

be blinded. Since the Germans didn't like the situation, it behooved them to take out the guys laying the smoke. They almost made it and would have if they had not been using tracer shells. We saw it coming, a great red arch in the sky. It was right on the mark. The Skipper says yes -I see it ! But that was still a question in my mind for he waited and waited before changing course. Quite a bit later, I began to wonder - suppose there had been a standard shell in front of that tracer ???? But in spite of this affair, we were still a "virgin" because we still had'nt fired a torpedo.

On another occasion we were on patrol with some British Gunboats. We were the lead boat because we had radar and they did not. The plan for this patrol was that, if we spot a target, we would fire our torpedos then break right, then the British Gunboats would move in with guns blazing. By this plan, anything that moved off to the left would have to be the enemy, and thus fair game, a great plan, eh? AS fate would have it, as we were firing our torpedos, a lookout reported a bogey on the right, it was not picked up on the radar. The Skipper did not wish to turn into something he had no knowledge of. The Skipper turned left. Keep in mind that this is taking place in the blackest of nights and we have five boats in line aft. According to plan, the British opened fire. Praise the Lord, every one of their guns was shooting high, so no one was hurt. I mean they really poured it on, they didn't have to hit us, they nearly scared us to death, it was so unexpected. It didn't last long for they soon got the word. Very interesting !

On still another patrol with British Gunboats; To patrol with the British was difficult, engine-wise. Their cruising speed was slower than ours. Since there were usually 3 to 5 of them to our one, we were the one to adjust accordingly.

All rotating equipment has at least two critical speeds. In order for us to match their slower cruising speed, we put the two forward engines on normal RPM for cruise and the center engine (rear) on the border line of lower critical RPM.

We cruised for several hours like this without incident. Charlie Grable came down to relieve me and since it was a wet night, I chose to "sack-out" on the walk way beside the center engine. I went right off to sleep. Some time later I was rudely awakened by a crash and a thud. My first thought was that we had taken an enemy shell. But when the center engine went wild I knew exactly what had happened. Charlie Grable quickly shut it down. Upon investigation, we found that the governor wheel had thrown a balance weight, weighing about 2-3 pounds, through the supercharger housing and through the floor boards and lodged in the hull. The hole in the floor board was calculated to be about three inches from where my head was.

ANY QUESTIONS ?

Then there was the fall of Sicily and the P.T.,s were sent in to secure the harbor at Palermo. Nothing serious but we had some fun.

While stationed at the harbor of Palermo, Sicily, Charlie Grable, our no. 1 engineer, thought we should scout the harbor for a speed boat with which we could have some fun. Within a few hours we found what he wanted. It was good boat and fast but the engine needed some work - so, engines are our job.

But then some high ranking Navy Brass decided we were having too much fun with our boat so they sent a full Commander around to confiscate our boat to be used for a higher cause. We said they could have it as soon as we put the engine back together.

Would you believe that while putting the engine back together, someone "accidently" dropped the flywheel over board ? Such carelessness !

6 > After this affair, we were sent back to Bizerte, North Africa, for engine replacement. While our boat, the 201, was in the hands of the base force, the crew was given our first liberty. A Navy truck took us to Tunis, Tunisia. The city did not look too bad for having gone through several years of war. Many families invited us into their homes for some wine. Marvelous stuff, that French-Arab wine. I would'nt say that I was drunk but I sure was sick, embarrassingly so. We slept one night at a Red Cross facility, then back to base.

During the invasion at Salerno, Italy, our job was to stay in position (on station- in Navy talk) and send out radio beacon so the transport planes could "home in" on us.

The radio equipment was installed on our boat along with some of the other boats. Again we were the lead boat. When the installation was complete, it had to be tested. A Captain Brown, Army Air Force, came aboard to discuss the test procedure with our Skipper. The Skipper specified the boat crew for the test and the rest could go with Captain Brown. So, we had a long ride in a C-47 cargo plane. At that time, the volcano, Mt. Vesuvius, was acting up so, Captain Brown thought we might have a special treat. He flew that C-47 directly over the active volcano. When that airplane got into the flow of hot air, we got an elevator ride to long remember. I was standing at the time and holding to an overhead rail. The up-draft put me on my knees quite firmly. The radio beacon test proved to be A-okey.

Another great plan that did'nt work. The history of those planes carrying our troops is not a pleasant one. Our planes were to pass overhead at a very specific time period. Our planes were very far behind schedule, so, when they did arrive they were mistaken for enemy bombers and our artillery opened fire on them to our very great loss.

At day break the 201 boat and two others were sent into Naples harbor to secure it. All went well, so well, in fact, that couple of us walked few blocks into town. We walked until some Army Rangers told us to get our stupid "butts" out of there. They were trying to find some snipers hiding in town. We left.

Off Naples harbor we were told to stay on station. we were eating the last of our food, squeezing the water tank and were nearly out of gasoline. At this critical time the Germans conducted an air raid on the fleet that was in Salerno Bay. We saw the Light Cruiser PHILADELPHIA get hit by a bomb. It was a guided bomb that hit the Cruiser's forward gun turret, went down through several decks, including sick bay, then exploded at the keel and blew an 18 inch hole in her bottom. How do I know this, you ask ? Well, the Cruisers carry search planes (seaplanes) which means they need carry 100 octane aircraft fuel. We use 100 octane fuel. When they took on so much water through the hole in her bottom, it was imperative that they reduce weight as much as possible. All the P.T.s were ordered along side the Philadelphia to take on as much fuel as possible. This was our chance to "REQUEST" food and water. They were happy to oblige. This was, of course, when we got the story from the legitimate source.

