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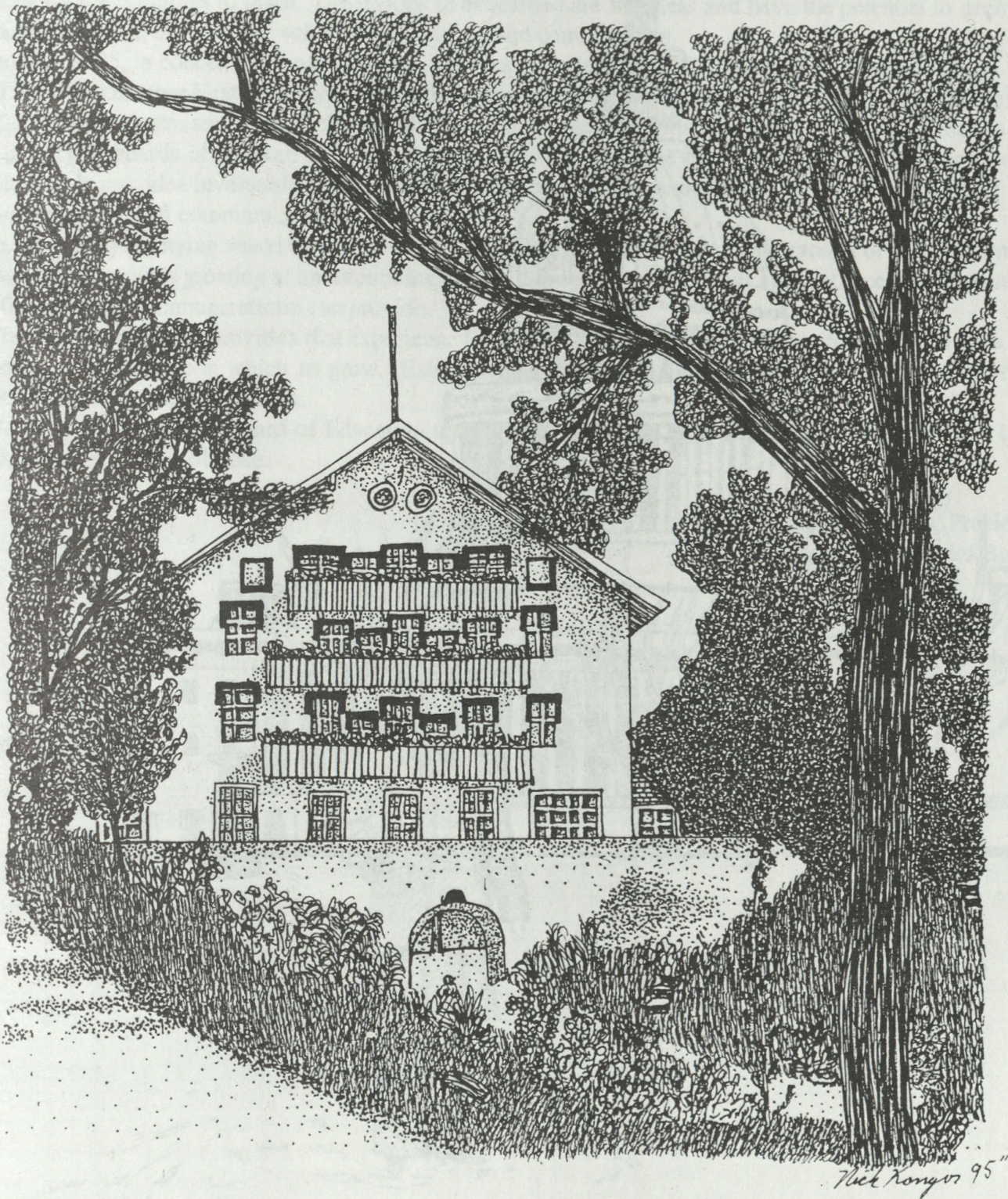
Marquette County's, Company D, Second Battalion, 107th Engineer Regiment, 32d Infantry Division (Wisconsin-Michigan National Guard) pictured just prior to the unit's federal activation on October 15, 1940, for one year's training at Camps Beauregard and Livingston, Louisiana. The 107th and it's successor, the 254th Engineer Combat Battalion, remained on active duty for five years including 3½ years overseas in North Ireland, England, France, Belgium Luxembourg, Germany, Czechoslovakia. The 254/107th is credited for participation in five campaigns from Omaha Beach, France, June 6, 1944, to war's end on May 8, 1945 in Pilsen, Czechoslovakia, where it met units of the Russian Army. The 107th Engineer Combat Battalion, Michigan National Guard, was reactivated in 1946 and is currently active with Battalion Headquarters and Headquarters Company in Ishpeming and units in Calumet, Baraga, Ironwood, Iron River, Gladstone, and Kingsford.

Pictured on the cover (left to right): Front row: Eino A. Koskela, Sgt. Ignatius A. Bernardi, S/Sgt. Walter K. Kenny, Sgt. David F. Finnegan, 1st Sgt. Edward L. Fox, Sgt. Richard J. Sisson, Cpl. Thomas Gyles, Cpl. Lee J. Wetton, and Cpl. Fred A. Langlois.

Middle row: Pvt. Bruno M. Barbieri, Pvt. Wendell K. Vernquist, Pvt. William A. Tompkins, Pvt. William P. Shea, Pvt. Leonard F. VanLinden, Pfc. Richard Oates, Pfc. William T. Field, Pvt. Robert A. Nicholas, and Pfc. Harris A. Warner.

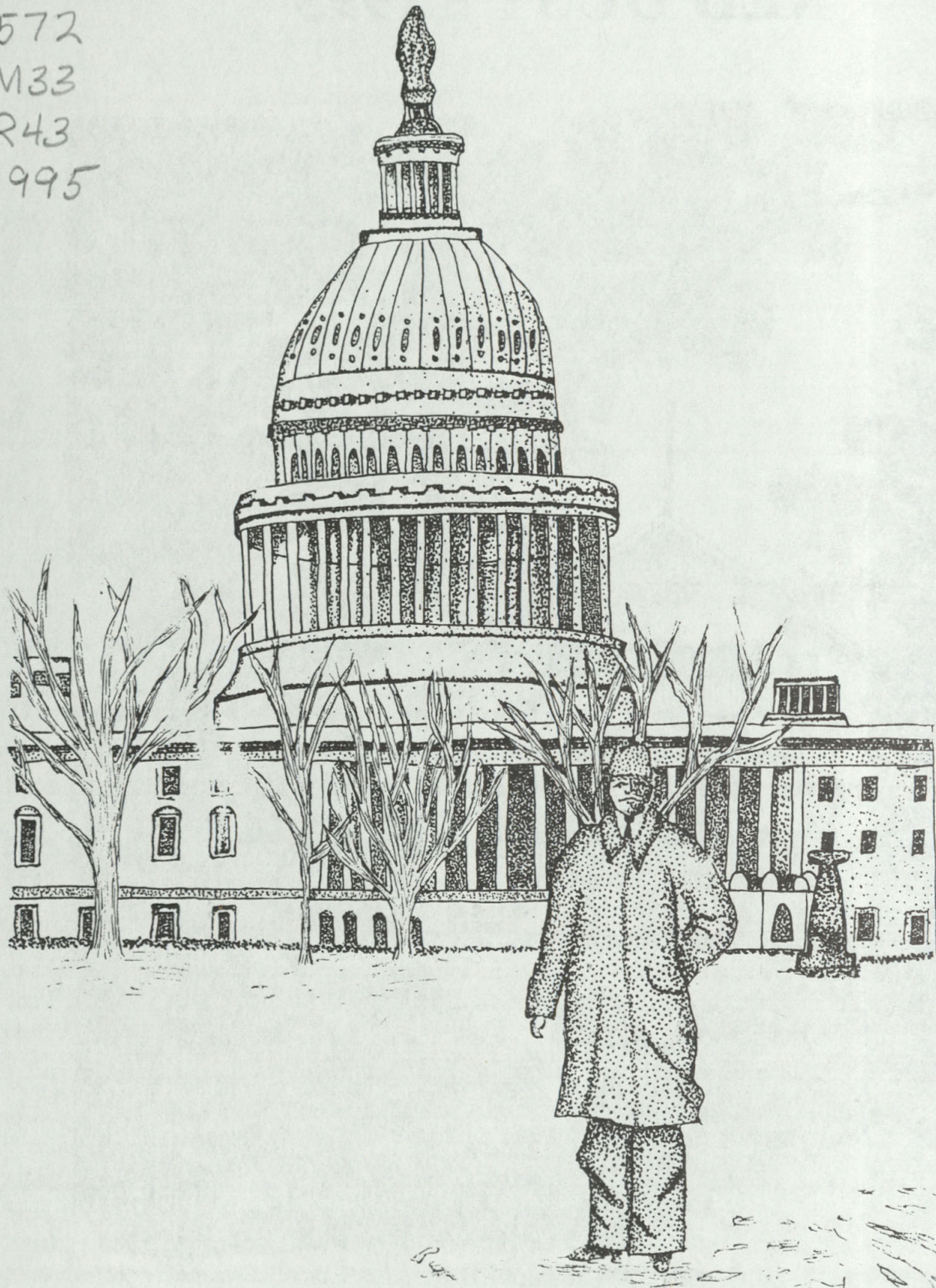
Back row: Pvt. Thomas G. Beard, Pvt. Leonard G. Johnson, Pvt. Paul C. Crowley, Pvt. William H. Beckerleg, Pvt. Gregory J. Mosca, Pvt. Jack E. O'Neil, Pvt. Edward J. Retaskie, Pvt. Robert M. Tonn, and Pfc. Warren H. Quinn.

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The Steinhoring Maternity Center in Upper Bavaria was the model for the Lebensborn homes.

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PREFACE

History, whether in the written form or the verbal rendering of past experience, provides valuable information from which a wealth of knowledge may be gained. This knowledge when collected and studied provides many opportunities to learn. The lessons to be learned are limitless and have the potential to improve not only ourselves, but also our schools, workplaces, and communities.

Red Dust '95, in concert with past editions, delivers these lessons and opportunities. The realization that Red Dust '95 is another First Class product is not surprising as it has been developed by an outstanding group of educators, students, and community members working together. This teamwork approach continues the high quality standards of the Red Dust tradition and delivers a unique learning experience for our student population. It provides invaluable lessons on how to learn from the experiences of people and to gain this knowledge via verbal communications.

In the rapidly changing world in which we live the gathering, documenting, and transfer of information via the electronic media is growing at an astounding rate. In this environment it may seem at times we neglect the benefits personal communications can provide.

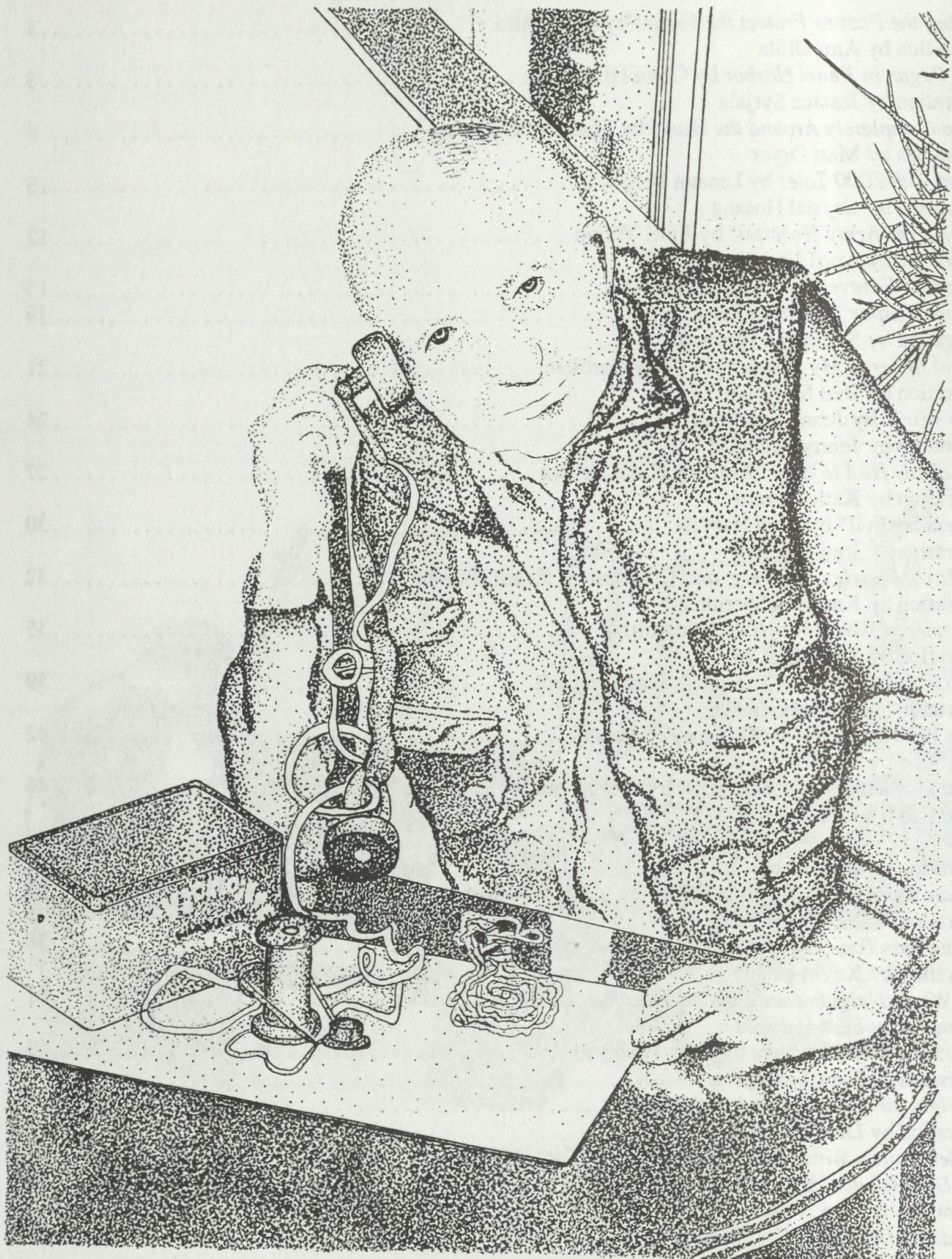
The Red Dust project provides that experience for our students, educators, and community members and creates a foundation upon which to grow. History can teach us many things providing we invest the time necessary to learn from its lessons.

On behalf of the NICE Board of Education and the NICE School Community — "Thank You" and congratulations on a job well done.

Charles R. Sundberg, President
NICE School Board

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SHARING THE PAST TO PROTECT THE FUTURE

As I thought about my upcoming interview with Dr. Adam Brish, a retired Marquette neurosurgeon, I was puzzled. Why did this man want to share his traumatic experiences with me, a total stranger? Why did he want to share the pain of his mother's, sister's, and grandmother's deaths?

Dr. Brish agreed to speak with me about the years he spent in Poland as a Jew under German control with the hope that I would tell others of the Holocaust. Dr. Brish is not worried about people forgetting the Holocaust of World War II. He is concerned with people allowing another to happen. Dr. Brish believes that it is his duty as a Holocaust survivor to inform others, especially younger people, thereby preventing another Holocaust. He does not want to see others go through what he did. When you read his story and share this horror, you will understand.

Dr. Brish was born in 1925, in Lodz, Poland. His father, Simon Brish, was a bookkeeper. His mother's name was Sarah Brish, and he had one sister, Paula. The family was of the Jewish religion.

In 1939, the Germans took control of Poland. From that time on, Dr. Brish says, "... we were gradually but very, very quickly degraded to the point that we had absolutely no human or civil rights at all." Among these degradations was the yellow patch of cloth that all Jews had to wear on their clothing, which distinguished the Jewish from the German population. The Jewish people could be forced to do work, like moving furniture, for the Germans at any time. Jews were also beaten and killed and the Polish police took no action. Jewish businesses were seized. Jews were also removed from high positions, like government offices. Jewish leaders of the communities were taken to the country and shot. The German government even trained certain semi-military groups to assassinate Jews. If you were a Jew with no home, your neighbors would not help you. A law was passed that stated that if anyone was caught housing a Jew, that person would be heavily fined and perhaps shot.

Dr. Brish points out, though, that not only the Jewish people were targeted. The Germans killed anyone who was not German such as: Poles, gays, Gypsies, or disabled people. The Germans believed in Hitler's "Master Race" idea so much that they even forced Polish women with the classic Germanic look, which was blonde hair and blue eyes, to sleep with German men. "... gives you an idea of how nice it was when they came," said Dr. Brish with a wry smile.

Dr. Brish was nearly fourteen years old when the Jewish population of Lodz was forced in mass numbers into a poor section of town. This was known as the Lodz Ghetto. Dr. Brish recalls the ghetto was surrounded by barbed wire. The treatment of the Jewish population in the ghetto was beyond human comprehension. "I cannot even compare it to being treated like a dog because a dog is treated much better," Dr. Brish commented. Above all, Dr. Brish stressed the terrible hunger the inhabitants of the ghetto faced daily, for they were given extremely small rations of food. A loaf of bread and couple pounds of potatoes was expected to last two weeks. The bread was merely flour mixed with sawdust so it had the weight but not the nutrients of ordinary bread. They also received a small amount of vegetables. Dr. Brish, like all of the able people in the ghetto, had a job. He worked as an apprentice to a mechanic and later as an electrician. The workers got an extra soup for lunch. "By today's standards this soup was a joke because it was mostly water floating a very small piece potato in it," he related.

The people of the ghetto were literally falling down in the streets and dying. Diseases were rampant because of the cramped conditions. A family, sometimes two or three families, were crowded into a single room with no sanitary facilities. Nearly everyone had tuberculosis and other infectious diseases. There was no way of getting rid of lice or fleas.

The year 1942 was very traumatic and tragic for Dr. Brish. His 10 year old sister, Paula, and his weak grandmother were deported because the Germans considered them to be unable to do work. Paula and his

grandmother were taken in buses. The buses were rigged so that the exhaust went into the bus. "... this way they killed the people inside while traveling in order not to lose any unnecessary time," said Dr. Brish. The people in the bus were then buried when the Germans arrived at their destination. That same year, Dr. Brish's mother died. Dr. Brish was left alone with his father in the Lodz ghetto.

In 1944, the Germans were warned that the Russians were approaching from the east. The people of the Lodz ghetto were moved to one side of the ghetto to be shipped away by rail. Dr. Brish's intuition told him not to board that train. He did not know what would happen to himself or his father if they got on the train, but he felt that it would end in tragedy. After a long argument with his father, they decided to stay but they first had to find a place to hide. Dr. Brish selected a run-down farmhouse, which was still in the ghetto, to be their hiding place. The house was a complete ruins except for the second story. It had been occupied by a janitor before the liquidation, or the tearing down of the ghetto. Dr. Brish and his father were lucky to find a couple sacks of raw potatoes to eat. While exploring an abandoned area which had been used to serve soup to workers, they even found about two liters of oil which was very precious at that time.

A few weeks later, Dr. Brish and his father experienced another stroke of luck. Since their place of residence was a farm, there was a garden. Consequently, a few weeks later radishes, beets, and potatoes sprouted from the ground. That is what Dr. Brish and his father lived on until the ghetto was liberated. "It may not be very attractive to you today to eat every day — potatoes with beets and some oil, but this was great for us which never had anything," said Dr. Brish.

Dr. Brish found a book which instructed him on how to build a radio. Now, after many years of isolation, they finally had some sort of communication with the outside world. Dr. Brish and his father listened for many days to the German communications. One day the radio went dead, and Dr. Brish suspected that the Germans must have left the radio station. A few days later he witnessed an odd sight. Somebody was dragging a broken chair by his house. Then another person walked by carrying something else. Dr. Brish thought that there might not be any more German guards throughout the ghetto, but he was not sure. He and his father waited another day before leaving their hiding place. The Russians had liberated the ghetto. Dr. Brish and his father were, of course, very happy. "... we never had a deep faith that we were going to survive," he explained.

Dr. Brish lived under communism in Poland for the next eleven years. He says that communism was not a very good lifestyle either, but it was incomparable to what he went through in the Polish ghetto.

In Lodz, Dr. Brish attended medical school. He decided to become a doctor because he wanted to heal people after witnessing so many brutal deaths.

Dr. Brish's father left Poland for Israel in the late 1940s. Later, after Dr. Brish finished his studies and became specialized in neurosurgery, he got a visa and visited his father in Israel. Dr. Brish never returned to Poland. He stayed in Israel for seven years, and in 1963, he came to America for additional training. Dr. Brish started his practice in Marquette in 1966 where he has lived ever since.

I think that Dr. Brish meant this story to be a warning to all people. If a person like Hitler gains power in America, a holocaust could happen. Perhaps a very charismatic man or woman becomes president; how far would your loyalty go? Would you be blinded by this person so much that you would believe it your divine right to annihilate an entire race? One fault with people is that they lack imagination. The Poles did not think for one second that they might become scapegoats for Hitler's hate. "... it may happen even here if we are not careful," warns Dr. Brish. America is a very industrialized country with an intelligent population, just like Germany was. The connection is almost too close for comfort. So please, if you comprehend any of this story, let it be that chauvinism is dangerous. It is up to you to prevent this catastrophe from happening in America.

— Ann Ollila

IT ALL BEGAN IN PEARL HARBOR

Mr. David McClintock began his naval career by attending the Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland, for four years. Upon graduation, he became a commissioned officer and was stationed in China and the Philippines from 1937 to 1939.

When Mr. McClintock first heard about Pearl Harbor being bombed, his submarine was on its way from San Francisco to Pearl Harbor. He was notified about the bombing when a radioman came up to him and handed him a note that said, "Air raid on Pearl Harbor, no drill." Still on their way to Pearl Harbor, they were strafed by a Japanese fighter plane. Everyone then knew the war had begun.

After two days, other ships and submarines were allowed to enter into Pearl Harbor. In doing so, Mr. McClintock's submarine passed his former ship, The U.S.S. Arizona, which had been hit during the invasion. Most of it was sunk, and what remained was destroyed and flaming. Mr. McClintock told me, "I saw a boat load of dead bodies going by and it was just horrible . . ." His statement made me shudder, and at that point I knew what motivated the U.S. to fight.

After the bombing of Pearl Harbor, Mr. McClintock could not see any way for the United States to stay out of the war for very long. He knew America's allies were going to lose the war unless the United States got involved soon.

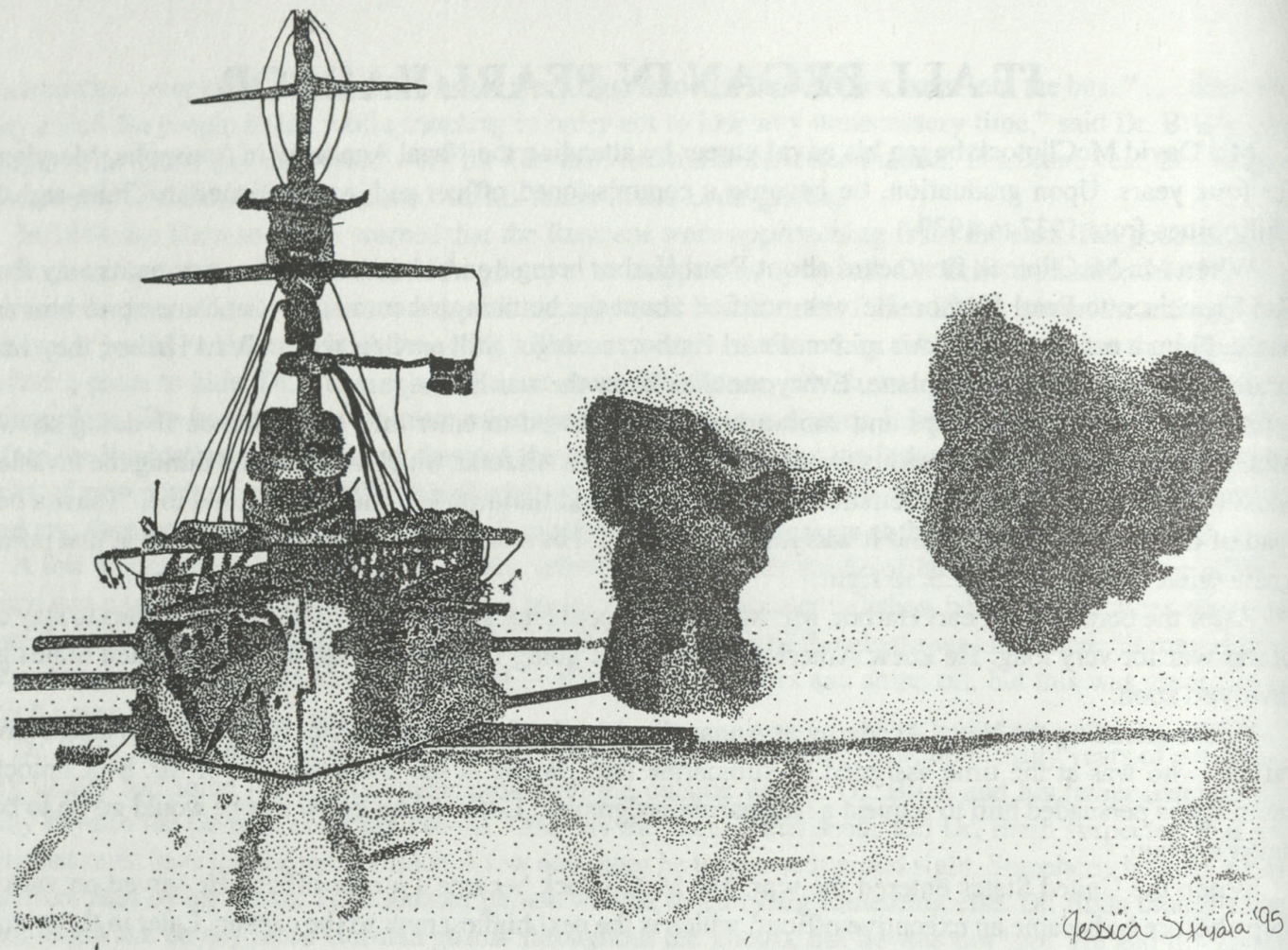
While attending the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, he met his wife. Her father was also a naval officer who was at the time assigned to submarine duty. While at the academy, one of Mr. McClintock's roommates persuaded him to request a submarine assignment. Little did he know that he would go on to be a naval captain.

When the United States entered the war, Mr. McClintock became a junior officer. He served on various ships before he became an executive officer, which is the next highest rank to the captain. Later in the war, he became a Navy captain, which is the same as an Army colonel.

In June of 1942, one of Mr. McClintock's submarines was stationed near Hawaii. The Japanese were attacking Midway Island and were supposed to attack Hawaii where he was stationed. The Japanese did not come, but if an enemy ship had come along, the American submarine would have tried to sink it. If this was accomplished, the submarine would get depth charged in return.

After the Battle of Midway, Mr. McClintock went back to Pearl Harbor where his wife was living. All of the wartime families were to move back to the continental United States. Mr. McClintock went to the transportation office to make arrangements to have his wife sent back to San Francisco. The person behind the counter said, "Well, I guess you didn't know your wife left last week." Mr. McClintock replied, "I could keep her out here for the whole war." He went back to the waiting room and thought for a while. However, his conscience got the best of him, and he went up to the counter and stated, "I am living with a lady, and she claims she's my wife." The clerk checked the records and indeed she had not left. He then made arrangements for her to go to San Francisco, and Mr. McClintock went back to fight the war in the Pacific.

Mr. McClintock was involved in history's largest naval battle, the Battle of Leyte Gulf. In this battle, the Japanese were attempting to sink McArthur's army's landing. Mr. McClintock's submarine managed to sink the fleet's flag ship with a twenty-foot, six hundred pound war head that exploded when the target was hit. Fellow American, Captain Claggett's submarine also managed to sink a ship of the same fleet. Together, the two submarines had damaged yet another ship, while the rest of the fleet went on. Mr. McClintock's submarines ran into a coral reef while trying to finish off the third ship. His submarine then got stuck on the reef and was damaged beyond repair. Mr. McClintock had to abandon the sub and wait for his friend, Bladen Claggett,



The U.S. Navy fleet changed dramatically from WWI when this ship was used in WWII.

to arrive and rescue him and his crew.

They finally got loaded on Captain Bladen Claggett's sub, and only two hours later, a Japanese destroyer arrived. Mr. McClintock felt lucky because, "We only had one gun, but we would've used it, so if it hadn't been for my teammate, I wouldn't be here." The abandoned submarine still sits on the reef in the Philippines to this day.

While the two crews were on one submarine, the sailors felt a little crowded. They had to play what they called "hot bunk." When one crew member got out of his bunk, another got in and went to sleep. One day, when Mr. McClintock was in Captain Claggett's bunk, he shook Mr. McClintock and said, "I say old man, do you mind if I use my bunk for a while? After all I am the captain of this ship." The situation was really funny because they both were naval captains, but Mr. McClintock's ship had been abandoned. They also had a joke that when you got up, you had to make sure you were putting your shoes on your own feet. They always joked about this, because they were so crowded with two crews on only one submarine.

Because he was involved in the war, Mr. McClintock's life was greatly impacted. He not only got a lot of naval experience, but he also made many new friends that he would always remember. Every year, even to this day, he calls his teammate Captain Bladen Claggett. He also learned just how important his job as a naval officer was to the whole world.

During of the war, Mr. McClintock won a Navy Cross Medal for the Japanese cruiser he attacked. He also got a Bronze Star for sinking a Japanese mine lair. After the Battle of Leyte Gulf, he was awarded the Navy Cross, which is the highest award next to the Medal of Honor, for sinking the flag ship at the Battle of Leyte Gulf.

While Mr. McClintock was out in the submarine, but not fighting, the sailors often played cards, read books, and by the end of the war, they had motion pictures right on the sub. By that time they even had talking pictures. They were often stationed near Australia and sometimes had to have the submarines repaired there. As Mr. McClintock stated, "The Australians were very friendly and very supportive."

He also said that just thinking of the Japanese made him sick to his stomach. He cannot bear to forgive them for what they did fifty years ago. Even today, when they have reunions, he has avoided speaking to them. Mr. McClintock was asked to speak at the fiftieth anniversary reunion (called a symposium) down in Texas. There were a lot of American and Japanese speakers there. One Japanese man had been a Navy dive bomber pilot that morning at Pearl Harbor in 1941. "I never thought I'd be able to talk to him, but he had his wife and daughter there and we had a nice talk," Mr. McClintock stated.

Mr. McClintock was returning to Pearl Harbor from Panama on a ship built in Manitowac when he and his crew heard the war was over. Everyone had been looking forward to that day, so everyone was joyous and anxious to be home with friends and family. Mr. McClintock and his crew were sent back to Pearl Harbor as a precautionary measure.

Mr. McClintock served in the Navy throughout the whole war. He made many good friends, and they had many good and bad times during the war. When I asked him how he felt about serving for his country, he replied, "We were glad to do it, and would do it again if we had to."

— Greta Hill

A TRIP COMPLETELY AROUND THE WORLD

"I was not all that aware for the seriousness of what was going on at that time . . ." These words were spoken by my grandpa, Gil Dawe, as he told me about his experiences in World War II. He soon learned the seriousness, for in 1941, soon after the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor, my grandpa was called upon to serve his country.

At the time, he was in the ROTC program at Michigan State University. At Michigan State he was in the Cavalry and in the Signal Corps. From there he started intensive training all over the country.

His trip started at Fort Custer in Battle Creek, Michigan. He was then assigned to attend basic training at Fresno, California. After basic training, my grandpa went to study electronic instruments such as radar and radio at a signal corp school at the University of California at Davis. He then went to Camp Murphy in Stuart, Florida, to train on global radar equipment.

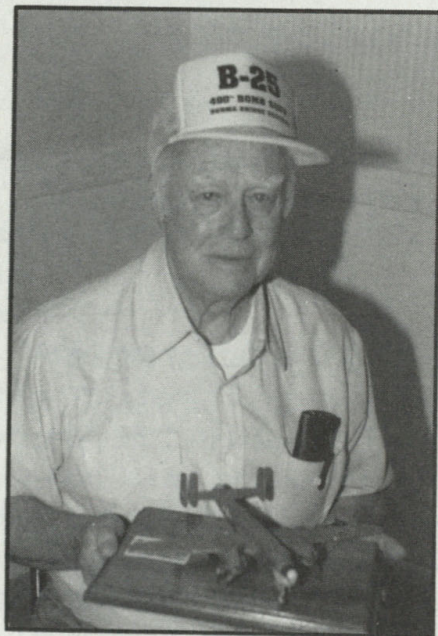
Next, Grandpa went to Drew Field near Tampa, Florida, for more training. After that he was assigned to Boca Raton in Florida to train on a radar gun site used on the seventy-five millimeter cannon mounted in some of the B-25's. While in Boca Raton, he had a very exciting experience. "There was a hurricane coming in from the Atlantic coast . . . there was very little protection for the personnel . . . They tried to fly most of the planes out. They didn't all make it . . . The personnel, those of us that got left were finally taken over to this millionaire's club . . . It was a very substantial building, and we got to ride it out there for two days," he explained.

After being at Boca Raton for four to five months, my grandpa was sent to Greensboro, North Carolina, to wait for his next assignment, which would be

overseas. During his wait there, some other people were with him and one of them was a sergeant. "We got to talking about going to Europe and so forth. He (the sergeant) said, "You're not going to Europe." We said, "No, where are we going?" He said, "You'll go from here to Los Angeles . . . get on a particular ship . . . you'll go from there to Australia and you're going from Australia to India and there you'll be assigned somewhere." ". . . sure enough that's what happened," Grandpa

stated. As it turned out, this sergeant was already in the squadron they would be assigned to; consequently, he knew where he was going. After they had stopped in Tasmania, Australia, my grandpa's ship was escorted to India by several British cruisers.

In India, Grandpa was stationed at a British RAF base near Bombay. He was there a short time before he was sent to Calcutta by train. There he was assigned to a troop replacement center called Camchapara. It was near Calcutta. He was then assigned to the 490th Bomb Squadron. The 490th Bomb Squadron was in Burma, so he was put on another train. This train was loaded with six by six army trucks. My grandpa was



Mr. Gilbert Dawe with a model of a B-25 which was used by the 490th Bomb Squadron in Burma and China during World War II.



Sergeant Gil Dawe at Davis, California in 1943.

