

CHAPTER II

December 20, 1942 through January 25, 1943

Sunday, 10 January, 1943

Sitting here aboard what was recently the Matson Line's luxurious ship, "THE MONTEREY", I have decided to bring the events which brought me here up to date.

17 December, 1942 (In Los Angeles)

Received a wire from Colonel Barney ordering me to report back from leave not later than 20 December. Was sincerely grateful to the Colonel for the casual remark he made, "If you want that leave of yours, I'd leave now." Had I left on the 15th as I intended instead of the 8th as I did, I would not have had but a small part. Changed my plane reservation and got a priority. Arrived at my organization on the 19th.

20 to 23 December, 1942

Organization quickly and efficiently packed and prepared to move. There were an unbelievable number of things that had to be done. I was changed over from Executive Officer "A" Company to Battalion Liaison Officer.

24 December, 1942

Boarded train (The Grapefruit Special) and moved out early. Christmas Eve and Christmas Day were well celebrated. Everyone had fun, but everything was quite orderly.

26 December, 1942

Arrived in Fort Dix, our Overseas Staging Area, in the wee hours of the morning. Moved into typical wooden barracks. Found supply situation ideal. Just ask for equipment to replace shortages and you get it immediately. The men and officers are given a chance to see the states around us. Most have never been to New York City. The Officers' Club is one of the wildest I have ever seen. I stayed with the outfit every night up to and including New Years Eve, giving the other officers a chance to go out.

1 January, 1943

I went down to Aberdeen to meet Bill P. We finally located one another about 2245. What a get-together. It was fine to meet again. He had a young nurse with him, Grace Simmons. We took her home and went to Bill's quarters. Talked until about 0400. I slept there.

2 January, 1943

Bill's duties as Assistant Secretary, Ordnance School, kept him until 1645. We then took the train to Philadelphia where the Simmons family met us and drove us to their home in Nazareth, Pennsylvania. Had some wonderful meals. Casually mentioned that I liked white cakes with chocolate icing in the conversation. When I got up the next morning Mrs. Simmons had already baked me one. Grace's sisters, Edith and Ann, are quite nice. It snowed during the night. We played some fine music, had a lot of delightful conversation, and ate steaks. In all it was a most enjoyable weekend. Bill and I took the train back to Philly, and then parted to go to our respective duties.

4th to 8th January, 1943

Cold weather, light duties, we are all set to go. I hate to see the organization sitting idle.

9th January, 1943

Advance party of officers left for Point of Embarkation. My equipment and hand-grip, and barracks bag was a mighty tough load to pack. It was a real joy to get up the gangway and inside my stateroom. Also, we have been trying to get aboard a ship for over a year. The outfit is in high spirits. They are a tough bunch. Expected to have to "rough it". Found to our surprise that instead of eating from mess kits the dining room is still being run in all its old glory.

10 January, 1943

Men of our organization will be in staterooms. They are the elite troops of the voyage. We are delighted that they are to be so well quartered. Their mess is good also. We found that there is to be a 72 hour delay in loading troops and departing. We cannot leave the ship. There is nothing to do except sleep, read, and eat three enormous meals a day.

11 January, 1943

Still loafing. Read Palmer's "The Odyssey of Homer". Studied a bit of Celestial Navigation. Spent several hours sharpening my knife. Hale made the best crack of the day. While looking at a World Atlas he said, "Gad, but we'll be a long way from Milwaukee!" Had one tooth filled and another x-rayed. Have another appointment tomorrow.

12 January, 1943

Got up at about 10:30. Missed breakfast. Still managed to put away enough food today to make me fat as a pig. Went off the ship and had another tooth filled. Read a couple of novels. Turned in at 10 (2200). Couldn't sleep. Went topside for a stroll around the decks. It is snowing large flakes that just drift lazily downward. There is enough of a moon to make everything look nice; no shadows, no harsh detail, just a pale, soft glow. So, to bed at midnight. The troops come aboard tomorrow. I'm glad. It's about time we get some work done. "Right in der Fuehrer's face".

13 January, 1943

Slept too late for breakfast. Read for a while. Our troops came aboard at 2100. Everything went smoothly. We had to stay up until 0300 for various officers' meetings. I am Deck Control Officer on "D" deck. So to bed at 0315.

14 January, 1943

Up at 0540 to see how things are going. Men are hungry. Movement of ship very smooth. Everyone well satisfied with quarters. Took men down to mess at 0713 as required by schedule and then ate at 0830 mess myself. From now on it is two meals a day. Had "Abandon Ship" drill at 1330. It went well for the first time. Several bottle-necks must be ironed out. There are several ships around me that I know well. It is better, perhaps, that they are not written here. Evening meal at 1630. Temperature rising. Turned in early.

15 January, 1943

Up at 0540. Supervised going to mess at 0713. It was very much better than yesterday. The men are rapidly learning the things that must and must not be done. Seas are running heavy. After one particularly heavy roll Andrews said in a pained tone of voice, "I wish they wouldn't do that!" and left us. I ate a double portion of everything for dinner tonight. The wind is freshening towards 1800. About 18 of the men in the company are seasick. If it gets worse it will probably bother some more. The temperature is dropping some, which will make their quarters more comfortable. I have a menu for today. I will copy it on the next page. Played cards for a few hours. Spent a great deal of time on deck. Weather warm. Wind dead astern, about 30 knots. Seas heavy. Ship rolling a great deal. I feel fine. Bed at 0045. ("Abandon Ship" drill at 1330 today. Time to bring all men to stations on "A" deck was 9 minutes.)

OFFICERS" MENU

Breakfast

1st seating 7:30 to 8:15

2nd seating 8:30 to 9:15

FRIDAY

Chilled Grapefruit Juice	Frosted Fresh Peaches
Oatmeal Mush	Dry cereals
with milk or cream	
Ham or Bacon and Eggs	Fried or Scrambled Eggs
Grilled Ham or Brookfield Sausages	Hash Brown Potatoes
Roast Beef Ox Tongue York Ham Roast Lamb	
Assorted Breakfast Rolls	Buttered Toast
Buttermilk Hotcakes with Maple Syrup	Jams Jellies
Coffee Tea Cocoa	Milk

