NEVER WILL WE FORGET

Oral Histories of World War II

MARILYN MAYER CULPEPPER

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For Tom and my parents

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Introduction

For the most part, books dealing with the horrendous years of World War II focus on the battles, the generals, the amphibious invasions, the aerial warfare, or the savage ground warfare. These pages, however, are concerned with "the other side of war"—the personal side. Included here are excerpts from the reminiscences of some 400 men and women who evidence a variety of perspectives. Gleaned primarily from interviews and oral histories, the material reflects the World War II memories of male and female veterans; civilians on the home front, conscientious objectors; survivors of the *Indianapolis* and various typhoons; POWs of the Germans and Japanese; displaced Nisei; and participants in the Normandy Invasion, the Battle of the Bulge, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa.

These are brief personal interest accounts, vignettes not found in history books. Some are remembrances until now kept hidden in the dark recesses of the mind; others are experiences oft repeated to grandchildren. Not a few are anecdotes remembered and relived with old buddies at reunions; many are stories of rationing, discrimination, and sacrifices on the home front that generations later find difficult to believe. Some tug at the heart, some bring a smile, some foster the shock of surprise or awe; still others engender a surge of pride in America and Americans. These are glimpses of a world at war and the changes that radically transformed people and the world they lived in.

My gratitude and indebtedness go to the hundreds of people I have interviewed in person and via the telephone. In addition. I have appreciated being able to use excerpts from oral histories collected by the

University of Southern Mississippi; the Eisenhower Center for American Studies at New Orleans; the Michigan Women's Historical Center; the Women's Overseas Service League; the Historic Middletown Museum, Middletown, Kentucky; the Nelson Poynter Memorial Library at the University of South Florida, St. Petersburg Special Collections Department; and the Women's History Project of Northern Michigan. My dear late husband accompanied me on almost every personal interview and provided wisdom and encouragement beyond all measure. He is sorely missed.

Scores of friends have shared tape recordings of families and friends. Among the many people who helped supply tapes and DVDs, I would like to thank Gladys Beckwith and Katie Cavanaugh at the Michigan Women's Historical Center; Carolyn Boger; Pat D'Itri; Doris Key for special help in securing important oral history tapes; Joanne Harvey; Karen Hummel; Kaye Hummel; Debbie Jamieson; Doug Langham; Mary McCartney; Anne Magoun; Judy Nash; Libby Otis; Sue Schulze; Polly Schwendener; Geneva Wiskemann; Joan Witter; and Harry Zeliff. Allan Taylor was exceedingly generous in sharing lengthy interviews he had completed in Minnesota and Wisconsin. Professor Jane Vieth graciously allowed me to plow through hundreds of her MSU Honors Class semester reports on WWII. John Shaw, assistant librarian at the G. Robert Vincent Voice Library at Michigan State University; Jim Schnur, assistant librarian of Special Collections at the Nelson Poynter Memorial Library at the University of South Florida at St. Petersburg; and Peggy Price, Head of Special Collections at the Library of the University of Southern Mississippi; and Seth Paridon, Director of Research at the National WWII Museum were particularly resourceful and helpful.

There are hundreds of others who kindly devoted important time to share their experiences and friends with me. Many of those I plan to use later. Among the latter, I do wish to thank particularly Herman Bainder, Ron Blanchard, Margaret Burke, Nina Clearman, Robert Carlson, Dorothy Chapman, Edward Coulson, Joan Coulson, John Cousins, Eleanor Culpepper, Walter Davis, Elizabeth Denman, Dave Dietrich, Jean Draper, Quentin Ewert, Maxine Eyestone, Mabel Flanders, Lindy Fries, Ethelyn Gansoulin, Richard L. Garner, Maxine Giacoletto, Frances Gibson, Lia Goll, Barbara Gray, Robert Guilivar, Ted Hacker, Don Hodgkiss, Joyce Hoderman, John Hopkins, Julius Hoffman, June Judson, Judd Judson, Sam Kamlet, Horace King, Dorothy Kelly, George R. Kelly, Gerald Kelly, Laverne Klaver, Leland McLean, Don Larson, Pat McCarthy, Constance McPherrin, Bill Magee, Gary Marshall, Carl Mescher, Warren Meyer, L. A. Murray, Marilyn Overman, Stuart Parker, Josephine Paulone, Sam Paulone, Truman Pound, Pat Ralston, William Reid, Marian Renaud, Elmer Reynolds, Ruth Rice, Alma Rolenz, Ray Roots, Rae Ruff, Rex Sessions, Reed Simpson, Robert Lee Sherwood, Russell C. Six, Shirley Sliker, Joan Stevenson, Walter Sweeney, Frank Synk, Wally Travis, Joseph Vogt, Mark

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My veritable indebtedness, America's indebtedness, however, goes to the men and women who gave their lives for their country—for us.

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CHAPTER 1

And the War Came

PEARL HARBOR BOMBED

Sundays were days of church activities, rest, football games, concerts, or movies—not for a Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Hundreds of history books recount the details of "The day that will live in infamy," December 7, 1941. The following paragraphs, however, present a kaleidoscope of the personal memories of civilians and servicemen of that fateful day. Some were eyewitnesses to the tragedy and chaos that attended the attack; others were apprehensive Americans caught up in the events that so traumatically changed the world forever after.

Concert halls, movie theaters, church gatherings, and football stadiums erupted with shock and disbelief that Sunday afternoon. Hosts of Americans were numbed into a stunned, stony silence; others fought vainly against tears; while still others experienced a violent surge of anger.

Football fans recalled the December 7th games being interrupted by ominous announcements for important military men to report to their headquarters. A Florida woman remembered attending a Redskins football game with her father on that day. "About half way through the game the loudspeaker announced that Admiral so and so should return to his office immediately. A little later a call over the speaker wanted General so and so to report to his office. After several more calls the voice came over the speaker again instructing all Marines to report to their barracks *now.* By this time interest in the game had ebbed and there was much buzzing in the stands about just what was happening. It wasn't until the game was over and we walked out of the stadium that we saw

newsboys hawking EXTRAS and in big black letters—PEARL HARBOR BOMBED."[1]

At Pearl Harbor, at the time of the attack, Mary Sharp was living on Oahu with her husband, a First Lieutenant medical doctor with the Army. Her story, with its personal touches of the confusion and horror of the attack, unfolds in a letter written to her parents in Ann Arbor, Michigan. "Dear Mother and Dad. Wish there were some way I could reassure you that I'm okay & such." She apologized for sounding somewhat foolish "after having just written you that Oahu would never be bombed, but not quite as foolish as the Army & Navy who got caught with their pants down if anyone ever did."