7 > When Salerno was secured, the 201 boat was ordered back to Bizerte for complete over-haul. ⁶ During the process of "over-haul" there appeared some soldiers, a Lieutenant and three enlisted men with a whole bunch of special radio equipment which was to be installed in our boat. We now had to make room for four more people. The Lieutenant was accomodated in Officers Quarters and the enlisted men were set up in the lazertte. These soldiers were, we found out, General Mark Clark's personal radio crew. Why were they on our boat ??? In answer to some of our questions, the soldiers informed us that we were picked for the job because of the quality of our crew and the cleanliness of our boat. The scuttle butt had it that there was to be another invasion some where in Italy. Due to the troop build-up and the German resistance, the guess was Anzio. Right on ! So, back north we go and we are operating out of the ISLE OF CALRI, Italy, tough duty. 8 > On this particular day the Skipper ordered that we all get into Clean regulation clothing and with white hats because, on our way to Anzio we are to pick up General Mark Clark, General Grunther and their staff. North of Naples, at sea, we picked them up. They had been brought out from shore in a smaller, shallow draft boat. It was just before day break when they came along side. Charlie Grable was on duty in the engine room, so I was top side to help bring them aboard. As I stood on deck, I thought - I'll not be to forward in this matter, these are famous generals. Just as I completed this thought, General Grunther called up to me , saying, give me a hand here sailor, I'm not as spry as you you young bucks. So, I reached down and hoisted him aboard. During this association, I learned that General Grunther was a congenial gentleman with great respect for the enlisted men. General Clark was in no way offensive but he was quite aloof during his stay on our boat.

One night, while tied up at the docks in Anzio harbor, we found out just how badly the Germans wanted rid of the Yankee P.T. Boats. Of all the huge targets anchored out in the bay, they chose to bomb the P.T.s at the docks. Fortunately, they proved to be lousy bombers. However, one bomb did fall in the "V" formed by the bows of two boats tied side by side. WE could see no damage.

NOTE: Just prior to going to Anzio, the Skipper, Mr. Patterson,

See notes 7 & 8 in appendix

expressed the desire that I take the examination for 1st Class P.O. I told him I was not interested in a higher rating, I'm simply a civilian in a Navy uniform. This is not what he wanted to hear. I took the test, rather haphazardly, I dare say. I failed miserably, so bad in fact, they would not venture a grade for the records. I got a rather thorough lecture, not only from the Skipper but also from the Chief Warrant Officer. The Skipper wanted me to be in charge of the engine room and could'nt do that until I made 1st Class. I took the test again and put my heart into it and passed. As of December 1, 1943 I was a Motor Machinist Mate 1st Class.

General Clark had an uncanny sense of knowing when a camera was about. As with all Generals, Clark had his personal photographer. The Photographer wanted to get a picture of the boat crew for the record so he surreptitiously got the crew forward on the bow and snapped some pictures. Yep, there was General Clark on the bridge but well into the pictures. At the break of day on our first run toward Anzio, we arrived at the outer defense zone, our signals were recognized and acknowledged by the Primary Destroyer Screen and we passed through. The next we met were Mine Sweepers, due to position, with the sun almost directly behind us, the Mine Sweeper could not see our blinker light signals and opened fire on us. At first we stopped in complete surprise, then realized that that was a stupid thing to do for we were then a stationary target. We reversed course to get out of their firing range. Just as we got up to full speed, a 40mm shell exploded in our chart house, killing Donald Cowles, our no.4 engineer and a Navy Lieutenant whose name I never did know nor did we know why he was aboard. Our Skipper was wounded with a large piece of his gluteus maximus missing, our Exec. had a broken leg, and the Quartermaster had a shattered knee. I had been standing beside the "visiting" Lieutenant that was killed and had just at the instant the shell burst, bent over very low to tell Charlie Grable what was going on. I still feel that that particular fact saved my life. Fortunately, neither General nor their staff were injured. When the shelling started, the Destroyer that had passed us through, radioed the Mine Sweeper that they were shelling their own people. We continued south until we ran across a British Cruiser which had a Doctor aboard. We transferred our dead and wounded to the British ship. Since we then had no Commissioned Officer aboard, the Skipper of one of the accompanying boats came aboard and assumed command. We then turned north and again headed for Anzio. General Clark wanted to talk to the Captain of that Mine Sweeper. Now he knows what it's like to be chewed out by a General. Oh ! the surprised look on that Captains face when he saw two Generals on a little old P.T. Boat. The Mine Sweeper Captain was Court Martialed and exonerated. The Mine Sweeper had, on two previous occasions that morning, fought off attacks by German Torpedo Boats. Our appearance from the same direction and out of the sun made them believe it was another German attack.

We delivered the Generals to Anzio and then returned to the Isle of Capri to "reorganize". General Clark had presented the crew with a bottle of Scotch Whiskey which the new Skipper permitted us to consume that night. Whiskey aboard an American Warship is a strict no-no.

A NOTE OF INTEREST: On our first trip to Anzio with the Generals, "Cookie" served up a meal of ships fare (C rations) to the Generals. Needless to say, that was not acceptable to them. When we got back to Naples that night, our menu changed by virtue of having General Clark's radio staff aboard. Upon arrival at the dock in Naples Harbor, there was an Army truck waiting to take us to the Army Supply Depot with a Food Chit signed by General Clark. Now you talk about unquestioned service—we sure got it. We loaded that truck with cases of steaks, butter, canned fruits and vegetables. Then the two Generals were happy and so were we. After we got shot-up, the Generals transferred their activities to a shore base. We went to the Isle of Capri and the following morning we headed for Bizerte, North Africa for repairs and replacements. We engineers began to take notice that we were pumping bilges more often than usual, so when we got to Bizerte we scheduled dry docking to check out the bottom and to scrap barnacles. In dry dock we found a piece of shrapnel imbedded in the hull. It was not quite through and still served as a plug but it did allow some seepage. This shrapnel was obviously from the bomb that dropped between the boats at Anzio harbor. After repairs and a new paint job we were ready for action.

9 > The P.T. boats had, on several occasions, rescued downed fighter pilots and other flight crews. We also operated in concert with fighter aircraft on various missions. Fighter pilots were as fascinated with the P.T.'s as we were with fighter planes. Once in awhile a pilot would accompany us on a mission. To them the big attraction was the engine room, where all that noise came from. They would come down the ladder, take a quick look around and leave. One pilot related to me that our instrument panel alone made him dizzy.

In our engine room, with three Packard V-12's running, there was no such thing as normal conversation. To communicate in the engine room, one had put his mouth adjacent to the other's ear and shout. We used pencil erasers for ear plugs. Temperature in the engine room was usually between 100 and 115 degrees. On most patrols we relieved on a two hour basis. During combat or on RED alert conditions one stayed on post without thought of relief.

