

YOUNGSTOWN STATE UNIVERSITY

ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

World War II Combat Veterans

Personal Experience

O. H. 988

ROBERT C. SHAPE

Interviewed

by

Mark D. Dittmer

on

November 21, 1978

ROBERT C. SHAPE

Robert C. Shape was born to Mr. and Mrs. Carl T. and Mildred M. Shape on October 12, 1921 in Warren, Ohio. He was educated in the Warren City School System and graduated from Warren G. Harding High School in 1938. In 1938 Shape began his college career at Miami University and graduated in 1942 with a B.S. degree in Business. On December 8, 1941 Shape enlisted in the United States Naval Reserve Air Cadet Program.

During World War II Shape and his wife Dotty were based on the West Coast with the VFW Squadron 301-302 and later transferred to the New Hebrides. Shape saw action in October of 1944 as a replacement pilot for the Composet Squadron VC 27 in the Phillipines.

After World War II Shape and his wife returned to Warren, Ohio and took a position with the Warren Steel Specialties Corp. 1948 to present Mr. and Mrs. Shape still reside in Warren and are the parents of three children--John F., Nancy E. and Katherine E. Shape. The Shapes take an active interest in the affairs of the First Presbyterian Church of Warren, Ohio. Mr. Shape is active in Warren social affiliations particularly the American Red Cross, Buckeye Club, Trumbull County Club, Kiwanas, and the Citizens Committee in the Warren Public Schools. Mr. Shape enjoys playing golf, tennis and bridge and also collects antique automobiles.

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INTERVIEWEE: ROBERT C. SHAPE

INTERVIEWER: Mark D. Dittmer

SUBJECT: Pearl Harbor, VFB 301-302, Philippines

DATE: November 21, 1978

D: This is an interview with Mr. Robert Shape for the Youngstown State University Oral History Program. Today's interview is located in Warren, Ohio on November 21, 1978 at 8:00 p.m. The topic for discussion is World War II combat veterans.

Okay the first question I would like to ask you is for you to go back prior to the U.S. involvement, prior to Pearl Harbor and more or less give me a description of your background and what you were doing at the time and more or less what you thought of the war at this time.

S: At the time of Pearl Harbor?

D: Prior to Pearl Harbor.

S: Well Mark, prior to Pearl Harbor, as a matter of fact at the time of Pearl Harbor I was a senior student at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. I was, let's see, twenty years old. At that time we were aware of the fact that there were war clouds on the horizon so to speak. Some of our troops had been committed through the Merchant Marines, carrying supplies over to Great Britain, which of course was already involved with war. A good many of my friends had left college and had enlisted in such things as the Air Force. Some of my friends had been drafted. I had of course registered for the draft and had received my draft classification which wasn't a particularly low number so I was in no immediate danger

of being called to service. Generally speaking, I think we were rather poorly informed or at least relatively disinterested in what was going on in the European War. As I look back I don't think very many of us at that time realized that there was a threat of becoming involved with war with Japan. We looked at the Orient as a rather interesting, peculiar land where the people were somewhat different than we. I think the fact that we might become involved with a war against the Japanese was something that just hadn't occurred to us at all. We were living in what I would describe as a rather idyllic atmosphere, enjoying ourselves, more or less ignorant of what was going on in the world.

D: Okay. What happened on December 7 as far as you recall then?

S: I recall very vividly what happened on December 7. It happens to have been a Sunday as you well know. I was in the library at Miami University which really was something I didn't do very often, but apparently I must have had something that was pressing. Studying in the library on the afternoon of Sunday, December 7 when one of my fraternity brothers came over to the table where I was studying and interrupted me and he said, "Bob, did you hear that the Japs have bombed Pearl Harbor?" And I replied to him, "No, I didn't know that. Isn't that terrible?" Whereupon we both, perhaps simultaneously, looked at each other and asked each other, "Where is Pearl Harbor?" Well, we thought maybe it was in the Philippines or perhaps in the Hawaiian Islands or perhaps someplace out in the Pacific Ocean. We weren't quite sure, so we went to an atlas or a globe, I don't remember exactly which one it was and decided we had better look it up. We did this. When we learned that it was in the Hawaiian Islands which we recognized as a place where people, if they were fortunate, went for vacations. We concluded that this really must be a rather serious thing, so we closed up our books and got out of the library and hot footed it back to the fraternity house to start listening to the radio. Of course the radio was absolutely jammed with frenzied reports of one kind or another telling about how the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor, and I think perhaps by that time we also were informed that they were hitting some of the other islands where we had bases. At which point the possibility of war with the Japanese became very, very clear to those of us who were soon to be involved.

