

## WAR JOURNAL

Not realizing the full importance of keeping an accurate record of my experiences in World War II, I failed to keep an extended or systematic journal. Several diaries were begun but never completed. I was quite devoted to the task of keeping my folks informed as to my activities. Numerous letters were written to my Mother and Father and especially to the girl I left at home...who eventually became my bride. Most of these letters were preserved and are now assembled in chronological order from which this journal has been constructed. Actual content of the letters has been used, although much of the material has been edited to give continuity. The dates are all correct and the material is factual. No fiction has entered in to it at all. It is a faithful reproduction and compilation of the events and activities that I experienced during World War II as described in my letters home and diary entries.

30 March  
Escalante  
1943

I left Provo at 3:45 A.M. on the train for Marysvale. The engine became detached from cars in Marysvale canyon. It left us stranded on the tracks for some time. I caught the mail truck to Escalante and arrived there at 3:45 P.M. I have to report to Wichita Falls, Texas on the 5th of April. Travel orders call for me to leave on the train from Cedar but I plan to go to Salt Lake and leave from there.

Monday, 5 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

I arrived here at 7:30 A.M. Our 1916 Pullman was sandwiched in between cars on the "Texas Zepher" (we called it the "Texas Heifer"). I slept on an upper berth. We stood in various lines all day in the Texas sun with no hats. I was assigned to a barrack and finally had a brief "rest" at 4:30 P.M. We learned that we will be in training for 15½ months before any furloughs; very blue. Aviation Cadet life at this point looks very bleak. (Height, 5'11½"; Hair, Brown; Collar Size, 15; Shoes, 10-D; Blouse, 38L; Hat, 7½; Sleeve, 33; Waist, 32; and Weight, 168).

Tuesday, 6 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

We stood in line most of the day getting our first issue of G.I. clothing. Mine fits!! Hurry and wait! This seems to be the standard procedure. Hurry to get in line, then wait for an hour for something to happen.

Wednesday, 7 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

I feel "light headed"...I lost all my civilian locks. A real honest-to-goodness "G.I." haircut! The percentage of "washouts" in this program is high. I wonder if I will be one of them? We had lectures of military discipline which I have had before; very boring. No credit has been given me for all this stuff I had in the CMTC (Civilian Military Training Camp). My pay is \$50 per month. If I can pass the physical and mental requirements I will be sent to school somewhere before entering flight training. Sat in barracks most of the day listening to a corporal lecture. A little disgusting, especially the language he used.

Thursday, 8 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

One more day off the total I'll have to spend in the Army. We spend most of our time during the day in green coveralls and helmet liners and attend lecture after lecture. Expect the toughening up process to begin any day. Most of the fellows in my barrack use very rough language. My time in the service will either make me like them or make me a stronger person. It has been raining all day requiring us to wear rain coats. Each drop of rain is swallowed up by the parched earth. I won't expect my wife to be better than myself...I'll try to honor that ideal. Close-order drill...in the rain, and classification tests.

Friday, 9 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Close order drill all day and then a dress parade for Col. Clagget...reportedly a "busted" General from Pearl Harbor.

Saturday, 10 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Reveille at 4:55 and roll call at 5:00. By 6:00 we were taking a real rough aptitude and achievement test. The test lasted all morning. Shots for Typhoid and a vaccination for Smallpox this afternoon. I think I'll send Maxine some money and ask her to get an engagement ring! What a crazy idea, but I want her to have one.

Sunday, 11 April *B-Day*  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Twenty-first birthday today. Legally old enough to vote and to marry. Spent the day in church, fasting, and just walking around the post. Saw my first B-25 and B-26.

Monday, 12 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Received first letters from home. Have enough money for the ring. Asked Maxine to get the ring if she would accept this as a proposal this way. Hardest day yet. Calisthenics for an hour and a half then a 5-mile road hike. Shocked at language the fellows used and the stories they tell about the girls they have gone with.

Wednesday, 14 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Close-order drill until noon...all morning. Ran the obstacle course in the afternoon and topped it off with a 5-mile hike.

15 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Proud of my uniform. Ashamed of my penmanship and spelling and completely in love with my Sweetheart. An explanation of my address is: "The ASN (19115311) stands for my army Serial Number. I belong to the 30th squadron, connected with the 308th Training Group. BTC means Basic Training Center, and Sheppard Field is a concentration camp about 8 miles east of Wichita Falls, Texas." Haven't done much today. Close-order drill all morning. Attended lectures and pictures on sex Hygiene. I suppose we are our own worst enemy according to the stress placed on this one aspect of our training. Confident I will return and thankful for the Priesthood I hold.

Friday, 16 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Close-order drill all morning again. We march with 120 inch strides (approximately)... makes about 17 miles of marching. Lined up in three files each more than a block long for "shots".

Saturday, 17 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

So much rain we had no drill...just "lectures!" No mail from home yet. Hope no 4-F has found Maxine.

Sunday, 18 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Spent the day just loafing and attending church.

Monday, 19 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

The war is one day closer to being over!!! Met a friend of Maxine's...Leland Larsen. Tried out my gas mask in tear gas.

Tuesday, 20 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Close-order drill. We had X-rays and Wasserman Tests.

Wednesday, 21 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Given our first lesson on how to kill a man! Teaching us to destroy one of God's most beautiful creations! It is hard to believe but it must be done in order to protect the rights of thousands. Took another 5-mile hike. Heat and sweat and dirt made us all look like running mud-hens.

Thursday, 22 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Stood in line in alphabetical order for physicals and payroll. My name is so far down the list that I was on the tail end of everything. Read the entire Gospel, according to St. Matthew while waiting. Close-order drill every day.

Friday, 23 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Took a 7-mile hike today. We make these things in about an hour. A little rough on some. We get a little better each day.



Saturday, 24 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Preliminary marksmanship this morning. Obstacle course twice this afternoon.

Easter Sunday, 25 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Attended Easter program in Sunday School. Gave opening prayer. I had a pass into town. Farlan Spencer and I were in town. Streets not as clean as in Provo. Has population of around 29,000. Saw a sign: "If you are over 85 and have your parent with you, we will lend you money," the boy next to me is 6'6" and weighs 236 lbs. His shoes are size 14-C...we call them "foot lockers." Visited the USO and took in a movie..."Air Force". Upon return had a telegram from Maxine indicating she was getting the engagement ring.

Monday, 26 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Sent telegram to Maxine acknowledging engagement. Close-order drill all morning. Twice over obstacle course in afternoon.

Tuesday, 27 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Stood in line to sign for our travel pay. In the afternoon we "traveled" again...on another road hike!

Wednesday, 28 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Bayonet practice today. A starke realization of what we are in the army to do!

Thursday, 29 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Close-order drill again this morning. I have never walked so far and gone nowhere as I have done since arriving here. For recreation this afternoon there was the obstacle course again. Close-order drill again this afternoon. How we must scare those Germans and Japs! Medical records of our group are lost. Our shipping orders are 5 days late.

Friday, 30 April  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Favorite past-time again...Close-order drill. Long cross country run just for fun this afternoon.

Saturday, 1 May  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

More Close-order drills and the obstacle course. Day usually starts at 5:50 a.m.

Sunday, 2 May  
Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field)  
1943

Shipping orders announced at 5:30 a.m. Everybody confined to barracks. Placed on troop train finally at 8:30 p.m. We didn't know our destination. Traveled North, West, and South all day. Finally, much to our disgust, we arrived in TEXAS! We had been traveling all day and hadn't left Texas! Still in a "foreign country." The place turned out to be Lubbock, the home of Texas Technological College. A real nice campus, and much more pleasant than Wichita Falls.

Tuesday, 4 May  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Waiting for completion of processing and assignment to permanent quarters. Food real good! Eat in the college cafeteria. No letters can be mailed yet. Why all the secrecy??????

Thursday, 6 May  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Moved into permanent quarters yesterday. The new dormitory for boys. There are four of us to a room in bunk beds. We received our books yesterday which included: Physics, Arithmetic, Algebra, English, Geography, Trigonometry, and History. We will only be here five months and it looks like a whole year's program!! I'm frightened. Yale and Harvard graduates are in the group...50-60% of us will "wash-out." What chance does a farm boy have??? West Point "Square Meals" eaten here. Regulations very strict about personal dress and cleanliness. Met Lester Taylor from Provo who knew Maxine.

Monday, 10 May  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

In hospital with German Measles! What luck! This is the first time I have ever been in a hospital...and for the German Measles and at such a crucial time! It looks like I wasn't meant to be in this program. By the time I get out, I will be so far behind in Math and Physics I will never get caught up. They say I'll be here two weeks. They just as well wash me out now!!

Thursday, 13 May  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Still in hospital with measles. Not at all sick but worried over my lack of progress in the academic program. We go to school from 1:00 to 6:00 p.m. daily and have a two-hour study period. I need every hour of it in the evening. Morning hours spent in regular military program; physical fitness, close-order drill, lectures, etc. Here I sit with the measles!!!!