Dinner

1st seating 4:30 to 5:15

2nd seating 5:30 to 6:15

FRIDAY

Chilled Tomato Juice	Eastern Oyster Cocktail
Clam Chowder Fulton Market	
Boiled Smoked Salmon Steak, Melted Butter	
Pork Tenderloin Saute, Paprika Sauce	
Roast Prime Ribs of Beef, Natural Gravy	
New Peas Paysanne	Croquette Potatoes
Heart of Lettuce with Russian Dressing	
Mortadella and Swiss Cheese with Potato Salad	
Jelly Roll	Ice Cream or Sherbet
Camembert Cheese with Crackers	
Coffee Milk	Buttermilk Tea
Fresh Fruit in Season	

16 January, 1943

Up at 0540 to go down to troop area. Sea calm. About eight men still sea-sick. It is cooler than yesterday. We zig-zag so much I have no idea where we are. Abandon-ship drill took seven minutes. Getting to the ship's exchange has been quite a problem. There are huge lines of men waiting. I hate to break in on the men who must wait so long, yet our duties prevent us from waiting long. I finally figured a way to beat the system. Each day at abandon-ship drill I can locate myself so that I easily get to the Exchange first. Everyone's morale stays up this way. The ship's routine is becoming familiar to everyone. Most of the men know their way around now. Spent quite a while on deck. Went to my room after dinner to rest a while. Lay down with my clothes on and slept all night. The side where I wear my knife is really sore.

17 January, 1943

Sunday. The first remark above should go in for today. Up at 0510. Time changed one-half hour forward making it 0540. First Sgt. Byrne and all the men were still asleep. Got them up at 0645, new time. I'm afraid I don't quite understand why we only change 1/2 hour. Today is warm. The wind is gentle, and the sea is calm. Only one man bothered with sea-sickness. Instructions to officers taking troops overseas tell us to keep the men busy. Amuse them so they will not become alarmed by the hazardous voyage. That is a joke where our men are concerned. They are like a bunch of squirrels turned loose in a new forest, having a great time. Worry and fear are far from their minds. We played a cut-throat game of hearts to-night. At midnight the clock went ahead another half hour. Jack Rothschild played the boys of 5995-S poker until 0330. He won \$140.

18 January, 1943

Up at 0540. Usual routine. The unpredictable Atlantic started out very smooth this morning, but it is very rough at noon. Abandon-ship drill took 6 1/2 minutes. I ate two sirloin steaks for dinner. We had a very good conversation this evening discussing Africa. This noon every man was issued a "Pocket Guide to North Africa". It has caused no end of comment due to the strange customs of the people. I did a lot of mending that has been piling up on me. Bed at 2315.

19 January, 1943

Up at 0620. Usual routine. Our position at 1200: 45W, 36N. The men, about 1/4 of them, have been staying in bed mornings instead of getting up for breakfast. Having only two meals a day makes this exceptionally bad for them. This morning I had those who did not get up for breakfast go out on deck. Since they now know they must all get up no doubt all except the few who are really ill will make breakfast. Abandon-ship drill in 5 1/2 minutes. This ties the ship's record which was made with fewer troops aboard. Yesterday at 1628 I set my watch by the ship's chronometer. By checking again today I found that the watch lost 24 seconds in 25 1/2 hours. The wind at 2030 is blowing quite hard, and the seas are heavier than they have been before. Cleaned my pistol and my tommy-gun. Turned in at 2100.

20 January, 1943

Up at 0550. Clock was set up at midnight last night making it 0620. Had a couple alarms today. Seas and wind heavy. Men standing it quite well, though. Rained most of the day. One tanker fell behind, we circled around in a huge circle and picked her up. Played a couple games of chess. So far have found no one who can play well. Censored six letters. It surprised me that the men have written so little. The wind is so high that the ship had a permanent list to port for a couple of hours. Turned in at 2315. Day definitely boring.

21 January, 1943

Up at 0600. Weather overcast, but calm and warm. I slept most of the day. Abandon ship drill took six minutes, 20 seconds, a worse time than our previous time. Censored some mail. Read a novel and turned in at 2245. Night clear. Clock goes ahead at midnight another half hour. We lay in bed and had a bull-session until about 0200.

22 January, 1943

Up at 0600. Sea calm. Winds light. Temperature warm. Men are all getting up and going to breakfast. Food still very good. My own crude navigation puts us near the Azores. Several small birds flying around might substantiate by indicating that land is near. We are approaching what is known as "Submarine Alley". Everyone is confident in our ability to get through. And even if one of the transports were to get torpedoed, the casualties would be very small. The men are "taking it cool". When we came

22 January, 1943 (continued)

aboard this ship large maps of the world were located in the foyers on each deck. These maps all were worn through on and around a certain port on the Atlantic Coast of North Africa. This was where thousands of fingers had pointed last voyage. Today new maps were put up and covered with broad strips of scotch tape, "Celloseal" I believe it is called. This will give the men a chance to locate our destination exactly. Mishkin defeated me in a game of chess tonight, the first I have lost since coming aboard. I will have to give him some careful attention. Browsed through "Astronomy, Maps and Weather," by Wylie and read a couple of novels by Leblanc in last two days. The clock goes up another half an hour at midnight. Sea calmest I have ever seen. Lying in bed there is no perceptible movement.

23, January, 1943

Up at 0600. After I had breakfast I went back to bed. Dreamed I was in the Navy again. I'm almost afraid to sleep if my dreams are going to be that bad. Abandon ship drill took six minutes. It is very misty this morning. Cleared up in the afternoon. Warm and calm. I have never seen such a smooth sea. Ever since we have sailed from New York each man and officer has had his life preserver, canteen, a pair of gloves, and a soft covering for the head with him at all times. In addition, I always carry my pistol. All this gets tiresome. The first three nights out, due to submarine danger, we were ordered to sleep clothed and ready to go. Now we are getting near Africa. The danger is not only from submarines but bombers also. We have again received orders to sleep fully clothed. Rumors run rife aboard ship. For example: The English have taken Tripoli; there are several hundred WAAC's in the convoy; we are going to land Tuesday, and the stories about Casa Blanca are really wild. The beer is good, the beer is bad; all they drink is fermented goat's milk; French cognac is plentiful. Everything is all twisted up. Clock goes up another half hour tonight.

24 January, 1943

Up at 0600. Sea calm, warm. Broke record for abandon-ship drill with time of 5 minutes flat. The sea is so flat a periscope feather would show 10 miles. One of the newest type destroyers cut very close to us. She is really a super-sleek craft. Several large land-based planes flew over us today, indicating that we

24 January, 1943 (continued)

are approaching our destination. I expect to be able to sight land before tomorrow is over. In censoring the mail I notice the novelty is gone from the trip. The men will be glad to set foot on land. Darkness fell unbelievably fast tonight. One moment it was light. The next it was as dark as you can imagine. It was impossible to see a hand in front of your face. There were no stars visible even. The only thing I could see was the phosphorescence of the water against the bow of the ship closest to us. The clock goes ahead one half hour again tonight. In addition to all the half-hour changes there is the full hour change due to our being on war time in the United States that didn't show up as a change of time. We have really been making tracks around the globe. We received radio news that the English 8th Army has taken Tripoli. An amusing thing I have noticed is the attitude of the men about their bathrooms. After living in the wilds like we have, a tile bathroom strikes them as a real luxury.

