THE GILBERT SCHROERLUCKE STORY

A GENEALOGICAL HERITAGE AND REFLECTIONS ON EARLY LIFE

CHRISTMAS 1988

FORWARD

Three motivations prompt this writing endeavor: First, I need the practice of using the computer. Second, The K's seem to have wanted me to do it. Third,instead of making gifts in the shop this year for Christmas, I have decided to use the computer. This project is, then, a special Christmas gift for the K's.

Obviously, this is a very feeble endeavor. I realize it is surface narration but, maybe, that's my level of perception. I have tried to do two things: First, show my family lineage back to Germany. Second, recount some of my younger life as my memory makes possible.

Time constraints do not allow me to go further at this time. Maybe, some of you K's will pick up the story. Naturally, I have not recounted every detail but have, I hope, said enough for you to get a taste of life as I have known it.

This bit of reflection has brought home to me just how short life really is. It doesn't seem possible that I am now in the twilight. It seems only yesterday that I was just getting started.

I wish I had some profound statements of wisdom to impart. I don't. I hope I have done my best in what I have tried to do whether at home or at work. There is much that I might like to change if I could do it over but I realize one cannot walk again in his own foot prints. Each step creates new tracks until no more steps can be taken. Perhaps, I still have some steps to take and even some tracks yet to make. We'll see!

Gilbert Schroerlucke
December 1988

THE SCHROERLUCKE STORY

INTRODUCTION

Though approximately 40 other Schroerluckes came to the United States from Prussia (Germany), it is to William and Christina that I directly relate. They were my great grand parents. They came from Ladbergen, a small community a few miles north of Munster, Germany.

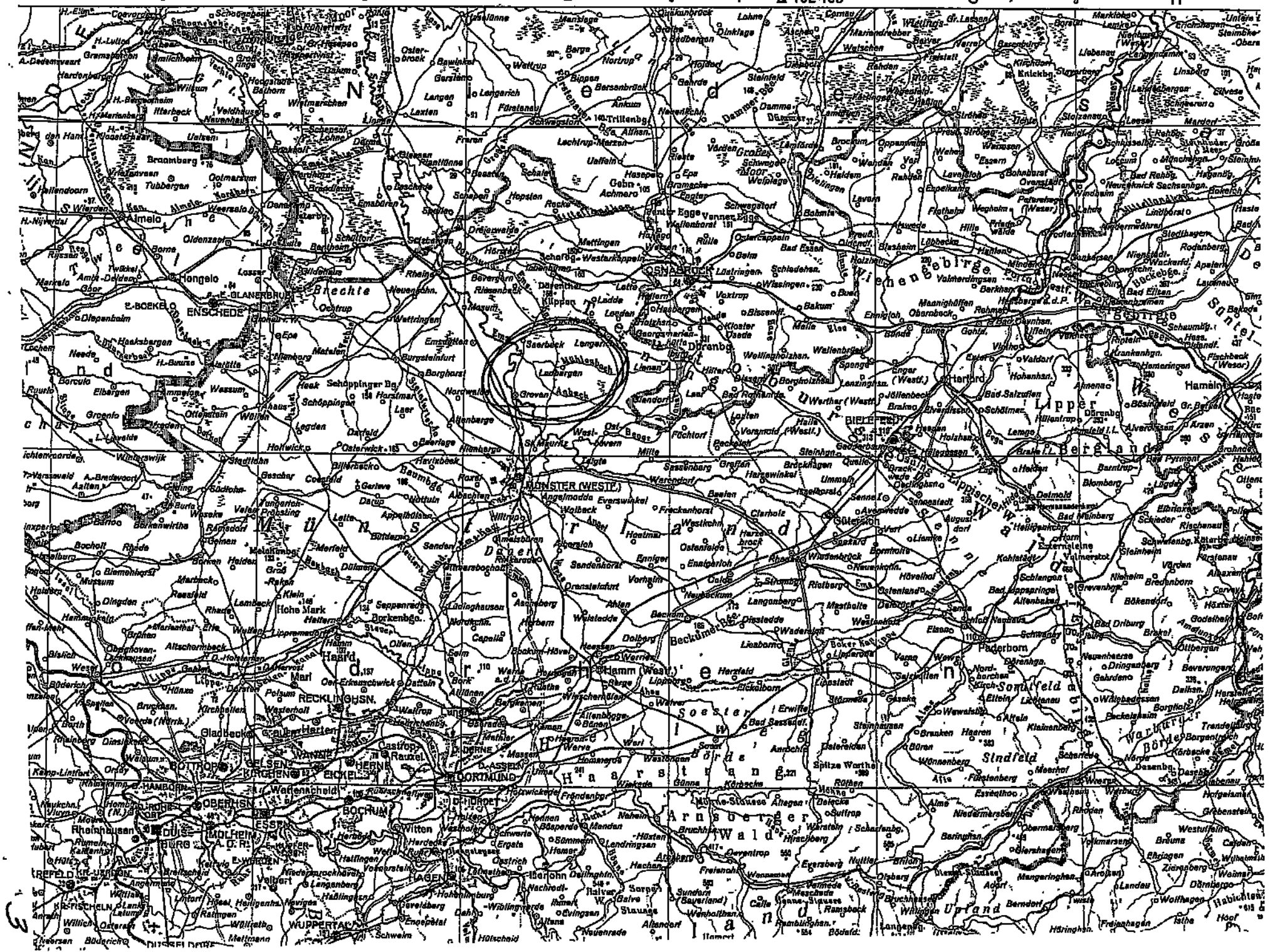
It is understandable how oral tradition has suggested that they came from Holland. This was my father's opinion. Ladbergen is in Westphalia, a state which borders on Holland (The Netherlands).The community, itself, is only about fifty miles from the border. The terrain in this part of Germany is very similiar to that of the Netherlands.

It is an area with broad stretches of heath, sand-dunes with pines, marshes, green pastures, fertile arable land, romantic brooks through the meadows with ash-trees and willows, oak and beech woods. The wind blowing through this area still has a touch of the sea. There are very few hills and one of the crafts of the area is the making of wooden clogs, a craft most usually associated with the Netherlands.

Why William and Christina, specifically, came to America is not known by this writer. We do know that in the early 1800's Germany experienced numerous uprisings. Some of the people were pushing for democratization. Professors and students who were suspected of democratic tendencies were persecuted by the hired officers of the princes.

There was religious conflict as well. These grew out of the relationship of the Anabaptists and Roman Catholics. I have been unable to ascertain William and Christina's religious affiliations and beliefs, prior to their arrival in this country, but since they became affiliated with the Methodists in this country one might surmise that they were not Roman Catholics.

There were, likewise, economic reasons which brought many people to the United States from Germany. America was seen as a land of opportunity and many wanted to improve their lot. Since there were so many Schroerluckes, and perhaps others, who came from this small community of Ladbergen, it would suggest some kind of general dissatisfaction with social conditions. Statistics show that in the 1840's there was an average of 43,000 Germans per year who immigrated to the United States. William and Christina were two of those statistics.


C 7 D E 8 F ▲102-103 G 9 H
Münsterland
Emsland
Niederrhein
Ruhrgebiet
Sauerland
Westfälische Bucht
Münsterländer Kiessandzug
Teutoburger Wald
Wiehengebirge
Weserbergland
Lippische Wälder
Arnsberger Wald
Haarstrang
Hellweg
Soester Börde
Warburger Börde
Sindfeld
Egge
Lippstadt
Paderborn
Detmold
Bielefeld
Münster (Westf.)
Osnabrück
Enschede
Almelo
Hengelo
Rheine
Ibbenbüren
Lingen
Meppen
Nordhorn
Bad Bentheim
Coesfeld
Borken
Bocholt
Dorsten
Recklinghausen
Gladbeck
Gelsenkirchen
Bottrop
Herne
Castrop-Rauxel
Bochum
Witten
Hattingen
Essen
Oberhausen
Mülheim a. d. Ruhr
Duisburg
Rheinhausen
Krefeld
Moers
Kamp-Lintfort
Wesel
Dinslaken
Hamminkeln
Emmerich
Velbert
Wuppertal
Solingen
Remscheid
Hagen
Iserlohn
Altena
Lüdenscheid
Plettenberg
Olpe
Siegen
Hamm (Westf.)
Ahlen
Beckum
Warendorf
Telgte
Greven
Rheine
Steinfurt
Ochtrup
Neuenkirchen
Salzbergen
Emsbüren
Lengerich
Tecklenburg
Ibbenbüren
Bad Iburg
Melle
Bad Essen
Lübbecke
Minden
Porta Westfalica
Bad Oeynhausen
Löhne
Herford
Bünde
Enger
Spenge
Halle (Westf.)
Versmold
Gütersloh
Rheda-Wiedenbrück
Wiedenbrück
Harsewinkel
Verl
Delbrück
Salzkotten
Bad Lippspringe
Schlangen
Altenbeken
Bad Driburg
Brakel
Höxter
Holzminden
Bodenwerder
Hameln
Bad Pyrmont
Lügde
Blomberg
Barntrup
Lemgo
Lage
Oerlinghausen
Schieder
Bad Meinberg
Horn-Bad Meinberg
Leopoldshöhe
Steinhagen
Halle (Westf.)
Borgholzhausen
Osnabrücker Hase
Große Aa
Ems
Dortmund-Ems-Kanal
Mittellandkanal
Wesel-Datteln-Kanal
Lippe
Ruhr
Weser
Diemel
Nethe
Emmer
Bega
Werre
Else
Ems-Hase-Kanal
Dortmund
Unna
Kamen
Werne
Lünen
Selm
Ascheberg
Olfen
Capelle
Nordkirchen
Senden
Havixbeck
Billerbeck
Coesfeld
Dülmen
Haltern
Marl
Oer-Erkenschwick
Datteln
Waltrop
Castrop-Rauxel
Herne
Wanne-Eickel
Bochum
Witten
Hattingen
Essen
Oberhausen
Mülheim a. d. Ruhr
Duisburg
Rheinhausen
Krefeld
Moers
Kamp-Lintfort
Wesel
Dinslaken
Hamminkeln
Emmerich
Velbert
Wuppertal
Solingen
Remscheid
Hagen
Iserlohn
Altena
Lüdenscheid
Plettenberg
Olpe
Siegen
Hamm (Westf.)
Ahlen
Beckum
Warendorf
Telgte
Greven
Rheine
Steinfurt
Ochtrup
Neuenkirchen
Salzbergen
Emsbüren
Lengerich
Tecklenburg
Ibbenbüren
Bad Iburg
Melle
Bad Essen
Lübbecke
Minden
Porta Westfalica
Bad Oeynhausen
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Altenbeken
Bad Driburg
Brakel
Höxter
Holzminden
Bodenwerder
Hameln
Bad Pyrmont
Lügde
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Olfen
Capelle
Nordkirchen
Senden
Havixbeck
Billerbeck
Coesfeld
Dülmen
Haltern
Marl
Oer-Erkenschwick
Datteln
Waltrop