1 June  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Maxine indicated she might come down. I could spend two hours each evening with her and until 1:00 A.M. Sunday Morning and then all day Sunday. Bacculariate exercises at Texas Tech. was Sunday night. Our band was asked to help. Including the South Plains Air Force Band, we numbered 60.

2 June  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Our room is number 119. Some officers from Santa Anna here. Everything is "spit and polish". We spent 4 hours just shining up our room! Used Kotex pads for shining and polishing rags on the red tile floor.

Others in my room were:

Mario Regalado, Redwood City, California

Donald Roberts, Bosie, Idaho

Kenneth A. Rossi, Oakland, California

There were a lot of fellows from the Utah area. Some were: (1) Floyd Anderson, (2) Clair Black, (3) Bill Daniels, (4) Harry Evans, (5) Art Millecan Jr., (6) Blaine Owens, (7) Lester Taylor, (8) Clair Swenson, (9) Grant Bushman, (10) Preston Brimhall, (11) LaMar Buckner, (12) Earl Callahan, (13) W.R. Cristopherson, (14) Rex Furness, (15) Garth Hatch, (16) Farlan Spencer, (17) Lee Walker. We knew each other well and saw each other daily and in church on Sunday.

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|-----------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Springville  | 10. Idaho Falls       |
| 2. Provo        | 11. Ogden             |
| 3. Toole        | 12. Provo             |
| 4. Provo        | 13. Spanish Fork      |
| 5. Salt Lake    | 14. Sugar City, Idaho |
| 6. Teton, Idaho | 15. Mexico/Provo      |
| 7. Provo        | 16. Escalante         |
| 8. Spanish Fork | 17. Pleasant Grove    |
| 9. Provo        |                       |

6 June  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Went to Sunday School. Took along an investigator I met in the hospital. He wanted to join immediately. We gave him some literature and suggested he become more familiar with the Gospel before asking for baptism. I spent the biggest part of the day with him.

Wednesday, 15 June  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Maxine at Escalante visiting my folks. This is good. We have had tests just about everyday this week. Hope I've done well enough to stay in the program. The idea seems to wash everybody out who will wash out later. A sign on the bulletin board reads: "Hate Your Enemy." Somehow I can't get myself into this frame of mind. This might win the war, but the peace will be won on a policy based on the Teaching of Christ.

16 June  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Our band played a concert. Approximately 65 band members including our group which augmented the Summer Band Program of the College.

Wednesday, 30 June  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Big test in Trig. tomorrow. Band just about gone...only 6 of us there today. I was the only bass player.

Thursday, 1 July  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Most of us sleepy in class. All had guard duty last night. We left one fellow asleep in class as we left and he slept well into the next class period.

Sunday, 4 July  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Became a "Student Corporal" in the Band..whatever that is. Called Maxine on the phone at 7:00 and talked for 10 minutes. Phone booth was in main hall of the dormitory. It was wonderful to hear her voice again.

Friday, 16 July  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Ran the obstacle course in 7 minutes and 15 seconds. This is a mile and a quarter course which begins with one lap around the stadium, out the stadium to the north to the railroad, then along the railroad (running on the ties) for some distance..perhaps 200 yards..then to the left toward the stadium again. Just back of the stadium is an obstacle course with high and low barriers, rubber tires etc. At the end we enter the station from the Northwest and finish by sprinting the last half-lap down the straight-away to the finish line. I'm always in the first 3-5 finishers. Today I was number 3. just behind Preston Brimhall from Idaho and Boivie from Calif. A farm boy against two athletes in G.I. shoes..I felt that was pretty good!

Tuesday, 20 July  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

All marched to headquarters today and signed for flight insurance. I suppose we will start some orientation flights soon.

Tuesday, 27 July  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Started flying today. Great experience.

Saturday, 31 July  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

We flew again today. My instructor and I flew to another field then did some short cross-country flying. No aerobatics. The little "L-5" Cub can hardly hold both of us. Still have a dreadful fear of falling. Really like this branch of the service, however. I bought a Watermelon in town and we had a great time eating it in our room. All sitting around in our underwear (or less) when an officer came into inspect our room (Lt. Church). He found the trace of little "Bon Ami" on the mirror.

Monday, 2 August  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Had a rough time flying. Couldn't do anything right. Instructor extremely critical. I was "volunteered" for a detail..unloading G.I. trucks which took all afternoon. I didn't mind missing the drill periods, but we also missed our "free" periods.

Wednesday, 3 August  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Flying lost its luster today for us. Lund Stucki, from Rexburg, Idaho was killed in a plane crash. He was a returned missionary and a good friend of mine. I was with him just before his flight. As his plane taxied up to the flight line, he turned to me and said: "See that plane? Only aces fly that ship." He and his instructor then climbed aboard and took off. They had trouble gaining altitude, as we all did on this very hot day. At about 800 feet altitude, their plane went into a slow spin toward the earth. We all had a sickening feeling inside as we waited hopelessly for parachutes to open. None did. The instructor had managed to "pop" his but he was still inside the plane wreckage. Both were killed instantly.

Lund C. Stucki was missing from our flight today. Tonight his bunk is empty. His shoes are still polished and set in a straight line. He was the most likeable fellow I've ever met. He was a returned missionary and very religious. I wonder what his parents back in Preston, Idaho will do.. and how brave his sweetheart will have to be. Why do such wonderful people have to be taken away? Why couldn't it have been Me? He was a much better flyer than I'll ever be. We saw them drop from the field where we stood. It was terrible..that waiting and watching the planes return..counting them and identifying their occupants. Stucki's never came in. Death strikes often during war. Where will it strike next. This war is over for him. Tonight he's resting in peach and still smiling..I'll bet.

None of us wanted to fly after the crash. I had already had my "Check" flight or I probably would not have flown at all today.

We have new officer and they are already letting their presence be known. We have new regulations and we have added "First Aid" to our curriculum. Our titles have also changed from "Private" to "Aviation Student"..No pay advance in represented but the Status symbol seems important.

Wednesday, 3 August

Monday, 6 August  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

We should have shipped out today. The major can't get a train for us. They are all being used elsewhere.

Saturday, 7 August  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Flying definitely finished. It is rumored that the Santa Anna Classification center will be out next stop. It is really a "Washout" school they say. I wonder which of us will "wash"?

I stayed up until after 12:30 (curfew time of Saturday night is 2:00) re-viewing for tests..especially in physics, and writing letters. All other room-mates soundly, and loudly, asleep. I have 107 physics review questions to study.

Sunday, 8 August  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Farlan Spencer and I spent the day going to church and attending movies. I'm assigned to speak in Church next Sunday.

Tuesday, 10 August  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Band plays daily for the retreat parades now. Academic classes are over. We spend our time in "Hygiene" lectures and on the drill field. Band takes quite a bit of our spare time but we get a couple of hours longer on "open post" nights as a reward.

Wednesday, 11 August  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Some fellows next door were caught playing poker. Confined to dorms for the rest of our stay here and 10 hours of "tours" besides. (Walking a pre-determined path in a military manner for an hour.) Inspections getting rougher. Even on the drill field, names are turned in for "tours" of those who get out of step or foul things up. One exercise is to yell commands with our heads in barracks bags! This is to develop lungs and officers!!! A real queer sight! We all think our stay here is about over.

Sunday, 15 August  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Spoke in church..subject: "The Beattitudes".

Tuesday August 17,  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Still no train. We are still packed. Everything I want is at the bottom of the barracks bag..one or the other. We drilled on the drill field all morning but the rain storm saved us this afternoon. When there is nothing else to do... they can always put us on the drill field. It is like trying to swallow dry cotton! We have to take it or be washed out! They sort of rub it in too in times like these. None of us want that kind of a "Bath" right now.

Thursday August 19,  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Still we drill! Still more Physical Training! More standing in line!!! and we gripe a little more each day. Four hours of Physical Training today. Some of it was basketball which helped a little. I borrowed a guitar. Farlan Spencer came over with his harmonica and for a while we forgot about the world. "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" got a real workout! We are all sure our next stop will be Santa Anna, California...but when???

Monday August 23,  
Lubbock, Texas  
1943

Well, we finally did it! We got a train and shipped out to Santa Anna California on the Sante Fe.

Thursday August 26  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Assigned to Squadron 12. All of us given a form letter to send home explaining our reason for not writing.

Friday August 27,  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Trip here was wonderful. Just outside of Santa Anna we stopped to change switch engines. A farmer in an orange grove near the tracks gave us a box of fresh oranges. Classification will take about two weeks. I don't want to be a pilot. I want to be navigator or a bombradier..I really prefer the bombradier. I hope I get through.

Saturday August 28  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Well, we can shine shoes anyway. That's about all we've done..that and stand at attention for punishment for the infraction of some rule. One fellow in our barracks was smoking in bed...for that the whole barracks was ushered into the yard at midnight and made to stand at attention for an hour and 20 minutes. Tho other barracks next to ours is out tonight because one boy took a shower after taps!