- D: Okay, one question. Do you think that Pearl Harbor was more or less an excuse just to get into the war, or do you think it more or less was an act of aggression, because the day after the United States declared war on Germany before they even declared war on the Japanese?
- S: Mark, I don't think there was any question at all about our finding it necessary to declare war on the Japanese because of the attack on Pearl Harbor. I suppose possibly that was the trigger which also provoked us to declare war on what we called the Axis in those days, Germany and Italy. Because up to that point our only injury had been through losses to Merchant ships and possibly a few military ships. I'm not quite clear on this anymore as a result of our support of the convoys across the North Atlantic. Yes, I suppose from the standpoint of the involvement with Germany, this did provide us with an excuse, or at least a rationale for declaring war against Germany also.
- D: Okay, let's go to your veteran experience then. How did you get into the service? If you were drafted right after or if you enlisted?
- S: Mark, as soon as the Pearl Harbor incident occurred, those of us who had been somewhat uninvolved and disinterested in military service were quite naturally anxious to become involved with doing our bit. Those of us who felt that we did not want to go into the service through the draft, which of course required that we go in as privates and be subject to the orders of the Army, started looking for places where we might enlist. Most of us college students thought perhaps correctly, perhaps not, that we were qualified to become officers. Of course, if not qualified, certainly disinterested in becoming enlisted personnel. We started looking at things that appealed to us. I had always had an interest in aviation and it occurred to me that this would be a fine opportunity for me to learn something about flying airplanes. I also concluded that I would prefer the Navy with a clean ship, with a clean bed on it, to the Army, which at that time was involved with an air service. This was before the days of the Air Force as such. So, I applied for and ultimately enlisted in the aviation cadet program that the U.S. Navy Reserve offered at the time. This also provided me with the opportunity to finish my college education which still had one semester to go. I enlisted in the Navy Reserve in May of 1942.

D: Okay. Can you recall the day that you were called up?

S: I certainly can. It was Armistice Day in 1942. Having enlisted in May and graduated from Miami in June, I'd been told that I could look forward to orders to active duty in the very near future. Yet, here I am a college graduate with nowhere to go except the Navy when they call me. And no visible means of support. So, I went to work in Warren, Ohio, my home town, for the county engineer, for whom I had worked summers while I was in college, previously. And he was well aware of the fact that I could be called to military service any day and the summer dragged on and on and on and I got no orders to active duty. So I ultimately moved to Dayton, Ohio where my fiancé lived and found work there with the Signal Corps Procurement Depot. This happened in September. Finally I was called to active duty in early November. My date to report for active duty was November 11, 1942, which was Armistice Day as we knew it then. I reported to Iowa City, Iowa preflight school for the Navy Reserve on that date.

D: What happened during this training period? What was it like, and what were your likes and dislikes?

S: Well, Mark, the training period in the Navy Air Program was very, very comprehensive with respect to the physical involvement. The preflight program at Iowa City involved such things as calisthenics, football, basketball, hand to hand combat, wrestling, boxing, fantastic swimming requirements, naturally, since we were going to be in the Navy and might get knocked off our ship. A very comprehensive ground school program relating both to Navy matters and aviation matters. Lots and lots of military drill. This was sort of a highly sophisticated boot camp with a lot of aviation and physical training aspects tossed in. We probably were roused at something like 5:30 in the morning, and I'm pretty sure we didn't turn out the light until about 10:00 or 10:30 at night. We slept pretty well in those days because we had a full schedule all day long. The thing I most recall from my preflight training at Iowa City was the fantastically qualified staff which the Navy had assembled to train us. I happened to be pretty good size and my hand to hand combat instructor was Forest Evashevsky. Forest Evashevsky had been a halfback at the University of Michigan. He had been an all-American. One of his accomplishments had been to run interference for Tommy Harman who was also a well known all-American running back at the University of

Michigan. My wrestling instructor was a man named Dutch Jordan. He too had been an all-American football player at the University of Michigan. He was a guard. Football was instructed by an all-American football player from the University of Minnesota. It just happened that my size was such that they used me as the exhibition dummy for all of the classes in which I was enrolled where these men were the instructors. I got thrown around a bit, (Laughter) in that training.