25 January, 1943

It is 0015. I have not yet gone to bed. Up on deck a moment ago I saw that the moon has changed the pitch-black night into day almost. Having slept for several hours yesterday morning I'm not sleepy, but I suppose I must go to bed out of sheer boredom. Found a good novel. Read until 0300. Up at 0550. Went up on deck. Saw the most glorious sunrise ever. High clouds heightened the effect, while a perfectly clear atmosphere and a mirror-like sea provided a perfect foreground clear to the horizon. The convoy split into two parts, one going through the straits. Our destination came into view this afternoon. It looks very good. The clocks went ahead an hour and a half. Evening meal was a route almost. Everyone wanted to eat and then get up to watch the show. However, our outfit ate in its proper order. They have had the best of the deal, eating first throughout the voyage. Coming into the harbor we came across several sunken merchant ships. One sank in perfect keel. She now sets on the bottom with only her stacks and her masts above water. What appears to be a heavy cruiser and a light battleship are outside the breakwater. One on the bottom near the shore, the other on the beach. The number two turrets bear the red, white and blue of France. There is a large battleship sitting on the bottom in the docks. She has a large bomb hole near the stern and a 16" shell through her bow, both causing serious damage. The attitude of the people in small boats seems quite friendly. We moored to the dock at approximately 1800. I was eating at the time. Everyone is eager to get ashore. The weather is nice and warm. I can

25 January, 1943 (continued)

see the surf pounding on the beach. Reminds me of home. We have been told what parent organization we go to. They have a good reputation. We go ashore tonight. Everyone is ready. This might be considered the end of the first phase of the trip.

CHAPTER III

25 January, 1943 (continued)

The organization was complimented upon its speed and order in leaving the ship and loading the "A" bags onto trucks. Then, in "full field" we marched three miles to our area. We were able to roll in our blankets on the wet ground at 0430, the 26th. The officers' bed rolls were still aboard the ship with the men's "B" bags, so I was rolled up in just one blanket.

26 January, 1943

Last night, or rather this morning, was very bad. Cold and wet. Yipe! Up at 0815. We are going to live off "C" rations for a while. I like them, but I can see where they will get tiresome. It is a definite improvement over the last war. The organization was spoken to about the danger of disease here. Nothing is to be eaten, even, that is not cooked. The Colonel indicated how he wanted the camp laid out and we tackled the job. In the meantime we have been beset with dozens of Arab beggars. They are unbelievably dirty and diseased. They are here primarily to steal and beg. However, a few will shine shoes for a penny or sell very nice looking oranges for 10¢ a dozen. We received word of the status of our equipment. The beggars have been driven back to a line around the camp. A rather large guard is going on tonight and until we are familiar with the efforts these people will make to steal from us. Toward evening the French soldiers came over to our camp. They are all the way from light brown, almost white Arabs to coal black. They were made welcome. They are sturdy, intelligent, and clean. The way they fondled our own wonderful equipment was pathetic. They are good soldiers, but their equipment is old or lacking. Their horses are the finest I have seen. Our own cavalry wouldn't like it to be said, but they are mounted on a bunch of nags compared to the Arabian horses. The 1st Spahis is the outfit here. One interesting factor is their surprise at the easy way we officers mingle among and talk with the men. Our bedding rolls and foot-lockers arrived in good shape. Tonight I will be in a warm sleeping bag and under a "pup-tent", which should be o.k. Turned in early for lack of anything to do.

27 January, 1943

Got up at 0830. Ate some more "C" rations. We had some of our money changed into francs. 75 francs to the dollar. Just to show the relative purchasing power, one dollar will buy 32 large glasses

27 January, 1943 (continued)

of beer. Unfortunately, there is really nothing nice available to buy. Since France is still on the gold-standard we have to have money here backed by gold, not silver. At least that is the rumor as to why we have to change our United States bills into United States bills with a gold (yellow) seal. The beggars have kept their distance today. If we don't encourage them I think they will soon quite coming. I went into town today to locate the office to which I report tomorrow at 0900. Coming back I decided to take a taxi, a horse-drawn affair on rubber tires. I had an awful time telling him where to go since I spoke no French. Finally I tried Spanish, which he spoke fluently. Everything went smoothly from there on out. Down town I noticed that most of the white girls have open sores on their legs. This is certainly a place of disease. The natives seem to have a large percentage of deformities. Got my sit-trench dug for the sum of three cigarettes. To bed at dark.

28 January, 1943

Reported to 32 Blvd. de la Liberte at 0900. We were given a "pep-talk" about the importance of our liaison job, and then put to work loafing. I managed to keep the day from being a total loss by leaving the G-4 office for a few minutes at a time and doing a little contact work for the outfit at QM., Eng., and Signal Offices. In the latter, when getting Ferguson's radio frequency, they told me to use anything that no one else was on, which is a hell of a poor way to run things. Was brought home after dark in a three quarter ton WC.

29 January, 1943

Went down again to the G-4 Atlantic Base Section. We are so short of vehicles that I had to have the ambulance take me down. I will be glad when we get our equipment. I took T/Sgt. Carmichel with me. At noon Colonel Barney came by and took me aboard the ship we came over in to eat one last good meal. After that we went out to contact a few units. In our traveling around I couldn't help but notice the similarity of the land to Southern California. There are great expanses of green grass land, with the yellow mustard weed growing profusely, just like Southern California at this time of the year. There is no fog, but at night a cold damp dew settles on everything. The sun is warm, but the sea breezes are cold. All in all, the days are perfect, but the nights are very cold. Some of the buildings show the Spanish influence and are just like home. The other

29 January, 1943 (continued)

style, Morrocan, I guess, is an ancient type. Contrary to all expectations, the downtown buildings are in many cases of much more modern construction than any in Los Angeles. I got back to the area before dark and lay out the plan for putting in the local anti-aircraft protection. To bed at dark. The Colonel just came down the line. I am going into town with him, Captain Shirley and Captain King. We spend the evening in a very modern apartment. Captain King has rented a large bedroom with wonderful furniture in a nice part of town for \$10 a month. We had a great time talking with the family. One of the girls spoke Spanish and the Colonel spoke fluent French so we made out capitally. We gave them several little things we brought over here that were very welcome. These better-class French no longer get their income from France, and but a very small amount here. Therefore, a little bit of money is very welcome to these people. However, there seems to be very little here to buy. Fine things are very limited. For example, a French Lt. told me a shirt like one of mine made of dark gabardine would cost 3,000 francs. A married Captain (French) gets only 4,000 francs as a month's salary I am told. We drove home in total black-out. There was no moon, no lights, nothing discernable but the stars. Talk about celestial navigation; we keep the North Star to our rear, and Orion to the right, and we get home.