Sunday August 29  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

After complaining about the sevier treatment, we were told: "This is the army, whether you know it or not". After 5 months of this stuff..drill, cussing, griping, shots, standing in endless lines, we are finally told that this is the army! I wonder though. All we seem to be doing right now is shining shoes! It seems to be considered a fine mark of an officer to have one pair of shoes to wear and another pair to shine and sit in a nice straight line under the bunk!

Monday August 30  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Well, we're off! Today our classification started. It began with an inspection of our barracks and personal belongings. (our shoes were in real good shape)! Our first official meeting was a series of lectures. In a digested form they said: "Know all the answers all the time..the fellow who takes chances seldom comes back. All that is needed is necessary risks!"

Tuesday August 31  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Wow! Tests, tests, and tests. 11 of them and all against the clock in math, physics, etc. from 7:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. It really wrung us out. I know there are a lot of things I don't know, but until today it has been a confidential thing with me personally...today there are a lot who know it! When we finally drug our selves back to the barracks we had another important task to do...clean the barracks! After that, just for diversion, we shined shoes! The wax I'll bet is an inch thick on mine now! I wonder if the pilot of that airplane flying above us had to shine shoes? I wonder if he still does?

Wednesday September 1  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Now I know! This inferneal, or eternal shoe shining is good for one thing... coordination! Today we took 8 hours of Psychomotor tests. My eyes still burn from the strain of watching all those little lights flicker, and flash from the electrodes I was using. I don'ttthink I got any of the square pegs in the round holes..however near the end of the day I wouldn't bet on that!

Begining with our group Aviation Cadets will get no Cadet Uniforms (officer uniforms with Cadet insignia). Just our luck. We still keep our G.I. uniforms.. but we get Cadet Insignias!!! Big deal! We also get no increase in pay. I don't know why we worry over things like this.. we might not even emerge from the "washout".



Thursday September 2  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Psychology interviews today. Marched to the "Psyche" area and stood in line for hours it seemed. Went in for an interview in our stocking feet! "Have you ever had sexual intercourse?" "No!" "Humm!" "Do you enjoy the company of men or women most?" "If i were choosing a companion for life, it wouldn't be a man!" These interviews were scheduled for 10-15 minutes each. Mine lasted for 45 minutes. The last 30 minutes were spent discussing the Mormon religion. I expressed my desire to be a bombradier..everyone else wanted to be a hot-shot pilot!

One boy, when asked the question. "Do you mastebate?", replied "Yes..in the mornings, at noon and at night..depending upon what I eat!!" He thought the word was Urinate!!!

Friday September 3  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

We had Physical Examination today. The most exciting I've ever had. On the depth preception part, we were to score "0". My score was "70". The sergent in charge gave me another chance and I scored "25". ( 30 was acceptable). I had another interview and was "washed out" as a bombradier". Why, I don't know! I felt bad..but I suppose I'll never know why. I can sure shine shoes though..we are at it again tonight.

Saturday September 4  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

All of us lined up for haircust..290 of us. Just like the sheep shearing producer at home. We hardly had time to het seated..40 cents each..58 haircuts per hours..Pardon me Mr. Churchill...but never have so many been sheared by so few!

A group of WACS marched by our barracks. Hope no officer was around to hear the comments from the barracks or we'll be standing at attention for a week! Our classification week is over. It will take a while to learn the results. Some have already been notified.. Less Taylor washed in the Psychomotor tests.. his history of Maleria worked to his dis-advantage. 46 of them as of now have washed. Next week we do K.P. duty...here they call it "Mess Management"..It is still K.P.! In about a week those of us who are left will start our pre-flight training..more math, physics, radio code, etc.!

Sunday September 5  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

No church today...no passes...all under quarrantine. We still shine shoes... we have the "Mess Management" course to look forward to! What a thrill!

Wednesday September 8  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

We drew guard duty today. Having a name that begins with "S" has certain advantages... I didn't get in on the detail. We get a personal inspection in the morning. I'm washing shoelaces, and belts tonight. I've used one can of shoe polish this week..on one pair of shoes which I never wear! They just sit there under the bed with the laces laced to the top and tied!

Shipley Snow visited us last night. He went through this program at Santa Anna. He's a pilot now (as of last May).

Saturday September 11  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

I(m a "hot-shot pilot" today. All I need is an airplane. Our classifications came through today. We lost only 46 "in the laundry". 2 of them were LDS. One who had a history of Maleria (Les Taylor) and another who smoked quite heavily. There were about 50 of the total group who were LDS. Heard that Rossi got it!

We finally got to use the pair of shoes we have been working on for the last two weeks...our "Big" personal inspection...the final hurdle. We marched to the asphalt inspection area in our stocking feet as our shoes were so heavily coated with wax they would have cracked and peeled with the walking! We stretched a string and placed each pair of shoes with the heels touching the line at the proper intervals. When we got the word that the inspection team was on its' way, we carefully stepped into the shoes, laced them up and stood there at attention waiting for the inspection! Each of us was inspected personally by the Major who examined every-inch of us for loose threads, a mis-placed hair ect. The grading system was very good (below average), excellent (average), and superior (above average). The Major graded us "Superior Plus!" This so pleased the Captain, that he gave us the afternoon off! It took hours to get all that wax off the shoes. As a fitting climax to the occasion, we go on K.P. at 3:00 a.m.

Monday September 13  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Nothing special to do. Just detail while waiting for our pre-flight school to start. Picked up tin cans, bottles, cardboard from all the mess halls. Our squadron is consistantly rated the top squadron with the climax coming during the weekly parade we have each Sunday afternoon at 4:00. All that close order drill is bringing results of sorts, anyway.

Wednesday September 15  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Still waiting for pre-flight to start. We drill, have Physical Training, lectures on Sexual Morality, and special details. I have "Mess Management" again tomorrow, starting at 3:00 a.m.

We haven't been paid since July 31st and it looks like the 1st of October before we'll get a pay day. We've been moving around so muxh and Itinerants in the Army find it no hard task to be constantly ahead of the paymaster. It doesn't bother me much. I don't go anywhere and don't shoot crap!

Rossi left for Scott Field Ill. today for Radio School. He wanted to be a pilot so badly. I'm not planning to be much of a fighter pilot. Due to my size and the fact that I don't think I'd like it anyway. I'm hoping I'll get a heavy bomber..I feel sorry for Rossi.

Lots of airplanes of the latest type fly over..P-38's, Fortresses, Liberators, etc.

Friday September 17  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

That day at K.P. is finally over. We feed 700 men each meal. I think I'll use paper plates in my home.

I flew "the China Clipper" all day. (dishwasher) First time I've ever had an opportunity to use my pilots Classification!!! The corporal on duty gave us each a box of 12 ice cream bars (there were 45 of us). When we got back to the barracks we had a party. The ice cream went good with the cake I recieved from home.

Saturday September 18  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Based on our barracks inspection, personal inspection and our performance on the parade ground last Sunday..our squadron was judged the best!

Tomorrow we leave for bivouac. Because of our recent K.P. duty, some of us do not have to go as we have not had time to get ready. We could just stay here and "loaf" around the barracks to guard it while the others are gone. That's not for me. It sounds too good. I'll take my chances with the others at Bivouac. Farlon Spencer and I went to the post movie last night. "Phantom of the Opera."

Sunday September 19  
Hills east of Santa Anna, California  
1943

We were driven in Army trucks into the hills east of Santa Anna. We arrived about noon and had a series of lectures..then were marched to our group areas. It didn't take us long to make our beds which consisted of two army blankets in the dry Junegrass. The seeds stick to everything. Had our first experience eating in an Army Field Kitchen and washing our mess kits in barrels of hot soapy water. We are surrounded by dry drush, eucalyptus trees and orange groves and June grass. Water is rationed from "lister" bags and we are not allowed to shave.

Tuesday September 21  
Hills east of Santa Anna, California  
1943

On guard duty last night walking along the trees and brush. "Zoot Suit" gang from L.A. raided the area while the last group was here and we were on special orders to be alert for another raid. Nothing here happened. Those two blankets on that side-hill had a special appeal to me. Gas mask drills, and pack-rolling exercises most of the day.

Wednesday September 22  
Hills east of Santa Anna, California  
1943

Camouflage lectures and demonstrations today. I found but 4 of the 25 emplacements along the trail. They could have killed all of us.

Went on 8 mile hike into the barron hills today with light packs and one canteen of water. Temperature - 95 degrees...not extremely hot but marching in the dry grass and in country with no trees, we thought it was rough..especially some of the "City" kids.

Thursday September 24  
Hills east of Santa Anna, California  
1943

We spent the day yesterday crawling through the dry grass and shrubs around and through an "unseen" enemy following a platoon leader that didn't know which way was up! We could see our objective, but he insisted that his map was accurate and that we were to follow it. We ended up one mountain range and 8 miles beyond our objective. Quite a few rattle snakes in the area and this was their "blind" season. Our Platoon leader was just about as blind. Fifteen of us finally reached our objective...four or five hours after the maneuver was over... all hot, disgusted and tired. Spent the day on a camouflage detail to demonstrate principles to the visiting nurses.