D: Did you have pads on?

S: Well, we didn't have pads. In boxing, I've forgotten the name of the instructor but he was a very prominent former Big Ten university boxing instructor. The length of time spent at Iowa City probably was two and a half months. I think probably everything I did while at Iowa City was enjoyable, had a great deal to do with developing military discipline, and provided me with a good background for the next stage of my training which was technically learning how to fly. It was quite an experience.

D: Can you discuss some of that?

S: Learning to fly?

D: Right.

S: That was tough. (Laughter) Mark, I almost didn't make it. I had an instructor who was a former civilian flyer. He was an older man, probably 40 to 45 years old. I think he was somewhat upset about being required to spend some time in the military service. He had the reputation with the rest of the aviation cadets of being a very difficult instructor. He was anything but kind. He was most demanding. This was at Glenview, Illinois, which is just outside the city of Chicago, in the winter of 1943, and it was cold. We wore flight suits that were anything but convenient to move in. I simply had a great deal of difficulty learning how to maneuver that airplane. However, at one stage of the game I flew a check ride for another instructor, incidentally at the request of my own instructor was this check ride scheduled. The check pilot seemed to think that with proper handling, you might say, I could be taught how to fly. I think he had looked at my ground school record which was pretty good and concluded that it would be a shame if I were to wash out. Wash out was a term we used which meant we failed the program. So, after this

check ride he volunteered to become my instructor for the balance of the phase we were involved with. Naturally I excepted his offer with great enthusiasm, and from that time forward things went pretty smoothly. I found indeed that I could learn to fly if someone gave me just half a chance to do it.

D: So what types of planes were you flying back then?

S: Well at Glenview we flew a biplane which we used to call the Yellow Peril. It was called then 3N. Manufactured by the Naval Aircraft Factory which I think was in Philadelphia. It's not altogether unlike the kind of biplane which we know today being used for crop dusting and things of that kind.

I finally finished at Glenview in the primary stage in May of 1943 by which time it wasn't necessary for us to wear the heavy flying suits anymore. From there I was transferred to Corpus Christi, Texas where we went through what they called transitional and intermediate instruction, more ground school. There we learned to fly like what you see in the movies as Japanese Zeros. Actually those were Navy SNJ's. The Army called them AT6's. They were low-winged model planes and very, very stable aircrafts. They would do most anything that the service type aircraft, we flew later, would do and were marvelous to fly. We really enjoyed flying those planes in Texas.

D: Okay, from there could you go into when you were finally put into after the training period?

S: Mark, after the training period which concluded in September 1943 I took, I think there were three days where we were given an opportunity to travel between Corpus Christi and our next duty station. The first duty station as officers and with our wings. I took time out to go back to Dayton, Ohio and get married. I reported two days later to the Jacksonville, Florida Naval Air Station for what we called operational training. And by this time I had a wife in tow. We had boarded the train on the morning after our wedding on a Friday, in other words Saturday morning, we arrived in Jacksonville on Sunday morning. I reported to the air base on Sunday afternoon. I was informed that I could not leave the base until six days later. So I informed my wife that she would have to ride into town on the bus and go back to the hotel where we hadn't checked out yet. I was assigned to a room in the bachelor officers



quarters, not withstanding the fact that I was no longer a bachelor. That left us a little bit upset. (Laughter) Nevertheless, there were many others in the same boat. The following day I was checked into a dive bomber squadron, along with another group of brand new flying ensigns. And was told that we were due for approximately eight weeks of training in what they called operational aircraft. While there we flew the SBD, sometimes called the Dauntless Dive Bomber. We were trained, instructed by a combat experience pilot, a Lieutenant Hopkins, who was a very delightful man and whose service experience included some combat duty in the battle of the Coral Sea which had occurred sometime prior to that time. While in Jacksonville we really learned what all our training had been about. We learned how to perfect our flying skills and really became capable, qualified Naval aviators. One of the things we were required to do was practice for carrier landings. The last phase of our operational training had us go to, interestingly enough, back to the Glenview Naval Air Station, where I had trained as a beginner, from which point we flew out to a carrier on Lake Michigan where we experienced our first carrier landing. From that point we were given what I recall was something like a three weeks leave with orders to report to San Diego just a little bit before Christmas. This would have been in 1943. Do you want me to continue?

