now the time has come and we must part,  
To return to our loved ones, dear to our hearts

And now a song and a prayer to our God  
Giving thanks for Victory for which we labored  
long and hard,

And may we rejoin our old friends and loved ones  
so dear,

And live happily ever afterwards in the  
coming New Year.

S/Sgt. Savoy Wilson

\* \* \* \* \*

Pfc. Jethro Green has recently discovered that  
just because a girl tells you that she is free for  
the evening does not mean that it won't cost you  
anything to take her out.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE M. P. IS MY PROTECTOR

The MP is my protector  
I shall not go astray  
He maketh me to abide by military law  
He protecteth my property  
When I am AWOL, he returneth me to camp  
He leadeth me in the path of Righteousness  
For my own sake  
Yea, though I drive through a red light  
I will fear no evil  
For they are with me  
Their brass and their guns  
They comfort me  
They prepareth a guard before me  
In the presence of mine enemies  
They hold me with a steady hand  
When my top blows over  
Surely my resolutions shall direct me  
All my days in camp  
Or I will dwell in the guardhouse forever.

Pfc. Lewis J. Bryant

## ENGLAND

(Written aboard the Sea Bass bound for the  
Asiatic-Pacific.)

I'd love to be in England  
For there's much there for me  
I'd rather be in England,  
Than on this spacious sea

I'd choose to be in England  
For it's a lovely place  
Besides whenever I turned my head  
I saw a smiling lassie's face.

My preference is Merrie England  
Where the country folk are kind  
And of course there is always something  
To sooth a weary mind.

I'd rather be in England,  
With it's meadows so very green  
Gosh! It's the most beautiful scenery,  
That I have ever seen.

I like the lovely meadows  
And the beautiful landscape too  
There's always some place in Britain  
Where nature lovers may go.

I just love being in England,  
Certainly there are many reasons why,  
Why I could lay contented forever  
And watch the clouds go by.

Surely I'd adore being in England  
Want another reason Why?  
I could lay out on the grass at night  
And count stars in the sky.

Gee! I'm homesick for England  
Although it's not quite like home  
It was just another stopping place  
For this lonely GI to roam.

Pfc. Thomas L. Daniel

\* \* \* \* \*

Lt. Petz: "Where in hell did you get those huge  
overalls?"

Lord Black: "Oh these? These are my Churchillian  
britches.

Lt. Pelz: "What do you mean?"

Lord Black: "Never before has so much held so  
little for so long."





THE STRONG (UNDER) ARM OF THE LAW  
(Mums the word)

Somebody yells, "Bob Cheek Rides Again!" And there goes "The" Staff Sergeant Robert W. (Wolfus) Cheek whizzing by on his kitty car. The booted blood-hound has his famous nose to the ground in search, not of the "Holy Grail" but in quest of culprits, vagabonds, nincom-poops, scalawags, AWOL's breakers-of-arrest, wayward travelers, resident members of the Haystack and MacSwane. One is instantly reminded of the spectacular ride of the legendary Ichebod Crane when Cheek starts by in his gas scooter pursuing the hunted over the moors of the Kings country. To be sure the Welch often thought that he was a modern version of Ben Hur riding to hounds, and they weren't exactly wrong, as there are those who will readily testify that he did ride to "hound" them. Not that our law-enforcing Provost Sergeant was a villain in any sense. On the contrary he was a friend to all of the men. At night, astride his speedy motorcycle, he might be a modern version of Paul Revere, another famous Bostonian, reminding the British of the unpleasant fact that the Americans were there.

There are some who claim that he sanctioned the establishment of the Malpas Country Club, better known to its patrons as the "Hay Stack." Again there were those who refute this statement and offer as rebuttal his apparent refusal to offer the "protection" of the long lamented arm of the law to this thriving establishment. It has been

pointed out by friends however, that the brethren did make a complimentary call or two to this renowned "spa" during the wee hours of the morning. Due to the fact that the solons had never received confirmation of the good sergeant's "stand" or (lay) on things, quite a little commotion was caused during the few moments that it was necessary to determine if the said sergeant's visit was official and non-political, or non-official and political. At this point in the narrative your writer was rudely interrupted by a wayward traveler and therefore unable to ascertain the remaining facts of the case. I am persuaded to believe, since there has been no adverse publicity to the contrary, that the famous Blood hound from Boston passed a very pleasant evening partaking as he saw fit of the bountiful entertainments of this private club.

But then our very efficient Corps of Military Police were not limited to the very colorful escapades with the now legendary gauleiter Sergeant Cheek. There were Sergeant Howard Shaw, a rather quiet and friendly chap who along with Sergeant James McArn crept slowly along the winding roads of Newport, Risca, Cwmbran, Ponty Pool in "lil' Eve," stopping now and then to give a lift to a soldier whose giggle juice had gotten the better of him or to pass the time of day (or night) with the Welch. Presumably the latter courtesy was to strengthen Anglo-American relations.

And of course there was Corporal Albert (the silent one) Shepard and Pfc. James (the more silent one) Waddles who spent their time in a manner not dissimilar to the above only perhaps more discreetly. Of course one could never forget the very studious Corporal Sam McMurray and the very tall and quiet Corporal Neal McDougall. Those two old cronies and barracks mates Corporals Oscar W. Dick and Alphonso W. Grayson were very welcome efficient members of the "head-whipping" detail. Memory does not recall that any of these gentlemen ever found it necessary to find out which was made of sturdier material, a billet or a soldier's noggin'.

The intelligent manner in which the above men conducted themselves and discharged their duties has elicited praise from all who have in some way or the other come in contact with them. As liaison between the American and British Forces their work has been commendable. By their exemplary conduct they set a criteria for deportment and good soldiering not easily paralleled by even the most diligent and intelligent of men. We know that the misunderstandings, that inevitably appear between peoples, that they have helped to set right, have left a favorable impression in the minds and hearts of our British comrades not easily forgotten. They chose to believe that intelligence and cooperation, in handling any situation, was far wiser than the axiom that might makes right.





Now Hear This—Joadie

No doubt all of us, in varying degrees and manners, will experience some difficulty in readjusting ourselves to the rigors and mannerisms of civilian life. After all is said and done we are all agreed that the army is quite a thing. The point where we disagree is that the army is THE thing. That is where most of us draw the line of demarkation.

Enroute to the zoot you should remember that unlike the old maid who died at a ripe old age, "you can't take it with you." It may not be a sin to git it but it damn sure is a curse to be down with it and you just ain't nowhere if you keep it. So git without it if you've got it.

On your first day at home don't grimace and say "Oh! my aching back" because friend wife may get the impression that you're not up to par or that you will be unable to perform your "primary mission" or that you tarried at the "house by the side of the road" and didn't come straight home from the seperation center. Now don't start wrong. Be right from the beginning, brother Joadie.

On your first morning at home (and don't call it the barracks) it shouldn't be necessary for you to have reveille as the beautiful woman should be close at hand. The children shouldn't be too far away. Now then, if the younger generation has grown up since you went away and has veered slightly from the right you must bear in mind that

juvenile delinquents are simply kids wanting or trying to do what their parents have been doing all along. However if you feel that you shouldn't spare the rod and spoil the child you might just as well capitalize on your military experience. Suppose then that we appoint dear wife as first sergeant. Then you can fake reveille in the aymens since you're naturally the company commander.

If junior, sister, or little brother forgot whose turn it is to manicure the breakfast dishes or trim the front lawn, have the better half keep a duty roster so that each will do their share of KP. You can dispense with interior or perimeter guard. If you didn't post a guard or a seeing eye dog( who could talk) on the job before you left you won't need one now. Either Joadie did or he didn't while you were across the pond. Besides you can't be too hard on Joadie now. Don't forget that you're a Joadie now yourself. Of course you can always audit the bank deposits which we can refer to as the company fund. If what should be there ain't it ain't likely to git back. All that you'll discover is that Mother Hubbard's little cupboard is bare again. However in your addition if you find that if you put two and two together and it don't make four, then try to make it twenty two. If it doesn't just say "oh what the hell!" 'Cause you haven't been Saint Peter yourself in the Garden of Eden across the sea. You must remember Mr. Joadie, that present day marriages and love affairs are on the fifty-fifty plan. Never forget that while your shoulder was leaning on the bell on somebody else's front door somebody else's fist was probably pounding hell out of your back door! Let's not forget that. You should have bought that electrical refrigerator for the little woman before you left home. All of the icemen weren't drafted. Even those who were overworked did have time to stop in the kitchen for a cold drink, and that's where it all started. Now if you've come home after being away for two years, to find a three month old 'cruit taking basic training in your company area then you'd better recommend a General Court Martial for the Top Kick.

It might be a good idea to continue your weekly orientation lecture in a round table discussion. You can tell Junior about the world as you saw it and what's going on across the pond. Maybe he'll reciprocate by telling you what's going on in your parade ground and who's been holding down the fort since pappy went away. It wouldn't be advisable to include any lectures on the evils of the traveling salesman and the farmers daughter or in your case the gallivanting soldier and the miner's daughter. He probably knows all of the jokes of the traveling variety. It probably would be helpful in this Enlightened age to present the facts of life to Junior once a month in a sort of refresher course. Take for instance the time that you've decided that henceforth and from now on you're going to have your monthly short arms or long arms, inspections (whichever word is appropriate.) At that time ask him to take you into his confidence and you'll probably be amazed at what you'll learn.



The battered up medicine chest in the bathroom should take care of sick call. From it you can dispense pain-killers and cure-alls that will take care of the usual tummy aches that usually crop up around lawn-mowing or dishwashing time. Also cramps from eating green apples and maybe Saint Vitus dance. Don't make the mistake of putting your trusted Black Label in a bottle labeled Castor Oil. Junior is hep to the jive and on his off moments goes around sniffing the bottles. Remember if you're going to take blackberry wine for a cold or the dysentery he's likely to develop one, too. So keep your colds, and remedies for them, under cover.

The payroll situation can be dispensed with by dumping the little yellow envelope into the dainty hands of the sweet little thing. It should not be necessary for the kids to sign on the line for their weekly allowance. After your allowance has gone prematurely by the way of the gin-mills, for shortsnoters, or for butts and billiards, don't go home and ask the Top for a partial payment. Just suppose the two weeks vacation with pay will have to take the place of that thirty day furlough—that you were entitled to but didn't get. However, don't blow the ticket seller away when he charges you an "exorbitant fee." Remember your half-fare days are over. Even when you become old and go into second childhood you've still gotta pay whole fare. Half for the first childhood and half for the second. Same difference.

Now you know that you've been continuously AWOL from Chapel services. You didn't even have to grease the palm of the Chaplain. Now that you're back on the main stem in the free world you will have to cough up some gold so that the village vicar can have chicken every Sunday and a seat down front at the burlesque. Besides you're going to deduct it from your income tax returns anyway.

When you go out for a stroll in the park on the Sabbath don't march in a squad column. You'll only attract undue attention and passersby will say that you're "notoriety folk." Do permit the Top Kick to walk beside you instead of behind. That goes for the offspring as well. Since we've got it settled that she may walk beside you (you didn't walk alone across the Big Wet you know) don't insist on her walking on your left at all times simply because she's Junior. Forget about rank. You may be the king but as the queen she's probably the dynamo in the powerhouse that runs the throne.

Spruce up. Become a gentleman. Remember that gentlemen are made not born. If you've acquired the habit of writing things such as "A man's ambition must be awfully small to write his name on the out house walls" don't do that on the

tile in your bathroom. It sets a bad example for the kids. Besides you're no critic. How do you know that the gent's room journalist has no ambition. Maybe he has no other public outlet for his work. Stop grinding those butts beneath your dawgs. Place 'em in the receptacle. That's what they're for. Besides the ash tray manufacturers have to make a living, too, haven't they?

When your squaw asks you for something or other, for Pete's sake (if your name is Pete) don't point and say "I've got your whatever it is 'by 'ere!" Brother that's suicide! Never tell your Fraulein to "be at ease and do as I say do." 'CO that's bad, bad, bad . . . She might put you "at rest." And in conjunction with this let me remind you. Don't ever nonchalantly leave that Jap or German musket laying around fully charged. That ain't confidence friend. That is carelessness, which is better name for homicide. If you've kept all of your GI ten thousand insurance (dead man's alimony) then brother you ought to be hearing Gabriel blowing Taps right now. In your dreams you should see white horses pulling cassions and you may be blizzed, without your boots on, before dawn.

If I were you I wouldn't go calling the dainty little thing names like "Cheeky Bugger." Nor would I tell her to "bug off." If you don't know what the score is tell her so. Be frank, but don't say "It beats the hell outta me!" That's crude and therefore deplorable. You may not hit the bull's eye every time. You may even get Maggie's drawers. After all in the law of averages there must be some near misses as well.