30 January, 1943

Sent Sgt. Carmichel down to the G-4 office. We had an inspection by a Colonel Willem in the morning. He had a "canned" talk he put out to the officers which might have been o.k. in a class of Officer Candidates if it was given in their first week, or to Reserve Officers just reporting to duty, but to be giving that old baloney to us was a waste of high paid time. Gad, but some of these old women seem to have difficulty realizing that there is a war. I started putting in the anti-aircraft machine guns at 1400. They should have been in today, but we'll never make it due to the inspection. Went over to the nurses quarters just around the corner from us. Almost every officer in the outfit went. They can only go out every third night, but two of them ducked out with Major Bevington and myself. We found some very good champagne and had fun observing the French.

31 January, 1943

Sunday. The men, I know, must have grumbled to themselves about it, but we put in the rest of the Anti-aircraft machine guns. Over our small area the 23 calibre .50's will give good defense against low-flying aircraft. I doubt that the high level jobs will bother us. The city has too many good targets for them to waste time on us. Intended to stay home, but the fellows came by. We took a horse-drawn affair out to a place called "La Reserve". We had a good dinner and found out what the "vin rouge" is like. Played "chug-a-lug". Took the carriage home. Cost us around \$1.25 per person, including everything.

1 February, 1943

Up at 0715 feeling fine. Some of the lads had headaches. Went down to G-4. (Forgot to mention yesterday: On the way to "La Reserve" yesterday evening we went down the best beach I have seen in a long time. The waves surged up in continuous lines. I want to go in the first chance I get.) Wrote several letters after dinner by the light of a Coleman lantern. Turned in early.

2 February, 1943

Up at reveille, as usual, 0700. It is really hard to crawl out into the cold air before dawn. It is very cold until dawn comes at 0830 to drive away the dampness. Rode down to G-4 in the ambulance. Bought a heavy sterling bracelet for mother. They cost just about \$10.00. Picked me up in an amphibious jeep about 1700. After evening meal Jack Prescott, Ferguson, "Doc" Brantly and I went down to the Medina. This is very interesting country. I only wish I could send home all the laces, brass work, wood work, and other work that I could buy here. Some of these small, crooked, dark side streets where the shops are would be wonderful places to get your throat cut. For this reason, we go around in groups. In this evenings shopping tour we walked at least 10 miles the way it checks out on the map. Bed at 0100.

3 February, 1943

Down at G-4 on liaison again. A trip opportunity came in. I grabbed it up. Too bad I can't take it myself. One officer is going to be sent down to Safi to check some radio equipment. The country changes quite a bit down there. It will be a chance to see some more of Africa. Lt. Ferguson took the trip. Jack Prescott, Bob Hale and I spent the evening hiking around the city. We try to hit different sectors all of the time.

4 February, 1943

Missed reveille this morning. Colonel Barney took me down town at 1000. I did a bit of talking and managed to get us a couple of vehicles. The Colonel did a lot of talking in the meanwhile and got the status of the Battalion and its equipment clarified. At 0400 this morning we had an air alarm. "Doc" Stone got up and dressed. I stayed in bed. When they start dropping things is soon enough for me to start worrying. All clear at 0445. Back to the outfit at 1730. It is raining a bit. No retreat. Colonel Barney, Capt. Monroe, Lt. Rothschild, Lt. Mishkin, and I went down to "Le Select". The woman that runs it is Madam Frank. She is quite a character. Her husband is fighting up in Tunisia. He is a flying officer. She, as do most of the people here, thinks we are a good bunch. They are glad the Americans are here to help. It rained quite hard until just before we started home. We took two disabled French sailors up to their hospital.

5 February, 1943

Up for reveille. Down to G-4. They are up in arms down here trying to find more men to unload the convoy. One outfit came down with several cases of spinal meningitis. They are quarantined so their men can no longer be used. My outfit is already furnishing a port guard that takes every man we have available. The greatest source of trouble the guard is having is keeping the Arabs from stealing oil and grease. They eat the stuff! The French police whip the natives almost to death when they catch them stealing. I had some time to spare this afternoon. Wrote mom. Back to camp at 0500. Fellows wanted me to go out to "La Reserve", but I stayed in camp and made a box to send home the bracelet. Examined some of the equipment we got in today. Turned in at dark. I'm certainly growing tired of "Spam"!

6 February, 1943

Down to G-4. "Spam" for lunch. Tried to find the post office without success. The shaves these people give are very smooth but the chairs are strange and the razors rough. It is more like going to the dentist. They cost 5 francs. My pay check was only \$106 this month due to insurance, bonds and rations. I'm drawing overseas pay and a "fogie" from now on, which will increase my pay quite a bit. Went to the "Coup de Doulis" with Capt. Shirley, Lts. Rothchild, Hale, Thompson, Conoza,

6 February, 1943, continued

Mishkin, Culp and Capt. Monroe. We had dinner and 22 bottles of champagne. Colonel Barney and his red-head joined us for a while. It was quite an operation. As Mishkin quoted, "War is hell"! We used a 3/4 ton weapon carrier for transportation.

