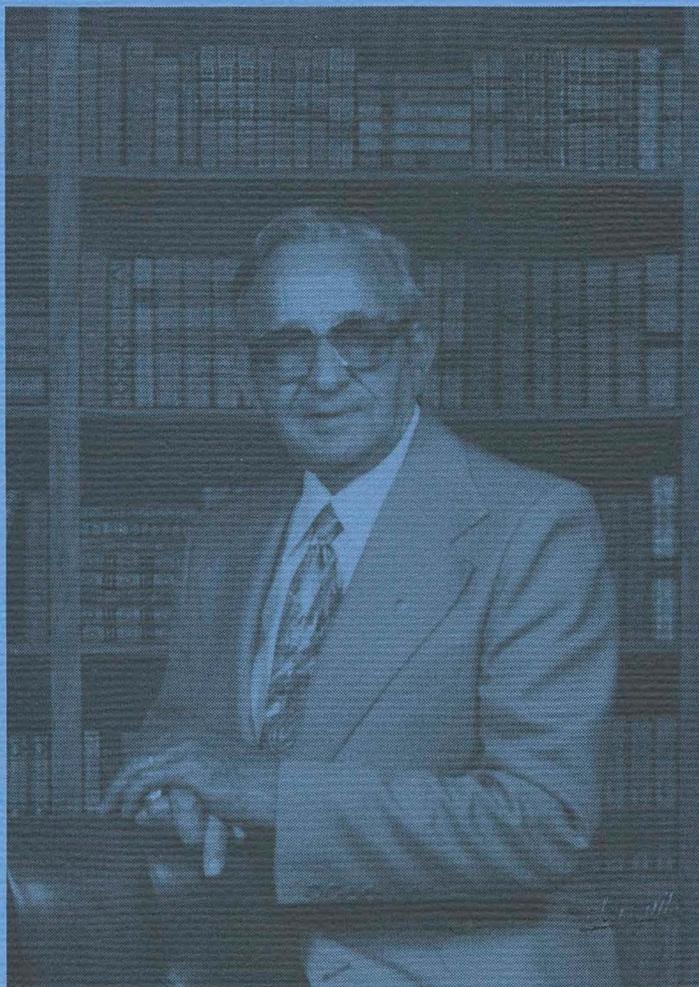


**THE LIFE HISTORY OF A
MINISTER'S SON,
WHO ALSO
BECAME A MINISTER,
CHAPLAIN AND TEACHER**

Psalm 90:10



Daniel Henry Fredrick

October 4, 1909 - 19--

To Hal Tarleton

Thanks for your
assistance &

D. H. Fredrick

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
BY
DANIEL H. FREDRICK

A LUCKEY BEGINNING

Father came to America in May, 1889 and like all immigrants had to go through Ellis Island, and only if free from any disease and could be self supporting, could he become a citizen of the United States. I am not aware of much of his early life in the U.S., but know that he went to school in Ft. Wayne, Indiana and then entered Capital University and upon graduation, entered the Capital University Seminary to become a Lutheran Minister. Mother's parents were also immigrants from Germany, but she was born in Greenville, Ohio. Following his graduation from the seminary, father's first parish was in New Bedford, Ohio and after a few years he accepted a call to become the pastor of Zion Lutheran Church in Luckey, Ohio. It was here where I was born on October 4, 1909, the son of Martin Luther Fredrick and Mary Kruckeberg Fredrick. Dr. Babion was the family doctor and of course it was a home delivery which was the custom of the day as there was no hospital in the town.

Luckey (spelled with an e) is the only town with that name in the United States so I can rightly say that I was lucky to be born in Luckey. Luckey was a quaint small town with about 500 inhabitants, about 15 miles south of Toledo. It was a rather rich farming community located in Wood County. Tomatoes were the big crop as Campbell Soup Company had a large processing plant in the area. Corn and wheat were also grown and did well in the rich soil. The only industry in the town was the lime quarry, and due to the plentiful supply of lime, the trunks of the elm trees lining the streets were always kept white-washed, which gave the town a neat appearance. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad ran right through town and the steam locomotives pulling the mile long string of cars rumbled through town at a high speed, the steam whistle letting everyone know that it was a through train. There were times when a local would stop and drop off some cars on the siding by the granary to be loaded with corn or wheat. It was always a thrill for me to go to one of the two crossings with my older brother Paul and wave to the engineer as the train flew by and of course he would always wave back. Mr. Claus had the only furniture store in town which also doubled as a mortuary whenever there was a death. There was also a butcher shop, a grocery, barber shop with its stripped whirly barber sign. I asked father why they had the striped pole, and he said that he did not know, but that all barber shops had them. There were a few other small stores in town plus the bar that was frequented by the local

constable whose presence did keep the drunks in check. Of course there was the small town post office with the friendly postmaster who knew all the town folks by their first names. There was no home delivery in those days so every few days, either father would check for mail or send one of us boys. We always looked forward to the time when the Sears Roebuck catalog came and called it our wish book and we did order things from it now and then. There were also three churches in town and one cemetery where I remember that we had a baby sister buried who was still born.

It was always customary in a Lutheran family to be baptized within ten days from the time you were born. Since father was the pastor of the church, he also baptized me. Two sponsors were always required for a baptism. They were to answer the questions asked by the pastor. My sponsors were Mr. & Mrs. Henry Landwehr. Henry was a retired farmer and lived in a large brick home across from the church. Whenever Henry attended church, he always sat in the balcony as he was a tobacco chewer and there were two spittoons in the balcony. Henry could hit the spittoon dead center from five feet away.

We lived in the parsonage near the church and recall that we had a cow and some chickens kept in the barn behind the parsonage. When I became older, I would stake out the cow for pasture. Brother Paul was the one who milked the cow as he was the oldest of the boys. One day while he was milking I kept pulling on the cow's tail until the cow kicked over the bucket and spilled most of the milk. From then on I was no longer allowed to watch the milking.

Sundays we always attended Sunday school and worship services. The children in the confirmation class sat in the front pew and took notes on the sermon. The church was rather a small church that could seat about 150 people, and only on special holidays such as Easter and Christmas would it be filled to capacity. The pulpit was a high pulpit and was set up against the back wall of the cancel. There was a canopy above the pulpit and father in his black gown with collar and befein, looked very authoritative when he was in the pulpit. He was a baritone and had a resounding voice and knew how to use it to get his point across, and also to awaken some who had the habit of falling asleep. At Christmas time the tree was always decorated with real candles and during the service, a man with a snuffer (which was a sponge on the end of a long pole), would always be standing by the tree just in case it might catch fire. When the tree did catch fire, the sermon was halted until the candle was extinguished.

well as some maple candy. We would go with the farmer on the horse drawn sled and help him gather more syrup from the tin buckets hanging from the maple trees. Of course we brought home some maple candy for mother and the girls.

During the first world war, anyone with a German name was considered to be pro-nazi. One evening a group of demonstrators came to our home and splattered yellow paint on the fence and burned a cross in the front yard. They accused my father of not supporting the war effort, little knowing that he had purchased all the war bonds he could afford, while many of the demonstrators had not purchased any. He was not to be intimidated by the radicals and ordered them off our property. They then threatened to burn down the church, but found out that some members were waiting for them in the belfry with shot guns, so the threat was never carried out. This was also the time when father had the family name change from Friederich to Fredrick.

THE DETROIT CONNECTION

It was in the year 1920 when we moved to Detroit, Mich., as father had accepted a call to establish the Lutheran Inner Mission Society in Detroit. He was a good organizer and this was to become a real challenge to him. This was indeed a big move for all of us as the only city we had ever been to was Toledo, when father took us to see our first movie. It was also the first time we had ever seen a black person. In Luckey we saw some gypsies on occasion.. Word would spread in a hurry when they were in town as we were told that they were known for their stealing. Many of the business places simply closed up while they were in town. We would even pull the blinds to the windows which indicated that nobody was home. We did peek out now and then to see if they were still around. They left as quickly as they came and seemed to vanish into thin air. They would usually come through town in the fall of the year.

Prior to our move to Detroit, father purchased a used seven passenger Studebaker. He bought it at a good price as the former owner was a friend of the church and knew that father was hard pressed for cash. There were two folding seats in the back and when not in use, folded into the floor. It was indeed a good car and father learned to drive it in short order, but certainly he was no mechanic. Brother Bill, Martin and I always made sure that there was enough gas in the car and also kept it tuned up. We looked forward to moving to Detroit as we had heard a lot about the Motor City.

We moved into a house on Ellery St., less than two miles from downtown. Ellery was just off of Gratiot, one of the main arteries in Detroit. It was an ethnic neighborhood with a mixture of German and Italian. The street was paved with creosoted wooden blocks, and whenever we had a heavy rain, the street would flood and some of the blocks would float to the surface. In time the blocks were torn up and the street paved.. We piled as many blocks as we could in our basement and used them as fuel in the furnace to heat the house in the winter. We had several months of free fuel. Ellery St. started at Gratiot, and I was determined to see where it ended. I got on my roller skates and after about a mile, I found that of all places, it ended at a cemetery where at one time a battle with the Indians took place and was called, "the Battle of Bull Run." Little did I realize at the time that I would become a world traveler, but the wander lust was in me.

Our home was a frame house with a large front porch, a fenced in back yard with a garage off the alley. There was a very small front yard and the distance between the

houses was no more than ten feet. There were four bedrooms, a large kitchen with a gas stove and a small refrigerator that used block ice. The ice man would deliver the ice once a week. There was a dining room, a living room that was made into a study for father. Here he kept all his books in glass encased book cases. He had a large desk and a swivel chair that we enjoyed sitting in whenever father was not around. There was one room that was used as a music room. On the second floor there was a large unfinished room intended for an attic that became the bedroom for the six boys. There were three double beds with two to a bed. To be sure, there was some in-fighting at times when one or the other took up more than his share of the bed. If father had to settle the argument, it resulted in some head thumping, especially if it was on a Saturday night when he was studying his sermon. There was no heat in our bedroom and the two windows facing the street remained open summer and winter, except when it snowed or rained.

Meals in our home were also simple, but nourishing. There was a bench on one side of the table that would seat five of the smaller ones. Our table prayer was always in unison and most of the times in German. Quite often we would sing the table prayer. No one ever left the table unless excused for a valid reason or until the closing prayer was said by all. While still at the table, we would often have a brief bible study and were encouraged to ask questions.

Following the evening meal, we all had a task to perform as mother was through for the day and the children had to take over. We had to clear the table, wash the dishes, etc., and the first to speak up got the easiest job such as sweeping the floor. The most undesirable job was washing the pots and pans. There were times when we all shouted about the same time as to which task we wanted to perform, and in the ensuing argument, mother would settle it for us. When our task was completed, mother inspected it, and if not satisfactory, it had to be done over.

Music was a part of our daily life and we were given basic piano lessons by father and also taught to read music. Advanced piano lessons were given by a friend of the family. We were all encouraged to play an instrument and to pay for it ourselves, but father helped us if we were a bit short. Clara played the piano, Paul the violin, Martin the drums and xylophone, Bill the clarinet, Milton the saxophone and I the trumpet. Maria, Luther and Lil joined in the singing. We often played at church functions at Salem Lutheran church where we were members. We became known as the "Goodwill Ambassadors" and were much sought after for our musical ability. Bill

and I also started an orchestra which we called "The High Fliers" and had our picture taken sitting on the wing of a bi-plane. We were the first to play at a local radio station which was always for free. In time we even played at the hotel Stattler in downtown Detroit. This was our first paying job, but we never did become famous.

Father did not have a church of his own, but was instrumental in establishing several mission congregations in the greater Detroit area and in the years to come, all became flourishing congregations. I would often accompany him and help lead the singing with my trumpet as there was no musical instrument in the church at the time. His main task was to minister to the down trodden, visit the hospitals, including the large country hospital called Eloise. At Christmas time we would go with him as a family and sing Christmas carols for the patients in the hospitals. He set up a soup kitchen for the hungry and unemployed and opened up a store where they could purchase used clothing at a reasonable price. For the most part, it was given to them free of charge with the idea that they would help others when they again became employed. He always had a lot of confidence in the individual and had a way of instilling new hope in themselves. He was supported by all the area Lutheran churches who belonged to the Lutheran Inner Mission League. In time a home was established for the elderly and an agency was set up set up to care for orphaned children and also help with the adoption of children.

All of us below the eight grade were enrolled in the Salem Lutheran parochial school. It was a well run school and religious instruction was given in German. I was the last to be confirmed in German and to this day still have my private prayers in German. On Sundays, one service was always in German and the second one in English. The school was rated as one of the best private schools in the Detroit area. When it came time to enter the public High School, we were well prepared for what lay ahead.

City life was much different than life in a small town such as Luckey. As always there was the good and the bad. The good part was that there always was so much to do. The large city park at Belle Isle, in the middle of the Detroit river, was only a few miles away and you could go swimming and boating in the summer and ice skating in the winter. The bad part was that all this cost money which was a scarce item in our family. We never received an allowance, but we never did really want for the essentials of life. It soon became evident that if we wanted to enjoy the good things, we had to

find means of earning some I carried out ashes for people for 5@ a bushel as most homes were heated by coal burning furnaces and there were always ashes that needed to be carried to the curb where the trash truck would pick them up. I also worked at an A & P store, but quit after a few days because the manager wanted me to include some rotten potatoes in the peck bags which I refused to do. It was either quit or be fired so I quit. With the little money I had saved, I purchased a newspaper route and soon built it up to over a 100 customers. I soon found out that there were some who wanted the services, but were unwilling to pay for it. I became quite astute in collecting and in a few cases threatened to take them to court if they did not pay. With my growing bank account, I purchased a heavy duty bicycle for the sum of \$50.00. It was the best one I could find, but it did last me several years. I also sold newspapers on the corner of Gratiot and Mt. Elliott every evening and soon found out that I had to defend my corner from encroachment and always managed to hold my own. There was a hot dog stand on the corner and once a week I would splurge and buy a hot dog with all the trimmings for 15@. With my increased earnings, I was able to purchase my own clothes and also give mother some money for room and board. I could now afford some of the luxuries of life, such as a warm jacket for the cold winter breezes and I even purchased my first suit of clothes. How proud I was of that suit. In time I sold my newspaper route and also my spot on the street corner for a handsome profit as I was now going to Eastern High School and needed more time for study and extra curricular activities. The high school was a mile from home and I either walked or rode the bike, except on rainy days when I rode the trolley which cost 5@. During my lunch hour I worked at the Packard Motor factory selling lunches. I was given a motorized cart and assigned a spot in the factory where I sold soup and sandwiches. During the summer I drove new Chryslers with a Plymouth in tow to Milwaukee, Wisc. I was paid by the mile and would hitch a ride back to Detroit, thereby saving more money. When not ferrying cars, I would give tours through the Plymouth factory showing the visitors the various stages of the assemble line. There always seemed to be a way of earning money during the summer if you hustled. The jobs were there if you really wanted to work. I still found the time to go with my friends to Belle Isle and enjoy the summer sports.