You had to be on time for all formations in that man's army so why not be on time for breakfast. She won't be able to appreciate your snatching a bite and running for the 9:20. How could she? She doesn't work on the principal of hurry up and wait! Now listen carefully if you don't want to walk around with a tourniquet around your neck don't say to her, "That's the stuff you gotta watch" or "Tough stuff" (or words to that effect.) Each time you make these mistakes you're surely chopping off some of those three score and ten. It is inconceivable that you could be so stupid as to tell her to "blow it out her barracks bag." That's terrible enough and there's always the possibility that she might think that you're intimating that she's an old bag! How awful!

Unless you want to start something it is advisable that you refrain from reminding her that you've "been in the army." She'll most certainly inform you that she has weathered a couple of nylon campaigns, which aren't tame, brother. And if you believe that the "weaker" sex can't hold it's own then just take a ride in a New York sub-way during the rush hours. Keep your nose clean turn Uncle Sam's suspenders loose. You're on your own now!



# The Duffle Bag

By Sergeant "Two Face" Williams

The reason I kept two locks on my Duffle Bag was a Military Secret. Today I have the keys so I will expose the insides to you. The locks kept hidden from you my little correspondence Mate, who has given me the future of my PORT HOLE friends. So here are the Predictions, fellows. If you don't like them, blame them on the Duffle Bag and not on me. It was you who wanted to know what was in it. So here goes!

"Heavy Liquor" McDonald of Oxford, NC, will spend all of his money trying to get a job in an ABC Store and will die broke with a dry throat. Clarence Richardson will not become a Preacher, but will open a Bosse Distillery in Columbia, S. C. Cpl. William "Rugged" Ligon and "Jay Bird" Hester will be employees of the O. C. Leach and Sons "False Teeth Factory." I see Tom "Marble Eyes" McKinney and Theodore "The Chow Hound" Riley being thrown out of a New York Cafe because they lined up for "Seconds." George Zeigler, Jacoba Weaver and Fletcher McCoy will become authors. Their first edition "How to Win an Argument." Dean "Georga Boy" Meminger and Leroy "Bess" Grant will become professors of English at Harvard. If Hawkins does not go to the Bar, the bar will come to him. William "The Lord" Black will be kicked out of the New York Bar Association and will open a Cigar Store in Four Oaks, North Carolina. His parents will be Rufus "The Cuff" McSwane, Robert Cross and Evander T. Griggs. James "Mail Man" Sanders and Wallace B. Pruitt will become cattle ranchers because of their experience with sheep. "Slo' Leak" Nobles will play the title role in "Othello" at the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon. Wallace Wade will take over when Frankenstein gets too old.

All of the predictions are not bad, here are the good ones. Sanford "Cheese" Berry and Isaac Lane will sweat it out in a Tobacco Warehouse with John Dingle sweeping. The future seems bright for Alonzo Payne. He will sell advice to the Washington lovers, Thomas "Route Step" Daniels can stop his poem writing because he will conduct setting up exercises in a Pinehurst Sanatorium. Charles Taylor will lay down the pen and brush for an open air barbershop. Royster Baldwin, Roy "Jelly" Wallace and Herbert Dunbar will make with the clean shaves.

Shed a tear in your beer for James Terry and Thomas Johnson. They will put away the lightweight forks and spoons for something heavy like the shovel and pick. Julius Carter and Sam McMurray and Henry Wilson cannot say they are "Too Young to Know." I cannot wipe away the fate of James Stephens, Furman "Whiskey" Townsend, Lonnie Scott, and James A. Towns. They will

open an "English Style Pub" in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Robus McEntire and Lothel "The Presser" Barnes will become racketeers in South Chicago. Beware my boys, Bob Cheek and J. E. Waddles of the FBI, will pay you a little "visit." Over South Wales way skipper Alphonso W. Grayson will get it smooth and rough. He will make the England to Manila trip again but this time he will be at the helm of Liberty Ship "SS Oscar Dick." Walter Sutton will be First Mate.

The crooners, Savoy "West Coast" Wilson and John "Joadie" Johnson will lose their voices to the Mortgage Man because of an unwise investment in a fish and chip shop. Julius Graham and Jake Forney will no longer be the "Housemen" where the boys can lose their money, but will open a grocery store in New Jersey. Much luck fellows! Arthur P. Harris will trade his 6x6 truck for a 1 1/2 ton panel job and a jolly good salesman for the Palmolive Pete Company he will make.

The local zoot-suiters and drape shapers, William "The Drag" Payne and Albert Britt, will become a little conservative when they trade their woolens and cottons for blue denims at the Carolina port while on police call.

Marion Tyson and Curtis J. Norris will follow Dan Gatewood and the "Dart Board" a little too far. The first time that they start a dart game in a "jive joint" somebody is going to git hurt. John Bolden, Rufus Bickerstaff, Monroe Dinkins and Arthur A. Amos have really kept our mental works going. Be on the alert boys, the Jody "Ball and Chains" are metal, too. Joe Sanders and Theodore Smith may cop first and second prizes at the International Liars Convention in Atlantic City if the don't tell one too large for entry. Our "herb doctors" will be Jethro Green and Henry Gerald. Their first patient will be Willie Sloan, who will sell his interest in Sloan's Liniment Factory and reenlist in the army. My best regards to Sandy Gourdine and Nat Harris. They will become associates in an Anti-Rice Lovers Association with headquarters in Charleston.

Heaven help Elijah Blake and Alonzo Tyson. They will fritter their money away on their invention—a Tickle and Goose-proof Weskit. Lewis Glover will always have that Boston gloss on his boots when he retires and becomes the Sage and Beau Brummel of Frogmore Hollow. We poker players must keep an eye on Messman Amity Allen or he will catch us in a booby-trap when we patronize his "Cafe Elite" out Chicago way. James "Whisper" Stroud may become the traveler and story-teller of the Carolina Lowlands, if we can keep him away from the beverages. Lewis Davis and Jacob Dove can be seen driving those block-long cars about town any old day. Yes, they are in



the chips now. You may expect to see Clyde Mayo and John Blount near the "Drug" Corner getting their favorite medicine "old rub."

The baby face of Henry Wilson will become worn and haggard from the worry of seven little kiddies trying to take his place. If at anytime Cleather Hathcock's fingers get stuck to a new type Royal or Remington while window shopping he may get a chance to lose some of that energy he has stored up. Don't worry about our "Boogie King," M. C. Boyd. He will move right up front in Carnegie Hall and then he'll knock at the front door of the Met.

I see that Justice Robert L. Pelz of the New York Court of Appeals has just been nominated by the NAACP as the recipient of the Spingarn Medal for 1960. Texan Thorvald Nielsen is listed as the new owner of the King Ranch, the world's largest. Ed Welke is now coaching the pigskin eleven at the University of Milwaukee. Daniel C. Crevensten is a Colonel in the Regular Army. Lawrence Saltzman, who used to be a Foreign Service Officer is now Ambassador to the Court

of Saint James. Fitz Morgan is now the owner of a huge plantation which once was the state of Mississippi. He has three expert cotton pickers who strangely and co-incidentally are named Bilbo, Rankin and Eastland. Down Beat has just named Charles E. Waits and his band as the best of the year. He is now appearing at the New York Paramount . . . Colonel William H. Walker is now the Commanding Officer of Camp Lee, Virginia.

Well so long fellows. "You have had it." Now you know the most intimate secrets of my Duffle Bag. If you do not like the predictions drop into Tommie L. Washington's and Elliott E. Jackson's Bar. Have a highball and charge it to me. Remember, don't take any wooden nickles. Don't touch anything that is marked "Taboo." Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. Sergeant "Two Face" will lose one of his faces.

Remember . . . No. 2, The World.

Yours,

Two Face.





# Sports

By John R. Williams

In changing the scenes of their strong arm exhibition of stevedoring the 643rd Port Co., can also boast of many contributions in the Sports program. Under the supervision of Lt. E. C. Welke, Jr., athletic officer and Sergeant John R. Williams, athletic assistant, the off-hours were spent at thrilling events in the basketball, baseball, boxing and tennis fields.

The athletic assistant was able to find some very good up and coming athletes from all sections of the U. S. The baseball team was sparked by the brilliant performances of the pitching staff headed by Samuel J. Burris of Illinois, a hefty speed ball pitcher. Howard Shaw of Pinehurst, N. C., curve ball artist. Jesse Hollis, of Lagoff, S. C., the submarine, and Pfc. James A. Hall from N. C. play in a great part in the relay role.

The infield was built around Julius J. Carter the "King Kong" first baseman from Winston Salem. Cpl. James A. Sanders the Raleigh "Play-boy," covered the second sack on the "Flash Gordon style. Sanders, also brought many thrills of the games with his base running tactics. The chatter of the infield came from Albert Britt in the short stop position. He was noted for his side stepping in setting up the double plays. The "Tobacco Chewing Williams was at third base with his eagle eyes. The hot corner was always watched by the spectators.

The outfield included "Big Fred" Houston, the Florida fly ball chaser, who packed a heavy wallop at the plate. Willie Moody the fly ball hawk, also a Floridian and Allen "Jay Bird" Hester of the North Carolina Hustlers was noted for his leaping catches. The catching duties went to North Carolinian James D. Kennedy and Virginian James G. Stephens. These boys used all of the tricks in the bag in handling young pitchers. Eleven wins, two set backs.

The boxing honors went to Elliott E. Jackson, light heavyweight of Indiana. The mat lovers will always remember his terrific right. Willie Brooks of Michigan the welter weight was famous for his left and right hooks which caused many of his Norfolkian opponents to leave the ring on the groggy side. John Story fighting in two divisions feared no comers along with Hobert Lawrence of Winston Salem. Shelman Lewis of Miami was a wizard to all of the light weights. The heavies were Julius J. Carter, "Big Fred" Houston and Albert Britt.



Riddick and the coconut.

The Tennis Courts of England and Wales will never forget such athletic netters as Charles Taylor, Nassau, Bahamas; North Carolinas Tom McKinney, Isiah P. McIver, Leon Henderson, Long John R. Williams, and New Yorker, William "The Lord" Black. The basketball teams owe their victories to William "The Drag" Payne of Milwaukee and Chicagoan Amity Allen in the forward position, Wallace "Detroit Red" Reid center, North Carolians Jimmy Stewart and Richard Stubbs, guards. Others were South Carolinians Edward Pygatt, Oliver Pough, Weston Furgess, and North Carolians William E. Riddick and Albert Britt.

The soft "Ballers" were Fletcher McCoy of North Carolina and Amity Allen the under arm "Chunkers." Charlestonian John Dingle was behind the bat and always gave the umpire a hard way to go. Portland Haynes of Philadelphia, North Carolians Angelo Holman, Sam McMurray, Leon Henderson, Troy L. Robinson and South Carolian Dean I. Meminger made up the infield. John "Jody" Johnson, formerly of A and T College was outfield boss who always kept the boys on the ball or on the alert.

The athletic officer and yours truly have enjoyed working with you regular fellers. Don't forget to look your scribe up on the stateside, because Sergeant Georgie E. Keigler will finance the upkeep of a good baseball team. My address will be number two (2) c-o "The World." Here's looking at you—!



## CHUCKLES CHATS AND CHORTLES

I think that I shall never see  
A girl refuse a meal that's free  
A girl whose hungry eyes are fixed  
Upon a cake that's being mixed  
A girl who does not in summer wear  
A screwy hat upon her hair  
But girls are loved by fools like me,  
'Cause gosh! Who wants to kiss a tree?

\* \* \* \* \*

Welch Lady: "I have no sympathy for a guy who gets drunk every night."  
Whiskey Townsend: "Lady a guy like that needs no sympathy."

\* \* \* \* \*

Trial Judge-Advocate: "And what kind of boys were they?"  
Cpl. Troy Robinson: "Sir, they wuz grown boys!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Provost Sgt. Cheek: "Listen soldier, you were speeding see?"  
Flight Lt. Roseborough: "Well the brakes don't work so I was rushing to get home before I had an accident."

\* \* \* \* \*

Rufus B. McSwane: "I'm on guard tonight baby."  
Baby: "So am I!"

\* \* \* \* \*

### EPITAPH ON THE GRAVE OF AN ARMY MULE

In memory of Maggie, who, in her time, kicked two colonels, four majors, 10 captains, 24 lieutenants, 486 privates and one bomb.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cpl. William Riddick: "Everything I touch today seems to go wrong."  
WAC (in Birmingham, Eng.): "Don't touch me then."

\* \* \* \* \*

Civilian: "Where can I find a doctor honest enough to tell me there is nothing wrong with me?"  
Willie B. Brooks: "Just join the army pal."

\* \* \* \* \*

William Payne: "Did you feel something cold running up and down your back when you proposed?"  
Albert Britt: "No, her old man held the gun steady."

\* \* \* \* \*

Julius Carter: "Gosh you have a lovely figure."  
She: "Now let's not go all over that again."