Our boat had four engineers, Charlie Grable and I were primaries while Robert Andrews and Donald Cowles were secondaries. Bob Andrews was the only one of the four who did not get sea-sick in rough weather. When the sea got really rough, for some reason the odor of 100 octane gasoline also got really rough, coupled with the heat in the engine room--instance sea-sickness. I was usually the first to go, then Charlie Grable. By this time Donald Cowles was no good to us even though he had not been in the engine room. Bob Andrews was then called and the rougher it got the more he sang and whistled.

The Boats of squadron 15, that's us, were not equipped with heaters. And, yes, it does get cold in North Africa. We had talked to some Captains of civilian transport ships, who were generous enough to give us some blankets in previous cold snaps. However, in the fall of 1943, some gasoline heaters arrived and which were installed by the Base Force at Bizerte. When installation is completed and tested and found okey, a green tag is placed on the heater. Ours had a green tag. One night it was particularly cold and some of the guys wanted to stay up and play cards. I climbed into my bunk as did some of the others. The card players asked for some heat, I said that if the heater had a green tag, they could start it up, which they did. They played cards for a while, then began to complain about headaches and dizziness. Their commotion woke me up but I realized that I could not move nor talk, my eyes were open but I could not blink. The crew scrambled out and opened some hatches. I heard all this, my hearing was just fine. I heard someone holler-where's Hersh ? He's in his bunk ! They came for me but I could not help them. Someone had sent for the Corpman and the Doctor. They had me laid out on the deck. The Corpman checked me out and said -he has no pulse and not breathing, this man is dead. Charlie Grable was in a bad way but was up and about and one other fellow but, with time I have forgotten who he was. When the Doctor arrived, he confirmed the Corpman,s statement and said " take the three of them to sick bay".

I'm laying there hearing all this but can't do anything about it. I'm thinking, don't embalm me yet guys, I'm still here. At Sick Bay I apparently recovered enough that I could move my eye lids which the Corpman saw. We stayed in Sick Bay over night and went back to duty the next day.

Let me tell you, all the green tags came off the heaters in a hurry. Improperly connected heaters pumped carbon monoxide through out the boat.

Maybe I proved one thing - hearing is the last sense to go.

Next, all eighteen boats were ordered to our base on the Island of Magddalena, at the north end of Sardinia. It seems that the Germans had taken over two French Destroyers which they used to cruise down the east coast of Sardinia and shell our Army Radar installations. Our job was to get rid of these Destroyers. However, they proved to be to fast, even for our P.T. Boats in a long chase. Change of plan from the direct attack approach. All 18 Boats would go out and form up in a horse shoe formation, with the opening to the north. This would permit the Destroyers to sail into our formation which we would then close around them. Each of our Boats being equipped with radar, this was a simple enough plan and it worked. WE closed the circle and fired our torpedos as opportunity presented. We had them trapped, ha ha. The German Commander soon realized what was taking place and headed east at flank speed. He got through but not without damage from torpedos and gun fire. One Destroyer was sunk and the other damaged to the point where he could not make full speed, but he did make it to the channel between the Island of Elba and the main land of Italy. It would have been suicide for us to follow him into the narrow channel plus the fact that it was getting quite light, sunrise, you know. We did keep the Destroyer in the channel and radioed the Air Force who sent over a couple of B25 Bombers who finished the job.

Our boat (#201) was at this point ordered to return to Bizerte, North Africa. I do not recall the reason for it, but then top management didn't tell me everything. After several days we were ordered back to our base at Bastia, Corsica. We left Bizerte in the most beautiful weather. We cruised by the eastern coast of the Island of Sardinia on a sea like glass. When we entered the waters off the Strait of Bonifacio, it became a whole different world.

The Strait of Bonifacio is a narrow channel of water between the Islands of Sardinia and Corsica. The high mountains on each of the Islands creates a funnel effect in either easterly or westerly direction, depending on where the storm takes place. In this instance the storm was on the western side of the Island with easterly winds. As we cruised into the waters off the Strait, they were calm, the sun was shining, all was well. When we reached the mid-way point, the storm hit with very sudden and full fury. To proceed north meant risking swamping the boat and loosing the engines. The Skipper turned into the wind. With all three engines on full power we could not hold our position. We dropped two anchors plus a sea anchor and then could keep the boat headed into the wind, but were being pushed back slowly. Keep in mind we were applying 4000 horse power and three anchors and still loosing "ground". Our gasoline supply was becoming critical. We radioed the base at Bastia of our situation, they sent two boats to the rescue with drums of gasoline but they could'n't get to us. The rescue boats were less than a mile from us and were sitting in beautifully calm water. Our gas gauges read zero. So, we donned life jackets and prepared to play it to the bitter end.

As suddenly as the storm started, it stopped. The engines had to be running on fumes alone. We took on a couple drums of fuel and continued the trip to Bastia. The whole episode consumed about two hours.

After several more patrols, I was ordered to leave Boat duty. I was now assigned to base duty while awaiting transport home.

First off, the Chief told me to assemble some sort of vehicle in which to transport fresh ^{water} for the base. WE combed the Island and eventually found a badly rusted 2000 gallon tank and later a four wheeled cart on which to put the tank. I got this all rigged up and after some time and effort, got the tank lid to fit air tight. Since some of our containers were mounted higher than our supply tank would be, we had to depend on air pressure to get the job done. We had the air supply but had no pump, so air it was. Our torpedos required 2000 lbs. of air pressure to operate properly, so, we had a very large truck equipped with a compressor capable of up to 3000 lbs. pressure. Why not use it. Now, after I got all this rigged up, we had no truck available to pull it. We used a Jeep. The Jeep didn't last long from pulling a 2000 gallon tank of water along with the heavy trailer. So what, simply get another Jeep.

On another occasion, the Chief says-I want that diesel generator up on that wall so it's out of the way. I got the construction crane into position and started to lift the generator and

very soon realized that the generator was far too much load for the crane. I told the Chief, it just would not do the job. The wall was about five feet high, to lift the generator, the boom would need be in a vertical plane. To lift the generator two to three feet, the weight of the generator against the boom would cause the boom to fall back over the cab and ruin the machine. To lower the boom with the generator lifted, would tilt the whole crane over. This is not a responsibility I wish to accept. Obviously then, I was in favor of leaving the generator just where it was.