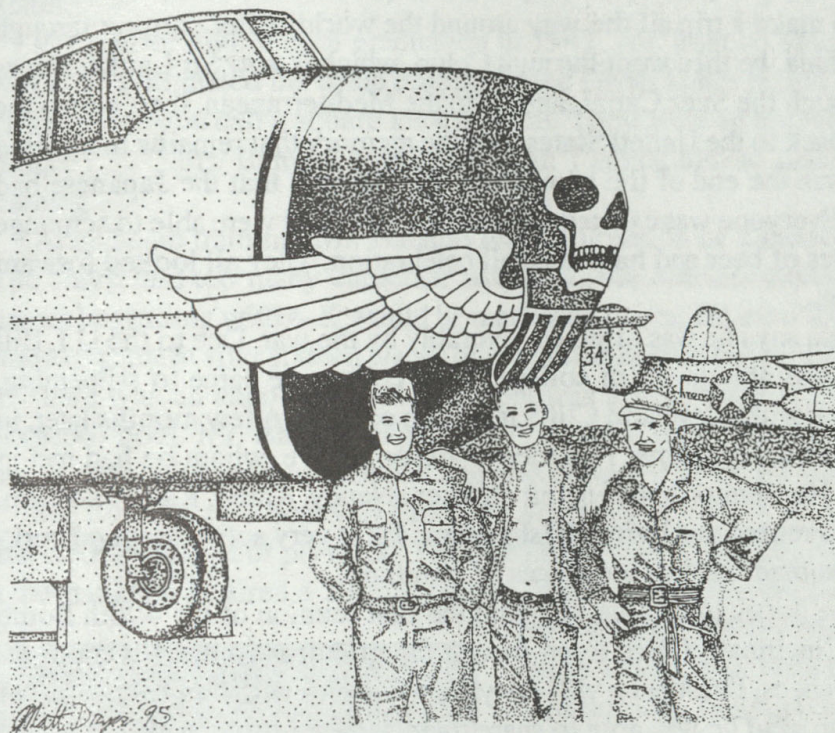
given the distribution papers for these trucks and told to unload them on the way to Burma. He sat at the station almost a week not going anywhere. He did not know when the train would leave because no one else at the station spoke English. Finally, the train left and ended up just outside of Leto in Northern India. After releasing the trucks to a quartermaster battalion, he then joined a truck convoy going down the Stillwell Road which would take them directly to the 490th Bomb Squadron in Central Burma.

The 490th was a squadron of B-25's stationed at a town called Warzup, Burma. While they were there, they lived in tents, with only a few buildings around, on an air strip carved out of the jungle. Everything except the mess hall and a few maintenance shops was housed in tents.

The 490th Bomb Squadron was nicknamed the "Burma Bridge Busters" because of their special bombing technique. Since the bridges they bombed were so flimsy, as they were made mostly of timber and cross-bracings, the bombs had a tendency to fall right through the bridge and do very little damage. What the 490th did was fly the plane in towards the bridge at an angle. Just before releasing the bomb, the pilot pulled the nose of the plane up so the bomb came in at an angle and destroyed the bridge. My grandpa only went on two missions, filling in for a sick crew member. He spent most of his time servicing the planes and radios.

During their spare time, most of the crew of the 490th enjoyed playing cards and reading or hunting in the jungle.

After my grandpa was in India for about four months, the monsoon season set in. The runway was only hard-packed clay so



Sergeant Gilbert Dawe, far right, with friends.

it soon turned into mud over a foot deep. No flying could possibly be done. The Japanese had been driven back quite a way, so it was decided that the 490th should be moved to a new location.

Volunteers were needed to drive the equipment out, so my grandpa volunteered. The spare radios and other maintenance equipment used to service the planes were all loaded onto trucks and shipped out in convoy.

The crew drove from Warzup, Burma to Kunming, China. Each night on the way to Kunming, they stopped and spent the night in transit camps, which were just small camps where the convoy stayed. The camps were run by some MP's. One particular night, the convoy stopped at a transit camp where there was already a Chinese convoy in the camp. They were farther in off the road and split up into two major groups, those loyal to the Communist cause and those loyal to the Nationalist cause. During the night another Chinese group came to the camp and wanted to enter the compound. The MP's had restrictions on allowing anyone into the camp after a certain time. The group on the road, which was loyal to the Nationalist cause, then noticed that the group inside was loyal to the Communist cause. My grandpa recalls, "... we got routed out of bed and told to get our weapons and get ready to defend ourselves because it looked like there was going to be

a fight." The Communists were on one side and the Nationalists were on the other and the United States was in the middle! After about half an hour of negotiations, the group on the road moved on for whatever reason. My grandpa ran into a few other instances like this as well. The 490th and others in transit like them had more concern about the different Chinese loyalties than they did about the Japanese.

The worst part of serving, as Grandpa remembers, was the conditions. The men could not get much in the way of supplies. The people who were smokers could not get cigarettes. This was because supplies had to be flown in and only the priority items were shipped. Also, everyone had a degree of dysentery from the water, even after the water was treated.

Grandpa had good memories from his military experience. Many friendships were made, and he was able to see a lot of the world. My grandpa got to make a trip all the way around the world! After coming through the United States and India to Burma and China, he then went through Celon, which is now Sri Lanka, across the Indian Ocean, through the Red Sea, through the Suez Canal, and up to the Mediterranean, then across the

Atlantic and back to the United States. But the memory that remains most vivid in his mind was the end of the war, when they learned that the Japanese had surrendered. Everyone was excited and celebrating. They were able to scrounge up some bottles of beer and have a small celebration. They all looked forward to going home.

My grandpa says he was affected favorably by the war. Due to the G.I. Bill of Rights, he was able to finish college. After college he came to Ishpeming, and he got a job with Cleveland Cliffs in March of 1949. A few months later, in July, he married my grandma, Florence (Johnson) Dawe, whom he had met in East Lansing. He went on to have four children: Nancy, Karen, Kathy, and Jim. Currently, he is retired and living in Ishpeming. He is very active in woodworking, and he has made many fine pieces of furniture.

In 1995, he hopes to be able to attend the first reunion of the 490th Bomb Squadron in Cincinnati, Ohio. Even though my grandpa wouldn't want to relive his experiences, I'm sure he will carry his memories with him for the rest of his life, and I'm glad he was able to share them with me.

— Matt Dryer



**Mr. & Mrs. Gilbert Dawe
on their wedding day, 1949.**

**At left: (right to left) Gerry Anderson,
Charles Kincaid, Gil Dawe, Henry
Quistie, Jack Langlois, Ky Bianchi,
John Bjerne, Barney Binon and S.
Laitinen. Mather B, 1952.**



A MAN WITH 2000 TALES

"Everyone who lived through that era knows precisely and can recall to the smallest detail." This response was from Mr. Charlie Bannon, a very fascinating man who shared his World War II experiences with me.

Mr. Bannon was on a bridge on the North Road of Negaunee when he first heard about the bombing of Pearl Harbor. He and two buddies were shooting milk bottle caps. One of his classmates came by and said the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor. "I said the Japanese attacked what? We didn't have the slightest idea where Pearl Harbor was . . ." he stated. Mr. Bannon immediately knew that this was going to affect the United States.

Right after high school graduation in 1942, Mr. Bannon enlisted in the Navy. He completed his basic training at the Great Lakes Naval Academy. "I was what you call a square knot admiral. They were an apprentice petty officer . . ." Mr. Bannon explained when I asked him to describe basic training.

After basic training, Mr. Bannon was assigned to be a carpenter mate. The Navy had too many carpenter mates, so the officials announced that names beginning with A-K would be machinist mates. He tried for a submarine assignment after sixteen weeks of machinist school, but he did not make it. There was an announcement that there was an opening for a PT (Patrol Torpedo) boat. Mr. Bannon explained, ". . . they were fast and they were pretty." Mr. Bannon was satisfied and was assigned to the PT unit.

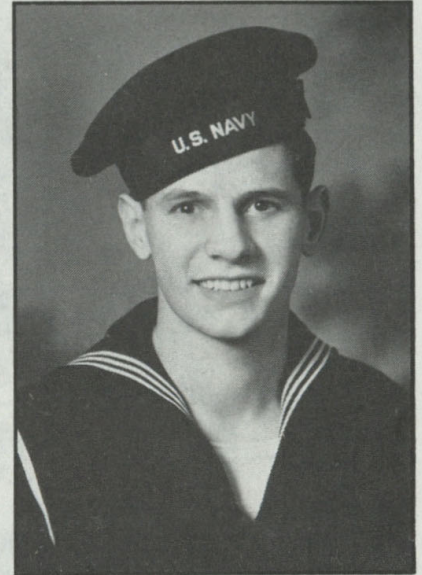
Mr. Bannon's PT boat was called the *Scuffling Ass*. PT boats were small and were made out of plywood. The boats had many guns. Mr. Bannon was a mechanic so he fired a 20-mm cannon. With all the guns on the boat, the

crew on the *Scuffling Ass* was very close space-wise which fostered comradeship. Talking directly to officers was permitted. Whereas any place else, he would have to get permission to speak to the officer.

On the PT boats Mr. Bannon took care of three Rolls Royce engines. Each of them was twelve cylinder with fifteen hundred horsepower. Mr. Bannon worked mainly down in the engine room. ". . . I actually preferred being at the top side because you never knew what was going on when you were in the engine room," Mr. Bannon stated.

Mr. Bannon's boat was a scout, which meant it scouted for mines or enemy equipment before any major fleet units went in and attacked. When the *Scuffling Ass* wasn't scouting, the crew was shooting at secondary targets. One time his boat finished shooting at a secondary target, and they asked their officer what they were shooting at. The officer said they were shooting at gardens because the Japanese were starving on the island. The crew on his boat went out to eat and when they came back to their boat, someone had painted a carrot on the boat. Mr. Bannon explained it as when you painted a plane after you shot one down.

For most of his time, Mr. Bannon was stationed around New



Mr. Bannon following graduation from the Great Lakes Training, 1942.



Mr. Charlie Bannon on his PT boat with a 20mm cannon, 1944.



Guinea. He was in Guadalcanal, Choiseul, Bougainville, and Green Island. The place that he remembers the most is Green Island. At around four o'clock, his boat traveled toward Green Island to do some scouting for mines. Green Island is shaped like a horseshoe. In order to cover the most ground, they had to travel in an S-shape. When they were done, they asked if they could take part in or at least watch the battle. They were told to go back to their base; it was a job well done. He missed a battle star for that battle because the Army later announced that the battle began at six o'clock.

Mr. Bannon only got sick once and it was seasickness. It was when they hit a reef and the engines got damaged. The boat was shaking so badly that only two men were left standing when they got back to their base. "Sailors aren't suppose to get sea sick..." Mr. Bannon stated. He was one of the men standing.

"The family worried almost constantly..." Mr. Bannon remarked when I asked him how his family felt about him being in the war. He said that ninety percent of the war was waiting because nobody tells the soldier anything. When he was writing his parents, he could not even tell them his ocean assignment because he was

in confidential work. It was easy to understand his family's worry.

For Mr. Bannon, the war was not always serious; he also recalls some humorous situations. Mr. Bannon's boat stopped at Panama to practice drills. His boat and other boats were put on a Standard Oil tanker. After all the boats were on, there was not enough room for all the seamen. Therefore, he and others stayed behind and waited for the First Available Transportation or F.A.T. One boat came, but it hit a log in the Panama Canal. Mr. Bannon wanted to board that boat because it had soldiers and girls. The next boat that came was a landing barge. They got on, and they stopped at the Fiji Islands in the South Pacific. There, the native Marines wore

skirts. "... we didn't dare laugh at them because they were some of the Jim Dandy Fighters," Mr. Bannon commented about the Marines. He and his friend took a taxi to a rice field. There, they met a man and his wife. They had some horses, so he and his friend negotiated for a ride. A little Indian boy, dressed in what looked like a diaper, took the horses out for them. To get out on the beach, they had to go around a barbed wire fence. The fence was to stop the tide from hitting the rice field too hard. Mr. Bannon asked the little boy if the tide was going out or in. Because the boy did not know English, the boy did not understand. He and his friend went around the barbed wire fence to the seaside. When they got out, Mr. Bannon realized that the tide was coming in. They had to get out so fast that on the way, the barbed wire tore his uniform. After they got back, the little boy started crying because he had to give the money back to Mr. Bannon. He and his friend decided to keep the horses for a little while. He said they did this because American G.I.s were pushovers for cute kids.

Mr. Bannon related another humorous situation about when he got lost in a Women's Army Corps (WAC) compound in Tampa, Florida. One of the boats in his squadron hit a log; consequently, they had to go to shore and stay the night there. He was covered with some smelly stuff so he wanted to take a shower. When he was done, he started to walk around. Since at the base everything looks alike, he could not find the barracks he was staying in. After walking around awhile, he saw a light ahead so he walked toward it. A bunch of WACs were sitting out whistling at him. He had wandered into the WAC compound which was off limits. He went to a guard and told him he was lost. The guard called a jeep to bring Mr. Bannon back to where he was supposed to be.

When I asked Mr. Bannon to describe combat, he said, "... you get a chilling feeling, and you feel like you are looking at the wrong end of the telescope. Bullets seem to go in slow motion." He also said that he knew somebody was going to get hurt, but deep in his mind he knew it was someone else. He felt guilty because he hoped it was somebody else.

When Mr. Bannon was in the war, he saw many famous people. He saw Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Carol Landis, and Martha Tilton. Carol Landis was an early-day Marilyn Monroe. She wanted to be with the fighting boys, not the officers, she said. She signed the torpedoes on his boat. He also got a picture taken with her and some other people from his boat. He said everywhere she went her, bodyguards accompanied her.

Mr. Bannon got three Bronze Stars, a Never Get Caught or Good Conduct Ribbon, and a Pacific Battle Ribbon which had his stars on it. A Never Get Caught Ribbon is a reward to a person who had good conduct and did everything they were told to do. He missed a Battle Star at Green Island.

Mr. Bannon's PT unit has a World War II reunion every year. He has gone to some of them and this year he thinks it is in North Carolina. He is considering attending it.

I would like to thank Mr. Bannon for serving our country, and I would like to leave you with one more statement from him. "It's been a pleasure having a captive audience because most the time when you tell sea stories, people's eyes glaze over you, and you're talking about fifty years ago."

— Leeann Pellow



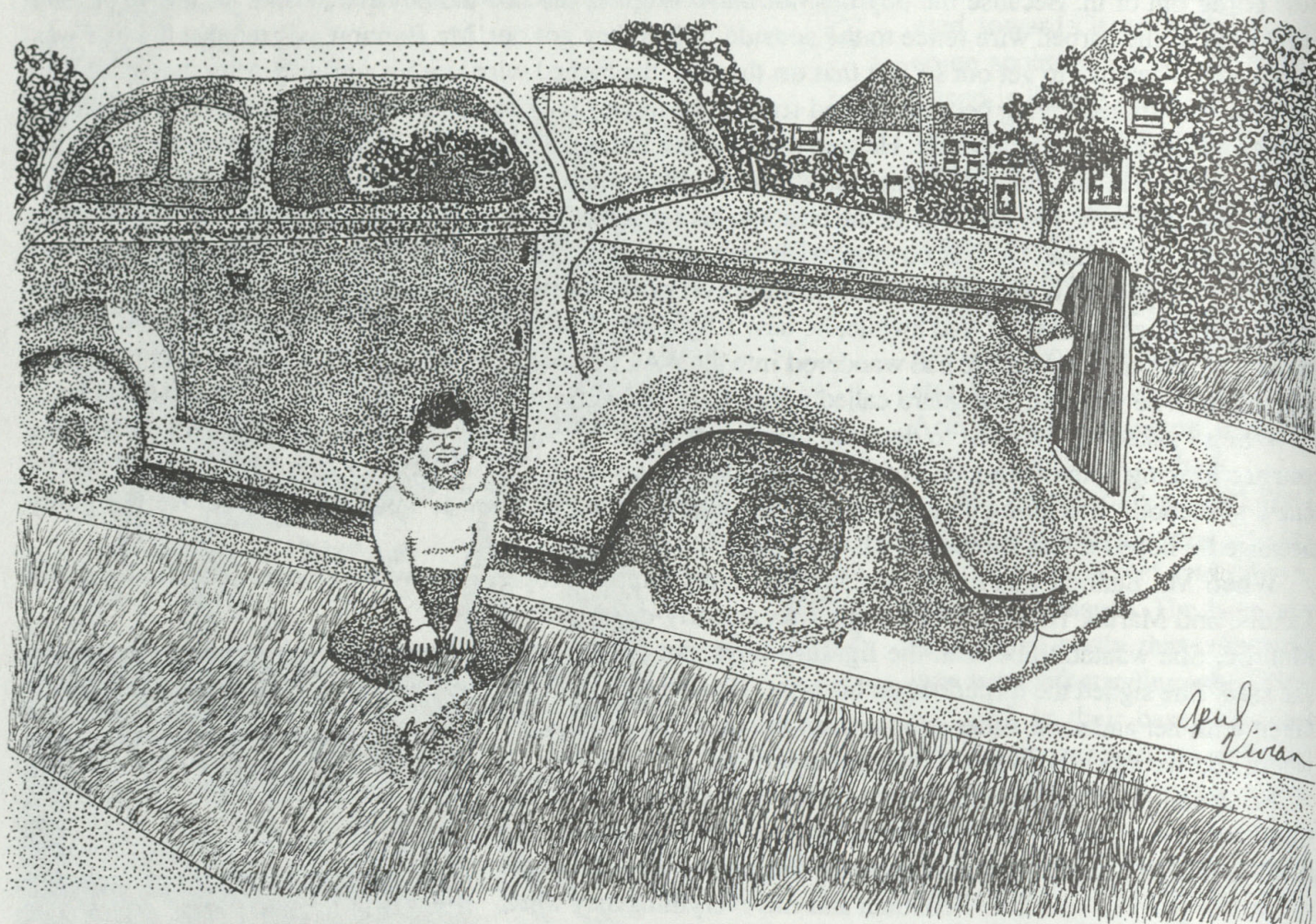
Mr. & Mrs. Bannon at the 1992 PT Boat reunion.



Mr. & Mrs. Bannon at the 1992 PT Boat reunion with model of the boat.

LIFE AT THE ARMY HOSPITAL

Mrs. Betty Bannon was born in the year of 1923, in Ishpeming, Michigan. She started nurse's training when World War II began. Mrs. Bannon was a nurse at Bell Memorial Hospital for many years after her training was completed.



Before the United States entered World War II, Americans really didn't think much about the war in Europe and Asia. They didn't hear much about it in Michigan's Upper Peninsula unless they had a radio or perhaps read the newspaper. The radio stations were only on for part of the day. They were on the air for a while in the morning and then came back on at about four o'clock in the afternoon. The stations continued operating until about seven-thirty in the evening.

Mrs. Bannon was downtown Ishpeming having some ice cream at Creamland when somebody said, "Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor!" Everybody asked, "Where's Pearl Harbor?" Nobody really heard of Pearl Harbor because Hawaii was not yet a part of the United States.

Mrs. Bannon went into nurse's training in September of 1942. In July of 1943, the cadet corps came into being. The government paid the tuition for nurse's school and for books and uniforms. The salary was fifteen dollars a month for the first and second year of the training. The third year stipend was thirty dollars a month. The nursing program lasted for three years, and in the last six months, the student nurse could go to an Army hospital, a Navy hospital, or a veteran's hospital. Mrs. Bannon went to the Vaughn Army Hospital. The

Vaughn Army Hospital was located next to the Heinz Veteran's Hospital. At the Vaughn Army Hospital, they did not only take care of soldiers that were injured, but they also learned how to march and learned the Army drill.



**Betty Oie Bannon
September 1942 at the
beginning of her
nurses training.**

Mrs. Bannon had to wear a student nurse's uniform on the base. The uniforms were gray and white striped seersuckers. It was a skirt and jacket with little red epaulets on the shoulders and hat. Mrs.

Bannon received a summer gray coat. The only time Mrs. Bannon really wore it was to the movie theatre because she could get in on serviceman's rates.

Mrs. Bannon and a friend went into nurse's training together so Mrs. Bannon wasn't that lonely because her friend was with her. When Mrs. Bannon got to the hospital, she met girls from Ishpeming and Negaunee. Mrs. Bannon also had an aunt who lived in Chicago, and her sister visited her aunt a lot so Mrs. Bannon did get to see her sister.

St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago was very big. It consisted of two buildings; one building was eleven stories high. In that building, on most of the floors, there were wards. In most wards there were eleven beds; however, there were three wards that had only six beds. The hospital also had four single rooms for exceptionally sick people. In the other building, there were six floors. The top floor was for surgery. The other five floors consisted of mostly private or semi-private rooms.

Mrs. Bannon worked in the Army hospital, but she wasn't actually in the Army. Therefore, she wasn't supposed to date enlisted men. Mrs. Bannon could go to the officer's club although she was not an officer. Sometimes they had parties and Mrs.

Bannon didn't have to wear her uniform, but the officers, lieutenants, and Army nurses did.

Mrs. Bannon and the other nurses worked six days a week, eight hours a day. They had a lot of split shifts at St. Luke's Hospital. Most of the time Mrs. Bannon worked more than eight hours because there were so many patients. If she wasn't done, then she stayed and worked until she finished. Then, after she finished with all of her patients, she had to do her own charting. When Mrs. Bannon worked night shift, she worked three weeks straight, and when she was done with that, she had three days off. One time during the night in the obstetric department, there was a pregnant lady who went into labor. There weren't any doctors, R.N.'s, or supervisors around, so Mrs. Bannon and a girl who was in the class ahead of her had to deliver the baby!

At the Army hospital, Mrs. Bannon had to take care of war wounds. A Japanese fellow that Mrs. Bannon took care of had his whole stomach shot out. Mrs. Bannon also ran into malaria, which they never had experience with at St. Luke's in Chicago.

When Mrs. Bannon was at the Army hospital, her mother sent her pasties, cakes for her birthday, and many other goodies. Her mother got them on a train at six o'clock at night, and Mrs. Bannon received them the next day by noon.

Mrs. Bannon made it home for two Christmases when she was working at St. Luke's Hospital. Each year, a person had to sign up to have Christmas or New Years off. Well, the girls who lived the closest to the Army



**Betty (on right) with fellow nurses practicing on a
willing volunteer at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago.**

hospital took New Years off because even if they had to work, they would still be able to go home for dinner. That way the people who lived far away would be able to go home for Christmas.

Mrs. Bannon and the other nurses got along with the doctors pretty well. Some of the doctors were really strict, and they learned what they could and couldn't do quickly. At St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago, there were a lot of interns and everyone got along well with them. So, everybody pretty much got along with each other.

The nurses had to wear nurse's caps. The cap was round and made out of organdy which was pleated all the way around the cap. The nurses ordered the material and then made the hats themselves. There were some girls who made the hats really neat, so they paid them to make the hats for others. Mrs. Bannon always made her own hat because she was pretty good at it.

In Mrs. Bannon's free time, she and friends went to the movies or for walks. At St. Luke's, they went for walks down to the park. She also went to this little drug store near the hospital and sometimes she had some ice cream if she had the money. Mrs. Bannon read books and she learned how to knit argyle socks. Now, she knits argyle socks in her spare time.

Regardless of the war, Mrs. Bannon would have probably gone into nurse's training anyway. The war was a great opportunity to meet military people in Chicago. Mrs. Bannon would not have gone to the Army hospital or St. Luke's in Chicago either, so it was a good experience for her.

When Mrs. Bannon went back for a reunion, she found out that St. Luke's merged with the Rush Medical Hospital and the Presbyterian Hospital. When the two hospitals joined together, the new hospital became known as the Presbyterian St. Luke's Rush Medical College. Mrs. Bannon has visited there two times. They have St. Luke's Alumni, Presbyterian Alumni, and Presbyterian St. Luke's Rush Alumni.

Mrs. Bannon and her friends thought that after they got through with nurse's training, they might go into the Army or the Navy. They didn't get a chance to though because by the time they graduated in the fall of 1945, the war was over. Mrs. Bannon thought that if they weren't going to go overseas and help in the war, they didn't think there was much use for the nurses in this country.

When the war was over, everybody was really celebrating. Mrs. Bannon had a date that night and she wasn't allowed to go, but then her superiors said well, yes, maybe she could go. Everybody hoped the war was over. The end of the war really didn't affect Mrs. Bannon because she didn't have any relatives or boyfriends in the war.

The war disrupted lives because a lot of fellas couldn't continue on with their education; they had to do it after they came home. The good thing about the war is that the soldiers made a lot of friends and had many good experiences. The fellows that went overseas got to explore the world and see what it's like.

Mrs. Bannon is glad she went away because she could have just stayed in Marquette at St. Luke's, but she wanted to go somewhere and explore.

Mrs. Bannon is married to Charles Bannon. Together, they have raised five beautiful children. She was not only a nurse for a living, but she was also a housewife. In her spare time, Mrs. Bannon enjoys reading, doing work for her church, and helping out with an older cousin and her aunt. Mrs. Bannon has been a big help to me. She is a very kind lady who has a lot to offer. I can't thank her enough. I only talked to her for a couple of hours, but I felt like I've known her my whole life. Her story taught me a lot about giving a little of yourself to help others. I hope you will give a little of yourself also.

— April Vivian



Charles and Betty Bannon

A MEMORY FOREVER

On December 7, 1941, Elizabeth (Lala) Charboutet was in the American Cafe in Ishpeming, Michigan, when she heard the news that the United States had been bombed by the Japanese at Pearl Harbor. "The first thing I thought was, we're in war," said Lala. Lala told me about her unforgettable experience in World War II.

When Lala first tried to join the military, she was eighteen, but at that time enlistees had to be twenty-one. Lala lied about her age, but after she enlisted, officials determined she was not eighteen due to her schooling; consequently, she could not enter the service. After a law was passed that lowered the age to eighteen, Lala enlisted.

Lala did her basic training at Fort Ogelthorpe, Georgia. This was the first time Lala had left Ishpeming, and she did not like it. "There was no snow down in Georgia; there was nothing," she explained to me. When she arrived, the Fort had no place for women to stay so they ended up staying in run down barracks which were ". . .like little huts. . ." she explained. "We stayed in there about a month and a half before they decided to move us over so they could start our training," said Lala. It surprised me that the women had the same physical training as the men, including the ropes. Although Lala still missed home, basic training accustomed her to being away from her home.

When Lala was finished with basic training, she went into the parachute department and painted adobe fabric. "We painted canvas that went on the wings on small planes and it tightened up like a drum," she explained. After going to the parachute department, Lala went to a parachute rigger school, which she enjoyed. She performed rigging in Washington and California after her training.

Lala was assigned to New Guinea in the South Pacific Ocean. At first, women were not allowed near the planes so she was put in an office job. "They put me in an office; it was just a little table, and it had two file cabinets on each side of this table." Lala described the small room to me that she worked in. She had been given the job, but the description of duties was not too clear. Lala's conception of the job was that she would be handling tools from one file cabinet to the other one. "It was very boring!" she remarked. She ended up doing this job for about two weeks!

Each tent that the women lived in contained six girls and had just a canvas top with burlap bagging on the sides. They each had a folding cot, with a T-Board on both ends of it, and GI blanket. Their mosquito nets were attached to the T-Board. When they went to sleep, they tucked the net under their blanket. Each woman took care of her own little area which was about six feet wide.

They only had two meals a day in New Guinea. They each had a metal tray, and the women lined up to get the food. Their food got dished onto the tray. When they were finished eating, the girls proceeded to either side of the mess hall where there were three garbage barrels that were cut in half. "They had fire under them. One had soap and one had water, then you had a toilet bowl brush that you washed your tray with," Lala described to me.

The shower rooms were against the jungle with just a burlap fencing surrounding them. The shower stalls were made out of paper with tar. The water came out of coffee cans with holes in them that had a cord attached that allowed the water to come out. The women were allowed one pull to wet themselves, then two



pulls to rinse off.

Lala's maiden name was Anderson. This meant she had to go first at everything because her last name started with an A. She had to go first at getting shots as well as be the first person for KP (Kitchen Patrol). She had the first KP and that day the grease trap had to be cleaned. "A grease trap is like a big trap with a wooden door. I would say 4x4," Lala described to me. She used a pail with a stick on the end and got on her hands and knees leaning over the trap. She lowered the pail into the trap and scooped the grease that was lying on top of the water. Next Lala brought the bucket full of grease out of the trap and dumped the grease into a barrel that was on the side. When someone was on KP, they had to wear a bonnet, so of course Lala was wearing one. When Lala was leaning over the grease trap, her hat fell in the trap! ". . .that was the most funniest thing because everyone around me was just standing there laughing! They were laughing so hard I started to laugh!" she reflected.

When they were in the jungle, different companies arranged a dance in a tent. Lala put a parachute on the ceiling, and that kept the heat from coming right down through the cabin. "When we took it down it would be like a hot, hot sauna, that heat came down so fast on you," she explained. Every month they got a case of beer, but they were saving it up for their Christmas party. "Someone brought pure alcohol and we would cut it down with lemon juice. . ." Lala explained to me. Sometimes they received packages with crackers and cheese and other items that their family and friends sent them.

If they wanted to go out on a date, they had to go with another "couple" as there had to be two couples at all times. One couple had to write the other couple's names down on a piece of paper. The paper was then brought to the MP gate before 3:00 in the afternoon. When one couple arrived at the gate in the evening and was ready for the date, they had to wait in a room for the other couple to arrive. On their date, one thing they could do was go to a movie. The movie would be shown on a piece of canvas down on the bank of a hill. Whoever was watching the movie placed GI blankets on the ground at the top of the hill where they watched the movie.

Although Lala got comfortable with being away from home, she missed the Upper Peninsula and her friends. She often wondered what they were doing at that moment and she wished she was at home. "On Saturday night all us girls used to go to the dances, there was Kelly's Slide. . .The Wagon Wheel. . .Blueberry Inn. . .I missed going out with the girls all the time, I missed my mother," she explained.

There were two types of natives in New Guinea: those that lived by the water and those that lived in the

jungle. Those that lived by the water built huts. Lala thought that the natives in the jungle were more civilized than the natives by the water. When Lala and other girls visited the natives in the jungle, they had to walk a great distance. The jungle natives liked to build villages where there was a creek or river going around or through their village. There was always a handmade fence made out of bamboo going around the village. "It was very pretty," Lala said as she described the village to me. The men sat and wove sheets of 6x4 palmweed pieces and then stacked them up for the women to carry to places where there was need for a roof. "One of them would be the chief. . . he'd always sit in his



Lala in the jungle visiting with friends.

hut in the doorway. We used to bring him phonograph records. . .they could put them on their huts. . .and safety pins, they would stick them in their nose!" Lala said laughing. Lala had atagreen tablets to take for malaria. One day, Lala took some tablets and a bucket of water with her when she visited the village. She and the other girls showed the natives that when something was put in the water that had the atagreen tablets in it, it turned green. Well, the natives put this in their hair. "Their hair would turn green!" Lala chuckled.

Lala took some Lifesavers over to New Guinea from the United States, but they were not hard and crystalized because of the moisture. When Lala was visiting the natives, she brought her Lifesavers with her and gave some to the little kids running around. She accidentally dropped one on the ground, and a little boy went to grab it. Because it was dirty Lala put her boot over it so they wouldn't eat it. As soon as she moved her boot, the boy dug and found it and still ate it; this showed that such candy was a treat even when covered with dirt.

Sometimes Lala would be sitting in the jungle and a two and a half foot lizard would drop on her lap! She courageously said, "but they didn't hurt you." Apparently, a person could get used to being in the jungle! The rain came down in buckets over in New Guinea; it would rain for 10-15 minutes and then everything dried again in an hour or so.

Lala and other women believed that Tokyo Rose was indeed Amelia Earhart. "Every time they would locate where they were broadcasting from, they would find something of Amelia Earhart's. . .she knew everything about everybody, she knew your name, she'd tell you your name of the town you lived in, your friends, everything!" said Lala describing Tokyo Rose's knowledge.

Lala's commanding officers, who were all women, were described as mannish and very stern. "They definitely wanted you to respect them," Lala stated. Lala said there was never any trouble or fighting amongst the women. She emphasized that having problems would be really unusual and that they all got along really well.

A form of malaria, called Dengue Fever, made Lala sick. "It's a rot that comes on your legs. . .it makes deep scars," explained Lala. She has had this for many years, but it is not contagious. Sometimes in the summer the heat affects it and makes it worse, so she has to put salve on it. Lala was put in the 51st Letterman Hospital in New Guinea for about a month. She was next sent to the United States and was put in Percy Jones Hospital in Grand Rapids, Michigan. She was hospitalized for a whole year because there was no bridge to get to the Upper Peninsula for a visit. If someone wanted to get to the Upper Peninsula, they had to go around the bottom of Lake Michigan and through Wisconsin and into the Upper Peninsula or take the ferry across the Straits of Mackinac. When Lala got out of Percy Jones Hospital, they let her go home for one month to recuperate further.

After Lala recovered she was sent to Truax Field in Madison, Wisconsin, as a parachute rigger. There was a point system for discharge from the service, and a person could get discharged based on the number of points accumulated. Overseas duty earned more points than serving in the states. Lala had the most points when they totaled them up because of her overseas duty in New Guinea.

Lala was the first one sent to Fort Sheridan in Illinois for discharge because she had the most points. When she got there, she threw her orders in a big garbage can so they could look at her orders and go home. When someone else came to be discharged, they just threw their orders on top of hers in the can. Lala's orders soon were buried on the bottom of the can! Finally, after staying three weeks in the barracks, waiting to be discharged she asked, "where's my orders?" Finally, they dug around and found them. A few days later Lala was shipped home.

The hardest part of her service was in New Guinea. "There was no place for men, much less women. . .and

a man I always feel has a stronger mind than a woman," said Lala. Lala felt very proud to be in the Air Force. Lala received some badges, the Bronze Star, a Good Conduct Medal, and the Asian-Pacific Badge. One of her brothers was in the anti-aircraft division and her other brother was in the Navy. When Lala's mother wrote a letter to them, she wrote one letter and made a photostatic copy of it and then filled in the name. "I think she was quite proud that she had three kids in the service," Lala stated. She saw a lot of the world because she was in the service. She saw New Caledonia, Australia, and San Francisco, places she would not have seen if she wasn't in the service.

Lala's unforgettable experience comes to her like a big dream which she sometimes feels it is. Her amazing journey in the Army made her the person that she is now. Lala shared with me the reason why the victor of the war was the United States, "With the cooperation of all the United States and all the people, including children, bringing their dimes to school for the Savings Bonds. . .it helped, and that's what pulled it all through, the cooperation, working together." That's what America is about.

— Kathleen Sheridan

A LONE YOOPER

I was wondering what was the worst part of military life. The answer I got from Phil Ombrello is one a lot of us would never have thought of. "Well I think it was getting mail," he stated. He said it was hard to get mail and "sometimes you lay there thinking of your mother and father and friends." After hearing this, I felt totally different about war and battles.