I still hung out with my friends from my parochial school days. There was Remelda Schultz, Howard Kersten, Ralph Schmidt, Earl Moldenhauer and Sue Lang. We enjoyed getting together and having a party in the back yard where we could grill some hamburgers and hot dogs and just be together as friends.

There were other jobs, such as working at a gas station after school and on Saturdays. I remember one high society lady who came into the station and asked me to put in five gallons of gas and then added, "would you please check the dope in my rear end." Of course she was referring to the grease in the differential. She had two other society ladies and I can report that the dope in her rear end was full. Then there was the job with Saunders, in the Ford building in downtown Detroit. Saunders were know for their fine chocolates and sundaes and had branch stores throughout the Detroit area. I was working at the main store as a bus boy and after the store closed we would help ourselves to any sweets we wanted. After a few days, you had your fill and left the sweets alone.

It seemed that about everyone in Detroit was connected with the motor industry in one way or another. Brother Paul was working for Henry Ford as a gardener on his estate, but was not mechanically inclined in the least. He took after father in that respect. Paul was good at gardening and loved working with the soil. He built a small pool in our back yard and filled it with a variety of gold fish. The first winter the fish were left in the pool and became frozen in the ice, but with the advent of spring, they began to swim around again. I guess one would call this suspended animation.

It was a pleasure in working on cars in those days as all the tools you needed were a few wrenches and a screw driver. I learned to drive our car and obtained my driver's license. Then one summer I found employment as a chauffeur for a Mr. Malcolm who was an architect, dealing mainly with schools. He had offices both in Detroit and Flint, Mich. I was to drive his 12 cylinder Packard sedan and live at his summer home on Walled lake, about 30 miles from Detroit. I was to receive a small weekly salary plus room and board and live in a small apartment above the garage, but would take my meals with the family in their home overlooking the lake. For me, this was the chance of a life time as I would be living in luxury at least for the summer. I was to pick up the car in Detroit and drive it to the lake and since I was alone, I practiced gear shifting as it did have more gears than our Studebaker. In those days there was nothing like automatic transmissions. By the time I arrived at the lake, I could shift the gears smoothly. No car ever received so much cleaning and polishing. It was always kept spotless. One thing Mrs. Malcolm could never understand was why I had to stop for "petrol" as she called it. She wondered why I could not fill the tank just with water. That was my first and last stint as a chauffeur and I thoroughly enjoyed the summer.

Since I had no expenses that summer, I saved enough money to buy a Model T Ford. It certainly did not compare to the Packard I had been driving all summer as it only had four cylinders, but it had a rumble seat in the back and it was my own, paid for in cash on the barrel head as they used to say. We knew nothing about credit cards in those days and paid cash for what we purchased unless it was a house. It was not a new car, but one with low mileage and one owner. Around the corner from us on Gration there was a garage where they built race cars for the Indianapolis races. The engines were equipped with what was called "frontenac heads" which gave the engine more compression and more power. I purchased one of the heads for the sum of \$100.00 and installed it myself on the Model T. Those were the days when you had to crank the Model T. I soon learned to park it on an incline and let it roll down to start the engine as it was hard to crank with all that compression. The slowest I could get the car to go was twenty miles per hour. I could beat a motorcycle in a starting position and it is a wonder I never received a speeding ticket. The main bearings had a habit of wearing out until I installed some automatic take up bearings. These would last a bit longer and the car would cruise along on the highway at 60 miles per hour and could reach 85 mph which was fast for a model T. I finally got tired of replacing the main bearings and junked the car and sold the engine for what the car had cost me to begin with. So much for my hot rodding days

My history would not be complete without mentioning our neighbors in Detroit. Our neighbors on both sides of us were Italian, while others in the same block were German. The Vagos lived on one side of us and a middle aged man and his mother lived on the other side. They were friendly, but demonstrative and could argue a point until kingdom come. The Vagos had a girl named Katie who played with sister Lillian. Mother soon found out that Katie was never given any milk with her meal, only wine or water. Wine was part of their daily diet and it took mother a long time to convince Mrs. Vago that milk should be given to a growing child.. Our lots were small with about 10 feet between homes. There was not much of a front yard and the back yard did have space for a small yard and a little garden. We had a garage in back with entrance from an alley. There was a chicken coop on one side of the garage and a wire fence separated the lots on both sides. Our neighbor had a tunnel installed from his house to his garage and gave all the neighbors dirt to fill up their lawns. We were on friendly terms, but never did talk to his mother as she only spoke Italian. One day he approached me and asked if we would

enjoy a pitcher of beer. I replied that we would indeed so he requested that we place a pitcher on the fence post and in short order the pitcher would be filled. It soon became evident that he was a bootlegger and we were still in the days of prohibition. He was brewing beer in the basement of his home and pumping it out to his garage and filling containers with beer. We also were told that he was a member of the Purple Gang in Detroit, but was always a good neighbor to us. They did raid his place one evening as trucks were coming to his garage about every night to pick up beer. No doubt he had been informed about the raid and just placed some illegal equipment in our garage without asking for permission. The next evening the equipment disappeared and I am sure it was placed in operation again. He did supply us with all the free beer we wanted and must confess that it was indeed good beer. The Zemmins lived at the end of our block and also had a large family. The boys would often play together, but we would not allow our sister Lil to date any of the boys as they were Catholic. Little did I realize that some 20 years later I would officiate at the wedding of my sister Lil to Ed Zemmin.

Father was given a lot on Pleasant lake, about 20 miles from Detroit as a promotional deal and we built a small two story cottage on the lot. Although not winterized, we used it quite often for family gatherings during the summer. During the winter, we would take some of the youth group from the church to go ice skating and tobogganing and return to the cottage for a hot bowl of chili. Even zero weather did not prevent us from enjoying winter sports. We even planted fruit trees on out lot at the lake and within a few years had plenty of apples and pears. Pleasant lake was a small lake, about a mile long and a half mile wide, but was very deep and spring feed and cool even in the summer.

Following graduation from High School, I had to seek employment to earn enough money for a college education. In the back of my mind, I had already decided to follow in my father's footsteps and become a Lutheran minister. There were a few of my friends who could not see me in the role of a minister, but in time I proved them to be wrong. I never did claim to be an angel during my youth, nor was I the devil incarnate, but I did fit in somewhere in between. There was the time when a father tried to persuade me to marry his daughter. Like me, she was also a trumpet player and we would often play together at Easter Sunrise Services and special church functions. Her dad offered to furnish the entire house if I married his only daughter, but I just was not inclined to matrimony at the time. Guess he thought a trumpet player would make a good husband. Hope later married a young man who was financially secure and moved to some small town in California.

My first full time job was as a time keeper with the Jenks and Muir Mfg. company in Hamtramick, a suburb of Detroit. It was really an enclave as it was surrounded by Detroit on all sides and the people living there were almost 100% Polish. Jenks and Muir made cushion springs for the automobile industry. The employees were mostly Polish women, rough and tough and could cuss like a sailor. On more than one occasion they vented their anger by breaking out in fist fights. I worked the night shift and could see no future in what I was doing and quit after six months as I was on the verge of a better job.

I applied for a job as a bookkeeper with the American State Bank of Detroit. They had thirty two branches throughout the city and had an opening at their Grosse Pointe branch which was the largest branch in terms of deposits. This was the area where the Fords and Dodges lived and many other wealthy people. Although I had no experience as a bookkeeper, I figured that I could learn in short order. The bank insisted that all employees purchase stock as they felt that you would then take more interest in your job. I purchased 100 shares of stock that was to be paid off in monthly installments. I was put under the supervision of another bookkeeper for a week and was then on my own. I had to post the ledgers and keep the accounts straight that I had been assigned. I soon became quite adept at my job and had to post and balance the ledgers each day. There were times when I had to work over time to find a few cents in order to balance the days accounts. The President of the bank was Mr. Allen and our manager was Mr. DeBake. One of our customers was Mrs. Allen, the wife of the President. Every few weeks her account would be over drawn. In such cases I would ask the manager for advice and he would always tell me to run the check through as Mr. Allen would send a deposit in a few days. Since this occurred quite frequently, I wondered where the money was coming from, but then it really was none of my business.

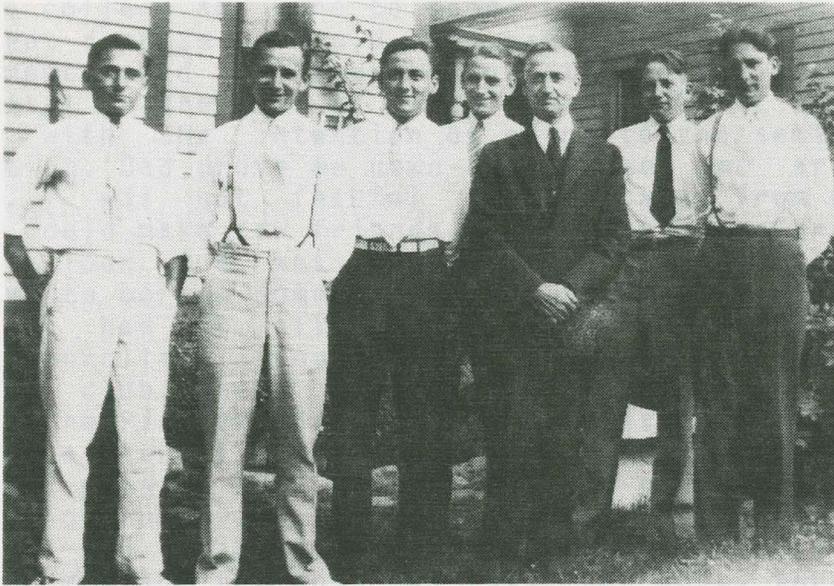
There was one particular customer whom I thoroughly disliked. Her name was Yovonne and she did the banking for her father who was in the construction business. She was good looking, about my age, but arrogant and haughty. About every time she came to the bank she would check with me in regard to some error in their account. She was always in the habit of registering some kind of complaint. The bank was also open every Monday evening from 6:00 till 9:00 pm.

One evening she came to my window to register another complaint. I gave her a big smile and suggested that we should have a date to talk over the matter. Much to my

surprise she thought that it was a good idea. The main reason for the date was that I really wanted to tell her off, but could not do so at the bank. I borrowed the family car for the date and wondered just how much the date would cost me. She lived in a large home in the Grosse Pointe area. When I picked her up I inquired as to what she would like to do for the evening and she replied that it would be entirely up to me. She stated that she had been running around with the Dodge and Ford crowd and wanted to see just how the ordinary folk dated. We took in a movie and stopped for a snack afterward. On the way home, I vented my feelings and told her that I considered her as just a spoiled brat. Much to my surprise, she admitted that she really had it coming to her and apologized for her behavior. Of course I figured that this would be my one and only date with her, but when reaching her home, she wanted to know when she would see me again. We did have several dates after that and found her to be most pleasant when she did her banking. She was the only child in the family and lived in an affluent neighborhood, but I always did feel welcome in her home. The relationship lasted until I went away to college and with the depression, her family lost everything.

I did apply for entrance to Capital University, a Lutheran school in Columbus, Ohio. It was my father's Alma Mater and a good Liberal Arts college. After working in the bank for 18 months, I informed the bank that I was quitting in order to go to college. The bank had an agreement that if you quit or were terminated, you could receive the funds you had invested in bank stock, plus 4% interest. I was offered a job for the following summer if I wanted it, but after I left the bank, within a few months there came the great depression. The bank went under, the employees lost their jobs, plus the money they had invested in bank stock. The President of the bank, Mr. Allen, was tried and found guilty of fraud and embezzlement. Now I knew where the money came from to cover his wife's overdrafts. It was also found out that he was covering up his stock losses by dipping into the bank's assets. He was sentenced to several years in prison and lost his home and all possessions. Had I not quit when I did, I would never have been able to go to college. The good Lord was surely looking after me.

COLLEGE DAYS



The Fredrick boys and father
Left to right: Luther, Daniel, William, MILTON
Father, Martin and Paul



Our Detroit Hi Flyers Orchestra

COLLEGE DAYS

Off to college and none to soon. Had I waited any longer, the great depression would have caught me and wiped out my investment I had in the bank stock. I enrolled as a student at Capital in the fall of 1930. I chose the Liberal Arts course with the intention of going to the seminary upon graduation. Dad drove me down and showed me around the campus. I was not fearful of being away from home as I knew I could make new friends. I had no scholarship nor student loan and was determined to make it on my own. I did have to borrow some money from father for the first year, but had it all paid off before I graduated. Soon after I enrolled, I found a job as the Provider for a boarding club. There were three boarding clubs just off campus, The Pioneer, Crystal and Optimist all located on Drexel Ave. across from the campus. I was to receive \$4.00 per week plus my food. At least I now knew that I was not going to go hungry. I was to make out the menu, purchase the food and satisfy the members of the club. We had 100 male members and the cost was \$3.50 per week, three meals per day including Sunday.

According to all reports, the Pioneer Club was the best boarding club of the three. Once you joined a boarding club, you could not change except at the beginning of the year. There were two waiters, and I made sure that my roommate, Lou Mittler, was one of them. The waiters received free board plus \$2.00 per week. I can assure you that there were no tips at the club. All meals were served family style and were wholesome, but not fancy. The club members elected a President, Secretary, Treasurer and Sgt. at Arms. It was the President's duty to call on a member at each meal for the table prayer. I remember one student who was called upon and gave the following prayer: "Bless this food we are about to eat, may it strengthen us from head to feet. Amen." Of course everybody laughed, but not "Feets Giltz" who gave the prayer. The president fined him one dollar for an improper prayer and Feets Giltz objected vehemently as he never cracked a smile while offering the prayer. The result was that the fine had to be rescinded. Mandy was the cook and lived in the apartment above the club. Mandy was a maiden lady, white, a good cook and did at times resent my telling her how to prepare a certain dish. Coming from a large family, I watched my mother prepare some special meals and learned how to cook by observing her. We did, on several occasions, invite co-eds for a special meal as it put the boarders on their best behavior. On Oct. 5th there was always a special meal as my birthday was on Oct. 4th and Lou Mittler's was on the 6th. Lou and I would get together and plan the meal for the day. The members were never informed as to the special occasion and Lou and I kept the secret to ourselves. We just could not have a

special birthday dinner for every member of the club. There was a special dish that I concocted that I called "tuna wiggle." It was creamed tuna with french fries and all you could eat. Most of the members looked forward to this weekly meal. During the fourth year, all the boarding clubs were ordered disbanded by orders of the trustees of the University. I complained bitterly to Dr. Mess, the president of the university, but to no avail. Although he agreed with me, he stated that he was over ridden by the board of trustees. A cafeteria was being established on campus and they felt they could not afford the competition of the boarding clubs. The boarding clubs were now a thing of the past and I was forced to seek other employment to make ends meet.