The Chief says, "let me show you how it's done". Famous last words. He began the lift, when he got the generator up about 2 -3 feet, the boom fell back over the cab and thoroughly crushed the cab. The Chief barely escaped being crushed himself. We now had a damaged crane and the generator will stay just where it was. We used a Bull Dozer to pull the boom back into position and with an acetalline torch we cut the cab away. The crane still worked fine but we now worked in the weather, whatever it may be. The crane was brand new, just off the ship.

This is the kind of thing that the old Navy Chiefs could get away with. If it were me, I'd still be paying for the crane.

It is acknowledged that, in essence, the Chief Petty Officers run the Navy; they know more about how the Navy operates and about it's equipment than most Commissioned Officers.

Sandwiched in with all this I got Shore Patrol duty.

Then word came that I would be going back to North Africa on the next mail boat. There I learned that preparations were being made for an invasion of southern France. I had been a part of chasing the Gremans from North Africa, through Sicily and up into the northern part of Italy, but here was a part I was not permitted to take part in.

In Bizerte, activity with the Boats was quite diminished due to having advanced bases in Sicily and Sardinia and now a new one in Corsica. The advance bases could change engines and do other minor repairs but all engine rebuilding and dry docking took place at Bizerte. My activity in Bizerte was mainly guard duty while awaiting transportation back to the states.

Finally that great day came. A number of us were trucked to a railroad siding and put into box cars, better known as the 40 & 8 i.e. 40 men or 8 horses. After we were in the "cars", along came a nother truck which tossed in a couple of cases of "C" rations. Needless to say, that in the A.M. it was hurry hurry or you'll miss the train. Then we waited and we waited and it was getting hotter and hotter. Then in late evening, after many hours in the African sun the train finally moved out for Oran, Morocco. It was a five day, four night trip through some of the most beautiful and surprising country one can imagine. As the train meandered through the country I got my first surprise when the train stopped in a native village of straw huts. Another day we were traveling across a huge plain, in the early morning we could see a small shining speck on top of a very high mountain. As the day went on we noticed that the shiny speck tended to get bigger.

Then we lost the shinny speck behind the mountain. Just before dark that day, as we rounded a curve of the mountain there in front of us was the shinny speck; it was a very lovely little town with every thing painted white as snow. It took all day for the train to climb that mountain, the view was worth every minute of it. [One day, about noon, having ridden for hours across a great prairie land and having been lulled nearly to sleep by the clickity clack, and I might say, somewhat bored, several of us were sitting in the box car door with our feet dangling when very unexpectedly we were crossing a huge rupture in the earth. It appeared to be about a thousand feet deep and here we are looking down with absolutely nothing beneath our feet. It took me an hour to get my heart back into place. In all this travel we saw no African wild life.

When we arrived in Oran, Morocco we were met by another truck. (What ever happened to buses ?) We were taken to a tent city on top of the hill outside of the city of Oran. Here we were to await a ship home. While in Tent City I was put on guard duty. I noticed that only 1st Class P.O.s were picked to guard felons. Reason: we had the most to loose if a felon escaped. An uneventful tour of duty. Finely the day arrived when the next stop would be U.S.A. We went aboard a LIBERTY ship, one of Henry J. kaiser's specials. Of course nothing happened "now". We had to wait for some army troops to come aboard. It was a day or two later that we joined a convoy headed for New York. As I recall, we arrived in New York in about ten days. Any convoy is only as fast as it's slowest ship. That's a Hershbergerism !

The Salvation Army folks met us on the dock with a large glass of cold whole milk. ahhhhhh, paradise at last.

When we left Bizerte, one of my aquaintenances asked me to deliver to his wife a gift he had bought her as an anniversary present. At that point in time I had no idea where we would land in the states, but I said I would see that she got it. Having been given her phone number, I tried most of the day to reach her, to no avail. Her husband said she lived and worked in New York City. So, in late afternoon I went ahead and bought my train ticket to Johnstown for I did not realish spending a night in New York just to deliver a sweater, particularly, when I could be at home by morning. Just a couple of hours before train time, I thought I'd try one last time to contact her and finely made contact. I told her that my train was leaving shortly and if she wanted the gift now, she would have to come to GRand Central STation, otherwise I would have to mail it to her.

By the way - the fellow who asked me to deliver the package was Jerry Borgerson and his wife's name was Eleanor. He said she worked for McCall Corporation; what he failed to say was that she was a model.

To continue:

About 45 minutes before my train time, she arrived and I met her at the appointed place, within the station. WE went to a Bar within the Station where we could sit while I told her about her

husband and what he was doing when I left Africa six weeks before. As we walked to the Bar, I noticed the heads turning our way. Yes, she was a beautiful girl which didn't bother me for I was heading home one just as lovely and she was mine. It was later that I learned she was a model for McCall's Magazine. So ended day one of my 30 days delayed orders to report to Melville, Rhode Island.

Through this leave period, Dad Long was very generous with his car which Ginnie and I used as our gasoline ration coupons permitted. I got my first lesson in what the poor folks at home were going through as to rationing, while in the Navy we ate very well and really lacked for nothing.

Ginnie and I would go swimming at Ligonier Valley Beach, spend some time at Idlewild Park. AS gasoline permitted, we would visit relatives and friends. It is surprising how fast 30 days can go, of course I had to be in Melville within that 30 day period. So, it was necessary to discount travel time.

Upon reporting to the P.T. Training Station at Melville, Rhode Island, I was assigned to Squadron Four, the training squadron for the "Boats". I don't remember the boat number I was assigned to and I don't recall the Skipper's name but I do know I liked him very much as an Officer and as a man. Between us we trained some darn good crewmen. Then after some more Boat time and as a matter of rotation, I was assigned to base engineering. I was now in charge of parts, tools and the tool room. Here, I soon learned that the Boat crews ^{were} stealing tools as fast as the Navy could buy them. I found that the base repair crews and the boat crews were very simply getting tools without paper work and "forgot" to bring them back. The tools simply disappeared with time. There was no attempt at inventory-I changed all that. My number two man was very enthusiastic about the plan and so was a great help. WE made up tool requisitions, in duplicate. We inventoried all tools and Boat parts and supplies. We were getting set up very nicely. The Engineering Officer was most pleased to have a system in place. At least now, he knew what he had and what was needed

About this time, and on several occasions, I had been down on the docks to help tie up incoming Boats. I would, of course, have to stoop down to place the line on the cleats. when I straightened up I would black out. Soon after this happened again but considerably more severe, I had to grab some pilings to hold on to. Now I did some thinking. Since the lives of others would depend upon my ability to function and under the circumstances, dangerous to me and to others.