Mail was probably very important to Phil because when the war started, he went to basic training at Camp Elliot, California, a long way from home. After two months of training, Phil was sent to the Pacific Regiment. While in the Pacific, he was the only one from the Upper Peninsula stationed there until Hank Skewis, who later had the Marquette County Courthouse named after him, showed up. Phil warned Hank to be careful. However, while they were in the battlefield, Hank got hit in the knee by a shell. Phil saw him go down and told nearby soldiers to help him get Hank, and they put him on a stretcher. Hank wanted to be left there, but he was removed from the area. "Machine gun bullets just nippin at our heels," said Phil. "When they got the injured man back, the paramedic took over. They had to amputate it (his leg); it was just hanging there. He wanted me to say the rosary for him and he wasn't even Catholic, but he turned Catholic when he got home," Phil stated.

Having never been shot, Phil was healthy most of his time in the Pacific except when he had an appendix attack right on the battlefield. The guys were calling him chicken when he said he could not go on. The paramedic came and set up a tent right away. In the field where he was operated on, bullets were whisping by and bombs were landing. Phil said, "I could hear the air raid siren. They had me strapped down on a stretcher. . . ." Phil recuperated for about three weeks before he returned to action.

Phil told me about how soldiers carried their whole lives on their backs. The Marines, when first arriving in the Pacific region, transported heavy backpacks which included things such as sleeping bags and gas masks through the thick jungle. After the first few days, they got rid of almost all of it except for C-rations, a canteen, and their guns.

One time Phil was on the push, which is a major attack with all the force you have. During battle, the soldier using the flame thrower got shot. The major in charge told Phil to pick that weapon up and use it; he did not want to but when they got an order they followed it to the best of their ability. Phil said fire was the only way to get rid of the Japs. Marines had to drop fire bombs exploding fire throughout the land and they used flame throwers. Phil's regu-



lar gun was a M-1 rifle, a semi-automatic gun.

Phil served in the Marines for four years, and he remembers the last day of his war days. "They put the Army in there, and they sent us to China. We went to China and all we done was rest," remembers Phil. Even after the war was over, Phil remembers the Japanese kept on fighting in some areas. They arrived in China for the rest of the small squalls. When they were at a rest area, as Phil called them, they used to play baseball and even set up basketball courts. When I asked if there were any fights or quarrels between the men, Phil replied, "We had some good times and had some pretty rough times but the good times we had made up for the rough."

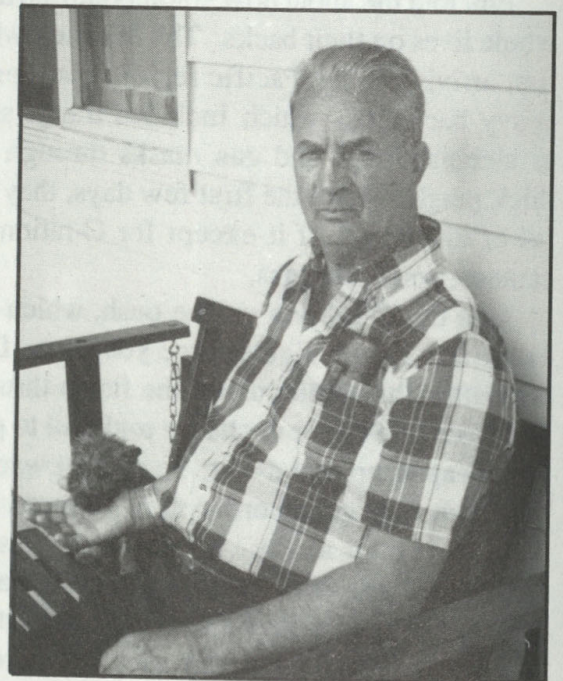


Phil enlisted from October of 1942 until January of 1946. He was a corporal cook. The only time he did cook was when he was in rest areas. In battle they would eat C-Rations. The thing that Phil remembers is that it was his country he was standing up for, both what he believed in and his country. His parents did not want him to join the Marines because he was one of thirteen kids and Phil's parents did not want to lose any.

After the war Phil came home to work for Cleveland Cliffs at several mines: the Mather B and Republic, as well as the Tilden Mine. He and his wife, Louise Umbrella, have four children. He now plays pinochle every day and cribbage on Thursday nights.

I enjoyed the interview as an experience that I will remember. The words spoken of war made me feel differently, and I will always think of how hard it must have been to serve in this major war. What those men had to experience! I would like to end this story by thanking my Uncle Phil (Fish) Ombrello who gave up a little of his time for this story.

— Steve Bertucci



PROUD TO SERVE MY COUNTRY

“Everyday is a battle in itself; you just live day to day.” These words were spoken by Mr. Wesley “Bud” Jennings as he reminisced about memories and stories, some joyful, some painful, of his involvement and experiences in World War II.

Wesley Jennings was born on May 15, 1922, in Negaunee, Michigan. His father, Wesley, Sr., was a miner, and his mother, Tina, was a housewife. He was one of seven children.

In 1941, which was the year Mr. Jennings graduated from high school, World War II began. At that time he was not too concerned about the United States entering the war in Europe and Asia. He first heard of the attack on Pearl Harbor while playing pool with friends at Miller’s Pool Room in Negaunee.

Mr. Jennings had a deferment because he was working in the mine as a motorman. He asked the captain to revoke his deferment, but the captain insisted that he had to stay. Mr. Jennings then wrote a letter to the draft board saying that he wanted to enlist, but if he quit his job he would not have it to come back to. Two days later he received notice to report for induction.

Mr. Jennings had never been away from home when he left for basic training. He said, “I thought I was going to be a pretty lonely guy, and I was.” He received his basic training at Camp Blanding, Florida, which was the largest infantry training camp in the nation.

Mr. Jennings explained that basic training was pretty rough. After basic training, because he was going overseas immediately, he got a five day delay route. He went home for two days, and he married Virginia. Two years went by before he saw her again.

Mr. Jennings served in the Army from 1943 to January of 1946. He was in the 36th Infantry Division, 141st Regiment, Company B. Most of his time in the military was in combat. He found it very unpleasant. He was a rifleman using all the basic infantry weapons, and he even had to operate the flame thrower at times. He also had amphibious training and later made two amphibious landings.

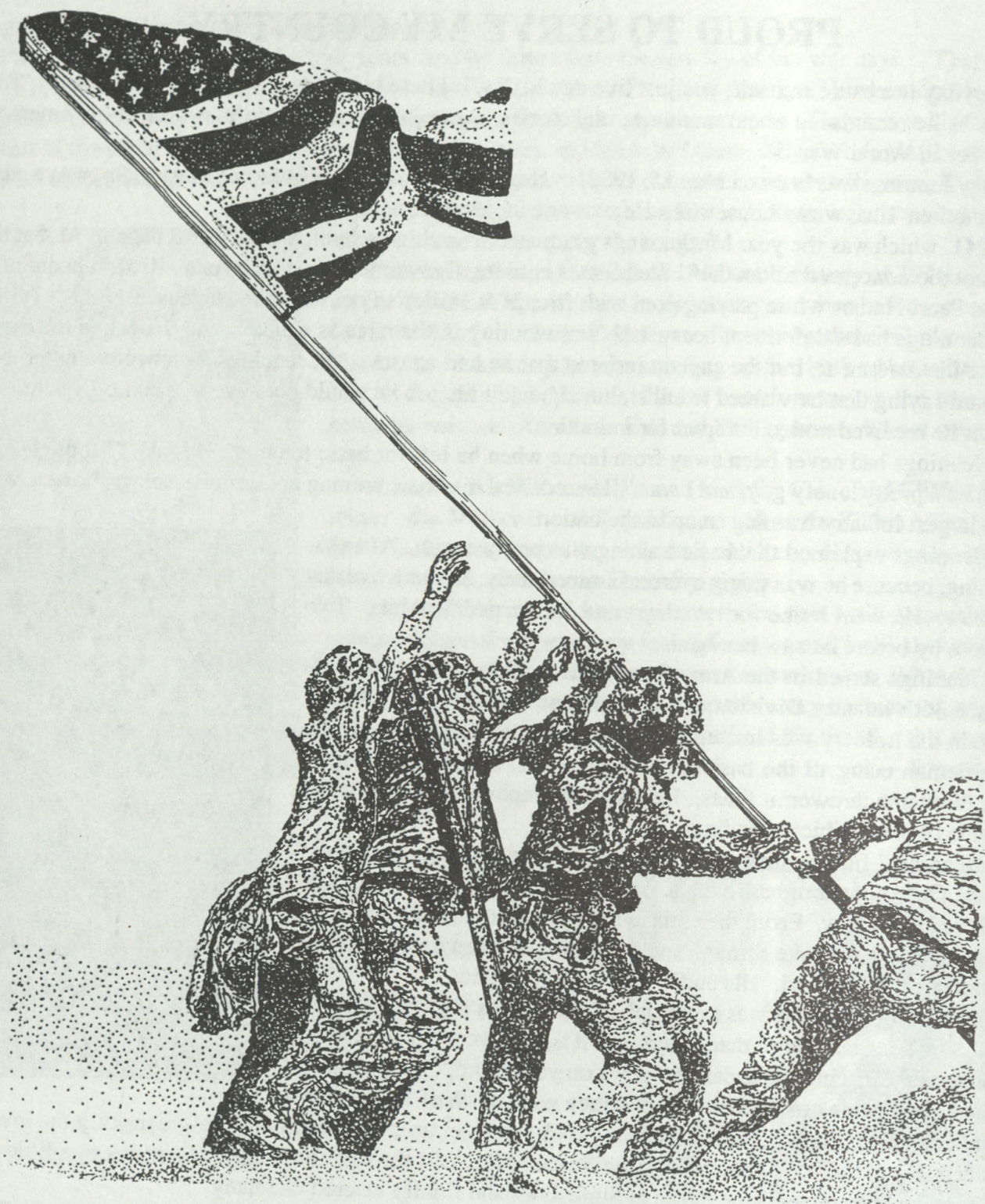
Mr. Jennings’ first combat experience was two days after he arrived overseas. One of the toughest battles, he remembered, was at the Repido River Crossing in Italy. From there his unit went to Mount Cassino, then to Anzio, where they broke through and muscled into a canal which led to a little town called Velletri. His outfit was the first to arrive.

“The most difficult part was every day combat. This is very hard on a person. Some can take more than others, but it is very, very difficult to go from day to day. Facing these dangers plays on your mind,” Mr. Jennings explained. Following company relief after they were north of Rome, they were pulled back to Naples, Italy, where they took weeks of amphibious training before making the invasion of Southern France. They went through the Rome Valley and through the Vosges Mountains to a little place called Epinal. They crossed the Rhine at Strausburg and finally entered Germany.

While overseas, Mr. Jennings had malaria and was slightly wounded, for which he was awarded a Purple Heart. He was later reclassified for light duty. Consequently, for the last two months, he was in the Military Police.

Mr. Jennings had a brother that was in the 5th Marine Division who was wounded seriously at Iwo Jima. He is living yet today. A good friend from Negaunee, Bob Matthews, was killed in the landing in Southern France. Mr. Jennings stated, “I really didn’t feel that I wanted to spend any more time than necessary in the





Iwo Jima, the site of the famous flag raising by American troops was where Mr. Jennings brother was wounded.

military, especially in the infantry, and I realized that all of us that served in the war whether we were in the infantry, or any other parts of the Army, or the Navy, or Marines, or Air Corps, we did our part, and I think it's one of the highlights of our life."

Mr. Jennings stated he had some fond memories, too. He recalls one New Year's Eve night hearing the German soldiers singing Christmas songs. Soon the American side began to sing. There were no shots fired that night. He has seen many famous people such as Winston Churchill, Harry Truman, and Joseph Stalin. He met a lot of nice people but lost many good friends. He said these people are the ones he thinks about the most. He also met a lot of nice little kids and said that is what he liked more than anything. He has many photographs of little kids from Italy and France, kids that had tough going, and he still thinks of them. "War certainly changes your life. I don't think I'll ever be the same," he reflected.

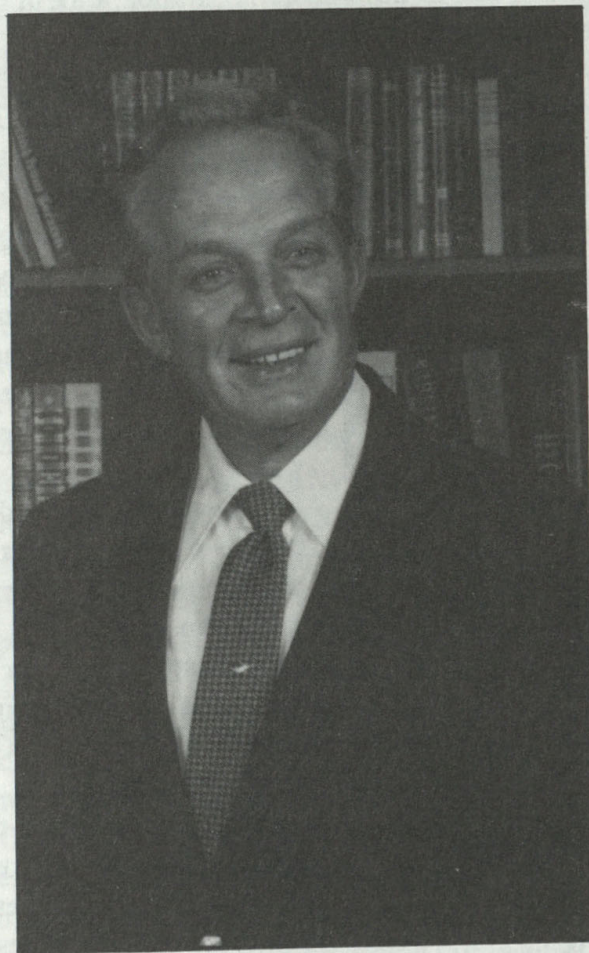
When asked about his commanding officers, he said some were good and some were bad. Most of them did not last too long because they were easy targets. Snipers could pick them out very easily because of their insignia on their hats. "These people were the cream of the country. Smart, good people, but unfortunately a lot of them did not survive," Mr. Jennings stated.

Mr. Jennings feels the war had a traumatic effect on the whole world. "I think it was something that had to be done and we and most of the world did what had to be done," he stated.

Mr. Jennings was in Brussels, Belgium, when he heard the war was over. Surprisingly enough, there was no celebration. At that time everyone was just thankful that it was over.

Homecoming was a very happy occasion for Mr. Jennings, his wife, and family. After serving in the war from 1943 to 1946 he stated, "I'll never forget it."

— Tony Barbieri



WHY WAR?

When I recently met with my great-grandmother, Wilma Rudness, I discovered it was difficult for mothers, wives, and family members during World War II. Many things were in short supply. She mentioned, "Everyone had to be very thrifty with their stamps for rationed items and abide by their allowance."

During World War II families obtained stamps of different categories and colors. "They each had different point values. When you used up your points, it was very difficult to get any more stamps unless you could prove that it was a dire need," recalls Grandma.

Different stamps were used to buy war bonds. The children bought the stamps at their school for ten cents a piece. The children saved the stamps in folders. A certain number of filled folders enabled them to buy a war bond. Twenty-five cent stamps were also sold.

Grandma recalled canning and pickling the large supply of vegetables they had from their victory garden. Grandma mentioned, "Victory gardens really did help the food situation immensely. Everyone had gardens during the growing season." Grandma also recalled that there were many foods rationed. When I asked what foods or items were rationed, she said, "Coffee was one. Of course that we could get along without if we had to. Meats and sugar were rationed. There were so many things . . . it's hard to recall." Grandma also said the most difficult part of food rationing was "probably the meats because we could always have vegetables grown in the summer." Butter was also rationed, and it was often replaced with oleo. As Grandma recalled, "In those days you could not buy oleo that was already colored. We bought white oleo that had a little . . . jell-like bean containing the color, which had to be pricked . . . It took a lot of creaming to distribute the color evenly. We all learned to use oleo because we could not have the butter."

Grandma also stated that recycling materials was a big help to the war effort. "We saved fats and turned them in and these were used to make bombs," explained Grandma. When Grandma's family emptied a tin can, they removed the label, washed it out, dried it well, and flattened it by stepping on the cans. Grandma's family always had bags full of cans ready to be taken away. Grandma added laughingly, "I remember flattening many a tin can." She is currently a recycler of newspapers, glass, plastic, tin cans, and aluminum. Children were also very interested in helping the war effort. They were so thrilled when they got their folders filled.

They also helped ration and recycle. "They were very patriotic," said Grandma. I realized from this statement that children also learned a way to feel a part of the war effort to balance the fact that relatives or friends' lives were in danger.

Grandma's husband, Gunnard, not wishing to put his life in danger, took a defense job. Family men were not drafted if they were employed in any defense effort. Grandpa Gunnard had a job in Escanaba, Michigan, constructing a dock which could be used in the event the ore docks in Marquette, Michigan, were bombed by the enemy. Grandma wondered what if that too were bombed.

Despite the bomb threat, Grandma remembered women gathering in groups to make things and gathering items for the soldiers and nurses. Items that were gathered included shoes, nylons, and nonperishables. She also recollects the women making gauze bandage



The Rudness family 1990. Left to right, top to bottom: Willard, Carol (Cardone), Don, Gunnard (d. 1992) and Wilma.

packs and gauze-filled sponges for the wounded. The women also put together packages of nonperishable foods such as canned goods, powdered eggs, etc. Grandma was told by a nurse friend that the only food items the soldiers and nurses were given before being shipped to a distant island were dry biscuits and water, which Grandma was horrified to hear.

Although the community was worried about what would happen to the soldiers and nurses, they found comfort in joining clubs. At the clubs, "Inductees gathered to socialize and partake of doughnuts and coffee or soft drinks and to dance with the women who attended. People gathered in neighborhoods for prayer for our service men and women in praying that the war would soon end," remembers Grandma. People walked to these gatherings because gas rationing was also in effect at that time.

Grandma said, "People depended on public transportation an awful lot and our cars were used primarily for important trips like to the doctors or hospitals." When people were walking to and from places, they had time to think about their friends and family being so far from home.

When I asked Grandma how she coped, she responded, "Well, the way I, my siblings, and parents coped with my brother being so far away and in danger was to pray constantly for his safety and his soon return." Grandma's family also kept a steady correspondence going. Grandma and her family never knew just where he brother was as he had an A.P.O. address. "We wrote as often as we could. He wrote as often as he could," Grandma stated. Her brother's mail was sent free. Grandma is happy to say he returned safely and was never wounded. Grandma later learned that the destroyer her brother was on followed the mine sweeper on D-Day.

Grandma said how she thought not only each individual was affected, but how the nation as a whole was affected. "Well, after the war we all learned that when a real need exists, we can make sacrifices and do it much more than we've been accustomed to. We also learned how soon supplies can be exhausted in a crisis such as a war. The nation as a whole seemed drawn together, but as we know that did not last."

One part of the war era that Grandma remembers most was the songs composed and phrases used. Some of the songs Grandma listed were, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," "Rosie the Riveter," "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy," and whenever Grandma hears "White Christmas" by Bing Crosby, she thinks of that era. Grandma also recalls a popular group, Purple Sage. Grandma remembers hearing the phrase "Jeepers Creepers" all over the place after the jeep had been manufactured.

One of the places that the phrase was probably heard was at welcome home parties. "These were held in many homes and there was a great feeling of jubilation all over," added Grandma. There was great gratitude that many returned whole and much sadness for those less fortunate — some never returned and others returned badly maimed for life.

Grandma had a great feeling of relief when the war was over. "Some I knew never came back, and that saddened me greatly. I thank God for many answered prayers in behalf of my brother. The community was very impressed with the bravery of our men and women. The men didn't show their fear or sadness. They knew it was a duty they had to do and we were very proud of them," related Grandma.

Grandma had mixed feelings about the atomic bomb being dropped. She felt anger at President Truman, and grief for the citizenry of Japan who had no part in their leaders declaring war on us. However, some of

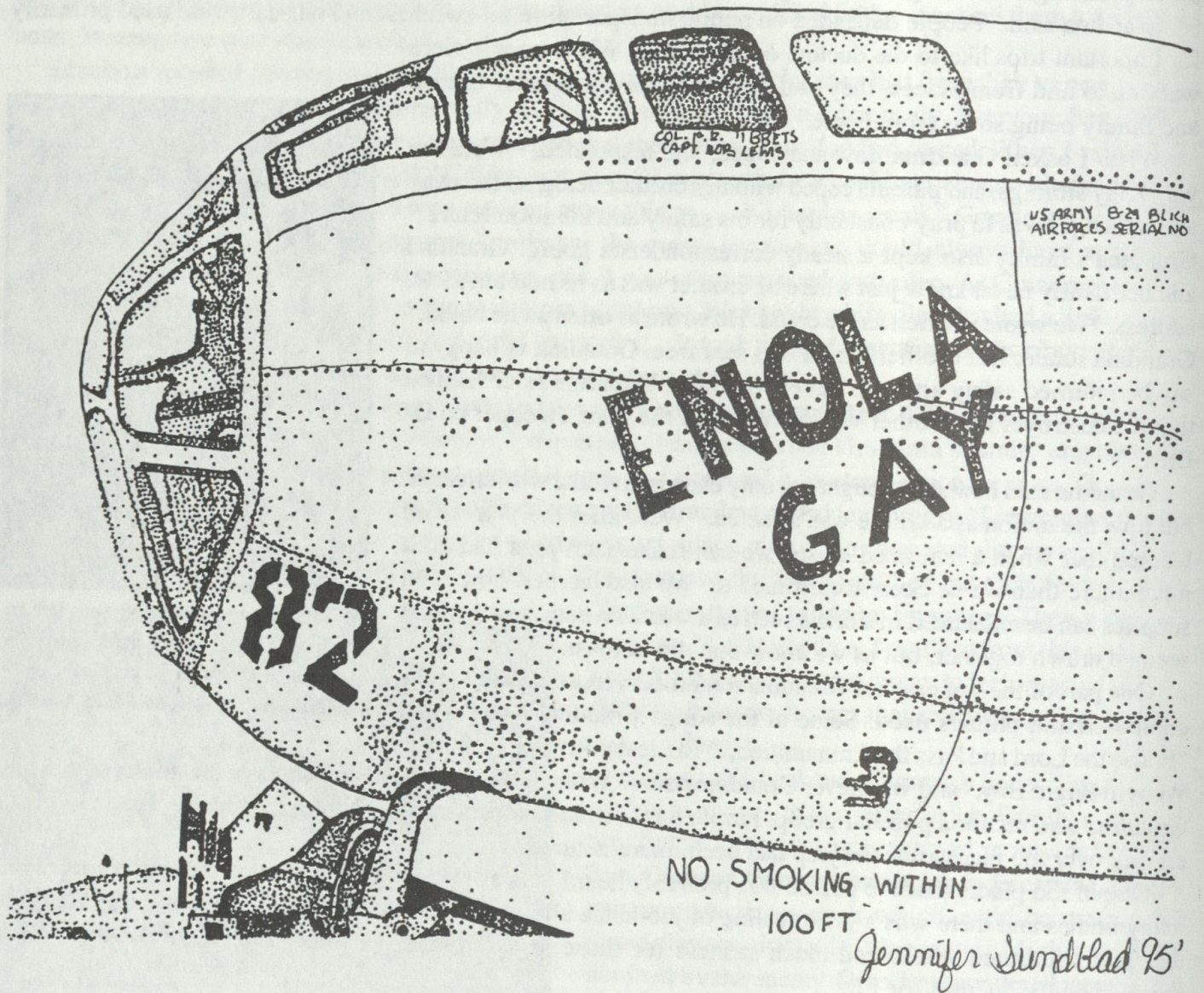


Wilma Rudness with sisters left to right: Helga, Wilma and Jenny in the late 1920s in Marquette by their home on Presque Isle Avenue.

these feelings were defused into thoughts that large numbers of our own service men and women's lives were saved by this horrible deed. Grandma still wonders if there could have been another way to end the war.

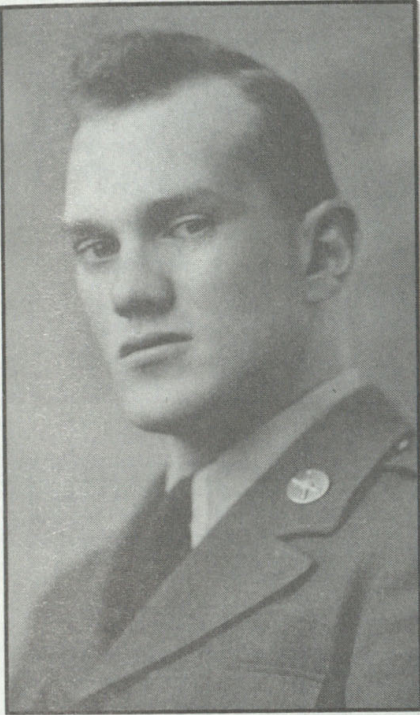
From the interview with my Grandma, I learned that everyone was willing to pitch in and work for a common good cause and to make all necessary sacrifices. I felt that there was a great feeling of camaraderie at that time.

— Jennifer Sundblad



SOMEBODY HAD TO STOP THEM

"It was the right thing to do at that time, and I would have felt terrible if I hadn't been able to do it," was the answer Henry Rundman gave when asked how he felt about serving in the military during World War II.



Mr. Rundman in uniform, 1943.

Henry Rundman, my grandpa, was born on June 3, 1921, in Ishpeming, Michigan. He was drafted into the military on January 7, 1943, to serve in World War II. When asked if he felt it was possible for the U.S. to stay out of the war, he responded, "I didn't think it was possible since the Germans had taken over so much of Europe. Somebody had to stop them." Grandpa was the only person from a family of eleven to enter the service.

Grandpa did his basic training at Camp Davis, North Carolina. He was activated as a member of the 391st AAA battalion. Grandpa's training consisted of drills, exercises, clean-up detail, and general training. He trained with the Bofors forty millimeter anti-aircraft guns and fifty caliber water-cooled machine guns.

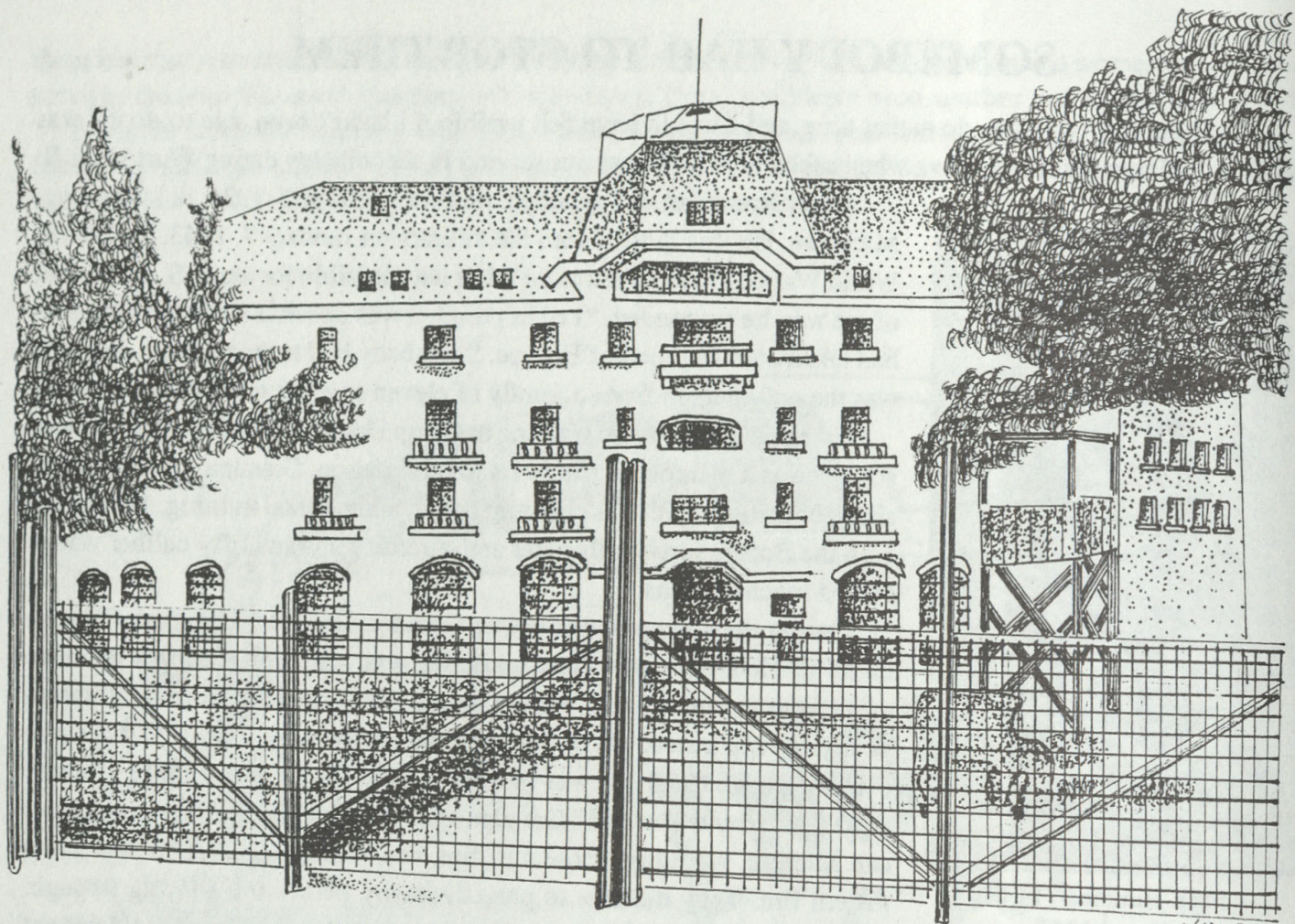
During the early part of the war, Grandpa crossed the English Channel on an English ship into Normandy. He was stationed a couple of miles away from the front lines. When Grandpa landed on the Normandy shore, he had to help unload all of the guns and set them up. "They had guns all over the place. Really, it was like the Fourth of July every night when all those guns would blast off," Grandpa said. Grandpa, along with other American soldiers, would get orders to fire, not at anything certain, but just a pattern fire. They did this to prevent enemy planes from flying through. They also had barrage balloons set up so that dive bombers could not get

through. Grandpa remembered Newton's theory, "Whatever goes up, must come down," as he talked about all the shrapnel that fell from the sky from the guns. Grandpa figures that eight to ten people were killed everyday just from falling shrapnel.

Grandpa had one close brush with death while he was in Normandy, but it was not during battle. He and his friend decided to clean the machine gun because the regular machine gunners were not there. They had to take it apart and clean it out. Grandpa was standing in front of the gun putting the collar on it. The collar slipped out of his hands and fell to the ground. Grandpa bent down to pick it up, and at that moment the gun fired. "If I had been standing in front putting the collar on, I would have been shot," said my grandpa.

From Normandy, Grandpa was relocated to Mondorf, Luxembourg. In Mondorf, Grandpa had to guard Nazi war criminals in the elegant Palace Hotel, which had been converted to a prison. To convert the hotel to a prison, Grandpa and the other guards knocked out all of the windows and replaced them with bars, set up guard towers, and covered the area with huge drapes because no one was supposed to know what was going on.

Grandpa guarded a total of fifty men. Some of these men were: Herman Goering, Albert Kesselring, and Von Ribbentrop. Grandpa thinks that Herman Goering was the most notorious. When Goering went to the prison, he walked in with eleven suitcases. Goering could speak perfect English so he sometimes nagged the guards. One time, Goering had a ring stolen from him, and he made a big fuss about it. All of the guards,



Palace Hotel, Luxembourg, used as a prison during war.

KATIE
STREJM

including Grandpa, had to walk through a room single file, and if one of them had the ring they were supposed to put it in a box. Evidently, someone returned the ring because Grandpa did not hear anything about it after that. The guards had to make sure the ring was returned because they did not want the prisoners saying they got robbed by the Allies. Another thing Grandpa had to watch for was that the prisoners did not commit suicide. Hans Frank, one of the prisoners, tried to commit suicide by slashing his throat and wrist. His attempt was not successful, and he was placed under very close supervision.

While he was in France, the French government added a bonus to his pay. Grandpa received about seventeen dollars a month extra, but others got more or less, depending on their rank.

Nazi war criminals were not the only people Grandpa guarded during World War II. Near the end of the war, Grandpa guarded American soldiers in the stockades of France. When I asked Grandpa why he was guarding Americans, he simply answered, "You always got some characters that will be characters all their lives, I guess." The prisoners Grandpa was guarding were American soldiers who committed crimes while they were in Europe. Grandpa heard that the war was over while he was guarding the Americans, and he wondered how long it would be until he got home.

When Grandpa returned from the war, he married Dorothy Lammi and they had two children, Julie and Kurt. Grandpa now has seven grandchildren. Some of the things that Grandpa enjoys doing are reading,

watching ball games, and spending time at his cabin where he likes to swim and go boating.

It was a pleasure to interview my Grandpa, but it was also a learning experience. I learned the specific duties that Grandpa had in the war and the general idea of what it is like to serve in the military. I learned of the courage and bravery it takes to fight in a war. These people sacrificed all of the amenities they had at home, left behind their friends and families, and some even sacrificed their lives! They did this all so other people could have freedom — people that they never even met before.

— *Katie Stream*



Hank and Dorothy Rundman and Tigger, July 4, 1988.

NECESSARY EVIL

Mr. Lloyd Kroon was born September 2, 1926. He served in the United States Army as a member of the quartermaster in the Philippine Islands. He also worked in a Japanese prison camp. When talking to him, I found it interesting that a person did not have to be in battle to play an important role in the military.

Mr. Kroon was only fifteen years old when he heard the news that Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, had been bombed by Japanese airplanes. He was alone in his home, listening to the radio, when he heard the fateful news. “. . . I went up and told my grampa. He wouldn't believe me. He said I was always telling stories,” said Mr. Kroon.



Lloyd Kroon with his father,
Ellsworth.

Mr. Kroon had to wait several years after the bombing to get his chance to serve. “I wanted to enlist in the Marines,” Mr. Kroon stated, “but my dad wouldn't sign, so I had to wait till I was drafted.” He left for the Army in January, 1945.

Mr. Kroon had his basic training at Fort McClellan, Alabama. He explained that in basic training, soldiers got in good physical shape. They learned to march, how to live in the woods, and did a lot of rifle range work. A humorous story Mr. Kroon related was when he was on maneuvers and had to go on a twenty-five mile hike. It was raining when they got to their destination at two o'clock in the morning. He and his partner first had to go dig their own foxhole before they could go to bed in their tents. Mr. Kroon dug his and went to bed. About an hour later he woke up, and his partner had fallen asleep in his foxhole, with about a foot of water in there!