December 6th had been a late night for the Sharps. "We had a lovely time at Bee and Harlan's dinner party and the fine cabaret show put on at the Officers' Club Saturday night," Mary told her parents. The Sharps were hoping to sleep in the next morning, when suddenly about 7:30 A.M., she and Mike, who were spending the night at their hosts' quarters on Gorgas Road, "awoke to the sound of gun fire—machine guns and bombs dropping." Thinking it an "alert" they went back to bed only to be startled moments later when one of Mike's fellow officers pounded on the door and insisted that they "Come on out and watch the Japanese planes. They are bombing Wheeler Field." Certain that their friend was kidding them and that they were simply watching a mock attack, they stood in the street and watched the planes "zooming and attacking Wheeler."

"Slowly it dawned on us," Mary wrote "that they were using real bullets and we could see the tracer bullets and the great cloud of black smoke rising from Wheeler." Mary continued: "Standing there like goops we suddenly realized a couple of planes were heading for us—very low, strafing the road. I can't say we properly dove flat for cover, but we got out of the way in the bushes very quickly."

A quick cup of coffee, "and Mike got into the car and headed for town," recalled Mary. In his memoirs, Mike wrote, "For some reason, I didn't feel hungry, unusual for me, and I also noticed that the cup I held clattered slightly on its fine China saucer." As the immediate tension subsided momentarily, Mary told her parents, "You probably think we acted very stupidly—we did. But it was and still is so incredible that Japan could pull such a complete surprise that no one believed their eyes."

Mike's assignment had been "in case of attack he was to establish 3 Aid stations around the harbor of Honolulu." "When I left Schofield," he explained, "I went out the gate nearest Wheeler Field. It was easy to see the wrecked concrete barracks and piles of planes burning magnificently including the fuel trucks." At the gate (no guard) a sickening sight awaited him: "a burning commander's car. Driver missing, Passenger half out of car. Head exploded, brains boiling."

As Mike Sharp rolled up his sleeves for emergency services, his first case was a soldier that he unfortunately was forced to give up on, a man Mike was later told was probably one of the first casualties of the war. Looking around him, Mike was dismayed to see the regular army officers "vomiting their heads off at the sight and stench of the war dead." As a medical doctor who was supposedly accustomed to dead bodies and cadavers, Mike was tapped by an officer to identify the dead. Actually, Mike said he didn't feel too well himself, his own stomach was doing flip-flops, but from fingerprints and dog tags he continued to help with the identification of the bodies. Meanwhile, a local lumberyard was making coffins as quickly as possible. Without a doubt, Mike said, many of the boxes contained more than *one* body. In a rapid assembly of bodies, arms and legs and hands were scrambled together to fill each coffin.

Back on Gorgas Road, Mary reported: "A soldier ran from door to door announcing 'WE ARE AT WAR—THE JAPANESE HAVE ATTACKED' and telling all officers to report for duty and all women and children (in our area) to report at the 19th Inf. headquarters barracks." At the barracks, "There was coffee and milk on the mess tables—soldiers in the various grounds dressing into full pack—motor trucks getting under way—guns being set upon roofs, etc.—and ambulances tearing out of the hospital drive to Wheeler." In response to a request for women to do bandage making, Mary volunteered to work in quarters a short distance away. "I don't think anyone was scared—at least I wasn't but there was a lot of nervous excitement."

Later that afternoon, "a soldier came by and said to report to 19th and be prepared to evacuate to Honolulu, which is just where I wanted to go." Upon arriving home in Honolulu, Mary provided two hungry young soldiers with a quick supper and remarked that "Both were cheerful and anxious to get back at the Japs—said 12 of their 'buddies' had been killed." As they ate, the soldiers laughed about one boy who, although he insisted he was not scared, had dived under the PX "bare nekked." The next morning, Mary must have cringed as she gazed into a hole from a shell in her neighbor's driveway that was "a beaut, can't see the bottom—about a foot across and on an angle."[2]

Years later Mike Sharp found himself breaking into uncontrollable tears for no known reason, but at the time, he realized he must remain calm and dared not break down before the other men. It turned out that necessity was the mother of invention, and at Pearl, the blood bank consisted of other soldiers. When blood was needed the doctors simply drew it from another soldier. Mike soon found that he could perform surgery that astounded even him. If he were in a tight place he convinced himself he could handle it, and his self-confidence grew by leaps and bounds.

Following his work at Pearl Harbor, Mike was sent to Australia and the Philippines. As a physician, Mike should have been somewhat

accustomed to death and dying people, however, the tremendous loss of life at Pearl and in the Pacific continued to plague him. On one occasion, while standing at the rail of a ship, he recalled visiting with a young man and noticing his Beta Theta Pi ring. (This had been Mike's college fraternity also.) They talked amiably—each exhibiting a certain admiration for the other. Within hours, in a horrible turn of events, he saw that same young man had become a casualty of war, his abdomen completely blown away and one of the worst casualties Mike had ever seen. As Mike thought back to their conversation at the ship's rail, he was sickened by the potential of that young man that was lost to war.[3]

Ivan Wright was a Skipper on an Air Sea Rescue boat at Pearl Harbor on December 7th when "everything went to Hell." No one knew what was happening. Someone shouted "This ain't no drill, those are Japanese war planes."[4] For the next hours, Ivan and his men frantically hauled in men struggling to swim in the flaming oil and water. In one successful mission, Ivan, with the help of several of his crew, was able to save 14 men by cutting a hole and releasing the men from the *Oklahoma*.[5]

Charles Glasco had been in the Navy about a year and a half when Pearl Harbor was attacked. "Like many of my shipmates, I was loafing around after breakfast when General Quarters was sounded. Everyone knew we never had exercises on Sunday, so we ran to our battle stations. I stayed there until about five o'clock in the evening before I could get up to see what we were hearing about on the earphones. It was a mess." Fortunately, or unfortunately, Chuck' s ship was in dry-dock. "Two destroyers ahead of us were destroyed. We took a 500 pound bomb and lost 34 men."[6]

At the time of the attack, Paul Gillesse was at Pearl Harbor aboard the destroyer the *U.S.S. Worden.* Because the ships were in too close proximity to each other, the *Warden* was at a loss to fire their guns. Afterward, however, the ship made her made way about battleship row, and the crew prided themselves in being able to pick up some 20 men from the fiery waters.[7]

An avid reader, Aviation Mechanic 3rd Ed Krenkel was not surprised by the attack. It was clear America would be attacked—but when? where? The preceding Friday the men had been ordered to get out all of the available munitions in readiness for a possible enemy attack. Yet, on Saturday, they were ordered to restore all munitions "to a place of rest." The threat of a possible attack was dismissed as unlikely. But surely something was in the air.