I decided the smart thing to do was to turn myself in to Sick Bay.

I explained my problem to the Corpman who would not let me even to talk to the Doctor. He simply had me shipped out to the Newport Naval Hospital. (THE FIRST MISTAKE) Now the bizarre.

I was simply delivered to the hospital about 8:00 P.M., I turned in my orders at the office and was then escorted to a remote ward. I started to wonder when my escort knocked on the door and then waited for it to be unlocked from the inside. (second mistake). Once inside, they confiscated absolutely every thing I had including my belt. Now you know where I was, right? Holy cats--- what did I get into ? I played it cool, man. I'd wait until morning to ask questions. However, about 7:00 A.M. a Corpman came in and said -get your stuff together, you don't belong here. I knew I was'nt nuts and could have told them so ???

I was transferred to another ward. After a week I still had'nt talked with a Doctor. However, they, non-the-less, started me on insulin shots (shock treatment). (third mistake) Without ever talking with a Doctor, I am obviously, considered to be suffering "combat fatigue". (forth mistake) After several weeks of this I collared a Corpman to give me some specifics, He says I'm being treated for combat fatigue. I said to him, how could this be, I have'nt yet seen a Doctor. Why would combat fatigue cause black-outs and dizziness with no other effect ? Well, anyway, I got each week end out to spend with my wife who had come to join me. She had found a room to rent in Providence, R.I. I finally got to "talk" with a Doctor who told me absolutely nothing. We did not discuss my problem, my physical nor mental condition. (fifth mistake) He just informed me that he was recommending that I go before the Medical Survey Board. Of this procedure I knew nothing, I was told nothing. I had no idea what it meant. During this session with the Doctor, he was called out of his office for several minutes. My records were laying open in front of him. I took a quick look at the exposed sheet on his desk. What I saw was a note that said, "at the mention of a return to duty, his condition worsens" (sixth mistake) What a farce ! They did'nt even know what my problem was, nor did any one ever mention a return to duty. Well, I went before the Survey Board, what choice did I have ? It consisted of a large circle of Doctors and Nurses, maybe 12 to 15 of them. They read a whole lot of rules and regulations, none of which I understood. Then they talked a lot. Finally they asked me if I agreed. Somewhere in all that talk I heard mention of a medical discharge. I agreed. (My mistake) So out I went.

The next morning, I was directed to the office where they prepared my discharge and gave me travel money to Pittsburgh, Pa. My last day in the Navy ended on a sour note. I could see that the Officer (an Ensign) was taking his good old time preparing my papers so I explained that my wife and I would like to catch the 6:00 P.M. train, otherwise we would have to pay another night of hotel bills. His response, " you have the rest of your life to catch a train". What a stupid and inconsiderate answer from an "Officer and a gentleman". I could'nt say much more for he was in a position to seriously delay the paper work. We did make the 6:00 train - just.

While we were in Providence, Ginnie and I talked about having children. The big question was, is her epilepsy hereditary? A local Doctor, in Providence, said he didn't think it was. To be sure he recommended she go to the Leahy Clinic at Deaconess Hospital in Boston. They could answer that question with certainty. We took his advice. I'm told that the Clinic replaced her spinal fluid with a gas for x-ray purposes. The Clinic's response was that it is not hereditary. Praise the LORD.

11

I'm a civilian again, so, off we go to who knows what? At this time Dad and Mother Long are in Elkins, W.Va. where we are to join them. I'm not certain just how we got there, but common sense tells me we took the train to Philly and transferred to the PRR to Johnstown and from there, the Somerset Bus to Elkins. Dad Long's employer, Berkey Brothers Coal Co., had sent him to Elkins to scout for out-croppings, particularly one suitable for opening a new mine. He said I could be a great help to him in this endeavor. He had been climbing up and down those mountains with a pick, an altimeter, a Federal Geological Survey map along with food and water, etc. It simply meant that he simply wasn't getting much accomplished. I helped for a short time. It was decision making time. After discharge, I had 30 days in which to report back to Sebring and my Civil Service job at the Air Base. After some discussion, we felt we did not particularly wish to return to Florida. A major part of our thinking was based upon the fact that Mother Long and I were now getting along well.

The decision we made was that I would look around for a job for a couple weeks and if in that time I found nothing suitable, we would go back to Florida. One morning we took a Bus from Elkins to Clarksburg, W.Va. where I found one job offer. NOW, listen to what I turned down.

This offer was made by an older gentleman, a very kindly man, who owned this large wholesale/retail hardware business along with which he sold all sorts of farm equipment. When I had inquired about work, he took me into his office where we talked a very long time. He owned the business, was married, had no heirs. Business was very good and because of the war, he and his wife had not had a vacation in many years. He was tired and needed time off. He explained how the business functioned, what was needed and what was expected. I explained what I had been doing with my life. He said very plainly - "I want you here with me, I'll teach you the business and I'll go on vacation." Because of the war still in progress wages were frozen at \$145.00 per month. He promised that as soon as wages were unfrozen, he would take care of me. He was a grand person, there was instant bonding between us. At the time I could not see \$145.00 per month indefinitely. Considering he had no heirs and their age even then, I strongly believe that I would be the owner of that business today. Many times I have looked back at that as a lost opportunity. \$ooo, back to Elkins we go.

See note 11 in appendix

A day or ^{so} later, I took a Bus to Pittsburgh where I went to the State Employment Office. The Employment Office had a job listing at Westinghouse in Homewood they thought I might like. They¹ made a phone call and set up an interview for the next morning. So, I went back in town and spent the night at the Fort Pitt Hotel but I did eat elsewhere. The next morning I took a streetcar to Homewood where I was soon informed that the job had been filled. Disappointing at the time but a most fortunate occurrence.

The Personnel Dept. Manager called East Pittsburgh plant of Westinghouse to see if they had any openings that might be available to me. The answer was yes, come on out. I caught the street car to East Pittsburgh. We rode so long, I had to ask the Conductor if we were still in Pennsylvania. Would you believe that I accepted a job for \$150.00 a month, only \$5.00 more than I was offered in Clarksburg. I still console myself with the thought that the benefits and perks justified the decision.