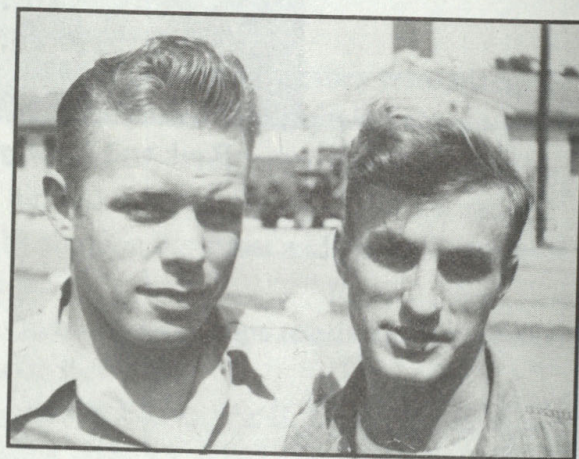
In basic training, Mr. Kroon used a variety of weapons. One was the bazooka. “. . . I liked bazookas,” said Mr. Kroon. He explained that it was six or seven feet long. He first put it on his shoulder before he aimed it. A

partner put in the shell, hooked up some wires, and Mr. Kroon pulled the trigger. He also used mortars, .30 caliber machine guns, and M-1 carbines, which he used overseas as well.

Life in the military was strict. “If you did wrong, you'd pay for it,” said Mr. Kroon. He explained to me that overseas life was not as strict as back in the United States. Mr. Kroon also stated that he did not like the strict discipline. “But that's the way they taught people I guess. A necessary evil,” replied Mr. Kroon.

Mr. Kroon also encountered a variety of jobs while serving. When he first went overseas to the Philippines, he was in the infantry. But after the war was over, Mr. Kroon was shipped to a different part of the island where he was transferred into the quartermaster. In the quartermaster, Mr. Kroon was in charge of all the food that the soldiers ate. “. . . it was all stacked up outside, right on the beach,” said Mr. Kroon.

Besides being in charge of all the food for the Army in the quartermaster, Mr. Kroon also handled six or seven Japanese prisoners. There was a Japanese prison camp at the same place where he was stationed. Mr. Kroon explained about an incident that happened while he was a member of the quartermaster. One day, a



Camp Bampbell, Kentucky, 1946.
Lloyd Kroon and Charlie Proctor

Japanese prisoner had eaten a case of salmon that was for the American soldiers. The culprit was found and was to be punished. The restriction was that the Japanese prisoner had to be punished Japanese style. Consequently, the prisoner stood at attention while a Japanese officer started beating him up. The officer slapped his face, kicked his legs, and punched his fingers into the prisoner's eyes, while the prisoner stood just as straight and as calm as he could be.

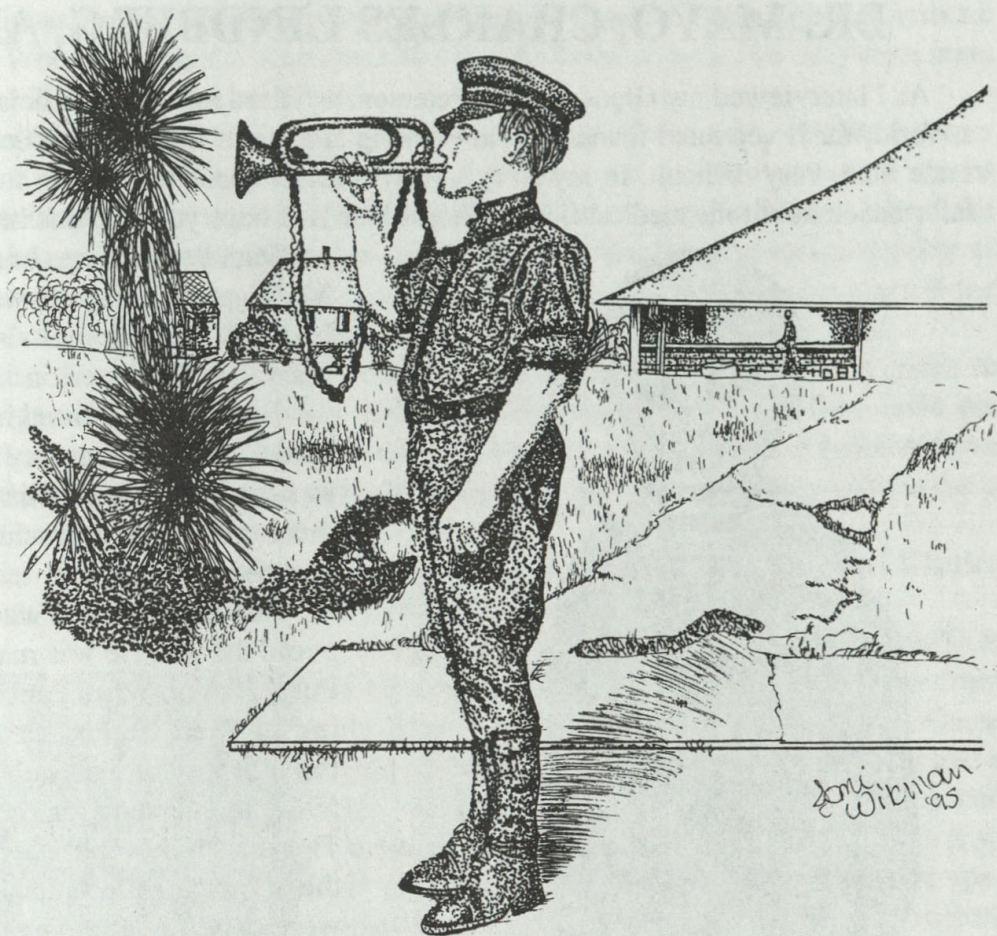
Another incident involving Japanese people happened in the United States. Mr. Kroon was in Portland, Oregon, on a training mission. The officers asked him and some other soldiers if they wanted a detail to do something. So Mr. Kroon had to go down to the port and help Japanese-American women and children onto a ship to send them back to Japan. "... I felt mad about that," Mr. Kroon said.

Mr. Kroon was awarded a few different awards while serving. He earned ribbons, such as the Asiatic Pacific Ribbon, the Philippines Liberation Ribbon, and the Good Conduct Ribbon, which he said everyone received. He also achieved the rank of Expert in rifle shooting. "I was second highest in our company," Mr. Kroon said proudly.

When I asked Mr. Kroon about how he thought the war affected the United States, he replied that he felt the war pulled the nation together. "Oh yeah. People stuck together," stated Mr. Kroon. When I asked him about what the United States did for the nations of Europe and Asia after the war, he stated that he felt the United States really built some of the nations back up to power. He explained how in France, the United States had the Marshall Plan which supplied food and restored their nation. He also explained how the United States really rebuilt West Germany, and how West Germany started sending a lot of manufactured machine parts to the U.S. "I saw that in the plants when I was a John Deere dealer," said Mr. Kroon, "... Every one, made in West Germany, made in West Germany."

In the years since the war, Mr. Kroon has kept himself busy. Right after Mr. Kroon got out of the Army, he and his father began logging. He has logged all his life. Mr. Kroon and his wife, Patricia, have three children, Douglas, Donna, and Pam. In his spare time, Mr. Kroon likes to hunt and fish and spend time at his camp.

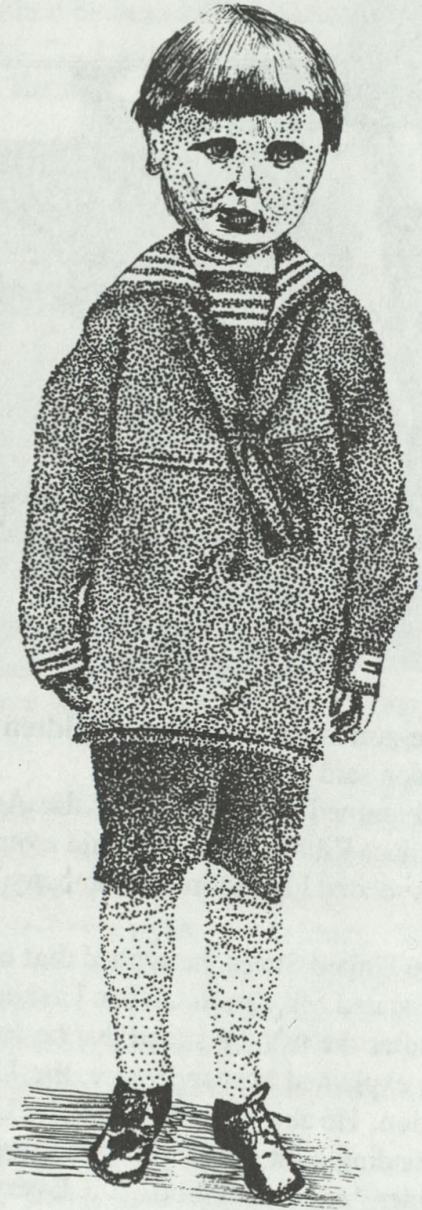
I am thankful to Mr. Kroon for telling to me about his wartime experiences. I thought it was interesting that since there were so many jobs in the military to perform, a person did not have to fight on the battlefield to serve our country.



— Brad Harvala

DR. MAYO, CHARLES LINDBERG, AND GRANDPA

As I interviewed my Grandpa, Paul Peterson, a retired medical technician at Bell Memorial Hospital and a World War II veteran, I found out that working in a lab or field hospital could be very interesting and at the same time, very difficult. In my story you will learn about working in a medical unit and other exciting information about the medical field in World War II. I hope you find this interview as exciting as I did.

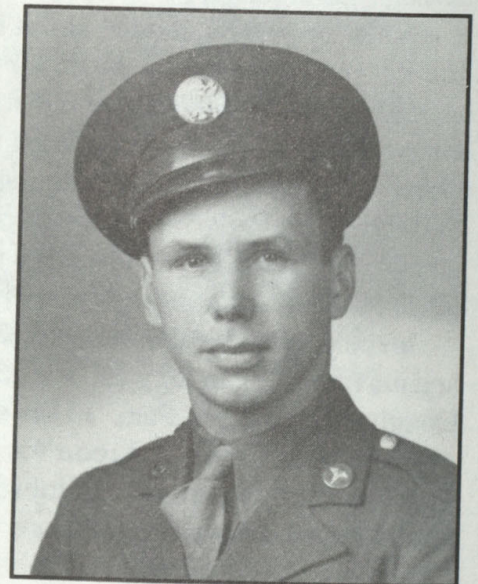


Paul Peterson was born on July 2, 1920, in Ishpeming, Michigan. His parents were John and Rose Peterson. He had five brothers and sisters: Don, Robert, Irene, Rosemary, and Sue Peterson.

Before Paul enlisted in the Army, he worked for Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company in their main office. He then went to school in Minneapolis at Northwest Institute and from there took a year internship at a hospital in Maryville, Tennessee.

Paul thought there was no way the United States could avoid the war. He was really provoked by the bombing of Pearl Harbor. When Paul heard about the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor, he was at home in Ishpeming. He thought very seriously about enlistment, and on August 7, 1942, he enlisted even though he was able to be deferred. The reason he could have been deferred was because of the shortage of technicians at Ishpeming Hospital; there were only two. Paul decided to enlist with hope of being assigned to the medics, which he was successful at doing.

After enlistment, Paul had to leave for basic training at Camp Pickett, Virginia. Paul wanted to be assigned to the medical corps because of his training as a lab technologist. He was also excited to learn which state of operations he would be in and whether it would be combat duty. Paul recalled that being away from home and meeting with people from all parts of the states was tough. Paul was offered the opportunity to attend officer's training



school, but he decided to remain in his field of medicine to gain additional experience.

When basic training ended, Paul was assigned to Charleston, South Carolina, to begin the activation of the 27th General Hospital. Paul was the only one from basic training in Camp Pickett, Virginia, and he won-

dered about his assignment. Paul was promoted from private to staff sergeant, and he was assigned to activate the medical lab for the hospital. When Paul went to start the 27th General Hospital, he found only three men. They were the First Sergeant, the Buck Sergeant, and Paul.

The location and building construction of the field hospital was very crude. There were wooden tarpaper shacks with wooden double bunks. Each building housed about fifteen men and had two potbellied stoves that were heated by coal. The toilet facilities and showers were in separate wooden buildings. All of the equipment for field and station hospitals was very portable so it could be packed and moved as quickly as possible. Such equipment included surgical, x-ray, lab, kitchen, and living quarters. Because they were in the tropics, all of the bunks required mosquito nets. The hospital area was about the size of three miles!

Paul had many specific duties. To name a few, he would escort some of the lab personnel by plane to Walter Reid Hospital in Washington, D.C. and Fittsimmons General Hospital in Denver so they could get additional studies and training. Lab personnel had to be trained to work with field equipment under adverse conditions, such as working in tents and in tropical weather. Training was also for special cases like malaria and parasites.

Paul worked in a very special and famous unit, the Mayo Unit. This unit was lead by Colonel Charles Mayo himself, Colonel Vaughn, a West Point graduate, and other medical doctors.



Mr. Peterson visiting with buddies during the war.

The medical doctors and nurses of the Mayo Unit were commissioned officers. They were sent from the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, to Camp Belvoir for their military training, which was just a few weeks long. They were very non-military and although they were very professional, they were easy to work with and friendly people. They were specialists in medicine, surgery, dental, and mental health.

Dr. Charles Mayo went to Paul's lab almost daily as his son-in-law, Dr. Balfour (Paul's boss), was their pathologist. Dr. Mayo would convene with Dr. Balfour to discuss lab and hospital problems with their pathologist. There is a museum at the Mayo Clinic where pictures and history of the unit is displayed. Paul still hears from Dr. Mayo, Dr. Balfour,

and some other people in the unit at Christmas time.

Many different conditions were treated at the hospital. For example, there were wounded soldiers, malarial and tropical parasitic infections, battle fatigue and psychiatric problems. They also had war tents for Japanese prisoners of war. The unit's lab duties were to draw blood and fluids and help in the patient diagnosis. They also had to type blood for transfusions. They had New Guinea natives to help build thatched huts and also used them to clear the grounds and spray the land with the solutions for anti-malarial control. These natives were very friendly and traveled there by foot every day. The natives had an average life span of thirty years. Most of them had parasitic infections and other diseases which the lab personnel would treat. The Japanese had treated these natives very badly.

Diseases were a huge problem. Some of the diseases were malarial and dengue fever, rashes caused by jungle heat, and vegetation allergies just to name a few. There was a lot of dysentery due to the poor refrigeration of food. Parasitic infections were also very common. Early treatment for malarial infections was quinine, but then a pill was made available which was called Atabrine. A soldier would take these pills once a day.

After taking this pill for a period of months, the skin became yellow and appeared jaundiced.

Supplying blood for transfusions was a problem. The lab often had to use universal type "O" blood without waiting for a crossmatch. At that time, all blood came in glass containers. At the start of the war, sulpha drugs were available, but then penicillin became available. Penicillin was not available throughout the war; therefore, mortality rates from infections were very high. Wounded soldiers or patients that could not be attended to would be evacuated, usually by air or ship, back to the states.

Paul was never involved in any battles, but being in a combat zone is just as scary as being in combat, Paul said. Once in a field hospital, they were strafed by a Japanese aircraft. One of Paul's most dangerous situations in the war was when he was traveling overseas, unescorted, on a ship of twelve thousand men and they were warned of Japanese subs. Also, the fog and rough waters of the Coral Sea, being in cramped conditions, and in an assault type ship was another dangerous situation.

Paul was never wounded, but he was hospitalized in Lae, New Guinea, with dengue fever. This fever is caused by a certain type of mosquito.

Paul's homecoming from the war was very emotional. He arrived in the states at Camp Anza in San Francisco. "Seeing the Golden Gate Bridge made one feel safe and excited," said Paul. "Being with family and friends was great," recalled Paul. When he reached Camp Anza, Paul and the rest of the troops were served meals by the SS troops from Germany, who were prisoners of war.

Paul's family had three sons in the war. His brother Robert was wounded when serving aboard a destroyer. He was attacked by German subs. His family displayed the flag with three stars in it which meant that three people in their family were serving in the war.

Serving in the war could be very humorous and fun at times, but most of the time it was very difficult and emotional. Paul's worst or most difficult time when serving in the war was when he was in New Guinea, not knowing if or when he would be going home. Paul missed his family, friends, and car, but he coped with it by playing sports, reading, and praying to return home.

There were also some unique situations like when Paul tested blood for the famous pilot Charles Lindberg. He also had many fond memories of the service such as the travel, the people, and the places he visited. Paul traveled by train across the states from Charleston, South Carolina to San Francisco, California. He then went on to Pearl Harbor, New Zealand, Australia, and New Guinea. He ended his duties in the Philippines at Clark Field. After this, Paul was discharged to go home.

The memory that stands out the most from Paul's wartime experiences was when he had heard that the atom bomb had been dropped. This meant the end of the war and that he could return home. Paul felt it was a great honor to serve his country and he has never regretted it. When I asked Paul how the war affected our nation as a whole as well as the nations of Europe and Asia, he replied, "It gave notice to the world, Europe, Asia, that we are the leaders and will continue to be that." Paul also added, "I hope that with the end of the cold war, we will never let our military get to a point where we can't defend ourselves."

As I interviewed my grandpa, I was very grateful and happy that he took the time to tell me about his wartime experiences. I now admire him for what he did in the war. Every time I look at him, I will now be impressed by what he did. Thanks Grandpa for taking the time to give us this great and interesting story.

— Heath Eliason



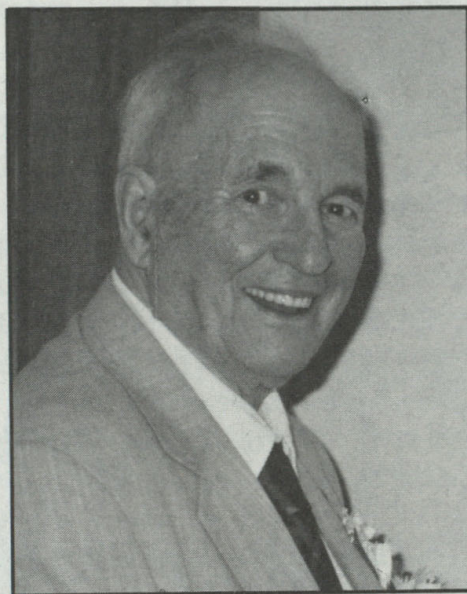
Mr. Paul Peterson with friend, Florence Wright.

MEMORIES OF WORLD WAR II

Most of the men in World War II communicated with their families by writing letters. Mr. John Armitage wrote letters, but he also wrote many poems in his spare time for his wife, Rose. Here is an example of one of his poems:

Thoughts of the Wife

As I lay here watching
The moonlight so bright
I can see your sweet face
And your smile so bright
Those lips so divine
That used to thrill me so
None other on earth dear
Did I ever know
I long for those arms
That held me so tight
And miss those sweet nothings
You told me each night
When I'd leave you each morning
All day I'd be blue
And counting the hours
Until I came back to you
I'm still counting those hours
And they grow day by day
Until once more I return dear
To your sweetheart forever to stay



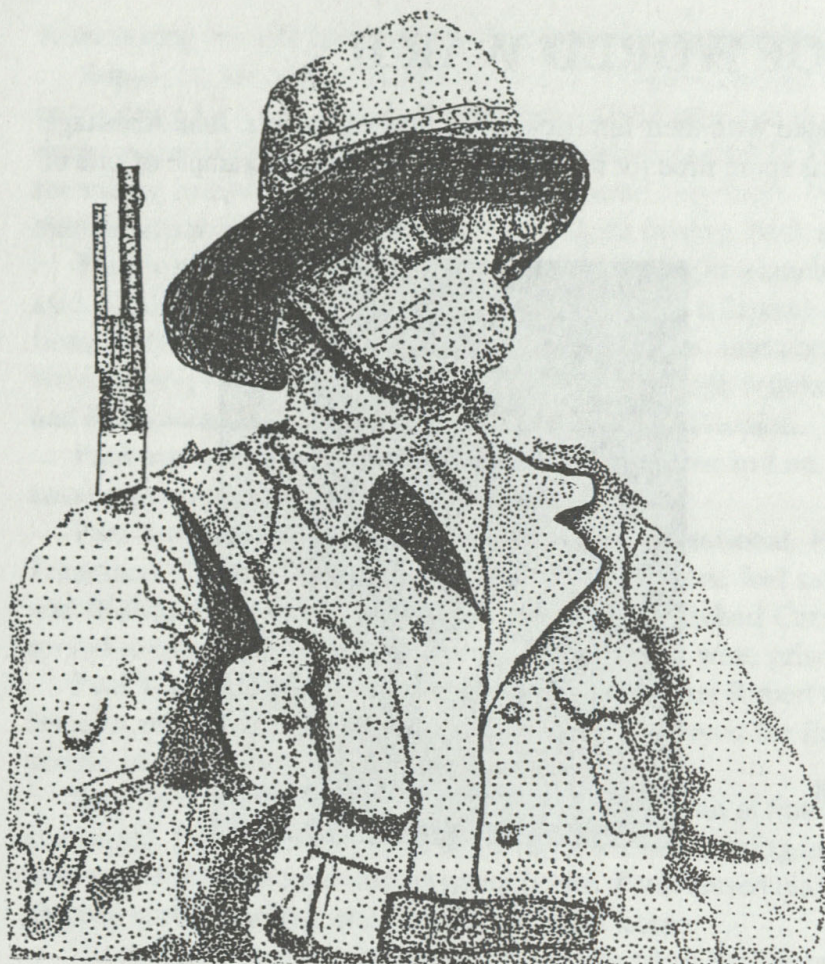
— John J. Armitage

John enlisted on October 15, 1940, because he had an accident with his car. He ran off of a culvert and said, "... this is it, I'm joining." After he enlisted, he was based at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, which is where he got his basic training. When I asked him to describe his experiences in basic training, he stated, "Well, in basic training I made a lot of friends, and I learned not to volunteer!" While John was stationed at Fort Bragg, he thought that the United States should just let the European countries fight it out. "... but then I figured I shouldn't think that way," explained John. He changed his mind deciding that if the United States let Hitler go, he could have taken over the world.

After John left North Carolina, he went overseas to go into battle. He was in a total of eight major battles. He was also in many smaller battles. John was in Africa first. While he was in Africa, he wrote a poem on July 1, 1943, called:

"On the Sands of Africa."

Just before the great battle
Out on the red desert sand
A boy stood and talked to the Chaplain
And he held a note in his hand



Soldiers wore goggles and masks to protect themselves from "khamsin" - hot African winds, during the war.

to talk about his experiences at D-Day because he would rather express his feelings through his poems.

After he left France, John went to Belgium, then Germany, then he was in the Battle of the Bulge, and finally he crossed the Rhine River at Remagen. When I asked John if he had any close friends wounded, he said, "Well, I had friends that were killed, and that's when I wrote that first poem. One of my buddies got killed and they shot the top of his head right off. That's why I hate to talk about them because like one time, one guy was lying there. His brain was in his hand and he was laying like this. See, that's what gets me. I still can't stomach it."

However, John had some good times in the war. He and his friends were always looking for something to drink. Everyone kept hollering at them saying, "You're going to get killed yet!" John and his friend used to search houses for things to eat or drink because a lot of times they were three to four days without getting any food. One time, John and his friend found eggs in a barrel where they had been put to preserve them. He fried up thirteen of them and also ate twelve to fourteen boiled ones. They ate very many eggs that day!

He wanted it censored and mailed
Only if he didn't return
He wanted it rushed to the address
In case of his death was learned

He fought in many a battle
But somehow he seemed to know
This was to be his last battle
But he was ready to go

For he had made peace with his maker
As he stood with his head bowed low
Now he is a resting
Somewhere up there I know

We found his dead on the hillside
His blood was spilled on the sand
For he fought for liberty's side
He died in a foreign land

— John J. Armitage

This poem was about one of John's friends that was killed in battle while he was in Africa.

While John was in Africa, he got a pet chimpanzee. He kept it when he went to Sicily, but was not allowed to keep it when he went to train troops in England.

After John left England, he went to Normandy, France, where he landed at Omaha Beach on D-Day. John did not want



John thinks the most difficult part of serving in the war was finding injured friends and picking them up. When I asked John how he got along with fellow soldiers, he said, "We were like brothers. If one got killed, it was like your brother getting killed." John has many memories from the war, but the memories that stand out most are about all of his friends that got killed. Out of over three thousand men, only thirteen came back alive! I was amazed when he told me that. John was scared sometimes in combat because he never knew when he was going to get hit. Sometimes he wondered why he did not get hit. Even though John lost many friends, he made a few lasting friendships. One man was from Niagara Falls, while another was from Massachusetts. He made friends with a man from Superior, Wisconsin, and one from Sioux Falls, South Dakota. They came to visit him a couple of times.

John had many different commanding officers. He told me a story about Lieutenant Potter. When John and his Lieutenant were going down this hill, a Frenchman said, "Don't go down there, the Jerry's are down there and they got the bridge out." Before they went down, the Lieutenant ran up on top of the hill to look down at the bridge. John was sent back to warn the others, but when he got up there, he saw the Lieutenant was shot through both legs. When John went back to report, they said, "Now we'll get the real story." When John told them what was out there, he said, "... they threw everything but the kitchen seat at them ..."

John was wounded twice. The first time he was hit, he was going to pick up some wounded soldiers. The second time he was wounded, he was on reconnaissance. During reconnaissance, John scouted ahead of the troops to determine enemy locations. He could not return to his unit until he was fired upon. When John looked up ahead, he saw a machine gunner. The kid that was with him said they had just passed up one. They were caught in a crossfire! John said, "... hit the ditch!" He forgot to disable the jeep so he ran back out to pull the wires. When he reached to pull the wires, he got hit in the elbow. John thought it was rifle fire, from when the bullet hit the jeep. It could have been shrapnel or an exploding shell because it was only a very small piece of metal.

John was in a hospital at Reims, France, recovering from his second wound when he first heard that the war was over. Everyone was so happy they were shooting off their rifles. John thought they were being invaded. After he recovered, he was held back for three weeks because he was assigned to Pacific training. John said, "When they gave me the go ahead, I got out of there so fast before they could change their mind!"

John won many medals and awards. He won the Purple Heart with a Bronze Cluster on it for being wounded twice. He also won a Stars to Victory Medal, a Good Conduct Medal, the American Defense Service Ribbon, a pin for invading Normandy on D-Day, and a medal for the European African Middle Eastern Theater Raid. John also has a German medal which he took from one of the German soldiers.

This poem is about all of John's experiences in battle. Even though most of John's memories of the war are bad ones, his poetry was one way to show his emotions.

The Ninth Infantry Division - US Army

It was intention that some day I'd write,
Of the blood battle the ninth had to fight
Maybe I should have when my memory was clear
When the bursting of shells still rang in my ear.

But in the confusion, the heartache and strain,
The stench of dead bodies, the mud and the rain,
Had left me unable to life up a pen
And write of the horrors that had happened then.

The years now have softened the harshness of war
The grim realities and things that I saw
So in the next stanzas I'll try to relate
All of the happenings I chalk up to fate.

T'was early one morning on Africa's coast
The ships laid at anchor, like fleets of a ghost
Over the side we went down the rope netting
Into a war of death and blood letting

We were green and untried at this endeavor,
But to quit and give up, that we could never
For three days and three nights the battle ensued
The French Vichy forces for armistice sued

And after the battle we buried the dead
Made ready our force for armistice ahead
And for hundreds of miles over rough terrain
Made desperate march that wasn't in vain

At Thala Tunisia we put on a show
With artillery fire that routed the foe
And there was Maknassy and pass Kasserine
Names we will remember and all that was seen

The battling for Gafsa and rough El Guettar
Made the desert sands red in this awful war
Still more months of fighting on Africa's land
Left more G.I.'s buried neath the African sand

At last it was over we breathed a sigh
And to old Africa we said our good-bye
And before we knew it, on ship board went we
Sailing to the island of old Sicily

Licata and Gela were towns we did take
Before the enemy was fully awake
We shall never forget names like Troiana,
Randazzo or any right to Messiana.

With the mission accomplished in fighting 9th style
We counted our blessings and rested awhile
Palermo we left and to England set sail
There for rehearsal and the rest of my tale

In merry old England we learned to do well
With time to recover our sagging morale
But months to days melted and D-Day drew near
Bid farewell to England made ready our gear

And the channel we crossed, hit the beaches of France
With all that we had left nothing to chance
We shelled them, harassed them, with no place to hide
And cut through Normandy, a win for our side

The hedgerows were next for the 9th near St. Lo.
On land of green pastures, and the Calvado
Where the men were dying by cattle now dead,
On fields turned scarlet from wounded that bled

In every position they lay as they fell
Their lot must be heaven for they have seen hell
I gazed at them sadly and saw there my face
On each one before me, and me in their place

Very long was the road, set with many fears
Holding out a promise, shedding more tears
At Nalaise Gap it's said, the noose we pulled tight
For thousands of Germans this was their last fight

From Paris to Belgium they made their retreat
With the 9th in pursuit to hasten defeat
The taking of Aachen we say with just pride,
The first German city to fall to our side

The chase then continued to the Rhine River,
For final bombardments we did deliver
It was at the Remagen a bride didn't blow,
We crossed it and finished a staggering foe

Mopping up continued as far as Berlin,
The 9th earned and deserved this glorious win
We shall never forget, all those left behind,
For they will always be in our hearts enshrined

I write this as sad as it may be
As a memorial to our comrades where ever they may be
Dear God of Host be with us yet
Least we forget least we forget

— John J. Armitage

After the war was over and John went home. He and his wife have five children. Their names are Rose Marie, John Jr., Francis, Theresa, and Joseph.

— Eric Poirier

THOSE HARDWORKING ENGINEERS

When I asked Mr. Edward Vickstrom how he felt about serving in the military, he replied, "I was proud to serve in the American Army. Everyone in the country was very patriotic about it." Edward Vickstrom's patriotism and great love for his country is shown clearly throughout this story.

Edward Vickstrom's military career started uniquely about eight months before the draft was initiated. On July 23, 1940, Edward Vickstrom joined the National Guard in Marquette, Michigan, becoming a member of the 107th Regiment, which was an engineer unit for the 32nd Infantry Division. As a private Mr. Vickstrom earned \$21.00 a month. On October 15, 1940, the 32nd Infantry Division was federally inducted into active service of the United States Army.

Mr. Vickstrom's training was different from the basic training of many others in the Army. In 1940, Edward Vickstrom got on a train in Marquette, and three days later, he arrived at Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, where he and the 32nd Infantry Division stayed for about three months. Next, they traveled to nearby Camp Livingston, a camp built specially for the 32nd Infantry Division. At Camp Livingston, the men of the division underwent intense infantry and engineer training. They were very poorly equipped because most personal equipment and weapons were from World War I. Because they were in combat engineering, the regiment required different equipment than other units, such as many trucks and bulldozers, which the 107th was still lacking. The time spent in Louisiana consisted of the 32nd Infantry Division preparing themselves for combat. On December 7, 1941, while Mr. Vickstrom was still at Camp Livingston, Pearl Harbor was bombed and war was declared.

Three weeks later the 107th Engineers Unit was moved to Fort Dix, New Jersey. From there, they departed on February 19, 1942, for an unknown destination. On March 3, 1942, Mr. Vickstrom and his unit landed in Belfast, Northern Ireland. Being in the British Isles for three and a half years caused a great deal of homesickness for Mr. Vickstrom. Going to London or going to dance halls on periodic passes helped pass the time for Mr. Vickstrom and many other men in similar circumstances.

For Mr. Vickstrom, the most difficult part of serving in the war was the time spent in the combat area. He landed at Omaha Beach, in Normandy, where the historic D-Day took place. The outfit Mr. Vickstrom was in at the time, the 254th Engineer Combat Battalion, received a campaign ribbon for their involvement at Omaha Beach.

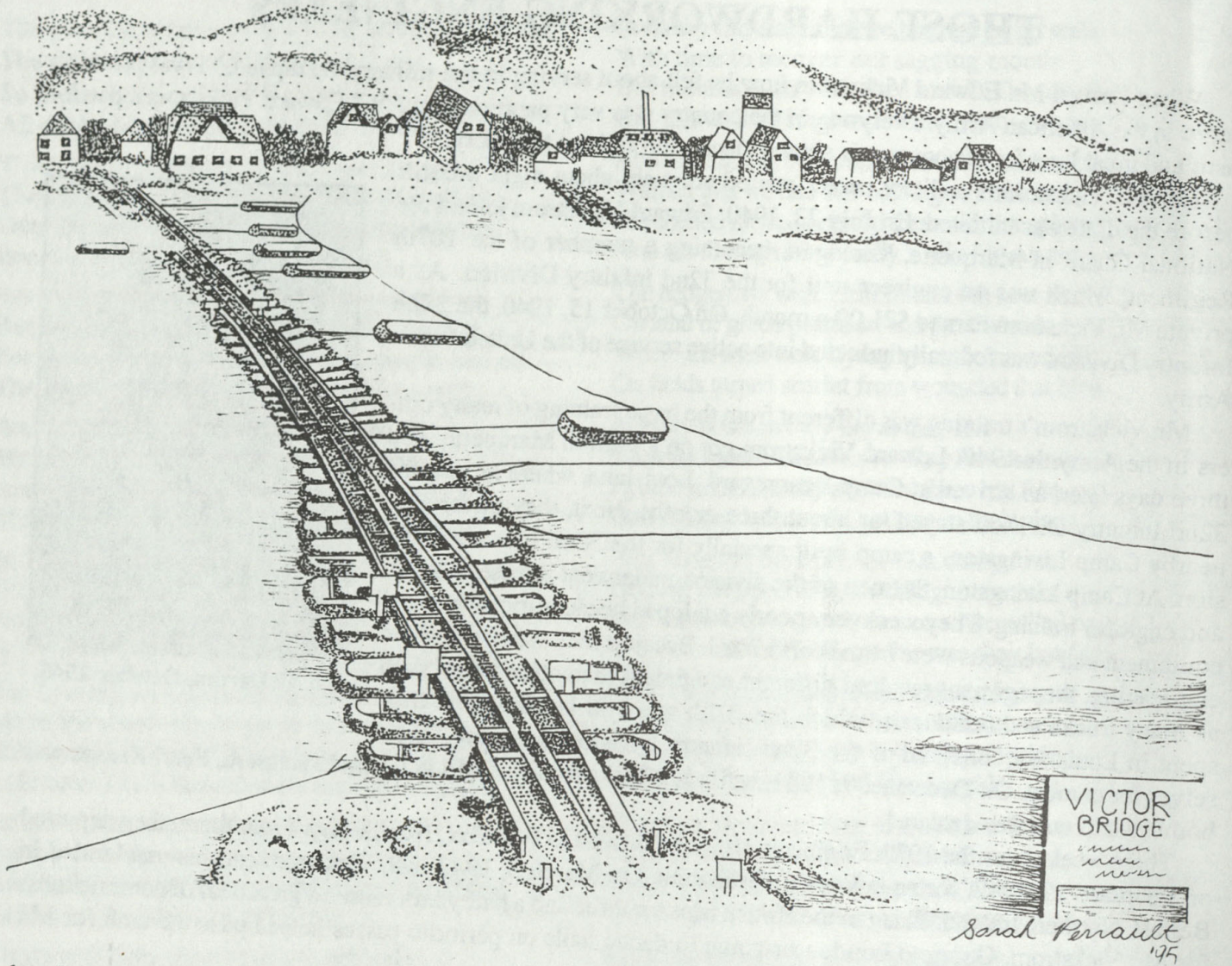
While Mr. Vickstrom was in Niedersbrseig-Honningen, Germany, he helped build a very important bridge, the Victor Bridge, for the Fifth Corps, First U.S. Army. The Victor Bridge was built across the Rhine River and set a record that still stands for the longest tactical floating bridge ever constructed. It took the 254th Engineer Battalion under fourteen hours to build this bridge that was one thousand, three hundred seventy feet long.