D: Yes..

S: This is quite a soliloquy. (Laughter) Alright, I sent my wife home to her home in Dayton, and through the courtesy of the Navy I rode a train to San Diego, where I reported to someone, I don't really remember Mark, I suppose the commander of the Pacific fleet aircraft or some such thing. After a few days I received orders to report to Squadron VFB or VBF, I can't remember, 301 or 302. There were two squadrons. I don't remember anymore which one it was. These squadrons were just being formed and a number of us who had been ordered out there were assigned to this squadron.

D: Now where was this located?

S: This was also at San Diego. San Diego is a big, a big area and there were lots and lots of squadrons commissioned there. So, when I reported to this squadron I found that this was to be a land based Navy squadron flying corsairs, which were fighter planes. I thought that was just great because these were very,

very, for that time regarded as very, very exotic type aircraft. They would go like the wind. They were handsome things to look at. They were the newest things that the Navy had. It sounded just great to me and also to the rest of us who were assigned to the squadron. Shall I go on?

D: Yes. (Laughter)

S: This sounds more like a lecture.

These two squadrons were formed at San Diego and perhaps after three or four weeks, maybe not quite that long we were transferred to Los Alamedas, which was a Naval station outside Long Beach. My wife was with me. She had come out shortly after I got there after I found that quarters would be available, I had sent for her and of course we rented wherever we could. We usually were required to take furnished rooms and eat our meals out, but that was okay. Well, this time when we were transferred to Los Alamedas there were three couples of us in the same squadron who were lucky enough to find the upstairs of a house that we could rent with kitchen privileges on the first floor. The family who owned this house was very interested in doing their part for the war effort and this they felt was something they could do. So the three couples of us, all of whom were newlyweds, shared the upstairs of this house with cooking privileges on the first floor and the girls had laundry privileges. Laundry privileges in those days, in that particular household, meant they had access to the hot plate on which they could boil the clothing. Which interestingly enough they did. My wife learned to iron shirts with my khaki military shirts. But, we trained at Los Alamedas for probably about three months. And in May 1944, our squadron and the sister squadron, which was formed at the same time, received orders to go back to San Diego and deliver ourselves and our airplanes and our squadron gear and so forth to a certain ship for transportation to the New Hebrides which was an island group out in the Pacific. Which we did. At that point I sent my wife home at Navy expense, by the way. And our squadron left San Diego on a small carrier. The carrier really was only for transportation. In May of 1944, I don't recall how long it took us to get to the New Hebrides, but when we landed there we were assigned to an air field and air strip where we undertook more training, presumably awaiting the time when we would get what truly was regarded as a combat assignment, because the New Hebrides were pretty much a rearward area at that time.

Well, along about July 1, or the middle of July perhaps, we got word from the Navy department that both of these squadrons were to be decommissioned. This disturbed us to no end. The rumor had it that the Air Force, and the Army and the Marines, all of whom had land based squadrons and all of whom by this time had sufficient man power, objected somewhat to the Navy having land based squadrons, inner service rivalries or some such thing. And that the Navy, therefore, was not to have anymore land based squadrons. So, our squadrons were decommissioned, which made us all very unhappy. Those of us who were members of the squadrons received individual orders back to Pearl Harbor where we were all assigned individually to a replacement pilot pool. From there we received individual assignments over a period of months. I think I reported there in early August and I had nothing to do except to report daily and see if perhaps there were orders for me to go somewhere which there never seemed to be. We had a limited number of airplanes available. We were expected to put in at least four hours flying time monthly and it was difficult for us to do this because of the limited number of planes. We would take more than that if we could get them. I don't think I ever failed to get my flight time in. But, finally, probably in the early part of September, I at least got orders to a little farther out which this time was the Admiralty Group. I was stationed on the island of Pityilu, P-I-T-Y-I-L-U, which was a tiny, little, pretty Coral Island. Well, here again there was nothing to do except to wait for orders for somewhere else, with a limited number of airplanes available for flight time. There were a good many of us in the same boat and we enjoyed ourselves by swimming, and enjoying shell collecting and finding out about the wonder of coral reefs and so forth. We really had a good time. We had movies, we had officer's club well stocked with liquor. It wasn't really a very bad way to fight the war, except we were all anxious to get out where something was going on. So finally, following the battle of Lady Gulf, which I think was about on October 24 and 25, 1944, I and several of my friends finally received orders to a combat unit. And in my case I was assigned to a so-called Jeep carrier, officially known as the CVE, where I became a member of composite squadron VC 78 and I was a replacement pilot for someone, I don't know who, who had been lost in the battle of Lady Gulf. Did I say VC 78?