It was on July 17, 1945 that I accepted the job of Order Correspondent at Westinghouse Electric Corp. East Pgh., Pa. July 23, 1945 was my first day at work. My work place was 2-E-54 which translates to (2nd floor, E building, area 54) General Production Dept. You guys got all that ?? Good.

The supervisor was Carl Bowman, Dept. Manager was Russell Breittinger and the General Manager was Ted Harnack. You got that too, interesting eh what ? I learned the work readily enough and earned my six month merit raise without question. All was going well enough. The war ended and people coming back wanted their jobs back. I was later to learn that management protected me as long as they could, but eventually my turn came to be "bumped". I was called to the Personnel Dept. and informed, in a general way, of my situation. There was a job open in the shop that I could have. In the continuing conversation, it was mentioned that if I took that job, my good friend, Bill Kroyack, would be out on the street, because he had one day less service than me. My only question was - if I don't take this job, can I take a later one ? The answer being, Yes, I said give the job to Bill. I really did not want to go to the shop, so I was playing a game and helping Bill in the process. A short time later a job opened up in the Switchgear Sales Dept. When I think back on that matter, I wasn't really asked if I wanted the job but more or less told to report for work. So, Bill went to the shop and I went to the Sales Dept. Now here I am, with not even a High School diploma, working in a dept. where-in everyone has a degree. I quickly saw the error in my educational ways. With Ginnie's encouragement, I enrolled at Taylor-Alderdice High School where I got my Equivalency Diploma. Then I enrolled at Westinghouse Technical Night School. When I started to travel for Westinghouse I had to give up the night school bit. When I retired from Westinghouse, I held the highest job classification available to a salesman short of management. Without a degree, a managerial position was out of the question.

After many years, I learned that Sales Management too, had gone to great lengths to protect me from being "bumped" again. Fortunately, they were successful. I feel that the Bill Kroyack episode had a great deal to do with my standing in the department. In the Sales Dept., we had degree people who could not even buy a raise and yet my raises kept coming on what I would call, a more than regular basis. I wondered about this seriously. An opportunity presented itself that I might ask Landon Fuller, Sales General Manager, about this. His explanation was that through experience I demonstrated my ability to do the job. Further, the Company uses the degree (and his grades), regardless of the field in which he got his degree, to measure ones ability to learn. I had demonstrated my ability through experience.

Upon being hired by Westinghouse, the next thing was to find a place to stay until we got ourselves oriented. A block from the plant entrance was the Sharpe Realty. I talked with Mrs. Sharpe who said she had a third floor room we could rent on a short term basis. We would have to eat out and that was okay, at least we had a place to work from. It was July 21, 1945 that we arrived at 529 Center Street, E. Pgh., Pa. (Mrs. Sharpe's) July 23, 1945 was my first day on the job. In a matter of a couple days, Ginnie found us a furnished apartment on the 2nd floor, 305 Bessemer Avenue, E. Pgh.

One evening, when I came home from work, Ginnie said, "theres a house on Center Street for rent, if you want it."

On March 14, 1946, we moved into Rear 506 Center Street, E. Pgh. We had practically nothing to put in this two story house.

Ohringer's Furniture in Braddock, sold us the necessities on terms we could accept. We got a refrigerator, table, chairs, bed, dresser, chest of drawers, oh, and a radio.

While we lived in this house, our darling first born graced our lives. She was born in Columbia Hospital, Wilkensburg, Pa. Marcia was born with an allergic reaction to milk. We changed formulas 14 times before we got it right. On a house visit the Doctor noticed too, that she was partially tongue tied and which he corrected on the spot. Almost immediately after birth, there appeared a large dark brown spot above and to the right of her right eye. Regarding this spot, Doctor Pipper, I believe his name was, recommended and did remove that spot with a series of Co2 injections. These treatments did cause Marcia considerable, shall we say, discomfort, and much swelling. When Ginnie would take Marcia in to Oakland for the treatments, Marcia recognized the building and would start to protest before they even got in the building. Forgive us Dear but it worked as you now know. Ginnie was asked quite often on the street car "what in the world happened to your baby"?

Apparently, Marcia was born with an enlarged Thymus gland. this obviously caused her considerable distress and I think, had some bearing on the necessary formula changes. She cried much during her first six months. She slept little and so was the case with her parents. Ginnie and I tried to soothe her in what ever way we could devise. It was Grandma Long (Mom Mom) who found the answer to quieting Marcia misery and allowing her to sleep. Mother Long had come to spend several days with us. On one occasion she lay down on the couch with Marcia on her chest. Apparently the position and the body warmth did the trick. So now we knew how for all of us to get some sleep and for Marcia, an escape from her misery.

As my memory serves, Marcia was about six months old when Dr. Piper finally got the Thymus gland down to normal size and functioning A-okey.

So, the darling child suffered considerably in her first year.

The day Mother and baby were brought home from the hospital, Mother and Dad Long were there for that auspicious occasion. They had planned to be there knowing that we had no car with which to carry out this expedition. Dad Long wanted me to drive, he and Mother Long got into the back seat. I held the Baby until Ginnie got in the front seat. Fortunately, I had the presents of mind to ask Mother Long if she cared to hold the Baby ? OH YES ! That was the bonding of our first born to her Grandmother.

On February 7, 1946, we paid our first Federal Income Tax ever. On March 1, 1946, I received a ten percent salary increase. On April 22, 1946, the Westinghouse Shop workers went out on strike and I was furloughed 4/22/46 until 4/26/46. For some reason, I chose not to question, I got paid for those furlough days.

At work I got to know a fellow by the name of Kenny Ross (a wheeler-dealer) who worked in the shipping dept. and was involved in the SHIPPERS CREDIT UNION. K. Ross explained to me how I could invest \$5.00 in the Credit Union to become a member, and then as a member, I could borrow the amount of the closing costs of a home. Since I could get a G.I. loan for the mortgage, the closing costs were all we needed. And of course, Kenny Ross knew of a house for sale in North Versailles Township that would be just right for a starter. A five room bungalow on Howell Street and Flower Farm Road.