# Fishing in the South China Sea on Navy Day

By Sgt. Oscar Leech

Today is Navy Day (we've conceded that after all there probably has to be a navy.) Babies who play with toy ships in their baths sometimes don't out grow "it" and eventually grow up to be Admirals. We piled into two 6x6's and sped down the beach road to the docks where the Athletic and Recreation Section of Base M had a "flag-ship" awaiting us. Oh—lest I forget, we're going fishing.

The water is pretty rough. The waves are breaking strongly against the floating docks. As we walked along the quay we leaped carefully across the watery openings between the floating docks that are lashed together. We soon were at dock side. We could see the boat at anchor several hundred yards out. Ducks pulled along side and we hopped in. In a few minutes we were alongside our yacht and then a mad scramble to get aboard before the waves moved the Duck away. All aboard, "anchors ageigh" and we were skimming the bounding main.

The swells were coming in pretty high and the boat was riding the crests gaily. Out we went past naval and merchant vessels; we just passed the coast guard transport SS Ectes host to us land lubbers. But not to any individual in the group for they became sailors for the day.

On and on we sailed—the waves bounced gaily as we glided deftly over the horizon. Gosh—that "bugger" was a steam-roller. Thought sure the damn thing would swallow us or at least run us down. Such "mountains" of water. The skipper said that he had the inside dope on where the "big ones" were rendezvousing and that he was taking us there, straight as the crow flies. Everybody was looking at his buddy. Eyes were getting glassy, tongues were getting heavy and butterflies were dancing in our stomachs as well as in our heads. Someone inquired, "How is the "Lawd" making out?" The answer, "Down but not out."



About two hours later the skipper dropped anchor two hundred yards from a very excellent bathing beach on Northern Luzon. Rods and reels came up and the "Compleat Anglers" tried their luck. Some of us preferred to swim, those of us who couldn't, tried anyway. We're in seventy feet of water but fearless soldiers that we are, we jumped in the drink with life preservers on. What a sight! What a laugh! We had a "casualty." Herbert Dunbar, "the eel" swam off to shore and cut his foot on a rock and promptly returned for first aid. Then Robert Lawrence and a few others took off in search of mermaids or any kind of maid. The skipper tied alongside a rubber raft. Henry Wilson, Hudson Terrell and Edward Pygatt were trying to out do each other to see who could stay closest to it. Lieutenants Charles Waits, Lawrence Saltzman and Fitz Morgan dived from the top into the blue. Lt. Morgan seemed to be the best swimmer of the group. Lt. Saltzman was floating around in his life preserver. He's an excellent swimmer too, as is Shelman Lewis. Don't ask about skinny Tom McKinny. He's just here. Leon Henderson was still telling his lies and inquiring of the luck of "the great" Sergeant Leech, that famous hunting and fishing guide of the Carolina low country. Leon contented himself by "signifying" instead of fishing.

"Come and git it," yelled the ships cook from the galley and we were all for it. Tom McKinny was "chowing down" and eating the chow of all of the Sea-sick men; and there were many. He's had seconds, thirds and even fourths! He and Wesley Kennedy were rated the best swimmers (with a life jacket on!) We "fished" some more. No luck. The swimmers scared them all away. Lt. Saltzman had a nip but he got away. He says that he saw enough of him to see that he was "blue and white with hazel eyes." At 14:30 we started back. We had lots of fun but hereafter will leave the sea to the sailors.



## THOUGHTS OF THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

I am indeed proud to be a member of the 643rd Port Company and grateful of having this opportunity to say that we have a very wonderful company. I believe that my feelings reflect the sincere attitudes of all of the men.

During our stay in Great Britain the men worked day and night under conditions that were extremely dangerous to their health and lives. However, the winning of the war was uppermost in our minds. We realized that some of us had brothers, cousins and even sisters on or near the front. The Transportation Corps had a job to do and we, being an important link in the long chain of supplies, were there to help do it. We were the men behind the men behind the guns. In close co-ordination with other branches of the Army Service Forces, we labored under trying conditions to keep our side the winning side. Victory was our goal and we had to win. All of us worked together as would a football team, playing their home-coming game, until the greater part of the task was finished in the European theatre. Just before leaving Europe for the Asiatic-Pacific our company was commended by General Headquarters for efficiency and meritorious service. Today, we find ourselves on the island of Luzon working to complete a job that was begun long ago. We are looking forward to the day when we shall return home to our families and many friends. May good luck continue to be with us and may a just God continue to keep us from all harm.

—Cpl. Wm. E. Riddick

\* \* \* \* \*

## GOODBYE TO ALL THAT

It won't be long, the papers say,  
Till I can join the millions who go their merry,  
carefree way,  
The poor fooled-up civilians  
No more chicken, no more GI  
It's almost beyond believing, KP, CQ, OD, good  
bye  
That life I'll soon be leaving,  
My ribbons I can throw away  
I am through with stripes and medals  
No more I'll hear as of today  
That crap the sergeant peddles  
The mess hall with its powdered eggs  
I now can leave behind me  
The rules compiled in Army Regs  
No longer rule and bind me  
The shining brass commanding stern  
From them VJ Day has spared me  
To normal life I can return  
But Gee—the idea scares me!  
S/Sgt. P. M. McDonald

## PASSING THE AMMO

The 641st Port Company was activated at Indiantown Cap, Pennsylvania on 25 January 44. After six months of technical and basic military training we were sent overseas to supply the Eighth Air Force. We encamped at Grimsby, England, 2 August 1944. We were faced with tremendous responsibilities but soon had the situation well in hand. Thousands of tons of bombs unloaded by us were later used in the devastation of Germany. Working around the clock through rain, snow and bitter cold we kept up a never ending stream of supplies. The men did their job well and gained recognition for their efficiency. Teamwork paid off in the end, bringing about the inevitable defeat of Germany. Thus ended hostilities in the European Theatre. Then came redeployment.

On 2 August '45 we embarked for redeployment to the Pacific Theatre. Regretably we left many friends whom we had made during our stay in the ETO. We brought with us many pleasant memories of England and her peoples as well as a commendation from the Supreme Allied Command for a job well done.

On '5 September '45 we disembarked at San Fernando, Luzon, Philippines along with the 643rd Port Company. We had set sail forty-five days previously and during our voyage the war with Japan had ended. Upon arrival we entertained but one desire and that was to return stateside as soon as possible. We lost many men through redeployment and also through enlistment in the Regular Army. On 22 October 1945 the company went on an inactive status. The remaining men were transferred to various companies in the battalion. The bulk of them were assigned to the 643rd Port Company where they were put in one group, the Third Platoon. The 641st was officially deactivated in January 1946. Most of the men have now returned home to take up where they left off and with the satisfaction of knowing that they had made a considerable contribution to the winning of the war.

Cpl. Alvin Grier



# Letters of Commendation

APO 47  
26 July 1945

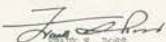
SUBJECT: Appreciation for Service in the ETO.

TO : C.O. 643rd Port Company, APO 413, US Army.

1. Upon the occasion of your departure from the European Theater, it is a pleasure to take this opportunity to express my thanks and appreciation for the splendid work that your unit has done. The task has been by no means easy, but the measure of your unceasing effort was caused by the success of our arms. New endeavors await you, but our work and sacrifice in this Theater have already earned the undying gratitude of our countrymen.

2. Your unit labored tirelessly and efficiently, and redoubtable efforts on a foreign soil, to accomplish its mission. The Transportation Corps will be remembered in this war as having furnished the necessary transportation which carried the fight to the enemy and caused his defeat.

3. Good luck and success to you and every member of your command.

  
FRANK S. ROSS  
Major General, U.S. Army  
Chief of Transportation

## SUPREME HEADQUARTERS ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE:

The task which we set ourselves is finished, and the time has come for me to relinquish Combined Command.

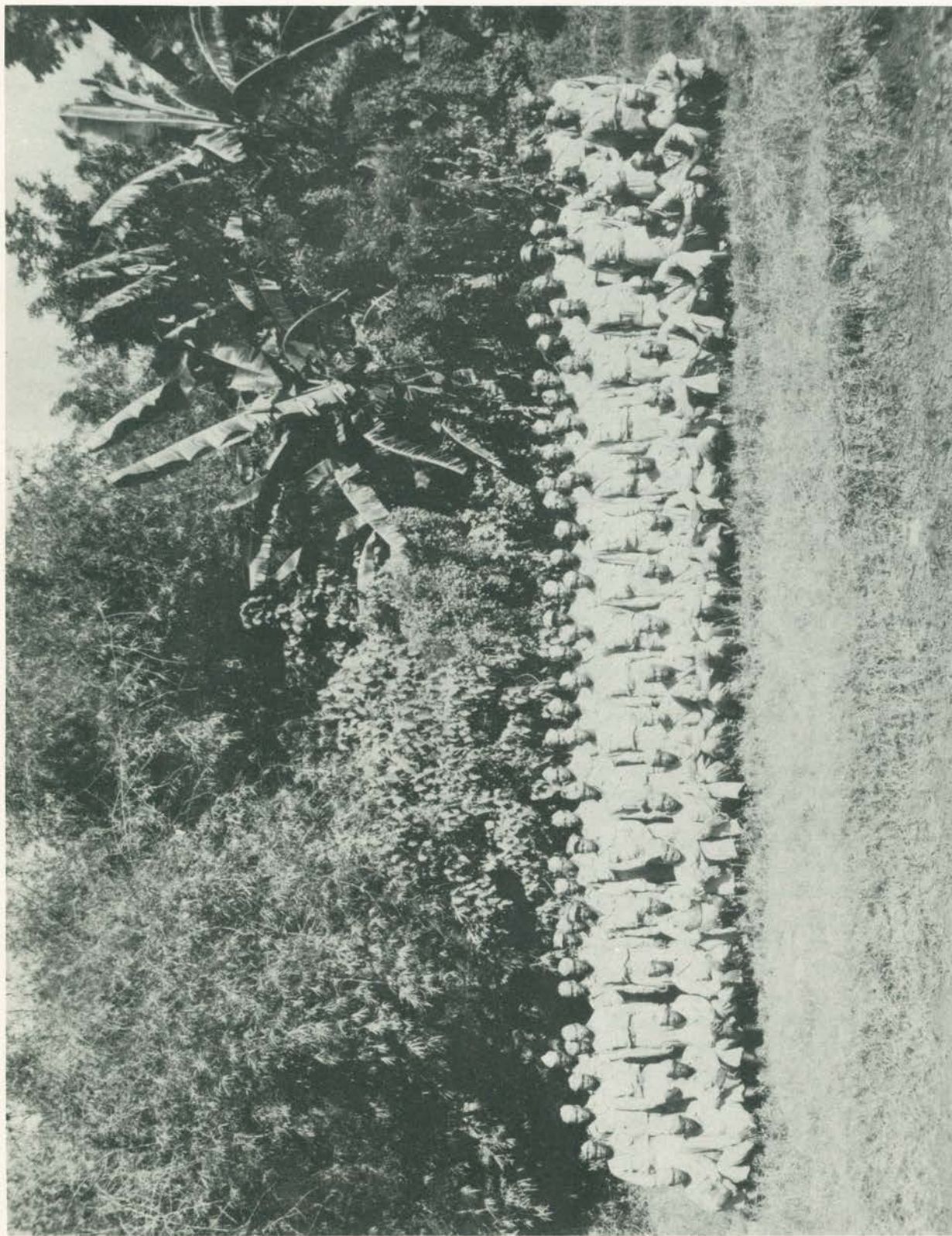
In the name of the United States and the British Commonwealth, from whom my authority is derived, I should like to convey to you the gratitude and admiration of our two nations for the manner in which you have responded to every demand that has been made upon you. At times, conditions have been hard and the tasks to be performed ~~gratuitous~~ arduous. No praise is too high for the manner in which you have surmounted every obstacle.

I should like, also, to add my own personal word of thanks to each one of you for the part you have played, and the contribution you have made to our joint victory.

Now that you are about to pass to other spheres of activity, I say Good-bye to you and wish you Good Luck and God-Speed.