D: Yes.

S: Well, I didn't mean VC 78. Our carrier was CVE 78, but our squadron was VC 27. If some of my old squadron mates heard me make that mistake they would be very much upset. VC 27 was an interesting group of men. They had seen quite a bit of action in the battle of Lady Gulf. They used to love to talk about their experiences. It was quite a while after I joined them before we encountered any real action. This was in December of 1944, preliminary to the landings at Mengayan Gulf in the Philippines. Most of our activity involved flying what we called combat air control, which was a matter of going up and flying a circle around the fleet for about four hours at a time. They wanted to have us up there just in case something happened. Well, a few days and something did. Shall I go on?

D: Yes.

S: Okay. We were with a very large task force of the seventh fleet, which we referred to in those days as General MacArthur's Navy. We were subject to frequent kamikaze attacks, which I'm sure you know about. These were bunches, not really formations, but bunches of Japanese airplanes flying out to the fleet and attempting to get through the anti-aircraft fire and the airplanes which had been flying combat air patrol. With only one apparent mission, and that was to dive into and thereby destroy the ships, many of which were cargo ships, some of them were troops' ships and so forth. That was pretty exciting. As I think back on it, it was pretty horrifying.

D: Did you respect the Japanese name, for doing. . . The Japanese air force for doing that?

S: Well, respect them?

D: Not respect them, but could you understand what they were doing?

S: We knew what they were doing. Their religion was such that they were fanatically devoted to the emperor and it amounted to an act of distinction for them to eliminate themselves, eradicate themselves in a heroic act like destroying a ship. We knew what they were doing. We thought it was pretty ridiculous because we, of course, didn't believe in that. It was pretty exciting. We were not terrified because all of our training had been pointed toward combat and I think we were mentally disciplined to find the humor or the ridiculousness or

whatever in most everything we were involved with. It didn't bother us to be shot at nor to shoot at someone else. This was part of the game. And being young and being trained and being conditioned to what we were going through, we looked at life a lot less seriously than we do a generation later as civilian adults. But I had my only opportunity ever to become involved with firing on another aircraft. On one of these days when, at the time, I thought I was fortunate to be in the air at the time the wave of kamikaze planes came in. Our group of four planes singled out a bunch and went after them. I had the pleasure at the time of watching the target go down as the result of my firing. Now as I think about that, how much later is it?--Thirty odd years later. I think it is a shame that we had to be involved with killing, but at the time I was completely elated.

D: Okay, are there any specific missions that stick out in your mind?

S: Well, I think the one I just described perhaps. Another one which sticks out in my mind because that was a case where I was probably pretty frightened.

During the time we were in the replacement pool in the admiralties we would receive occasional assignments to ferry airplanes to somewhere or other. I remember this one flight where perhaps sixteen or twenty of us were assigned to ferrying some fighter planes from the admiralties to an island we knew as Morati. Morati was an island in the New Guinea group. We did not really have sophisticated navigation equipment aboard our fighter craft. So we were all to follow a lead plane, which was a B-26. As we flew from the admiralties to Morati we encountered a very, very large group of dark grey thunderheads, and it was necessary for us to get right down on the surface of the ocean in order to get any visibility. We really didn't have any visibility even when we got down. That was one of the experiences I remember where we just really had to fly on our instruments alone because we couldn't see the other planes in our formation. We couldn't see this lead plane pilot. I can remember thinking while in the middle of some of these clouds, "Well, this is going to be it, and I'm not going to worry about anymore after today," but lo and behold somehow or other we made it. We didn't lose any of our planes. I suppose we were all somewhat sobered by the experience.