Mr. Vickstrom laughingly recalls when he and his unit were staying in the luxury rooms at a very fancy resort hotel by the Rhine River. Mr. Vickstrom had not slept in a bed for about four months and he thought this was really something. In the middle of the night, Mr. Vickstrom had to unroll his sleeping bag and sleep on the floor because he was not used to such a soft bed!

Mr. Vickstrom's combat duties were not over yet. Mr. Vickstrom was involved in one of the most historic battles of World War II: Ardennes-Alsace, more commonly known as the "Battle of the Bulge." The 254th Engineering Battalion was awarded the Presidential Unit of Citation for blunting one of the armored spear-



Ed Vickstrom, October 1945.



heads that delayed the Germans attack for about eight hours until the 1st Infantry Division was moved up from a rest camp.

After the Battle of the Bulge, Mr. Vickstrom's unit advanced further into Germany and then southward to Pilzen, Czechoslovakia, where they met units of the Russian Army. There, the engineers were trying to restore facilities because Pilzen was heavily bombed throughout the war. Mr. Vickstrom was in Pilzen when he heard the war was over, and he was very happy because now he could go home. More importantly, though, was when he heard the war in Japan was over because that meant he did not have to fight in the Far East.

It took about thirteen days by boat for Mr. Vickstrom to get back to the United States. When asked how his homecoming was, Mr. Vickstrom stated, "It was a great feeling after three and a half years, and seeing the Statue of Liberty was just an overwhelming feeling." Mr. Vickstrom was given a thirty day leave and then had orders report to Camp Breakinridge, Kentucky, for a new assignment. Next, he got on a train to Chicago and went all the way to Marquette. "Seeing family, and my fiancée, Marie, for the first time in three and a half years, it was almost beyond description," Mr. Vickstrom fondly recalls. While home on leave, Mr. Vickstrom was called back to Fort Sheridan, Illinois, for his release ending five years of active service.

The image that stands out most in Mr. Vickstrom's mind from the World War II era is the heroism of the

English people. He explained to me all the wartime hardships these people had to endure. It made me realize that the war did not just affect the people fighting in it.

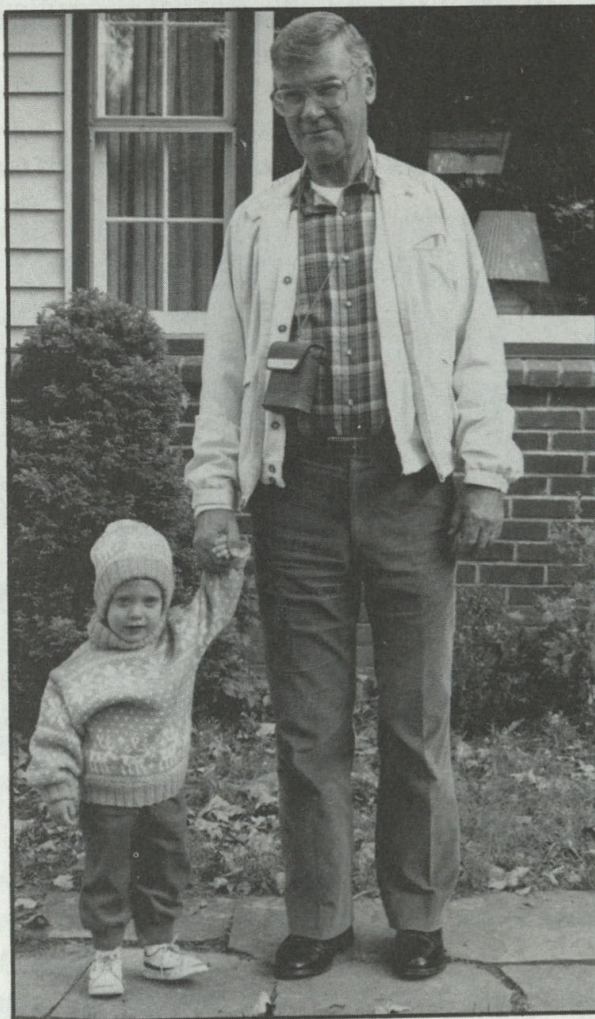
Mr. Vickstrom's unit was very close throughout the war. They all shared a common bond as they were almost all from the Upper Peninsula. As the secretary of the 107th Engineer Association, Mr. Vickstrom still corresponds with many old comrades and tries to find others still unlocated. Mr. Vickstrom has attended reunions every year since 1962, and every year he meets new people that he has not seen since 1945.

Mr. Vickstrom lives in Ishpeming with his wife, Marie. He has four children: Laurel, who lives in North Dakota; Richard, who lives in Algonquin, Illinois; Steve, who lives in Nina, Wisconsin; and Tom, who lives in Ishpeming.

Being the secretary of the 107th Engineer Association, the editor of a newsletter pertaining to World War I and World War II, and a National Guardsman in the One Hundred Seventh Engineers keeps Mr. Vickstrom pretty busy. Mr. Vickstrom enjoys working in his woodworking shop, gardening, fishing, and just recently, he gave up running beagle dogs, which he had done for thirty-five years.

I was very lucky to have this interview with Mr. Vickstrom. He shared his wisdom with me, and it was very interesting to listen to such an important part of his life. Thank you, Mr. Vickstrom!

— Sarah Perrault



Ed Vickstrom and grandson Erik Vickstrom

FLAG WAVING PROUD

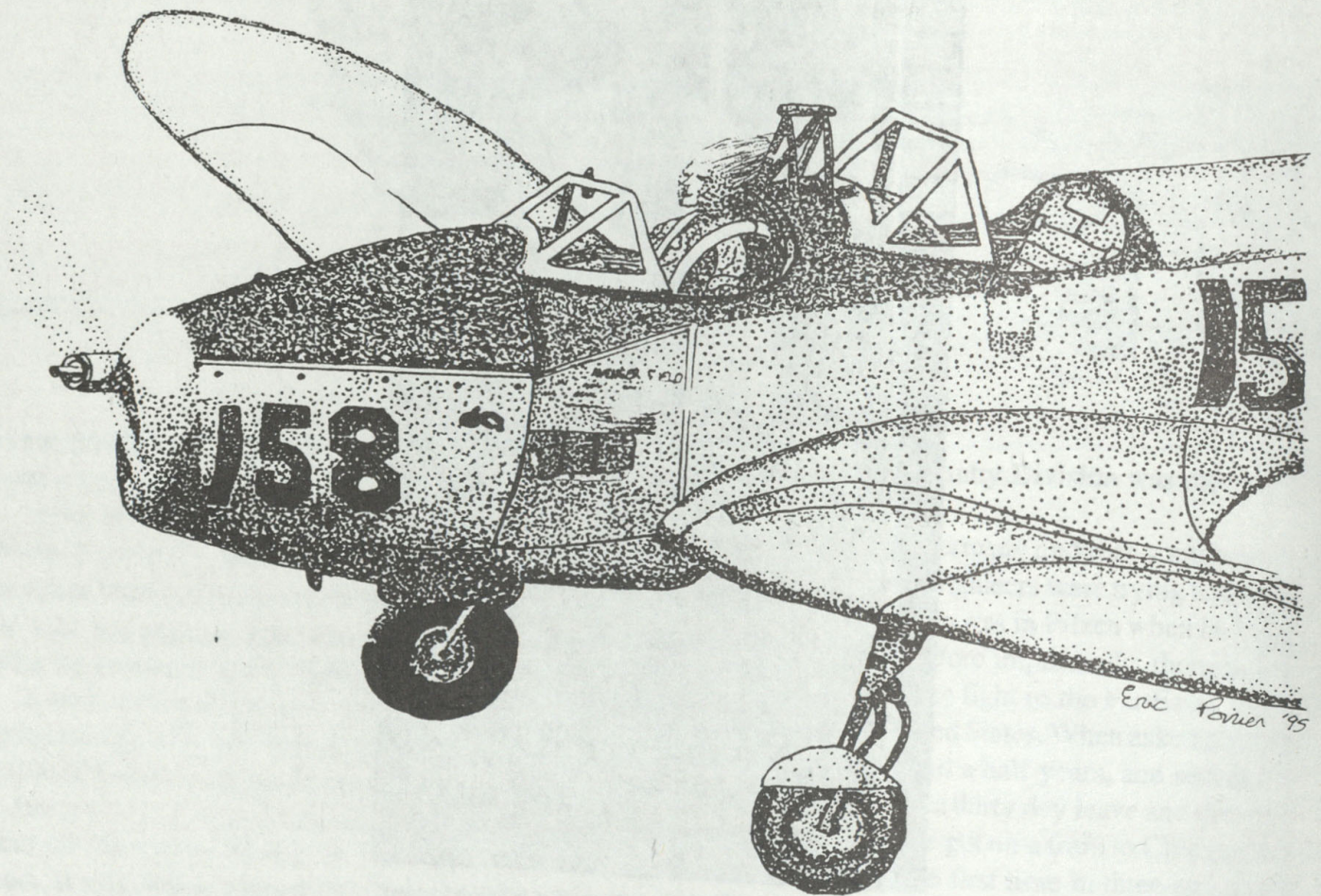
"The whole thing was a little frightening," said Lucy Beard of Negaunee, as she remembered what was going on in her life in 1940. Lucy was a nurse in Burma, India, during World War II. Life was brutal and harsh for Lucy at that time, but with encouragement, and many friends working together, they survived.

Lucy Beard was born in Negaunee, Michigan, the daughter of Joseph and Theresa Bessola, and sibling to John and Angelo, her two brothers.

Lucy enlisted in the military as a second lieutenant when she learned of the bombing of Pearl Harbor. The wages at that time in 1941 were very low, and there were a lot of sick people. She enlisted because she was only working two to three days a month at two dollars an hour! She heard the ad on the radio asking for nurses, and decided to go. She felt it was really necessary for her to go, even though her father was ill. Lucy thought her enlistment was for only a year. Boy, was she in for a surprise!

When Lucy left home for basic training, she felt she would be gone only a short time. "I felt badly about leaving my parents, and my dad was ill," Lucy explained. "I was hoping it would get over with and I could come back."

Lucy received her basic training at Camp Stoneman, California. She described it as "kind of fun," even though the women had to do everything that the men did, which included digging slit trenches and jumping in



Women such as Lucy Beard played key roles in the war effort. Illustrated here is a WAFS training flight.

and out of trucks!

After Lucy completed her basic training, she was put on a train and was transported from California to New York. Even though she had already finished basic training, Lucy and the other soldiers had to do their exercises every day! The train stopped in some remote area and everyone got out and marched. Lucy and the other soldiers were never permitted to phone anybody at this time.

When they arrived at New York, they were brought to the port. Because of security reasons, all of the soldiers had to board the ship at midnight. The ship which Lucy rode overseas on was one of the largest ships in the Navy. It had a dining room where the soldiers ate, and each soldier was assigned a state room along with four or five other soldiers. The cots they slept on were strung and not that comfortable. Lucy's trip to India lasted a total of sixty-four days! Fortunately, she never got seasick on the way over, but a friend of hers did. People brought her food from the mess hall, like bread, and of course, the sick girl did not have to work, which was a little upsetting for Lucy and the other nurses.

As Lucy talked more with me, describing her life, I realized what a challenge being a military nurse in a foreign land must have been for her. However, she related a humorous experience that happened after docking in India. When they disembarked in Calcutta, they got on an Indian train that transported them to the Brama Putra, a big river in India. They rode on a regular tugboat up the huge river. Coincidentally, it happened to be the Fourth of July. About halfway up the river, the English people had a post. Lucy and the other nurses hoped that perhaps a party, or something with lots of good food, dancing, and games might be scheduled seeing it was the Fourth of July. Their "big party" consisted of little tiny boiled potatoes, buckets of them. She thought, "Is this what we're gonna get?" The English people said that they knew how much Americans like boiled potatoes. As Lucy told me this story, she chuckled softly.



Medical Woods, Burma 1944. Mrs. Beard worked here for over a year.

they were well enough to be transported to a larger hospital in India for better care. Besides Lucy and the other nurses, there were doctors in the hospital. Some of these doctors had been the doctors for movie stars and were excellent at their profession.

While all of this work was going on, their hospital was right in the middle of all the fighting. The Japanese were all around them and sometimes snuck into the hospital area. Lucy explained that the nurses and soldiers never wore their insignia because if they were captured, the Japanese would barter for a lieutenant rather than a second lieutenant or someone at a lower rank! Another thing that came with the "war package" was the

Along with training and traveling in India, Lucy had to do lots and lots of work, all of the time. When the hospital Lucy worked at was set up, they had eight to nine hundred patients. The nurses had different jobs every day. One day a nurse might be in charge of three or four wards, while another day a nurse might be in charge of the whole outfit! The hospital was temporary. The soldiers stayed at the hospital for a few days until

horrible living conditions. Lucy clearly remembers what gruesome creatures and insects roamed around the hospital floor, including snakes. Their slit trenches were full of them. They even had to empty their shoes of snakes before they put them on! Lucy told me about one kind of snake they had, the crite snake. If it bit a person, the person was dead in twenty minutes. They had a few soldiers die from that species of snake.

Because she was a nurse, one might not think Lucy was involved in battles, but oh yes! Lucy was in a combat zone with the Japanese fighting all around them and their hospital. Not only were they involved in war battles, but they also had to fight the battle of sickness and disease! Lucy had amebic dysentery, malaria, and on the way home she developed a bilateral ear infection, causing loss of hearing in the ear. Despite her illnesses, Lucy explained that she does not blame anything she has or had on the military.

Lucy vividly remembers what the worst part of serving in the war. "It was our living, existing," she explained. A colonel from Washington once told them that women cannot exist in such horrible conditions, especially white women! She also stated that many of the nurses serving in this area could be patients in veteran's hospitals by the age of forty or fifty because of the poor living conditions!

Along with the bad, came the good. However, there was not much of it. One entertainment Lucy and her fellow nurses had was a dance every Saturday night. The boys that played in orchestras over in the states played for them. The dance lasted until midnight, when everyone returned to their bashas.

Lucy Beard told me about this friend she had in India. He was a boy from Marquette that was a patient in her hospital. She gave him a copy of *The Mining Journal* that she had received from her family about six months too late. The paper gave a nice feeling of home for the sick boy. He was going up for R and R, which stands for rest and recuperation, to get over his sicknesses. Besides him, Lucy said she had some other very dear friends, some of whom still keep in touch with her.

Lucy's wartime experiences with the natives from India were fairly good. Lucy described them as pathetic, because the poverty there was so great. She and the other nurses sometimes gave them clothes and goods. The natives ate anything given to them. "They were good to us as much as they could be," she explained. "We never had to fear them."

Before the war ended, Lucy and two other nurses took a trip to Cashmiere because they wanted to visit the Taj Mahal. They obtained transportation out of Burma on a meat plane filled with mutton. When they arrived at the Taj Mahal, Lucy told me she and the other nurses were disappointed. The whole thing was covered with a black coat of some sort for security reasons. Before entering the Taj Mahal, Lucy and the two other nurses had to remove their shoes. The building was made of marble, and Lucy bought a plate from there that was made of the same material as the Taj Mahal. On the trip back to Burma, Lucy



Mrs. Beard at the Taj Mahal, 1944, while on leave.

and the other nurses rode on the same plane as on the trip coming to Cashmiere. Since they were very tired, they spread out their G.I. blanket and took a nap. By the time they reached Burma, Lucy and the other nurses were covered in blood from the meat. "We were shook up for sure," she explained.

When the war finally did end, Lucy was on the ship that was returning home on August 15. "We were just hysterical," she explained. "We thought it would never happen." Lucy recalled throwing all of her clothes

overboard, eager to get away from anything that was related to the war.

Surprisingly enough, Lucy told me she has not attended any World War II reunions, although her outfit did have some. They were in Texas and California, so she did not get a chance to go.

Lucy Beard did receive a lot of medals and awards. Some she didn't even bother applying for. Lucy keeps many medals and awards in her house, but others are on her uniform which is in the Marquette Historical Society.

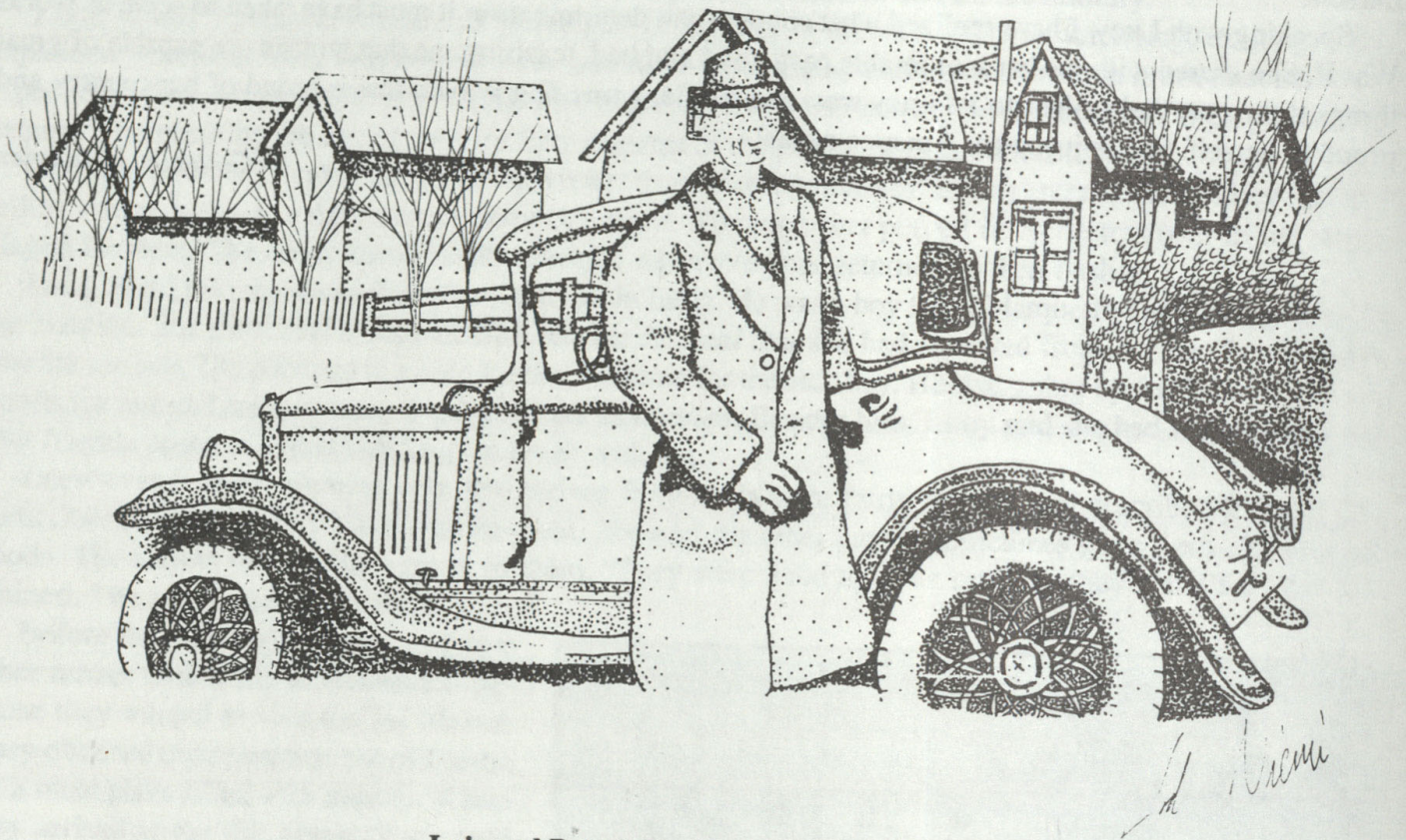
Lucy's participation in the war was a dangerous and hard experience. Many people did not think women could do such a task, but Lucy proved that it could be done with the support of friends and believing in herself.

Speaking with Lucy, I have realized what courage and determination it must have taken to serve in World War II. She shared with me her memorable past, good and bad, teaching me that women are capable of great things if they set their minds to it! Lucy was, and still is, a true flag waver. She is proud of her country and proud of herself. She is just what America needs!

— Courtney Paananen

LIFE AT HOME DURING WORLD WAR II

As I walked into the house and looked on the table, I was amazed to see the World War II mementos that Lois Sarasin brought from her house in Marquette. She had bracelets that her Uncle Leslie brought home for her, and she had a newspaper which she was able to pick up when she visited Hawaii. Lois was born in Ishpeming on February 21, 1930. Therefore, she was eleven years old when World War II started.



Lois and Betty's Uncle Leslie Holmgren

On a Sunday in December, Lois had just returned home from Sunday School and was reading the comics when she heard her dad yell. That was when she first heard about the bombing of Pearl Harbor by the Japanese. Her sister, Betty, was at her friend's house when she heard the news. They just could not believe it. "You just didn't ever think it was possible that it would involve you," Lois stated. Once the United States entered war, the world was different for everyone.

As the United States involvement increased, food, along with other things, had to be rationed. Fresh fruits and vegetables were hard to come by, so many people planted their own gardens which were called victory gardens. Even if people had only a little yard, they still made room for a victory garden. Lois and Betty's dad leased land from Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company, and he had a barn over by the Ishpeming playgrounds. He had the whole hill leased, so he grew potatoes, fruits, and vegetables. He even raised chickens. Meat was very hard to obtain. As a substitute, the family often ate Spam. After the canned goods were consumed, Lois peeled the wrapping off and stepped on the can. Most of the canned goods were the only things people could buy

without ration stamps. Everyone got a book of stamps each month, and every time a person bought something, the store clerk ripped out a certain amount of stamps. If someone ran out of stamps before the end of the month, then she or he was out of luck!

No one could get butter either; a family had to use oleo. At first it was white and looked like lard, until a little capsule was crushed in it to make it turn yellow.

Gas and tires were also rationed. People were allowed only enough gas to drive back and forth to work. People had to walk everywhere else they wanted to go. If their car's tires were bad, people had to do with what they had, for it was difficult to buy tires.

Another way people helped out with the war was by writing letters to the soldiers who were overseas fighting in combat. Lois always wrote to her Uncle Leslie. Whenever he wrote back, some of the lines were blackened out, or censored. All the letters were read by military personnel before they were sent to the United States and any sensitive military information was removed.

Lois and Betty also helped out with the war by going to Milwaukee to see the soldiers leave and wish them luck. During the going away party, a band played and people were usually crying. The soldiers leaned out the train window lifting their wife or girlfriend up so that they could give them a hug or kiss. Everyone held an American flag and it was just a traumatic time.

It was very hard for the soldiers to be fighting over the holidays. One way the people dealt with this was if their husband or family member couldn't make it home in time for Christmas, they kept their Christmas tree up until the soldiers came home. At that time, people did not have artificial trees, and they did not have little soft lights. The lights used were big hot lights that had a tendency to overheat and sometimes cause a fire. However, people did not care; they left their trees up until their loved one came home. Sometimes all the needles did fall off!

An interesting volunteer position involved standing up on the roof of the Marquette County Commission Building to scan the sky for any enemy aircraft flying in. These people were called spotters. The spotters had hard hats on and carried binoculars, two way radios, and walkie talkies. It was terrifying for young Lois and Betty to look up and see the spotters scanning the sky.

Having the spotters in Ishpeming made the war seem closer to home than it did when they listened to reports on the radio. Lois, Betty, and their family sat by the radio and listened to the news every night.

When President Roosevelt was going to address the nation, all family and friends gathered together. No one dared speak. They just turned on the radio and listened. Everyone always hoped for good news, but a lot of times the news was not good. America had lost several battles, and Roosevelt talked about all these battles. He told about all the people that were being killed, but he also gave everyone support. "He was like our cheerleader . . . do what you had to do. Be patriotic! When he died, it was like losing a member of your family," exclaimed Lois.

When Lois and Betty found out the war was almost over, they went over to their aunt's house and cut paper into confetti. They cut up every paper they could find. It was in the summer so they sat out on the porch with the radio. The radio announcer kept saying that they would have news on the war any time, and the station was playing march music. The music fired everyone up and people were running down the street yelling that the war would be over soon.

When Betty, Lois, and their aunt had all the paper cut, they drove downtown. They kept the radio on, and when they heard the war was



Early photograph of Betty (on left) and Lois.

over, everyone came running out of their houses. Everyone was hugging, kissing, and it was just wild.

After World War II, the whole world changed, especially for Betty. When the troops came back, Betty's friend set her up on a blind date. It was in the afternoon, and Betty and her friend double-dated. Betty's date was Raymond Oja, who had quit school to join the Marines.

If he had not joined the Marines, he would have been drafted in the Army. Raymond fought in the Pacific for four long years and then went back to school when the war was over. Out of all the service men who came back, Raymond was the first to graduate from high school. There was a big article in the newspaper about him. Raymond and Betty dated for over five years before they were married. Later in life they had three children.

While Raymond was fighting in the Pacific, he contracted malaria and he really suffered from it. One time when he fell and broke his leg ski jumping, he had a relapse of the malaria while in the hospital. The doctors had to keep covering him up with blankets.

Life changed for Betty, but things changed just as much for Lois. Her husband worked for Northwest Airlines, so Lois had the privilege to go to Hawaii. They went to Pearl Harbor and saw the U.S.S. Arizona memorial. "It's the most touching thing you can ever do," exclaimed Lois.

While at the memorial, Lois learned the details of the attack. Oahu was bombed by Japanese planes at 7:55 in the morning, Hawaiian time. The U.S.S. Arizona was one of the ships that was in Pearl Harbor. It was struck by a 800 kilogram bomb. Approximately one million, eight hundred pounds of ammunition exploded into a tremendous fireball and sunk the ship within nine minutes. It killed 1,177 sailors and Marines on board. After the war, efforts made to retrieve the ship failed, so now it sits in thirty-five feet of water.

Since the Navy failed to bring the ship up, they built a memorial over it. It is a very impressive monument to those sailors that went down with the ship on December 7, 1941. The Navy attempted to retrieve the bodies for a proper burial by sending divers down, but there are oil and gases that prevented this from happening. When the divers went down, the gases exploded. Six divers who tried to find the remains of the sailors were killed. They did not want to lose any more lives, so they just considered the men buried at sea.

The memorial is supported by two concrete girders and touches no part of the ship, for it is considered sacred. Usually when a ship is retired from active duty, the flag is no longer flown. However, the Navy has special permission to fly it over this ship as a tribute to all the American fighting men that died at Pearl Harbor.

When visitors go to this memorial, they go out on a little Navy boat. As they go through the memorial, they look down and can see the ship. It's right there sitting partially out of the water.

After the people view the ship, they enter a special little church. Religious music is played and on a big wall at the end it says, "To the memory of the gallant men here entombed and their shipmates who gave their lives in action on December 7, 1941 on the U.S.S. Arizona." In addition, all the names are listed. Two servicemen



Betty (on left) and Lois enroute to Las Vegas with "friend" Michael Damien (star of *The Young and the Restless*).

stand there at attention twenty-four hours a day in honor of the men that died.

Lois also visited the Punch Bowl National Memorial of the Pacific where she saw the memorial for her friend's brother. Her friend was Rosy Clark and her brother, Robert Hart, lost his life in a submarine. He was considered missing because they don't know what happened to his submarine. His name was in the Court of the Missing at the Punch Bowl. There are names of over 26,280 service men who are missing in action. There is also a little monument for the Court of the Missing and it says, "Their earthly resting place is known only to God."

After speaking with Betty and Lois, I realized that children of World War II did not have an easy childhood. They had to go through many hardships. Betty and Lois made me understand life is not always what it seems. During the war, the soldiers were not the only ones who suffered, for EVERYONE suffered. I hope that our generation never has to experience what that generation had to go through. I am grateful for their sacrifices.

— *Jodi Niemi*

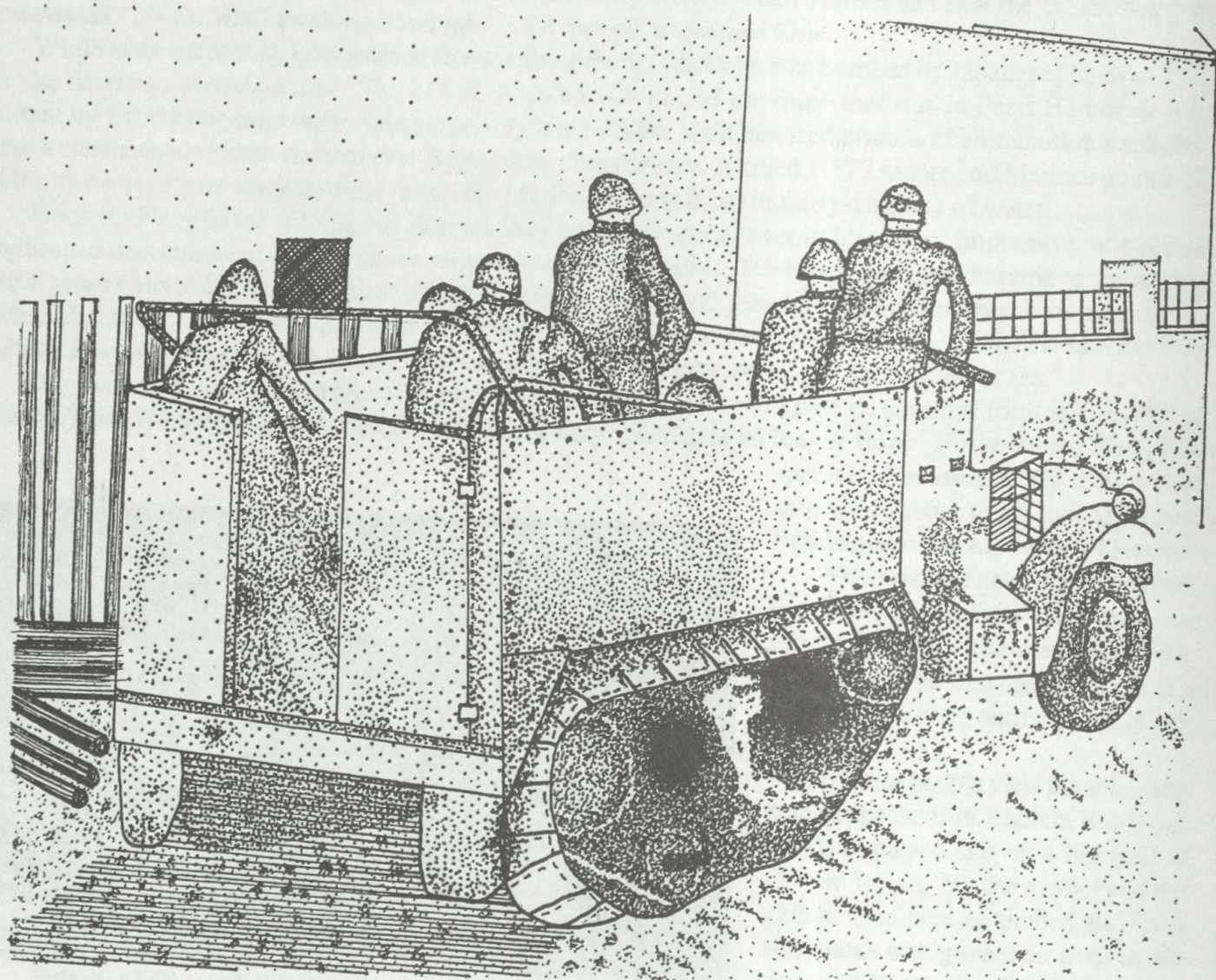
TALES OF LIFE IN ITALY DURING WORLD WAR II

As I entered Mr. Joe Paris' home, which he built himself in Negaunee, Michigan, I could immediately see his Italian heritage. His home was complete with a sausage drying room in the basement and floor tile shipped right from Italy.

As I interviewed Mr. Paris, I learned that he was born in Solto Collina, Italy, in 1931. He lived there with his mother, grandmother, sister, brother, and his two aunts. His father had already emigrated to America before Mr. Paris was born.

Mr. Paris recalls his five years of school in Italy. While in school, he remembered marching like a soldier with a little wooden gun for about 100 yards. When I asked Mr. Paris how people felt about Mussolini, he said, "Mussolini was a second God for us."

One day while Mr. Paris was in the middle of a little town, a bulletin was put out. The bulletin said that Italy was at war. This proclamation had a large impact on Mr. Paris' life, for he was scheduled to come to



Jay Tasson '95

America in eleven days. However, because of the war, the port was closed, and he had to remain in Italy until the war ended.

After Italy joined the Axis powers, many Italians' opinions of Mussolini changed. In fact, to resist Mussolini, some of the people formed a group called the guerrilla to resist Mussolini. Mr. Paris' house became part of a headquarters for the guerrilla. Later in the war, Mr. Paris' brother became part of this group.

Italy's involvement in the war made it hard for the Italian people. One of the biggest problems for Mr. Paris and his family was that they had very little food. Mr. Paris told me a story about how one chicken fed his family of six people for a week. First, they killed the chicken, hung it by the feet, and let the blood run to the head. Then they made soup out of the head, which was one night's meal. The next day, they cut off the feet, pulled the nails out, and made soup out of the feet. During that week, they made soup every night and used all parts of that chicken.

Mr. Paris also told me that he could not go places during the war because if children were out on the street, and the Germans saw them, they picked them up and took them to Germany. If the kidnapped children were smart enough, they went to school in Germany. If they were not, they went to the prison camps and many never came back to Italy. In the little town Mr. Paris was from, there were a few kids three or four years older than Mr. Paris that were picked up by the Germans, and they never came back.

When I asked Mr. Paris if he ever had any experiences with the German soldiers, he told me a story about a time that was potentially dangerous for him. He was making moonshine in his barn when the German soldiers came in. They asked him if the guerrilla had been there. He said no. They questioned what he was doing. He told them he was not doing anything, but the soldiers knew something was going on. So they asked him to open a door in the barn. He objected saying that he did not have the key. However, he ended up opening the door anyway because they intended to shoot it down. When Mr. Paris opened the door, they found out he was making moonshine. They helped themselves to the moonshine and "about an hour later they were pretty well under the weather so they walked out of there pretty happy," said Mr. Paris.