Up to that point, college life was not bad and I was making expenses. Now I also had to pay for my food. I worked at a local grocery store after classes and on week-ends. I became a butcher and sales clerk, but this left little time for extra curricular activities or social life. I was a member of the Glee Club, the Glee Club orchestra, the band and the varsity track team. I also went out for foot ball, but never really played except in the last few minutes of one game when we were behind 40 to 0..The coach was afraid that I might injure my legs as I did excel in track and set a new conference record in the mile and half mile which stood for many years. I was also the anchor man on the 440 yard relay team that also set a conference record.

In 1943 I tried out for the U.S. Olympia team and entered the 1500 meter run which was about equal to the mile. The regionals finals were held at Northwestern University in Chicago. Although I did wear the Capital University colors, I had to pay my own way as we were still in the depression and the college just did not have the funds. I competed against the two best milers of that time, Cunningham and Venske, plus 14 others. I finished third in the race and was clocked at 4 minutes and 16 seconds for the mile. I was now eligible to compete in the finals in Calif. where the Olympics were being held that year.

As fate would have it, the college could not come up with the funds to send me and I could not afford to go on my own. To this day, I often wonder if I could have made the final team. I went back to Detroit and decided to compete for the Detroit Athletic Club and won several races in Canada that year. The club would not pay my way to Calif. as I would be wearing the Cap colors. The club paid my way to all track events and gave me an allowance for food and lodging. Since I did not receive a salary, I was not considered a professional. I not only enjoyed the competition, but won several medals for first place and was even able to save some money as my expenses were less

than the per diem I received. The club kept the trophies and I got the medals.

My brother Bill attended Cap for two years, but then decided to go into business with my younger brother Martin. Bill was on the varsity football team, sang in the Glee Club and also worked at the Big Bear Super Market as a butcher. Bill was a real salesman and prided himself in the fact that he could just about talk any lady into buying a pound of bologna. He sold more bologna than all the other butchers put together. He also got me a job at Big Bear on Saturdays as a butcher. Bill and Martin decided to open an appliance parts business in Minneapolis, Minn. Bill spent a lot of time on the road drumming up business for their mail order department. Martin was the mechanic, and between the two, they established a thriving business, but had to sell it during WWII as both went into the military, Martin into the Marines and Bill in the Army Air Corps as a glider pilot.

Getting back to my college days. Although I did have to work my way through college, this did not prevent me from enjoying some of the extra curricular activities such as the Glee Club and Glee Club orchestra. On one of our Glee Club tours, we were invited to perform in the Radio City Music Hall in New York City. It was a cold winter day and even the orchestra pit was cold. The Glee Club was warmly received, but the orchestra was abandoned that year due to my rendition of the opening frame of the "Bumble Bee." I thought that my French horn was warmed up, but when I tried to blow the first note, nothing came out. The director waved his baton at me and I blew again and this time, the wrong note came out. That ended the orchestra on our Glee Club trips.

I believe in the old adage that all work and no play is not good for anyone. I managed to have some social life and dated now and then. Since it was the aspiration of any college male to date the Home Coming Queen, I did manage a few dates with the Queen two years in a row. One became a bit serious, but she later decided on an insurance man instead, as they made more money than a potential preacher. There was one place in Columbus that we would frequent now and then and was called "Charlies." It was really a "speak easy" and since this was still the time of prohibition, you had to give the secret pass word before the door was opened. Charley ran a good speak easy, but was blind. His beer was good and reasonable and was served in a tin cup and cost all of .15¢ for a large cold beer. The place was never raided while we were there and no doubt Charlie was paying for some police protection. There were times when someone would smuggle a case of beer into our dormitory for an after exam party. Since the president's daughter was keeping company with one from our

crowd, we did have a hot line just in case we were ever raided. This did happen one time and Prexy's daughter hurriedly informed us that there would be a search of our rooms by the authorities. We hid the beer in one of the hall closets, fumigated our rooms and welcomed the search committee. No beer was ever found, but I can assure you that it was consumed in due time.

Although I was never invited to the Dodges or Fords while living in Detroit, I was invited to the governor's mansion in Columbus. I became acquainted with the governor's son who was a student at Cap. He invited me to the mansion and also their summer home on a lake. We had some good times together and also a few dates.

During one summer, I worked at the Buckeye Yacht Club, about 30 miles from Columbus. I was to wait on tables for my board and room, give sailing lessons and rent out the sail boat on demand. I had never given sailing lessons before, much less sailed a boat, but I was a quick learner and within a few days, I could sail with the best of them. I was to receive \$25.00 per week plus tips. I made good tips and enjoyed the sailing immensely. I entered the sailing races every Sunday afternoon and came out in first place for the season. Since the Club owned the boat, they also kept the trophy. One of my good customers was a Mr. Wolf, owner of the Columbus Dispatch newspaper. He would often call me from his office and tell me to have "Gladys" (the name of the boat) ready, as he wanted to take it over to his residence on the island. He would leave his 12 cylinder speed boat at the club marina and I would return it to him the following morning and bring Gladys back to the club. Knowing that I was working my way through college, he always gave me a generous tip. My roommate at the club happened to be an oil tycoon from Saginaw, Mich. by the name of Howard Marshall. He slept on the top bunk and would often rent Gladys from sundown to sunup and insisted that I be the skipper. He just loved to sail at night, especially when there was a full moon. Since I was required to wait tables at breakfast time, I was concerned about being fired if I did not show up on time. He assured me that this would never happen as he held the mortgage to the Club and that I was not to worry and I never did. He was also a most generous tipper and could not understand why I wanted to become a preacher and even offered me a job with his oil company. I politely informed him that I intended to complete my education and become a minister and would not be swayed by his offer. It was a glorious summer and went all too fast, but I saved enough money to pay all my school expenses and was even able to purchase a much needed better car.

In the fall of 1934 I entered the seminary located across the campus from the University. Some referred to it as the

"preacher factory" where you were supposed to settle down and study Greek and Hebrew and other courses designed to make a preacher. We had an outstanding faculty consisting of some of the best theologians of the day, such as Dr. Gotes, Dr. Fendt, Dr. Buehring and others. I already had four years of Greek in college, but did ask to be exempted from Hebrew as it was an elective course and also time consuming.

The F and F Ping Pong parlor, located in the basement of the dorm, became a hang out for the avid ping pong players. It was named F and F because Fredrick and Ferne were instrumental in building the two tables out of some oak flooring that we salvaged from a class room floor that had been infested with termites. The Dean had given us permission to use the basement room as it only had a dirt floor and was considered unusable for a classroom. There was a small fee charged for those who wanted to join the club as we had to install adequate lighting, sand and varnish the tables and also install a floor to the room. We soon had all the members we could accommodate. We had the best and fastest ping pong tables in the city of Columbus.

We would invite some of the professors to play with us and for some reason or other, they always seemed to win and had the gall to say that we threw the game. Could be. The F and F Ping Pong Parlor became quite famous in Columbus and many a tournament was held there. We even had what we called "strip ping pong." There was no air conditioning in the room and the two large lights over each table made it quite warm in the room. Each time a player lost a game, he would shed one garment, but we always stopped at the shorts. We had a rule that women were not allowed in the room and no one ever challenged that rule. Prior to our graduation from the seminary, we deeded the parlor to the faculty.

During the second and third year in the seminary, we would fill the pulpits of various Lutheran churches throughout the state when requested and also conducted Worship Services in the State prisons. We were also required to intern at a Lutheran church during the last year in Seminary.

Six months prior to my graduation in 1937, my father died as a result of stomach cancer. We knew that he was ill and two years before when the family doctor told him that he had stomach cancer, he took it in stride and made the best of it. We talked about it one evening after supper and wondered if an operation would help. The doctor informed him that if he did not have an operation, he might live for another six months or a year. If he decided to have an operation, his chances would be 50/50 for survival. Father

decided not to have an operation and of course we backed him up. After two years, the Inner City Mission Board for whom he was working, sent him to a rest home in Kingsville, Ontario, Canada for rest and recuperation. He stayed for almost two weeks and came back home. He was confined to his bed and within a matter of a few weeks he died and was buried in Gethsemane Cemetery in Detroit, next to our sister Clara. He had fought a good fight, but lost and gained the eternal rest he deserved. He had ministered to the halt, the sick and the blind and they came in droves to pay their last respects to one who had cared for them. Since he did not leave an estate of any size, we boys were faced with the support of our mother. Most of the children were now employed so we pooled our resources and made certain that mother had all the necessities of life. I had hoped that he would be present for my graduation, but this was not to be.

About a month before graduation, Dr. Buehring, the Dean of the seminary, invited me to his home one evening. This was rather unusual and I could not imagine why he singled me out. I soon found out that it was an interview for the foreign mission fields. He stated that there was an opening for a missionary in New Guinea and felt that I would be the ideal candidate as I was self sufficient while attending college and seminary and knew how to take care of myself. I informed him that I was very much interested in foreign missions, but since father had recently died, I felt compelled to assist my younger brothers and sisters in obtaining a good education, but would keep the request in abeyance. Little did I realize how much I would become involved in foreign missions later on. The result was that a class mate of mine by the name of Harry Dott, did volunteer to go to New Guinea and was later killed when the Japanese overran the mission station during WW 11.

MY FIRST PARISH

Upon graduation from the seminary, the President of the Synod assigned us to our first parish. Before being installed as a pastor, I was ordained in Salem Lutheran church, my home congregation in Detroit. I was only sorry that my father could not be there for my ordination, but felt that he was there in spirit. The Ohio Synod President then installed me as the pastor of the St. Paul-St. John Parish, near Crestline, Ohio.. The salary was to be \$420.00 per year and I was to furnish my own transportation, there was a parsonage where I could live. The parsonage, however, was fully furnished with a variety of over stuffed furniture, all bought at auction. There were even some chickens for the chicken coop. The donors were three maiden ladies, members of St. John's. Lottie was the farm hand, Minnie the housekeeper and Olie was a school teacher. Lottie was also the church janitor, the organist of a small pump organ, she rang the church bell and also acted as the treasurer of the congregation. Oh yes, she also taught a Sunday School class. There were two wood burning stoves to heat the church, and it was not unusual for her to leave the organ at the end of a verse and put more coal on the fire and return to the organ ready to play the next verse. The three ladies lived in a large farm house and would often invite me to have a meal with them. Minnie had the habit of squeezing into liquid about everything that she grew in the garden except potatoes. Lottie did all the farm work and could pitch hay as well as any man. She would hunt rabbits with a 22 rifle and was a crack shot. Each meal was an experience and they loved to do for the church.

Oh yes, someone gave me a Muscovy duck which I named Gladys because I once knew a girl named Gladys who waddled like a duck. I never fed Gladys, but had her trained to fly over to the neighbors for some corn feed. I had an open invitation from the members of the congregation to stop in anytime for a meal as this was considered as part of the salary. I did take advantage of the offers many times and was always cordially received. One evening when I came home from visiting some sick members, I found the cupboard bare. I noticed a squirrel at the top of a hickory tree next to the parsonage at the edge of the woods. I shot the squirrel with my .22 and dropped him with the first shot. I then noticed some puff balls in the woods and had heard that they were good to eat, but had never tasted one. I picked a puff ball about half the size of a basketball, sliced it and fried it in butter and offered it to my German Shepherd dog named Rex. I figured that if the dog became sick, I could take care of him, but if I became sick, the dog could not take care of me. Rex eagerly devoured the piece I gave him and after a half hour I

called him and noticed that he was as spry as ever so I ate the rest of the puff ball plus the squirrel and thanked the Lord for the bounty of the field. I must say that the puff ball did taste good. My first parish was really a test as to whether I would like to remain in the ministry. The small salary I received made it a bit difficult to subsist, let alone save anything. I did, however manage to take a vacation and go to Florida during the winter . It so happened that George Br own, a member of the Lutheran church in Crestline, loved to travel, but his wife did not. He said that he would furnish the transportation if I would go with him. I borrowed \$100.00 from the bank and we were off. It would take me a full year to repay the loan, but it was worth it and we did manage to see all of the interesting sights in Florida and covered the entire state, even to Key West. We repeated the trip again the next year. We had a great time fishing in Key West and gave away most of what we caught.

To make life a little more bearable in a small country parish, I conceived the idea that it would be good to get some of my college and seminary class mates together for a week-end reunion. I decided to call it "The Preachers, Teachers and Unemployed Reunion." The idea took hold and everyone accepted the invitation. They were to help with the food and I would furnish a place to sleep. Some even agreed to teach a Sunday School class and assist with the service. Somehow, someone even managed a keg of beer for the reunion. which was kept on the back porch, lest a parishioner might pass by and object to our life style. They came from Dayton, Detroit, Columbus and a few other places. It was a fun filled week-end. One preacher by the name of Ernie Albrecht, wanted a chicken sandwich about midnight, so I invited him out to the hen house and we picked out a sleepy chicken, cut off the head, skinned and boiled the chicken, and had ourselves a sandwich in about an hour. Nothing was impossible for our group. The congregation welcomed them on Sunday with open arms and hoped that they would come again The next year was even a better and bigger reunion. What a bunch of friends. When the Synod president visited the parish, he asked if I ever intended to marry. I politely informed him that on my meager salary it would be impossible to support a wife as I had difficulty supporting myself and my dog. In less than two months after his visit, I received a call to another parish at three times the salary I had been receiving. There was some remorse in leaving my first parish, but in consulting my dog Rex, he gave a few quick barks so I felt sure he had agreed to move. I had passed the test of a first parish and was eager to move ahead and assume more responsibility.