WILLIAM & CHRISTINA

JOHN HENRY WILLIAM
Born: 7/10/1817 - Prussia
Died: 7/7/1879 - Buried Hillcrest
CHRISTINA ELIZABETH BIERBAUM
Born: 11/10/1818 - Prussia
Died: 12/28/1901 - Buried Hillcrest

CHILDREN;

HENRY;
Born: 11/21/1842 - Ohio
Died: 11/10/1915 - Ky.
Wife: Wilhelmina

CHRISTINA
Born: 9/14/1845 - Ky.
Died: 1/13/1900 - Buried Hillcrest
Husband: Adam Kraushaar

SOPHNIAH
Born: 1848 - Ky.
Died: ?
Husband: Henry Wiser

AUGUST
Born: 12/13/1850 - Ky.
Died: 4/28/1912 - Buried Hillcrest
Wife: Barbara Hargesheimer

*** JOHN Born: 10/19/1850 - Ky.
Died: 9/8/1927 - Buried Hillcrest
Wife: Maggie McMullen

WESLEY
Born: 1857 - Ky.
Died: 1/8/1922 - Buried Cave Hill
Unmarried

CHARLES
Born: 1/18/1860 - Ky.
Died: 1903 - Buried Hillcrest
Wife: Annie Hargesheimer or S. Radley ???????

William & Christina, my great grand parents, were immigrants from Prussia (Germany). They arrived on the ship, Johannes, November 10, 1840. The passenger list denotes the following:

John Henry William Schroerlucke, 23
Wife: Christ E. Bierbaum, 21

Occupation: Peasant
Address: Ladbergen
Vessel: Johannes
Date: Nov. 10, 1840

Eighteen otherSchroerluckes were on board the same ship. I have found approximately 40 Schroerluckes who immigrated to the United States from Prussia (Germany). This young couple came to Ohio though I cannot pinpoint the location of their stay in Ohio. Their first son, Henry,was born approximately one year later in Ohio.

By September 14, 1845, William & family had moved to Louisville. It was on that date that their second child, Christina, was born in Louisville. In 1848 William is listed as a brickmaker in Louisville living at 7th and Prather (Broadway).

During the next six years the residence of the family is not pinpointed. We know that Sophia was born in 1848, August in 1850 and John in 1853.

In 1854 William purchased property on Manslick road in the Shardine District near what is today Irquois Park. The purchase was made from Jacob and Eva Buetner. This plot contained approximately 50 acres. In 1859 he added ten acres,purchasing them from Jacob and Lydia Hargesheimer. Charles was born in 1860.

The following is taken from HISTORY OF THE OHIO FALLS COUNTIES DATED 1882:
THIS PRECINCT PRESENTS THE FORM OF A REGULAR TRIANGLE, HAVING ITS APEX WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS OFLOUISVILLE, AND BOUNDED ON THE EAST AND WEST BY THE TWO RAILROADS THAT RUN SOUTHERLY. ITS EARLY HISTORY IS MORE TRADITIONAL THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER POLITICAL DIVISION IN THE COUNTY,THE EARLY SETTLERS HAVING ALL LEFT, AND THE ONCE MARSHY, BOGGY LANDS BEING AFTERWARDS TAKEN UP BY THE THRIFTY, WELL TODO GERMAN POPULATION WHO NOW HAVE HIGHLY CULTIVATED FARMS AND LIVE IN A FLOURISHING CONDITION. THEY HAVE SETTLED IN THIS PORTION OF THE COUNTY QUITE RECENTLY, COMPARATIVELY, AND WILL INCOURSE OF TIME HAVE THEIR LANDS ALL DRAINED AND THEIR FARMS FERTILE AND RICH.

William & Christina wasa part of a German immigration into this section of Jefferson County. The land was swampy and rough. Through extremely hard work and great sacrifice, progress was made toward making the area suitable for the growing of crops. The Gagel farm to which my family moved when I was a very small boy was in this area. I still remember how rough the land was. We picked wild blackberries by the tubs full. Snakes were everywhere. It was not unusual to find a snake lying in the briars while picking. We often found copperheads under our cistern tops.

One day my father came to the house telling of "battling" two large snakes. We later went to see them after he had killed them. They were enormous. There were stories of snakes 15 to 20 feet long beingseen. These stories might have been slightly exaggerated.

What kind of a person was William? This writer has found little hard evidence to state an opinion with very much confidence. We know that his deaf and mute brother, Frederick, who also came from Germany, lived with him. This brother was remembered in William's will. William was a Methodist and a trustee of the German Methodist Episcopal Church at Pond

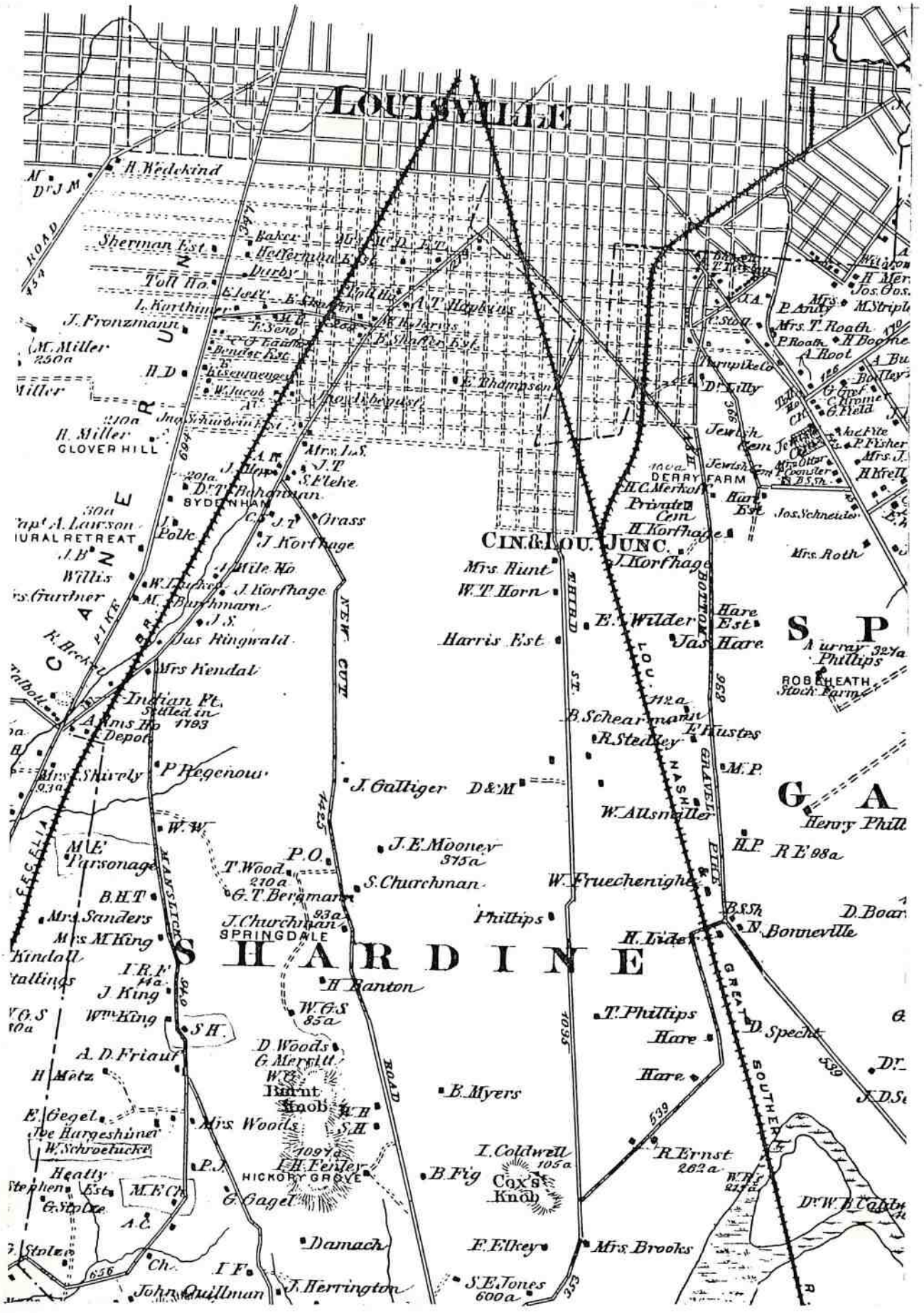
Settlement. On July 10, 1868, he and Christina conveyed 1/2 acre of land to this church for the sum of $50.00. We could probably guess that he was a righteousman representative of the Methodist faith of that time.