At the time of the bombing, Ed Krenkel was just leaving the mess hall after breakfast and "as I looked over my shoulder I saw the *California*

come up one foot out of the water . . . torpedo hit . . . and gradually settle back down again. Now that's not normal," he reasoned. "After that everything went to hell." Subsequent bombs dropped from above detonated the *Arizona*'s ammunition and powder magazines, and the *Arizona* sank to the bottom in minutes. For three days pandemonium reigned. The fuel burning on top of the water created an inferno of flames and smoke. It seemed no one was prepared to give orders, and no one prepared to take orders.[8]

A SHOCKED AMERICA

On December 7th, the Hineses' home in Springfield, Illinois was brimming with company. With the intention of learning firsthand exactly what was taking place in the local schools, Mrs. Hines, a member of the Springfield School Board, was entertaining, as she did frequently, teachers from the local schools at a Sunday afternoon tea. The living room fairly exploded when one tardy guest arrived announcing that she had just learned that Pearl Harbor had been bombed by the Japanese. Immediately the radio was switched on (many families had only one radio), and tea, cookies, and dainty sandwiches took a back seat to the stunning news. Listeners clustered about the radio in dazed disbelief, many of them wondering where on earth Pearl Harbor was located. A courageous Mrs. Hines put up a brave front, knowing there would be serious ramifications for her seven sons and two daughters who would unquestionably be involved in the upcoming crisis. The repeated announcement for all military personnel to return to their bases sent son Harold (home on leave from his Marine Corps base at Jefferson Barracks in St. Louis) scurrying to gather up his bags and head out for his base.[9]

On their way from Tecumseh, Michigan to see *Hell's a' Poppin* at the Cass Theater in Detroit, Jon Young and his friends heard an ominous announcement on the car radio, something about some Japanese bombing Pearl Harbor. The news made little impression on the car's occupants who more or less laughed off the report as just another of Orson Welles's pranks. (Welles's radio play "War of the Worlds" on October 30, 1938, had spooked listeners into believing there was actually an invasion from Mars.) The theater was packed, the show was great, but at the end of the performance the manager came out on stage and solemnly announced "Pearl Harbor has been bombed. American lives have been lost." There was stunned silence, and not a word was spoken as the audience quietly left the theater and made their way to their cars. (At that time Jon Young was teaching at Tecumseh High School in Tecumseh, Michigan and was much involved in directing the school's production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado.* Needless to say, the school board took a dim view of that activity and immediately canceled any further rehearsals.)[10]

The shock and anxieties experienced by their elders over the attack on Pearl Harbor quickly translated into fear and confusion in their young children. Having been bought up in Amity, a small town in Arkansas, 12-year-old Emily Hobbs (Wolf) had been well schooled in tales of the Civil War, and her fervent hope was that "I could out-smart 'Bushwhackers' if the country was again over-run by such people. My best thought of defense was to somehow hit each of them on the head, very hard, with a milk bottle." Emily's 9-year-old brother was extremely frightened when airplanes flew overhead and immediately made a beeline for the wash shed to hide under the wash tubs. Other children looked for safely in fruit cellars.[11]

When on her way to school on December 8th, Pat Rittenhour (Anderson) (about 12 years old) of Bucyrus, Ohio was shocked to hear her friends talking about the news of the bombing of Pearl Harbor. The savagery of the attack terrified Pat, and for days afterward she was afraid to look out the window for fear the Japanese would be bombing and invading Bucyrus. When the training Camp Millard was set up in town, Pat's older sister became friends with several of the soldiers stationed at the camp, and there seemed to be a constant stream of lonesome young soldiers brought home to Sunday dinners and backyard picnics—each soldier with a sad look about him, as though he were about to be sent into the lion's den or Beelzebub's fiery furnace. (One young soldier kept coming back repeatedly, ostensibly for the wonderful country style dinners—but more importantly for another look at Pat's beautiful sister—whom he eventually married.) It was sad, Pat recalled, as they watched the young men being marched down the street in front of their house to the trains waiting to carry them to far distant shores. Often many of the townspeople left their daily tasks and went down to the station to see the boys off.[12]

Having just turned 11, Rachel (Bunny) Bruner (McComb) was duly alarmed as shock waves rocked her household in Norfolk, Virginia with the announcement on the radio of the bombing of Pearl Harbor. It was especially traumatic for young Bunny as her father, Lieut. Commander Frank Bruner, was a career officer in the U.S. Navy and had been repeatedly transferred to various locations throughout the United States and abroad. "Oh, Momma!" Bunny cried, "Daddy isn't in Hawaii is he?" Fortunately the answer was in the negative. Her father was in Puerto Rico at the time.[13]

While thousands of people were mystified about where Pearl Harbor was located, Kathleen Allen knew immediately. Her junior high school student teacher was a native Hawaiian and had already instilled considerable interest in Hawaii in her young students.[14]

Irv Nichols, a teenager, was attending a ball game in Rocky Mount, North Carolina, when the news about Pearl Harbor broke. Surely there was a fortune to be made by racing downtown, buying up as many newspapers as he could carry, and reselling them for five cents apiece. As he wildly ran through the town hawking his papers, the cry "EXTRA! EXTRA!" drew eager residents to the street corners in droves. Of course, there was no television in those days and even radios were few and far between in small towns. Even a second batch of papers failed to satisfy the demand. Not only were the townspeople excited, even Irv got so excited, he later confessed, that he got sick and threw up.[15]

THE RUSH TO ENLIST

Word of the attack on Pearl Harbor was greeted by a rush of men all across the nation to enlist in the various armed services. Immediately after the news broke, David Anderson, of Lorain, Ohio, beleaguered his father to let him quit school and join the army. An indifferent scholar at best (later to complete a PhD and become one of the world's foremost authorities on Sherwood Anderson), Dave and his father reached a compromise. If Dave would finish high school, his father would sign the papers allowing him to volunteer for service with the U.S. Army. The morning following graduation, Dave was at the recruiting office with the necessary papers.[16]

One would be hard put to find a more eager volunteer than Robert Flores, who in 1943, at 13 years of age, lied about his age and enlisted in the U.S. Navy. He had lost his father when he was two years old, and his mother was hard put to support the family. As long hours and extra work kept her away from home for much of the day, Robert became more and more rebellious and difficult to manage. Forging his mother's signature on the enlistment papers, he was accepted and sent to boot camp. At first, things moved along rather well with the deception. He had already completed boot camp when a minor ailment sent him to the base hospital. There in very short order a doctor sized him up as underage, and following a severe reprimand, Robert quickly found himself on a train headed for home.