Mr. Paris recalls another story about the German soldiers that did not end as well. The guerrilla were up on a mountain, and the Germans went up to get them down. They fought for two days and out of the 2000 Germans that went up only a handful came back down from the mountain. A week later the Germans came back. They went up the mountain with tanks and fifty platoons. When they got to the top of the mountain, the guerrilla were gone. The only people on the mountain were some old men that ran farms there. The Germans took twelve of the old men down into the middle of the town where everyone could watch, and they shot them. Today, there is a monument in the town named the "Twelve Innocent Men."

When the war was over, Mr. Paris was very happy, not only because all of the hardships he had suffered during the war were over, but also because he could finally make his trip to America. At that time, people in Italy thought that in "America you go out there and pick money off the trees," said Mr. Paris.

When Mr. Paris left Italy to come to America, he left from Genoa, Italy, aboard a boat called a *Marine Shark*. The boat was a war boat converted to a passenger boat. Mr. Paris said that the time he spent on the boat coming to America was probably the best time he had experienced so far in his young life. He had all the food he wanted, dancing, and swimming, which were all things he had never experienced before. The boat landed in New York, and he took the train



Joe Paris, 1951, 20 years old.

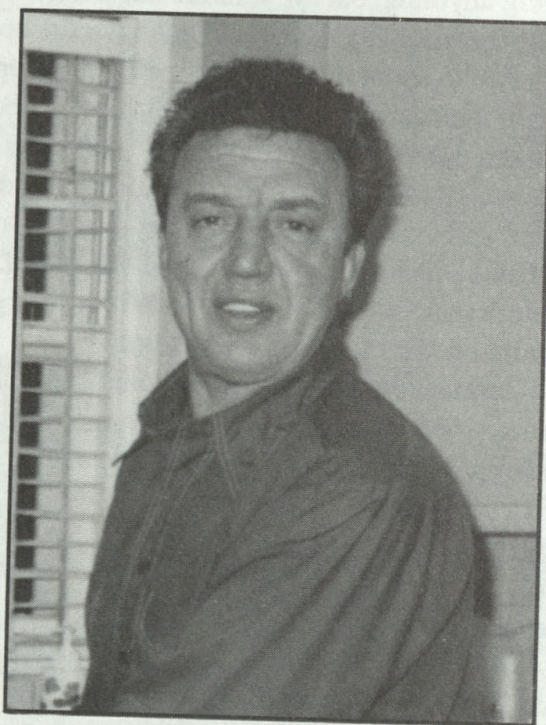
from there to Negaunee, Michigan. When he arrived in Negaunee, he saw his dad for the first time. Mr. Paris was sixteen years old!

Mr. Paris arrived in America on a Friday, and the next Monday he started school at St. Paul's Catholic School in Negaunee. This was hard for him because he did not speak English and he could not understand the teacher. She talked to him, but he did not understand what she was saying. The only things he could understand were the numbers and math problems that she put on the blackboard. It was also hard for him to fit in with the kids because they could not communicate with him either.

Mr. Paris still wonders today what his life may have been like if he had stayed in Italy. He thinks he may have been a butcher because he had a farm and he had experience working with meat. He has four cousins who stayed in Italy, and they all own their own slaughterhouses. Today, they are millionaires. Regardless of what might have happened if he had stayed in Italy, Mr. Paris is very glad to be in the United States.

Today, Mr. Paris is a retired mason who spent many years working with tile and brick. He is married to Ann Jarvi and has eight children. He still lives in Negaunee, Michigan, in a house he built himself after a fire destroyed his other house. He felt that even though the fire was disastrous, he was able to bounce back from it. Because of all the hardships he experienced during the war, such as lack of food, not having an opportunity to get a good education, and not being able to join his father in America, Mr. Paris became a true survivor.

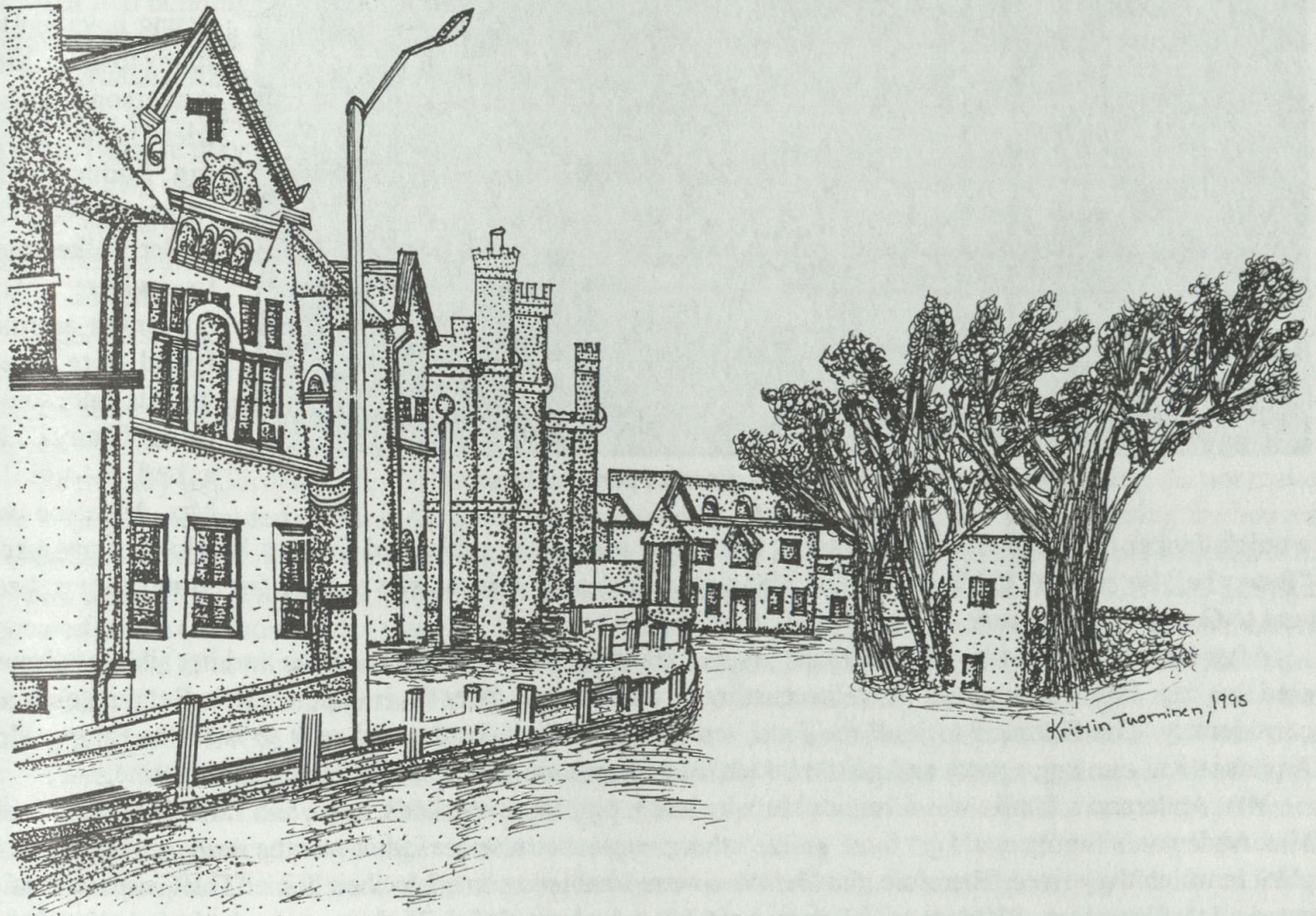
— Jay Tasson



BELGIAN WARBRIDE

“We called them Boches. Something like pig in German,” said Mrs. Denise Anderson referring to the German Soldiers who occupied her Belgian homeland during her teen years.

Denise (Dussart) Anderson was born in Esnux, Belgium, on November 11, 1924. Mrs. Anderson was

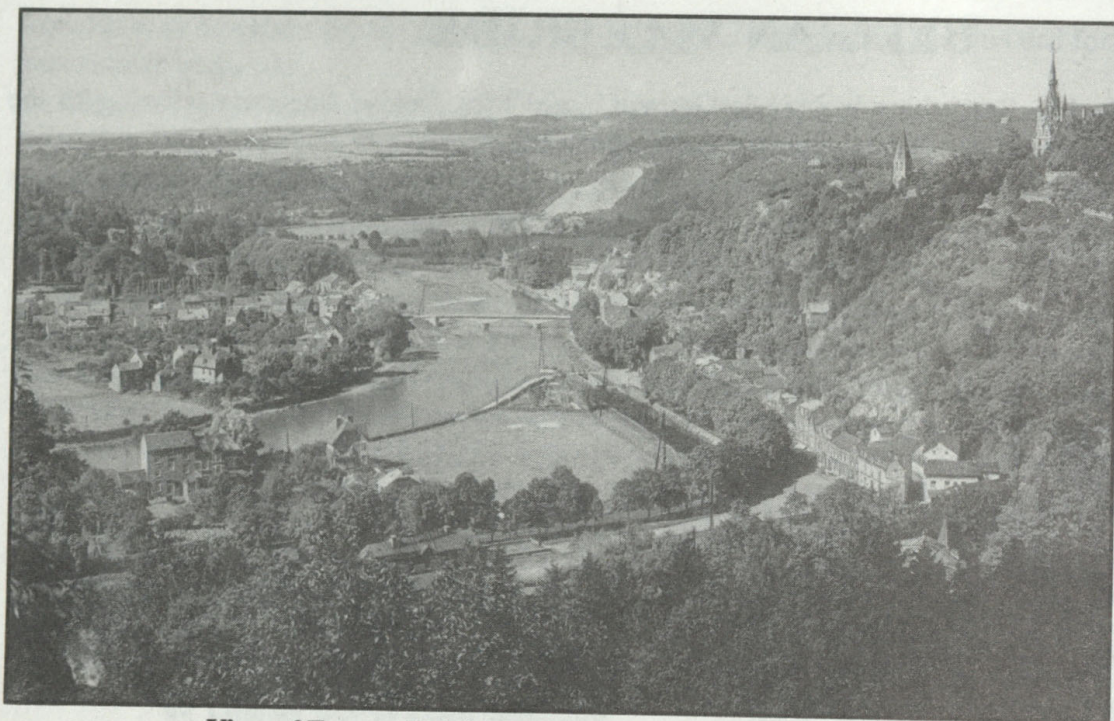


born in a power plant because her father was the manager of the plant, and she and her family lived in that power plant. Mrs. Anderson was a middle child in a family of eight children.

Life in Belgium before the war was “nice and peaceful,” said Mrs. Anderson. Naturally the Dussart family did not have modern conveniences like we do now, and of course, life here in the U.S. is much different from that of Belgium. Mrs. Anderson remembers that she and her siblings never liked to eat the crust of their bread. Their father, remembering World War I, told them that if they had another war in Europe, the children were going to wish they had the crust and would think it was like cake.

Mrs. Anderson remembers that before the war, there were many different political parties with a variety of views. There were the Raxis, Fascist, Communists, Socialists, and even the Catholics had their own view. Once, Mrs. Anderson’s mother sent her to the store to get a book. There were two different stores available, the Socialist and the Catholic, and Mrs. Anderson did not know which one to go to. She went to the Socialist store. When she came back with the book, Mrs. Anderson’s mother looked at it and told her to go back to the store, return it, and buy the book from the Catholic store.

Later on in years, Mrs. Anderson and a friend were shopping in town. That day the S.S. soldiers were



View of Esneux, Belgium, birth place of Mrs. Anderson.

marching down the street. The two girls saw young boys of about ten or eleven walking next to the leader. Since the young boys looked funny to them, Mrs. Anderson and her friend started laughing. Suddenly the ranks stopped. The leader walked over to where Mrs. Anderson and her friend were standing. "Is there something funny?" he asked. Luckily, Mrs. Anderson was

a quick thinker and replied, "Oh, I'm sorry. I was just telling her a joke and she was laughing at my joke." "Better be," he replied. If Mrs. Anderson was not such a quick thinker, she and her friend might have been sent to Germany right away.

After May 10, 1940, when the Germans invaded their hometown, Mrs. Anderson and her siblings discovered that their father was correct in his forecasting of another war. After the invasion, life in Belgium changed considerably. The Germans took all the food items such as flour, butter, and milk to feed the troops. Mrs. Anderson had one egg a week and a little butter for a short time. She also had oleo, or margarine.

Mrs. Anderson's family was fortunate, for she had a pig, some chickens, eggs, and lambs and their milk. Mrs. Anderson's family could get food, unlike other people, because her father was the manager of the power plant in which they lived. Therefore, the Germans were unable to come into their home. The Germans confiscated all the flour from Belgium and all the wheat. Mrs. Anderson's family was very lucky because her father had workers working for him who could get flour for them. Mrs. Anderson also had two big gardens. Farmers hid their butter and sold it to the people at triple the price. Even though the price was triple, the people still bought the butter.

Once somebody squealed that Mrs. Anderson's father had two little piglets. The Germans could not confiscate the piglets, but they questioned her dad. In order to make sure that they did not lose the piglets, Mrs. Anderson's father killed the two little piglets and put them in the bathtub.

Unless there was something going on in Mrs. Anderson's hometown, she did not know about it because her father did not want her and her siblings to know about the war. After the Germans invaded her hometown, Mrs. Anderson and her family started listening to the radio.

All through the time that the Germans occupied Mrs. Anderson's hometown, she did not go anywhere. Her father was afraid, so her family usually stayed inside the house, which was unusually large.

The Germans had a tight control. Every month, the Germans came to take copper from the citizens of the village. Belgium was known for its copper, and the Germans wanted it to make bullets. Mrs. Anderson's father dug a hole, and put all the copper that the family owned into the hole, and buried it. When the Germans

came, her father told the Germans that they did not have any copper items.

The Germans seemed to treat each Belgian as they did the other, cruelly. To the Germans, "The people were the people. They were Bulges," said Mrs. Anderson. Her community was lucky. They did not have many people taken to Germany. One time, Mrs. Anderson and one of her sisters almost got caught. She and her sister went to the city, and the Germans were looking for young people to go work in Germany. Mrs. Anderson realized that she and her sister might be caught if they did not hide. Mrs. Anderson saw an opening between two buildings, "And I told my sister get in there! And I pushed her in there. We hid there till the Germans went," Mrs. Anderson explained. In those times a person had to think fast.

Mrs. Anderson's hometown was occupied by the S.S., who were Hitler's elite military. One day the German troops were walking down the street shooting people. These soldiers were drunk and did not care what they did because they were going back to Germany. Mrs. Anderson saw a little boy who was seven years old walking down the street. Those Germans just shot him.

Mrs. Anderson and her siblings were not affected by the war the same way that her parents were because they had gone through World War I. "You gotta live through it, you know? You have to live through it," Mrs. Anderson stated.

Once, Mrs. Anderson went to the store and a drunk German soldier grabbed her by the neck. She was thinking "My God! How am I going to get out of this? How am I going to get home?" A German officer came into the store and pulled the soldier off of Mrs. Anderson. The officer apologized and told her it would never happen again.

The military in Germany fired off missiles, called V-2s, aimed for England. Some, however, did not make it to England and landed on Mrs. Anderson's hometown. The bombs made huge craters causing the houses around the craters to fall into the hole. Once, Mrs. Anderson and her family found fifteen craters behind a hill.

One time, Mrs. Anderson's father was working in the garden by the river. Suddenly, a British bomber appeared with a German fighter plane behind the bomber. The British bomber had a bomb in his plane, and if he didn't get rid of it, his plane would blow up and kill all the people in the village when the German shot him. The British pilot let the bomb go and it fell in the river near Mrs. Anderson's father. He was propelled into the air, but survived. "Every window in that building broke! We didn't have one window left because it wasn't far from there," Mrs. Anderson explained. Mrs. Anderson's family had to replace all the windows. "All of them. I mean lots of them!" she stated. When the bomb hit the river, the fish died and were thrown into the air from the impact. Mrs. Anderson's younger brother went outside with a big basket and started gathering fish to sell them to the people. The fish were only killed by the shock of the bomb so they were perfectly fine to eat. Mrs. Anderson's father was very mad. He kept trying to get his son out of there, but the son insisted that he was going to make some money out of the situation.

Many interesting things happened to Mrs. Anderson and her family during the war. Another time, Mrs. Anderson and her younger brother went to town to see what was going on. When they got there, they peeked over a wall and "saw all kinds of Germans with big dogs," she said. The Germans also had machine guns. Mrs. Anderson and her brother got out of there immediately or else they would have been captured with the rest of the people lined up on the street. Later on, they found out that the owner of the movie house had killed a German officer. The Germans told the people who were lined up on the street, "If we don't find out who did this, you're all gonna die!" The owner of the movie house did not want everybody to get killed, so he confessed. As a punishment, the Germans dragged the man from a tank by the tongue! The man died by the time the tank got to the top of the hill.

During the war, many towns in Europe had an organization protesting against the German actions called the Underground. Many people who were involved in the Belgian Underground were sent to Germany and never came back. Mrs. Anderson's two older brothers were caught in 1940 when they were in the Belgian army. They stayed in the concentration camps for five years. One was near Hamburg and the other brother

never talked about where he stayed. One of the boys, when he came back from the concentration camps, ". . . was full of lice. His hair, his body, his clothes, everything was full of lice," Mrs. Anderson recalled. The other one used to tell Mrs. Anderson that all he ate in the concentration camps was cabbage soup. Morning, noon, and night! One day, he went under the fence to get some grass and the Germans shot at him! The Germans did not want him to eat the grass. One of the boys, when he came home, went to hug his dad and he fell down just like a rag doll.

The Belgian Underground did not want the Germans to get from one side of the river to the other. So the Underground blew up the bridge. Within a few hours, the Germans had made a boat bridge out of pontoons right across the river.

On Christmas Day, 1945, Mrs. Anderson and some friends were going to a sidewalk cafe. Suddenly a truck came with about ten American soldiers who were celebrating Christmas. No too far from where they were, there was a canal that had doors on it. The truck started to drive on the canal. It was not wide enough, and the truck started to slide down into the deep water. Mrs. Anderson and her friends ran over and saw the bubbles come up. All ten of the men died. "Very sad, oh it was a sad Christmas. Everybody was so sad," Mrs. Anderson commented.

On the day Mrs. Anderson's hometown was liberated, everyone was "Happy. What a relief! You should see everybody! My dad could hardly wait to put up the Belgian flag," she related. When a tank came by the town, Mrs. Anderson ran and got some local flowers and gave them to a soldier. "And we were kissing all the soldiers," she said. Mrs. Anderson said that looking at the American soldiers was a lot better than looking at the "gray looking Germans." During the liberation, Mrs. Anderson and her family took sixty-seven soldiers into their home at one time.

The American soldiers got pushed back from the Battle of the Bulge into Mrs. Anderson's hometown. There they had to fix the tanks before going back into battle. The Americans carried with them boxes of food called C-Rations. The C-Rations contained items such as chocolate, cigarettes, and chewing gum. Mrs. Anderson's younger brother had learned English and went to the warehouse where the tanks were being fixed, and said to the soldiers, "You give me cigarette, chocolate, chewing gum. Meet two sister. Home." Pretty soon there were American soldiers all over Mrs. Anderson's home. She and her family did not know what to do! None of them could really talk to the soldiers and they were afraid of them besides.

Finally, they all left. However, one night Mrs. Anderson was returning home from a movie. She walked into her house to see a very tall man kneeling on the floor playing house with her little sister. Mrs. Anderson told her to take the man to her older sister's dance hall. When they got there, the soldier could not dance. Consequently, Mrs. Anderson and the soldier sat in the balcony and held hands all night. Mrs. Anderson's friends went by saying "You gotta Lemon!" Meaning that the soldier could not dance. "And ever since then we went together," Mrs. Anderson commented. That soldier, Kenneth Anderson, later became Mrs. Anderson's husband.

Every day Mrs. Anderson and her family ate supper at six o'clock. They ate soup first and every evening that Mr. Anderson was in town, he came and ate soup with them. When Mrs. Anderson and her family heard him come in, her mother would say, "Soup Kenny?" Mr. Anderson replied, "Yes Mama." Even though he had already eaten supper at his post, Mr. Anderson came there to be with Mrs. Anderson and her family.

As part of his military service, Kenneth Anderson had been to many places in Europe. He landed in Normandy on D-Day. He was also involved in the liberation of Paris. After that he went to Bastogne, Belgium, the sight of the Battle of the Bulge. The Germans had circled around them. The Americans got out of there but they had to go through Mrs. Anderson's hometown to fix the tanks. That is how she met her husband. The Americans pushed through Germany and then liberated Czechoslovakia. After Mr. Anderson's unit liberated Czechoslovakia, he flew back to the United States, which resulted in the couple being separated for two years.

It took two years for Mrs. Anderson to get the papers to get to the United States. She needed to get the papers from the church and the mine where Mr. Anderson worked. Unfortunately, when he returned to the mine, there was a strike. Once in the United States, Mrs. Anderson had twenty days to get married. If she did not want to get married, she had a five hundred dollar bond to go home. When the papers first came, Mrs. Anderson's father did not let her go. He felt that she did not know the soldier. Even a young woman over twenty years old needed permission from her father. Mrs. Anderson agreed with her father. But then one day all the papers that were required came and her father told her to go and get away from the war in Europe. She had to see the American Council, and finally she got her papers. Then she had to get her physicals. The last time she went to the American Council, she met a young girl of seventeen who had her mother with her. The seventeen year old girl was going to America on a ship from Holland. Mrs. Anderson told them, "I wish I could go." So the mother told her there should be room for her. There was, and when Mrs. Anderson came home, her family was crying.

The next week Mrs. Anderson's father walked her to the train. "I wouldn't do it again, leave my family, I wouldn't. No, it's too hard," Mrs. Anderson stated.

After twenty days on the ship, Mrs. Anderson sailed along five of the states on the east coast and by Miami. Then they went up the Mississippi River to New Orleans. She and Mr. Anderson then took a train to Ishpeming. There, they were married by a judge.

Mrs. Anderson's first impression of the area was "Odd. All the houses were made of wood!" She thought this was unusual because in Europe most of the houses were made of brick or stone.

When Mrs. Anderson first came to the United States, she could only say "yes, thank you, O.K." She and her husband had a French/English dictionary and practiced phrases. After a couple months, Mrs. Anderson saw comic strips and asked her husband what they said. He told her. After a while, she started to read the romance stories that were printed in the newspaper. If there was a word that she did not know, she looked it up in her French/English dictionary.

In 1974, Mrs. Anderson's brother visited her at Sunnyside Estates where she and her husband lived. When Mrs. Anderson turned into the trailer park her brother said "Oh my goodness! Who lives here? Gypsy?" Mrs. Anderson replied, "Yah, and I'm one of the Gypsies."



**Mr. & Mrs. Anderson
in 1991, just prior to
Mr. Anderson's death.**



**Wedding photograph of
Mr. & Mrs. Anderson,
April 12, 1947.**

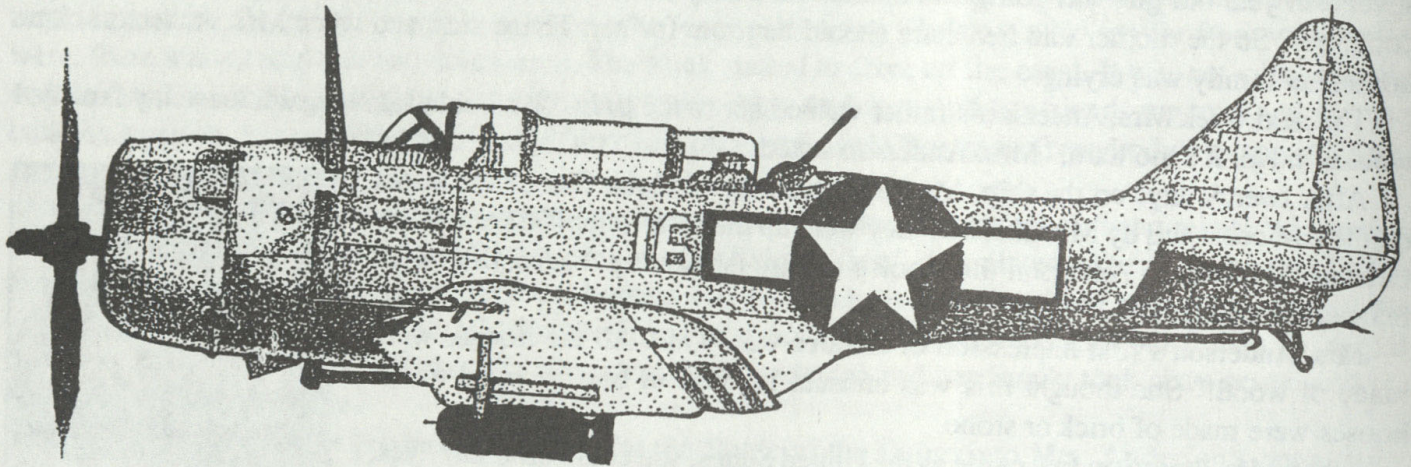
After Mrs. Anderson came here, she found that the people in Belgium acted differently than the people in the U.S. "To me, people in Belgium are, not sarcastic, but, uppity," Mrs. Anderson stated. She notices that the people in Belgium who are, for example, working in a store will not say hello to you. A store clerk in the U.S. will say hello even though they do not know who you are. Some people in Belgium think they are better than others. Mrs. Anderson observed this contrast during her eleven return trips to Belgium.

Mr. Anderson always told his wife that she should write a book about her life. This story is just a brief summary of Mrs. Anderson's life. "It's a good life, I have a good life here . . . I was lucky," Mrs. Anderson stated. I believe that Mrs. Anderson felt she was lucky for many reasons. Out of all the times that she could have been killed or captured by the Germans, she was spared. She and her family could get food when others could not. I feel that I am lucky for having the chance to meet her and learn about her interesting life.

— Lucinda Feller

SHARING WARTIME EXPERIENCES

“Well, it probably made a better person out of me. I was more tolerant afterwards. The people, we saw a lot of people, good people that never came back. We became more tolerant of other people,” said my grandpa, Laurel Miller. He also recalls his experience of flying. He said, “I flew about 13,000 hours. I got to fly many different types of Air Force airplanes. When I started out as a young boy I wanted to fly and I accomplished that.” Grandpa Miller remembers everything that happened in the war, even at seventy-nine years old. He loves telling stories about his experience, and he was excited about being interviewed.



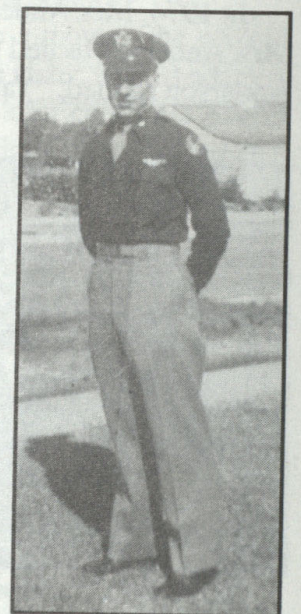
Kevin Letson '95

Before the U.S. entered the war, my Grandpa Miller wanted to fly and was “ready to go.” He did not think the U.S. could stay out of the war because, “Hitler could have won had we not entered the war,” he said.

When my grandpa left for basic training, he did not know if he would come back. “But it was something that all of us wanted to do,” he explained. He completed his basic training in California. Grandpa had never received inoculations or vaccines, so the first thing he had to do was to get seven different shots. Grandpa came down with a reaction to the Yellow Fever vaccine, and he was very ill. After his recovery, all he did was go to school and to the drill field. Basic training was very interesting to my grandpa.

Grandpa Miller was stationed in Sacramento, California, where he took his flight training. Grandpa said, “No time off. We flew seven days a week.” He had to sign a paper saying that he would instruct other pilots eighteen months before going into combat. Grandpa Miller became an instructor in advanced training aircraft for three years and then was a squadron commander. In the training command, he had a squadron of eighty students and fifteen officers. “I went from flying fighters to B-25 bombers and then I ended up flying B-29’s,” Grandpa explained proudly.

The most difficult part of serving in the war for my grandpa was that he was a fighter pilot instructor instructing air to air combat. He said, “I was flying seven days a week twelve hours a day.” He did this for a whole year.



**Mr. Laurel Miller,
1943**



DC-2's at the Sacramento air depot hanger and repair dock. Sacramento, California

My grandpa said, "Almost all of our situations were very unique." One story that he told me was, "One time I had a student that had a death in his family. Red Cross called and my commanding officer told me to go ahead and take him home. I intended to fly him home. One of my instructor pilots said, 'Gee, I live in his town. I want to go, I want to take him home.' " Consequently, Grandpa consented to let him go. Both the student and instructor were killed which Grandpa felt terrible about. He said, "I thought I should've. If I would've only gone, it wouldn't have happened." The officials in Army Airfare were not the most sensitive. They sent my Grandpa Miller a package back. Grandpa was to give the package to the wife of the pilot that was killed. Grandpa thought before he gave the package to the widow, he better open it up and check the contents. He was thinking of the wife's feelings. When he opened the package, he found the watch of the man that was killed and it was full of parts of his arm. Also the man's ring was in there, but it was on his severed finger! My grandpa thought, "And I was supposed to give this to his wife?" My grandpa cleaned everything and never told her what condition the ring and watch had originally been in.

One of Grandpa Miller's wartime experiences with the people from foreign lands occurred in 1943. He was in the training command, and he was a flight instructor. He had three weeks off before the next class. Grandpa said, "Wing Commander Donaldson was an air ace out of England. He came over to our field, and he asked if he could fly with me. I said sure. He taught me a lot about gunnery, air to air gunnery." My grandpa had four aces, and he had one student that holds the record even today for the best gunner in the Air Force. My Grandpa Miller thinks that was all due to Wing Commander Donaldson's help.

Grandpa Miller served in the military for seven years of active duty and seventeen years of active reserve duty. He achieved the rank of a lieutenant colonel. He went from flying B-25 bombers to flying B-29's. Military life to my grandpa was "very good" as far as he was concerned.

When my grandpa described his commanding officers, he said, "My commanding officers were very, very good. When you had a good fair commanding officer, you appreciate him." My grandpa got a superior rating from one of his commanding officers even though they did not get along all of the time.

When my grandpa was serving in the war, he saw quite a few famous people. He saw Charley McCarthy, Martha Raye, Joe Lewis, Harpo Marx, and Jeanette McDonald. One of his experiences with a famous person was when he and his friend went out to eat in Los Angeles, California. They were standing in the door of a club waiting for a hostess to seat them. A captain walked up to them and asked them if they wanted to eat together. "He took us to the table of Clair Chenault. He was a general who was head of the Flying Tigers in Southeast Asia," Grandpa said. My grandpa spent the whole evening with him. He thought he was a very interesting person, especially since they shared the experiences of flying.

Initially my grandpa's parents did not like his involvement in the war, but after the war they were very

proud of him. Following his discharge from active duty, my grandpa and grandma went back to Michigan where they bought a business and raised their four kids, of course one of them is my mom, Jane.

My Grandpa Miller said, "We did the best we knew how. I guess it was all pleasant as far as I was concerned. My grandpa enjoyed the past and is enjoying his life right now. He is retired and is living in Big Pine Key, Florida, where he loves to go fishing, and just be out and about. He also loves to travel in his motor home with his wife, Earla.

— Sharla Anderson



Mr. Miller and friend

THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD PULLED TOGETHER

Carl and Elizabeth are the parents of fifty-seven year old Negaunee resident, Bob Gunderson. Bob was born in the far away city of Oslo, Norway, on July 16, 1937, and is their only child. Although he was young, Bob experienced the effects of World War II. Bob relates, in April of 1941, "Hitler was raising a little dickens down in Germany . . . we were heading out across the North Sea to England in a little fishing boat." They went in the fishing boat to England to get away from the Germans. In September of 1941, the Gunderson's were notified that they could take a flight across the Atlantic Ocean to America. They seized the opportunity and got as far away from the Germans as possible. This would not be their first visit to America.

The first time in America for Bob's father was just before World War I. Bob's father settled in a little town called Lincoln, Michigan. In 1921, when Bob's father was twenty, he moved back to Norway because he did not like it in the United States. The rest of his family stayed in America.

Bob's mother, Elizabeth, was born in Alpena, Michigan. After graduating from high school, Elizabeth went to a nursing school in Detroit at Harper Hospital. She got a job with the Red Cross after completing nursing school. The Red Cross assigned her to Oslo, Norway, where she met Bob's father, Carl.

After landing in New York and being identified as displaced persons, Bob's family was cared for by the services until they reached Alpena.

When they reached Alpena, Bob's father took a job with Besser Viberback as a turret lathe operator. Besser Viberback was a company that built cement block machines.

Being only four years old and in the United States for three months, Bob did not remember much about the bombing of Pearl Harbor other than it was a big shock to his family. He did remember, though, that he was in church at the time of the Japanese attack. After the eleven o'clock service, his pastor brought in a radio for the congregation to listen to. Bob stated, ". . . the one and only time I saw a radio in that church was that morning."

When I asked Bob how he felt when his friends and relatives left home for the war he said, "I was kind of wondering why . . ." All that he heard about the United States when he got here was what a great nation it was. So, he wondered, why did Japan pick on us? He also pondered why and where are these kids going?

Bob had a cousin, John, who was stationed in Australia. He had helped bring in supplies in the third wave to Tarawa. His specialty was in ammunition, like grenades, bazooka rockets, machine gun clips, etc. About three to four hundred yards away from where they were unloading the supplies, a fire fight broke out and a grenade flew over into their pile of ammunition. All they found was bits and pieces of the twelve guys, including John, and five dog tags, one of which was John's.

Bob said that the whole neighborhood of twenty families pulled together during the war time. "If one person fell down and got a bloody nose, the whole neighborhood bled," said Bob. If a woman went to fill her husband's job, and she had kids, a neighbor took care of them while she was away. There was also a lot of sharing of food supplies.