He was likely a stern man and may have been short on forgiveness. This can be noted from his will. He left all ofhis earthly goods to his "beloved wife, Christina," to be held byher until her death. At that time the property would be divided equally among his children with these two exceptions: Wesley and John would "fall short" $100.00 and $200.00, respectively each for not "having served histime to his maturity." Frederick, in case of necessity, would receive an extra $200.00. We can only guess that Wesley and John had left home without approval oftheir father and William was letting them know of his disapproval.

William died July 7, 1879 and is buried in Hillcrest Cemetery. At some point Christina went to live with August where she resided in 1900. Christina died December 28, 1901 and is buried next to William in Hillcrest Cemetery.






LOUISVILLE
H. Wedekind
Sherman Est.
Baker
Toll Ho.
L. Korthinier
J. Fronzmann
M. Miller
250a
Miller
H. Miller
GLOVER HILL
Mrs. Jas.
J. T.
S. Eleke
Dr. T. Bergmann
SYDENHAM
Capt. A. Lawson
RURAL RETREAT
J. Korthage
Willis
Mrs. Gardner
Indian Ft.
Settled in 1793
Depot
P. Regenous
Mrs. Shively
93a
M. E. Parsonage
B. H. T.
Mrs. Sanders
Mrs. M. King
Kindall
Stallings
I. R. P.
14a
J. King
Wm. King
W. G. S.
80a
A. D. Friauf
H. Metz
E. Gegel
The Hargeshimer
W. Schroetucke
Heatly
Stephen Est.
G. Stolze
M. E. Ch.
A. C.
Stolze
Ch.
I. F.
John Quillman
656
Damach
J. Herrington
Miller
210a
Jno. Schuerein Est.
E. Thompson
Jacob Bergust
Bender Est.
Baker
Herfernan Est.
Derby
Toll Ho.
A. T. Hopkins
E. Zeno
E. Shafer Est.
Mrs. Roth
Jewish Cem.
Jewish Cem.
DERRY FARM
H. C. Merkoff
Private Cem.
H. Korthage
CIN. & LOU. JUNC.
J. Korthage
Mrs. Hunt
W. T. Horn
Harris Est.
E. Wilder Est.
Jas. Hare
Hare
Jos. Schneider
Mrs. Roth
S P
Murray 32½a
Phillips
ROBT. HEATH Stock Farm
B. Schearmann
R. Stedley
F. Rustes
M. P.
G A
Henry Phill
W. Allsmiller
H. P.
R E 98a
J. E. Mooney
375a
W. Fruechenight
Phillips
N. Bonneville
H. Lider
D. Boar
P. O.
T. Wood
210a
S. Churchman
G. T. Bergmann
J. Churchman
93a
SPRINGDALE
H A R D I N E
H. Banton
T. Phillips
D. Specht
Hare
Hare
B. Myers
D. Woods
G. Merritt
Burnt Knob
S. H.
Mrs. Woods
109½a
I. H. Fenley
HICKORY GROVE
I. Coldwell
105a
B. Fig
Cox's Knob
R. Ernst
262a
F. Elkey
Mrs. Brooks
S. E. Jones
600a
J. Galliger
D&M
1425
1095
939
539
353
ROAD
NEW CUT
THIRD ST.
LOU.
NASH
GRAVEL
PIKE
GREAT SOUTHERN
BOTTOM
SHELBYVILLE
PIKE
BARDSTOWN
PIKE

JOHN & MAGGIE

JOHN
Born: 10/19/1853 Jefferson Co., Ky.
Died: 9/8/1927
Buried: Hillcrest Cemetery
MAGGIE MCMILLAN
Born: 4/4/1857 Place: ? Perhaps Orell
Died: 4/18/1928 Buried: Hillcrest Cemetery
MARRIED: 6/6/1905

CHILDREN:

Riley:
Born: May 13, 1880
Died: 4/15/1963 Buried: Hillcrest Cemetery
Wife: Rose Marie Leatherman

Emma:
Born: 10/2/1881
Died: 12/22/1952 Buried:
Husband: William Gutermuth

Charles:
Born: 2/1883
Died: 3/7/1948 Buried: Hillcrest Cemetery
Wives: 1. Ida Sheely
2. Mollie Jackson

*** John Theodore
Born: 7/13/1884
Died: 11/11/1971 Buried: Hillcrest Cemetery
Wives: 1. Etta Mae Case
2. Annie
3. Mollie

Mollie:
Born: 4/1886
Died: 2/15/1982 Buried: Resthaven
Husband: William Schoenbaechler

Wesley:
Born: 10/13/1887
Died: 1963 Buried: Hillcrest
Wife: Jennetta Caple

William:
Born: 7/22/1889
Died: 1966 Buried: Hillcrest
Wife: Ada Knott Buried: Hillcrest

Earl:
Born: 2/27/1891
Died: 7/5/1978 Buried: St. Andrew Cemetery
Wife: Emma Marie Shielly

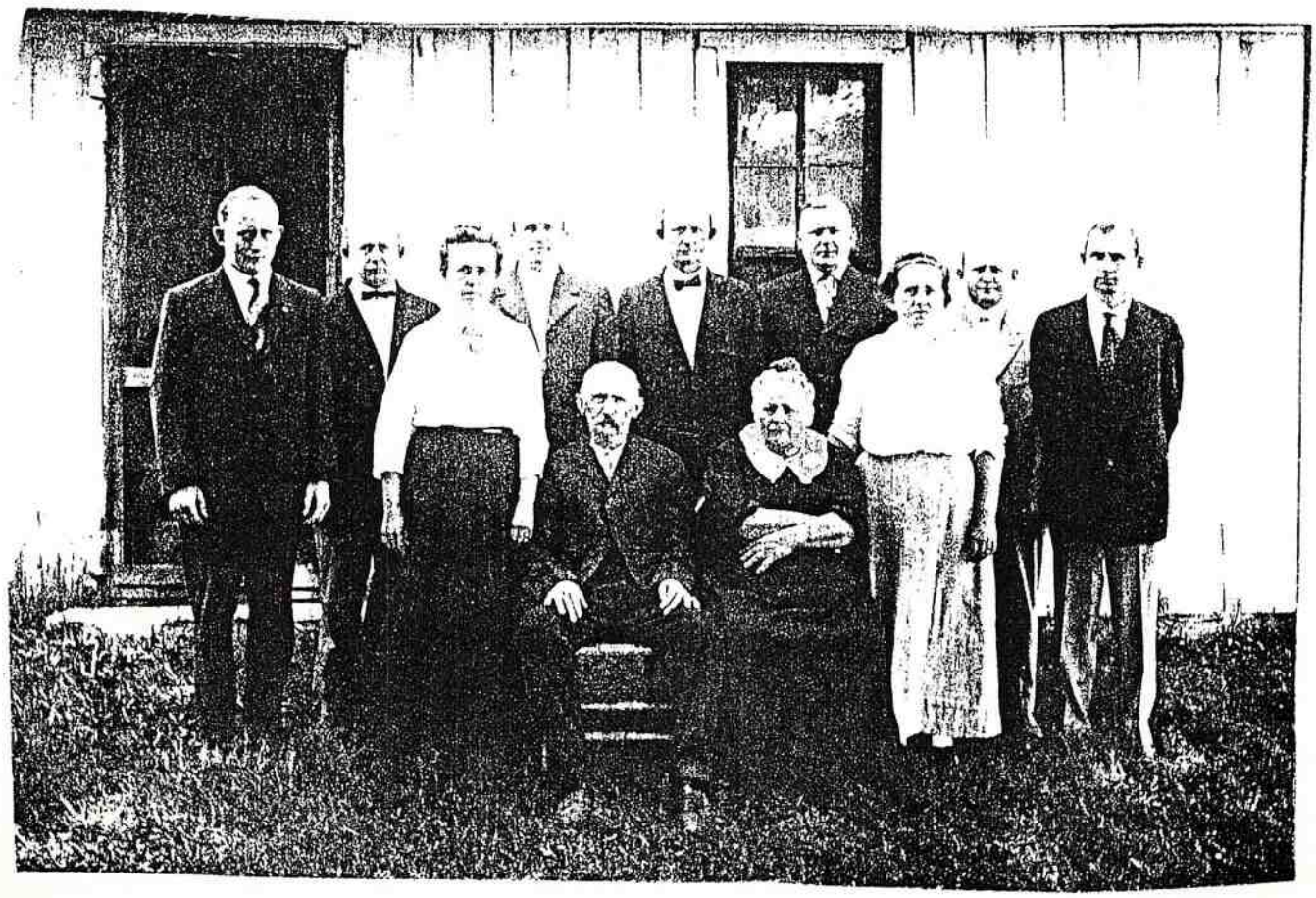
James:
Born: 1/18/1893
Died: 10/16/1952 Buried: Evergreen Cemetery
Wife: Maude Mae Mille

As stated previously, John left home without his father's approval and was docked$200.00 in his father's will. Where he went and what he did is notfully known by this writer. The City Directory lists a John from 1874 to 1880 as a clerk for Gustave Auesbeck. He boarded at 562 7th st during this period.