Sunday September 26  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Well, we left the "enemy" up there in the hills to fight among themselves. The Orange groves won't miss us. A moonlight party of some of the rebellious ones produced two barracks bags of green-colored oranges which we all helped to devour. The letter "S" was magic again. The plan was to have us march back to Santa Anna. They took them all, but the last of the alphabet and put them on the road. About four of us, beginning with the letter "S" were placed on special detail to load the equipment. I really didn't mind it as we got to ride home and were the first ones to enjoy a nice long, cool shower.

We have more K.P. this week. This is really a wonderful branch of the service. I suppose we'll get to see an airplane once in a while...if we can take time enough to look up as it flies overhead!!!

Monday September 27  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

The whole outfit is in a low state moral, a side effect of the relative amount of freedom and lack of restrictions at the Bivowack. The officers are attempting to "whip" us into shape again. They always say "Hit the door on the double when you fall out!" One fellow did...he took the screen door right off it's hinges. He had to hang back on by himself, but it was good for a laugh.

Tuesday September 28  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

We took our first "flight" today...in a pressure chamber. We went to 35,000 feet and stayed there for 15 minutes without ever leaving the ground. The pressure was reduced in a large cylindrical tank inside of which we were locked until the atmospheric conditions approximated those at 35,000 feet... pressure about 3 lbs. per square inch. All the fillings in my teeth hurt. Some of us had no oxygen masks for the first part of the experience. At 18,000 feet we couldn't add 6 plus 6. At 35,000 feet we lost consciousness.

Wednesday September 29  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

We had our first swim in the ocean today. We had to swim over a 50 yard course. We spent the rest of the time playing in the sand. It was a welcome diversion from the barracks.

Thursday September 30  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

"Mess Management" again. Visions of the "potato parade", "Caravan of the Carrots", and the "Dance of the Dishes" danced through my head all night. Since my experience in the ocean, and since I wonder if I'll ever get to fly the term "China Clipper" seems inappropriate to describe this dish-washing business...I call it "Pearl Diving" now! From 3:00 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. seems like an awful long class period to learn "Mess Management!!!" I'm a smart young man...I could learn it in less time, I'm sure!!!

Saturday October 2  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

We moved from the classification barracks to the pre-flight barracks area today. It looks like we are on our way as Aviation Cadets at last! I'll be glad to leave this area. Our barracks is on the Eastern part of the base. We will move to the West side. We planted grass here..with picks! We just picked a hole in the ground and stuffed a bunch of grass in it. The grass is a coarse grass..something like the grass we dreaded to see get started in our lawns at home. But the stuff is growing! I'll need to be tough to take the beating it will take around these barracks.

Sunday October 3  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

It's official..."Aviation Cadet" is our title with a \$25.00 pay increase... we now get \$75.00 per month. \$105.00 per month minus \$1.00 per day for food. We are now to learn to be "polished gentlemen" as well as soldiers. How successful they'll be with a bow-legged sheepherder remains to be seen! The restrictions, and regulations are un-numbered. Everything has to be "crisp" 24 hours per day. No gum chewing, now we don't through paper away.. we carry it in our pockets all day until we get to the trash can in the barracks at night. It's rough, but I'm glad I'm here. I've gone through a lot and taken alot to get here and I want to make the most of it.

Monday October 4  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

For the first time since I entered the service, I have a barracks surrounded by grass and trees! How pleasant. Just across the street is the service club. (Rosalind Russell was there last night.) The post theatre is just a block away with the Post Exchange. The only catch...it looks to me like we'll never have a chance to use them!

Wednesday October 6  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

I wear two pieces of cotton where once I had two wisdom teeth. They were good teeth too! Only one thing wrong...the Air Force pulls them all to prevent further trouble.

We had a "special" inspection in our squadron of 225 men. 1,000 "gigs" were given and I got one of them...for having dust on my bed springs! (I suppose I'm not getting as much sack time as I thought to allow dust to collect on my bed springs!!)

I'm studying radio code, math, gunnery, aircraft identification and physics will be added later.

Daily routine is strict. We get through with supper at 7:30 and most of us study until the lights go out at 9:30. We are allowed 30 seconds to make formation. The inspecting officer inspects us closely. I thought for a while he was trying to read the neck sizes of our shirts...but we get "gigs" for having dirty collars. Those silver wings look more than nine months away.

Sunday October 10  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

We were allowed off the base for the first time yesterday. Farlon Spencer and I went into Los Angeles. Just a couple of country kids mixed up in what seems to be million people on the streets. We took a bus marked "Hollywood" and unloaded when the majority of the passengers left. We didn't know where we were, but we found the Chinese Theatre, and Hollywood canteen. We wandered around taking in all the sights. We finally found a bus that took us back to the train and we got in at 3:30 a.m. I think I'll just find a nice quiet corner of the base and soak up the peace and quietness for a couple of hours and try to forget about those crazy crowds of last night.

We are working on four words per minute in code. We have to pass eight. We have a math test tomorrow on decimals, fractions, addition, subtraction, multiplications, etc. It shouldn't be too bad. I had an 85% on the Colt .45 and the Thompson sub-machine gun. We have to fire them soon with a score high enough to make "Marksman". Being a "land lubber" I'm not so hot on naval identification. I don't know a battleship from a soup spoon.

Tuesday October 12  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

I still can't believe it...I flunked the "simple" math test! On top of that, I got a "gig" for having my hair a little long. Got in an argument with a big "Texan" who used language that reflected on my intelligence as well as



my ingeritance. We almost came to blows which would have been the end of Cadet life for both of us. We both landed some rather heavy verbal blows then cooled down. His "Texas Cowhand language" against my "Sheepherders english" was quite pointed and will understood by all!

Thursday, October 14  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Fire guard duty all day today..not for punishment. It is just my turn. I've mopped all the floors, dusted all the shelves (they've already been done before the rest of them left for school). Everything is clean and ready for the inspection. Our food rations have been changed. Rather than officers rations we have been gitting, we are now getting "field" rations. Restrictions are stiffer and we wonder why we wanted to become cadets and yet none of us wants to quit bad enough to do it. Our squadron had consistantly been the top squadron..at Texas Tech and here.

Yesterday we fired machine guns loaded with B-B shot. I hit everything but the target. Had it been hidden somewhere I probably would have hit that too.

Monday October 18  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

More California weather. Carried our raincoats to school and were using them by nood. We missed every formation this afternoon because of rain. "Chow" call was the only one we made and if the food hadn't started to get better, we'd have missed that too. We started another class today.."ground forces." We need to understand the ground forces if we are to coordinate our programs with theirs. One thing for sure..5:00 a.m. cones the same time for them as it does us, and I'll bet the groans in their barracks are no louder than ours.

Sunday October 17  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

We had passes to Los Angeles again last night but after last Saturday night I've just about had all I want of L.A. I just stayed home and enjoyed a little peace and quiet. Mother reminded me in a letter of how I wanted to quit school and go into the service at one time! She prevailed..thank goodness. This is no life for a person unless he loves it or needs to do it. I wouldn't have met Maxine had I done so. School is getting a little gouger all the time. We have an algebra test tomorrow and I've simply got to get that passing score of 70.

Tuesday October 19  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

I ought not make predictions, but I feel that I passed that algebra test. Weather is extreemly cold here. Quite damp. I slept with three blankets last night and wore an overcoat outside. 5:00 came too early for a change. I

was just beginning to get warm. Farlon looks like he's lost his best friend. He had his wisdom tooth out today. Now I know how I looked and he knows how I felt! I'm in great physical shape..I'd have to be to take this schedule!

Wednesday October 20  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

We have to take the bitter with the sweet. The 90% I got in algebra and the 6 word code test helps make up for the fact that I have K.P. tomorrow! Some of the stuff we get in school is of doubtful value to me. Military courtesy we discover means for one thing that it is not proper for an officer to be seen pushing a baby buggy nor seen walking arm-in-arm with a lady! (if she isn't a "lady" I suppose it would be alright. At least from a casual observation in Los Angeles on Saturday night one gain this impression). We can't be seen carrying shopping packages either! I've got my own ideas about that but I know what to write on the tests!

Saturday October 23  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Our "GI" party lasted until taps last night. The floors of the barracks are nice and clean. We've wondered how long it will take to wear them out with this Scrubbing and GI soap. My weekly tests were all about 90% so I feel good about that. This included the final "Book Learn'in" phase of Gunnery. Now if I can shoot that well! We change uniforms right away..from summer cotton to winter wool. We need it. One fellow recieved 31 gigs for going to a movie while he was to be on fire guard..he was to walk 31 hours of tours but asked for elimination rather than walk that much. It is just as well. He wasn't up to much anyway.

Monday October 25  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

I'm working on 8 words per minute in code now. I wonder if I'll ever get it. I get the urge to fly when I see the huge Flying Fortress's go over. I don't want to fly in one of those fighter planes. Secretly, I suppose I'm a little frightened of them and the fact that I'd be on a personal basis in fighting. I feel more strength in a group and would have more confidence.