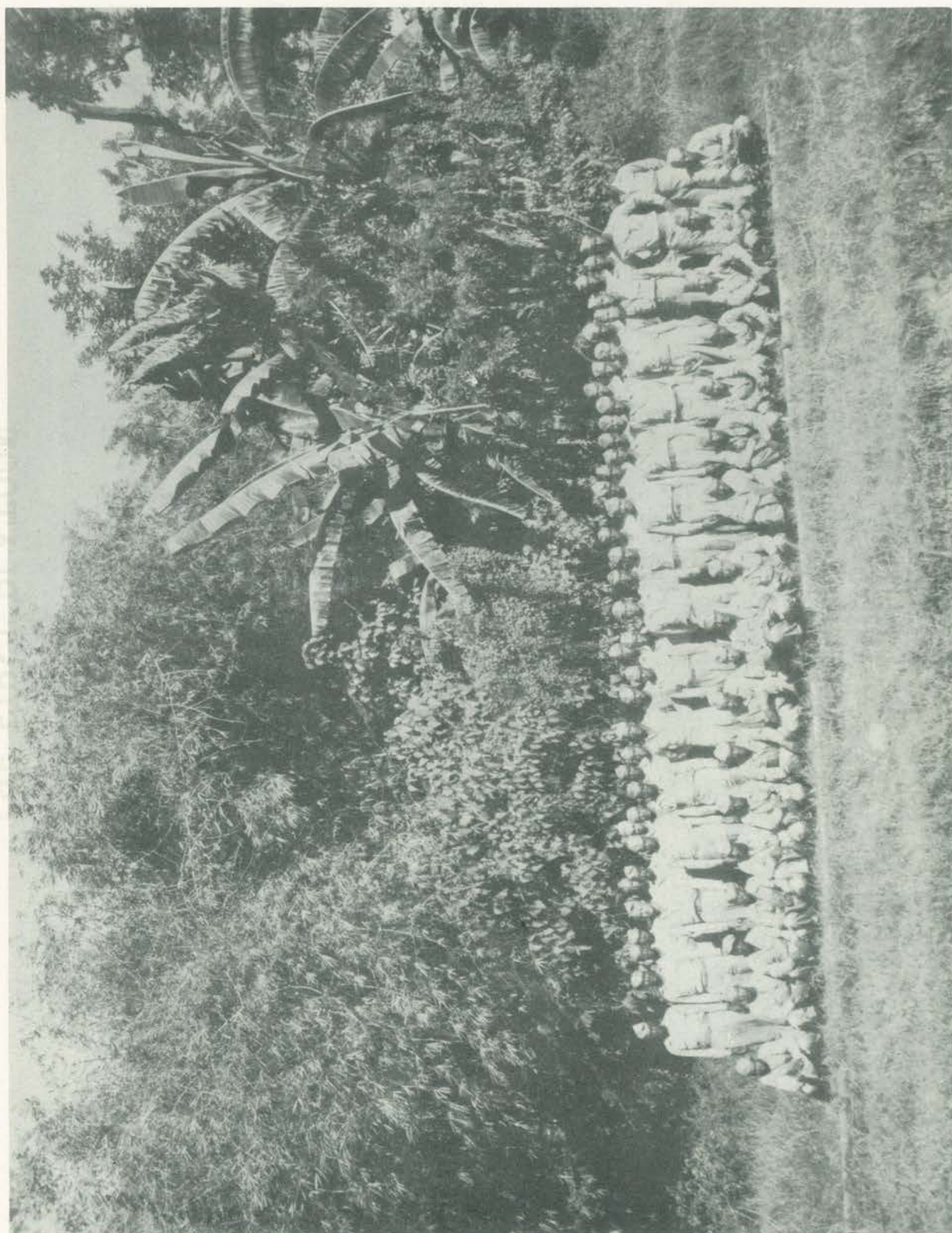




THE FIRST PLATOON

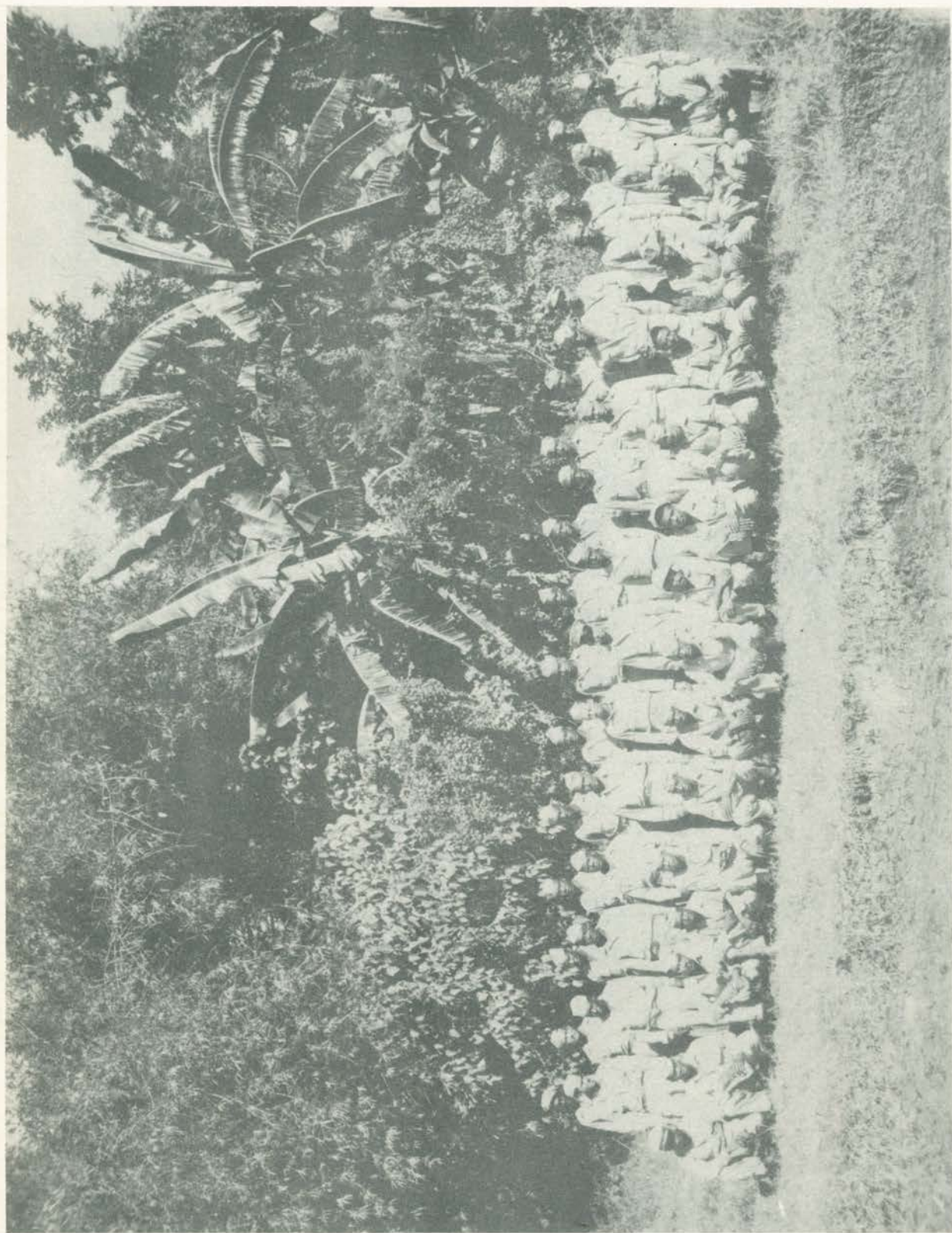


THE SECOND PLATOON



THE SECOND PLATOON





THE THIRD PLATOON





HEADQUARTERS and SERVICE SECTION



# "Thru These Pages March the Best Damn Soldiers in the World"

They don't make 'em like these any more! (Be thankful for that!)



Ladies and Gentlemen meet the gang, The 643rd Port Company



YOU'RE SO NICE TO  
COME HOME TO



All of This and the States Too!



# THE BRASS

"We know that they're all gentlemen, because we've seen 'em come out of doors that said so."



Capt. Robert L. Pelz, CAC  
"Bob"

12 East 86th Street  
New York, New York

Executive officer; Company Commander; Assistant Defense Counsel at the War Crimes Trial of Gen. Yamashita in Manila. This was a case of the "operation was a success but the patient died." Many soldiers are indebted to his legal skill and prowess for their freedom today. We do know that he must have been a spoiled child because he does like to have his way. We liked him for many reasons too numerous to mention here.



Capt. Edward C. Welke Jr., CAC  
"Ed"

1209 Ball Street  
Galveston, Texas

Supply Officer, 3rd Platoon Commander and later Company Commander. A fellow cheese-stater of the Drag Payne as he hails from Burlington. A very hard worker. He preferred to show you how rather than tell you how. We don't believe that he would order any man to do anything that he hadn't done or wouldn't do. We liked him for that. Easily angered but could be reasoned with and as a respecter of another's opinions he was not excelled and seldom equalled. We know that he'll do well as a coach. A little bull-headed, too.



Capt. Lawrence Saltzman, CAC  
"Larry"

672 Empire Boulevard  
Brooklyn, New York

Salty was the 1st Platoon Commander and a host of other things. We never quite knew whether he was a "practical thinker" or a "Pseudo-Liberal." At one time he became Bob's protege as a leagle-eaglet. He also assisted in the Yamashita affair. He is, to all appearances, an intellectual and most likely will become an economist in Washington or a Foreign Service Officer of the State Department overseas.





Capt. Fitz R. Morgan, Jr., Inf.  
"Missisip"

Morgan City, Mississippi

This ex-infantryman was the assistant 2nd Platoon Commander. He joined us at Malpas shortly before we moved to Dover. Has boundless energy and seems to love to stay on the go. We don't think that he's another Senator Claghorn — an unreconstructed rebel. We do know that we're not going down that way to find out. He studied animal husbandry at college and now he's back home managing the large farm of his parents. He and Gawga Boy were our two youngest officers. He seemed to have been very well liked.

## THE BRASS



Capt. Charles E. Waits, CAC  
"Gawja Boy"

12-16th Street, N. E.  
Atlanta, Georgia

Assistant 1st Platoon Commander. Our fair-haired lad from the sunny south was, perhaps, the most beloved of the "officer corps." His nonchalant, devil-may-care, care-free, friendly manner endeared him to all. We enjoyed his trumpet solos. We think that he "sent" himself too. He is the only musician that we know of who started out on one number, "reached" a high note and couldn't "come down" and then side tracked to another song. Says he wants to be a doctor. We think that he'll settle for a band.



# HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE



I/Sgt. Leon B. Taylor, Jr.  
 "Turk I"  
 510 W. 144th Street  
 New York, New York  
 The Top Kick is also "The Game Warden," "Sheriff," "Thief of Bagdad," "Ali Baba," "Forest Ranger," "The Sassy Sack," "Ole Wind Bag" and "Judas." The "Mr. Big" of the Big Three. Has been in many mine fields but has never been booby trapped. A firm believer in the Theory of Divine Rights for Top Dawgs. Very light on his dawgs and equally so upstairs. Is an actor of sorts [ham on

pumpnickel.) He has been known to take candy from a baby and wouldn't give a crippled crab a crutch on credit. Has carried many "cubs." His promises are good for the time that a snowball would stay in hell. Tried to run the company as if it were a Punch & Judy show. As an egg he would be what the Filipinos call a "balut." Most ardent embracer of the Spoils System. Favorite expression: "What's in it for Uncle Turk?" Aside from the above he is a pretty good guy if it were possible for tops to be regs.



T/Sgt. William B. Black  
 "The Lord Black"  
 246 W. 128th Street  
 New York 27, New York  
 Company Clerk. Keeper of the Flame, Defender of the Faith & Father Devine of the Flock I & E Staff Schools, Teddington & London, England, Public Relations School, London; Oxford University Lecture Series; Base M Institute, San Frenando, Luzon.

S/Sgt. Samuel R. Hawkins  
 "The Hawk"  
 73 Cannon Street  
 Charleston, Sout Carolina  
 Supply Sarge Hawk is the second member of the Big Three. Famous as a "dear" chaser, loves his bubble gum. Has never been known to issue clothes that fit. Staunch friend of the "Steve-dore."



Cpl. Cleather H. Hathcock (RA)  
 "Peter"  
 Box 222  
 Alachua, Florida  
 Company Clerk. Can't seem to coordinate his typing fingers with his noggin'. Quite often came back from Pontypool faster than he went up, even though he was the honorary Lord-Mayor. Attended the Administrative School, Swindon, England and the CID School, Scotland Yard, London.

Cpl. Henry Wilson (RA)  
 "Geech"  
 151 President Street  
 Charleston, South Carolina  
 Company Clerk. Don't be deceived by that baby face. He learned the hard way about love in Wales. Like our dog Brownie he chased all night and slept all day.







Sgt. Wendell W. French (RA)  
 "The Finger"  
 222 N. Myers Street  
 Charlotte, North Carolina  
 Supply clerk. A pub-chaser extraordinary. Authority on all things alcoholic. Has a habit of "wetting up" his bunk-mates. Will open a pub in Wales when he returns. Most famous patron of the Three Blackbirds Inn, a 14-Karat Lushie. Says "Why should I drink water? It rusts iron don't it?" He is a Raconteur - par - excellence. You should hoar his "Flanders Field."



Sgt. Wilford C. Sutton (RA)  
 "Big Mute"  
 704 Bunnell Avenue  
 Elizabeth City, North Carolina  
 Big sarge was our ace crane operator. He won his monicker as a result of an accident on the infiltration course.



Sgt. Basel Jones (RA)  
 "Snuffy"  
 606 Cameron Avenue  
 Chapel Hill, North Carolina  
 The most versatile man in the company. A real jack-of-all-trades. He's been a plumber, a carpenter, pipe-fitter, electrician, brickottemaker, mechanic, radio-repairman, mid-wife (to de lawd's dawg) and still had time to move in on the man to his left.