In the census of 1900 he is living in Magisterial District 4 in Jefferson Co. All 9 children are listed as living at home.He must have moved to the farm sometime between 1880 and 1900. He is remembered by grand-children as being a gardener.

In his late years his children joined together and remodeled a house in which he and Maggie lived until they died. Evidently, he had little material resources. He is, likewise, remembered as making a pretty regular visit to the bottle and often staying too long.

John died at his residence on Third St. Road in 1927. Maggie died at the residence of her daughter, Mollie Schoenbaechler, 4037 Woodruff in 1928. This writer has very faint memories of visiting grandmother's house and receiving a jelly sandwich fromthe jelly jar which sat on the kitchen table.



Standing Left to Right:
James Charles Emma John Wesley William Mollie Earl Riley
Seated: John Maggie

JOHN & ETTA

JOHN
Born: 7/13/1884
Died: 11/11/1971 Buried: Hillcrest Cemetery
ETTA CASE
Born: 1/11/1889
Died: 5/31/1957 Buried: Bethany Cemetery

CHILDREN:
MILDRED
Born: 7/2/1906
Husband: Robert Ballard
LENA LOUISE
Born: 1/30/1908
Died: 10/27/1946 Buried: Louisville Memorial Gardens
Husband: John T. Goss (Divorced)
EMMA CATHERINE
Born: 8/30/1910
Husband: Jervis T. Stites
DOROTHA MAE
Born: 6/8/1918
Died: 5/23/1982 Buried: Resthaven Memorial Park
Husbands: 1. Albert Glass
2. Fred Fink
JOHN LEONARD (JACK)
Born: 7/20/1921
Died: 11/5/1943 Buried: Bethany Cemetery
Wife: Ruth Escher
GILBERT LEROY
Born: 12/11/1923
Wife: Bettye Jean Everley
NORMA LUCILLE
Born: 12/26/1925
Husband: William Raymond Ater

John and Etta were married in a double ceremony with her sister Mary and Curran Sipes 12/1/1905 at Bethany Methodist Church in Valley Station, Ky.

When John left home he evidently went to work for the L & N Railroad as a helper. He is so listed in the city directory in 1907. The young couple lived in the Hazelwood section of Louisville on Bluegrass where they resided when Mildred was born.

Around 1907 the family moved to the Fenley farm at Valley Station. There John worked on the farm and until a small house was built the family lived in the "big house" with the Fenleys. John often talked of carrying barrels of potatoes to market in Louisville with a team and wagon. Dixie Highway was sometimes nearly impassable in bad weather. Both Lena and Catherine were born on the Fenley farm.

In 1912 John & Etta and children moved to the West End of

Louisville and John became a motorman on a streetcar for the Louisville Railway Co. This move was prompted by Catherine's contacting of Polio. It was felt she could get better treatment in the city. John became a trainer of new motormen for the company.

Living in the city was not for John. Dirt was in his blood. So in 1918, the family moved back to the Fenley Farm. Dorothy was born there on June 8, 1918.

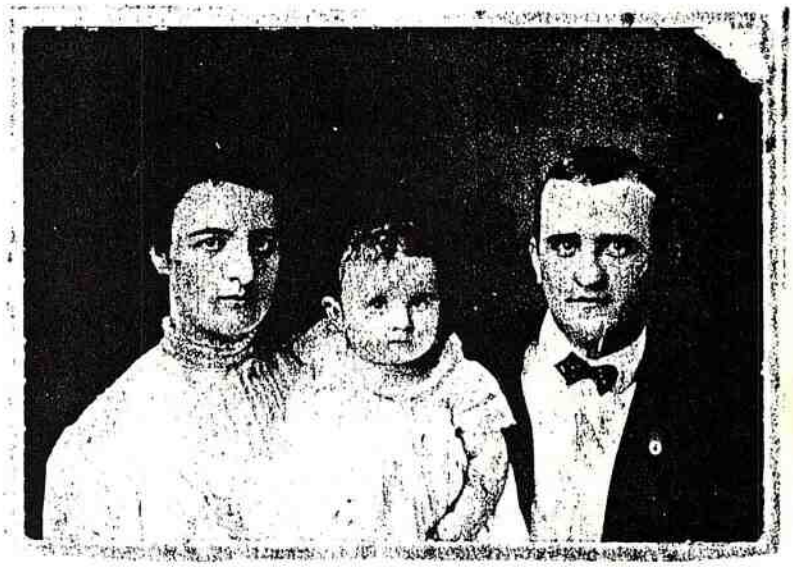
The time came for John to move out on his own. So in 1920 the family rented the Kerrick farm near Blanton Lane and moved there. John continued to be a gardener. This farm lay where the present day Dixie Manor Shopping Center is located. Jack, Gilbert and Norma were born at this site.

About 1928, the family moved to the Gagel farm which was either next to or a part of the property once owned by William and Christina on Manslick Road near Iroquois Park. This property was rented.

In 1932 the family rented and moved to the Swindler farm on Dixie Highway between Upper Hunters Trace Road and Rockford Lane. In 1940, John and Etta separated and later divorced. John bought property in southern Jefferson County. Etta, Catherine, Lena, Norma & Gilbert moved to South Louisville.

These latter years are described in more detail as I remember them. Let it be said that memories are just that - memories. I have discovered that one can have memories which seem quite clear but when attempting to pinpoint these memories in words clarity is difficult.

I have not tried to write of every memory that lingers in my mind. Rather, I have tried to give a flavor of life as I have known and remember it. I hope those who might read this will excuse the errors and not judge me too severely for sloppy expressions. I do not think of this project as a treatise for a scholarly journal but personal reflections.



Etta Mildred John

THE 20'S

In 1923, the year I was born, the world was considerably different than today. It is almost more than I can imagine when I consider the nature of those differences. As we live day by day with changes happening all about us, we tend to adjust to the new realities as they happen and overlook the larger changes. As I begin to think about the 20's it begins to make clear how much the world has changed in my lifetime.

In 1923 the First World War had recently ended. Woodrow Wilson was defeated by Warren Harding in the election of 1920. This change of leadership was representative of the change of mood that was taking place in the country.

Wilson was an idealist who wanted America to grow, in the light of its World War I victories, into a country assuming world responsibilities. He saw the possibilities of the League of Nations as a way for our country to participate in those broader areas and believed the League could be instrumental toward the building of a peaceful world. His idealism was rejected by the country leaving Wilson an embittered and broken man. His health and his dreams were shattered.

Harding seemed to offer a happy escape from the rigors of problem solving. The problems of high office never seemed to get in his way of enjoying life. Some have said he was an adolescent, much like the nation as a whole, who refused to face up to responsibility. So with a hands off policy leadership style, some of his cronies systemically robbed the public till. Harding died of a heart attack on August 2, 1923, to be followed by Calvin Coolidge. Thus, Coolidge was the president for four months when I was born.

Coolidge followed in Harding's path. He made sure he did nothing to rock the boat. It is said Coolidge spent two to four hours every day taking a nap. At this time a burst of energy began to be felt throughout the country. So the 20's is known as a period of excitement, frivolity and pleasure. It has been dubbed an era of "wonderful nonsense". We, likewise, know it as the "flapper" era. "Eat, drink and be merry" depicted the times. Otherwise respectable persons began dancing the Charleston, carrying hip flasks and visiting speakeasies.

The Prohibition amendment became law in 1920. Sale and use of alcoholic beverages turned from pleasure to a criminal offense. Gangsterism became front and center stage. Law enforcement was incapable of handling the likes of John Dillinger, Al Capone and others. Some have attributed the lawlessness to Prohibition but, I believe, that is a far too simple explanation. If that were true, legalization would have lessened beverage alcohol as a social problem. In fact, alcohol is a far greater menance today than during Prohibition. Criminals use the social context whatever that might be to execute their crime. Prohibition was a context not the cause of criminal activity. Al Capone once said, "Everybody calls me a raketeer. I call myself a businessman."

In the early 20's, automobiles were ready to burst forth with a social impact never before seen in the world. The horse and buggy era would now abruptly end. The automobile changed the way Americans lived and thought. A newly mobile population was the result. People began to move about with an ease never before experienced by the human race. The Model T Ford was at theforefront of this revolution. Built by Henry Ford who from 1917 to 1927 produced approximately one-half of all automobiles built in the United States. This was largely the result of Ford"s developmentof the assembly line process.

Wage scales were something to behold. In 1917 the minimum wage in a Ford factory was $5.00 per day. Previously to that it had been $1.00 per day for unskilled labor and $2.50 for skilled labor. This would have been considered good wages then. In 1925 the average auto travelled 25,750 miles before it was scrapped.

I faintly remember the Model T truck my father had when I was a very young boy. It was the first vehicle I ever drove.
This took place one day out in the pasture where there was plenty of space. I don't remember tearing down any fences or doing any damage to the truck so I suppose I did OK. There were three pedals on the floor, the crank on the front, and gas and spark levers on the steering column. If the band on the forward pedal burned out, as often it did, one could turn around and go up a steep cliff in reverse. I remember this being done.