Undaunted by his dismissal and after another loathsome year of schooling, the persistent teenager became convinced that by now the Navy really needed him. Once again, he lied and with forged papers enlisted once more, and for a second time completed his boot camp training. (He still has two boot camp certificates in his possession.) This time he kept his distance from hospitals and was able to successfully pull off the deception. All went well until 10 years later (after several re-enlistments) the authorities finally caught up with Bob. Oh, boy! There could be big trouble ahead! Now he must face up to his deceit. A confession and a plaintive appeal

to his superior officers for compassion sent the officers scurrying through voluminous pages of regulations. Finally, the problem was resolved when it was decided that the statue of limitations had run out. Robert was home free!

Did his fellow shipmates ever suspect his real age? It was not until their first post-war reunion in Memphis, Tennessee, some 25 years later, when his former buddies came up to him with "God damn, Flores, you haven't aged like the rest of us! What the hell are you doing to make you look so young?" It was then the truth came out.[17]

After Pearl Harbor, William M. Pace, of Iuka, Mississippi, "just couldn't wait to get into the war." Being underage, Bill was at the mercy of his parents' signing his papers, and they in turn were merciless in refusing to sign. "Since they wouldn't do it, I just signed it myself," he admitted, and ran away from home and joined up under the forged signature.[18] Kenneth Mac Donald also ran away from home in an attempt to enlist. He was caught, however, and his father finally signed his papers saying, "If you are going to join, I can't stop you."[19]

The Great Depression of the twenties and thirties influenced more than one young man to enlist in the military. Living pretty much on his own after the death of his parents when he was still a child, Don Kona was living in Florida working 10 hours a day, 6 days a week for about 10 cents an hour. A Marine poster promising $21 a month looked like an answer to his prayers. However, there was one catch: to enlist one had to be 18 years old. Dan was 16. Because had no parents to sign for him, Dan succeeded in inveigling six adults to swear that he was 18. He was in! Suddenly, he had more food than he could possibly eat and more clothes than he had ever owned in his entire life. Life was good![20]

PROBLEMS OF EYESIGHT AND WEIGHT

Bern Engel had stayed up until 4 A.M. finishing a term paper, and about 11 A.M. that morning was awakened as the halls of his co-op at the University of Oregon came alive with news of the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Rumor ran rampant: one that the Japanese had shelled Santa Barbara; another that they had bombed a big oil refinery at Astoria, Oregon. Pranksters even marched down sorority row pretending to be Japanese invaders.

There would be no question about Bern's joining the armed forces. His father had been shot up by shrapnel and had lost one lung to gas in World War I. Bern knew he must carry on the family tradition of serving in the military. There was only one catch. Bern knew he was too nearsighted to ever pass the eye test. However, brains won out over myopia. As he stood in the long line of men waiting for their physical exams, he quickly

memorized the eye chart and when his turn came he passed the test with flying colors.[21]

At the time of his enlistment, Charles Grosse was three pounds underweight, the minimum being 120, and eating bananas, drinking quarts of water, and even stuffing his billfold with silver dollars failed to produce the desired weight. While the examiners were otherwise occupied, Grosse cleverly traded places with a friend with problems of depth perception, and the friend weighed in for him. In short order, Grosse, thanks to his friend, had succeeded in passing the weight test and his friend, via Grosse, made the grade on the eye test.[22]

Three long-time friends in Lansing, Michigan, Don Langworthy, Bruce Kanouse, and Warren Meyer, talked it over and came to the decision that it was time to "'join up' and win the war as military pilots." Together they signed up to become pilots, although each in a different branch of the service: one in the Army Air Force, one for Navy Aviation, and one for Marine Aviation. Each passed his physical exam; however, Warren, on the first round, was three pounds under the minimum weight requirement for aviation cadets. Observing Warren's immense disappointment, a thoughtful sergeant called him back, gave him a dollar and told him to buy five pounds of bananas, eat every last one, drink gallons of water, and come back in an hour. Warren did as he was told, returned to the recruitment office and passed with no problem.[23]

On a hot summer's day in August of 1934, Frank Forsyth, who was living in Foxboro, Massachusetts, was swimming with some of his buddies when suddenly the brawniest of the gang announced that he would like to join the Marine Corps. The idea was contagious, and all six fellows took off for Boston to take their physicals. "Ironically enough," Frank laughed, "I was the only one that passed. They went home and I went into the Marine Corps."[24] It was a similar story for Conrad Taschner, who at the end of the high school basketball season joined the entire team in going to Detroit to enlist in the Marines. As it turned out, he was the only one of the team who passed, and he soon found himself headed for boot camp in San Diego.[25]

Because jobs were hard to get during the Depression years, David Ruff enlisted in the Marine Corps and served for four years from August 1937 to July 1941. The stunning news of Pearl Harbor was all it took for Dave, a member of the Marine Reserves, to head for the family home in Denton, Texas, and sign in. Money was still tight and Dave packed up his things and headed out to the highway to hitchhike to Denton. As luck would have it, the first car that stopped for him was a recruiting officer who immediately signed him up for recruiting duties.[26]

"There was no peace in the world," Hall Tennis remembered. Most people he knew had expected that the U.S. involvement in the war was imminent. "Even at that tender age (17), I knew that war was a bad idea—as an idea. I also suspected that it could be a bad experience for me personally. I did not like that thought. I also knew that I could not permit myself to hide behind my logical 'conscience' and sit out." In short order, the Marine Corps won out.[27]

Tom Dutch had been at the movies on Pearl Harbor Day and had come home to hear the news of the bombing. Pearl Harbor seemed far away in distance and in time, and he gave little thought to ever being in the military. His graduation from high school in 1942 and the draft made him realize that he would soon have to make some decisions. The Army? Or the Navy? A gentle push from his mother who had heard that the food was better in the Navy helped him decide. Two brothers already in the Navy clinched his decision.[28]