Sgt. John R. Williams  
 "Long John"  
 Box 611  
 Spray, North Carolina  
 A very capable well-liked non-com. A very thorough all around sportsman of the outdoor and indoor type.



Cpl. Lawrence Johnson  
 "Fine & Frantic"  
 1703 N. 20th Street  
 Philadelphia Pennsylvania  
 The newest member of the Spooks. Knows Luzon better than most Filipinos. Has fallen in love with the place and says that "I will return."



Cpl. James A. Sanders (RA)  
 "Mose"  
 45 Smith Plaza  
 Raleigh, North Carolina  
 Our very competent and genial mail orderly. President of the Spooks, a Welch-American fraternal organization. A hard taskmaster and still harder paymaster. Favorite expression: "That's him." Favorite dish "Poke chops." The boys say that he thinks that he is the only one who can tote the mail.



Cpl. Oglesby B. Barrett (RA)  
 "Red"  
 Winston-Salem, Nort Carolina  
 725 N. Cleveland Avenue  
 Made the Rhine crossing and celebrated by fratting with the German Likker which promptly made him sick. One of the first Americans to meet the Russians on the border.



Cpl. Haru Carter  
 Box 114  
 Spindale, North Carolina  
 "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall inherit the earth." In the crowd where dignity is an oddity he stands out like a light in the darkness.





S/Sgt. Amity Allen  
"Jelly"  
4733 Evans Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois  
Founder and president of the International Society of Grey Lovers of the World. Says that he has nothing for outsiders to do. In his spare time he ran the company mess.



Sgt. Angelo Holman  
"Angelo"  
207 Sycamore Street  
Oxford, North Carolina  
1st cook. Has burned more GI pots than Sherman burned bungalows in Gawga, suh! Can always be counted on to do a guy a favor. A sight to behold when he's sleeping.



Cpl. Charlie Donaldson (RA)  
"Charlie"  
General Delivery  
Cornelius, North Carolina  
Lost Horizon could never seem to find his way back from the places that he visited.



Sgt. James D. Kennedy (RA)  
"Jim"  
43 Craigmont Road  
Black Mt., North Carolina  
1st Cook. One of the best catchers on the baseball team. Favorite saying "Now if I wuz mess sergeant." A real family man.



Cpl. Isiah P. McIver (RA)  
"Mac"  
1810 E. Market Street  
Greensboro, North Carolina  
The Risca butter n' egg man. Took pride in his work (when he was there). Financially embarrassed at all times.



Cpl. Allen N. Hester (RA)  
"Jay Boid"  
207 Granville Street  
Oxford, North Carolina  
Has won International Fame as being the stingiest cook in the army. Is famous for his "spoon trick." (Always manages to leave half of your food on it instead of on your plate.)



Pfc. James Terry (RA)  
"Lover-Man"  
Box 502  
Williamston, South Carolina  
Falls in love with every girl he meets. Went to the QM Mess School in San Fernando, P. I.



Pfc. Thomas Johnson (RA)  
"Sneaky Pete"  
Route 1, Box 140  
Ridgeville, South Carolina  
Puff, puff, just made reveille Gosh, what a long walk from Pontypool.





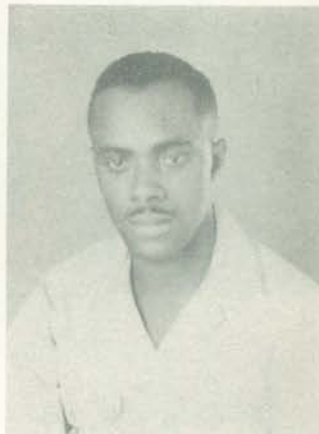
S/Sgt. Herbert W. Boom  
"Baldy"  
127 W. 129th Street  
New York 27, New York  
Our first mass sgt. Easy going  
with the Cooks and KP's. Stored  
more vittels in the Haystack than  
he did in the pantry.



Cpl. Monroe Dinkins  
"Dink"  
Chief provisioner to the Top.  
"Well I put it there sarge."  
Sarge: "Well it ain't there now."



Cpl. Philip Nobles  
"Sic' Leak"  
618 Cleveland Avenue  
Montgomery, Alabama  
Cook. Shakespeare from Strat-  
ford-on-the-Montgomery (Ala.)  
The company's nurse, bard and  
chief toastmaster. A genuine half-  
wit. "The same always."



Cpl. Harold E. Harris  
"The Mighty Mite"  
Brooklyn, New York  
This scrappy little mite indulged  
in psychology and competed with  
the greyhounds for the trails in  
Luzon.



Pfc. Thomas L. Deniel (RA)  
"Route-Step"  
Box 57  
Aberdeen, North Carolina  
This man of letters kept his nog-  
gin' buried in tomes of pomes. He  
turns out some pretty good stuff,  
too.



Pfc. Rufus B. McSwane (RA)  
"Cuff"  
General Delivery  
Four Oaks, North Carolina  
Side kick of the Lord. Long-dist-  
ance runner from Cap'n Crev  
and the Top. Official Host of the  
Rupairer; Lord-Mayor-elect of the  
Haystack, honored traveler of  
Black Bird Lane. Cuff is one of  
the swellest guys that we know.  
He will be missed.



Pfc. Clyde H. Mayo (RA)  
"Sgt. Stack"  
Washington Avenue  
Santford, North Carolina  
CQ of the Haystack and host of  
the Malpas Guest House. "It's  
not a sin to ketch it but it's a  
downright shame to keep it."



Pfc. James Alford (RA)  
"Houseboy"  
109 Waverly Way  
Marion, South Carolina  
Top notch baker. A graduate of  
the QM Mess Management  
School, San Fernando, Luzon, P. I.  
Has fallen in love with Merrie  
England.



Cpl. Samuel McMurray (RA)  
"Sam"

714 Liberia Street  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina  
Has put Black-Label down for  
Golden Crown. He was a member  
of the Malpas Creepers. (MP's.)



S/Sgt. Robert W. Cheek (NG)  
"Bob"

32 Bryant Street  
Malden, Massachusetts  
The booted blood-hound from  
Back Bay, Boston. 2nd Platoon  
Sergeant and Provost-Sgt. of Mal-  
pas. "Now listen soldier, I've been  
in this army nine years see?"  
"Don't talk back to me!" A pro-  
fessional and best soldier in the  
company. Still fighting the Battle  
of Bunker Hill.

Cpl. Albert M. Shepard  
"Shep"

1515 Hardee Street  
Atlanta, Georgia

A very quiet unassuming chap.  
One of our competent MP's. A  
true southern gentleman. In a  
noisy crowd he stands out like  
a finger of light in the darkness.



Cpl. Reuben V. Greene, Jr.  
"Rube"

1020 W. 42nd Street  
Baltimore, Maryland  
He and Savoy Wilson organized  
the Lovers Corps. Don't know  
what it means 'cause I couldn't  
get in. Favorite expression: "But  
my family comes first." We think  
he means it too.



Cpl. John Dingle (RA)  
"Big John"

Route 6, Box 181  
N. Charleston, North Carolina  
One of the biggest men in the  
ouffit and at one time was a  
member of the head-whipping  
party.

Pfc. James E. Waddles (RA)  
"Jimmy"

Route 2, Box 161  
Keithville, Louisiana

He just sort of waddles all over  
everywhere. Always seemed to  
have trouble in mind. Quiet.



Sgl. James W. McAm (RA)  
"Arnie"

1314 E. 11th Street  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina  
A member in good standing of  
the Midnight Prowlers. Has never  
won a boxing or wrestling engage-  
ment.



Cpl. James M. Stroud  
"Stroud"

Box 562  
Rutherfordton, North Carolina  
Usually very quiet and taciturn  
but the ole tongue has been  
known to wag freely as a puppy  
dog's tail when primed with  
giggle-juice.





S/Sgt. Plummer M. McDonald  
(RA)  
"Mac"  
Box 242

Oxford, North Carolina  
Dock Supervisor. The "Mr. Big"  
of the Docks. Hates the army  
more than he loves civilian life.  
His most constant companion,  
"his beloved bottle of Black  
Label." Has a stake in a "Gold  
Mine" in the Swansea Valley.



Sgt. Royster Baldwin  
"Baldy"

48F Daniel Brooks Apartments  
High Point, North Carolina  
He was sometimes known as  
Robinson Crusoe since he seemed  
to be exploring new territory.



Sgt. John E. Murphy  
"Sneeze Skin"

Route 1, Box 142  
Lugoff, South Carolina  
Old sneezy was one of our most  
practical, practical jokers. Never  
without a smile or a little joke.



Sgt. John W. Johnson (RA)  
"Joadie"  
1353 Fifth Avenue  
Hickory, North Carolina  
The original Joadie. A chirper  
who is now knocking at Sinatra's  
and Eckstein's doors. We wonder  
who's knocking at his?

Sgt. Nathaniel Blue  
"Blue"  
615 N. Alice Street  
Dothan, Alabama

We heard that he wrote a leetle  
girlie "I'm blue because of you."  
A rather mischievous fellow in a  
sly sort of way.



Pfc. Henry L. Brown (RA)  
"Brownie"  
6 N. Meeting Street, Unit 13  
Charleston, South Carolina  
Don't be deceived by that meek  
scholarly look. He's been around.  
Expression: "I could tell you  
things."



Pfc. James L. Shepherd (RA)  
"Jimmy"

2508 N. 18th Street  
Birmingham, Alabama  
From way down south in Birming-  
ham comes this quiet lad. Seldom  
seen and almost never heard.



Cpl. Homer Ridgeway, Jr.  
"The Rock"  
Box 45  
Pacolet, South Carolina  
Says that he prefers M1's to car-  
bines! We're sure that you know  
why. He has more wisdom in his  
noggin' than most people suspect.



Sgt. Leon E. Henderson, Jr. (RA)  
 "Buck-Line Bugger"  
 633 S. Shaver Street  
 Salisbury, North Carolina  
 The farmers of Wales had lots of trouble with him 'cause he was always after their daughters. Tis said that he had an interest in a duck farm on the Cwmbran Canal. A born anecdotist. Chief of the cargo checkers.



Sgt. Julius H. Graham  
 "Bad-!"  
 Boyd Hill  
 Rock Hill, South Carolina  
 Ole Jule says that he's the Rock in Rock Hill. We know how true that is. But he is on the solid side.



Cpl. James T. Stewart  
 "Jimmy"  
 Box 371  
 Pinehurst, New Jersey  
 Hardworking, intelligent fellow. Never was caught in a booby trap but never received the breaks he deserved.



Cpl. William E. Riddick (RA)  
 "Bill"  
 Box 95  
 Ahoskie, North Carolina  
 Outdid Gulliver in his travels from Birmingham to London and thence to Manila.

Cpl. William H. Ligon  
 "William H"  
 Route 7, Box 93  
 Greenville, South Carolina  
 A not too green guy from Greenville. He knows the score and as an ace checker kept the score.



Cpl. Willie Hemphill  
 "Be Happy"  
 618 W. Mauney Street  
 Gastonia, North Carolina  
 Slap-happy Hemphill, the man of mirth believes in having "his fun." Lots of other people don't agree with him always on his ideas of "fun."



Cpl. George Waiters (RA)  
 "Georgie"  
 251 Madison Street  
 Buffalo, New York  
 Met his Waterloo in Pontypool and found the pot o'Gold at the end of Cwmbran Canal.



Cpl. Weston A. Furgess (RA)  
 "China-Boy"  
 2210 Lady Street  
 Columbia, South Carolina  
 He has had some pretty narrow escapes. One that he nor we shall ever forget. He has straightened up and we hope that he's flyin' right.







Sgt. James M. Vestal  
"Mr. Big"  
1318 N. Highland Avenue  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina  
Madison has heaps more upstairs  
than most guys know about. He  
has sense enough to keep his right  
hand from knowing what his left  
one is putting down.



Sgt. Alonzo H. Payne  
"Sweets"  
813 E. Fisher Street  
Salisbury, North Carolina  
Gets a big kick out of life. A  
little moonshine goes a long way  
with him. Too much and he is a  
Payne in the . . .



Sgt. Elijah W. Shaw (RA)  
"Lijah"  
Route 4  
Burlington, North Carolina  
The Burlington Zephyr struck a  
rut which he hadn't gotten out of  
when we last saw him. He at-  
tended a furlough course at Ox-  
ford University.



Cpl. Vance E. Dunk (RA)  
"Dunk"  
3016 1/2 M. Street  
Richmond, Virginia  
This Virginian is, definitely not a  
ham. He is as homespun aslasses  
and 'aters but he's no smoked  
herring.



Cpl. Thomas W. McHenry (RA)  
"Tom"  
General Delivery  
Cleveland, North Carolina  
He put on lots of weight in the  
wrong places. But it's better to  
have it there than none at all. A  
very popular cargo-checker.