It was during the second year in my ministry (1939) when I met a young school teacher by the name of Miriam Beal. She was a teacher at the Leesville elementary school located about two miles from the parsonage. I also had a school teacher by the name of Lester Huber living with me. He was a Cap grad and had recently been employed as a teacher also at Leesville. He shared the living expenses and was good to have around. He arranged for me to talk to the students at a formal gathering and it so happened that I was seated next to Miriam Beal. We exchanged pleasantries and before the hour was over, I invited her and a few other teachers to a spaghetti dinner at the parsonage. I will say that I made good spaghetti and had it quite often as it was an easy dish for me to prepare. Lester helped with the arrangements and even had a bouquet of real flowers on the table. The spaghetti dinner was a success and we were complimented on the effort we put forth. Since Miriam came with some other teachers, she also left with them. For me, it was love at first sight and I made certain I would see her again as I invited her to attend an organ concert with me. She accepted the offer and since the concert was free, I was elated. The concert was being held at a large Lutheran church in Mansfield, Ohio and I counted the days and the hours when I was to pick her up. I had heard rumors that she had a twin sister, but discounted it as I could not believe that the Lord would place two such beautiful ladies in one household.

Miriam's home was out in the country. Her father was a successful farmer and was informed that he was the kind of a person one would like to know. I was also informed that the Beals were Methodists and Miriam was a graduate of Ohio University at Athens, Ohio. As I wound my way up the long driveway to the house, a car passed me and I was certain that it was Miriam and perhaps her mother leaving. It was then that I realized that she must be a twin and proceeded to the house. Miriam opened the door and then explained that her twin sister Marg and her mother had just left. I then remarked to her that the next time I came, I would take the first one who came to the door. There were other dates, but I was convinced that Miriam was always the one who came to the door when I called.

The move to my new parish was uneventful as I did not have much to move, except my books and my dog Rex. I was now about 80 miles from Miriam and did visit her several times, but we soon made plans to become married with the consent of all concerned. The wedding was to take place on July 7, 1940, in the Mt. Zion Methodist church which was a small white clapboard country church near Bucyrus, Ohio. The Rev. Carl Mittler, pastor of St. Paul Lutheran church in Dayton, Ohio had agreed to perform

the ceremony.

His son, Louis Mittler, who was also my roommate while in college was to be the best man. The Mittler home was my second home while in college and since my father had passed away, Rev. Mittler was the logical choice to perform the ceremony. July 7th proved to be a beautiful day and the wedding with all the attendants taking part, went as planned. Miriam's folks had the reception at their home and I can say that the good Lord was smiling on us as the reception was out doors and there was no prospect of rain. My mother and brother Milton and my sister Lillian were able to attend which meant much to me.

Following the reception, we started our honeymoon in my small, partly paid for, Ford Mercury. We visited Niagara Falls, stopped in Detroit to visit mother and friends and then on to Wisconsin Dells, Wisc. where we spent several enjoyable days. We also stopped in Minneapolis to visit my brother Bill and Martin, who had set up their appliance parts business and were struggling to make a go of it. They presented us with a rebuild vacuum sweeper which was all they could afford at the time and we were indeed grateful to receive it. We would have liked to continue our honeymoon without end, but due to the shortage of funds we were obliged to wend our way to Celina, Ohio and our new home. We did repeat part of the honeymoon in 1990 in celebration of our 50th wedding anniversary. Niagara Falls was still as spectacular as ever.

My new Bride, of course became a member of the Lutheran church and was indoctrinated into the life of a pastor's wife. The parsonage was out in the country at a crossroads, next to the brick church. The parsonage had eight rooms and a full basement, but no indoor plumbing as the former pastor demanded it and since the congregation consisted of some stubborn Dutchmen, they would not give into his demands. The result was that the pastor moved to another parish. At the first council meeting I informed them that the house did indeed belong to them and they could improve it or leave it as it was. They soon decided to dig a new well and install the plumbing and also make a few repairs to the house. It was the kind of congregation that one had to handle with kid gloves and once they were on your side, they would do anything for you.

Miriam soon found out that parish life was different as you were living in a home that belonged to the church and your life became an open book. Since we had to furnish the parsonage, the first purchase I made, even before I was married, was to purchase curtains for all the windows so that passers by could not look into the

empty rooms. After Miriam settled in, we purchased the necessary pieces of furniture on a cash basis as there were no credit cards in those days. We did have some hand me down pieces of furniture from Miriam's folks which helped a lot. Then too, like all rural congregations, the farmers shared the first fruits of the field with us including the meat when they butchered. Miriam was given so much sausage that she made a distress call to her mother, who came and showed her how to can the meat so that it would not spoil.

We were expected to attend all the "butcherings" as well as the "thrashings" as all the neighbors would gather on those days and make a holiday of it. Everyone pitched in. It was one way to come close to the farmers and share their work load. The threshing was the hardest work as you helped load the sheaves of wheat unto the horse drawn wagons and then placed them on the conveyor belt of the steam driven threshing machine. At noon time, the steam whistle was blown and we took time out for a sumptuous picnic lunch. By the time the day was over, you were covered with chaff from the wheat, you went home tired, anxious for a shower and appreciating the life of a farmer a bit more. I recall one bachelor farmer by the name of Bill Silk, who asked me one day when I was visiting him, if I had any beef at home. I remarked that I was not sure and he then insisted on cutting off a six inch slab of choice sirloin and T bone and made the remark that he and his father enjoyed the round steak more. I thanked him for the choice beef which lasted us for several meals. This was life in a small country parish.

The congregations I served were five miles apart and were large enough for each to have their own pastorr, and that is what happened when I left. It was the custom of this parish for the pastor to have a photo of every child he baptized. They also expected to see the photo when they visited the parsonage. All the photos were placed in my desk drawer and when a couple would come whose baby I baptized, I would quickly find the photo and place it in the picture frame on my desk. After they left, the photo of my dog Rex was placed in the picture frame again. One had to stay on the good side of the parishioner. One Sunday when I was to baptize a baby, I noticed just in time that the baptismal font had no water in it. The baptism was to take place just before the sermon. I made the announcement that the baptism would take place after the sermon. This was the cue for the sexton to hurriedly go to his home across the way and heat some water, since it was winter time, and place it in the font right after the sermon.

Sunday was the time when the preacher and his wife were

invited out to one of the members for dinner. In one home we had a delicious chicken dinner and after the meal I complimented the cook on such a fine dinner. She then made the remark, "Pastor, this is the chicken you ran over on the way to the church." I felt like saying that perhaps I should run over a few more chickens. Whenever the pastor was present for dinner, he was never served chicken wings. They were consumed later on at another meal. In one home we had a sumptuous noon meal and the evening meal was a real banquet and nothing was duplicated. It was one way of showing their love for their pastor and his wife. Of course nothing was ever wasted, but saved for another day. In a few of the homes, the meals would be a bit sparse, but one never turned down an invitation for fear of offending the host. We always made the best of the situation.

There were problems that arose from time to time. One problem came to the fore front when the congregation was about to celebrate its 100th Anniversary. Since the church constitution was 100 years old, the church council was in the process of bringing it up to date. Then at a congregational meeting it was brought to the attention of the members that some member had joined a secret order, which was forbidden by the constitution. When no one would identify the member, I asked for the guilty member to stand and much to my surprise two members stood up. One was a farmer and the other a bricklayer. They both confessed that they had joined the Moose Lodge, which was a secret order. Both had helped in the translation of the constitution from the German into English, so they could not claim innocence. I consider both to be good friends of mine, but in meeting with them, I had to inform them that I had to take them under church discipline. This meant that they could not receive any of the sacraments until the problem was resolved, but could attend church services and social functions. The issue was about to split the congregation in half. At the next council meeting I brought up the subject of changing the constitution and bringing it up to date. One staunch member rose and stated that the constitution had been good for a 100 years and it was good for another 100. That settled the question for the time being. Members were divided against members.

I made a visit to the member who was against changing the constitution and tried to persuade him to change his mind. I explained the reason for changing the constitution and bringing it up to date. I informed him that the new wording should be, "if any member placed any organization above his church, that would be wrong." I asked him to prayerfully think it over and at the next council meeting the same question was brought up about changing the constitution in relation to secret

orders. The same man arose and said, "pastor, this constitution has been good for a 100 years and it is about time that it should be changed." The result, the constitution was changed and we did not lose a member. One did transfer later to the Lutheran church in town as he lived closer to that church, but attended all the social functions at our church. The congregation had a glorious 100th Anniversary.

I must relate about the time Miriam's twin sister Marjorie and her fiance paid us a visit. Like Miriam, Marj was a school teacher, and taught in a school several miles north of where Miriam was teaching. Miriam's older brother Bob and his fiance came along. They had been dating for more than a year and just wanted to see for themselves how we were making out since we had been married. Miriam went all out in preparing a delicious meal with cauliflower as the vegetable. I did not care about the vegetable, so I did not eat any. Shortly after the main meal and before the desert was served, all became quite ill except myself. They started to gag and throw up and had diarrhea. The men used the outdoor toilet while the ladies used the inside one. I called Dr. Rudy Schmidt who had recently moved from Lincoln, Neb. with his new wife to Celina. He had just finished his internship and decided to practice medicine in Celina. We had recently become acquainted as he was also a Lutheran. He came immediately and determined that it was food poisoning. He also concluded that it must have been the cauliflower as I did not become ill. He reasoned that it must have been sprayed with a chemical and was not all washed off when Miriam prepared it. Miriam had prepared a special dessert that evening, but she and our guests were too sick to eat it. Doc. and I helped ourselves while the rest suffered. They all thought that they were about to die so Doc. stayed around for about an hour or more while we helped ourselves to more dessert. Doc. Schmidt gave them some medication to relieve their pain and stop the diarrhea. They had not planned to stay over night, but Doc. insisted that they stay or be put in the hospital for the night as they were in a too weakened condition to make the 80 mile trip back home. The following morning they looked like they were really washed out, but none the worse for their experience. Miriam of course apologized for even preparing the cauliflower, but we assured her that this was not her fault. A year after we were married, I married Miriam's twin sister, but am not a bigamist. I married her to Dick Brooks, who is no longer fond of cauliflower. Neither Marj or Dick wanted a full blown church wedding. Dick was a farmer and was well thought of by Majorie's parents. No doubt he did not want to burden them with another costly wedding.

Both parents felt a bit put off, but they were in favor of the wedding even after the fact. Dick brought a best man with him and Miriam was the other witness to the private church ceremony. I remained in the parish for two years and only left when I was accepted as a Chaplain in the Army.

LIFE IN THE MILITARY

I had always had the aspiration of becoming a Chaplain in the military, but first I had to receive the endorsement of the Synod President as well as the National Lutheran Council in Washington, D.C. The synod President gave me a good recommendation and since the quota for Lutheran Chaplains was not filled at the time, I was approved by the National Lutheran Council. Each denomination or religious organization was assigned a quota. It depended on the total number of members in a given group. It was assumed, and rightly so, that there would be a certain number of personnel from each religious group in the military, therefore the largest group would have the largest quota of Chaplain. I felt that serving as a Chaplain was a Divine Call as I would be serving my church as well as my country at the same time. One also had to have at least two years in the parish ministry before applying for the chaplaincy.

I informed my parish that I had been accepted as a Chaplain in the Army and would therefore be leaving them in the near future. They wished me well in my new career and were sorry to see me leave. There was a farewell service with a congregational dinner following and the well wishes from everyone. We did shed a few tears and departed friends. I entered the service on 2 May, 1941, in the grade of 1st Lt and on 7 July, 1941, I reported to the induction center at Ft. Campbell, Ky., for my physical examination and passed it with flying colors. I was now on my way to Camp Shelby, Miss. where I was assigned to the 149th Infantry Regiment of the 38th Infantry Division as a Chaplain. Miriam stayed with her parents after we had a yard sale at the parsonage. Camp Shelby was set up as a training base as a result of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Suitable housing was located in Petal, Miss. so I sent for Miriam as I wanted her with me as soon as possible.

Camp Shelby was a camp of 100,000 troops. The day after I arrived, I went on a 25 mile hike with the troops and had to borrow a pair of hiking boots which did not fit. After about ten miles, I had to drop out due to the blisters on my feet. The following day I received all my issue clothing and later on made several 25 mile hikes. I was assigned to the 3rd Battalion of the 149th Infantry which consisted of about a 1000 men. Most of the troops were from the Kentucky and Indiana National Guard. The Kentucky boys were rough and tough. Many were only 15 or 16 years of age and lied about their age so they could be with their friends. They knew that they would receive three meals a day and would be issued proper clothing. It beat the life they had been living. Many had worked in the coal mines and some listed their

occupation as bootleggers. Harlan County seemed to have the roughest bunch. Many did not have an elementary school education and could neither read nor write. I did mention this to our Regimental Commander, Col. Taylor and informed him that A company had a 1st. Sgt. who could not read nor write. He did not really believe this so I suggested that he call in the 1st. Sgt. and present him with an order to read.. He thought this was a good idea and called the 1st. Sgt. and asked him to read the order he presented him. The Sgt. glanced at it and said, "very good, Col. very good" and placed the order back on his desk. Col. Taylor then asked him to read it, and after a long pause stated he could not read.

This left the door wide open for me to start a class for those who were illiterate. With the commander's blessing, a class was held each morning, five days a week for a month. At the end of the month they could step up to the pay table and sign their name and when asked where they had learned to write, they said, "the Chaplain's school." They could also now make change for a dollar. The surprising part was that all classes were held during working hours, much to the displeasure of the Division, but common sense told me that they would never attend a class if held after duty hours. Our school soon became a model for other regiments in the Division. Pay day always posed a big problem. Many would gamble their pay away in a matter of a few hours and soon letters were arriving from wives complaining that their husbands were not sending any money home. A scheme was worked out where the Chaplain stood at the pay table and suggested that the married men give a portion of their pay to the Chaplain so he could obtain money orders for them to send home. This they had never thought of before and many took advantage of the offer .

Also, following payday, many would go to the nearest town for the express purpose of getting drunk. One soldier by the name of Lonnie Calvert, confessed to me that he and his brothers and father worked in a coal mine in Ky. and always went into town after pay day to get drunk and only returned when their money ran out. Calvert was a good soldier when sober and was even made an orderly by Capt. Ogles, but still managed to get drunk on pay day. After one drunken brawl, the Capt. placed him in the Guard House for 30 days and had all his pay forfeited for 30 days, but at the end of 15 days, asked me to talk to Lonnie. Lonnie promised me that he would never get drunk again if only he could be released from jail. The Capt. did release him on his promise, but come pay day, his friends took him to town and Lonnie came back to camp drunk again. I buried Lonnie later on the island of Leyte as he was killed

when a Jap plane hit the ship he was on. His intentions were good, but the flesh was weak.