7 February, 1943

Woke up at 1100. What a headache! After a light lunch of pork chops, a group of us decided to go down to Mazagan. Major Bevington, Lts. Culp, Stone, Rothschild, Hutchens and I went in an amphibious jeep. This trip was very picturesque. The first thing we saw was an Arab plowing his fields with an ox and camel. The camel alone will not follow a furrow, but the big brutes are very powerful. We all remarked on how much cleaner looking the men and animals are out away from the city. The green fields, where not cultivated, are a riot of yellow and orange. The flowers look, from the car, like gladiolas. The numerous little ponds formed by the recent rains are covered with a white flower. They look like bowls of popcorn. Herons are numerous. They are dead white. In flight they are a beautiful sight. We saw one heron perched on the back of a big tailed sheep. What a photo! Once a cloud of small birds flew by, almost making the sky black. Many storks were seen. They are a large black and white bird. Their nests are plainly seen in the high tops of the occasional tall palms that are sprinkled over the landscape. We passed a great area where hundreds of Arabs were gathered together to trade. They had everything imaginable. Some came on foot driving sheep and cattle. Some rode donkeys leading camels loaded with wares. Some rode on top the overcrowded charcoal burning busses, clutching live chickens in their arms. One plutocrat came in a very beat up model "A" Ford. We continued and came to an all-Arab walled city. Azemmour was its name. Upon approaching the city we came to a river. The city rose up on the far side of the river. It was of ancient age and looked like an ancient city should. So far, Africa has not disappointed me. The odors of these towns are remarkable. As we passed through the narrow crowded streets the native children all run along giving the "V" sign and crying "Smoke, smoke"! The populace, to the last person, seems very friendly. Continuing onward we came to a French garrison. We stopped and were conducted through their stables by a proud sergeant. The horses were superb and the care they received was of the finest. The entire post was very well cared for. Continuing, we came to the outskirts of Mazagan. A blonde flagged us down. She spoke

7 February, 1943, continued

excellent English. Said she liked to talk to Americans. Found out a good place to eat, the "Casino". Gave her a package of cigarettes and continued. The American soldiers have all left the city to go north. The populace gave us the "V" sign. We found a young man who spoke Spanish and wanted to be our guide. After touring the town we decided to go eat. We passed the French Bank and remarked about it. Our guide laughed and said, "Sans money". At the "Casino" we had an excellent meal. Though our guide ate well, he seemed to thrive on vin rouge. In the casino were two very attractive girls, one of whom spoke high school English. We joked quite a bit. Misunderstanding is very easy, but we made out o.k. When we left we were surrounded by French and native children. We doled out our candy. One big-eyed little girl got more than her share, I'm afraid. On the way home we stopped on the beach and broke in our Tommy-guns. The trip home was very cold due to a sea breeze. We unloaded our stuff at camp and then went out to "La Reserve" for dinner. Very good. I have had the best oranges today that I have ever had. So to bed.

8 February, 1943

Up at 0800 and down to G-4. Lt. Gray, who took over my censor stamp when I was first sent on this job, looked very unhappy behind a huge stack of letters. Got my money (dollars) changed into francs at the value 75 francs = 1 dollar. The parity is now 50 francs = 1 dollar. I only had \$140 available. Now I can buy \$210 with those same francs. Too bad I didn't have a few thousands to invest. Henningsen, Kafka, Prescott and I went down town. It is awfully dark in the total black-out. Ed Kafka walked into the side of a truck (6x6) doing about 20 mph. He staggered one way the truck the other. Neither were hurt.

9 February, 1943

Down to G-4. About all I have done down here lately is write letters and eavesdrop. Some of the rumors and conversations are helpful to the Battalion. Most are not. After evening meal, Prescott, Ferguson and I went down town shopping. I bought a knife with a silver sheath for 2800 francs. It is not good for anything except an ornament in the den. Ferguson is back from Safi. I will put his story in here soon. (A native stole a hand grenade and found out what it was.)

10 February, 1943

Our equipment is rolling in. The outfit is still on duty guarding the docks. Up at 0715 this morning to check the men's personal equipment. Everything in good shape. Down town observing the people I notice of the French that even the nicer looking girls are very round shouldered. The men are becoming impatient with the Arabs. They are no longer interesting, just disgusting. We have gotten a lot of salvage ammunition from a sunken ship. Most of it is serviceable. Went down town and had a shower. We tried to go to a show, "One Night of Love", in English, but found that the last feature started at 1630.

11 February, 1943

Up late and down to G-4. Managed to get a couple of Training Manuals on the 3" gun. Our gun is different, but the books help. Wadle and I went over the gun carefully. Three French officers came over during our work and one, who spoke English, ask us to explain the gun and vehicle to them. We did. I have a feeling they disapproved of the grease on our hands. We were able to buy two candy bars a piece. I traded four packs of Camels for two more Nestles bars. During the darkness last night, some Arab managed to steal the screen from the Officer's latrine. I hope he tries again tonight for something. Prescott and I have been walking 8 to 10 miles every night. Tonight we came home through the Medina. It is even more strange in the darkness than usual.

12 February, 1943

Down to G-4. At 0945 I went over to a PX they are going to open at 1000 for officers. What a line! But I managed to get a bit of chocolate and some tobacco to trade for more. After chow we started down to the theatre, but some way or another got in the "Cintra Bar". Soon after Prescott, Ferguson and I got seated next to 5 blondes (strictly artificial) in came Mishkin and Rothschild. Mishkin tried to prove his mastery of the French language, and provided many laughs. Ferguson, as usual, is half tight on two glasses of wine. La Cintra is a very nice place. The crowd is one of the best I have seen. Mish' and Rothschild just left. Capt. Carter, Jones and Hoover just came in. After they gave the warning Prescott went off with Carter to a place. Fergie and I had a long talk with an M. P. Captain and walked home. Halfway home we came upon two of our men who were "blotto". We got them started home.

13 February, 1943

Down at G-4. Met a very attractive girl. Age 21, looked 17. Very clever. Speaks many languages fluently, including English. Name: Consuela Gargas. Discussed the Spanish, for she is from Barcellona, situation. First 4.0 I have met here. Oddly enough, her nick-name is "honey". After evening meal Ferguson and I went to town in a Fargo mount to see a show. All seats, we found, are reserved a day earlier in advance. So in gloom we went back to camp. We got out an M-10, Tank Destroyer, and went for a run. One quaint thing I noticed - though the natives calmly walk in front of a speeding truck, they are quite afraid of a track-laying vehicle. Several times I noticed upon approaching a native quarter that the Arabs all dashed out, grabbed their bicycles and other valued possessions, and hurriedly dragged them into the house.