Pfc. Erie L. Chambers (RA)  
"Lee"  
Box 108, Route 1  
Semora, North Carolina  
Tip-toe thru the telephone Numb-  
er P'aleeze. There's nothing eerie  
about Erie.



Pfc. Colen N. Toomer (RA)  
"Moncure"  
Route 1  
Moncure, North Carolina  
He had a little difficulty with the  
French but he did o'k with the  
Welch and Ilocano. Expression:  
"Well hell, I can't check right  
without a rating."



Pfc. Erell H. Jackson (RA)  
"Jacky"  
86 Carver Drive  
Spartanburg, South Carolina  
A good housekeeper, always hut  
orderly. Another of the "numba  
paleeze," blokes.





S/Sgt. Arthur A. Amos (RA)  
 "Triple A"  
 Box 11, E. 14th Street  
 Winston-Salem, North Carolina  
 An easy going lad who knew his job and knew it well. As a master mechanic he was tops and was all for doing guys favors.

Sgt. Arthur P. Harris (RA)  
 "Big Stoop"  
 833 W. Innis Street  
 Salisbury, North Carolina  
 This winch operator turned truck-driver sped around the British countryside in "Jeanne" hauling supplies and the joes to the dances. A very accommodating "bloke."



S/Sgt. Lawrence R. Hill (RA)  
 "Eat 'Em Up"  
 1242 Redfern Avenue  
 Far Rockaway, Long Island, N. Y.  
 This be-medalled gladiator outdazzles Goering with his display of decorations. He has an astronomical appetite, hence the name. Expression: "Now me and my buick . . ."

Sgt. Rufus Bickerstaff  
 "Rufe"  
 1600 S. Georgia Road  
 Birmingham, Alabama  
 This old buck-line bugger began bucking for civvy street from way down south in Birmingham.



Sgt. George W. Anderson  
 "George"  
 Route 3, Box 2  
 Orrville, Alabama  
 Another master mechanic who could do more with a machine than Sanders could with his pork chops. Has a good noggin' for business too.

Cpl. Walter L. Sutton (RA)  
 "Little Sutton"  
 18 J. Nooten Ct.  
 Kinston, North Carolina  
 He didn't like the water in the lake at ICMR but he found the Atlantic and Pacific o'k. Loves his stogies which he practically swallows.



Cpl. James L. Roseborough (RA)  
 Flight-Lieut. (DFC)  
 118 Bennett Street  
 Buffalo, New York  
 Can do more with a 6x6 than a monkey can with a coconut. Falls to sleep on the drop of a hat and ain't particular where he falls. He was sleeping while the man on the right moved in. Sometimes called "sweet slumber."

Cpl. Daniel L. Bell  
 "Dan"  
 Route 1, Box 112  
 Charleston, North Carolina  
 The laziest mechanic in the outfit but a very smart one. He had more sense than it takes to bell a buzzard.







S/Sgt. Thomas L. McKinney (RA)  
"Tom"

109 W. Bennett Street  
Farmville, North Carolina  
Assistant dock supervisor. This marble-eyed ex-school teacher is best described as a Virginia rail. Most appropriately referred to as the "thin man." Favorite remark: "But sir, I object!" Jeepers creepers where'd he git them damn big peepers? Attended I & E School, London, England and Cambridge University.



Sgt. Julius J. Carter (RA)  
"Jule"

42 Waughtown Street  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina  
JJ is a big guy who is good with his mitts and light on his dawgs. He has enough of the grey matter uptop to make him stand out in the crowd.



Sgt. Fred Houston (RA)  
"Big Fred"

Box 1098  
Blountstown, Florida  
Big Sarge was plenty light on his feet but had much on the ball upstairs. Solid sender.



Pfc. Marion Tyson, Jr., (RA)  
"Ty"

315 S. Main Street  
Farmville, North Carolina  
The ace clown and No. 1 Buffoon. Filed application with the CO as a candidate for PFC. Favorite expression: "I'm bucking and eatin' cheese."



Cpl. Robert Lawrence (RA)  
"Prick"

1233 Dunleith Avenue  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina  
A jolly fellow of the slender variety. An up and coming artist. Pretty good with his dukes too. The sun caught him dead to rights in D. C. one early morning.



Pfc. George Broome (RA)  
"Georgie"

General Delivery  
Derita, North Carolina  
A clean sweep if there ever was one. A very famous pub crawler and traveler up Blackbirds Lane.



Pfc. Curtis J. Norris (RA)  
"Curt"

89 Richmond Street  
Atlanta, Georgia  
He could be depended on always to do his share without raising a lot of hell. Very quiet chap also



Cpl. William M. Payne (RA)  
"The Drag"

332 Milwaukee Street  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin  
Cargo checker. Sometimes referred to as "Orange" 'cause that was the name of his T/4 Pappy. Looks like a fugitive from a good dinner, very very frail. The cheese state's gift of limburger to Uncle Sammy. A very poor jeep-driver.





S/Sgt. Savoy Wilson (RA)  
 "Daddy"  
 1556 West 58th Street  
 Shreveport, Louisiana  
 Swoon singer and pome-poser  
 extraordinary. Company's favorite  
 crooner and visiting professor of  
 the art of love-making. (Or so he  
 thinks anyway.)



Sgt. John W. Story (RA)  
 "King Kong"  
 923 Hanson Avenue  
 Norfolk, Virginia  
 Could always be counted on to  
 do his job and bitched like hell  
 when a shady deal was pulled on  
 his men. Clever with his dukes  
 too.



Sgt. George E. Weston  
 "Wes"  
 800 E. 168th Street  
 Bronx 6, New York  
 Picks up on a helluva lot of trash  
 but puts down very little. But  
 that's the way it should be.



Cpl. Charles Taylor  
 "Charlie"  
 1661 N. W. Fifth Avenue  
 Miami, Florida  
 Artiste par excellence. He seemed  
 to be stewing in his own juices.  
 Can barbecue chickens too.



Cpl. Lethel Barnes  
 "Tog Man"  
 603 1/2 W. 15th Street  
 Winston-Salem, North Carolina  
 Was caught in so many booby  
 traps that he was sometimes call-  
 ed a sap-per. He must be jinxed.



Pfc. Elmo Chumley (RA)  
 "Chum"  
 Route 1, Box 50  
 Choice, Texas  
 This tall soldier from the Lone  
 Star state joined us in England.  
 Favorite expression: "Now the  
 French way . . ."



Pfc. Theodore Riley (RA)  
 "Riley"  
 130 John Hope Drive, Apt. 102  
 Atlanta, Georgia  
 Is forever taking things easy and  
 swears that someday he'll live the  
 life of Riley.



Pfc. Walter M. Parker  
 "Walt"  
 1012 N. 13th Street  
 St. Louis, Missouri  
 This lad from the show me state  
 joined us in the ETO. Says that  
 we're one of the best outfits that  
 he's ever seen.





Sgt. George E. Zeigler  
"The Zeigler"  
Box 301

Maxton, North Carolina  
The third member of the Big Three. Stepped on some of the Top Kick's booby traps. Had a "strange interlude" up Risca way. Loves his Van Dyke beard. Keeps a couple of irons in the fire and never puts all of his eggs in the same basket.



Sgt. Lewis W. Davis (RA)  
"Lew"

911 N. 6th Street  
Wilmington, North Carolina  
The cat who prowls on other cats fences when they're away. A dangerous undertaking indeed.



Cpl. Troy L. Robinson (RA)  
"Robbie"

102 N. Perry Street  
High Point, North Carolina  
A Malpas commando. His "home" turned out to be the ARC at Newport. Also called the Pontypool Parsnip.



Sgt. Jacoba I. Weaver  
"Betcha a Million"  
General Delivery

Ahoskie North Carolina  
Will bet or argue with anyone, on anything at anytime. A very shrewd poker-fiend and astute business man.

Cpl. John E. Elmore (RA)  
"John"

General Delivery  
Greenwood, South Carolina  
Has never been known to bother anyone and the ones who have bothered him have never been known to bother anyone else.



Pfc. Richard A. Stubbs, Jr. (RA)  
"Richie"  
Box 562

Red Springs, North Carolina  
A member of Allens' Grey Lovers' Club. He's got it bad and that ain't good. However, some think that he's "had" it too.



Pfc. Raymond F. Fellers (RA)  
"Baby"

General Delivery  
Method, North Carolina  
"Gee Jake What a Snake!" Did you see me get it all? You must come up to Raleigh sometime."



Sgt. Edward Pygatt (RA)  
"Genius"

Route 1, c/o Joe Harrel  
Effingham, South Carolina  
A very quiet, studious and well mannered soldier. Very religious. We voted him the soldier "most likely to succeed."



Sgt. Wallace Reid  
"Cherry Red"  
Detroit, Michigan

Gen'l Patton was the leader of the Channel Commandos. We would venture to say that his head is crammed with more soldiering facts than any other noggin' in the outfit.



Cpl. Peter Mc Eachin (RA)  
"Itcin"

Route 2, Box 203  
Laurinburg, North Carolina  
He says his name is "McCann" but nobody believes 'em. He was one of the original Channel Raiders under Gen'l Cherry Red.



Fletcher McCoy (RA)  
"Two-Gun Mac"  
920 Watkins Street  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina  
Don't tell me man, I've already been there, seen it and done it.



Pfc. Isiah Clayton (RA)  
"Big Boy"  
Route 2

Rougemont, North Carolina  
Another follower of Gen'l Reed in his raids on the Rupaier and the Channel. Famous for his classic "a private ain't 'sposed to think." Wonder what he's doing now that he's a Pfc?

Pfc. John Johnson (RA)  
"Yonnie"

Route 1, Box 125  
Ellore, South Carolina  
Big and quiet but hell in a riot. Another one of "Gen. Patton" Reid's followers. Sgt. John Story's nemesis.

Pfc. Walter Martin (RA)  
"Little Bits"  
Box 250

Biscoe, North Carolina  
Oh Sgt. I'm so sick I just can't do it. Can I go on sick call? If not what can a poor private do about it?

Pfc. Monroe W. Clarke (RA)  
"Slappy"

134 Cascade Avenue  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina  
Our slap-happy friend is a rather quiet easy going chap until some-doy like Wade tries to steal his gal. Then—fireworks!



Pfc. Joe Sanders, Jr. (RA)  
"Joe"

1 Lipsey Street  
Union, South Carolina  
He never quite grew up and thought of the world as a stage with him as the star.







Cpl. Lewis F. Glover (RA)  
"Lew"

General Delivery  
Frogmore, South Carolina  
This country gentleman is the Sage and Squire of Frogmore Barony and one of the neatest soldiers in the army.



Cpl. Dean I. Meminger (RA)  
"Georgia Boy"

River Street, P. O.  
Walterboro, South Carolina  
Won fame for chasing the Picadilly Commandos from their stakes over to the Limehouse and into steaks.



Cpl. Vander White (RA)  
"Lazy Bones"

General Delivery  
Greeleyville, South Carolina  
The unfinished carpenter who was forever building but never seemed to get anywhere. Is also soft spoken and reserved.



Pfc. Elijah Blake (RA)  
"Lijah"

Route 3, Box 84  
Salters, South Carolina  
Is very goosey and wants to buy a goose-proof vest so that his tormentors will let him be.



Pfc. Leroy Grant  
"Bess"

199 N. Nassau Street  
Charleston, South Carolina  
"You best had cook that Carolina swampweed the way I tell you or else you may meet up with something bigger'n you!"



Cpl. Herbert B. Dunbar  
"The Eel"

609 Charles Street  
Beaufort, South Carolina  
Herbie swims like a fish. He "glamourizes" in long bushy beards. His favorite reading is in the Bible. A neighbor of Squire Glover of Frogmore.



Cpl. Oliver Pough, Jr.  
"The Blind Cooper"

Route 2, Box 52  
Neeses, South Carolina  
Ollie couldn't read the medics eye-chart but he could read the wee spots on the galloping dominoes. A regular Joe.



Cpl. Sandy Gourdine (RA)  
"Sandy"

Box 218  
St. Stephens, South Carolina  
A member in good standing of the "Geeche Colony." [The Lord is another.] Detests rice and 'gator tails. Speaks with an Oxonian accent. A very agreeable chap.



Cpl. Wallace Wade (RA)  
 "Wally"  
 Box 201

Thomasville, North Carolina  
 Waited until he got into the army  
 to have the mumps on Sam's time.  
 Smart guy. What's your line  
 Frankenstein?



Cpl. Irving Williams (RA)  
 "Irv"

Star Route, Box 8  
 Rocky Point, North Carolina  
 The boys say that he could sniff  
 the wind and tell if women were  
 on the post. Could be.



Pfc. Jake A. Forney (RA)  
 "L'il Jakie"

61 West Rhines Street  
 Wilson, North Carolina  
 I'll bet you ten and you five hold  
 that card, five more to you old  
 man!