There were times when we would be on maneuvers in Miss. or La. for several weeks at a time. It became the Chaplain's job to provide movies for the troops in the evening. Headquarters provided the projector and screen, but the troops had to provide the funds for the rental of the films. At pay day, I would make the rounds to the various dice games going on and demand 10% of the pot. Since most felt that they would lose their money anyway, they were always willing to oblige. I would then move on to the next dice game and in this manner, collected enough for several movies a week. Even from the time of Christ soldiers gambled and I knew that I could not stop it.

The Chaplain of course was to provide religious services for the troops, visit the sick and in general, provide the same services he would in civilian life. Inter-denominational services were conducted every Sunday and also on religious holidays. Since I was a Lutheran Chaplain, I was also obligated to provide Lutheran services for our Lutheran men. As in civilian life, I soon found out that men were prone not to attend religious services so it took a lot of effort on my part to convince the company commanders that they also had a responsibility. I wrote an article for our Regimental News Letter which went to all the troops and challenged the various companies to see who would have the most men at Sunday services. The idea caught on and attendance picked up. Of course, some of the men would attend Sunday services in order to escape work details. An Army regulation stated that no soldier could be deprived from attending religious service. One company commander became so frustrated when faced with insufficient men available for various duties on Sunday morning, that he finally decided to march all his men to the Protestant Worship Service.. That particular Sunday the Chapel was overflowing with men standing along the side isles. Since attendance was taken every Sunday by a show of hands, this particular company had the most present which meant that their company flag could be displayed on the front lawn of the Chapel for the rest of the day. When I was informed that some were there against their will, I made the announcement that they were free to leave if they so desired. None left as they feared the wrath of their company commander. As a result, this company continued to have the best Chapel attendance for several weeks, but the company commander knew that I would never tolerate compulsory attendance. Many years later, this same company commander paid me a visit while I was living in Dayton, Ohio. He mentioned that he never forgot one sermon that I preached at Camp Livingston,

La. He stated that I started my sermon by cussing like a trooper for about 15 seconds. I then continued my sermon, but as he stated, I did have the attention of the congregation. I had forgotten about that sermon, but since it was an all male audience, I decided that I could get by with it. I just wanted the soldiers to hear what they sounded like and challenged them to use good english and not to take the name of the Lord in vain. Perhaps I did get through to some of them, and the commander was the one who did the most cussing. Many of the solders had no religious training in their homes and had never affiliated with any particular church. Many had never been baptized, let alone instructed in the tenets of the Christian faith. The Chaplains often became instrumental in giving them a real sense of religious values.

There were times when a Chaplain was excused from certain training such as the obstacle course or firing range. However I was determined to do whatever the troops had to do hoping thereby that I could understand the lot of the soldier better. It also kept me in good physical condition. I did qualify in firing all the weapons the average soldier would fire, including the 37 mm cannon. The Chaplain was not issued a rifle as he was a non-combatant like the medics, but this was changed during WW11 as the Japanese did not observe the Geneva Convention.

Col. Coin was the best battalion commander we had and the troops would follow him to hell and back if he gave the word. He always thought of the welfare of each individual soldier. On one occasion, the Regimental Commander instructed Col. Coin to take his men on a 20 mile hike. It was one of those very hot and humid Louisiana days with the temperature about 100 degrees. Col. Coin passed down the order and soon the battalion, consisting of 800 men, was assembled and ready to march. This included full packs. Col. Coin took up his walking stick and we were off. We marched down a dusty country road and after about three miles, he lead us into a pine forest and then gave the command to halt and "at ease." Then he addressed the soldiers and said, "if that so and so Regimental Commander thinks that I am going to march you guys on a hot, sticky day like this, he's crazy. We'll sit here for awhile and then return to camp." He was not about to subject his troops to any undue torture.

Then there was the confrontation we had with General Patton, the famed tank commander. We were on maneuvers and in one exercise we were to lay smoke mines where General Pattons tanks were coming. There were two columns of tanks and the infantry boys were ready for

them. As soon as a tank would run over a smoke mine, it was supposed to be out of action, but Patton's tanks would not stop. It was a hot and dusty day and the men were standing up in the turrets. Since they were not about to play according to the rules, our soldiers started throwing rocks at the tanks so they had to button up. Then it really started getting rough. One tank left the formation and took after a soldier who climbed up the first pine tree he saw. The tank came on and skinned two pine trees on either side with the soldier hanging on for dear life. Suddenly a tank appeared in the center of the two columns of tanks and stopped at the crossroads where Col. Coin and I were standing. It was General Patton standing up in the turret of his tank. He ordered all the tanks to halt and then shouted over to Col. Coin in a booming voice, "Do you know who I am"? Col. Coin shouted back, "Yup, guess I do," to which General Patton replied, "Then why in hell don't you salute me?" Col. Coin replied, "You put those stars on your shoulders and I will salute and not before" and turned around and walked away and I with him. Patton was fuming mad and as a result, Col. Coin never went overseas with us. On another occasion, an officer by the name of Major Hinninan, who was a lawyer and in the legal department at Headquarters, was standing by the side of the road when General Patton came by in his staff car. As always, he would have the siren wide open and the General's flag flying from the front of the car. Hinninan was taking it all in and failed to salute as the car sped by. Patton had the driver stop and back up to where Hinninan was standing. He lowered his window and chewed him out for not saluting and said, "From now on, whenever you hear the siren or see my flag flying, you had better stand at attention and salute." Hinninan responded by standing at attention and saluting and saying, "yes sir, yes sir" as Patton drove off. After that, Hinninan could be in the middle of a pine forest, but if he heard a siren, he would automatically stand at attention and salute. Patton was killed in Luxembourg because he would not allow his driver to yield the right of way to a civilian motorist and lies buried in the U.S. military cemetery in Luxembourg.



Miriam and new son Dan at Camp Livingston, La.

A FLORIDA VACATION

When the order came in Nov. of 1941. that the regiment was moving to Florida, we all looked forward to the move and had visions of strolling along the sunny beaches and enjoying the fresh fruit from the citrus trees. How wrong we were. We were not going anywhere near where the tourists go, but to the extreme northern part of Florida, to a small town called Carabelle. Yes, we were on the Gulf, but this certainly was not the tourist mecca we thought of. Florida was indeed a vacation spot for the rich and famous, but not in Carabelle. It was not even a vacation spot for the infantry, as there still was much training to be done before we shipped overseas. We set up a tent city and all officers had to locate their own housing. The wives banded together and drove from Camp Shelby to the new site in Florida while all the military was shipped by train. This was necessary as flat tires were frequent and only recaps were available.

We found a place on the Gulf side where we could rent a room, but there was no inside plumbing, only a slop jar and a wash basin. The flooring on the porch was rotten in many places so you watched where you stepped. At least we were together and it was the best we could find at the time and we were right on the Gulf. Later we found better accommodations in a cabin along the Slopchoppee river. It was sort of a duplex shared by another couple, but a row boat came with the place. The place was infested with cockroaches and it took only a few to drag a slice of bread off the counter. The cabin was not insulated and had a small wood stove as the only means of heating the place. The primary reason for our being in Florida was for amphibious training, using a small island about a mile from shore.

While in Florida, I received orders to attend Chaplains school at Harvard University in Cambridge, Mass. I had only two days travel time as the orders were late in arriving due to our move. Miriam was not about to be left behind as she wanted to get out of the hole we were in. We took turns driving straight through and stopping only at military bases along the way for gas as rationing was still in effect. We arrived at Harvard an hour before classes started. We found a room in a hotel that had little heat, again due to rationing. I shaved and reported on time for class. Miriam walked the streets that day to locate a room for herself as I was required to live in the dorm. She found a tiny room on the third floor of a boarding house for students that had a cot and a wash basin. We could not afford the price of a room in the hotel for the three months we were to be there. We managed to eat out every evening and since there was a blackout in effect all along the coastal towns, it was a bit difficult to find your way around in a strange town. We became adept at riding the subway train. In those days it was not unusual for a restaurant to have a sign in the

window stating that the only meat available for that evening was horse meat. Instead of spaghetti and meat balls, you were served spaghetti with a hard boiled egg on top, but we managed to survive. Since I was at Harvard during the Christmas season, we had a few days off and decided to go to the White mountains in New Hampshire. We stayed at a hotel operated by the military where troops were trained in a special ski school. Since most of the students were gone for the holiday, we had the hotel almost to ourselves. The rate was \$3.00 per day and each meal was a gourmet meal with all you could eat. We hated to leave, but had to return to Harvard and my classes. I can state that I did graduate from Harvard and have a certificate to prove it.

After taking a delay en route to visit Miriam's parents in Bucyrus, O., we arrived back at headquarters only to find that they had moved to Texas City, Texas to guard the causeway leading to the oil refineries. There had been reports of German submarines off the coast of Texas and there was fear of saboteurs infiltrating the area. We were instructed to load the mail and head for Texas. Our headquarters there consisted of an old school house and tents were erected on the grounds for the troops. The officers who had their wives with them had to find their own living quarters. The first night we stayed in a local motel, only to find that it was infested with bedbugs. We kept the light on all night to keep them from biting. Needless to say, we slept little that night.

The next morning I complained to the mayor of the town and requested help in finding suitable quarters. He just happened to know a couple who had an extra bedroom which they rented to us and also gave us kitchen privileges. It was to be our home for the next few months. Since we had no PX, (post exchange) I was given the task of setting one up and was given a small closet in the school house for the project. I went to Houston to purchase the needed supplies from a wholesale house and was provided a GI for a clerk who had been a shoe salesman in civilian life. Our limited space prevented us from carrying a large stock, but we did have the essentials that we needed. The sales clerk was an Italian by the name of Tony Lombardo. We had tobacco products, toilet articles, candy, soft drinks and various sundry items. Our space was no more than 10 by 10 feet, but with the shelves we put in, we could display all our wares. There was a half door and you asked for what you wanted and Tony would get it for you. With the profits from the PX, we were able to rent films and had several movies a week. Three months after we arrived, we were given orders to move out, as the oil refineries were no longer considered in jeopardy. What to do with all the supplies left in the PX? Tony suggested that we have a fire sale and all items costing .40@ or less were marked up to two for a dollar and we sold out the entire stock the first day. All the profits again

were used for the entertainment of the troops and had to be accounted for to the commander.

Our next stop was to be Camp Livingston, La., close to New Orleans. Camp Livingston in the summer was a hot and humid place. The only air conditioning was in the local hotel downtown. The ladies would go to the hotel every day, have a cup of coffee, perhaps a light lunch and then play bridge, just to get out of the heat. Fortunately they were tolerated by the management.

It became quite evident that this was to be our jumping off place before going overseas. With Miriam pregnant, she decided to stay with her parents until the baby was born. According to the doctor, the baby was due no later than the 4th of Oct. which happened to be my birthday. I was anxiously waiting word from her mother as the 4th of Oct. drew near. I called Miriam on the 3rd of Oct and was told that she had gone to the hospital in Bucyrus. On the morning of the 4th., nothing yet had happened and as the day wore on, I anxiously paced the floor in my office waiting for word from Bucyrus. About 4:30 that afternoon I no longer paced the floor and seemed to be relieved of all worries. I started to whistle and had the feeling that all was well. I went to the mess hall for the evening meal and no sooner had I returned to my office when the phone rang. It was Miriam's mother informing me that we had a healthy baby boy, born at 4:30 that afternoon and that mother and baby were doing fine. This is what one might call "mental telepathy." I said a prayer to God and asked Him to watch over mother and child. Since he was born on my birthday, we named him Daniel Martin. Martin was my brother and also the sponsor at our son's baptism. I took a ten day leave to visit Miriam and son and bring them back to La. Dan was baptized in the Lutheran church in Bucyrus. While in Bucyrus, I received word that my mother had died so requested an extension to my leave to attend her funeral in Detroit. I was told that she developed pneumonia and did not respond to any medication. Since she was living alone, I believe that she did not receive the medical attention she should have had. She worried about her five sons who were in the military. Martin was in the Marines, Luther in the Navy, Bill in the Army as a glider pilot, Milton in the Army as an instructor in mechanics, and myself as a Chaplain in the Army. This was a strain on mother, especially after Bill was killed in a light plane crash in Lubbock, Texas. Bill was a good pilot, but happened to be a passenger the day he was killed. The plane was caught in a down draft and did not have sufficient power to pull out of it. He had planned to be married the following month. We buried mother in Gethsemane Lutheran cemetery in Detroit, next to father, sister Clara and Bill. Bill was given full military honors.

There is not enough that can be said about mother. She was a

saint in many ways. She was the mother of nine children, plus one that died at birth. She always found time to help others. She took in a baby born to a mother whose father was the chauffeur for the family. His name was Richard Chelfont and he stayed with us for several years. She also made room for a boarder from Nova Scotia who had found employment in Detroit. Since he came from a large family, he felt right at home with us. His name was Leon White and although of the Catholic faith, he was treated as an equal in every way. During the depression, mother made ends meet by baking extra rolls and cakes and selling them to some of the neighbors. I brought her to Louisiana one winter while I was stationed at Camp Shelby, and it was a trip she never forgot. She marveled at the southern landscape and the beautiful flowers and the shiny leaves on the magnolia trees. She was not only a mother to her own children, but to all the children in the neighborhood. There was always room for one more at our table and she never complained about the extra work as she helped others.

Upon returning to Louisiana, we found that housing was scarce and soon realized that some landlords did not care to rent to couples with even one child. We finally found an upstairs apartment in Jena, La. Mrs. Tyson, a Widow, was the owner of the apartment and although she had a bad experience with her former renter, she took pity on Miriam and the baby and rented the apartment to us. She was like a second mother and helped Miriam in many ways. I was required to live in Camp as we were on the alert to ship out. Miriam was there less than two months when we received orders to sail out of New Orleans for Hawaii. Everything was hush hush at the time and we were not allowed to inform anyone of our destination. Somehow word did get out and we never denied the rumor that we were going to Hawaii. Although the move was expected, it certainly was not relished, but we made the best of each day that we were together. Arrangements were made for Miriam and son to return to Bucyrus. Her father flew to New Orleans and drove them back. Miriam later informed me that it was a rough trip as milk for the baby was hard to come by, and only a bribe at one hotel produced the desired results. Before reaching home, they were also caught in an ice and snow storm.

Our ship was a Liberty ship and had been converted into a troop carrier. It was manned by Merchant Marines who took advantage of the GI's at every turn. Our bunks were in the hold, stacked five high. After we were out of sight of land, the sea sickness started. The stench in the hold became stronger and the deck became crowded. Our food on board left much to be desired as our cooks were only provided steam cookers, set up on deck with a tarp over it in case of rain. The normal menu consisted of steamed rice, boiled eggs, steamed potatoes, steamed chicken, steamed bacon and also steamed liver, which was about the worst. Most of the food was fed to the fish as who could eat steamed liver or bacon?