The Model T was followed by the Model A. One of my older sisters had a Model A touring car . Later another had a chevy. I can still feel the delight of the brief trips we would take. It may be only a mile or two but for a young rural boy these were round the world excursions. Occasionally, when we would actually cross overthe bridge to Indiana for a ride, this was joy unspeakable.

Aviation, also, was in its infancy in the early 20's. Airplanes were used in World War I but little development had taken place subsequently. After the war the Post Office Department began to use planes to carry mail. These were small propeller driven planes with open cockpits. I still remember how excited everyone got when there was the sound of an airplane approaching. We all stopped what we were doing and ran to see this amazing wonder. I have to admit that I still retain some of that excitement whenever I see or even fly on a giant jet today.

It was a day to remember when I, as a young lad, got to take a ride in one of those two-seaters. Barnstorming pilots criss-crossed the country stopping in various places, usually a pasture, and taking people up for a small fee. I was fortunate enough to takeone of those rides. I remember sticking my hand out and seeing how the wind pushed it backwards. It was probably a risky adventure since many of those planes crashed.

In 1927, I was four years old, Lindberg made his historic flight to Paris in 33 1/2 hours. Lindberg had been a post office pilot and had bailed out four times

before making his historic flight.

America in the 1920's had itssocial problems but there was little mood to address them. Ours was a racially segregated country especially in the South. Facilities were separate and unequal. Separate toilets. Separate drinking fountains. Separate compartments on buses and trains. Slavery, though legally overthrown, lived on in different disguises.

I grew up in an invironment where race was a non-issue. Noone in my social context revealed any awareness of the evil nature of racial descrimination. It was not discussed at home and the preachers I heard never mentioned it. It was accepted without challenge. There was one Black family in the general vicinity of my up-bringing but there was no social intercourse with them. I am sure that if a Black person would have been present at mealtime at our house, they would have been served with a plate and told to eat outside.

Blacks were told by the accepted customs and laws that they were inferior. Segregated schools, segregated churches, segregation in eating estblishments, segregated parks, segregation in housing - all made this clear. Leading the forefront to keep it thatway was the Ku Klux Klan. They wrought terror on Black families by their burning of crosses and brutally attacking and killing individual Blacks. To understand how socially acceptable this terrorist organization was, in 1925, 40,000 of them paraded down Pennsylvania Ave. in Washington D. C. wearing their robes.

Marcus Garvey attacked segregation by encouraging Blacks toemmigrate to Africa.He founded the Universal Negro Improvement Association to accomplish this purpose. Many Blacks followed his direction and became settlers in Liberia. The descendents of these emmigrants became the leaders of Liberia in the years that followed.

As previously suggested, the 20's were a time for fun and pleasure, at least for some. These generally were white urban dwellers. Truck farmers, like my family, knew little of that prosperity and fun and pleasure.

In the 20's movies were still in their infancy. In fact, I was four yearsold before the first talkie, the Jazz Singer, was produced. Rudolph Valentino, who died in 1926, was for men what Joan Crawford was for women. She was a popular screen flapper. Clara Bow turned an innocent little pronoun "it" into a suggestive word. To have "it" was to have a strange magnetism of sexual attractiveness.

A Yale football player slashed his wrists after Clara Bow jilted him. He survived to tell a court during a sanity hearing that Clara had kissed himso passionately on one occasion that his lips had been bruised for two days.

The 20's was a time ofdisplay and excess. Shipwreck Kelly started sitting on flag poles in 1924 in Hollywood as a publicity stunt for a theatre. Soon he was booked by scores of hotels desiring publicity. Hewould sit on a small disc equipped with stirrups to keep him from falling

off. Kelly took five-minute catnaps every hour and subsisted on liquids hoisted up to him by ropes. In 1929 Kelly put in a total of 145 days on various flagpoles around the country.

Shipwreck's fame grew and many imitators sprang up around the country but Baltimore, for some reason, seemed to sprout a covey ofthem. Avon Foreman, a 15 year old, sat up an 18 foot hickory sapling in his back yard and perched on top of it. Others followed suit. During one week in 1929, there were no fewer than 20 pole-sitters in Baltimore.

The 20's were a time for zanyfads. Clarence Tillman, 17, high school student, put 40 sticks of chewing gum in his mouth at one time, sang "Home Sweet Home," and between verses of the song, drank a gallon of milk.

Crossword puzzles becamethe craze. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad placed dictionaries on trainsfor the convenience of the puzzlers. College teams competed in tournaments. University of Kentucky offered a course in crossword puzzles. Two young publishers, Richard Simon and M. Lincoln Schuster, brought out a collection of the puzzles as their first book. They attached pencils to each volume and watched their profits soar.

Contract bridge, yo-yo'sand roller skating became popular manias. People competed in rocking-chair derbies, dance marathons and cross-country races. Dancing marathons were popular. The object was tosee which couple could outlast the others on the dance floor. They danced around the clock. After many hours the couples would barely move, one literally hanging onto the other. Ankles would swell and clothes became dishelveled. They became a rather pitiful sight to behold. I remember going to oneof these dance marathons as a young lad.

The 20's saw the emerging of radio as a national media. We in Kentucky provided the circumstance which gave impetus to radio as a news media. Floyd Collins was trapped in a cave near Cave City, Ky. in 1925. It was radio which responded to this tragedy and gave out news by the hour on developments in the case. Collins died before he could be rescued.

It is difficult torealize that I was two years old when the Scopes trial occurred. It pitted the great orator William Jennings Bryan against Clarence Darrow, the famous criminal lawyer. Scopes simply believed in teaching science in the schools which included the theory of evolution. After the trial Bryan was a beaten and depressed man.

It is strange to see this same conflict re-emerging today under the aegis of Christian Fundamentalism. This causes one to wonder what, if any, progress we have really made since the 20's.

The 20's had their criminals, in addition to the gangsters. It was in1924 that two intelligent and wealthy young boys, Loeb and Leopold, murdered another young boy simply for the fun of doing it.

The 20's was a time of wild enthusiasm and optimism, that is, until November 1929. TheCRASH. Stocks plumetted. Wealth

evaporated. The depression was upon the land.

The flapper era had gone bust. Instead of the country jumping with enthusiasm, some jumped out of buildings and committed suicide. Hard times set in. The flapper hadflopped. Poor truck gardeners and their families, like mine, would be hard pressed to keep body and soul together. Thus, my young life was lived in economic hard times in the country and especially was this true on the farms where we lived.

EARLY YEARS

I was born the sixth of seven children on December 11, 1923 in Jefferson County Ky., to John and Etta Schroerlucke. The family then resided on the Kerrick Farm (as we have always called it) which was located on Route 31W (The Dixie Highway) approximately 10 miles from the city of Louisville. Today the Dixie Manor Shopping Center is located on this site.

My father was a "truck gardener." There were many many such farmers in Jefferson County at that time. We raised fresh vegetables such as corn, beans, tomatoes, cantaulopes and watermelons. The produce was carried to the Haymarket in Louisville for sale.

We lived on three different farms during my lifetime at home: namely, the Kerrick Farm, the Gagel Place, on Manslick Road near Iroquois Park and the Swindler Farm, Dixie Highway between Upper Hunters Trace Road and Rockford Lane. Most of my memories relate to my life on the Swindler Farm.

Life was hard for a truck gardener especially like my family who did not own their property. A part of what little profit there was was needed to pay the rent and buy equipment and supplies. Produce sold extremely cheap and it was labor intensive. During my early life the Great Depression was an every day reality throughout the country and few people had money to spend. Truck gardening was a tough way to make a living.

Preparing the ground was a slow and tiring task. We plowed the ground with a "two horse" walking plow. I remember trying to control this plow when I could hardly see over the handles. If it hit the slightest rough place it would jump out of the ground. It took a long time and many times across the field to plow an acre of ground. It turned six to eight inches of dirt as it went. Mules and man walk rather slowly. It was a big step forward when we got a three-horse riding plow. It had wheels and was much easier to handle but handling three big mules was not for little boys. My father usually managed this implement.

Next. the ground would be disced. The disc had a seat on it and it was pulled by two and sometimes three mules. Then it was time for the harrow. This was a metal frame with spikes pointing downward. This tool left the ground more finely worked ready for planting. Finally, when we got our first tractor, a Farmal F-10, it was a day to remember. The rear wheels were made of steel with large alternating lugs. On the front there were two small wheels very close together and slightly tilted.This was like heaven, yet, the lugs kept it from being driven on the road and the small front wheels often would not manuever very well in sandy soil.

Planting and cultivating the crops kept us busy into early summer. We used a one mule walking cultivator and a two mule riding cultivator. Old Maude, one of our mules, a patient and steady worker was especially effective with the walking cultivator. A slight tap of the rein or a soft verbal direction was all that was needed. She would turn at the end of a row and start back on the next row as if

she knew exactly what to do. I guess she did. Naturally, we boys vied to get to use the riding cultivator.

As I remember it, daddy did most of his business in cash. He never trusted banks so he kept hismoney in a wooden box under his bed. I never once ever tried to see what he had in it and doubt that anyone else did. He always kept it locked. That box was what he carried transfersand other items in when he was a motorman on a streetcar for the Louisville Railway Company. That box presently sits in my living room as a part of the decor.

Harvest time was especially a strenuous time. Vegetables must be picked and marketed as they were ready, else they were not salable. Sometimes neighbor boys would be hired to help pick the beans, tomatoes, etc. If one made a dollar a day, he was doing well. The produce would need to be prepared for market. The green beans would be washed in the animal watering trough next to the well.