Pfc. Casper Hamilton (RA)  
 "The Dreamer"

Route 2  
 Norwood, Georgia  
 "Never be rude to a lady. If you  
 don't want 'er then Casp-er over  
 'ere to Hamilton."

Pfc. Elliott E. Jackson  
 "Timoshenko"

1828 Sheldon Street  
 Indianapolis, Indiana  
 Once a fellow traveler of W & H,  
 Ltd. until he fell along the way-  
 side. The only man who ever went  
 AWOL aboard ship. Dispossessed  
 the Finger at the Blackbird.

Pfc. John E. Blount  
 "Johnnie"

Route 3, Box 414  
 Greenville, North Carolina  
 He often got the Blount-end of  
 things by using guard duty as a  
 stepping stone for social connec-  
 tions.

Pfc. Andrew Hull (RA)  
 "Pop"

329 12th Street  
 Hickory, North Carolina  
 Froggy little Pop was a long time  
 getting orientated to GI life.  
 He's one of the reasons why we  
 won the best mess pennant so  
 much. He GI'd the oak more'n  
 anyone else.



Pfc. Lawrence J. Harrington (RA)  
 "Jimmy"

800 N. 3rd Street  
 Lake City, Florida  
 A member of Amity Allen's fam-  
 ous club. Close friend, confidant  
 and traveling companion of the  
 gentleman Waddell. Another  
 "soldierly soldier." Got "lost" in  
 England but claims that he got  
 "found."







Sgt. James W. Heard (RA)  
"Jim"

Box 134  
Calhoun Falls, South Carolina  
Always seemed to have everything under his control and was no buffoon from Calhoun.



Sgt. Charles Reed  
"Skippy"

General Delivery  
Southern Pines, North Carolina  
He always pines for his southern home. He can solid cut a rug. He's a killer diller, a jitterbug.



Cpl. Alonzo Tyson  
"Lonnie"

General Delivery  
Andonville, North Carolina  
Ty belongs to our growing school of "quiet gentlemen." His perennial theme is "take it easy."



Cpl. Henry M. Hubbard  
"Hank"

109 Lyndon Street  
Greenwood, South Carolina  
Hubbard is a healthy hustler and we don't think that his cupboard will ever be bare.



Cpl. Nathan McMichael (RA)  
"Nat"

Winston-Salem, North Carolina  
The traveling salesman who just couldn't or wouldn't stay in camp and leave the farmer's daughters be.



Cpl. William A. Matkins (RA)  
"Mat"

Route 5, Box 345A  
Burlington, North Carolina  
A lover of life and good living. Was lost in a fog when he couldn't get a pass.



Pfc. Clarence A. Barnes (RA)  
"CAB"

General Delivery  
Selma, Mississippi  
A very quiet chap who went his own way rather than be absorbed in the crowd. Could have had a better break.



Pfc. J. B. Randall (RA)  
"Randy"

Scottdale, Georgia  
Very hardworking and easy going bloke. Has contributed his share to the pubs.





Sgt. Leslie Barnes, Jr.  
"Les"

He was always asleep in the deep. At other times he was asking "what are you puttin' down?"



Sgt. Hudson Terrell  
"The Devil Himself"  
R-119 Young Street, Box 3  
Atlanta, Georgia

He and Sgt. McDonald are in a contest to see which one hates the army most. We think that it will be a tie. He was our mess-  
sgt. at the Welch Docks.



Sgt. Jasper Yerdell  
"Jasper"

Route 1, Box 31  
Linwood, North Carolina

One of the most promising pub crawlers. Must have loved the scenery atop Risca mountain as he was up there so munh.



Sgt. James M. Stephens  
"The Terrapin"

173 McCullough Street  
Greensboro, North Carolina  
As inseparable from his cigar as Churchill. Quite contrary at times. Stubborn as Welch bread. Favorite expression: "Now looka here!"

Pfc. Willie B. Brooks  
"Jesse Owens"  
327 Childester  
Ypsilanti, Michigan

The original garri-trooper. He thought he wanted a Section VIII at one time, but somebody changed his mind. He has won two foot races with Wright and Barnett, Ltd.

Sgt. Roy Wallace  
"Jelly"

702 Cemetery Street  
Salisbury, North Carolina  
Just 'cause no lives on Graveyard Road is no indication that he's a dead man. He achieved some fame as a field-marshal in Wales.

Cpl. Ernest Broome  
"Pappy"

General Delivery  
Mount Holly, North Carolina  
He is the proud pappy of eight leetle brooms, a clean sweep eh wot? And he says that he hasn't called it quits yet.

Sgt. Jesse Hollis  
"Jesse"

Route 2, Box 3  
Lugoff, South Carolina  
Had a beaten path up Risca mountain and shook the dust from his shoes up Workman's Hall Lane.







Sgt. Oscar C. Leach  
"Oscar"

116 Bogard Street  
Charleston 18, South Carolina  
We sometimes think that Webster had him in mind when he put the word "gentleman" in the dictionary. He has forgotten more about stevedoring than most of us will ever know.



Sgt. Jessie L. Marrow  
"Pappy"

General Delivery  
Bullock, North Carolina  
The teen agers refer to him as that "young old man" and never hesitated to consult him when in need of advice.



Cpl. Lonney Scott  
"Scotty"

222 Halsey Street  
Brooklyn, New York  
He wanted out of the army so that he could go Scott-free. He has something there.



Pfc. Samuel J. Burris (RA)  
"The Shadow"

401 N. Maple Street  
Centralia, Illinois  
Good Pitch, Good Goldbrick, But Thick. Was hit in the head by a baseball.



Pfc. Theodore Graham (RA)  
"Big Frail-Chaser"

529 Columbia Street  
Portsmouth, Virginia  
"I've got two left feet that can't be beat, they don't even meet."



Cpl. James Towns (RA)  
"Jimmy"

Warrenton, North Carolina  
Was led into a booby-trap by old man Mose, his nearest rival at the Blackbirds. A pleasant sort of chap.



Pfc. Clemon W. Battles  
"Clem"

General Delivery  
Ripley, Tennessee  
A perfect gentleman at all times. Another who was seldom seen or heard but always there at the proper times.



Pfc. Nathaniel Harris (RA)  
"Nat Butter"

1043 Caroline Street  
Jacksonville, Florida  
Too short to carry a torch. But talk about home and he lights up like a 100 watt bulb.





Sgt. Dan H. Gatewood  
"Gatey"

Route 3, Box 421  
Wadesboro, North Carolina  
Dapper Dan loved to lecture and impart words of wisdom to his men. They couldn't have heard the truth from a more sincere chap. Carry on mate. More power to you.



Sgt. Lawrence L. Bracey (RA)  
"Bracey"

8 Sellers Avenue  
Columbia, South Carolina  
The man who visits all of the hospitals but never stays in one.



Pfc. David N. Jones  
"Deacon"

Route 1, Box 136  
Milton, North Carolina  
The Deacon used the Haystack for his pulpit and all of Risca for his congregation.



Cpl. Richard F. Chalmers  
"Dick"

420 W. Cannon Street  
Raleigh, North Carolina  
The prodigal son left us at IGMR and came back to us on Luzon. Welcome home son.

Pfc. Lee D. Haywood (RA)  
"Leedee"  
General Delivery  
Huger, South Carolina  
I can't do guard duty but I'd love to drive.

Pfc. James A. Hall (RA)  
"Slim Jim"  
General Delivery  
Barber, North Carolina  
Asleep in the deep. I shall never roam. A very long Hall at that.

Cpl. Ernest Jenkins  
"Jinks"  
309 W. 137th Street  
New York 27, New York  
He and Sarge Glover of Frogmore had a private alley to the country-club. Otherwise he never went out on pass. Velly velly quiet.

Cpl. Clarence L. Richardson (RA)  
"Preacher"  
2527 Gervais Street  
Columbia, South Carolina  
Richie practiced what he didn't preach. There was no place that he hadn't been and couldn't tell you about.







Cpl. Raymond F.L.J.W. Kinard  
 (RA)  
 "Frankie"  
 1625 Waverly Street  
 Columbia, South Carolina  
 Has more names than Carter has  
 liver pills. Has stepped across  
 many booby-traps thrown his way.



Cpl. Forest Barnes (RA)  
 "Barnes"  
 3621 Oliva Street  
 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
 "You'll have to cut off them damn  
 bonds 'cause I'm not drawing  
 enough to keep me in bitters."



Cpl. Foster Smith (RA)  
 "Foster"  
 General Delivery  
 Dunn, North Carolina  
 Was forever stepping in mine  
 fields and booby-traps. Loved to  
 read his service record.



Cpl. John H. C. Smith  
 "Combat Johnnie"  
 Williams Street  
 Buffalo, New York  
 The only man in the outfit who  
 could match wits with the Top  
 and the CO and come out on top.  
 This combat infantryman from the  
 984th Infantry saw service in the  
 Battle of the Bulge and the Ar-  
 dennes, as a Bazookaman.



Pfc. Robert L. Cross  
 "Step n' Fetchit"  
 804 N. 42nd Street  
 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
 First man caught in a booby-trap  
 and has been Cross-ed up ever  
 since.



Pfc. Arthur Chestnut (RA)  
 "Ches"  
 General Delivery  
 Fruitdale, Alabama  
 Put the left foot in an okey poky  
 all night long.



Pfc. John H. Williams (RA)  
 "John Henry"  
 General Delivery  
 Wallace, North Carolina  
 Hank was forever getting involved  
 with his friend Irving. He usually  
 came out second best.



Pfc. Robert Smith  
 "Bob"  
 513 Pine Street  
 Sanford, North Carolina  
 Bob left us in England to return  
 to the states for hospitalization.  
 A very quiet easy going guy and  
 we've never forgotten him.





Sgt. Robus L. McEntire (RA)  
"Robus"  
Box 589

Forest City, North Carolina  
One of the best liked of the non-coms crop. He suffered on those long hikes with his two hundred pounds.



Pfc. Wesley Kennedy (RA)  
"Ken"

Route 2, Box 29  
Winnsboro, North Carolina  
A winsome lad with a winning personality from the Tar Heel city of Winnsboro. Pip, Pip.



Pfc. Leemon B. Owens (RA)  
"Skinny"

1629 Page Street  
Richmond, Virginia  
All of his weight hasn't settled in his feet. But he knows where it is even if we don't. Says that he's going back to Wales.



Pfc. Thomas C. Johnson (RA)  
"Cookie"

Route 1, Box 97A  
Elizabethtown, South Carolina  
Another mess Sgt. without a lot of mess. Charter member of Allan's Grey Lover Club.



Pfc. Clarence A. Vanderhorst (RA)  
"Vandy"

621 Moss Street  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
This Philadelphian took many liberties with the belles of Britain and Luzon.



Pfc. Shelman Lewis (RA)  
"Shell"

1855 62nd Street N. W.  
Miami, Florida  
He is very much interested in things pugilistic. Judging by his past exhibitions he should be up top 'ere long.



Pfc. Lloyd Brandon (RA)  
"Sleepy Head"

General Delivery  
Kittrel, North Carolina  
No one has ever seen him awake as he works and plays with one eye closed.



Pfc. Jacob Dove (RA)  
"Birdie"

Route 1, Box 26  
Havelock, North Carolina  
Little Man what now? Right hand man of Thomas C. Johnson.





Cpl. M. K. Latson (RA)  
 "Route 3, Box 85  
 Timmonsville, South Carolina  
 "No sir I didn't, I wouldn't and  
 I couldn't do nothing like that.  
 No siree."

Sgt. William R. Mims (RA)  
 "Mims"  
 2404 Richland Street  
 Columbia, South Carolina  
 Tried to entice the Lord into a  
 booby-trap in Risca. Spent his  
 spare time writing notes at St.  
 Woolos.



Sgt. Woodrow Walton (RA)  
 "Woody"  
 Route 1, Box 9  
 Belwood, North Carolina  
 "Blessed are the pure in heart  
 for they shall inherit the earth."  
 A very quiet and methodical  
 thinker. A combat infantry rein-  
 forcement.

Cpl. Wesley J. Kinsey (RA)  
 "Risca Kid"  
 210 Golden Progress Street  
 Kinston, North Carolina  
 Discovered the Pennsylvania  
 Dutch influence in Wales. (Very  
 beautiful too.)



Pfc. R. W. Bibbs (RA)  
 "R. W."  
 Box 1296  
 State College, Mississippi  
 A hefty serious soldier from the  
 land of the muddy waters. Says  
 that he loves the farm.

Pfc. Samuel Trotman (RA)  
 "Sam"  
 General Delivery  
 Belcross, North Carolina  
 This happy go lucky guy will smile  
 on the least provocation. Quiet  
 in a sly manner.



Pfc. Jesse Russell (RA)  
 "Tea Pot"  
 9523-102nd Street  
 Long Island City, New York  
 Long and gangling this quiet guy  
 mixed it up with Cuff McSwane  
 on one occasion. Now they're the  
 best of pals. As if the Cuff could  
 be anyone's enemy.