14 February, 1943

The Rape of the Medina, or, The Sack of Marrakech, are two titles suggested by my colleagues for this story. Henningsen awakened me at 0615 and said, "It's really foggy out. Perhaps we had better not go." By 0700 we were rolling; four of us in an amphibious jeep along with two cans of gas and a large box of French pastries. After a brief argument on which direction we should take, we sailed away. The fog quickly burned away. It was just the fore-runner of a beautiful day. The first part of the trip was through rolling land, much like the Palos Verdes. By 0930 the hills, 75 miles, and the French pastries were no longer with us. The terrain flattened out. The road, which, surprisingly, is rather good, stretched out as far as the eye can see, in a perfect line. After miles of driving the (Moyuen) Middle Atlas Mountains came into view and the Atlases. The ride was enlivened by arguments as to the distance to the mountains. After crossing the Middle Atlas we finally came to Marrakech. We promptly drove to the festive doors of the Hotel Mamounia. The streets through which we drove are landscaped with orange trees heavy with fruit. The Mamounia is a beautiful piece of Moorish architecture. Our belated luncheon was excellent. We went into the Medina afoot to shop. The highlights of this were the snake-charmer, the mountain Arab with his baboons, and the shops full of old rifles and knives. This Medina was segregated so that on one street could be found only silversmiths. (I bought a leather footstool.) On another only silk weavers could be found. These mountain Arabs are a proud, hard looking bunch; very handsome in their way. After we shopped we took in the area. The old French forts are of tremendous size, and numerous. The Atlas people

14 February, 1943, continued

have never been conquered. In creating their Moroccan Empire, the French were forced to keep a very large garrison at Marrakech. The large groves of palms in the center of such a large plain probably explain the location of the city. The road we followed around the walled Medina crossed a moat and led into the Medina. We decided to follow it. If any Arab is keeping a book like this he is certain to mention us. There was just room for the vehicle and one skinny donkey side by side in the "streets". I was driving. After turning and twisting for an hour or more we came to an open square and then out to the Mamounia. Evening meal was to be at 2000. While we waited we cleaned up a bit. I never can get used to the men and women using the same washroom, and met some flying officers from a B-17 outfit. The meal was good. We started home at 2100. The trip home was long, cold, and uneventful. Capt. Goad of the air corps is going to visit us tomorrow.

15 February, 1943

Up at 0930. Cleaned up my equipment a bit. Listened to Brantly moan about how hard he works until I was tired. Went down to G-4. Fergie, Jack Prescott, and I went down to the Hotel Excelsior to meet Capt. Goad at 1830. We waited until 1930 and left a card for him. We went to the Cintra. In about 45 minutes Capt. Goad and a friend of his, Lt. Was, came there. We left and went to LeSelect. We had quite a night. We all walked out to our area to get a vehicle. As we walked we tried to start every U. S. vehicle we came to, but all had the rotors out. I located the airport, how I don't know. These officers gave us a very good impression of the air corps. They are not at all like the air corps ground officers. (During the day an Arab tried to take Whitaker's Tommy-gun away from him while he was on dock guard. The Arab got a burst of four in his stomach and rapidly joined his ancestors.)

16 February, 1943

Up at 0730 and down to G-4. A bit of Spanish philosophy: "My but it is nice to do nothing when there is work one must do." I talked to an air-corps man from England. He said Mj's, Martin Mjellel'm's, outfit has taken an awful battering. I bought a pair of short boots for my driver-orderly. Back to camp and wrote the folks. We, Jack, Fergie, and I were to meet the air corps fellows tonight, but they were called back. Such is war.

17 February, 1943

Up at 0900 and down to G-4. Food good today, but getting tiresome. Felt a bit in the dumps tonight.

18 February, 1943

Up at 0700. Down to G-4. Got 1/2 of our guard detail put on another organization. They screamed, but to no avail. This afternoon entire guard relieved. The organization is in a feverish hurry. Equipment is being taken from many organizations to fix us up. Radios must be installed. Guns must be mounted. Shortages in equipment must be checked and drawn. Maintenance is working all night. Lou Wadie, Cusick and I wrote a field manual for the M-10 tonight. Rommel has broken through. I guess we are to be sent up to fix it. From 2200 to 2430 I spent on my "book". To bed.

19 February, 1943

Wadie got me up at 0700. We did some exhibition drill with live HE for the men. They have never seen this breech in action. At 1200 we started out for the range. Those guns really look good. The firing was not interfered with by any "bird dogs". It was pleasant, accurate, and well organized. All we want is supplies. The more "higher headquarters" lets us alone the better we function. Back before dark. I spent the day with "A" Company. Tomorrow Headquarters will fire also, so I will have to go out with them. I received my 3/4 ton command car today. Fergie will put the big radio in it tomorrow. Everyone is working hard to get us on the road. I'm going to write a few letters and then turn in. Due to expected mail, I left the letters incompletely.

20 February, 1943

I was going out to fire small arms, grenades, etc. when the Colonel stopped me. One of our 3" gun breech rings has a hole in it. I pulled the gun out and switched with one of the 803rds with the aid of two 10 ton wreckers. My command car has very little room in it after the 608 radio goes in. I have been modifying the car. The men worked until 0230 tomorrow getting the tracked vehicles ready to go aboard the ship. Turned in at 0230.

21 February, 1943

Up and to work again early. The old "Ace-in-the-hole" looks good on the vehicles again. Continued work on my car. The Battalion Motor Shop and the radio electric shop certainly save a lot of time making and mounting things on vehicles. Lt. Ferguson mounted one of the Navy .50 caliber mounts in a 3/4 ton weapon carrier. It is ideal. Ordnance hauled away the two

21 February, 1943, continued

M-10's of the 803rd that we had. Recon. was given six M-5 light tanks in place of their Fargo mounts. We worked mounting .50 caliber Turret mounts until 2200. I received a lot of mail. We got in some new men and a new officer to replace Lt. Merritt.

(X)

22 February, 1943

My driver, Davis, and my radio operator, Blackshur, have improved our car a lot. We are still working on it. Five days ago there was a 40 mile gale blowing sand. Yesterday it rained as hard until noon as I have ever seen it rain. Today is like a mid-summer day in Catalina. In the evening we went down for a shave and a shower. Worked until about 2100. Had the men knock off work. Hale, Prescott, Ferguson and I put away three quarts of vin rouge and turned in.

23 February, 1943

Up early. Took navy mounts in 3/4 ton weapon carrier (The Ferguson mount) out and tested them. Also .30 caliber improved mounts. (The Wadie and the Cole mounts.) All worked better than any G. I. mounts we have ever fired. The navy mount has to be changed a bit. We are going to strengthen its junction with the WC. My car is in good shape for the trip. Prescott, Ferguson, and I have been hitting the ball pretty hard lately. Tonight we went out to the "Coup" and ate, and got well oiled. Prescott drove through the Old Medina. Ferguson wanted to get out and walk home, so we took him back to camp. I got my .45 and Jack and I went back and really explored the Medina. Bed at 0300. (I got Andrews up three times tonight to make up for all the times he has come home and awakened me.)