Thursday October 28  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Final in math..80%. It was a relief to have that behind me! Now the only class that really has me worried is physics which we start tomorrow. I might have some better in math but it was a timed test and the instructor arrived 15 minutes late! I don't know what the average for the class was.

Sunday October 31  
Santa Anna, California  
1943



We have a new C.O. and he is really trying to make a name for himself overnight! They all try to do this!.I don't know why but it is always the case. He can't make our squadron much better..we are always the top squadron.

We finally solved the haircut problem which arose from the fact that we just aren't given enough time to get hair cuts. I bought a pair of scissors, a comb and a pair of hand clippers. The only difficulty is, I give the haircuts and have no time to study..another thing..I can't give myself a haircut. Farlon comes to my rescue. They gripe about the quality, but it seems to get by the inspector. I don't claim they are jewels either. Risking penalties for having the lights on after hours, we hung up blankets and then with the aid of flashlights, I "administered" a haircut to save one kid from getting gipped in the morning inspection. The officer looked him over closely the next morning and then gave him a gig..because he had no pants on. He just had his overcoat on over his pajamas! At least the haircut passed inspection!

Tuesday November 2  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Well I hope the new C.O. is happy. Our squadron is on the bottom of the list this week! He says he's going to make soldiers out of us! He'll probably get a few of us eliminated..if that's what he wants. It sure is miserable around here.

We went to the pistol range today and I did very well. Over half of my shots were in the bull's eye. I hope I can do as well when we fire for our official score.

I recieved a triple combination (Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants and the Pearl of Great Price) today in the mail from the folks. It certainly is nice.

Saturday November 3  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

I had my first swim in the ocean. We were all marched to Newport beach.. about 5 miles. They had a 100 yard swimming course laid out for us. We were to dive in and swim under water for about 10 yards, surface, do a breast stroke around a pier and the back stroke the rest of the way. I don't know how to swim very well in water more than 3 feet deep! I dove...hit my head on the sand and swallowed half of the ocean...the rest got in my eyes! I tried again and surfaced too soon. I had to dog it over. I did! I didn't know the breast stroke....dog paddle was all I ever learned in the canal...so I had to start over again. This time they let me continue. I got around the pier and went under from exhaustion. I tried to float and kept going under. About 10 yards from the shore and 10 feet from the bottom, I thought I'd had it. I was going under, and thrashing around, unable to call for help because of the water I was swallowing. The sergent on the pier seemed to be insensitive to my plight. I finally sunk..and hit the sand about 3 feet below me! What a relief! It was a great laugh for everyone but me. I thought I'd drown for

sure! Then we had to jump from a 15 foot platform in our clothes and then make water wings from our pants. Then jump again with a barracks bag for a pair of water wings. This afternoon, we went to the firing range. I qualified with the machine gun but flunked on the colt .45 pistol! Tonight I had to give another indefinable haircut, and after that I'm ready for bed!!!

Saturday November 6  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Well, we have a new commanding officer. That other one didn't last very long. I don't know whether we got rid of him or if he got rid of us. At any rate he didn't do us much good..just made life miserable for us.

The barber trade is picking up. New orders are that hair is to be cut to 1/2 inch. I suppose I ought to start charging something for them. I wouldn't be caught dead with one in civilian life. I couldn't stand being paid for giving one of them!

Test results are still good. If I can hang on for just three more weeks, I'll have it made..at least to primary flight. I hope I get to go to Arizona. Rumors are that there is a 90% wash out in the next 2 stages.

Monday November 8  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Passed the 8 word radio code test and now trying for 10. Somehow I passed 95% in Aircraft identification (I missed one out of 30 questions). I also had a 90% in maps and charts. Our first exam in physics today covering acceleration, vector forces, inertia, centrifugal forces and pressure and atmosphere. If I don't get 70% I'll flunk, and I can't afford that. What ever I get will be an honest grade as I didn't cheat.

Wednesday November 10  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Well the physics test was not enough to wash me out! I earned an 86% so I'm still in the running for those wings. I did, however get another demerit... for having a cake mother had sent me! It was too big to fit in the footlocker where I could have locked it up out of sight, so I placed it neatly in a box under my bed. I hate to walk hours for such a little thing as that. A total of 75 demerits is cause for elimination and I'm not planning to sweat through all this stuff only to be eliminated on demerits.

Thursday November 11  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Had a lock of gray hair from mother today. She must be worrying more than I am. She wasn't grey when I left home. More judo lessons in P.T. today. We had a personal inspection at 6:00. It was so dark the inspecting officer had to use a flashlight..that's carrying things a little too far!

Tuesday November 16  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Test day and what a ride! I've worried over them as much since I had them than I did before I took them! They seemed so easy. I can't see where I could possibly have fouled things up.

We went to the Parade ground today and watched a boxing exhibition by Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson. Houis had had the crown for about 10 years and as far as I am concerned, he can have it for another 10 years.

Only 4 and 1/2 more weeks to go.

Wednesday November 17  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

We've had a generous dose of "liquid" sunshine today but it would have taken much more to damper my spirits. The results of the tests about floored me.

Naval Identification 100% (I thought I'd mistaken a row boat for a battle ship!)

Physics 98%  
Maps and Charts 90%

We had rifles issued to us yesterday for some unknown reason. We had a great time taking the packing grease off them. What are they for? More guard duty?

Friday November 19  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Long distance running again...2½ miles. Out of the 225 I straggled in about 8th. Half of the first 8 ran only half the distance then put on a great show at the end! They discovered an easy "shortcut" through the tall weeds. I complained about it. They are mad because I've ruined a "good deal" for them. (I'm really not worried..I think I can out-run them!)

Regalado went to sleep in class today. The instructor threw a piece of chalk at him. He came alive with a startled expression on his face!

Sunday November 21  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

I haven't been to church. I've spent the day resting and reading. I've read quite a bit from the priple combination. I earned a 96% in Chemical Warfare. Had a demonstration on incindiary bombs.

Wednesday November 24  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Well...it's all over...my schooling here at Santa Anna. We had our last three exams today. I think I passed everything with a good safety margin. There were quite a few who didn't. Radio Code took the highest toll. Those who failed this will be held back one more class to get it.

Thursday November 25  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Thanksgiving! and am I thankful this phase is over! My first thanksgiving away from home. Day spent as usual..up at 5:00 and to class by 7:00. The dinner was grand! I sat in "Starvation Corner" (the seat furthest from the head of the table), but still managed to get plenty to eat. Farlon got a cake in the mail today so I had to help him eat it! Final grades for the entire period will be posted tomorrow...I'm sure I've passed.

Friday November 26  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Well here they are:

|                         |   |
|-------------------------|---|
| Physics                 | 95  |
| Aircraft Identification | 97  |
| Naval Identification    | 98 (I guess that was a row-boat after all!) |
| Chemical Warfare        | 96  |
| Ground Forces           | 97  |
| Military Hygiene        | 84 (guess I'm filthy loud!!!!)              |
| Maps and Charts         | 87  |
| Math (total)            | 75 (whew)                                   |
| Gunnery                 | 90  |
| Radio Code (10 WPM)     | 80  |

Total average: 89.9%

The class following us will get a 20 day furlough because of a mix-up in shipping orders! What luck! Why couldn't that have happened to us?

Tuesday November 29  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Well the rush is over for a while. We turned all our books in today. The rifles came in handy...I had guard duty last night! Sunday morning I was also on guard duty as a traffic guard and then we had a dress-parade in the afternoon. My legs felt like somebody had turned me upside down and driven them into my body. I'm beginning to think that school wasn't quite so bad after-all!! I might even go back to college after the war!

Wednesday December 1  
Santa Anna, California  
1943

Farlon and I went to MIA last night...the first to be held here. Chaplin Sessions(son of J. Wiley Sessions at BYU) conducted the program. Pay day today too. The dice game got a little wild. One fellow made \$50.00 in two minutes...(somebody had to lose it). Farlon got brave and placed a \$2.00 bet and came out a few minutes later with \$10.00. We hope for a furlough.. but it is wishful thinking. We have 27 more weeks to go in the program before we get our commissions and wings. Our "graduation" exercises for this

phase of our program are tomorrow. They won't be anything impressive. We will have a parade and a send-off speech from the Colonel..and that's about it. In the department phase I've done fairly well also. We are allowed 2 gigs per week before having to walk tours. 75 gigs wash us out. I've earned but 10 gigs and haven't had to walk any tours. I feel good about the progress I've made in this phase of the program. I hope I'm as successful in the next phase.

Sunday December 5  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1943

Tucson is located just 15 miles West of "Nowhere"...that's where we are located.. ... Nowhere. Situated out in the middle of a cactus-covered desert, we seem awfully isolated. We have a PX which sells tobacco and Esquire. Our barracks is a low, one story building with a concrete floor. We have good beds and a wardrobe. We left Santa Anna Saturday morning December 4 and arrived here about noon. Our squadron was sent to many different places. A number of our BYU group came here including Farlon Spencer, Clair Swenson. We bunk right together as our names all begin with "S". The little low-wing Ryan trainers are waiting. (PT-22 I believe) are waiting! The flight line is only 150 yards from our barracks. The food is excellent..I had a whole pint of milk tonight for supper.