After we transited the Panama Canal, we made a stop at Panama City for the purpose of stretching our legs. We marched in formation through the city and no one was allowed to visit the many shops. After about two hours, we boarded the ship again and were on our way to Hawaii. The trip through the Canal was most interesting and the history of the building of the canal was new to many GI's as many had no high school education.

Our food on board the ship did not improve, but you could purchase a sandwich from any Merchant Marine at an inflated price. The morale on board ship was at a low ebb due to the lack of a decent mess. The ship's galley was off limits to our cooks so they contacted me and requested that I take their complaint to the commander. All they wanted was to use the ship's galley at night when it was not being used by the crew. The commander did take their complaint to the Captain who finally gave permission for our cooks to use the ship's galley only from 10:00 pm to 5:00 am. for the rest of the voyage. One cook informed me that the first night they fried a ton of bacon which was eagerly devoured by our GI's. At least now we were being fed some decent meals.

There was little room on board for recreation as every spare inch was occupied by a soldier. We were carrying three times the capacity of a normal cruise liner and had to make the best of it. When our clothes needed washing, we just tied them to a nylon line and tossed them overboard to tumble in the salty water in the wake of the boat. In time they did become clean, but were hard to get dry in the humid air.

What should have been a trip of no more than ten days, amounted to 29 days before we saw the familiar landmark of Diamond Head on the island of Oahu. As we entered the harbor into Honolulu, we had visions of lying on the sandy beaches of Waikiki, but this was not to be.

Our trucks and gear were unloaded first and we were then trucked to the northern part of the island for jungle training. As we entered the harbour we could still see the evidence of the bombing of Pearl Harbour. All the debris still had not been cleared away.

It took several hours to reach our jungle training site. It was indeed in a remote area and about as far as one could get away from civilization. We were in a valley with mountains on either side. We pitched out tents next to a stream and started in on our training. After our long trip on the ship, we needed to get back in shape again.

Our jungle training consisted of swimming across a stream about 100 yards wide with all our clothes wrapped up in a poncho to keep them dry. You also had to take your rifle

with you and keep it dry. One exercise was swinging from a rope into some burning oil on the stream and swimming out of it under water. Then we also had two large pits, about 25 feet in diameter and four feet deep. There were two teams, the reds and the blues made up of both officers and men. The idea was to see who could toss out the opposing team first. It did get a bit rough at times, but it was good conditioning. Of course, there was the obstacle course where you had to crawl under barbed wire, scale some walls and bayonet some dummies along a trail while you were splattered with mud from percussion grenades. Since I was a non-combatant like the medics, I was not required to take the course, however I insisted on taking it as I wanted to know just what the others were going through. I borrowed a rifle made it through the course, but came out with one muddy rifle. I hated to give it back to the GI, but he was pleased that I made it. I also qualified in firing the M-16 rifle on the firing range and even qualified in the 37mm cannon. We were also required to take a night hike and found ourselves walking on a mat of vines with the stream twenty feet below us. Following two weeks of this intensive training we were in first class physical condition and were ready for anything.

We were informed that we were to be on the perimeter defense of the island and to make certain that no more Japanese invaded the island. The headquarters of our Regiment was located in what had been a Buddhist Temple where the plot to bomb Pearl Harbour took place. It was known to the Japanese as the Jodah Temple. The building was large enough to accommodate all the officers and my room was on the first floor below the temple. Thus far it was the best duty we ever had, with the famous beaches close by as well as the movie theatres. One thing was certain, we did have an excellent mess.

After six months on the island we were permitted to go on R & R (rest and relaxation). Three of us chose to go to the main island of Hawaii where the military had a rest camp up in the mountains, not far from the famous volcano. It was a pleasant retreat center with good food and cost all of \$3.00 per day. There were bicycles for rent so you could tour the sites in the area. Since we were at a high elevation, the evenings were cool. There was a fireplace in each room and plenty of fire wood stacked up outside. Each evening we would build a fire and wish that Our wives could be present. There were bus trips to places of interest such as the macadamia orchards and the large orchid greenhouses. For a small cost, Mirim received an orchid every month for a year. After a week of vacation, it was back to Oahu via government plane and also work. It was to be a long time before there would be another R & R. Miriam wrote and thanked me for the orchids and said it made her feel like a queen which indeed she was.

I had been issued a command car, which was a four wheel drive vehicle and more like a touring car. It could seat five persons and the top could be let down. I was also assigned a driver who was to take me wherever I needed to go. My duties consisted of conducting the usual Sunday and Holiday Services, and also visiting the troops scattered around the island. Some of the troops were living in the middle of a pineapple plantation, and the building was so well camouflaged that you had to drive slowly or you would pass it by.

Waikikki Beach was always rated the best beach on the island, but I found some on the northern part of the island that were much better, but inaccessible to the average person. There were no roads in the area, just a railroad track that was used solely by the garbage train that would dump garbage in the ocean. We had to ride the rails with the car and pay .15@ a mile for the privilege. On one side of the track, it would drop 200 feet into the ocean and on the other side it would drop off into a deep valley. Of course there were no guard rails so you took your chances. On one occasion my driver let the car slip off the track and then panicked when he saw the deep valley on his side. I suggested that he put it in four wheel drive, but to no avail. He was not about to get behind the wheel and even stated that I could court martial him, but no more driving rails for him. The only choice I had was to try myself as we were miles from nowhere. I placed it in four wheel drive while the driver watched from a safe distance. I gunned the motor and decided that when I reached the telephone pole on one side of the track, if it did not get on the track by then, that I would jump and let the car careen down the valley. Just prior to reaching the pole, the car mounted the track and I applied the brakes and motioned for the driver to continue the journey. Again he refused to drive, and would not do so until we reached the other end of the island and were back on the highway. I never did report the incident and he remained to be my driver except when we would ride the rails.

We had a Lutheran church in Honolulu, located on the top floor of a retirement home. I encouraged our Lutheran men to go there for worship as it gave them the opportunity to mingle with the people of the area. I conducted services at the various bases around the island and was always impressed with the good attendance. Much time was spent counseling the men as they had a variety of problems. There were always emergencies that came up and if serious enough, the man would be sent home. For once we had all the pineapple we could eat, but soon tired of them.

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Capt. Ed Sadlock on R & R checking steam vent of volcano. First officer killed in Leyte

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Capt. Messer and myself on R & R on big island of Hawaii

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he was in good hands and that the Chaplain was also
present. He told him that he was going to give him a
shot and in 15 minutes the shot would cure him. In
exactly 15 minutes the soldier got up and stated, "Doc,
I feel fine" and went his way. Still on another
occasion, a doctor friend of mine, while on our way home
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mind. As we neared the island off Alaska, the sea
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NEW GUINEA BOUND

Although I did enjoy my tour in Hawaii, it was time to move on. On June 9, 1944, I was placed on detached service with the 113th Engineer Combat Battalion. I was to proceed with them on the advanced detail to Milne Bay, New Guinea. They were to prepare a bivouac area for the rest of the Regiment and the Division that were to follow in a few weeks. Again we boarded a ship, this time a leaky tub operated by the Navy. We did have staterooms, with four to a room, but I can assure you they were not plush. Only officers were assigned to staterooms while the enlisted men slept in bunks, four high. About halfway to New Guinea, we began to run into foul weather and often several inches of water would slosh around our stateroom. To pass the time, we played pinochle or read some paper backs. I was the only Chaplain on board and held services top side. I even had a sermon for the Catholic troops, but could not give them holy communion.

We had some good pinochle players on board, but we needed to come up with some prizes to make it more interesting. The ship's supply officer came through when he issued me a case of port wine, which was left by the previous Chaplain who was a Baptist and of course did not use wine at his communion services. Now we had some prizes to offer as I only needed a few bottles for my services. One prize was for the Hawaiian championship, another for the South Pacific etc. It did brighten up the otherwise dull voyage until we arrived in New Guinea.

The two week trip to New Guinea had the usual number of person on board becoming seasick. One day while visiting with the doctor in sick bay, a soldier informed him about a really sick person in the hold. The doctor knowing that it was sea sickness, informed the soldier to carry the sick person to sick bay as he was not about to go into the hold. When the man left, the doctor informed me that he was going to give the patient a shot of H2/O and tell him that within 15 minutes he would be O.K. Soon four men came carrying the sick man who was moaning and groaning and in a mumbled voice telling the doc that he was about to die. The doc assured him that he was in good hands and that the Chaplain was also present. He told him that he was going to give him a shot and in 15 minutes the shot would cure him. In exactly 15 minutes, the soldier got up and stated, "doc, I feel fine" and went his way. Still on another occasion, a doctor friend of mine, while on our way home from Japan, stated that sea sickness was just a state of mind. As we neared the islands off Alaska, the sea became extremely rough, and while we were walking the

deck, the doc excused himself and headed for the rail, quite seasick. He spent the next several days in his bunk, and every noon I would ask him if I could bring him a nice fat ham sandwich, whereupon he would throw anything at me that he could find. I reminded him that it was all a state of mind, but one wonders. Fortunately, I have never been seasick or air sick.

Upon landing at Milney Bay, we found that we were about in the wettest place on earth. There was never a drizzle, it was always a downpour. Perhaps once in five days the sun would shine and the rivers recede a bit. The engineers would bulldoze a road out of the jungle and the next day it would be washed out. They would build bridges over the streams, only to find them washed out in a few days. It proved to be a never ending job and taxed their ingenuity to no end.

A few days after we landed, the supply officer stated that he was issuing each person, including the Chaplain, an automatic weapon. Although he was an excellent pinochle player, the last few days on board, he would consistently overbid his hand and then laugh about it. I immediately informed the doctor about his actions and upon examination, he was committed to the hospital as a mental patient. More such cases were to be seen in New Guinea and the Philippines. The natives insisted that the moon had something to do with it and would never venture out at night without a head covering. It was pathetic to visit them in the hospital as most wondered why they were there. In time, most had to be returned to the U.S. for further treatment. As a rule I would play pinochle with them and always made sure that they won. Some became quiet violent if they did not have their way.

New Guinea certainly was different from Hawaii and yet similar in some ways. Weather wise, it was more hot and humid in New Guinea. There were no trade winds blowing, and the natives were not communicative as the Hawaiians. They did have lush vegetables like Hawaii and one could find pineapples growing in the wild. There were also some nice beaches, but you had to watch out for the salt water crocodiles. There was a lake close to our camp that the natives called "Embi Lake" which meant, lake of death. One GI thought he could outswim any croc and went in for a dip. He was soon devoured by a 20 foot croc. As soon as we heard about it, we shot the croc and found the GI's shoes still in his mouth. The body was retrieved and given a Christian burial. After one week on the island, it seemed like everyone was chasing butterflies which came in all shapes and sizes and colors. In a few days you could have a good collection. There were no bees on the island and when the engineers

planted a garden, they soon realized that the ants did the pollinating. In the area where we pitched our tents, we found that a previous unit had constructed a sewer which consisted of 50 gallon drums laid end to end with the ends cut out. The sewer was found to be infested with rats and they were large. I conceived the idea of throwing gasoline into one end and lighting a torch and throwing it into the sewer. There was a large boom from one end to the other, and it did take care of the rats. From then on I was known as "demolition Dan" to the engineers.

The Japanese had already been driven out of the area, but we were to make sure that none came back. During our entire stay in New Guinea, we did not see that first Jap. When our infantry regiment arrived, I was re-assigned to my former unit. Although we were provided a tent, we had to construct our own tent frame. Men were detailed to cut poles from the surrounding woods and during this operation we suffered our first casualty, when one GI by the name of Bundy was killed while cutting down a small tree. A limb that was almost cut through by ants broke off and hit Bundy in the jugular vein. Although we had a medic with us, he soon bled to death. He was honored when we named a newly constructed athletic field, "Bundy Field." I was given a tent to be shared by a Red Cross worker by the name of Rusty Hauer. We were issued a cot, air mattress, pillow, sheets and a blanket and also a mosquito net. The net was to be placed over the cot to keep out the malaria mosquito, but Rusty refused to put up his net, nor would he always take his medication, and in time he did come down with malaria. Rusty was the best Red Cross man I had ever known. When a soldier had an emergency, such as a death in the family, I would simply tell Rusty about it and suggest that he be loaned sufficient funds for a flight home. Rusty never questioned my judgement and the soldier concerned was on his way home in a matter of hours. One night when we had both gone to sleep, I was awakened by a violent shaking of my cot. Thinking that someone was playing a joke on me, I got up and checked all around, found nothing amiss and with Rusty snoring, went back to sleep. The next morning I noticed that the ground was covered with a white ash which indicated that there had been a volcanic eruption during the night.

For a Chapel, I was given a small circus tent that would seat about 200 on logs as our chairs. Native pineapple were planted around the Chapel.

I found some native pineapple in the area and planted them around the chapel and assured the men that when they would be ripe, I would share them. Not one was stolen and when the time came for us to move on, they

were just ripe and I shared them with the troops. I set up a hobby shop for the men and was able to obtain two bench vises and an assortment of chisels from the Navy. We were always trading something or other for something of value when a Navy ship arrived at Milney Bay. The men referred to me as the Chaplain with two vises. Since the men did have a lot of time on their hands, no towns to go to for there were none, the hobby shop was kept busy. They made letter openers from spent shell casings and made various trinkets from aluminum that we salvaged from downed aircraft and used the native shells as ornaments. Once a week we would have a contest with the commander as the judge. It kept them busy and out of trouble. Since there were no stores in the area, there of course was no liquor to be had, but the Kentucky boys who had been bootleggers soon had a still going in the woods and used raisins or whatever they could either scrounge or steal from the mess hall. For them, where there was a will there was a way to get drunk.