At Toledo, when Don MacKenzie and his buddy went to enlist, they found block-long lines of men waiting in front of the Army, Navy, and Marine offices. A short distance away there was a sign for Merchant Marines. Because there was no line, the men moseyed in and for several minutes listened to an enthusiastic Merchant Marine spiel. The talk, however, didn't go over at all well with Don's buddy who immediately turned away and left with a damning assessment: "That don't sound good to me." To Don it did sound good, and he immediately signed the papers and made ready to go home to await orders. There was no "going home" however. The Merchant Marines snapped him up at once, and that very afternoon he found himself on a train to Sheepshead Bay, New York. There was barely time for a quick call to his Mother who cried "You're what?" "Well, I guess I'm in the war," Don replied. "But I didn't get to say goodbye," his mother complained. "Well, goodbye!" and Don was off for New York.[29]

Levin Culpepper, of Why Not, Mississippi (there really is a town in Mississippi by that name) signed for the draft in 1942. At the Camp Shelby Induction Center, Levin tried to persuade the authorities that what he really wanted to do was to drive a truck in the Army. However, the government needed men in the Navy at that point, and Levin was sent to Hattiesburg, Mississippi to "volunteer" for the Navy. Once they discovered from the aptitude tests that Levin could easily distinguish between a claw hammer and a pair of pliers, the authorities decided that Levin would make a great mechanic.

Levin, himself, admitted that there "never had been a more shy or greener man than I was." (At his high school graduation Levin was too embarrassed to walk up in front of the audience to receive his diploma—there were eight in his class. Instead, he stood out in the parking lot and

listened to the proceedings through an open door.) Small wonder that during his years in the Navy his greatest fear, he said, was the fear that some officer would ask him a question.[30]

Caught up in the draft in 1940, Jon Young was sent to Ft. Belvoir, Virginia, where after a few days of basic training, the Army decided he was too old (one month away from his 28th birthday!) and that they would have to discharge him. Just before his discharge, however, the army discovered he was keeping a journal, that not only could he write, but he could write well, and for the next six weeks the army kept him on to write training manuals for soldiers. His return to his teaching duties at Tecumseh, Michigan, lasted for 59 more days when he was again drafted and sent to Ft. Custer.[31]

Legrand K. Johnson was graduated from North Carolina State College in 1941 with "my diploma in one hand and my army orders in the other." At Michigan State University (Michigan State College then), Mel Buschman had enrolled in ROTC as a means of earning his way through college. Fortunately, the 4th year men in the Senior Class of ROTC were allowed to finish their senior year dressed in uniform and housed in fraternity houses. They marched to classes, drilled, ate their meals at the campus Union cafeteria, and studied to complete their requirements for graduation. The graduation ceremonies were held in the campus auditorium with each man wearing his cap and gown over his official military uniform. As the diplomas were handed out, each man walked off the platform, handed his cap and gown to a family member in attendance and proceeded 100 yards to a train waiting on a siding, and within an hour they were on their way to boot camp.[32]

Although he had enlisted in the Army reserves in August 1942, it was 1943 before Lloyd G. Wilson, a student at Michigan State College (later Michigan State University) was called up. Lloyd had just three months to go before graduation, and the prospects of finishing, so tantalizingly close, looked gloomy indeed. However, Michigan State as a co-operative measure for the war effort, sensed the plight of these young men (as did other universities) and offered a general exam to be taken prior to graduation. Those who passed were given their degrees despite lacking a term or a few credits and were sent on their way to fulfill their destiny. Lloyd Wilson was awarded his degree and proceeded to the Medical Replacement Training Center in Aboline, Texas.[33]

The attack on Pearl Harbor found Bob Hutchins working at a gas station and one semester away from graduation from high school. He immediately returned to school on Monday morning and informed the principal that he was enlisting in the Marines. The principal gave him a hard

time, telling him that he should wait just a few more months until he had finished high school. Nothing would deter Bob, however, and on February 1, 1942, he was inducted into the Marines. Four years later that same benevolent principal, upon hearing that Bob had been discharged and had returned home, called him and made arrangements for him to take a few exams and be awarded his high school diploma. (Scores of high school principals made arrangements so that students inducted into the services who were only a few weeks or a couple of months away from graduation could receive their diplomas.)[34]

Although his father thought him too young for the Marine Corps, Rollie Dart was hell-bent on enlisting. Finally, realizing that there was no dissuading his son, Rollie's father signed the necessary papers, and Rollie was off to boot camp. It took just three days of grueling Marine Corps drilling before Rollie was beseeching his father on the telephone, "Dad, I know you and Senator Vandenberg are good friends. Please, please—get me out of this outfit. Bring me home. It is terrible! I never heard my dad laugh so loudly."[35]

DECISIONS, DECISIONS

Despite the onrush to enlist after Pearl Harbor, some months after the attack, there were some less than enthusiastic draftees who were anxiety-ridden about their situation. It was Fred Wickert's assignment, as a First Lieutenant with the Coast Guard Training and Replacement Center at Fort Heustis, Virginia, to arrange trainload after trainload of draftees to be sent to the Philippines. As a result of some of the tragic consequences aboard the trains, Fred had serious qualms about his job. A good many GIs accepted their "date with destiny" in good humor, took their assignments in stride, and looked forward to an exciting new adventure. Some deeply troubled young men sensed a deep foreboding, an irrepressible terror of what might lie ahead. Were they soon to be involved in savage fighting on some faraway battlefield? Could they ever bring themselves to kill another human being? What would life be like were they to lose an arm or a leg, or worse yet both arms and legs? How could one return to his family a disfigured, permanently hospitalized son or husband? For some harried draftees the stress became absolutely unbearable, and on almost every trainload that Fred sent off, the morning light brought the sickening news of at least one or two suicides. (It is interesting to speculate about what might have been the eventual fate of many of those GIs headed for the Philippines. They very well might have been captured at Corregidor or on Bataan and been the survivors—or nonsurvivors—of the Bataan Death March and the infamous Japanese prison camps. Could some of those men have been prescient as to their future?)[36]