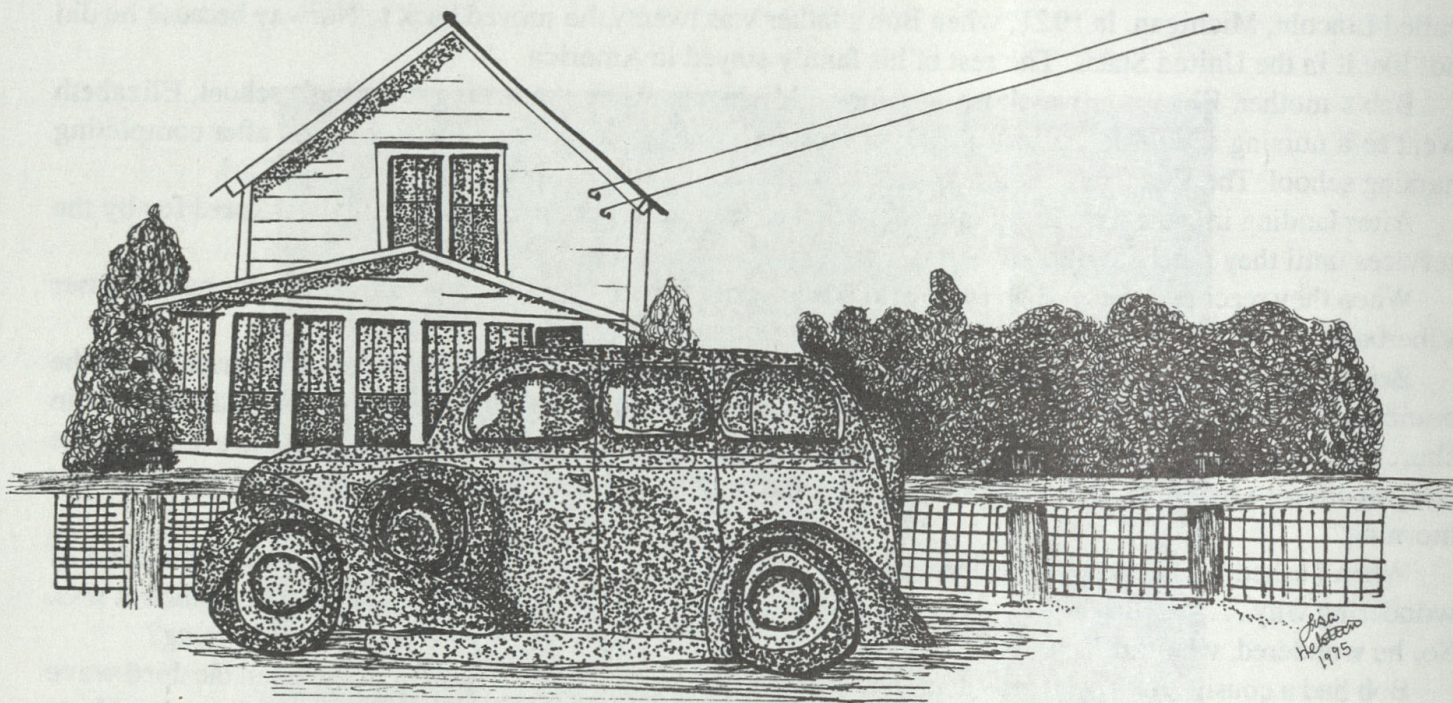
Bob's grandmother's specialties were baking bread, canning fruits, and making pies. Other neighbors made something else and they swapped items. Victory gardens were a big part of this swapping business. They grew anything they wanted. Most people did not grow exactly what their neighbors did, so they could trade. However, Bob recalls a neighbor next to them who grew a garden much like his grandfather's garden. They had a competition to see who had the best garden.

The kids had fun raiding the victory gardens. They ran down an aisle of the garden, grabbed something, and got out of there. If they were caught, Bob said that they got a lickin'. If they were in someone else's garden, they got a lickin' by them and their parents when they got home.

Bob vividly remembered the way food and gas rationing worked. Each family got a booklet of stamps, and

in these booklets there were different colored stamps for different food items. Bob gave an example of how food rationing worked. In the newspapers, a couple of days before a store stocked a rationed item, an ad appeared. The ad stated something like, "The Black and White Market is having 500 lbs. of sugar delivered on Tuesday. Bring your rationing books and we will distribute the sugar in portions of one-quarter pounds. One portion per person," Bob explained.

On Monday, the ladies in town started to line up. These lines might become about ten blocks long. When the store ran out of an item, and there were still people left in line, they did not receive any. After they did run out, the store did not have that item for about a month. However, at least one of the four stores in Alpena might have the item in that month.



Bob was not too sure how the gas rationing worked. He recalled that there were three stickers, labeled A, B, and C, that they used. The A sticker was for local traveling. The B sticker was placed on a person's car if it was used for business. Bob's grandfather had a B sticker because he had to drive seven miles into the country to the railroads. The government vehicles had C stickers. They were for the police and fire trucks that had unlimited amounts of gas. The government installed separate gas pumps for them.

It was interesting the way Bob described recycling war materials. He stated, "Anything and everything that you could lay our hands on was recycled . . ." He started with what he thought was the easiest to recycle, which was fat. Any type of cooking fat a person had was recycled. Pure fat received top price while a mixture received a lower price. A certificate was issued with however many pounds of fat were brought in and what its value was. Bob said that his grandparents used these certificates to help pay for their grocery bill.

The cans were brought to church, and they turned them in for money. One year, Bob's church bought all of their Sunday School materials with the proceeds from the can drive. The gas stations took care of the oil cans. All people had to do was crush them. Also, there were the bond drives.

Bob said that the bond drives were mainly to free up money for needed government supplies. When Bob was in school, he could buy a twenty-five dollar bond for eighteen-fifty. There were also booklets that had just

enough squares for eighteen dollars and fifty cents worth of stamps. These stamps could be bought just about anywhere such as the post office, a bank, or a church, etc. After ten years, the bond could be cashed in for twenty-five dollars. Uncashed bonds continued to earn interest. Bob found this out when he cashed some in 1960, after he got out of the service. He earned eighty-five dollars from two twenty-five dollar bonds. Bob said, "... they were a good investment ... even today they still are."

The radio and newspaper reports were the main way that Bob and his family were informed about the war overseas. Every night Bob's grandpa read the paper, especially the war news section. He then took out his great big map of Europe, or his map of the South Seas, and pinned the location of the armies. There were certain pins on the map for certain people. Some pins were for relatives and some were for neighbors. Bob's cousin, James Napper, was the red pin, there was a kid next door to them who was a blue pin. Each person had a different color. This was the way that Bob's grandparents coped with the war. On the radio they listened to Edward R. Murrow, from London. Bob said, "He was something special to listen to."

Another radio program that they listened to was President Roosevelt's Fireside Chats. Bob found these programs interesting because he felt that Roosevelt was trying hard to keep the United States informed about the war. He said the speeches were phrased so the war sounded like it was going according to plan, even when it was not. Bob stated that Roosevelt started a trend because no other president had done anything like this before, and the presidents after his did this type of thing more often.

Bob did not have too many feelings about Roosevelt's death because he did not think of it that much. But, it did have a big effect on his family, and the rest of the adults in the neighborhood. Questions like, "Will that runt of a Truman do the job?" or "Is he capable of doing the job?" often came up. They also wondered if there should be another election to get someone more able. In addition to the questions, they did feel sad.

Most of the time, though, there were happy occasions, Bob recalled. Five years after Hitler went into France, his school put together a parade to support the freedom we had here in America. The students marched all through Alpena. There were some big celebrations, too. The church in Alpena put on socials for the community. Each church took turns for these socials. There were many different socials such as pie socials, strawberry socials, trout boil socials, and many others. Everybody went to these socials and brought something with them.

When I asked Bob how he felt when the atomic bomb was dropped to end the war, he replied, "I felt good about it because that was it, that was the end. After Japan surrendered, the town's lid just blew off, everyone just went wild! The schools closed, everyone ran home and piled in their cars. They started snaking around town beeping their horns, shouting, and just raising up an uproar. People shook hands and hugged people they did not even know. This lasted for three days straight." Bob added, "It was just the greatest thing that ever happened since popcorn."

There was an interesting homecoming party that Bob attended. One of his neighbors, also named Bob, came home and the Gunderson's had his family over for supper. Later, the group went back to Bob the neighbor's place. As people stopped by, a party was started. During that party, Bob Gunderson snuck up behind his neighbor, and his neighbor swung around and hit the young Gunderson in the head. He flew through the door and woke up a half an hour later in the next room. As he found out later, it was strictly a reaction, nothing more. Now, it is just a funny memory, a lesson to be learned that was taught the hard way. Never come up behind a person that has just come home from a war without them knowing that you are there.

When I asked him about what effects the war had on him and the others, Bob gave me an interesting reply. Bob said that there were a lot of friendships that would not have been made if times were normal. This happened because everyone was going through the same experiences, the same hardships. He also said that a lot of the women's rights were started back then. Bob also mentioned that there were also a lot of other wars that had to be fought because World War II was not finished.

When I asked if there was one big effect that the war had on his life, Bob said, "Well, I don't know whether I can really answer that one to any degree, because it brought me here to the United States. If it hadn't happened, I would have been in Norway. It would have been a completely different life." He also said that he would have probably followed in his father's footsteps. Another effect that Bob mentioned was, for that generation of kids, it instilled a fierce sense of patriotism to the point that mothers had to fight to keep sixteen-year-old kids in school during the Korean Conflict.



Bob now lives in Negaunee with his wife, Louise Ann (Rohrbacker) Gundersen. He retired from CCI after twenty years of working in the research lab. In his spare time, he attends Bible classes, teaches Bible classes, and does social work as an advocate for the senior citizens. Some of the things he does for the senior citizens are: home visitations, counseling, insurance paperwork, and other things to make their lives better for them. He also has a son, Robert Lawrence Gundersen, Jr., who is thirty-four years old, and a daughter, Marjorie Diana (Gundersen) Davidson, who is twenty-six years old.

After interviewing Bob, I now know that life on the homefront during World War II was fun, but hard as well. For the kids, it was fun and interesting because it was something different and exciting. For the parents and older people, it was a time of frustration, wondering where your friends or relatives were and how they were doing. Also, it was possibly a time of joy, when friends or relatives came home safe and sound. As a final thought, I would like to thank all of the brave people who fought for the freedom of the world during World War II, and all of the hard-working people who toughed it out working in the factories and other areas on the home front.

— Dustin Vietzke

BRRRRR! IT'S COLD OUT HERE

"Well, you didn't know where you were going to go . . ." was the response I got from Mr. Pennala when I asked if he was happy to not be assigned to combat duty in World War II.

Norman Pennala was born in the North Lake area of Ishpeming, Michigan, to Eleus and Hattie. He had three sisters: Eleanor, Martha, and Viola.

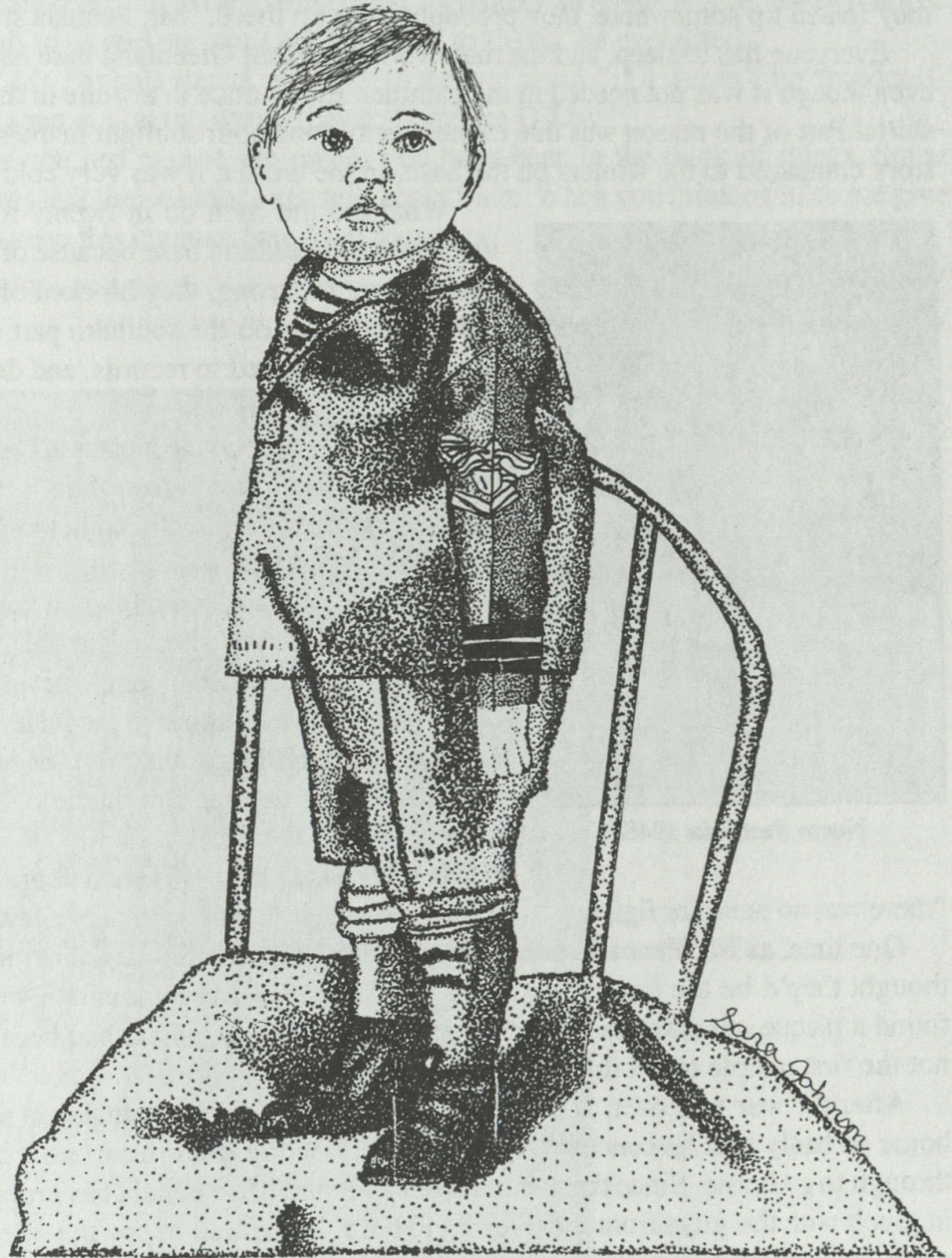
At the age of eighteen, Mr. Pennala was drafted into military service. "I tried to enlist but I couldn't make it on account of my eyes," he stated. However, once the war broke out, he was drafted.

Mr. Pennala remembers basic training clearly. He told me how the soldiers were divided into groups according to skin color and of the fights between the races and how often they occurred.

Once out of basic training, Mr. Pennala was sent by train to a weather school on the military's command. After schooling to become a weatherman, Mr. Pennala was sent into the Head Corps in the Eighth Weather Squadron in Greenland. As he told me, life there was very regimented. Soldiers did what they were told to do when they were told to do it all the time, but not on the nights and weekends.

While Mr. Pennala was in the military, he had many duties. The men working in Greenland were trained on the job, and then did the tasks on their own. Their jobs were not easy.

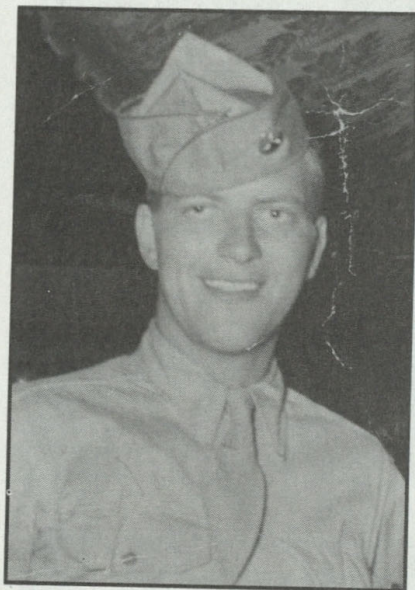
Mr. Pennala was a radio sound operator. They sent up weather balloons about six to eight feet in diameter. After the balloons had been filled, a radio transmitter was attached to keep a record of the way the balloon traveled. This way, he predicted weather many days in advance so the Army could plan attacks. After going up high enough, the balloons popped because of the stratified atmosphere. Then he also got signals on the way



down. Everything they did was routine unless they had to work in a snow storm. "Compared to others somewhere else, I can't say it was that bad," replied Mr. Pennala as he described his undertaking.

The men in the weather corps in Greenland made many charts for their commanding officers. Their commanding officers' headquarters were on the south tip of Greenland. Mr. Pennala was posted north of there in the Arctic Circle. Every once in a while their commanding officers came up to their base to see if everything was all right; then they'd leave. Their commanding officers probably visited the base as a punishment. "If they fouled up somewhere, they probably went up there," Mr. Pennala stated.

Everyone has to sleep, and the men working at that Greenland base had to also. They had heated barracks even though it was not needed in the summer. Every once in a while in the summer, they could even be in T-shirts! Part of the reason was due to the twenty-four hour sunlight in the summer. This was a whole different story compared to the winters on the base. In the winter, it was very cold and they had no sunlight.



Norm Pennala 1945

What did the men do in twenty-four hour darkness? Radios did not work at the Greenland base because of the Aurora Borealis. The Northern Lights were so strong, they blocked off the radio waves. Plus, the closest radio station was on the southern part of Greenland. So, the military men played pool, listened to records, and developed photos as recreational activities.

They also watched the Northern Lights. Up where they were, the lights were so close you could hear them snapping and see their multi-colored trails of light. "It was really something nice to see," was all Mr. Pennala could say to describe it.

There was a squadron of men at the Greenland base that had the job of going up in planes and shooting aerial photos. When they were done, sometimes they would let other people develop the photos. Mr. Pennala remembers flying in the weather planes. He told me about the planes that had crashed in the ice caps and were never retrieved. He explained how, at times, he could not see out of the cockpit because of the snow rushing toward the window.

At their base, there was a small group of guys. They got along fine as, "there was no need for fighting," Mr. Pennala stated. There were only a few guys up there working at the base.

One time, as Mr. Pennala recalls, they went mountain climbing. They were climbing a mountain and they thought they'd be the first ones ever to get to the top of that mountain, but when they reached the top, they found a plaque engraved in the rock that said that that mountain had been climbed for Denmark. They were not the first people to get there.

After the war was over, and it was time to go home, Mr. Pennala got sick, real sick, but he wanted to go home so badly that he concealed his sickness. Nobody knew how bad it had been for him, or what he went through to go home. Since the war has been over and Mr. Pennala has grown older, he wishes that he had kept in touch with the guys from the Greenland base. He was so happy the war was over that he did not bother to write, he just went on with his life. Now he will probably never hear from them again.

Even if he may not be able to communicate with his military buddies, he still thinks many good things came out of the war. "Well, I think the United States learned to pull together when they had to . . . They got things done," and "the European countries realized that if something needs to be done, the United States will get it done," also, "It was a good thing we had F.D.R. then. He was the kind of guy that could pull people together," are only some of the things Mr. Pennala said as he described his feelings about the war era.

Since the war, Mr. Pennala has been to many other countries, and in all the countries he went to, there has

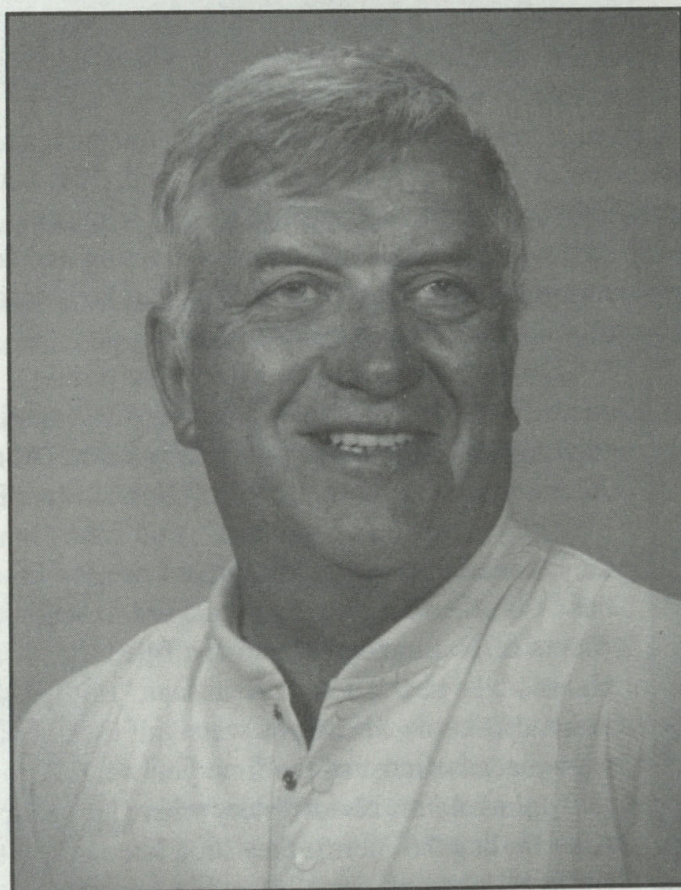
been no animosity toward the United States. In most places, he found that people thought the United States was the best place on the planet! If we all stop to think about how many people sacrificed their lives to free this world from dictators, we would be very thankful to them.

The United States is a very benevolent country, for even after we bombed and destroyed countries, we helped to rebuild cities and fix economies. "I suppose I get a little angry again when you think of what you read in the paper . . ." Mr. Pennala said referring to the competition for American goods in a Japanese market. "Like when Japan sells all their stuff to us and we can't sell our stuff to them," he explained.

"There's another phase of it . . ." Mr. Pennala stated, referring to the war again, "if it weren't for broadcasting weather, the Army might have gone out on the wrong day to bomb on D-Day."

War has many parts to it. Some you just cannot see unless you have been in the thick of things. Some people experienced such awful things that they cannot even talk about them. When you think of it, do we give enough credit to those who died to keep this country free from dictators?

— Ryan Foster



THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

John Kyllonen was born on October 1, 1924, in Iron River, Michigan, to Thomas and Amanda Kyllonen. John's parents owned a farm in Iron River and his father worked in an iron ore mine. Activity wasn't hard to find in John's house because he had five brothers and six sisters. John married Lillian Heiskala of Marengo, Wisconsin, and together they raised a son named Fred and a daughter named Debbie, now known as Debbie Hanka.

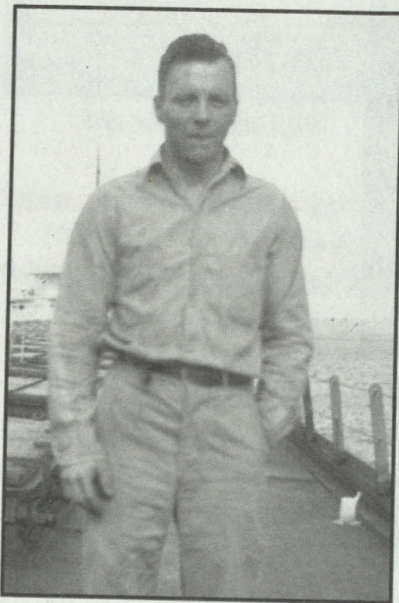
John was still at home when he heard about the bombing of Pearl Harbor and said, "I was at home on the farm milking the cows." Shortly after wondering about going into the military, John was drafted. He stated, "Everybody wanted to go to do their duty to be a patriotic person."

John's first basic training assignment was in Fort Sheridan, Illinois. He continued this with thirteen weeks in Fort Riley, Kansas. Basic training included long marches from fifteen to thirty miles two times a week. John's outfit marched ten miles to and from the rifle range every day.

Later, John went to Camp Buttner in North Carolina for advanced basic training, and then he went to Fort Mead in Maryland for amphibious training. He finished in England with more advanced basic training. John told me that amphibious training involves getting on a ship out on the sea and then coming off the ship on big long ropes to landing crafts. From the landing crafts they tried to get to the beach. The soldiers carried live ammunition and shot at silhouettes that were set up for the soldiers.

John mentioned how living arrangements in the military were not too great and how at the barracks, he had to sleep on cots. He had to sleep out in small tents on the bare ground. This was called bivouac. "The food wasn't very good. It wasn't like mother's cooking out there in town," John said.

John's military life was very difficult as it included intensive training and long hard marches. "We had very strict discipline and rugged training," said John. He talked about how he even had blisters on his feet from hours of nonstop marching.

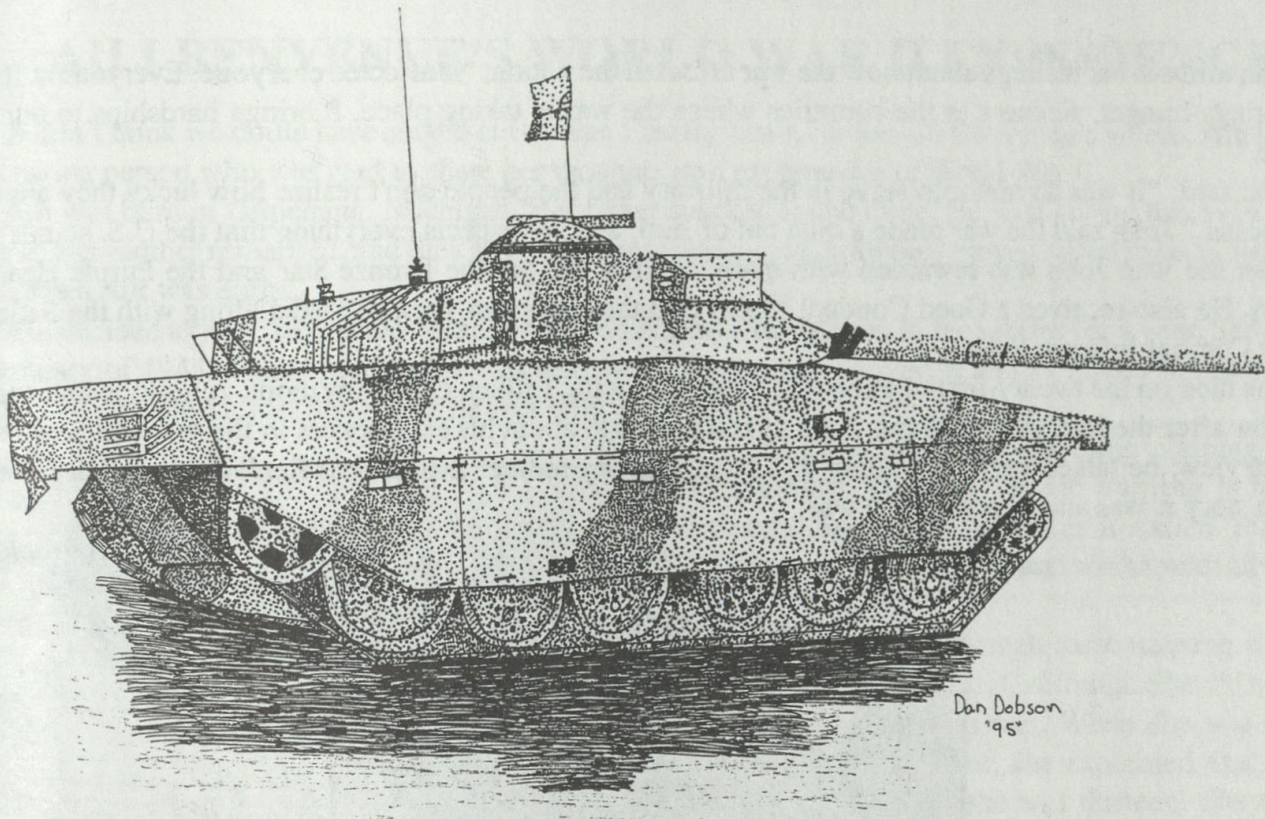


John Kyllonen, 1947, while working on the ore boats on the Great Lakes.

On June first, shortly after basic training, John boarded a ship to get ready for the invasion of Normandy. On June fifth, he started sailing across the English Channel for the Omaha Beach. At about 10 a.m. on June sixth, John arrived on the beaches of Normandy. "Everything was in full fire; everything was being shot up," said John. John told me that shortly after they landed, the waters that were once sea blue, were now deep red. Husbands, brothers, uncles, dads, and sons brought a deathful look to the coastal waters of Normandy. Americans filled the skies as they came down from planes to the beach below. John said, "Battles were very fierce, very scary." You didn't know where you were half the time and nighttime was about the worst because most of the time you were surrounded by the enemy."

John told me about a story where his group was looking for the enemy. After finding the enemy, they shot. The enemy started returning fire at John's group and they all dove into a big trench. The trench was about seven feet deep and after the fire was over, the other guys jumped out. He and another guy, who was short, also couldn't get out of the trench. Then the enemy started lobbing mortar shells, but they were hitting the sides of the trench. John told his friend to make toe holes on the edge of the trench, and they jumped out and got back to their troops. John's experiences made me aware of how dangerous the war was, and I hope we will never have to endure a World War III.

John was wounded in battle about two weeks after the invasion of Normandy. He said that a big artillery



shell hit a tree above him and the shrapnel came back down and hit him in the back.

When John was in the hospital in England, he got passes to go to U.S. shows. On Friday night he had fish and chips with the British. He said that the British loved to have this.

John's most outstanding memory from his wartime experiences was when he was standing in formation and President Roosevelt, Churchill, General Montgomery, and Eisenhower went by. John said he was so close that he could have touched them.



John and Lillian (Heiskala) Kyllonen

John and his wife went to Paris for a reunion at Omaha Beach, which is 150 miles from Paris. A private driver drove him to Omaha Beach and John then went to the sight at Omaha Beach where he landed on D-Day. He also visited the museums at Caen and the site where he was wounded in a little town of Caumont. While revisiting the site, he looked over the city. He saw bomb craters and the big bunkers that the Germans had built on top of the hill looking down on Omaha Beach. John said it brought back a lot of memories. They still stand there as a reminder of how much power the Germans had.

Pvt. Kyllonen Hurt In France

Pvt. John Kyllonen 19, was wounded in action with the infantry in France, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kyllonen, Iron River, township, have learned. In a letter received this week from a hospital base in England he told them he was hurt in the side but recovering and not to worry.

Pvt. Kyllonen has been in the army since April 1943 and overseas since last November. He was stationed at Fort Riley, Kan., Camp Butner, N. C., and Fort Meade, Md., before being shipped. Prior to entering the service he worked on his father's farm. He attended but did not graduate from the Iron River high school.

Pvt. Kyllonen asked this his friends write to him. His complete address may be secured from his parents. His censored address: APO 1, 00 PM, NYC.

He is Iron county fifth invasion casualty. Others are 1st Lt. Andrew Komblevich, infantry, killed in action; Sgt. Alfred H. King, glider troops, killed in action; Pvt. Sheldon Moller and Pfc. Tucker, who were at 700 p.m., wounded in action.

**Iron River reporter's
account of Mr.
Kyllonen's injury while
serving in the army.**

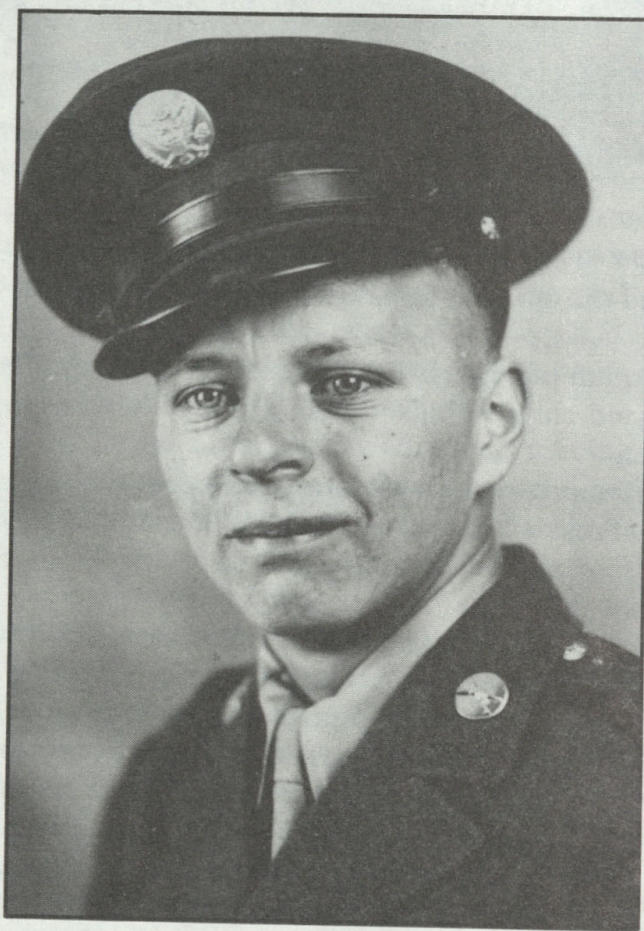
John told me his feelings about how the war affected the nation, "It affected everyone. Everyone suffered. War brings hunger, sickness to the countries where the war is taking place. It brings hardships to our own people."

John said, "It was an honor to serve in the military and the people don't realize how lucky they are to be Americans." John said the war made a man out of him, and he respects everything that the U.S. stands for.

After the war, John was rewarded with many awards. He got the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart for bravery. He also received a Good Conduct Medal and the European Theatre Medal along with the Rifle and Expert Combat Infantry Badge.

John died on the twenty-first of February, 1995. His wife, Lillian, called my mom, Julie Johnson, and she said how after the interview with me, John talked at length about his experiences in the war and how before the interview, he talked very little about it. Lillian told my mother that he was finally able to tell his story. What a story it was and how timely it was.

— *Andy Johnson*



John Kyllonen C. 1945
(In memory of Mr. Kyllonen who
passed away February 23, 1995)

AILI BENVENUE'S WORLD WAR II EXPERIENCE

"I don't think we could have stayed out of war, I really don't," were Aili Benvenue's words. Aili is a kind and caring person who was glad to share her thoughts and experiences of World War II.

Aili was born in Ishpeming, Michigan. Her father worked in the mine. He died during the 1919 flu epidemic. Her mother remarried, and they lived in Palmer, Michigan, until they moved to National Mine, Michigan, when Aili was eight.

Aili decided to join the service because her brother had already been in the service for a year. She enlisted in January of 1944. When her brother was sent to the European Theater, it almost forced her into service because they were almost like twins; he was only a year older.



1944 - Mrs. Benvenue (on right) with service friends.

Aili started taking her basic training in Fort Oglethorp, Georgia. "Basic training is hard but there's one thing that makes it easier. You're not alone; you have a group that you're with all the time . . ." she reflects.

After Aili got through basic training, they sent her to San Bernardino, California. She did not know what her assignment was. When she was asked if she could drive a car, she explained that she had been driving since she was thirteen. She took the driving test and was sent to the commander of the base, Colonel Dowsen. She was assigned to drive for him and be his aide. She drove for him for six weeks; she got up at four o'clock in the morning. She had to drive him to Los Angeles or pick up somebody from there that had flown in. Because she disliked the commander, she went in and asked for a transfer. Before the transfer was arranged, Colonel Dowsen insisted that she was working for him. He did not like women in the service because he had been in for twenty-six years. He told her, "I'm an

old war horse, and I can't understand why women have to come in." Colonel Dowsen called her "L" because he could never remember her name. He turned out to be the nicest person in the world. He started treating her like a father, telling her what to do. Colonel Dowsen was very perturbed when Aili told him that she had volunteered for overseas duty; he thought she was insane.