Monday December 6  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1943

Nothing but orientation lectures. Tomorrow we get our flight clothes and start ground school. We might begin flying this week. I'm a little worried about "Spins". They tell us not to gain much weight or we can't fly. I'll worry about that when we start to fly. Right now I'm enjoying all the good food we have cafeteria style. It is the best I've had in the service.

Tuesday December 7  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1943

Ground school looks plenty rough. We checked out 15 different tech manuals, covering weather, theory of flight, aircraft engins, hydraulics, navigation among other things. We also checked out our flying equipment today. I like the leather jacket with the  $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wool lining. We also have a one-piece wool gabardine flying suit, leather cap with goggles and a wool sweater... approximate cost is \$200.00. We were given a lecture and demonstration of the packing of a parachute. Tomorrow we might get our "dollar" ride in the plane in which they attempt to give us the complete picture of what we'll be expected to do in flying. I hope I can lick that fear I have of falling.

Thursday December 9  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1943

Well, we had our first ride in the Ryan today. Nothing like we anticipated.. just a smooth level ride and some glides so I still don't know how I'll react to the stalls and spins. They push us through so fast and there are so many

new things I have to learn. If they could just give us a little more time I'd have a much better chance of succeeding. One good thing...my instructor uses no profane language. He's 24 and hails from Missouri. His name is Vernis H. Webb.

Friday December 10  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1943

No flying today. The plane I fly in broke a landing strut yesterday and is being repaired. The others all got their first lesson. I spent my free time in the lounge at the flight line watching them fly. They all say it is great and it certainly seems to be. Lynn, my life-time friend at home is over-seas. He'll make it alright. I've never seen him in a situation yet he couldn't handle.

Saturday December 11  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1943

Well I'm not much of a flyer. I'm just scared stiff when I get up there and think of falling or spinning in. I fight myself and make a good effort, but the episode at Texas Tech still is in my mind. I ought to ask for elimination but I've gotten this far, I can't give up. Graduation and the officers commission is only a couple of months or so away. I've got to make it! If I had the money and the time, I'd rent a horse \$1.00 per hour and take a ride into the desert. Today I kept getting stiff and tense as well as sick in that plane.

Tuesday December 14  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1943

Well, I believe I'm getting the upper hand of this flying. Today we did stalls over and over until I could do them without difficulty. I have a total of 3 hours of flying. The instructor seems to think I'm a little slow catching on, but I'm thrilled with my progress. I'm supposed to solo the end of my 12th hour. I can take off, fly and do stalls without the aid of the instructor. The spins and landings are something else. I needed him desperately today in landing. I came in a little too fast and hit a little too hard and it took both of us (mainly him) to get it under control. I'll bet he goes grey early! I believe I can get through. I've got to.

Thursday December 16  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1943

I spend most of my free time on the flight line.. and not especially to watch the girls who drive the gas trucks! One of the fellows wanted to date one of them. He didn't recognize her from the rear all dressed in her coveralls. He thought he was talking to some one else when he said: "What happened to that cute girl who was here yesterday!" She was about to squirt the gas hose at him. Another fellow did a beautiful job of taxi work..just like a hot rod..he breezed into the flight line and set his brakes too quickly and the

tail went into the air and the nose into the ground: Result one shattered propellar and a ribbing from everybody.

We have P.E. every day rain, shine, or dust! We wear our overcoats and it is quite a sight to see all of us doing exercises in overcoats! They all look like big birds trying to be gracefull in the side-straddle-hild.

I didn't fly today. Each instructor has five students but only time to fly with four. I'll have my turn tomorrow. I expect to wash the plane after each flight when we do spins.

Friday December 17  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1943

My instructor climbed into the cockpit, cradled his head in his arms on the instrument panel and said: "ok, she's all yours. Take her up to 5,000feet, level off and do two normal stalls, two power on stalls tow rudder exercises, then go up to 6,500 feet and do two spins." So off I went! I did everything wrong!...especially the spins. He sat quietly through everything but the spins and he really came alive when I did the first spin with the throttle wide open! We started toward the ground like a shot. He grabbed the controls and pulled us out and I thought I'd be pushed by the force right through the seat. He gave me a stern cussing and took me back upstairs and had me do everything over again. I did much better that time. I know I'm not making the progress I should.

Sunday December 19  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1943

What a useless way of punishing. Walking in a miliatry manner for three hours. Our whole squadron had to do it for missing a retreat formation. We weren't called out, but we should have done. So we went to the "tour ramp" and walked for three hours. Physically it didn't hurt but mentally our indignation was stretched a little. Last evening we were told to get cleaned up which we did. We were then loaded into trucks and taken into Tucson (University of Arizona) to a "Tea Dance." Swenson, Spencer and I ducked out to a badminton court where we amuzed ourselves for some time then we went to a movie and finally got back to the base at midnight. Flying wasn't quite so bad yesterday. I actually did a spin all by myself. I know I can lick this if I can just get the time! It's coming.

Swenson says his girl is joining the WACS. He says he's going to "gig" her. Maxine sent me some good cookies.. and a box of soda bicarbonate to go with them!

Thursday December 23  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1943

We had our "Christmas" dinner today. What a feed! Swenson Spencer and I were the last to leave the table and we brought half of what was left with us. The oranges and nuts filled our pockets. We had enough to see us through the winter and into the spring. If the squirrrels don't drive us out of the barracks.



Saturday December 25  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1943

Swenson soloed yesterday. In a way, I did too ..only on the P.T. field. We were playing basketball. The court is asphalt covered with sand and small gravel. In cold weather it seems to be covered with ball bearings. I made a drive down the court, suckered out three men and went in for a lay-up.. all alone..solo. Then I must have disobeyed the laws of gravity for I piled up right under the basket. I'm raw from my hip to my shoes on my right side. I can't hardly stand and I can't sit. I went with Swenson and Spencer into Tucson last night and it was misery. There was nothing to do outside the bars and we weren't interested enough to go inside them. We came home about 2:00. They went back this morning, but I'm too miserable to even think about it.

Tuesday December 28  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1943

I'm having to sleep at attention the past couple of nights. I can't even move without wondering what's going to happen. Things seem to be better today and I'll probably sleep at ease tonight. I haven't missed P.T. school or flying, but it has been misery. I'm doing much better in my flying. I've mastered everything but the landings and they seem to be improving. I have 11 hours in now and am getting close to that solo.

Saturday January 1  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1944

Everybody is shouting: "Happy New Year!!" To me it has a hollow sound. I begin the New Year as a washout cadet. Just when I began to feel that I was going to make it, the bottom fell out of everything. Beginning on the 28th I took the first of 3 check flights which ended with the third one yesterday. I go before the "Elimination" board the first of the week...but I've had it. It is all over. For nine months I've fought against and dreaded this day. I've endured many things I thought I could never take and last night I had to shed some bitter tears in my pillow.

It has been a harrowing three days culminating in a real weird elimination ride. The instructor..not my regular one..just slumped in the cockpit and nodded his head in a dis-approving manner over everything I did. This failed to inspire me. I took off with the flaps up ( which was said couldn't be done) and the instructor ducked into the cockpit like he fully expected me to hook the wheels in the fence at the north end of the runway as I barely skimmed over it. The stalls and spins weren't too bad, but not up to my usual performance. The clincher came when I landed. I stalled out about 10 feet too high and plopped the plane straight down so hard the landing struts must have broken. As I shut off the engine he climbed out as if he was glad to get out and remarked that he doubted if I'd ever make a flyer and hustled on to make



his report. This transfusion of failure into my system is difficult to take. I'm in the top of the class in the ground school and I've been able to master the high altitude work and I'm sure the landings would come alone if I could just have a little more time. I have difficulty for some reason judging distance when I land. I feel terrible. That commission seemed so close. I can't go home with this on my shoulders. I won't take a furlough just now if I do have a chance to get one. So close a wild dream. I'm busted to a buck private and will never have a chance to see if I could really be a pilot. My first choice in the classification center wasn't pilot school. Now I hope I'll get a re-classification and be sent to navigation or bombardier school, but it seems unlikely.

According to my log book I have the following flying time.

9 Dec. 30 minutes  
11 Dec. 39 minutes  
13 Dec. 52 minutes  
14 Dec. 55 minutes  
15 Dec. 55 minutes  
17 Dec. 45 minutes  
18 Dec. 47 minutes  
20 Dec. 60 minutes  
21 Dec. 60 minutes  
23 Dec. 60 minutes  
24 Dec. 45 minutes  
27 Dec. 58 minutes  
28 Dec. 55 minutes\*  
29 Dec. 32 minutes\*  
31 Dec. 36 minutes\*

Total 12 hrs. 9 minutes

\*Elimination rides.

After 10 hrs. and 06 minutes I was eliminated because I was unable to solo in the prescribed time limit.

Sunday January 2  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1944

I've spent the day trying to find out what is to become of me but they live to keep us in the dark. I go before the elimination board tomorrow. I'm dreading it. Those stiff-necks will no doubt give me a real going over.