To be a conscientious objector in WWII required immense courage and conviction. There were slurs, barbed comments, disparaging mutterings for a man not in uniform, despite the fact that the young man may already have enlisted and was waiting to be called up. The social pressure was unrelenting for men to enlist. Here and there, however, a sympathetic soul recognized the brave men who resisted the bandwagon enlistments. Ken Springer, partially as a result of his Quaker heritage, agonized over his choices of whether to plant trees in Montana, go to prison, or join up as a medic. Ken chose the latter. He was afraid people might think him a coward, a fear that no doubt prompted many an enlistment. His draft board gave him a rough time about his status, and even in the early days of his service Ken fended off snide remarks from some of his comrades. One day a stranger from another unit questioned him about his service, and when Ken responded that he was a medic, the man sneeringly remarked, "Oh, a pill roller." "Hey," Ken's buddy interrupted, "his name is 'Doc.'" With that, Ken knew he had been accepted and had secured his place with his comrades.[37]

Although from a Mennonite background, Mel Buschman opted for enlistment in the ROTC unit at Michigan State University, as noted earlier, as his only opportunity for a college education. All of his cousins declared themselves Conscientious Objectors, and although they refused to bear arms, they served as noncombatants. As a Conscientious Objector, Bill Worgul was assigned to the U.S. Medical Department at Percy Jones. When an opportunity arose for Bill to go to Officers Candidate School, he was denied admission unless he would refute his CO status. This Bill refused to do.[38]

Despite having two brothers in the army and one in the navy, Dan Suits, a Socialist from Kirkwood, Missouri, adhered to his convictions of being unwilling to participate in any war and became a Conscientious Objector. Men opposed to serving in the military had three choices: serving in the military as noncombatants, performing civilian service, or going to prison. Dan chose the Civilian Public Service option and for four years worked in Wellston, in northern Michigan, planting trees, fighting forest fires, and cutting timber. The camp was administered by the Church of the Brethren and was composed of two groups: the Brethren, boys who were conforming to the social mores of their upbringing in opposing war; and a second group, the liberated radicals referred to by the Brethren as "The Intellectuals." Dan had no regrets about his CPS work and noted that his service involved primarily out-of-doors healthful work, and in the long run probably added 10 years to his life. (Dan had completed his MA degree from the University of Michigan before his CO service. Afterward, he finished his PhD degree in economics and taught at the University of California at

Santa Cruz and at Michigan State University. Unfortunately, there were no GI bill advantages for Conscientious Objectors!)

There were many possible avenues of service for COs, including some "guinea pig projects" that involved volunteers for medical experiments involving the study of malnutrition, malaria, hepatitis, and typhus control. Dan told of one experiment that was "testing the effects of bed rest and you had to stay in bed for a month. Unfortunately, they didn't take me!" Dan laughed.[39]

The more compassionate civilians generally accepted the convictions of Conscientious Objectors who on religious or moral grounds refused to take up arms. Dorrie Souder told of a friend of hers who, as a Conscientious Objector, served in a TB hospital. In time the young man also contracted TB from one of his patients, but he eventually regained his health. The family did not question his stand, nor did he contest Dorrie's husband's decision to enlist in the U.S. Navy.[40]

THE NISEI

In the days before December 7, 1941, Iwao Ishino, a Japanese American, was completing his third year at San Diego State College. Following the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor and the mass hysteria that ensued, Japanese Americans on the West Coast immediately became suspect as possibly being accomplices in the attack. If not accomplices, then perhaps their ties to Japan might induce them to spy for the enemy or become saboteurs in the industrial plants. (Some critics claim anti-Japanese racism in Hawaii and on the West Coast had been brewing for some time, nearly 100 years earlier. Iwao Ishino indicated that it was not exclusively the possible threat of the Japanese as accomplices and spies that prompted the evacuation of the Nisei on the West Coast.)

In one of America's greatest miscarriages of justice, 120,000 Japanese Americans were ordered to be evacuated to camps in middle America where they would presumably present less danger to the national security. (Many people were convinced that their rich farmland and the lucrative businesses of the Japanese Americans were important factors in their removal.) Immediately following Pearl Harbor, the FBI began making random checks of homes and businesses, and rumor ran rampant. Friends and neighbors grew fearful of associating with the Nisei for fear they, too, would become suspect.

In March of 1942, rumor abated, and evacuation became a reality. Americans of Japanese descent were herded into assembly centers—Iwao and his family to temporary housing at the Santa Anita racetrack. Four months later, they boarded trains for an internment camp at Poston, Arizona, where the living conditions left much to be desired. Their quarters consisted of one room devoid of any furniture, save five army cots, for the

five members of Iwao's family. Chairs and tables had to be constructed by the internees from scrap lumber. Frustration and boredom in the camps prevailed, and strikes and dissension were prevalent.

Although over 3,000 Japanese Americans were already serving in the military in December of 1941, following Pearl Harbor some were dismissed as "unsuitable for service." The whole problem was a "hot potato" for the Government. For a time, Japanese American men of draft age were reclassified from 1A to 4C and known as "enemy aliens." In 1943, however, the U.S. War Department reversed its stand and opened the door to Japanese American volunteers for combat service in Europe, and thousands of volunteers from the detention camps offered their service to their country. The famous 442nd Regimental Combat Team, a much-decorated unit, was made up of Japanese Americans.

As the war accelerated in the Pacific, a desperate need for translators became apparent. Where better to secure Japanese linguists than from the ranks of the Japanese American evacuees? Suddenly the lowly internees became valuable assets to the U.S. Government. Recruiters were sent out to make the rounds of the camps seeking volunteers of draft age to serve with the military. Iwao Ishino, with three years of college as background, was chosen as 1 of 15 men from the Poston camp to do survey work in the camp. His expertise and integrity were quickly recognized, and soon he was assigned work at the Pentagon in Washington, D.C, where he was sent to do research analyzing the interviews made with the Japanese prisoners of war following their capture. In addition, the Foreign Morale Analysis Division, in which Iwao served, sought to utilize Japanese diaries, letters, newspapers, and radio broadcasts to examine and evaluate Japan's strengths and weaknesses. Details gleaned from those Japanese POWs, such as strategies, death counts, knowledge of Japanese food, and materiel reserves, provided important information for the Allies.