The asking price was \$8000.00 but the Veterans Administration Appraiser would allow only \$7000.00 because of the work that needed to be done on the place. The roof needed some shingles replaced, the chimney needed a liner and some bricks at the top. There may have been other things that I don't recall.

We knew we wanted it, so, we obtained a loan from the Credit Union for enough to cover the closing costs plus the difference between the asking price and the V.A. approval. I don't recall when we moved in. Ginnie handled all the details beautifully. That girl of mine purely amazed me at her ability to find us places to live. I know for certain, that while I was at work, she was not idle.

I went to the new house with the movers and Ginnie and Marcia went by Bus. We soon found out the house had only two electrical circuits, a played out coal furnace and an inadequate hot water heater. None-the-less, we were happy-it was our home. This was going to be a very inconvenient location since we had no car and crossing U.S. route #30 presented it's hazards.

Between our house and next door (Tomko's) were two apple trees and one very large Elm tree. The Apple trees were no problem for they were proven to be on Tomko's property. The Elm tree was some thing else. The roots of this tree were continuously clogging the drain pipe into the septic tank. About once each year I had to dig up the pipe to remove the roots. PROBLEM. The limbs of the tree got into the power lines, so we had Duquesne Light remove the tree. Two problems solved. We did our shopping by Bus, I went to work by Bus. In short, we went nowhere until such times as Mother and Dad Long came down.

We soon became aware of the need of a car. Dad Long suggested that we go to Somerset to look for a car, where he has some influence. At Somerset, we bought a used Dodge, blue, 4 door sedan. After having driven it for a while and becoming acquainted with it I realized that it had the proverbial "death rattle". I assumed the main bearings were worn out. Through Sears-Roebuck I ordered a replacement crankshaft and all bearings. Sears advertised that all the bearings would be of uniform size. When it arrived, only two bearings were the same size. I had the engine out and all apart on the floor so I was not in a position to wait for a replacement. I called Turtle Creek Auto Parts and explained my problem. They sent a man out who measured all the bearing surfaces and gave me the correct bearing for each. One evening when Ginnie was out with the girls, I was "baby sitting" Marcia. This was at a time when I was still waiting for the correct parts and still had the engine torn apart on the floor. Marcia was playing in the basement while I worked on the car. The garage portion of the cellar floor was cinder covered. After a few moments I looked up to see Marcia pouring cinder dirt in every hole in the cylinder block. To my ever-lasting regret, I screamed at her to stop. My scream so startled her that she literally trembled. That vision still haunts me. Even a moment's hesitation would have told me that it was not a disaster at all, it could be flushed out with water. Janet had not been born yet, so, I place Marcia's age at three or four.

When I got it all back together, it worked as it should but still had the death rattle. Knowing that it had all new bearings with proper fit, I gave it no further concern. We kept trading up with used cars until 1955 when we bought a new Chevrolet deluxe with the famous Chevy V8 engine, two door, blue. What a grand feeling to at last own a new car. However, it developed a clicking noise somewhere. It took the garage nearly a year to determine that a front wheel bearing was bad. This certainly detracted from the feeling of having a new car. We got away from General Motor vehicles because of the quality of their paint jobs. The paint didn't hold up and rust was premature.

Shortly after moving to Howell Street, there was some talk going around that maybe we shouldn't have more children. I was not in favor of such talk. In conversation, Ginnie mentioned this to a neighbor lady who lived on the Flower Farm Road, up by route #30. The neighbor advised Ginnie to reconsider and then told her story—She and her husband Bill had one child who later died and died at a time when the neighbor was too old to have another. So, then they were without a child at all. Acting on good advice, along came Janet. Heaven on earth—we now have two beautiful and wonderful daughters.

Janet was several years old when Mrs. Loeb, a retired Nurse, noticed that Janet had one shoulder higher than the other. We took her to a Surgeon in McKeesport, who recommended Surgery. We could not see surgery without a second opinion.

WE took Janet to several "experts". One such in Shadyside, Pgh. who sold us a machine that would make every thing right. It turned out to be a torture machine for Janet plus the fact that no change occurred what-so-ever. Janet rebelled, not without just cause. we agreed with Janet, enough is enough. We took her to Childrens Hospital in Pittsburgh where they convinced us that surgery was the only answer. This decision was supported by x-ray where-in we could readily see the problem. There was a solitary ligament holding her shoulder blade up out of normal position. The Surgeon later told us that when the ligament was cut, the shoulder blade simply dropped into place. The Surgeon also said that the incision would leave only a fine red line which would eventually be indiscernable. Not so. Sorry Janet but our Medical Insurance would not cover "cosmetic" surgery and we could not come up with that many thousands of dollars in advance.

12

The house on Howell Street was completely rewired, a new hot water tank, a new gas furnace but we began to realize that our little bungalow was being out-grown. WE began to look at different homes, trying to decide what we wanted and what we could afford. Jim Malandra, a fellow Westinghouse employee, referred us to Mr. Amilio Rosso, a contractor at Pitcairn, Pa. Mr. Rosso showed us some of the homes he had built and the different styles. We were satisfied-Mr. Rosso could build us a house, six rooms, one bath for \$17,000.00. Ed Speedy, a neighbor said he had gotten a mortgage at 4%, so again we followed advice and did like-wise.

The Howell Street property sold rather quickly so we applied the sale money to the down payment on the new house. When the contract was signed Mr. Rosso said the house would finished in 90 days - and he did it. The only fault I found with the new house on Hiland place, was that the foundation should have been one block higher.

After the closing on the new house, Mother and Dad Long came down with their pick-up truck and we moved a lot of little stuff. We had taken boxes of canned goods out to the new house. I carried a box of six one quart jars and sat them down on the floor in the basement and then with my foot, pushed them under the cellar steps. I pulled a muscle in my back which ended the moving process for me. Dad Long took a bed out to the new place and set it up. They tried to take me to the new place in a car but the pain was to severe and I just could not bend enough to get in a car. An ambulance was called and they took me out but not without pain. The least movement was shear agony. It was about two weeks before I recovered enough to get to a Chiroprator. Until I got well all the big jobs were already done by Dad Long.