The time came for another move, and this time to the island of Leyte in the Philippines. A convoy of ships was formed and the day before our departure, our commander informed me that I would not be going on the ship with the third battalion as previously planned, but was being assigned to another ship. I mildly protested stating that I had been with the same group of men for three years, but an order is an order, and later I was to thank him for making the change. Enroute we stopped for two days in what was then, Dutch New Guinea. This was the place where we had a mission field at Lea and where the Seminary Dean wanted me to go. I received permission to visit the site and located a battered jeep for the journey. I took my assistant, Warren Friest, with me who was also a Lutheran. I thought of my old classmate Harry Dott, who took the assignment when I had to recline it. No doubt Harry thought he could evangelize the Japanese when they invaded the island, but was killed and still lies buried near the Mission Station. When I reached the site of the Mission, I of course did not find any missionaries there. The Army had erected a large hospital on the mission grounds. There was even a saw mill, road graders, bull dozers on the grounds, and a small ferry on a dock near by. I knew that when the Army left, they would either burn, bury, or destroy what they did not want to take with them. I sought out the commanding officer, identified myself and requested that all property be left in place for our mission field. He stated that this could be done if the church contacted the Army Headquarters at the close of the war. I did inform the church officials of the property that was available, estimated at a value of more than a million dollars. They did negotiate with the Army and received all the property for the sum of \$100,000.00. They stated

that it was the best buy they ever made for the mission field. The hospital came fully equipped and was later divided into two hospitals. Although I never did make it to New Guinea as a missionary, I did feel that I had accomplished something for our Board of Missions. I also did write a letter to Dr. Buehring, informing him that I did make it to our mission field at Lea and visited the grave of Harry Dott. The jeep did make it back to the ship, but since it was minus a windshield, we were pretty well soaked, as it rained hard on our way back. Later on, I was to go on a speaking tour for the church on behalf of our missions in New Guinea.

Following our brief stay in Dutch New Guinea, our convoy of ships headed out to the island of Leyte. There were ten ships in our convoy and we were informed that we might just encounter some Jap planes before we reached our destination. Each ship had men on deck manning 50 caliber machine guns. There was tenseness in the air as we drew closer to Leyte. We knew that the Jap Zeroes were still around and we were ready for them. One machine gunner happened to be the son of a Missouri pastor, and while talking to him I noticed a plane on the horizon. It happened to be a reconnaissance plane, and as I pointed it out, the gunner was already firing on it. Every ship in the convoy then opened up and soon the Jap Zeros came at us. The ack ack navy guns on board also opened up as the Kamikazi pilots were trying to dodge the withering fire. One after another was shot down just short of the ship. Whenever one exploded in the water, there was a loud cheer from all on board. Their one purpose was to keep our ship from reaching Leyte, knowing that they would be killed in the attempt. It was a sight to behold as one after another burst into flames as they plummeted into the sea. One of the planes was coming in low and attacking the ship directly behind us. This was the one that I first was to be on. Our gunners had scored direct hits on the plane and it appeared that it would crash into the sea. The pilot made a last effort to reach the ship and crashed into the bow and all the bombs on board exploded. Some of the men on deck were killed and blown overboard and others who were in the forward hold were also killed by the blast. The ship caught fire, drifted away from us and was soon lost in the distance. The ship finally made it into port under the cover of darkness. More plane came at us, and more were shot down. They followed us into port and one pilot aimed his plane into the open hatch of a ship at dock where his bombs exploded. Fortunately the ship had already been unloaded so there was no loss of life, but the ship was sunk. As our ship entered into port, the sky was ablaze with search lights, searching the skies for the Japanese Imperial Marines who were being dropped by parachute. Many were killed before they reached the ground.

Our first night in Leyte was a most difficult one. We soon found out what it was like to be under fire. I was to be with the medics who were in a tent at the end of an air strip. The rain was coming down in torrents as it does most of the time at that season of the year. The Japs were on the opposite side of the air strip and were shooting our tent full of holes. Some of the men decided to dig fox holes inside the tent, which soon filled up with water. Hand grenades were being thrown by both sides. You could audible hear men praying and saying their rosaries. It was a night never to be forgotten. We had some wounded that night, but none killed. With the light of dawn, our infantry close by tried to flush out the Japs and at first could not locate them, but soon found that they had crawled into the trees. Some tied themselves to the trees and refused to be taken captive. There was never a prisoner taken on the island of Leyte, as the Japs would blow themselves up with a hand grenade before one could reach them. GI's were offered a three day pass and a bottle of whiskey, but none could be taken. The next several days I was assigned to the 3rd battalion and found what it was like to sleep in a fox hole every night. You wrapped up in your poncho to stay warm, but you were always wet.

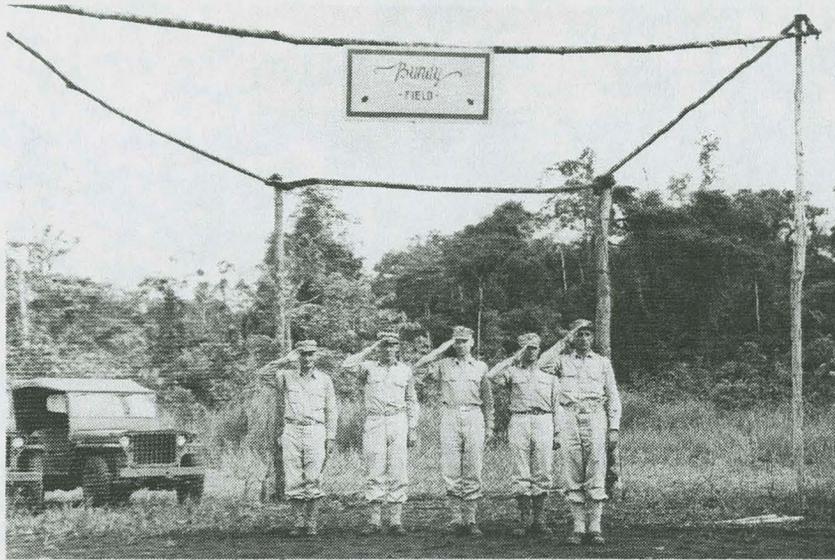
Since we were to be in Leyte during the Christmas season, we wanted to make Christmas a bit special for our troops. I was informed that the Red Cross, at their headquarters in Tackloban, had Christmas presents for the troops, but we would have to pick them up. I was singled out to pick them up, so the night before Christmas, my jeep driver and I headed for the presents. The bridges on the road to town had been repaired, but we had to drive with blackout lights and it was most difficult to stay on the narrow, twisting road. It was the night before Christmas, and before reaching the town, the sky was lit up with search lights, looking for "washing machine Charlie." This was a small reconnaissance plane the Japs would send up every evening, but the pilot always managed to stay out of the reach of our ack ack guns. He was more of a nuisance than a threat. With the shells bursting in air, and the lights chriss crossing the sky, one was reminded more of the fourth of July than Christmas eve. It was about midnight before we found the Red Cross building. We loaded the Jeep and trailer to capacity and had enough presents for the entire regiment. The return trip proved more difficult as it was raining and the windshield wiper proved almost useless. We arrived back at our camp site shortly before sunrise and was challenged by the security guard to halt and give the pass word. Since there was a new pass word every day, I failed to get the new one before I left. I was challenged again and with

his rifle and flashlight pointed at me, I was ordered to come forward and be recognized. I then informed him that I was the Chaplain and upon recognition, he mentioned that I was close to getting shot. He allowed me to proceed and the gifts were dumped at the door of the Regimental commander and I went to my tent for some much needed rest before I would conduct a Christmas Service. The men did appreciate the gifts and the small tree we decorated and placed in our make shift chapel. It was not like Christmas at home, but Christmas was in the air and the message of the Christ child had a new meaning for all of them. We sang the familiar Christmas carols, but the voices of the loved ones was missing. We had secured the island and all the Japs had been killed or committed suicide. Once again, I set up the hobby shop to give the GI's something to do. When I retrieved my Jeep and trailer from the ship, all my possessions were soaked when the hold of the ship was flooded. My books and records were almost a total loss and many of the tools I had for the hobby shop were rusted. One Philipino found out that I did have some wood chisels and wanted to trade an emancipated chicken for a chisel. I decided to trade with him, but he wanted a note from me lest an MP would later accuse him of stealing the chisel. I gave him a note which stated, "this is to state that I, Chaplain Fredrick, traded one beat up chicked for one beat up chisel." The chisel did have a few nicks in it. Later the MP stated that the man showed him the note before he left our camp. The chicken was tied to a coconut tree and fed with scraps from the mess hall for two weeks. It was then ceremoniously butchered and a cook by the name of Ford, prepared the chicken and it was split eight ways. We even built a shelter for the chicken, to keep it out of the rain and also to protect it lest a coconut would fall on it during the night. There was also a special blessing said when we had our chicken dinner. The men did not have much time to use the hobby shop as orders were received that we were to move again. We were not sorry to leave Leyte as it rained about every day that we were there. It was the most southern island of the Philippines, quite flat as I recall, and about the only export that they had was coconuts. Had it not been for the mail that we received from home, it would have been quite a boring place. The natives were friendly and were indeed grateful for being liberated from the Japanese.

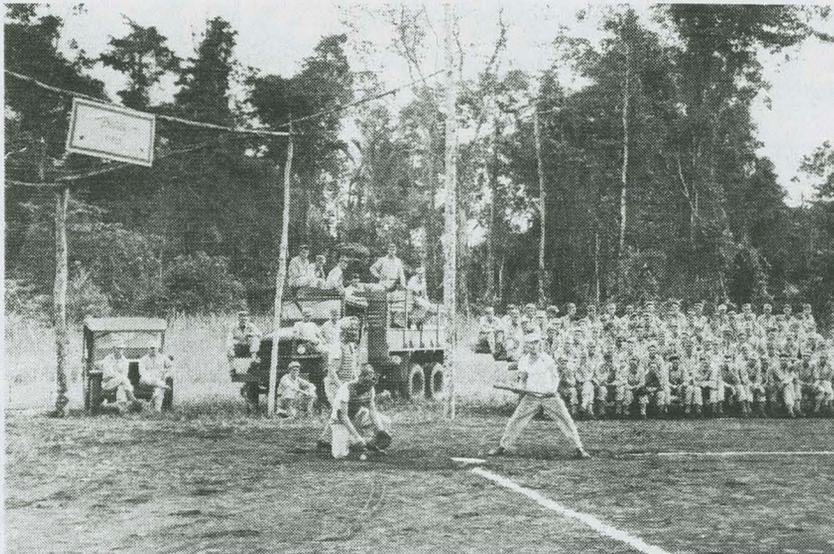
When combat slackened, our commander, Col. Skelton, ordered me to bury the dead who were killed on board the ship. I requested a detail of men and a bulldozer so that the graves could be dug in a hurry as there were many to be buried. I inquired as to the location of the nearest cemetery, and was informed that there was none and I was to select a suitable location near the shore.

The hold of the ship was still flooded as well as my jeep and trailer and all possessions I had in it. Many had been dead for 48 hours and were already in the process of decay. Those killed on deck were in pieces and placed on litters. Some no longer had their dog tags as someone had removed them shortly after the explosion, as they wanted to know the names of those who were killed. The tags should have been left on the bodies. Sooner or later a graves registration officer would be faced with identifying the bodies. After a trench was dug, those who still had dog tags were buried with one tag wrapped with the body and the other one attached to the cross. I had known many of the soldiers for at least two years. There was a set of twins, the GI who had been court martialed due to his drinking habit and others that I knew intimately. I now thanked God that I was not aboard this ship and felt that it was an act of God that placed me on the other ship. Never again did I question any orders given me by the commander. My jeep and trailer were finally retrieved, but much was damaged and could not be salvaged. Five days after the bodies were buried, I was informed that a military cemetery had been located and the bodies were to be re-buried. Again I was given a detail and requested an amphibious tank as there were few roads in the area and many of the bridges had been washed out. After all the litters were loaded on the tank, the detail was dismissed and the tank crew and I headed for the cemetery at Tackloban, about 30 miles distant. Since it was raining hard, the tank was closed and the stench from the bodies became almost unbearable. When we reached the cemetery, the tank driver informed me that there was a chain link fence around it and he had no idea as to the entrance. I reminded him that he had a tank and to go straight ahead which he did. Hearing all the commotion, the graves registration officer came running out of his office waving his arms and cussing a blue streak. We finally halted at a trench half filled with water. I identified myself and stated I was sorry about the fence, but I would be glad to do what I could to help bury the men. I informed him that I had been riding for several hours with the bodies, that I was tired, smelly, and had to change of clothing. Besides, we were to go into combat the next morning and was to catch up with the troops. I left him still fuming as he was having the water pumped out of the trench. A few days later, I returned to the cemetery as I had some soldiers on the jeep trailer who had been killed in action. It was still raining and mud was up to the hub caps. Without four wheel drive, I would not have made it. Upon seeing me, the graves registration officers recalled that I was the one who had run over his fence. He invited me into his quarters to share a meal with him. We became close friends as I was to return to the cemetery many more times. I did bury one soldier by the

name of Bob Wier three times. Once after the ship landed at Leyte, again in the cemetery at Tackloban and about a year later at a cemetery at Youngstown, Ohio on Memorial Day. It just so happened that Bob Wier was a member of the Lutheran church and his mother knew where I had located after the war.



Dedication of Bundy Field in New Guinea



113th Engineers at bat on Bundy Field

THE INVASION OF LUZON

Once again we boarded ships for our next destination, this time the island of Luzon, also in the Philippines. It was the island that General McArthur had lost to the Japanese, but had vowed to return. All the ships in our convoy were operated by the Navy. The Navy and the Army each had their own mess. We steamed through the Surigao Straits and the Zulu Sea, near the strong Jap garrisons and air installations of Mindinao, but the trip was uneventful except for general quarters and false alarms at night. The Japanese were licking their wounds from their defeat on Leyte and were bracing for our next attack on Luzon. We encountered no enemy aircraft on our way to Luzon. We wound our way among the many Phillipine islands that make up the Phillipine archipelago. As we neared Luzon, we had a good view of the mountains in the distance. Much of the terrain seemed to be quite rugged. We were to find out within a matter of hours. The vegetation was a dark green and coconut palm trees seemed to be everywhere. We passed close to many small fishing villages hugging the coast. The Chaplains conducted their last Worship Service on the fan deck, prior to landing. Attendance was always good as the men knew that our fighting days were not yet over. We arrived at night in Linguyan Gulf and the Navy served us a special meal of steak and beans for breakfast, the usual fare prior to an invasion. It was the last steak we were to have for some time to come.

The assault troops hit the beach at 0830 hours on 29 January 1945. The 3rd battalion of the 149th Infantry was the first on land and it so happened that I was in the landing craft that made the beach head. The only casualty we had was a water buffalo who charged a Lt as he did not smell like a Filipino. The Lt shot the beast between the eyes and there was some free meat for the natives that evening. Cheering Filipinos, waving American flags, greeted the landing crafts as they spilled men, machines and supplies ashore. The native women showered us with flowers and the men took the packs off our backs and carried them for the rest of the day. I had always wondered what it would be like to make a beachhead, and I sure found out. We were on our way to secure the San Marcelino air strip, about 20 miles inland. As we went through village after village, people showered us with fruit and some handed out hard boiled eggs.