Monday January 3  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1944

Today I gazed into 4 pair of the coldest eyes I've ever seen. I waited for an hour for my turn to visit the board. It was composed of four officers. They started by reading my record and pointing out all my faults. A secretary took down every word. After finishing they asked me if I had any statement

to make. I told them I thought I had been given every chance to succeed, I had a good instructor and had no one to blame but myself and that if I couldn't fly safely, I didn't want to endanger my life nor that of my friends. They passed judgement of me by saying: "Because of your excellent record, we are recommending you for further air crew training." Now all I have to do is wait until they get word back from Santa Anna. I sure hope I'm qualified for Bombradier of Navigator school. They won't let me go near the flight line. All I have to do is play errand boy for fat Lt. Jasper the adjutant. I also put up the flag and attend school.

January 5  
Ryan Field, Arizona  
1944

At noon today, I was told that Santa Anna had rejected the recommendation for further training as a navigator or bombradier. They asked me if I had a choice of other air corps programs. I indicated gunnery. This was not granted. They then said that I was to be sent to Radio School in Scott Field, for the purpose of being trained as a radio operator. I don't know how they rationalized the deep seated fear of flying but to make me a flying radio operator. They were partially right. I was afraid of flying, but I was overcoming it. It was a experience...appearing in that room with the men. Spencer and Swenson tried their best to cheer me up but weren't very successful.

January 6  
Ryan Field and other places  
1944

A fellow by the name of Schabinger and I shipped out early this morning for Scott Field Illinois Via Elpaso Texas. Not much fan-fare either.

January 7  
Elpaso Texas  
1944

We arrived here at 2:00 a.m. and spent the time until morning trying to sleep on the benches in the train dept. We should have gone on to Kansas but the train wasn't on schedule so we have a 24 hour lay-over here. We visited Juarez and just took in the sights...watching the money makers swallow mice whole and shopping for a few souvenirs. It was bitter cold...the coldest in 58 years.

January 8  
Elpaso, Texas  
1944

We "slept" in the station again until 2:00 a.m. then caught our train. We rode through snow drifts all through Kansas.

January 10  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

After seeing Kansas City and St. Louis I spent the night last night in a broken down hotel in Bellville Ill. (Built in 1848...so the story goes). But I was lucky to find a room at all. I caught a bus for Scott Field this morning...

just two days late. There is a sign over the rear gates to this place through which all new recruits have to enter which reads: "Through these gates pass the best damned radio operators in the world". From the looks of the place we'll just be damned! We were marched to the orderly room in the assignment area and while standing in line listening to all the cat calls from those already there, I heard one yell: "Shirts, you old son-of-a gun". It was Rossi, my old room mate from Texas Tech who had washed out at Santa Anna. What a reunion we had. He has but a few weeks left before he finishes.

January 11  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

The barracks I'm assigned to is a filthy mess. Just piles of dirt. We haven't done a thing but just sit around. The chow is awful, the company is bad and the bed-time to get away from it all.

January 14  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

More of the same stuff. Stood in line all day getting processed. In my stocking feet with nothing on I weigh 175 pounds and stand 6 feet tall. I got a letter from Maxine which "Plumb Limbed" into shape, which I needed. I haven't written to her since my elimination. I suppose I'd better make the best of this and give radio school a good try. I've read most of the Book of Mormon and it has helped a lot.

January 16  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

More basic training! Some how that which I had at Sheppard Field didn't get recorded on my records, so now it is just like starting my army career all over again. I suppose they think a "Wash out" Cadet needs more close-order drill to remind him of what he's missing! In a new barracks situation the inevitable question arose: "Are you one of those Mormons?" This was good for a long discussion. One boy, the son of a minister, was especially interested in trying to make me uncomfortable. The Book of Mormon, the differences between the LDS Church and others, the word of Wisdom, and plural marriages got the full treatment.

January 18  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

We complained so much about the basic training that we were given the opportunity of taking a written examination to be exempt from the basic training program. It was simple..nothing to it. I'm still in an "unassigned" group and doing nothing much. There amny types of aircraft flying from the base here and I have an opportunity to watch most of them as the take off. The P-51 is the most interesting. It is supposed to have been designed with the help of the Jew who designed the German messerschmitt and when left Germany.

January 19  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

It looks like "Private" Shirts will get his "Shipping" orders in the morning, and move into the classroom barracks area. After completing the program here, we are to be shipped to a gunnery school for five weeks then assigned to aircrafts going over seas. It looks like I'll be a radio-operator and gunner on B-17's or B-24's. Maxine has indicated a slight desire to join the WACS or something. I've told her to get a job and stay home. I don't want her in the service. I'm not concerned over whether I'll be back. My concern is what am I going to do to make a living after I get back???

January 21  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

What a co-incidence! We were taken to lectures this morning which lasted until 10:00. Then we picked up our bags and walked to another barracks and I was assigned a bunk right next to my old friend Rossi! He has but seven weeks to go before graduation. Bob Haws from Provo is here and I understand Toney Snow is somewhere on the base too!

January 22  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

Finished my first day of radio school. We study radio theory and radio code. I breezed through 5 words per minute on the code. It is no great problem and the code I had at Santa Anna will come back rapidly. I should be back up to 10 or twelve words per minute before long. We've been told that they take the top 10% of the class and make Warrent Officers of them to be assigned as Communications Officers in some base. That is an incentive to be good and perhaps I'll not feel so badly about "Washing Out" if I can be in that group.

January 26  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

I passed 8 words per minute in code. It is coming alright. We need to pass 22 words per minute copying it by hand to be in the top of the class. This will not be easy. I've had my first sting of KP duty..a chore I can look forward to every two weeks or so. I have my first day off tomorrow (thrusday.. I wish it were Sunday) and I'm under quaranteen so I'm not planning to go into St. Louis as others are. We are all restricted to the barracks because one group is being shipped out. We don't know who it is, but because of security regulations, we are all restricted to our barracks.

January 28  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

The Army is always full of surprises. We signed the payroll yesterday and my name wasn't on it because of being recently assigned to the unit. I don't know

when I'll be paid and I'm about broke. Then Rossi discovered that he is to be among those to be shipped out. He hasn't graduated yet and only has a few weeks to go. Rumor has it that they need radio operators desperately in Europe. Toney snow came in to see me. He's just finished and is waiting shipment. I suppose he'll go with Rosse's group. Ellsworth Snow, his brother and my old college room mate at BYU is gone on a medical discharge for something or other. Bob Haws in shipping out too.

January 31  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

KP agian yesterday. I'm not supposed to get it this soon again. They have lost my payroll records, but it is a funny thing...they can always come up with a KP list! 19 hours per day of that stuff is about all a person wants. I'm on barracks guard duty today and have a dental appointment also.

February 2  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

"Ground Hog" day and he'll get his feet wet for sure! Lots of rain. Two fellows, Bill Brewer, and W.G. Webb passed my bunk today and looked at Maxine's picture.. They told me her name and the name of her father! Then I found out they had attended Granite High School with her. We have a final test on AC and DC currents this Friday so I'll have to spend my day off (Thursday) studying and reviewing as I missed two days of school this week for KP and barracks duty.

February 3  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

Things are looking up. I signed the payroll today so I won't be broke for another month. I'm really not broke. I send most of my money home. I went to a movie ...the "Desert Song" and enjoyed it. I hear that Tony Snow has shipped and will have a 10 day furlough!

February 4  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

No test afterall in AC and DC currents..perhaps tomorrow. In the meantime we have started the unit on Vaccume tubes. We did have a Physical Fitness test today. My last one was at Santa Anna. We need to do 114 sit ups to be in the top core. I did 110 for "very good". I did well on the other tests too! (9 pull-ups and 50 seconds in the shuttle race).

I understand Lynn Gates is in California at a Port of Embarkation and that his mother is there with him. We'll all see overseas duty I suppose before this is over.

Tuesday February 8  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

Bob Haws is still here. We took in a movie last night... "A Guy named Joe". Wasn't too impressed. I'm just about to get the 12 WPM in code. Radio is quite interesting. It may have a great future after the war. Maxine has suggested teaching. I've thought of that before, but I am not too impressed with the possibilities. I'd never be able to get the things I've dreamed about on the salary.

Wednesday February 9  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

My day off is tomorrow, I think I'll spend it on the base making a cabinet for my radio to replace the plastic one that was broken. I think I can get into the carpentership.

Thursday February 10  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

Made a cabinet for the radio today and spent the rest of the time visiting all the P.X.'s on the base looking for an appropriate valentine to send Maxine. The only one's left in the selection, quite naturally said: "To My Hubby" and they didn't seem appropriate. Cold North wind and temperature is  $0^{\circ}$  degrees. Seems colder than that here.

Saturday February 13  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

They needed five men from our class for KP yesterday and guess who one of the five happened to be! Mine is a magic name when the KP lists are posted. It seems only yesterday that I was on. The temperature was zero when we went to the mess hall at 2:00 a.m. At least I had an inside job. Quite a few fellows just fail to show up for meals on days like this. Sometimes the meals aren't worth traveling in the cold weather to get! They really are not bad though.