24 February, 1943

Up at 0900. We were lucky not to get in trouble last night. The staff and other HQ officers are out chasing nurses again today. Jack and Fergie are slaving away. The men worked late getting everything loaded. Turned in at 0100.

25 February, 1943

Up at 0630. Last night Andrews' nurse fell into a trench. The Arabs are all waiting for us to leave. We have policed the area, but as fast as we dig a pit and bury something the Arabs dig it up. "A" moved out at 0900. We all breathed a sigh of relief

25 February, 1943, continued

to get away from Casa Blanca. The trip was through gentle rolling fields at first. On the far side of Rabot the rolling increased until it was like an unending Palos Verdes. The soil is very rich here and is under cultivation. We spent the night just outside Meknes. A group of us went in for a shave and drove through the Medina. While the others waited in the car, Andrews, Ferguson and I wandered through the Medina. The stars are bright. Bought some tremendous oranges.

26 February, 1943

Up and away at 0800. All machine guns ready. We are alert for the Stukas. The country up to Taza is very fertile. From there on is desert. The French forts of Beau Geste days are everywhere. Fez is quite an interesting city. No time to explore. Our vehicles have help up well today. It rained intermittently and, in spite of my "self-propelled sleeping bag", I just about froze to death. At 2100 Jamor Bevington and I hit our Bivouac in Oujda. As I write this at 2300 the last of the outfit is just pulling in. Where we refueled on the desert we were given a hanch of Gazell. We are cooking it now. Went down to check with last vehicle on the situation behind. Three trucks are broken down. Battalion motor maintenance in putting a clutch in one, a bearing in another, and I don't know what in another. These long pulls are hard for our overloaded "Jimmys" (GMC trucks).

27 February, 1943

At Oujda we left ABS and went to MBS control. MBS replaced two of our "Jimmys". Due to ABS's lack of knowledge of the roads from here on, the march schedule we had made must be changed. Instead of Orleansville we go only to Sidi Bel-Abbes today. This trip was very interesting, interspersed with old French forts as it is. Sidi Bel-Abbes is the home of the French Foreign Legion. It is not much as a town. They have a drink called "Triple Sec" that is sweetish and really packs a wallop.

28 February, 1943

Recon. left at 0800. Via Mascara and Relizane to Orleansville. This country is very mountainous. Africa is unlike I had it pictured. My geography teacher really missed the boat. The oranges here are red, juicy, and sweet. The people are friendly. However, they would like to steal us blind.

1 March, 1943

Recon. pulled at 0700. We went to Affreville, on to Blinda. At Oujda they told us we could get Scotch from the British at Algiers, so at Blinda the Major and I turned off and went to Alger. Though they had warehouses full of the stuff, we could get none. They had stopped selling it to U. S. officers on the 15th. I bought chocolate for the men. Wandered over Alger. Chisled 13 loaves of hot bread, U. S. style. Ate dinner. Almost spent the night, and then wandered around trying to find the Battalion at L'Arba. This is a rich fertile country.

2 March, 1943

We found some very good English beer to change our diet. Marched on through ever changing country to Mansoura-des-Bibans. An Arab from a nearby village said he was a "Bee-dune". We spellit "Bedouin". This spot reminds me of the foothills on the desert side of Big Bear, California, only there are snow-capped mountains on both sides of us. The English convoys have been giving us a great deal of trouble. They are camped near us. Their vehicles are not dispersed at all.

3 March, 1943

Up and on to Constantine. Wonderful country. Good bivouac area. Constantine is one of the best cities yet. It is really interesting. Prescott, Mishkin, and I went in. We wandered through the crowded streets until well after dark. Bought three bottles of vin rouge and drank them on the courthouse steps. On the way back (we were going to walk the 6 km.) a colored driver picked us up in a 2 1/2 ton "Jimmy" and brought us home. Quite an evening.

4 March, 1943

Up and received orders not to move out. Rumor has it that 12 of our major weapons have been torpedoed. I bet Rothschild and Andrews \$5 they were safe. Drove 21 miles each way to take a bath in a warm springs pool. Se Bien! Went into town to the "Casino". Left and explored the Kasbah. We returned to the French quarter and ate again in the "Brasserie Wolf Constantine". Went to the theater and saw "Hired Wife".

5 March, 1943

An M-3 Med. woke me this morning. The Colonel was just about to leave for a trip 150 miles toward the front. I managed to get dressed in time to go along. The country up toward Tunis gets

country to Mansoura-des-Bibans. An arab from a near-by village said he was a "Bedouin". We spell it "Bedouin". This spot reminds me of the foot-hills on the desert side of Big Bear, California, only there are snow-capped mountains on both sides of us. The English convoys have been giving us a great deal of trouble. They are camped near us. Their vehicles are not dispersed at all.

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5 March, 1943.

An M-3 Med. woke me this morning. The Col. was just about to leave for a trip of 150 miles toward the front. I managed to get dressed in time to go along. The country up toward Tunis gets more & more mountainous, like the Sierras, but not wooded except for the cork forests. I got some interesting dope while waiting for the Col. We ran into rain on the way back. The road was bad. We got to Constantine after dark so we ate at the Air-corps officer's mess. After we ate they had a show put on by some English soldiers. It was

quite clever, but English humor is beyond me at times.

6 March, 1942.

Up at 0900. Our vehicles delivered to Phillipsville were looted by some organization before we got here. The pioneer equipment, mgs, and other small tools have been removed. The Col. is raising hell! "A" Company had their stuff on a separate ship. It was torpedoed, but put in to Algiers O.K. It rained today. My bed-roll got wet at the foot. I slept in half of it. What a night. Before turning in I was down to "A" Company "fighting the war" with them.

These are heroic days.

7 March, 1943.

Yesterday, I got a letter from both the folks. (None from Carol.) I wrote her. Spent the day getting my car & guns squared away. We are ready. This afternoon some S.O.S. officer came down to get our ammunition away from us. The Col. told him there wasn't enough rank in Africa to get that ammunition! I am down to "A" Company now. Ate a good meal here today. (Lt. Fawcett stole most of the food.)

8 March, 1943

Fergie, Andrews, & I drove down to Tabessa to check on what we are getting into &

drove back. Roads are like grease. Got lost coming from contemplated bio. area to Tabessa & headed into German lines. Out O.K. Bio. area is large pine forest.

9 March, 1943.

Checked equipment & generally took it easy. Party

10 March, 1943.

Got up feeling awful. Capt. Shirley, Lt. Brunt, Andrews, & myself left for Tabessa area. We took our 4 vehicles. Found situation as of the 8th all changed.