When Aili volunteered for European Theater, she was sent to the South Pacific with winter clothes. "We didn't have to carry any arms of any kind because I was one of the first ones of the girls to go overseas," said Aili. The girls went to relieve the men. They were well received. "The first two days we were in New Guinea, we didn't have any food. They weren't prepared for us at all," she said. The Navy came to their rescue on the end of the second day, bringing them pork chops. From then on they were all right.

One day as she was walking up to the office on a mountain side in New Guinea, someone said, "Hey 'L' is that you?" It was Colonel Dowsen. They walked up to the office together. Dowsen asked her if she liked her job but she hated it. Two days later she was assigned to take messages through correspondence. The military was sending plane parts in from Hawaii and the United States. It was all coded. She did not know what it was, but she had to make sure that everything corresponded.

She said it was not fun being anywhere where there was combat. "The Japanese did not fly over, they fly at you," said Aili. She could not believe how many planes were grounded around her place.

Her brother got married while she was gone, and her mother sent her his wedding picture with no frame on it. One of the boys in the service took the windshield of a jet and made a frame for her. She still has that picture and she said she will never get rid of it.

Aili was not in any battles, but the Japanese had infiltrated the Cyclops Mountains. At night, she would wash clubs and then they would be stolen. She did not understand how the stealing could happen because they were surrounded by military police.

Even though they were not in combat, women were in danger. The Japanese knifed a girl and killed her. "Within three months, almost half of our girls were gone," Aili stated. Some had jungle rot and some lost their mind; they were not strong enough to withstand the stress of the situation. She saw one girl with jungle rot who was wrapped in plastic because they could not even put clothes on her.

Aili's tent was on a plateau in New Guinea and the shower room was right next to it. One day, she heard the most terrible screaming in the shower. She started running to it. Some guy had gone in there and broken a shampoo bottle and had done terrible things to that girl. Aili has not heard of her since. That's how a few men treated the girls when they first got into service. However, many were really good to the women soldiers.

Aili landed in the hospital with dengue fever. She said the personnel in the Navy and Army, and every branch of the service, were like a family after a person was in the service for a while. When she was in the hospital, two men from her neighborhood brought her a carton of candy because she was so ill. At the time, she did not know who her visitors were.

Years later when she was visiting her husband where he used to work, the man who owned the place said, "Hi Buddy." This had been her nickname because she grew up between two boys. She did not know who the man was. It turned out that he was one of the men who visited her at the hospital in New Guinea. He was in the Coast Guard about thirty-five miles away. When he heard a girl from Ishpeming was in the hospital, he went to see her.

New Guinea was a strange tropical place. It was quite uncivilized. Aili saw a woman breast feeding a piglet. The natives were still wild. They did not wear clothes, but the women had a little cloth in front of them. The men even wore horns; they may have gotten them from the wild sheep or goats. "A noisy city is nothing compared to a jungle. There is a lot of racket," she said. She eventually got used to it and started sleeping through it. When she first got there, it scared her.

In her free time, Aili visited the boys in the hospital once a week. She was not allowed to leave the area unless she was to ride in a truck or was guarded by M.P.'s. They had a little cook from Minnesota, called Rita, who baked a huge cake. Aili brought it to the boys, who were a pitiful sight. There was one boy who wanted his picture taken for his parents so the photographer came and took pictures.

Aili often thinks about what happened to those boys. "You see them and then you don't. You don't hear about them either or they don't tell you, they're just gone," she said. "Yes, I have a lot of fond memories of my service, but I also have nightmares," she said. Whenever she heard screaming, she ran towards it. She was told to stay in her tent if she heard screaming. She had an experience when she lived about two bunks away from her cook, Rita. Aili couldn't stand it there because there was a little Indian girl who threw a knife at the center of her tent and pulled it out. She never talked. Aili could not stand this behavior, so she moved to another tent. One night she heard Rita screaming. They all had a net on the side of their tents to keep the mosquitoes out. When she heard Rita screaming, she sat up and saw a man opening her net. Carol Bennett, a friend of Aili's came over to see what the screaming was. Aili was shaking so bad that the cot was moving, and Carol had to hold her down. "It was me screaming that time, and I didn't even realize it. That's what it does to you," Aili said.

Aili earned many medals such as the Philippine Liberation Campaign Medal, World War II Victory Medal, two overseas service bars, the Asiatic Pacific Campaign Medal with a Bronze Star for being in difficult areas, and a Good Conduct Medal.

When the war was over, Aili still had to stay in the service. She said the war was over in the European Theater before it was over in the South Pacific.

Aili enjoyed serving for her country; she wouldn't have missed it for anything. The war affected her life, too. She was not as carefree as she once was. When she had nightmares, all she could hear was girls screaming.

It took her and other people from the service thirty-one days to get to San Francisco. There were seven thousand of them on a ship. They made a three-day stop in Australia before they went to Holland.

The available plane was small, so they had to wait for another one. They were put in a fenced in area where people that were in prison had to stay. Aili and her group had to stay with them for two weeks. Then a plane took them to Manila. There were thirty people, including Aili, that went home on a ship. There were some wicked storms on the way.

When Aili got to San Francisco, she got sick so she was put in a hospital, but she refused to stay. She ended up in a hospital in Iowa. When she was discharged, she took a crowded civilian train to Chicago. She had to sit on her duffel bag. She looked really sick.

There was a girl who let Aili sit with her because she looked so sick. Another girl gave her brandy to make her feel better. When she got to Chicago, she fell asleep and she kept her purse wrapped around her arm. When she woke up there was an old lady sitting on her lap. She was watching over her so nothing happened. Aili took her out for lunch to thank her.

Aili was going to surprise her folks, but she could not get a cab to bring her home. She was going to stay at the Mather Inn, but some of her friends from the service saw her. They went to a restaurant, and there was a fellow there she knew who brought her home. Even though it was 3:30 in the morning, her family was happy to see her.



Mrs. Benvenue in uniform

Aili Benvenue made World War II more interesting and real to me. I had a fun time learning about this war, and I will always remember the time Aili shared her thoughts about it.

— Joni Wikman



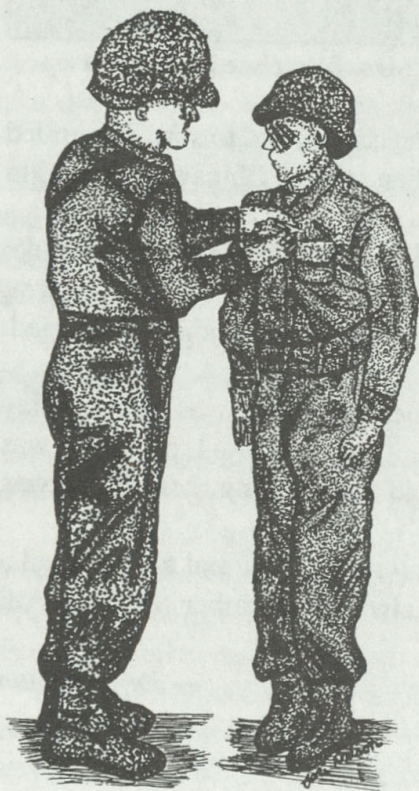
120 DAY WONDER

Loren Gray was born on October 16, 1918, in Marinette, Wisconsin. He grew up with a mother and a father named Mable and Fred and a brother named Harry. His dad worked in a box shop while his mother was at home.

On the day Loren left home for basic training many thoughts were going through his mind. Loren said, "Well you wondered what you were going to bump into." Loren received basic training at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, for the infantry. While there, he was instructed in rifle use and marching.

On December 7, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and immediately Loren was transported by train to the state of Washington. He was assigned to the infantry in the 41st Division. Next, he was shipped overseas.

During his five years in the military, Loren achieved the ranks of private, corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, second lieutenant, and first lieutenant. At the end of his service, he was discharged a captain.



2nd Lt. Loren Gray

After the New Guinea Campaign was over, Loren was a sergeant. He said he went before a board and the other officers asked him why he wanted to be an officer. He said, "I didn't apply for this, but I'm ambitious and I like to get ahead."

The first thing he knew he was told, "Pack your bags you're flying to Brisbane, Australia, for officer training school." Officer training school in the states was for ninety days. All officers who trained in the states were called ninety-day wonders. However, upon meeting the new platoon, the 40th Infantry, on the Bismark Archipelago, he broke the ice and said, "I don't want a doggone one of you men to call me a ninety-day wonder. We had 4 months training at Brisbane so I am a 120-day wonder." The whole platoon laughed.

When Loren was in combat as an infantry man, he used a M1. However, he told me he was supposed to carry a 30 caliber carbine. He told me this M1 semi-automatic was his runner's, Tony Valgarino's. However, when Tony was wounded, Loren took his gun. One statement he told me was a good observation. "Your men will follow you better than being driven."

Loren was in many battles. His first was in Papua then New Guinea. These were the two battles in New Guinea that he was involved in. The Bismark Archipelago was a series of small islands. After the Bismark Archipelago, Loren fought at Luzon and Negros, which are two different islands in the Philippines. When I asked him what his most dangerous experience was, he told me they were all pretty dangerous. Loren was the twenty-fourth man out of twenty-seven to get wounded; so it was apparent that he was in some tough battles. He told me he has some machine gun bullets in him. He said, "I survived; some of them didn't."

When I asked Loren how he felt about serving in the war, he told me, "We were drafted to do it and we had to do it. That's all." I also asked him how he thought his family felt about his involvement in the war. When he got home, his family was tickled to see him. "I never had any contact while I was overseas thirty-nine months; that's over three years," he said. The only thing that affected his family was worrying about Loren. The thing that affected Loren the most about the war was seeing friends getting wounded or killed.

In Loren's spare time, he played cards. That's if he had free time while he was fighting the Japanese. One statement I remember him saying when I asked him what it felt like to be in combat was, "Everybody in our infantry hated the Japanese. We said every good Japanese is a dead one."

"In those years," he said, "there were a variety of situations." Loren was assigned to New Guinea, and for food they were dropping Australian corn beef to them by airplane. Some of the dropped cans broke open causing spoilage. Loren got dysentery from it, and he went to an Australian medic. When the medic asked him what he had been eating, Loren told him corn beef. The medic told him to lay off it for awhile. Loren asked, "What do you want me to do? Starve? That's about all we're getting in Australia." When he got back to his outfit in New Guinea, he had received a package from home. Upon opening it, he found a can of corn beef. He took it and heaved it into the jungle. Later, he regretted this because it was a can of good corn beef. However, he could not find it. He did not think clearly because he was so worked up over the Australian corn beef.

When the war was over, Loren was on the hospital ship. He was in three different hospitals because one bullet hit him in the left shoulder and nicked the ulnar nerve. I could tell the difference between the muscles of one hand to the other hand.

Loren was awarded the Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster for meritorious service in the Asiatic Pacific.

He also received the Purple Heart for being wounded in battle.

Loren now lives outside of Ishpeming, Michigan, with his wife, Pearle. They have two children named James and Jeff. Before he retired, he worked for Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company at the Republic and Tilden Mines. In his spare time, Loren likes to hunt and fish. He said his only claim to fame is that he has won the U.P. Championship for pistol shooting seven times.

I really enjoyed the interview, and I will never forget it. It was a wonderful experience for me to hear about other people's participation in the war, and I would like to thank Loren for sharing his memories with me.

— Kevin Letson



Loren & Pearle Gray
March 15, 1995
their 48th wedding anniversary

A SOLDIER'S DEDICATION

As I talked with Richard Wills in November of 1994, this kind gentleman expressed how he thought World War II affected our nation. Mr. Wills stated, "One of the things that happened to this country during that war was . . . everybody got together. That is why they were able to accomplish what they did . . . If they hadn't all pulled together as a unit, they would never have made it. Until you've been to some other countries to see how they live, you realize how good this one is."

When Mr. Wills left home for basic training, he stated, ". . . it affected everybody, but I was with a lot of my friends, so I guess it didn't bother us quite so much if I would have been . . . with strangers." Mr. Wills received basic training in Alexander, Louisiana, at Camp Beaulregard, and at Camp Livingston. While in the Combat Engineers, Mr. Wills had engineer training along with infantry training. Basic training was five days a week and on Saturday mornings, a soldier's tent, person, and lockers were inspected. By noon time on Saturday, they were off until Monday morning. A soldier returned to camp at night unless he was in possession of the appropriate pass.

Mr. Wills' experience in the military started on October 26, 1939, when he joined the National Guard. Mr. Wills was part of the 107th Combat Engineers and he was in List D. Mr. Wills was an equipment operator. He drove trucks and bulldozers, and worked other jobs that came up. His company went on active duty on October 15, 1940. "I was strongly in favor of protecting our rights . . ." Mr. Wills told me.

Mr. Wills thought the United States would eventually get involved in the war. On a Sunday in December of 1941, Mr. Wills was at a restaurant with a couple of his buddies. ". . . the waitress was crying. We asked her why, and that is the first we heard about the bombing of Pearl Harbor," Mr. Wills stated. He also recalled, ". . . troops were requested to return to posts and camps . . ." Mr. Wills went on to say, "Military life, your life isn't your own. You work on the rules and regulations; you can't do this, or you can't do that . . ."

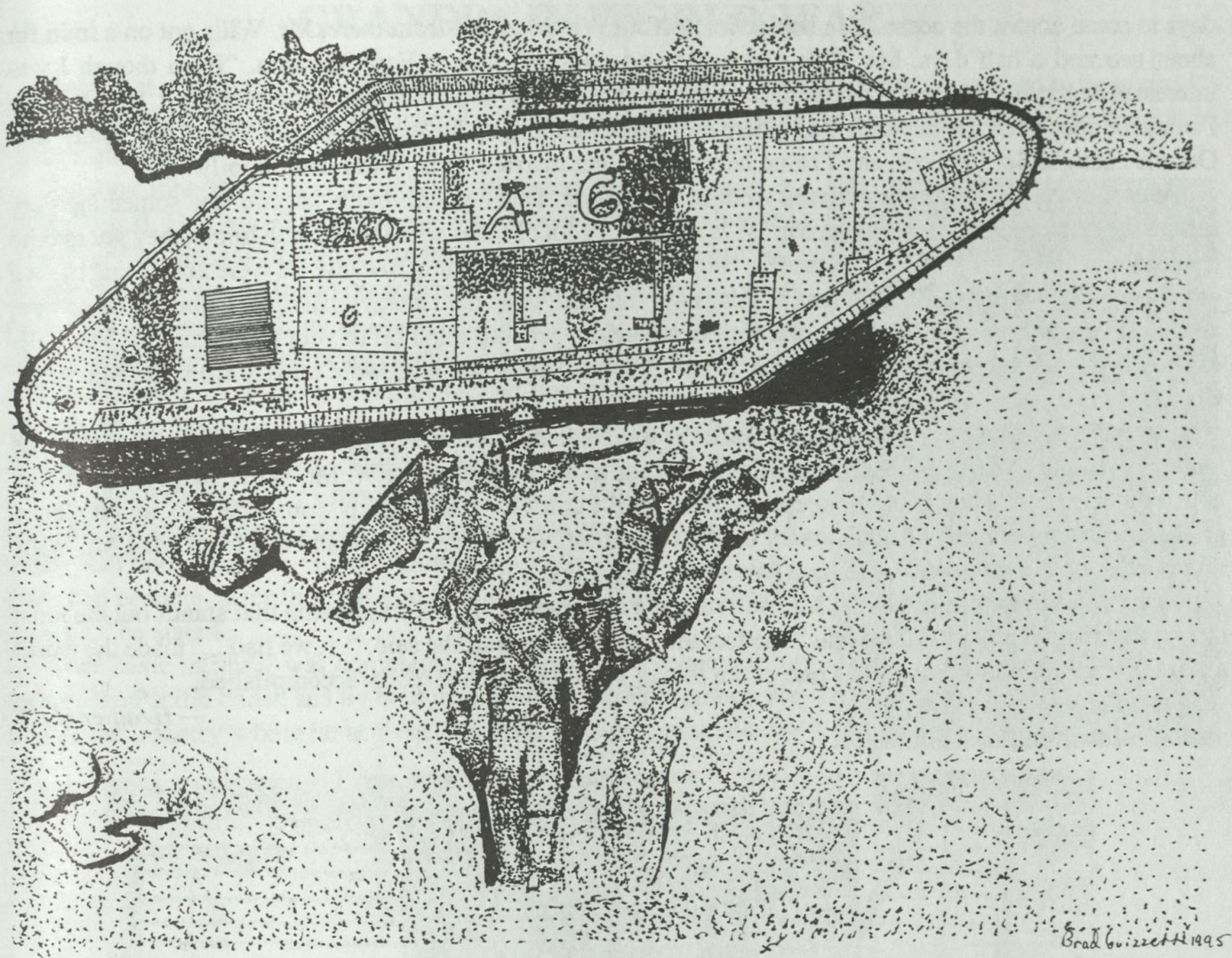
Mr. Wills participated in five different campaigns while serving our country. His experiences started in Normandy, France. Although Mr. Wills did not go in on D-Day, his unit went in on D+3, which is three days after the initial invasion. Mr. Wills stated that battle experiences are hard to explain. ". . . nobody, unless you've participated, realized just what goes through your mind, how you feel. If a person isn't scared, they've got something wrong with them . . ." Mr. Wills continued, ". . . combat for sure, it is not like they show it on TV." Mr. Wills made a long-lasting friendship with a man from England who came in as a replacement in Normandy. They shared a foxhole together, and they became very good friends. From Normandy, Mr. Wills moved to central Europe, Riland, Rhineland, Germany, and finally to the Battle of the Bulge.

Mr. Wills was also involved in the Liberation of Paris. His unit was in Paris three days after the liberation. Being in the Combat Engineers, it was up to his unit to clean up all of the rock and rubble that was lying on the main route where the trucks had to go. This route was called the Supply Route. Afterward, Mr. Wills remembered a humorous situation, ". . . people were happy, coming out on the truck. That was a thing that we always remembered because it was a happy time."

During the war, a soldier's helmet was an important asset. Mr. Wills explained, ". . . the helmet was used



**Mr. Wills while participating
in the Battle of the Bulge,
December 17, 1944.**



for anything and everything. You cooked in it, you washed in it and everything else, anything else you could think of, you did.”

One of Mr. Wills’ units great accomplishments was a bridge across the Rhine River. The bridge stretched about 1360 feet from bank to bank, and it was put up in less that twenty four hours! His unit used floating bridge equipment to build the bridge.

Mr. Wills saw a couple of famous people during the time he served in the military. One person he saw was Adolf Manjoy, who was a movie actor, and the other was movie actress, Marlene Diedrich. The most famous person Mr. Wills came close to was General Omar Bradley. General Bradley was the Twelfth Army group commander; he was known as the soldier’s soldier. General Bradley was giving soldiers an encouraging talk when Mr. Wills saw him.

In his free time, Mr. Wills usually went into town to see a show. He also read a lot, wrote letters, or went down to the club and shot darts. He saw family-type movies, Mr. Wills mentioned the Movie Channel now shows the black and white movies that they watched.

Mr. Wills explained his homecoming after the war. After leaving Pilson, Czechoslovakia, Mr. Wills went back to Troys, France, and spent a couple of weeks there. Then, Mr. Wills’ papers came through to go home. Finally, after about four weeks, Mr. Wills said, “. . . we did get on a ship at La Harve . . . and it took us fourteen

days to come across the ocean." He landed in Norfolk, Virginia, and from there, Mr. Wills got on a train for about two and a half days. Mr. Wills spent one and one-half days at Fort Sheridan. "Even though I was interested in staying in, I had considered re-enlisting, but when I went to talk with them about it, they told me I would be sent to Okinawa which was where they were building up for the invasion of Japan, and I said 'no.' Once is enough. So, I got out, and I came home, and I got married," Mr. Wills said happily.

After the war, many people suffered from battle fatigue. Dealing with battle fatigue was something very serious for some people after the war. Mr. Wills said, "... a lot of fellas when they come home, they got into, to be alcoholics and you know, some of them in Negaunee died from drinking. Because we were able to talk to each other, none of us ever had that problem. If things got that bad, you could always call up somebody and go over and sit down and have a cup of coffee and visit of whatever, get your mind off of your problems..." Mr. Wills explained the advantage of being with the 107th Combat Engineers, who were mostly from the Marquette County area.

Currently, Mr. Wills is the Post Commander at the Negaunee VFW. His post is one of the biggest in the Upper Peninsula. Nearly 700 men and women belong to the Negaunee VFW. Mr. Wills stated, "... it's an active organization. They do a lot, keeps me busy, and I don't have that much spare time. So, and it's been good, we celebrated our 60th anniversary on the twelfth of November..." I could tell from what Mr. Wills told me that he is very proud of being a part of the Negaunee VFW.

As the interview came to a close, Mr. Wills made a comment about the impression that stands out the most in his mind from the World War II era. "The fact that we won the war," he said, "... we had... made the world a safer place to live in... but that's one of the things I felt that we had really accomplished."

— Heather Oysti



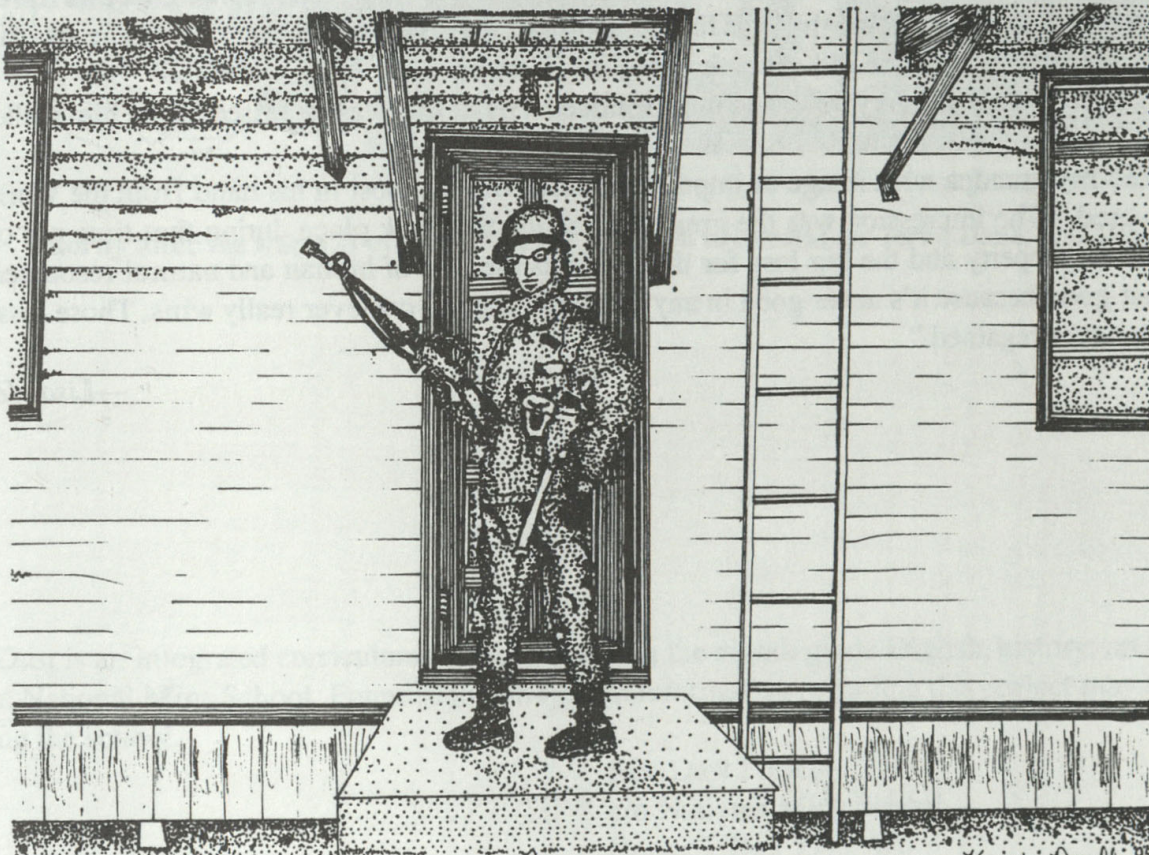
**Edith and Dick Wills,
Nassau Beach Hotel, Bahamas,
October 19, 1994**

GRANDPA IN WORLD WAR II

"I thought it was very bad. I thought that the people who started the war were crazy and had to be stopped," my grandpa John Barda answered when I asked him his thoughts about the United States entering the war in Europe and Asia.

Grandpa John Barda was in high school during the early years of World War II. He figured that eventually he would have to go into the armed service. He was drafted late in the war, and he left home in 1944, wondering if he was going to come back. He did his training at Camp Robinson, Arkansas. During his basic training he said, "They treated new recruits or new inductees very badly. They made you feel as though you were absolutely nothing, less than the dirt you walked on. You got up early in the morning. You didn't get to sleep until it was late at night. We had to do many different kinds of training tactics." The memory that stood out the most for Grandpa about basic training was the hardship that a trainee went through. "Sometimes you're surprised at how much your body can endure. You're surprised really at how tough your body can become, after they put you through all the different types of training," he stated.

After basic training was completed, Grandpa was transported by train to the Pacific coast, and by boat from there to the Philippines. He was in the infantry where he achieved the rank of a corporal. He de-



Kristi Perelli '95

scribed his three years of military life as, "Just a rugged type of life. Not the kind of life for a normal person." During his time as an infantry man in the Philippines, he had to go through the jungles at night, never knowing what was ahead. The jungles were often infested with poisonous insects and snakes. The soldiers had to dig fox holes to hide in. My grandpa's most dangerous experience was rounding up the Japanese who were still hiding out in the jungles. While he was in the military, he used weapons like the M1 rifle, the Browning automatic, the Thompson submachine gun, and the bazooka, which was an anti-tank gun. Grandpa also had to know how to throw grenades.

My Grandpa John described his feelings about serving in the military and fighting in the war as "something that had to be done." He recalled that the most difficult part about serving in the war was never knowing when he was going to meet the enemy. He always faced the possibility of being killed or wounded.

My grandpa made many buddies in the service, and some became close friends. These friends have become part of his fond memories of his time spent in the service. He said everyone got along because they had to depend on each other. His parents and good food were what he missed most about being so far from home.

The memory that stands out the most from his wartime experiences was the memory of the different places where he was stationed. He was stationed in the Philippines, southern Luzon, and Japan. He remembers Tokyo, and the other places that were hit by the B29's. He said, "they were completely devastated."

My grandpa said that serving his country was something that had to be done. He feels that it is a great country, and said, "When the need arises to defend it, a person should feel honored to defend his country."

When I asked him how he thought the war affected our nation as a whole, as well of the nations of Europe and Asia, Grandpa's response was, "As far as the nations of Europe and Asia, the war got rid of the mad men who caused all the hardship, killing, and suffering. I think that our country can be proud of the fact that we were part of the movement there to get rid of these people who caused so much suffering in the world."

My grandpa was in the Philippines when he first heard that the war was over. He was glad that it was over because he was part of the initial force that was to invade Japan, and at that time, there was to be an estimated loss of at least one million lives. He did not care to be one of them.

Grandpa's homecoming was very quiet and unannounced. His family was surprised to see him walk in the door.

When I asked my grandpa what image or impression stood out the most in his mind from the World War II era, he answered, "The impression was the great destruction that took place during that time not only in human lives but in property and the big loss for the world is the loss of human and natural resources. The image is just not good because it's never good in any kind of a war, no one ever really wins. Those losses are never made up, never regained."

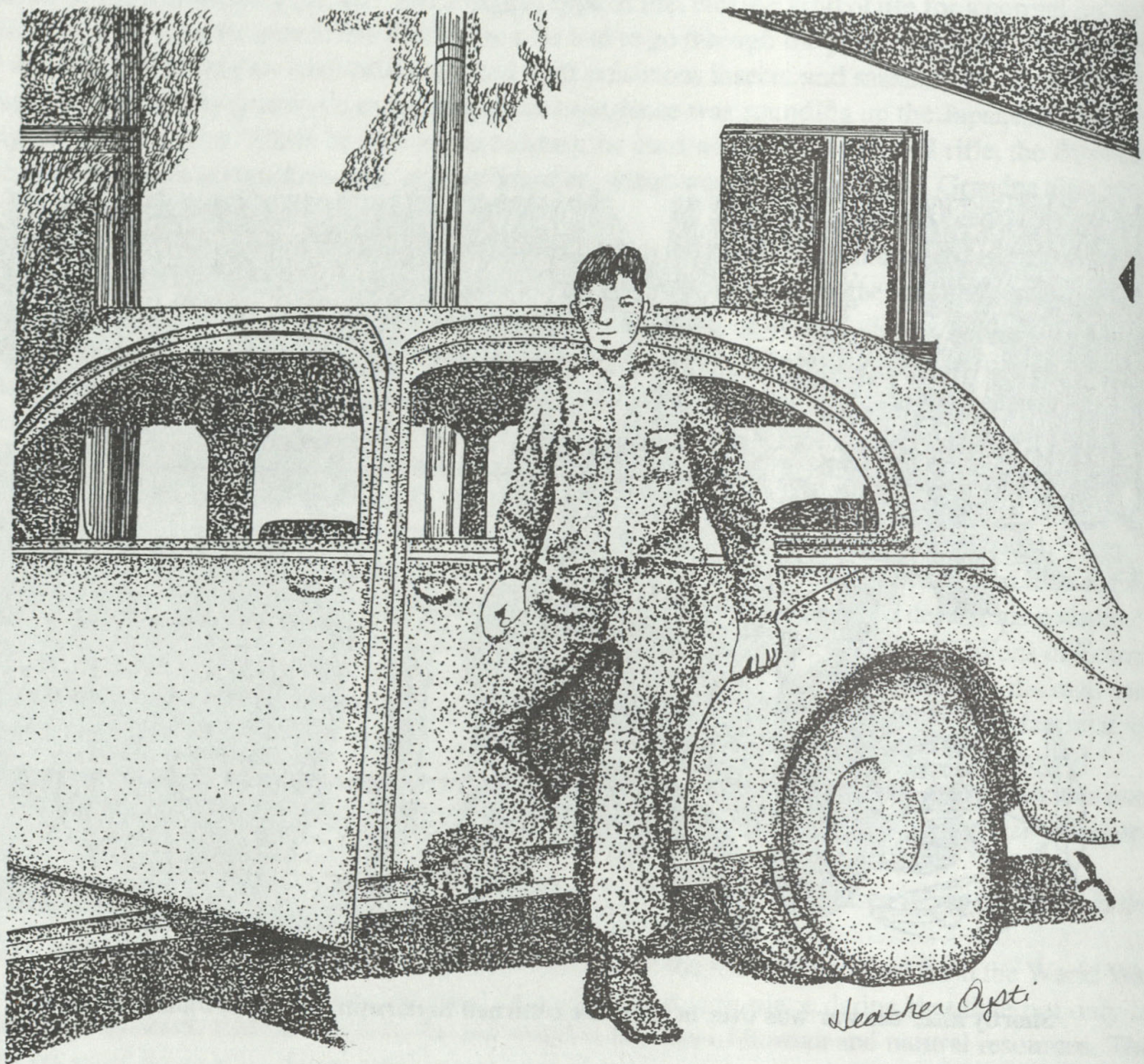
—Lisa Helstein



Shortly after the war was over in 1946, life returned to normal for Terry, Dana, and Diane.

Red Dust is an integrated curriculum project involving the eighth grade English, history, art and computer classes at National Mine School. Founded in 1984 more information regarding this project may be attained by contacting the school.

Red Dust Project
c/o National Mine School
Route 3, Box 1117 AA
Ishpeming, MI 49849



Illustrated here is Thomas Anderson while being stationed in Germany, 1943.

Pictured on back cover, left to right: Front row: Sgt. William A. Hill, Sgt. Robert R. McCombie, Cpl. Russell W. Rogers, S/Sgt. Wilbur N. Hodge, Cpl. Martin Terzaghi, Cpl. John Maslaney, Cpl. William H. Davey, Pfc. Louis J. Tassone, and Pfc. Nicholas J. Conte.

Middle row: Pvt. Frank J. Tasson, Pvt. Richard H. Wills, Pvt. Painter J. Harris, Pvt. Peter B. Denofre, Pvt. Ernest H. Carlson, Pvt. William H. Beatty, Pvt. Thomas H. Oates, Pvt. William E. Ketola, and Pfc. Benjamin O. Pascoe.

Back row: Pfc. Donald M. Duquette, Pfc. Peter C. Hamel, Pvt. Edward C. Vickstrom, Pfc. Walfred V. Mickelson, Pvt. Myles F. McCombie, Pfc. George E. Prideaux, Pfc. Richard J. Ball, Pfc. Leslie L. Ward, and Pvt. George A. Youren.

Company D officers in 1940 that took the company to Louisiana were:

- 1st Lt. Philip D. Pearson, commanding: Captain Pearson was returned to industry in 1941 as Mine Superintendent, Greenwood Mine, Inland Steel Company (from Ishpeming)
- 1st Lt. Allan F. Olson, after transferred out of the 107th served until 1946; released with rank of Lt. Colonel (from Marquette)
- 2nd Lt. William A. Richards (then Major Richards), was killed on Omaha Beach, June 6, 1944 (D-Day) with the 112th Engineer Battalion (from Negaunee)

Company members not portrayed or afterwards enlisted prior to departure for Louisiana:

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Sgt. Raymond J. Campeau | Pvt. Robert L. Lambert |
| Sgt. Theodore G. Corombos | Pvt. Merritt L. Leaf |
| Sgt. Harold R. Smith | Pvt. Arvo K. Mattson |
| Cpl. Armando E. Ambalagi | Pvt. Walfred M. Mattson |
| Cp. Chester R. Prideaux | Pvt. David S. McCombie |
| Pfc. Blaise J. Altobello | Pvt. Walter M. McDonald |
| Pfc. Jack P. Cardoni | Pvt. Harold A. Menapace |
| Pfc. Howard A. Gauthier | Pvt. Jerome D. Morin |
| Pfc. Ludvig Hytinen | Pvt. Murray G. Moon |
| Pvt. Anthony Bobish | Pvt. George O. Partanen |
| Pvt. James P. Brogan | Pvt. Francis S. Phillips |
| Pvt. Francis L. Campeau | Pvt. Edward A. Polkinghorne |
| Pvt. Ralph E. Carlton | Pvt. Elmer R. Ring |
| Pvt. Charles J. Carr | Pvt. Fred J. Sofio |
| Pvt. Charles T. Deschaine | Pvt. James C. Steele |
| Pvt. Wallace H. Goodreau | Pvt. George W. Turri |
| Pvt. Stanley L. Hale | Pvt. James L. Vann |
| Pvt. Edwin R. Hutchens | Pvt. Alfred E. Vucitech |
| Pvt. Woodrow W. Johnson | Pvt. Edward L. Wernholm |
| Pvt. George A. Lafkas | Pvt. Clark A. Wickstrom |