The tomatoes needed to be wiped with a rag, individually, andsorted. The green corn needed to be cut and rushed to market the same day lest the shucks begin to dry out. I still carry a scar on my knee from the time when cutting corn the knife went through stalk and ear and made a sizeable gash. Blood immediately burst forth. Catherine, recently, reminded me that she was the only person in the house that day and that she found rags and tied them around my leg to stop the bleeding.

During the marketing season a load was prepared daily to be taken to the Louisville Haymarket. Sometimes daddy would take one load and "set it off" and return for a second load. I have faint memories of the Model T but more clearly I remember the Model A. truck that he had.

Farmers rented "stalls" at the market. The market consisted of parallel rows of raised concrete slabs approximately 12 inches high. Some of these "stalls" had a roof overhead but since they cost more we never had one of these. Trucks backed up to these slabs and set off some of the items that were for sale.

The area at the rear of the truck on the slab was used for display. An aisle was maintained for buyers to walk along and scan the displays. The "stalls" were barely wide enough to park the truck. It was very difficult to back into a space if the stalls on both sides were already occupied. Each farmer had approximately an area of 3′ x 10′to display his offerings.

Produce was cheap in those days. A 1/2 bushel of prime tomatoes might sell for .75 to $1.00. An average size watermelon might go for $.25 each. It is now mind boggling to think how few dollars my father must have had in his pocket on his return home after each trip.

As previously stated, during my early years the country was experiencing a depression. During those years we never lived in a house with indoor plumbing, electricity, central heating. In fact until I was 16I never lived in a house with these conveniences. We carried water in the water-bucket from the well. When we

got in a hurry we had "running water." A cistern caught water from the house which was usedfor washing clothes. A small hand pump,after being primed, brought the water up. Clothes were washed on a washboard with water heated in the tank at the side of the kitchen wood stoveor in a kettle on an open fire in the back yard. Clothes were hung on the clothes line to dry. I still remember what a delight it was when we got a washer with an agitator and ringer on it. It was run by a gasoline motor similiar to a modern lawn mower motor. There was a chicken house a few feet from the back door and when the hens were active we had fresh eggs. A garden helped to supply food for the table.

A meat house was closeby. Fresh meat was hung here and cured with smoke produced by a smolderingfire underneath. Next to the meat house was a small dirt floored one room building with one window. We were told this had once been a slave house. Nearby was a cole shed and the woodpile. In the winter wood had to be cut and stacked on the porch for easy accessibility when needed.

The barn lay beyond "the lot." The barn was a long building with various sections: the corn crib, stable, machinery parking,garage for truck and cow section with stanchions. Overhead in part of the building was the hayloft. The hayloft was a great place to go on rainy days. There's no music as sweet as that caused by rain on a tin roof. (Or, it may have had something to do that rain meant we didn't have to work.)

My father was not a family man, at least in my memory. He never seemed to take interest in the children as a father might be expected to do. Special days like birthdays did not exist for him. I never remember receiving a present from him for any occasion. These kinds of niceties came from my older sisters who by the time Icame into the age of remembering were working and providing some financial help. In fact it was they who seemed to keep the household going. If I needed spending money or needed clothes for school, itwas they who provided them. After my mother and father separated, it was they who provided the possibility for mother and the rest of us to survive.

My father was an interesting person. As can be seen, he comes from a line of "hard headed Germans." He was a hard worker and honest. He was never physically abusive but verbal abusewas another matter. Hewas extremely abusive to mother and the older girls. As a young lad I did not understand the conflict and now looking back on it and knowing much more about inter-personal conflicts, I still cannot pinpoint the nature of the conflict. I now know I will never be able to understand thetrue nature of their relationship. I do know home life for meas a young lad was not very satisfactory. For many years, I believeI deliberately blocked it out of my mind. It was something I wanted to forget.

Daddy would often go into wildly abusive attacks on mother using extremely vulgar and threatening language. I will not repeat here what was said but some of it is still very real. I do remember on one occasion when daddy, in a wild loud manner, came toward the house to look for a

gun which he was threatening to use to kill mother. One of my older sisters met him at the screen door and thwarted his goal. The gun was hid so it couldnot be found. Daddy, in a yelling voice, would often shout that he would announce to the world his pleasure when mother died. When daddy was in a more normal mode, I remember him as a rather civil person. I do remember saying to myself as a youngster, "When I grow up I'm going to be the best daddy there ever was because I knew I was missing something in my own home. This wasobviously an expression of my own unhappiness. I now know how very far short I have come from thatsimple childhood sentiment; but that's another story.

I lived out my early life having great fear of being embarrassed by my father before fellow playmates. I was fearful of bringing a buddy home with me from church (this was a customary practice) lest my father go on one of his emotional binges. I'm sure peoplewho knew us never realized the quality of life that we had in our household. My mother was a "homemaker". She went to church and undoubtedly had some friends but I never remember any friend that she had ever coming to see her. I never remember her going anyplace with anyone other than with her own family. Yet, daddy moved around in the surroundings of rural life, market, fellow farmers, etc., so they would have known nothing except hisinterpretation of our home life. I am sure there were many people, at least those who daddy mighthave influenced, who felt that momma wassome kind of bitch. Yet, these are matters I cannot be sure of.

As I came into the latter years of "grade school", I begin to develop an interestin athletics. I attended Kerrick School which then stood next to the corner of Blanton Lane and Dixie Highway. It was a two story building with about 6 or 7 classrooms.

Under the leadership of G. L. Smith, a teacher, we erected two steel poles on the playground and installed bankboards and basketball rims onthem. We began a basketball team practicing and playing in the mud and dirt.

Upon entering Valley High School in 1938, I began to participate in the sports program. I went out for the football team though I had never seen a football game. I began to play some as a freshmen and inmy senior year was the captain of the team. During that first year I broke my collarbone while practicing and had to wear a cast for several weeks. I receivedhonorable mention as an all-state player my senior year. I became fond of football andone of my first ambitions was to be a football coach.

I believe athletics helped me immensely to gain some personal confidence and helped me to learn how to apply myself. My football coach, P. C. O'Neil, once taught me an invaluable truth though he never knew it. In those days the county schools were much smaller than the city schools and much weaker in athletics. County schools would not dare to play the city giants. Valley was the first county school to take on the giants. We were to play Male High School. Surely this was David going up against Goliath. Male had moreboys on the football team than we

had in the entire school. They had a long tradition of playing powerhousefootball and were well equipped and coached.

So we were scared as wewere putting on our gear for the game. It was to be played atthe Male stadium before bright lights. We were outweighed and out maned. To this day I still remember one of the things Coach O'Neil told us before we went out on the field. I have used it many times. "Boys," he said, "They can put only eleven boys on the field at a time the same as we. And remember, they put on their pants just like you do." This did not eradicate all the jitters but it was a truth I have carried with me through life. Whenever I see people lifting up someone to near godhood be they movie star, pope or president, I remember what the coach said: "They puton their pants just like you do." Although I think I can readily give respect to someone whom I thinkhas earned it, I find great difficulty of getting caught up in fan club mania.

1, likewise, played on the basketball team and became a regular in my junior year. In my sophmore year we went to the state tournment in Lexington, (I made the squad as a sub) winning in both the district and regional tournments. Though Iwas not on the starting five I did play in thestate tournment and I believe scored two points. That was a greatthrill, both playing in the state tournament and staying in a hotel. I think that was my first time to overnight in a hotel.

I had an interesting experience during that state tournament in Lexington, Ky. Late one evening we were walking back to the hotel and passed by a small eating establishment. There was a spot light in the window focused on a pie. Sitting in the middle of that pie was a mouse having a delicious time, I am sure.

I played on the baseball team, when we had one and likewise took part in the music program. I sang in a quartet which received a high rating in a state contest.

When my parents separated and my mother moved to the city, where I would go to school became a matter of concern. I wanted to continue at Valley since I was involved in the sports program. But, this posed several problems. Valley was in the county school district and I now lived in the city. Also, there was the matter of transportation to and from school every day. Somehow the problems were solved and I continued at Valley. Special permission was given for me to continue in the county system. Some of the teachers came to my rescue for transportation. A few of them lived in the city and carpooled to Valley each day. They agreed to pick me up each morningand take me to school. The afternoons were another matter.

Football and basketball practice made it impossible for me to ride home withthem after school. So, along with others, I hitchhiked home each afternoon. People in those days were probably more agreeable to picking up school kids then they might be today.

Sometimes a run down school bus with a Black driver would stop and pick us up. Little did I know at that time what was behind

this condition that brought this driver along late in the afternoonreturning the city with no passengers. Later, as an adult, I came to realize (I never remember this condition ever being mentioned in my young days) that our schools were racially segregated. Blacks from across the county and even nearby counties attended Louisville Central High School, a school wholly for Blacks. They were restricted from going to the schools nearest their homes. So this driver had taken Black students home and was returning back to the city after completing his run.

Inow wonder what he thought in those days. Why would he have treated us so kindly when he and his family were being so unjustly treated by whites like me? This experience became so real to me when later in the 1970's I was involved in the desegregation of the schools in Louisville and Jefferson County. When those radical whites fought so hard against busingseemingly on the theory of supporting neighborhood schools, I knew a little of what Blacks meant when they told about being bused to perpetuate segregation. Busing for them was not all that new. The bus driver picking up white kids many years before brought this home to me too.