11 March, 1943.

Checked new bio. area. Examined Roman ruins. Established supply contacts. Food here excellent.

12 March, 1943
Battalion arrived 1430 on.

13 March, 1943
0230 pulled out to forward area. The weather is wetter than any I have before experienced. Excessive moisture should be listed as one of the 7 horrors of war. The roads are a quagmire from rain & traffic. Situation shaping up. Moral very high.

14 March, 1943.
I am writing this on the 16th. It is the first time I realized that I am now 24. Looking at this date reminded me. After an awful night of rain the sun came out for a while. This country is wet beyond description. We are

in a scrub-pine forest.

Chapter 18. 19 March, 1943.

Days have ceased to begin and end. I am not even certain this is the 19th. Since leaving the scrub forest the 15th, we have picked up "B" again and made some marches in the rain & mud that were murder. Kasserine is now behind us.

There are signs of previous battles all around us; planes & tanks on both sides. Strange equipment litters the road. It is only the normal refuse left by an army. "White" was strafed by an ME-109 the 17th - no damage. Early morning the 18th "C" lost a man in a vehicle accident. Sgt. Stevenson & 2 of his men

are missing. We have had only light contact with the enemy. A GMC passing us hit a Tellur mine.

Last night rained to beat hell. The wind managed to unbutton my tent all day trying, while dreaming that the dam had unsuccessfully, to keep burst. A capt. offered me a try or I warm. Went over carbine for my little stove. I to the Br. once. They ^{got them some maps} refused. A German 1st Lt. walked in mud up to their necks in & gave himself up this morning.

I'm suspicious of it, but everyone else seems to think him a bona fide deserter. Gofsa fell in yesterday. "Little Men" Robinette drew some fire. On the has the local situation well in hand. Laco' said, "If we ~~stuka~~ ^{enemy} grounded & guarded don't get some action soon I'm ~~by~~ ⁱⁿ inventory. They burned going to pick a fight with "Okly". It is wet.

19 March, 1943.

Today is without a doubt the worst day I have ever seen as far as the weather goes. I have huddled in

20 March, 1943

This was as beautiful a day as they located a ⁱⁿ they found a Co. of Italian infantry. Moving south tonight.

21 March, 1943

Moved through the pass between Habib & Dj. Meloussi to the east toward Aoknassy. So far all contact has been light. We have been jockeying for position. Blue was detached from Spitfires. By the time the next us tonight. My duties kept me ever rolls around, a new recognition system must be developed. The

22 March, 1943

Lay down on my bed-roll at 0445. rise with howitzer fire. From At 0530 they awakened me. I had the accuracy I'd say he had the to go find the Br. with instructions range to our hill in his notes. They changed their mission. Luckily The 27th F.A. came up quickly. I had not undressed. The roads are yellow directed their fire. They mere camel tracks, and though it other fellow's guns withdrew. I has not rained for 2 whole days, went back to the "little man" they are bogged in places from (Gen. Robinett) Back in that area the heavy traffic. I caught I watched 9 Spitfires come in "Kibo" just in time. We set followed by another plane. I on a rise where we could was standing by the car with

Col. Barney

~~X~~
my mouth hanging open when that moon is brightest full." Moon 10th plane nosed down & strafed over Maknassy." Dug a trench. The crosses were black edged in white & turned in. So ended the. I could see the pilot grin as first day under fire he turned & went on. I

23 March 1943.

immediately dug a slit-trench. Stukas came over. I woke up, "Dig or Die" they say. I was lucky got up, put on my helmet, & once. I lay down by my trench & hit the dirt in one easy & caught up on my sleep. Every motion. And fast! This is time a plane came by I would a beautiful warm day. I went open on eye & try to identify forward to see what goes. Then it. There were many planes. I are some downright unfriendly was so tired that when identification howitzers in T-7725, the pass was enemy or uncertain I N. of Maknassy. I am suspicious would measure the distance to f said pass. Came back, located my hole with a glance & a little wadi, ^{heated} cooed some then watch the planes. I "C" ration, improved said wadi never quite had to wake up & with a shovel, & set down to move. Wended around all write a bit. The sun has night looking for the Col. The brought forth many types of

7
1st PK 7
? 24 March, 1943.

flowers, red poppies, wild narcissis, gladiolas, and some I am not familiar with. We caught 54 Italians. Toward evening 7 light Italian tanks tried to come out of the pass. We were waiting until we had them cold, when the artillery is watching for planes. They opened up & scared them back. Sizing enemy left a good hole. We got one with HE at 6375 yds. Turned in early. ^{Had 5 letters from the folks today.}

Last night the firing was quite heavy. Up early & down to the Br. Hermin the Vermin. came over while we were doing a little shelling. A U.S. piloted "Spitfire" dove in & shot him the "Bull" in the dark. Found down, right in our midst. The him, luckily, right away & was German pilot-sergeant was not back by 0200 (tomorrow).

hurt, just shaken up a bit. We are moving into Moknessy now. We are just outside. 6 Stukas just dove into Moknessy. The column is halted. While I write this & finish a letter to the folks (4 one to Carol,) Davis

in changing the mission of the organization. White goes with Blue. Red remains. Stukas in bunches of 14 or so have "plastered" Moknessy & surrounding area many times today. Where is our air support?

Wandered from the "little man" to

25 March, 1943.
Up late. Slept by some old fox-holes. When CC/B pulled out this morning someone awoke me & said, "Better hurry, you'll be left alone." (They were moving back.) I thought after last night who cares, & slept on. Am going to rejoin Kimo now. My driver, Davis, has been acting oddly ever since the first ME 109 dived in". At first I thought he was ill, but it looks like he just has his wind up a bit. The sun is beating down in good style for a sun-worshipper like me. The birds are twittering. There is a myriad of colored wildflowers. What a contrast to hear Kimo say, "Six Stukas, East to West, very low, ~~were~~ watch them. They're coming in fast."

Get them!" The boys have been doing quite well. Passing thoughts: Where does an Arab go? Why? What does he think about? I'd give one month's pay for a vanilla shake. Money is just paper here. Just got a letter (from Carol) dated Feb. 142. I had not read four lines when the Stukas came in. My hole is a beauty. As I watched with my head up I remembered the last line of dad's last letter, "Keep your head down". Soverson was reading a letter also when I mentioned that I heard planes. He said, "They can go to hell until I finish this letter", but you should have seen him hunt for a hole when they came in. Turned in early.

This record is continued
in a second book, identically
like this one.

Cole