One of the other things I remember with great pleasure. There was another group of us in the replacement pool who liked to fly together, and we kind of imagined ourselves as sort of a flying circus, because we just did all kinds of things with those airplanes that the Navy didn't really approve of, but we were out there where they couldn't do anything about it anyhow. We did such things, Mark, as formation loops right off the water. We would get down in column, which was one plane right behind the other and the lead plane would see how low he could get to make it difficult for the planes following him who were a little lower yet to avoid the water. We would line ourselves up abreast and get right down on the water and fly in towards the officer's club and play a sort of a game of chicken to see who would be the last one to pull up the airplane before it hit. I don't quite understand why we avoided killing anybody or ourselves but somehow we didn't. The only thing I think as I look back on that is that this kind of activity, though it's something we wouldn't think of doing today was probably a reflection of the kind of training we had because we were nothing more than the human who was pointing the projectile in the form of that airplane which had guns on it.

I remember another experience that which was fun. It probably wouldn't be today. And that was in connection with supporting some landings in the Philippines. We were in radio communication with a ground controller, and it was great satisfaction to us to hear him tell us where we should strafe and where we should drop some small bombs we were carrying. And then have him call us on the radio after we did this and praise us for having hit the right spot and then look down and watch his platoon of troops able to cross the river where we had just cleared things out as far as the enemy was concerned. It didn't occur to us that we were killing people. Those I think were the high spots. I did not really become involved with a great deal more combat than just the little bit I've mentioned, because when the squadron got orders to come home the skipper of the squadron said, "Well, if these guys were good enough to join us and fly with us and be one of us, I'm going to make sure that they go home with us." So that was about the extent of the combat experience. I came back in, oh dear, I think it was March or April of 1946.

D: Okay, a couple of other questions. Can you recall any aces that you knew at the time that were with that squadron, that stick out in your mind or. . . ?

- S: Mark, we made a couple aces in the course of one flight. We had one young man, I call him young man, we were boys really, who got four airplanes on one flight. Shot down four Japanese aircrafts on one flight. I can remember his coming back aboard, he was elated, describing how he got them. He got all four of them in a canyon. They took to the canyon for protection and he followed them right into it and got them all. These were confirmed kills that were confirmed by some of the other members of his flight. We had others in the squadron who didn't necessarily accomplish all this at one crack, but successively had seen enough action and shot enough down so that they qualified as aces, yes. But, they were people just like you and me.
- D: Did you regard the Japanese as an effective air force? Did you respect them?
- S: Not by the time we got out. By the time we got to the combat area most of the capable Japanese air force had been pretty much eliminated. I think most all of what was left were relatively inexperienced, even cadet type pilots who were trained for the kamikaze operation and that is about it. No, I don't think we respected them at that time. Now, prior to that time, in the early days of the war, they had some very capable, well qualified, aviators.
- D: Okay, a couple of questions. Who was Tokyo Rose and how did she effect what was going on in the war? Especially out in the South Seas?
- S: Well, Tokyo Rose and her correct name I ought to remember, but I don't. I think if I'm not mistaken that she had been a native Japanese educated in the United States who was broadcasting propaganda to the troops. We used to listen to it and get more kick out of listening to her than we did out of Bob Hope. We didn't take any of her threats or warnings or statements at all seriously. We regard her as a big joke. Whether or not this also applied to Marines and Army personnel who may have been in fox holes on the islands, I can't say, but in our secure atmosphere aboard ship where we had clean sheets on the bed and hot food, we thought it was pretty funny.
- D: Okay, summing up, are there any topics that you could bring up that wouldn't normally be found in a textbook on World War II?

S: Mark, I don't think my military experience was such that I'm qualified to comment about that. The only thing I might want to say is that contrary to some of the thinking that was in the picture a few years ago when the country was involved with what wasn't called a war, but it was a police action or some such thing in Vietnam. I think those of us who served in World War II felt that this was our obligation. I can't remember anyone who objected in the least to becoming involved. Personally I feel as if my experiences were very worthwhile because I went in at the age of twenty-one. I spent three years in the service. I learned how to fly an airplane. I was paid for what I did. I had the good fortune to see some parts of the world which I probably never would have seen otherwise. I got to know, and know very intimately, a great many good friends, all of whom were in the same boat. I wasn't hurt. I got home with a discharge at the age of twenty-five, a good bit more mature, with money in the bank, and I think very grateful for the experiences. But, as far as the things that aren't in the history books are concerned, I can't think of anything.

END OF INTERVIEW