When the Selective Service Board reversed its classification of Japanese Americans from 4-C to 1-A, Iwao was soon called into service. His draft call allowed him three weeks before he would need to report. (Way back in the Poston, Arizona camp, Iwao had met and been attracted to a pretty detainee, Mary Tomiko Kobayashi. Although time and distance separated them for some months, romance won out when they met once again at a United Service Organization (USO) dance in Washington. Mary had moved to Washington when two of her brothers were relocated to that area. Knowing he would have to report for service in three weeks and probably undergo another long separation Iwao proposed, Mary accepted, and they were married.) At Fort Meade, as the names were read off for assignment for basic training, Iwao, now 1-A, found his name was strangely missing. Upon questioning the officer in charge, he was told that he was special and had been assigned to his old job in Washington! "Oh, hell," Iwao joked, "I didn't have to get married after all!" (The Ishinos recently celebrated their 61st year of wedded bliss.) Following the war,

Iwao served with the Military Intelligence Service Language School, completed his PhD (thanks to the GI Bill) at Harvard, and accepted a position in connection with the occupation of Japan. This led to positions at Ohio State University and later to a job with Michigan State University. As he looked back at the bitterness the relocation engendered, Iwao spoke for thousands of Japanese evacuees: "We were forced to essentially prove our patriotism and our loyalties."[41] Hall Tennis recalled in a DVD account that as he was registering for classes at the University of Texas in 1942, "the guy next to me was a tall, ruggedly built oriental guy about my age. We talked some that day and several times later. He told me about his family being moved out to? Colorado, I think? And showed me photos of his family in front of their one story, barracks like, fenced in looking dwelling. I was appalled and confident that it was illegal and would have to be stopped, and perhaps this was just another of those many social events where the law, particularly the constitution, seemed to say one thing and people went ahead and did something else."[42]

It was ironic that Tom Oye, a Japanese American serving as a sergeant with the U.S. Army, married his wife, Martha, while she was a detainee in an internment camp. In her youth, Martha could not understand why people of Italian and German descent were not evacuated, as were the Japanese Americans.[43]

Yoshio "Bill" Abe, a Japanese American, from San Diego, California, had been serving in the U.S. Army for almost seven months at the time of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. He was enjoying a three-day pass on December 7, 1941, when, upon his return to his base at Ft. Ord, California, general confusion prevailed about what to do with the Nisei serving in his unit. All Japanese Americans were immediately under suspicion, including those currently serving in the military. Could they be trusted? Would their true allegiance now be with the Japanese instead of with the United States? Might they attempt to pass on secret technical information to the enemy? Plans were soon formulated, as noted, to send thousands of civilian Nisei to retention centers. In fact, Bill's widowed mother and brother were soon dislodged and assigned to a Japanese American retention camp in Arizona.

The Nisei's presence in the military was becoming a serious problem. During the ensuing months and after being shifted around to several locations, Bill and some of his fellow Nisei were stationed at Camp Wolters, Texas, where they felt like prisoners of war and were consistently assigned humiliating tasks such as breaking rocks and hauling garbage. Finally, in May of 1942, the Army finally decided exactly what to do with Bill and 19 other lucky Nisei from Camp Wolters. What better use of their talents than to send them to the Military Intelligence Service Language School to learn to speak, read, and write Japanese? However, all during their intensive training, Bill and his comrades were considered security risks; their incom-

ing and outgoing mail was "steamed opened and scanned." By December, apparently the Army decided they were truly loyal Americans and sent the men, now classified as language specialists, to the China-Burma-India Theater of Operations.[44]

Often the men did double duty not only as translators and interpreters but also as intrepid, death-defying infantrymen. Sometimes one or another of their team with a perfect accent would infiltrate the Japanese lines and shout out bogus orders that sent their men running pell-mell into a U.S. Army ambush. Sometimes a fellow Nisei would crawl up to little groups of Japanese soldiers to eavesdrop on their conversations. Often their talk paid off in vitally important information conveyed to Bill's officers.[45]

Years later, when asked if he could see anything worthwhile resulting from his more than four and half years of military service, Bill spoke with pride for many of his comrades, and those in the 442nd Infantry Regiment and the 100th Infantry Battalion, that were made up almost exclusively of Nisei: "We proved that we are loyal, patriotic Americans first and foremost."[46]

CHAPTER 2

Women Serving in the Armed Services and with the Red Cross

Just as men rushed to volunteer in the service of their country, women also quickly accepted the challenge of enlistment in the newly created women's branches of military service. In all, approximately 400,000 women served in the military in World War II. In 1942, the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps was formed, and in 1943 it became the Women's Army Corps—WAC. At the peak of enrollment almost 170,000 women had volunteered for the WAC. The WAVES (Women Accepted for Voluntary Emergency Service) numbered 76,000 enlisted women and 8,000 officers. The Coast Guard SPARS (from the motto *Semper Paratus*) attracted over 10,000 women. The Women Marines included 800 officers and 14,000 enlisted women. Not to be overlooked were the WASPS (Women Airforce Service Pilots) who numbered 1,074. In addition, some 60,000 women served in the Army Nurse Corps and 14,000 in the Navy Nurse Corps.[1]

CHOICES, CHOICES, CHOICES

There were almost as many different reasons for enlisting in a particular branch of the women's services in the War as there were women enlistees. An incredible number confessed that it was the sharp looking uniforms that convinced them to join the WAVES. The Marine Corps uniforms attracted another enlistee who vowed after seeing a Tyrone Power movie about Marines that if ever they let women in the Marine Corps she would sign up immediately. As for special training, Eleanor Robinson knew she wanted to be a link trainer the moment her mother's friend bragged that

her daughter had qualified as a link trainer and added, "Your daughter can't be in that because it's a very special group."[2]

Posters, recruiters, pride, and the romance of military uniforms all served to attract young women into the services. Surprisingly, or perhaps not so surprisingly, thanks to its cast of handsome, daring young Marines, the movie *To the Shores of Tripoli* turned out to be the inspiration for dozens of enlistees. Marian Cyberski admitted, "That did it for me. And I signed up for the Army Nurse Corps and took one of my friends with me."[3]

After seeing the famous recruiting poster of Uncle Sam pointing and captioned, "I need you," Alice Haber just knew she had to enlist. Although she really didn't want to go, her conscience kept telling her that her country really needed her. Her motivation in enlisting in the Marine Corps was patriotism pure and simple, she insisted.

She scoffed at busybodies who sniffed: "'What's a matter? You can't find a husband?' Well, shoot, anybody could find a husband at that time. That was not the reason. I went because I thought Uncle Sam really needed me."