Pfc. Albert Britt (RA)  
 "Britt"  
 2032 N. Cherry Street  
 Winston-Salem, North Carolina  
 A very smooth dancer and all  
 around sportsman. Was caught in  
 one of the Top's booby-traps on  
 the Channel. Believed in leaving  
 his souvenirs across the pond.







Sgt. Willie Sloan  
 "The Ancient Mariner"  
 109 Old Paris Mt. Road  
 Greenville, South Carolina  
 Hatch foreman. Our favorite entertainer with his impersonations and folk songs. He knew all that there was to know about ships, having been a merchant mariner for many years. We hope that he will overcome his extreme sensitiveness.

Cpl. Willie C. Dozier (RA)  
 "Carroll"  
 Route 1, Box 134  
 Belcross, North Carolina  
 This rugged chap was sometimes called Bull-Dozier. Why did he always take the long way back to camp from school?



Sgt. Willie Moody (RA)  
 "Moody"  
 566 East End Avenue  
 Panama City, Florida  
 Claims that a pass is more than a privilege. He Moody-ly says "By Gawd it's a right."

Sgt. Lark Andrey  
 "Lark"  
 N. Charlotte P. O.  
 N. Charlotte, South Carolina  
 This very friendly lad has had more than his share of reverses. However he seems to have the desire and will to surmount these difficulties. Good luck, Lark!



Pfc. Furman M. Townsend  
 "Whiskey"  
 General Delivery  
 Rowland, North Carolina  
 Licker-drinker extraordinary. A very hard worker and a grand fellow. Favorite sayings: "Leave me be when I'm in my likkers." "Drink to me with more than thine eyes."

Cpl. George Mix (RA)  
 "Tom Mix"  
 715 1/2 Poplar Street  
 Greenville, Mississippi  
 Chief of the Newport Commandos. Known to Mix it up with all of the Glamour gals and play-boys.



Pfc. Pressely Camp  
 "Press"  
 General Delivery  
 Grove, North Carolina  
 This eager beaver from the Tar Heel country has pitched "Camp" in much virgin country.

Pfc. J. W. RORIE (RA)  
 "J. W."  
 Route 1  
 Wadesboro, North Carolina  
 This husky farm lad reminds us of the legendary lumberjack, John Henry. A very hard worker but never fights for the simple reason that "he never feels like it." We don't know many who would want to pick a fight with him.







Sgt. Frank E. Gaither (RA)  
 "Frank"  
 Route 2  
 Mocksville, North Carolina  
 Charge-of-Quarters of the Malpas  
 Country Club. A business partner  
 of Sgt. Stack and Cuff McSwane.  
 A very quiet guy. Met his brother  
 on Luzon.



Sgt. Sanford L. Berry  
 "Deputy Sheriff"  
 244 Weed Street  
 Jackson, Georgia  
 An AT from way back and one  
 of the Sheriff's deputies though  
 he steered clear of the bobby-  
 traps.



Cpl. John Bolden (RA)  
 "Jawn"  
 3316 Calliope Street  
 New Orleans, Louisiana  
 A Great Deal from Mobile. A  
 master craftsman and home finder.  
 A very rabid week-ender.



Cpl. Willie Owens  
 "Willie"  
 Route 1  
 Mullins, South Carolina  
 A jam up rigger who also rigged  
 up plenty of trouble for himself.  
 Almost wrecked our Anglo-Amer-  
 ican relations by murdering  
 George's English.



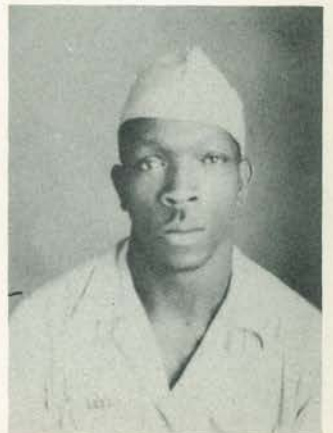
Pfc. William I. Lanier (RA)  
 "The Geezer"  
 Route 2  
 Rosehill, North Carolina  
 This hope-Shad-may-shoot-me Joe  
 was forever "swinging" on "by  
 'ere."



Cpl. Clyde W. Whitted  
 "The Village Blacksmith"  
 Box 45  
 Hillsboro, North Carolina  
 A "very good man." Confidant of  
 Cap'n. Crev. Went to church very  
 regularly in England and on Luzon.  
 Our foremost Ambassador of  
 Good Will. Each morning sees  
 some work begun—each evening  
 sees it's close. Met his officer-  
 brother in the P. I.



Pfc. George Jackson  
 "Jack"  
 Box 16  
 Weldon, North Carolina  
 Tried to out-do the flite lieutenant  
 but ran into a mine field. Got  
 caught in a rut and couldn't get  
 out.



Pfc. John W. Anderson (RA)  
 "Snail With The Mumps"  
 1339 Florence Street  
 Augusta, Georgia  
 The Peach State's gift to the  
 643rd. [We're dropping the op-  
 tion.] Famous for fender driving  
 and reckless eyeballing.





Sgt. Henry N. Jefferson (RA)  
"Jeff"  
915 French Street  
Washington, D. C.  
Bit off part of the army and says  
that he likes what he's bitten. A  
regular guy, Jeff.



Sgt. Irvin E. Harris  
"Irv"  
518 Patton Avenue N. E.  
Roanoke, Virginia  
A very great hash-slinger. Could  
make goat, jackass, caribou, rein-  
deer, mountain lion and Old Eng-  
lish sheep taste as good as beef.



Cpl. Mack W. Evans  
"Mack"  
General Delivery  
Harpersville, Mississippi  
This slender soldier from the deep  
south represented the "take it  
easy" attitude that the south is  
famous for.



Cpl. Williard E. Davis  
"Will"  
Route 2, Box 68  
Macon, North Carolina  
Johnny doughboy found a rose in  
England. Will try cultivating her  
on American soil.



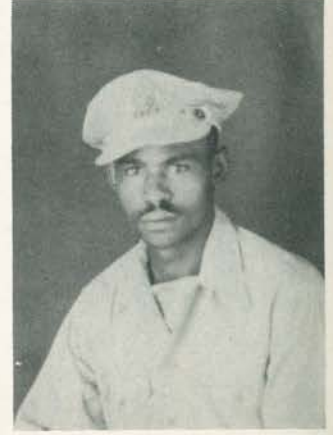
Pfc. L. C. Polite (RA)  
"LCT"  
Route 1  
Patmos, Arkansas  
Patmos saw and Ar-kan-saw how  
Polite this baby-faced youngster  
is, can you all?



Pfc. Howard Holder (RA)  
"Howie"  
Route 3, Box 82  
Dublin, Georgia  
Always seemed to be absorbed  
with a magnificent obsession.



Cpl. Roy Wright  
"Roy"  
366 Payne Avenue  
Atlanta, Georgia  
Another hash-slinger and kitchen  
mechanic. His specialty was grill-  
ed caribou on toast. Resembled  
S-O-S.



Cpl. William Heles  
"Heles"  
P. O.  
Ridgely, Maryland  
Always begin your palavver by  
talking turkey to this Marylander  
or else be moved down by a Hale  
'o lead.





Sgt. Merzell Robinson  
"Robbie"  
136 Kenneth Street  
Atlanta, Georgia  
One of the most capable of the  
non-coms of the third platoon and  
an all right guy at that.



Sgt. Wash Plump  
"Wash"  
2831 21st Alley, N.  
Birmingham, Alabama  
In any race don't plump too much  
down on him 'cause he may Wash  
you away.



Sgt. Nathan Bryant (RA)  
"Nat"  
208 9th Court  
Birmingham, Alabama  
As solid as a note from Tuxedo  
Junction from whence he hails. A  
regular guy, Nat.



Cpl. Isaac Deadrick  
"Ike"  
316 Patterson Street  
Knoxville 60, Tennessee  
A gentleman from way back and  
a guy that one usually likes at  
first meeting.



Pfc. George W. Odem (RA)  
Route 1  
Brunswick, Georgia  
Another solid sender from the  
land of peaches and cream. Dig  
that fuzz below his sneezer.



Pfc. Alfred Malone (RA)  
"Al"  
1505 11th Street  
Vicksburg, Mississippi  
Very quiet and studious. A very  
deep thinker indeed. We bet that  
even now he's lost somewhere in  
thought.



Pfc. Oscar Walker  
"Ossie"  
Box 112  
Rossville, Tennessee  
He has been in practically every  
company in the battalion. Says  
that we're "almost as good as the  
'44th."



Pfc. Robert E. Robinson (RA)  
"Bob"  
General Delivery  
Arlington, Alabama  
Just another one of those quiet  
genial lads from way down south  
in Alabam. We need more like  
him.





Joaquin Aguino, B. S. E. M.

Official  
Photographer  
for  
643rd Port Company

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# LEST WE FORGET



## • Surrender Or Die •

*(Copy of a Leaflet Dropped on Corregidor Before Surrender)*

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE MAJOR-GENERAL JONATHAN WAINWRIGHT COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES FORCES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

YOUR EXCELLENCY:

We have the honor to address you in accordance with the humanitarian principles of "BUSHIDO," the code of the Japanese warrior.

It will be recalled that some time ago, a note advising honorable surrender was sent to the Commander in Chief of your fighting forces. To this, as yet, no reply has been received.

Since our arrival in the Philippines with the Imperial Japanese Expeditionary Forces, already three months have elapsed, during which, despite the defeat of your allies, Britain and the Netherlands East Indies, and in the face of innumerable difficulties, the American and Filipino forces under your command have fought with much gallantry.

We are, however, now in a position to state that with men and supplies which surpass, both numerically and qualitatively, those under your command, we are entirely free, either to attack and put to rout your forces or to wait for the inevitable starvation of your troops within the narrow confines of the Bataan Peninsula.

Your excellency must be well aware of the future prospects of the Filipino-American forces under your command. To waste the valuable lives of these men in an utterly meaningless and hopeless struggle would be directly opposed to the principles of humanity, and, furthermore, such a course would sully the honor of a fighting man.

Your Excellency, you have already fought to the best of your ability. What dishonor is there in avoiding needless bloodshed? What disgrace is there following the defenders of Hong Kong, Singapore, and the Netherlands East Indies in the acceptance of honorable defeat? Your Excellency, your duty has been performed. Accept our sincere advice and save the lives of those officers and men under your command. The International Law will be strictly adhered to by the Imperial Japanese Forces and Your Excellency, those under your command will be saved and the delight and relief of their dear ones and families would be beyond the expression of words. We call upon you to reconsider this proposition with due thought.

If a reply to this advisory note is not received from your Excellency through special messenger by noon March 22nd, 1942, we shall consider ourselves at liberty to take any action whatsoever.

COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF  
THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY & NAVY



## Taps

On the sunny afternoon of 25 October 1945 in our coconut and palm shaded company area along the south beach of the South China Sea at San Fernando, Luzon, one hundred thirty one enlisted men of the 643rd Port Company raised their right hands and pledged allegiance anew to the flag of the Republic. We do not know all of the reasons why each individual had enlisted in the Regular Army. Suffice it is to say that the many and diverse reasons were best known to themselves. This we do know. All of them had served their country well during the war. We have no reason to believe that they will not parallel, if not surpass, their war records, if that were possible, during their future careers as professional soldiers. We do not believe the army could ask for better men.

Our enlistment exceeded the recruiting request from our unit by Headquarters, Base M, American Forces Western Pacific, several times over. Our men were among the first to enlist and the record set by this huge enlistment of over 50% of one unit at one time still stands in the Asiatic-Pacific Theatre and as far as we know, the army as a whole. Again we had come through first with the most.

To all things a beginning and likewise an ending. This was the beginning of the end of the 643rd Port Company. On 15 November 1945 the hundred thirty enlistees (one was missing, believed to have drowned) bade farewell to the others who did not choose to enlist. They entrained for the 5th Replacement Depot in Manila. There they received transportation in order to begin their hard earned enlistment furloughs of ninety days stateside. The company then became a ghost of its former self with less than half of its normal operating personnel. A few days later the remainder of the men were transferred to other companies in the battalion and the 643rd ceased to be an active organization.

To those farsighted and courageous individuals, who, in face of adverse criticism, chose to enlist, our best wishes to you in your new career and may God keep you safe in your future travels. We had thought of dedicating this book to you but on second thought we knew that you would prefer to have it dedicated to those who made the supreme sacrifice. Good luck professional soldiers.

## Farewell to Arms



Black, William B.

### IN MEMORIAM

Corporal Charles N. Stewart  
1925—4 November—1945  
San Fernando, Luzon, P. I.

"So let him rest  
On his sun-scorched atoll  
The wind for his watcher  
The waves for his shroud

Where palm and pandus  
Shall whisper forever  
A requiem fitting  
For heroes so proud."