The man who was carrying my pack, noticed that I had a first aid kit and thought that I was a medic or doctor. He wanted me to visit his wife who was sick and had a high fever. Since he lived right along the road I did agree to stop and see her, but I did tell him that I was

a Chaplain. Upon seeing his wife, it was quite evident that she had malaria. I gave her a handful of atabrine tablets and instructed her how to take them. I also encouraged her to see one of our doctors who would be in the area in a few days. The husband insisted on paying me, but stated that all he had was Jap invasion money which was about the size of a dollar bill, printed by the Japanese. Since the money was worthless, I agreed to accept it. Some even had bullet holes in them. When we arrived at the air strip, the man carrying my pack, asked if I would like some food and jokingly I replied that I would sure appreciate some fried chicken. Sure enough, the next morning he presented me with a fried chicken wrapped in banana leaves. I can assure you that I enjoyed my lunch that day and even shared it with others.

We found no Japs around the air strip as they were led to believe that the invasion would be made in the Manila area, but we were to encounter plenty of them in the days to come. We proceeded to our next staging area and were told that we were to cross the mountain and clear out the Bataan Peninsula and were then to clear our Zigzag Pass, also known as Highway 7. Little did we know what was in store for us. We were to be known as "The Avengers of Bataan." A tortuous route, believe never before tried by a white man, was followed by our regiment to seal off the retreat of the Japs into Bataan at Zigzag Pass. The trail was known only to the Negritos, that primitive race of spear-carrying pygmies who still inhabit Luzon's mountain vastness. They were also used as guides. Everything that we needed for combat, was carried on our backs, for it would be five days before we reached the other side and could be supplied by air.

The Negretos, as they were also known, were small in stature, lived among the trees in the forest and wore only a loin cloth for clothing, They brought the entire tribe with them, men, women and children, and I am sure they were paid well for their services, but needed little of the necessities of life. About a third of the way, we camped in a valley for the night. Little did we know of the tortuous trail that was ahead. That evening I held an impromptu service for the troops since it happen to be Sunday. It was a beautiful valley and reminded me of the 23rd. Psalm on which I based my message. I felt like we were also in the valley of the shadow of death and needed all of the spiritual guidance we could receive from the Lord. For pews, the troops sat on fallen logs scattered about the forest floor, while the Negretos sat at a distance, eating K rations out of a can with their fingers as utensils. The men sat attentive with their rifles across their chests, ready

for any assault that may come our way. Never did the 23rd Psalm seem more meaningful. The setting could not have been more perfect. The following morning we again started up the trail. We walked one hour and rested 10 minutes. Again we assaulted the mountain, growing ever more steep and the 100 pound packs growing ever heavier. We marched night and day with a brief rest every hour. In the blackness of the forest, day was almost as night. We could not stray off the path as there was a thousand foot drop on either side. I brought up the rear urging the stragglers to keep going and on occasion trading packs with them. It was the most difficult forced march we would ever make and reminded me of the Bataan Death March. Ropes were laid down as the mountain became steeper and we pulled ourselves up a foot at a time. We now could march only for ten minutes and then rested ten. In the stillness of the forest, you could hear the men cussing, tired and hungry and about ready to give up. We finally reached the crest and as we descended, we could see Manila burning in the distance. The Japs had torched the city as they were fleeing for their very lives. We slid down the mountain most of the way and were finally rewarded with level ground. We bivouacked in an open field that night at the edge of the forest. Some of us sought out a hay stack where we soon fell into a much needed rest. The next morning we realized that the hay was infested with bugs and we could not get rid of them until we washed in the river later in the day. Our shoes were about worn out and we would have no replacement for several days.

The Japs were just ahead of us and were destroying everything in their path including the local brewery. They had opened all the valves to the vats and beer was flowing into the street when we arrived. We hurriedly shut off the valves hoping that some beer would be left for our consumption. This was not to be as we could not linger and had to continue to the town of Mariveles. We were mopping up some resistance along the road when General McArthur appeared. He wanted to drive to Corregidor, but was informed that the road had not yet been cleared of mines. He talked to us briefly and commended us on the operation thus far. He noticed a soldier manning a machine gun emplacement at a roadblock. The soldier had not shaved for several days and badly needed time to shave and wash his clothes.. He inquired about his particular unit, commended the soldier for doing a good job, but then sought out his company commander and instructed him to give the soldier enough time off to shave and wash his clothes. McArthur had returned as he promised and was intent on clearing out all the Japs as soon as possible with the minimum loss of life to our troops.

An unusual church service was held in a large burned-out Catholic church in Mariveles. Only the walls were left standing. The local priest helped in setting up a temporary altar. The Japanese had set fire to the building during the Bataan Death March. Some of the rectory was still standing and the priest insisted that I sleep there that evening as there was an extra bed. I welcomed the idea, but the next morning I found out that he had been sleeping on a table while I had a good sound sleep in a real bed for a change. I left him with a good supply of our new "C" rations for which he was grateful and also traded some for shrimp which we ate that evening. We came across the many crude crosses marking the graves of those who died on the death march. This was also the area where we found the best and sweetest red bananas. We carried a bunch with us for several days and when they were consumed, we hoped that we could return for more.

Our last big objective was to clear our Zigzag Pass. It was heavily infested with Japs. They still had some tanks while we only had mortars and bazookas. We were to meet another infantry unit at the top of the pass as they were coming from the other side. Our planes were now dropping more supplies and at times we would find a can of bacon in the rations. This was always a gourmet treat and we would open it up and fry it on the spot in our mess kits. Since we had to build a small fire, we always had someone on guard watching for Japs. We were not about to let this can of bacon get away from us. There would also be some jam in the rations now and then, but when dropped from the plane, the jar would shatter and we salvaged what we could. We were now also getting some air support and it helped in clearing out the Japs. Zigzag Pass proved most difficult and we lost many fine soldiers in the course of a few weeks. One night while we were in our fox holes, the Japs came at us with the only tank they had left. We dug in for the night along a small stream and had a machine gun emplacement at a roadblock where the bridge was destroyed. It was the one night I did not dig a fox hole as there was a heavy bamboo thicket in front of me. Only when they started firing their machine gun at us did I realize that the bamboo did not provide much cover. Our men were ready to retreat from the gun emplacement and you could hear them splashing across the stream with the Japs in hot pursuit. The night was pitch dark and bedlam was breaking loose.

We only had one bazooka in our unit, and when the GI got out of his hole to fire at the tank, he was shot by friendly fire. The standing rule was that no one was to leave his fox hole at night. Although wounded, he still managed to get off a shot and disable the tank. It was a

night filled with terror. The Japs kept shouting, "hey Joe, where are you," trying to get us to give away our position. Then they would toss hand grenades in our direction. I saw the muzzle blast from one rifle close to me and heard a GI say, "you can't fire in the perimeter at night" and snatched the rifle from him and saying, "I'll give it to you in the morning." The next morning as the light dawned, he found that he had taken a rifle away from a Jap. The battalion commander was in a deep fox hole that had been dug for him, and since it was about five feet from where I was, I called to him and told him that the men were walking over me and said that they were retreating. All he said was, "get them to lay down and tell them we can't retreat." Never once would he venture out of his hole. I urged the men to stay where they were and wait for the light of day as they would be picked off one by one if they decided to retreat. At the break of dawn, I counted 15 men all around me. There were many dead Japs and it was evident that they had been drunk the night before as there were casks of sake strapped on the tank, most of which were empty. We also had a number of dead, killed by Jap machine gun fire. It took me most of the day to bury the dead, but I could call upon a cadre of Filipinos who would help to dig the graves. There were times when snipers would fire at us while burying the dead. I would always pull the men out and call for support from our infantry, as I felt that it was senseless to have a man killed while burying a dead person. We had enough casualties as it was. I finally managed to have some rifles issued to the Filipinos who were helping me which made them feel more secure. All isolated burials were recorded on a map which was given to headquarters. Within a matter of ten days, they would be re-buried in a regular cemetery. I can honestly say that we never lost a body and all men killed in combat were accounted for.

We finally managed to make it to the top of Zigzag Pass after many encounters with the Japs. The Japs had a motor pool at the top of the pass and when some of the GI's found out that one of the Officers whom they thoroughly disliked, had his eye on a vehicle, they riddled it with bullets. We had spent many days trying to get to the top, and it was quite a thrill when we made it. The regiment from the other side came to the top at the same time. We had achieved our objective. I located a car that still seemed to be in good condition and laid claim to it. The keys were still in it, but when attempting to start the car, I found that the gas tank was empty as it had several bullet holes in it. Following the brief ceremony at the top of the pass, we were ordered to retreat down the pass from which we came, and bivouac for the night. A few of us decided to

ride, so we pointed the car down the hill and had about a two mile ride down the twisting road, to our camp site. That evening we were informed that all captured vehicles had to be turned in to our motor pool. The next morning when I went to the car, I found the lock jimmied, so I just threw the keys away. For all I know, the car may still be there. After all, we were infantry soldiers and infantry soldiers seldom ride.

Having secured the pass, we were now ordered to proceed to the Zambales mountains where the famous General Yamashita was supposed to be in hiding. There were still quite a few of the enemy in the area and we were supposed to flush them out and take as many prisoners as we could. We did take one Jap prisoner and kept him with us for two days while we were in combat. He was a young soldier and the men shared their cigarettes and food with him and taught him to sing "God Bless America." For some reason, he would always end by saying, "Heil Hittler." I was directed to take him to Clark Field as I had a dead GI to take back since all those killed in action had to be taken there and buried in the Clark cemetery. The dead soldier was placed on the trailer, and the prisoner was placed in the back seat of the Jeep. My driver had an automatic weapon just in case the prisoner thought of escaping. When we had to ford a stream, the natives wanted to kill the Jap, but I informed them that he was my prisoner and they would have to get their own. The prisoner was being treated so well that he had no thought of escaping. Upon arriving at Clark, the prisoner whom we called Tojo, was taken to the military police headquarters. Two guards with submachine guns escorted him inside and he then started singing his song, and the Heil Hiltler bit. I was instructed to take the body to a Major at the medical center, but when I arrived there, I was informed that he could not accept the body unless his commander was present. I told him that I would be happy to take him to see his commander as he was in combat. I threatened to unhook the trailer and leave it when he agreed to accept the body only if I would remove the personnel effects and take them with me. I was infuriated and when I returned to our headquarters, I called General Chase at division and informed him of the problem I had of getting rid of a GI who was killed in action. He said that he would take care of it and did not think that I would have any more problem with the Major. I found out later that he threatened to court martial the Major if it ever happened again. In time there were more bodies taken to Clark and be assured, I had no more problems with the Major.

War is hell and even under the best conditions it is still hell. We had already been absent from our loved ones for almost two years and had put up with many

privations. The stench of death hung heavy at times and there was nothing you could do about it. We had forgotten what it was like to live a normal life and wondered when the war would be over.

I do realize that prostitutes seem to be a part of every war and in some wars, they moved with the troops. I was informed by one GI, that Col. Skelton, the regimental commander, had set up prostitutes in the rear area across from the rest camp on the pretext that they could be more closely observed and checked by the doctors. Rumor had it that he had even furnished them cots. I had received sufficient complaints from the men that I felt that some action had to be taken. Before I returned to the front lines, I submitted a letter to the commander, informing him that I was aware of the prostitutes and if the situation was not corrected in short order, this letter would serve as my letter of resignation as I was representing the fathers and mothers of the GI's and did not believe that they would condone such a situation. A few days later, the Colonel came to pay his troops a visit on the front line. While there, he sought me out and confronted me with the letter I had left for him. He stated that "you always have the prostitutes with any army and all we wanted to do was to keep them free from diseases." This of course, did not hold water with me as the prostitute could be infected shortly after being examined. He asked me what he should do about the letter and I frankly informed him that he could either tear it up or send it through channels and it would be my letter of resignation. Since he was pushing for his first star, he tore up the letter and cleared out the prostitutes. I saw him a few months later in Japan. He invited me to his hotel for a visit, but nothing was ever mentioned about the prostitutes and I believe that he respected me for the stand I took. He did receive his one and only star, but I was no longer under his command. The Chaplain was responsible for the moral and spiritual welfare of the troops to which he was assigned and there were times when he had to take a stand and be counted. The Chaplain was also on the commanders staff and as such, was expected to advise the commander when the need arose

I now was given an additional duty to perform and that was being a "censor." All outgoing letters from our battalion had to be censored by me. This pertained only to the enlisted men as the officers were to censor their own mail. The letters could not contain any classified information or anything that would benefit the enemy. Most of the men did write letters home, perhaps not as often as they should have. There were times when they

complained about receiving any mail, but it did work both ways. They also needed to send letters home. I wrote Miriam several times a week and would receive letters from her every few days. There were times when it was just impossible to write as we were on the move. Mail was important to the troops. Whenever possible, a courier would deliver the mail, even on the front lines, and pick up any mail that needed to be sent out. There was no excuse in not writing, as we had to pay no postage on letters. Even packages were delivered to the front lines. There would be cookies and other goodies which would always be shared with the troops, especially when you were in combat. The one item we despised was Spam, as we had all the spam we could eat in our rations. Miriam constantly sent pictures of young Dan and how proud the men were to show the photos of their children. This is what really kept us going. The censor was not to divulge any of the mail he censored, but I feel free now to tell you about the contents of just one letter. The soldier writing to his wife said, "I had to come all the way out here in the Pacific, high on a dusty mountain to realize that there is a God." It was the very first time he had ever come face to face with reality. There were also the "Dear John" letters, and you knew when one was received as the GI would break out in tears and sometimes even become violent. It took a lot of counseling on the part of the Chaplain to help him. It did not take me long to read the letters for I knew the men and also knew the ones you could trust.

The fighting in the Zambales mountains was quite difficult. The Zambales were in the northern part of Luzon and were to become the last hiding place for the Japanese. Each hill seemed to be different. I especially remember the day of Good Friday, 1945. The troops had secured one hill after another and then thought that we would be able to rest for a few days. We had made ourselves comfortable behind one hill, when word was received from Hq. that an officer was to take a platoon of men and secure the next hill, just to keep on the fighting edge. The men grumbled and complained, so I mentioned that I would be willing to go along, which did seem to please them. The next hill was about 150 yards away and was referred to by the men as "Mable's Tit" for some reason or other. Just as the men were about to assault the hill, the Lt. gave me his rifle and told me to watch the tree on my left, as the Japs had made a tree house out of it and there was a catwalk near the top. It took the men less than ten minutes to assault the hill, throw hand grenades in the Jap foxholes and spray the area with automatic fire. In the meantime I was keeping my eye on the tree, waiting for any Japs that might appear.. Just what I would have done if any showed up, I don't know, but I was ready to defend