February 14  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

The boys from Texas were complaining about the "Yankee" weather today. We have about 4 inches of snow and it is terribly cold. Our barracks furnace "blew up" yesterday and we are cold without it. We have to wear overcoats inside to keep warm. I hope we get it going again soon. I really don't mind the snow too much as it is the first I've been in for a year. Physical Training was interesting, however..doing exercises etc. in the snow.

February 15  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

Received a "pay day" for a change. Went to the dentist for a filling. Learned that Lynn was at a POE center in California. (Pittsburg)

February 17  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

My day off yesterday and spent it in St. Louis. I stayed there last night. I walked around the city a while in the early evening and it failed to impress me with any goodness. There were teen-age girls on just about every corner trying to be "picked up" by some service man. There was an old woman trying her hand at it too. There were plenty of servicemen looking for these "opportunities." The bed I had was so soft and comfortable I couldn't sleep. I had to get up at day-break. I passed my 12 wpm code today and now begin to work on 14.

February 18  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

I made the last payment on the money I borrowed to go to school with and bought, of all things, a pair of shoes. I really don't need them, except these GI shoes aren't exactly what a person would choose as a desirable compliment to a uniform.

February 19  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

I took the final check in tubes and amplifiers today and felt that I did fairly well. I also copied radio code at 14 wpm solid.

February 20  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

From the bulletin board in the classroom today, I learned that I had passed the 14 wpm code check! I couldn't believe it. . . I was on it only two days. I'll probably be on 16 for months now. The Radio Transmitters work we are now on is difficult.

Our mess hall is closed for some reason and we are eating in another one. The mess line is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  blocks long. Breakfast isn't so bad, lunch and dinner is really disheartening. It takes so long to get through it.

February 21  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

I play on the Squadron basketball team (371st). Last night we were beaten by the 370th 30-26. We led all the way and lost in the closing moments of the game. We all like to win and we should play the game of life to win but not just for the glitter and glory of winning. The wealth of thoughtfulness, kindness, and humble happiness is worth far more than material wealth.

February 22  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

My average for the first phase of our program (Electrical Fundamentals) was posted today as 93% which makes me feel good. If I'm going to be a radio operator. . . I might just as well be the best.



February 24  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

The Physical Training Officers selected me to serve as captain of our barracks basketball team which is to play in an inter-squadron team. I'm also to choose the team. This will be a laugh. I don't know the first thing about choosing a basketball team and less about coaching one.

I went for a long walk in the dense woods East of the base. The fence was down and there were no guards there. It was so relaxing. I found a rather secluded spot and knelt for prayer; barracks life is not conducive to it and it seemed so good.

February 27  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

Our squadron team played again last night. We won easily against a group of sergeants (44-23). I played guard and had my hands full with a big colored boy who could hit from anywhere.

My name was on the Honor Roll today for our work in Electrical Fundamentals. The Chicago Theater of the Air is on tonight with "Blossom Time." I have enjoyed it. The sergeant in charge of our barracks is a Mitchell from Fillmore, Utah, stands about 6' 4" and is well liked by most of the men.

February 29  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

Last evening I stood in the mess line, in a cold blizzard for 30 minutes, waiting to get in the mess hall. When we finally got in, what did we have? Dried beans . . . just what we had had for lunch! I have another little job. I can't sleep beyond 5:30 so I get up and fire the furnace and get the barracks supplies for the day.

I got a terrific electrical shock today in class while tuning my transmitter. I'll learn to keep my fingers off the tuning coils.

March 2  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

It has been my day off. I went into St. Louis and visited the USO Club. The St. Louis Optimists Club gave some of us invitations to their noon luncheon. A sailor and I went out. I don't drink and the filthy stories were embarrassing, but the meal was good. After dinner I walked to the river and visited with some of the people who live on the river banks. They are destitute, but seem to enjoy it! . . . at least they are satisfied with their lives. One old fellow showed me the high-water marks in his bedroom from the last flood. I asked him what he did when the river began to rise . . . he said: "I just let'er rise."

I also visited a plate-glass mill. The door was open and I walked in unannounced and had free run of the whole place. No one bothered to ask who I was, and what I was doing! I watched until I became tired, then I left and came home.



March 3  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

For sometime now we have not had a full barracks of men. The top bunks have not been occupied. Today we expect to get some new men and our total squadron strength will then be about 1,200 men. This morning we were moved from our barracks, into an empty one to make room for the new men! They might as well have taken the empty one, but that is not the army way. We have 300 negroes in the barracks next to us and the Texas boys are objecting. They don't even want to eat in the same mess hall. I spent my last day off repairing my radio and left it sitting on the shelf above my bed and the inspecting officer cut both the power cord and the antenna off! What a gentleman he is!

March 4  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

The negroes started to school with us today and it is hard for these southern boys to swallow. I can't agree with their ideas about the negro. After all, they are wearing the same uniform and fighting for the same principles as we are . . . knowing full well that they will never reap the same benefits after the war. I don't like them especially, but neither do I have an inherent dislike for them.

March 7  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

Our work on transmitters is coming to a close. I have my transmitter completed and it works! A friend of mine, (Stewart Williams) asked one of the civilian Instructors (Nina Conover . . . about 45 and unmarried) if she would help us after school. She stayed with us until midnight reviewing the theory and working on Williams' transmitter which we finally got to work. The temperature was 22 degrees.

March 10  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

I made the honor roll in "Transmitters" with a score of 95%. At the completion of each transmitter course, the instructors choose one transmitter as an "Honor Model". Mine took second place. I lost out to a boy who worked as a repairman in a radio shop in civilian life so I don't feel too disappointed that a farm boy could come so close to a professional.

March 11  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

My "Limpenhund" basketball team is still winning. We play for the championship now. I've passed my 16 wpm code and still working on 18. I have to pass that in three weeks. We have to copy 45 groups of five letter words.

The southern boys are still upset over the negro boys living in "Harlem" . . the next barracks. We also have some Chinese and French students in our squadron.

March 16  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

This was my day off. As I left the field, I saw a B-29 ... the world's largest bomber. It is atleast one-third larger than the B-17. It has a wing span of 134 feet and holds 5,000 gallons of gasoline. It is a secret ship. No one knows very much about it. I visited the USO Club. We haven't played our championship game yet. The other team has recruited a player from another barracks, but the PT Officers are going to let him play. He averages 20-30 points per game. He could beat us by himself! We only have 7 men . . . none has ever fouled out of a game.

March 17  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

We play the "Championship" game tonight and what a wild game. It was literally a knock-down-drag-out affair. The most dirty ball game I've ever seen. Fists were deliberately thrown and we were picking ourselves up off the floor all during the game. They were bigger and much rougher than our team. At the half we decided we couldn't possibly out-rough them and we were behind. During the second half we deliberately played it "clean" and spent most of the time at the foul line and finally won by a score of 20-22. I made only one basket but played hard enough for a dozen. I was knocked down so violently once that I still have a sore back. But we are the champs and will all receive a medal. The members of my team were:

|                    |         |   |
|--------------------|---------|---|
| David J. Williams  | Forward | 142 South Marcer, Sharpsville, Pa.<br>(Sharpsville High School, '40)            |
| Earl M. Zarback    | Forward | 1925 North Main Street, Racine, Wisconsin<br>(William Horlock High School, '42) |
| Herbart S. Stewart | Forward | 459 South Richardson, Columbus, Ohio<br>(West High School, '43)                 |
| Godfrey C. Loper   | Guard   | Pauling, New York<br>Pauling High School, '40                                   |
| Robert B. Yauch    | Guard   | 21 Summer Street, Battle Creek, Michigan<br>Battle Creek Police Team, '43       |
| George Zantopoulos |         | 747 Beldon Avenue, N. E., Canton, Ohio<br>Holy Trinity High School, '43         |

March 21  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

I got 100% in my first Receiver Test, and felt real good about it. Today I'm a little worried as I'm in the base hospital. I don't know exactly what the difficulty is. My back still hurts from the ballgame, and I have a very irritating rash on the left side of my abdomen. My record sheet on the foot of the bed says: "Herbes Zortes." The nurse tells me that is Latin for "Shingles" . . . I still don't know what that is. It's different than the "shingles" I know! What ever it is, it's spreading in a belt toward my back. They say it is symptomatic of a light stroke which is crazy. I've never had a stroke nor done anything to cause one. I know I'll have heart failure though if I don't get out of this place soon.

March 29  
Scott Field, Illinois  
1944

I'm glad that is over. I finally "graduated" from the hospital yesterday. I wasn't sick enough to be kept in that place. According to them I was too sick to return to the barracks, but not too sick to do K. P. in the hospital. I also spent some time washing windows, floors, and walls. Miss Conover, My Transmitter Instructor, has been in constant contact with me. She is such a kind and considerate person. She helped me so much. I still have a lame back, but the shingles are gone. I started a new class today--being in the hospital has put me back four weeks with another group. We go to school at four o'clock a.m. now. New people, new barracks, everything seems so strange.