Upon graduating from high school, there was no talk of my going to college. No one in my family had been tocollege. In fact, I knew of no relative who had ever gone to college. The only contact I had about this possibility was when the football coach from Murray State University called me about coming to Murray and playing football. I told him that I was going to get a job and go to work.

Ray Ater, my next door neighbor and Norma's boyfriend, worked in the accounting department of Girdler Corporation and managed to get me a job there. I became a ditto operator (gelleton roll process) and an office boy. The war clouds were moving rapidly toward our shores. I did not choose to enlist but felt that when called I would willingly go. After working approximately nine months one day I received my "greetings" from the president. The time had come so I followed the instructions and became a soldier boy.

1

ARMY

The Second World War was consuming the energy of the country.All thought and activity was directed toward a victory over both the Germans and the Japanese. Patriotism was at a high level. This was to be "The Last Good War." The country was solidly behind the effort. We were convinced that boththe Germans and the Japanese were sub-humans and should be destroyed. To kill a "Jap" or a "Kraut" would be a noble thingto do.

Even though I had been active in the church, I had not been led to give any serious thought to the relationship of war to Christianity. I never remember anyone talking about conscienous objectors. If they were mentioned, it would have been in derision. So when I received my "greetings" I went without any pangs of conscious.

Iwas inducted into the Army at Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indiana on March 27, 1943. I hadboarded a train in Louisville for the trip along with other recruits. This was my first time ever to ride on a train.

I had no serious trouble adjusting to army life. I felt ithad to be done so why fight it. I generally maintained a positive attitude throughout my time of service.

After a few days at Fort Ben, along with numerous other recruits, Iwas placed on a train for Fort White, Oregon. Fort White was nearMedford, Oregon. We were to create a new unit known as the 104th Evacuation Hospital. A cadre had come down from Fort Lewis in Washington to train us in our jobs. An evacuation hospital was semi-mobile. It usually lived in tents and followed the front as near as possible. Casualities were brought from the battalion aid station to our unit.

Probably because I could type, I was assigned to the registrar's office. In action this section was responsible for the statistics- the record keeping. Although I went through basic training and the obstacle course and forced or timed marches, I missed some of the drill sergeants commands. There was much to learn about operatinga hospital.

We went on maneuvers in the desert in Oregon to have the experience of being in action. Other troops were there in mocked warfare.There were someinjuries and we gained some experience during this time.

Some things I remember about this experience was having chapel in the out-of-doors. I met a man who trapped cyotes. He was paid a fee for each one he killed. He set traps and then with his two dogs in the rear of his pickup truck, he would run his traps. If a trap had caught a cyote, he would sic the dogs on the cyote for the kill. Then I remember sleeping outside the night before we returned to campand a heavy snow came up. We were covered with snow but warm sleeping on the ground in our sleeping bags.

I attended a Methodist church in Medford and met a few folks who were kind to some of us who were a long way fromhome. The weeks and months passed by and then word began to be passed around that we were moving. Though secrecy was important we knew we were going overseas. We could not write to folks back home and tell them where we were going, if we knew. I learned that we would be leaving from New Jersey so I wrote home and told mother that I had had a letter from Bob and Mildred and they had got a new Jersey cow. At first,this bewildered them. Of course, Bob and Mildred did not have cows. Theyfinally got the message that I was going to New Jersey. Of course, that was not all that important since it was only a stop on a long journey.

Entering the army gave me my first ride on a train, now it was giving me my first ride on a ship. This was a troop-ship which at one time, I am sure, was a luxury liner. Several thousand of us were crammed into close quarters. lt was a British ship which mneant British food. Having an appetite on the high seas was a higher challenge than many soldiers could attain but adding the close inconvenient quartersand British food was too much. It took us eleven days to make the journey.

There were no particular incidents on the trip across the Atlantic although one member of our outfit spoke of hearingexplosions one eveningand spoke of a ship having beensunk. This same fellow later went beserk and was sent back to the States. I remember how dreary the weather was and being awed by the large number of ships in the convoy. Of course, one could see only a portion of those travelling together.

We landed at Liverpool, England. The long lanes leading into the docks still stand out in my mind. After debarking, we were taken to Southport where we stayed until crossing the Channel to France. We were billetted in private homes. I still rememberhow strange it felt to be standing at someone's front door with a duffle bag. Al Navarre andI were assigned to a house in what seemed to be an upperclass neighborhood. We were given a room upstairs. We later learned that English people had had to report any spare rooms they had and were given little choice in taking in an American soldier. These folks gave every indication that they were not extremely happy in taking in American soldiers.

After putting our duffle bags in the room, I still remember walking down to the living room and there sat an elderly woman smoking a cigarette in a long and fancy holder. I knew then the way she held the cigarette we were among the upper class.

Several weeks later, these folks were going on "holiday" so we had to move. Al and I were transferred to another home of more modest means. This was a younger family with a couple children. I found these folks to be more receptive to our being there. The only problem in this residence was that the little boy would go through our belongings looking for treats. When he found them they disappeared.

The first Sunday that I could I planned to go to church.

There was a Methodist church nearby and thought this is where I would go. The chaplain toldus thetime of the service. Two or three of us went to church. Upon entering the congregation was singing so we took our coats off and joined in the song. Upon its completion the pastor pronounced the benediction. We had come in at the end of the service.

Immediately after the service, some folks invited us to their house for a "cup of tea." This became a pattern. This one family was especially kindto me. Such friendships are important to young soldiers so far away from home. I am sorry that I did not stayin touch with these folks. But, then, we were on our way to war and much was going to happen before I could return to normal civilian life. After the war and return to civilian life, I simply did not stay in touch. I feel bad about this.

My stay in Southport was largely uneventful. I spent my days in our outfit's headquarters,doing what I don't remember. I remember trying to find my way home at night in the dark. Thecities of England were blacked out because of German's air raids. All houses were dark from the outside and there were no street lights.

I cam to admire the English people seeing how they had had war come to their own shores in the form of air attacks. We Americans have little appreciation of this aspect of war. I do not remember hearing English people complaining about the restrictions under what they had to live. England was vulnerable. In fact, it has been said that had Hitler decided to invade England there would have been insufficient defenses in England to defeat the attack. I heard English people say that they had walked guard carrying wooden fake guns to deceive the Germans regarding their own strength. Of course, had Hitler moved West, he would have been vunerable on the Russian front.

After the invasion of Normandy on June 6, 1944, we knew it was only a matter of time until we followed. Sometime around the end of June we left Southport for Southhampton. There we boarded a troop carrier for France. I landed on the Omaha beachhead on July 12th. I can still see the barriers the Germans had built out a few hundred feet from short. Passageways had been blown in them on D-Day. A concrete pill-box sat on the cliff overlooking the beach. This had been damaged in the invasion. Of course by the time we went ashore, the fighting had moved a few miles inland. We faced no hostile file as went loaded into small landing craft on the ship and were taken ashore.

We climbed the steep cliff up from the water. I was loaded down with dufflebag and I think a typewriter. It was hot. I imagine how terrible it must have been on those troops who made that first invasion on D-Day. Of course, a large percentage of them were killed.

After staying in abivouac area for a few days, we moved a short distance inland, to the vicinity of St. Lo and took over another evacuation hospital which had come in with the First Army. We were Third Army troops - Gen. George Patton's army.

Shortly thereafter, as third Army broke out we startedmoving across France. An evacuation hospital was supposed to stay as close to the front lines as possible. It offered the first treatment a soldier received. Usually, the injured were banaged at an infantry battalion aid station and then brought to us for treatment. We were semi-mobile. We usually were set-up in tents and could strike the tents and move out in a day or two.

As we moved along theroad near the beachheads, there were still corpses lying by the side of the road. Iimagine they were civilians because I'm sure dead soldiers would have been picked up sooner. Fighting in the hedgerows of Normandy was trecherous.These had to be taken one by one.

As Allied bombings of German facilities continued, the German air force gradually loststrength. The German planes came out only at night. I remember how the sky would light up at night with our ack-ack guns. Also, I remember the shrill as the sharpnal would zing through the air.

Onenight a German plane was attacking a French convoy which wasmoving down the road in front of where we were set up. He made several passes strafeing ashe came over. After a pass or two he went down in flames several hundred yards down the road. I never knew what hit him.

I never believed that our hospital would be deliberately hit. This always brought some satisfaction but there was always the possibility of being hit accidently. Many in our outfit dug their fox-holes for protection. I do remember one night ending up hugging the ground under a truck during an air attack. Two or three Black soldier were there too. Where they came from, I do not know since the Army was segregated at that time. My outfit was all white. I do remember how quickly they started a prayer meeting.

As Third Army started its sweep across France, we kept in close pursuit of the front. We moved on trucks. We loaded our equipment and then piled on the top ourselves. Each department was responsible for its own equipment. I was the chief-registrar - the top ranked non-com in this section. Usually, my day ended at about two or three in the morning. Each day we had to make our statistical report for the activities of the day: admissions, return to duty, sent back to a general hospital, death, etc. Thiscould be done only at the end of the day.

An interesting event happened one evening while we were in the Argonne Forest. (FirstWW fame). We had received word that the Germans had broken through the front a short distance away and we were in danger. It was a rather dark night. The army officers parked a tank out in the front for our protection. Our colonel loaded our nurses on a truck to send them back to the rear farther away from the front. We were pretty skittish that evening.

The registrar's tentwas always out in front next to the admissions tent. Very late that evening as we were making our reports for the day, suddently just in front of our tent there was a

loud explosion. Immediately, we hit the dirt and just knew the German army was at hand.