See note 12 in appendix

We didn't live in North Huntingdon Township long before we learned that the Township, as well as Westmoreland County, was, essentially, a one political party community. So, to gain some non-partisan strength, a Civic Association was organized, and wouldn't you know it, I was elected Vice President. We began to make political noise which the county "Big-Wigs" were very unhappy with. We received some veiled threats through the District Attorney's office. However, they failed to realize that we too, knew some law. We knew the County authorities were outside their authority.

One evening there was a knock on the front door, When I opened the door, there stood an entourage of neighbors requesting that I run for the Office of Justice of the Peace. They said they would get the necessary signatures and would pay the filing fee, all I had to do was take the petition to Greensburg and file it. With faith like that, how could I refuse. I said I would have to talk it over with Ginnie and with Management at Westinghouse before giving them an answer. Ginnie said it was alright with her, but the end decision had to be mine. Westinghouse Management whole-heartedly approved at all levels. My thinking was that I had been sitting back complaining about things as they were, now here was an opportunity to perhaps make a difference.

So, away we go !!!

Ginnie and I went to the Irwin library for all the books we could find pertaining to the J./P. "function". At this point I was totally ignorant about the office. Nor did I know that all the expenses for the office came out of my pocket. The fines collected and the case reimbursements from the County did not keep pace with expenses.

I was a "registered Republican", and my opponent was, James Temprow, a long, deeply established Democrat in the Township. The registration in the Township was 2½ to 1 against me. I felt that I had no chance whatever to win, but I also felt that I owed my supporters an honest effort. I campaigned door to door through out the Township. Lo and behold I won by a very respectable margin. Election day was a very long and hectic one; we didn't get positive results until about 3:00 A.M. About 8:30 A.M. the next day, Ginnie called the office to give them the results and to say I'd be in about noon. I sure did need a couple hours sleep. When I got to the office, all the bosses were lined up in the hall- way to greet and to congratulate me on my victory.

To prepare myself for what lay ahead, I took several courses at the University of Pittsburgh, in Civil and Criminal Law. I attended several courses of instruction given by the District Attorney's office at Greensburg. I read what other material I could find on related subjects.

Six years later, I won re-election as readily as I did the first. Solomon I wasn't, but I tried. On the second election, John McKeever won a seat on the sewerage Authority, Russ Oberle won a seat on the Township Commission. Kurt Steinnebronn and Duane Conley, both lost bids for School Director.

Needless to say, that upon being elected Justice of the Peace, I had to hit the books hard in an attempt to learn what to do and how to do it. Thanks greatly to the Television program PERRY MASON, I at least had some idea as to court room procedure. I bought books and I talked to people. I enrolled at the University of PGH, Graduate School, Institute of Public Instruction for the Minor Judiciary. This was a period of panic cramming.

I must have done fairly well for after my resignation, Attorney Dante Bertani, told me that I was one of the best J.P.'s in the County. One of our Township Policeman shed some tears upon being informed of my decision to resign.

The Squires job may be a parallel to being at war, I'm glad I didn't miss it but I wouldn't want to do it again.

Ginnie helped when and where she could but, the harassment she took in my absence took its toll.

I don't know how our daughters viewed those years, we really never talked about it.

It would appear that my election and re-election broke the strangle hold the Democratic party had on the Township.

Our Department Manager at Westinghouse, Earl Hoellen, kept putting pressure on all of us to do more traveling. It was when I was out of town that bothered Ginnie the most, for she was the one to face some irate victims of our Police Department. Ginnie then became quite ill. Due to that illness, I resigned the Squires Office. The Governor then appointed Russell Collie to complete my term. Mr. Collie then won election to a full term.

I can't say that I particularly enjoyed so much travel, but, I did meet some very nice people. Many of my "customers" would request that I deal directly with the owner, the President, etc., so, when we dined, we dined well.

In my travels, there were only four incidents that come to mind as being notable;

1) On a flight via Allegheny Airlines, from Buffalo to Pittsburgh, the Pilot was in the process of informing us of flight data and had just said our altitude was 19000 feet; just as he got that out he stopped talking. I looked out the window to see the clouds whizzing by vertically upward. When things settled down, the Pilot said, "and here we are at 8000 feet". We had hit a powerful down draught.

2) I had gone to Denver. I was with one of our sales people in the A.M. and was to be with another in the P.M. The A.M. guy said I was to leave my suitcase in his car, that he would be back in time to take me to the airport. Fortunately, he left his car in the office parking lot. The P.M. guy and I got back to the office to find that the A.M. guy had not returned. It was time to head for the airport. Someone else would take me to the airport but my stuff was locked in the other guy's car. Some of the fellows finely "jimmied" a vent window open enough to unlatch the door with wire. WE grabbed my stuff, tossed it in another car and headed for the airport. I checked in at the desk, they phoned the gate that I was on my way.

When I got to the plane they were waiting to close the door, the door was , in fact being closed as I passed through it. Boy oh Boy, was I ever the center of attraction. Who is this guy that they would hold up a flight for him ?? ONLY ONCE IN A LIFE TIME !

3) Again in Denver. The local salesman and I had gone well out of the city to call on a customer. It was a cold, fairly cloudy day. As we left the customers place it started to snow. We just made it to the airport. How the salesman got home, I don't know. As I settled down in my seat on the plane, we were informed that we would be the last flight out of Denver airport that day. The airport would then be closed due to heavy snow.

4) I had a one day trip scheduled to Boston. I thought Ginnie and Janet would like to go along and do some sight seeing. We went to Boston the evening before my appointment for my meeting was fairly early in the morning. we took a Cab from the airport to the Hotel. Arriving at the Hotel, I paid the Cabbie and we went into the Hotel lobby. In the lobby, Ginnie said "where's my purse"? Neither Ginnie nor I knew the name or number of the cab but Janet knew both. With a simple phone call and a matter of minutes, Ginnie had her purse back. I rewarded the Cabbie but I don't recall that I ever rewarded Janet for attention to detail. I sure hope I did.

My thirty five years with Westinghouse were very good years. I was fortunate in having excellent bosses through-out those years. I feel that I prospered beyond my wildest expectations and perhaps more so than I deserved. I tried to give Westinghouse eight hours work for eight hours pay. I think Management recognized my effort.

WE bought two homes, raised two beautiful daughters and saw them married well. We did not lose two daughters, we gained two sons. Thank you, girls.

Okey, ya'all, now i'm retired, you both are married, so, from here on,you , in all probability, remember the story better than I