Although she had wanted to enlist earlier, Alice Haber had to wait until she was 21. Her father, who had served in World War I and was shell-shocked and mustard gassed, refused to sign her papers, believing "that the service was no place for a woman." All through the dinner hour each night Alice's father would keep repeating: "They only need girls in the service for one thing." "Well if you want to think that about your own daughter . . . " Alice replied. Actually, no one in Alice's family wanted her to enlist, "because it just wasn't the things girls did then."[4]

It must be remembered that service women were not universally applauded throughout the country. Some felt that women had no place in the military and looked down on women in uniform. Following Eleanor Smith's graduation in 1943 from nursing school, she and half of her class signed up with the Army or the Navy Nurse Corps. Everyone was doing it, she remembered. No one seemed to have any objections to her decision, other than one young sailor seated across from her on her trip home from having taken her physical at Hamilton, Ohio. Clearly, he was decidedly against women being in the military and caustically remarked, "You should have stayed home where you belong. Why are you doing this?"[5]

Harriet Wever, a SPAR, sensed that many of the men in the Coast Guard looked at them with amusement and failed to take the women seriously.[6] Adelaide Gould, who served with the WAVES, remembered, women were often disparaged for a seeming lack of morals.[7] It was surprising to Betty Drake to be turned away from several USO dances because she wore a Marine uniform, but at the same time young, single girls in the community were welcomed with open arms.[8]

As did many fathers, Dorothy Schieve's father had grave reservations about her joining the military. Dorothy's father was so upset with her enlistment that she was afraid her father would die of a heart attack.[9]

Chris VanderZalm's (Kittleson) father absolutely refused to allow her to join any of the branches of the women's services, although he, himself, served for three and a half years during the war as a physician in a station hospital in Australia. However, he did allow her to put her physical therapist degree to work as a civilian therapist at Percy Jones General Hospital, at that time the country's largest amputee hospital in the United States. (An added bonus was meeting and later marrying one of her patients!) At one time Robert Dole, Daniel Inouye, and Phillip Hart were patients at Percy Jones Hospital. It is also notable that a good many German POWs were assigned to the Hospital where they assisted with the heavy work in the hospital and did routine yard work. According to Chris Kittleson, they proved to be very responsible and extremely happy to be in America and not out risking their lives on the bloody battlefields of Europe.[10]

Betty Drake, an Alabamian, enlisted in the Marine Corps believing that women had a responsibility to their country as well as the men. Prior to her enlistment, her work buying war bonds, saving scrap metal, and even working in a plant in Grand Blanc, Michigan that manufactured Army tanks seemed inconsequential compared to the sacrifices GIs were making. Stipulations required that Marine enlistees be 21 years old, and because she was underage, Betty's father refused to sign her papers. Fortunately, her mother signed her in and following boot camp she was sent to Washington, D.C., where she worked on payrolls to enable Marines and their families to receive their rightful pay. "You can't believe how much paperwork it takes to run a war," she confessed.[11]

A "little" girlfriend of Alice Haber's, who knew she would be under the 95 pound weight requirement for the Marine Corps, tried desperately to enlist along with Alice. Determined to meet the weight requirement, the two girls immediately began a campaign to fatten up Alice's friend. "We fed her all day long. She ate—she still can eat like that—and she still doesn't put on a pound. And then at night, she lived across the street from me, and she'd eat dinner at her house, come over to my house and have dinner, then we'd take her to the ice cream parlor and feed her full of milkshakes."

Finally, a resolute Alice announced her plans to enlist with or without her still skinny friend. The friend pleaded so earnestly to go that Alice agreed, and the two of them headed off to Detroit to enlist. "And someone had told us if you eat bananas and milk it will weigh you up. So we went down the night before and we stayed in the Book Cadillac Hotel in Detroit. And then we went in the morning for our written test, and we passed our written test, and then we went for lunch, and so for lunch she had bananas and milk, and we went back to the hotel, and she got sick in the elevator and lost it all. So she still only weighed 93 pounds when we went back for our physical and she didn't pass, but I did." (Unfortunately Alice's friend, never did make it.)[12]

Essie Woods and her two sisters of Atlanta, Georgia, had been active in the USO that was associated with the airfield at Camp Gordon, and when several African American officers talked with them about enlisting, patriotism won out and all three girls signed up. At the physical exam at Camp Stewart both sisters passed, but Essie was turned away as being underweight. Naturally, her mother was delighted to be able to have one daughter at home, but Essie was humiliated. Immediately, the whole neighborhood, the grocer included, pitched in to help Essie take on weight, and 15 pounds later she went back and was sworn in.[13]

When she heard about plans to draft nurses, Hazel Percival opted to join the Army Nurse Corps. In April of 1945, Congress considered drafting nurses, but civilian hospital officials were not enthusiastic about losing many of their nurses and the matter was dropped. Some 15 percent of the 330,000 Registered Nurses in the United States at that time were already serving with the Army or Nurse Corps.[14] Kathryn Gutherie said she "never thought about *not*" joining the Army Nurse Corps, which she chose because she understood they did more "hands on" nursing. "I felt like I was as good as my brother and fiancé, and wasn't any better."[15]

During her senior year in high school, as the recruiters made their rounds, Gloria Smith (Bouterse) was attracted to representatives from the Cadet Nurses Corps who were offering four years of nurses' training at the government's expense. (The drastic shortage of nurses gave rise to the idea that if more young nurses were recruited, the older more experienced nurses might be freed up to volunteer to serve with the Armed Forces. Thus, the birth of the Cadet Nurses Corps.) The Corps suited Gloria perfectly—no loans, no expenses for the family, a free ride, so-to-speak, in a field that had interested her all of her life.

The war years constituted a particularly important time to be involved in the field of medicine—sulfa and penicillin were the new "miracle" drugs. Gloria distinctly remembered a vial of penicillin being passed around her freshman nursing class, the girls totally awed by its potential. A sad remembrance, however, was the untimely death of a classmate who had unknowingly been administered a toxic dose of sulfa. (Unfortunately sulfa's dimensions were not clearly understood at that time.)[16]

Marilyn Overman saw the world as much bigger than her small town in Iowa and decided enlisting in WAC was one way of seeing the real world. With two brothers in the service, Marilyn believed it important for her to do something for the war effort, also, and in 1943 enlisted in the WAC. Her parents were surprised that she would venture out of her small town life, but supported her decision completely. During her work as a library assistant with WAC in Arlington, Virginia, Marilyn was sure she would never get over the sadness of "listening to the dirges as another military person was buried and watching the horses carry the flag draped casket to