Iremember crawling over and peeping out from under the tent flap. Approximately, 50 yards away was the road and trees. Justin the edge of those treeswe saw something there. We knew this was it. We would be taken prisoners. But, nothing more happenedand it was not until the next day that we learned what had happened.

The colonel's tent was always set up just next to the registrat's tent. Someone, we learned, had thrown a hand granade in front of the colonel's tent. Later, it was believed it was the colonel's driver who had a dislike for his boss. As far as I know there was no investigation of the event.

When we were at Metz, I believe, Third army ran out of gasoline and had to stop its advancement. Some have speculated, later, that this was deliberately done to control Patton. They feared he would move in ways the higher command did not want. (This remindes me of McArthur in Korea who tried to set policy rather than follow commands.) I do not know what lay behind the gasoline shortage. I do know how surprised I was when we sent two trucks back to Normandy for liquor rations.

The top three graders of non-coms and I'm sure the commissioned offiers received liquor rations. Since I did not drink, I had to decidewhat to do with my liquor. I chose to give it away. So it is easy to guess that I had"friends" in and round the time the liquor arrived.

While moving across France, there were times when the battles did not create a great number of casualties which meant we would not be verybusy. Idelness is the Devil's workshop but for soldiers in a foreign country this meant time to roam the countryside and raid wine cellars. I don't think I had ever heard of congnac before but there seemed always to be plenty of it around. Some of our personnel must have gotten disorderly or caused trouble, the nature of which I have forgotten. But, I do remember that we were restricted to our pup-tent area with the officers taking turns walking patrol. This was changed as we got up and got moving again.

We were just outsideParis when it fell to the Allied army. I remember a Frenchman riding in to the small community on his bicycle and announcing that Paris was free. I remember this, I believe, since that was the first time I saw men freely kissing each other - on the cheek, of course.

While in Nancy, France, I, along with a small group of other non-coms was given a three day pass to go back to Paris on leave. We road in trucks and nearly froze to death. I have subsequently thought that my burningfeet that has been with me through the years was the result of this experience. Maybe not. I remember seeing the Eifle Tower, Arch De Triumph and I'm sure more. My memories of that experience have largely faded.

After a stay in Nancy where we were set up in a building, we moved out and moved up into Germany. The day we were moving I noticed that a sizeable amount of traffic was moving in the opposite

direction. We soon discovered that, we too, would high-tail it out also. The Germans had launched a counter offensive. We moved to Luxemburg. This battle came to be known of as the Battle of the Bulge.

In Luxemburg, once again we were set up in buildings. We remained here throughout the Bulge battle. Several memories remain of this experience. It was the only time we were actually hit by a shell. One or two landed in the courtyard. It hit some troops who were there but none of our personnel.

I remember General Patton coming to see a relative who had been seriously injured in battle. According to army regulations, officers were to be treated separate from enlisted men. Somehow his relative who, as I remember it had chest wounds, was placed with others with similiar injuries for treatment purposes. Patton raised hell with our staff and later sent out a directive demandingthe separation. He may have been a great general but was half-crazy as far as I am concerned.

It was at Luxemburg that we celebrated one year overseas. The officers gave a party for the enlisted men one night andwe for them another night. The Battle of the Buldge was a serious time for allied troops. This was a German counter-offensive that should it succeed would be disastrous for the allied cause. When surrounded at Bastongne and offered the opportunity for surrender our commander said "Nuts." The German thrust was finally broken after heavy casualties and the movement into Germany began.

It was while in Luxemburg that I saw my first "buzz bomb" go over. This was an unmanned rocket fired by the Germans which spouted fire out its rear section. Also, I need to pause to reflect on the sight and sounds of our air force on its bombing raids. It was possible to look up and as far as the eye could see the sky was filled with giant bombers. Flying in and out and around were the small fighter craft there for protection from enemy aircraft. I can still remember how the heavens rumbled with the sounds of the giant armadas. Itis frightening to think how it must have felt to have been on the receiving end of those attacks.

After the Battle of the Buldge we followed the front into Germany. We set up in Trier in a German hospital. Trier was known as the city of Churches. Church spires were prevalent on the skyline. When we arrived the city was mostly deserted. One wonders where all the people could have gone to. By this time the main thrust of the war was mostly over. The German army was largely in a disorganized state and finally had to surrender. As we now know, Hitler evidently committed suicide and some of the Nazis escaped. As the war gradually came to an end many of the troops in Europe were sentto the Pacific. It was likely that this would happen to me.

Wewere sent to a small town in southern Germany, Bad Wesee, and operated a medical facility awaiting further orders. This was a beautiful small town at the foot of the Bavarian Alps. There was a large lake here whose

water was too cold for most of us to swim in. Here I tried sailboating for the first time. I came to enjoy this sport.

One day, Fitzsimmons and myself were sailing. I was handling the rudder at the rear andhe was drinking alcohol (some kind gotten from our medical supplies) and chasing it with lake water. The guys who dranka lot often used this alcohol after putting lemon powder in it. I never knew just how it happened but the boat tilted over. Remember, the water was too cold for us to swim in.

Fitz got on one end of the boatand I on the other. We were far out away from shore. Much too far to try to swim ashore. We sat out there for a long time, perhaps, an hour or more. Fitz kept assuring me that the boat would not sink though I wasn't that sure. I lost my camera and my high-school ring which was in my clothes some of which I had taken off. I did have a medical arm band which I waved and waved. We yelledbut there was noone to hear. Finally, some GI's passing by on the road which skirted the lake saw us, acquired a boat and came and pulled us in. Fitz was in bed a day or two to overcome the exposure. After a short time I fully recuperated.

Points became important as troops began to rotate home. After the war in the Pacific began to end this option was laid aside. We knew we would be coming home. I did well with points.As I remember it we got 5 points for each of the major battles inEurope. I had been in all five. I believe, though Iam not sure now, that I got points for the Bronze Medal I had received. This was given as I remember the citation "for service beyond the call of duty in the face of hostile forces". I kept the medal for several years but somewhere along the way, it was discarded. Now I wishI had kept it to give to one of my grandchildren. I wan't taken too much to medals and never thought toomuch about it. I think I did do my duty and put myself into what I was called to do. I am thankful that I did not have to kill but I know this is selfish since someone had to do it. I think we were driven to get the war over andget home. This was our motivation. I doubt we were driven bysome kind of super patriotism. We were simply doing what we were called up to do but wanted to get it over with as soon as possible.

My final weeks in Europe are not clear in my mind. I was shipped out to an Infantry unit in the process of going home. For a short period, I'm not sure where we were, I was on the border with the Russians. I remember looking down the road and seeing a Russiancheckpoint. I felt insecure as a T/Sergeant among the infantry. I knew nothing about guns. Yet, I was posting guards at checkpoints. This was a short period. I knew I was in the process of going home.

Then one day I, along with others, was placed in a box car and shipped out. This was crude travelling. A couple bails of straw was putin for "comfort" and we were jammed in so tightly that we almost had to call signals so everyone would turn over at the same time. It became worse when the apparatus on which we hung our duffle bags broke.

We stopped to have chow at points along the rail line which

were operated by ourtroops. We would quickly eat and then back to the box-car for more riding. This travel is blurred in my mind.

Wearrived at Marseilles, in Southern France where we boarded a ship for the US. Two things stand out in my memory about the trip home. First, we hit a terrific storm in the Mediterranean Sea. Waves rolled up over the decks and the ship tossed and rolled. Many of the soldiersgot sea sick. I was fortunate in that this sickness never hit meon either trip. The second picture I see is a large crowdof soldiers gathered in the galley (dining area) all focused on three or four men playing cards. In front of each were huge stacks of money. I suppose thatthese guys had won everybody else's money and were not trying to take it from each other. Oh yes, I believe I did read "The Robe" on ship while returning home.

The arrival in New York harbor was a gala occasion. I still remember seeing the Statue of Liberty standing there as we gently floated in toward dock. I remember the small boat and band which came out to greet us and rode along side the ship. I still remember one song which they played: The Bear Barrell Polka. I still remember the feelingsI had. After being gone for over a year and seeing so much devastation and death, I could not hold back the tears as we made it to dock. I don't think I was loud in acelebrative style. That's not my temperment. I think I stood among thousands, yet alone and I wept.

I finally arrived at Camp Atterbury in Indiana where I was mustered out of the army and back into civilian life. Upon walking out of camp there I had to manage some way to get to Louisville. I ran smack dab into the private interprise system. There was a schedule for bus service but one would have to wait. A few of uswere going to Louisville and there were offers for rides from entreporneurs. Three or four of us agreed to hire one of these guys to take us to Louisville. We were in a hurry. His car was in bad need of repairs and the tires must have been worn out. Before we got to Louisville, we had to chip in a buy the driver a new tire. He said he was broke. I now know he had a good thing going and was taking advantage of homebound GI's.

So, military life now being over, civilian life would begin once again. I have often said, "I would not take a million dollars for my experiences during the war but I would not go through them again for a million dollars." I am grateful that I made it through and was able to return. I know there were thousands who did not. I saw many, many of those corpses who came home in boxes. I realize I was just lucky. I could have been assigned to the infantry and come home in a box. I am grateful but not proud. Mysurvival was not of my own doing.

As Studs Turkell says, the second WW was the "last good war." I doubt there will ever be another one. There should never be another one. There must be a better way. But, that's another story.