

Alvin Dale Turquette

About 55,000 words

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Written in 1987

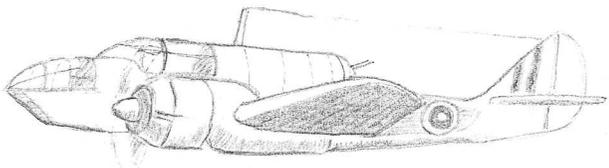
S U R V I V A L

(Adventures of Alvin Dale 'Turq' Turquette)

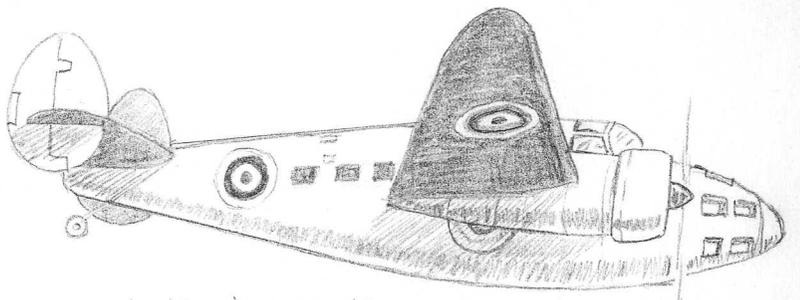
*Final
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*Written in
3rd person
by Alvin D.
Turquette*

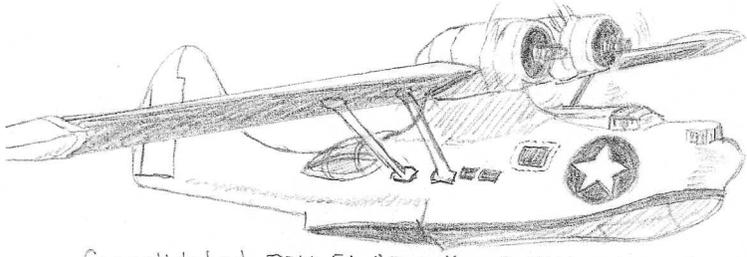
By: ALVIN DALE 'TURQ' TURQUETTE



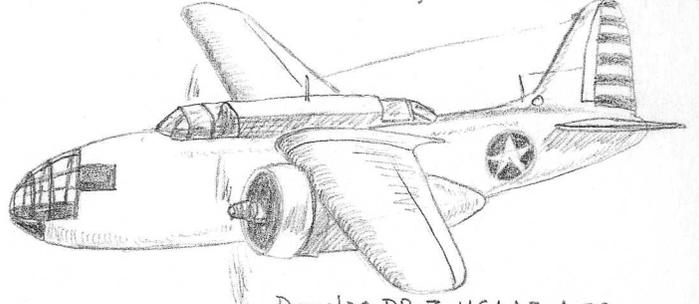
Bristol "Beaufort" R.A.F. Torpedo-Bomber



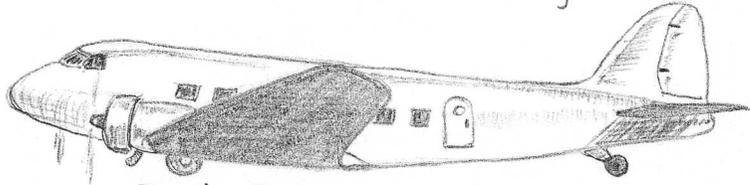
Lockheed 14 Air Liner used by British-Passenger-Cargo



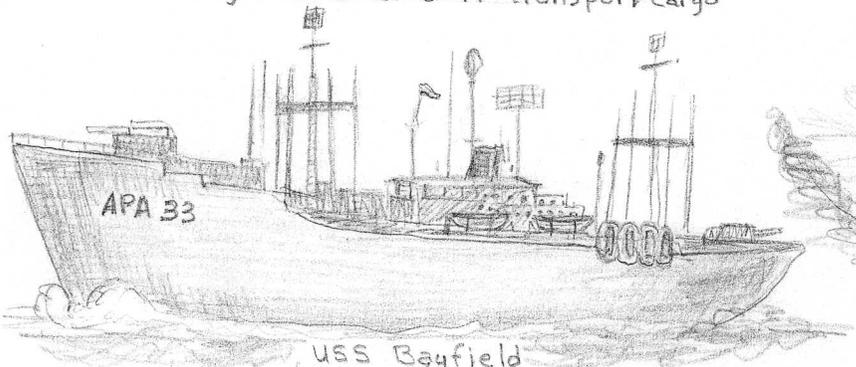
Consolidated PBY-5A "Catalina" US Navy "workhorse"



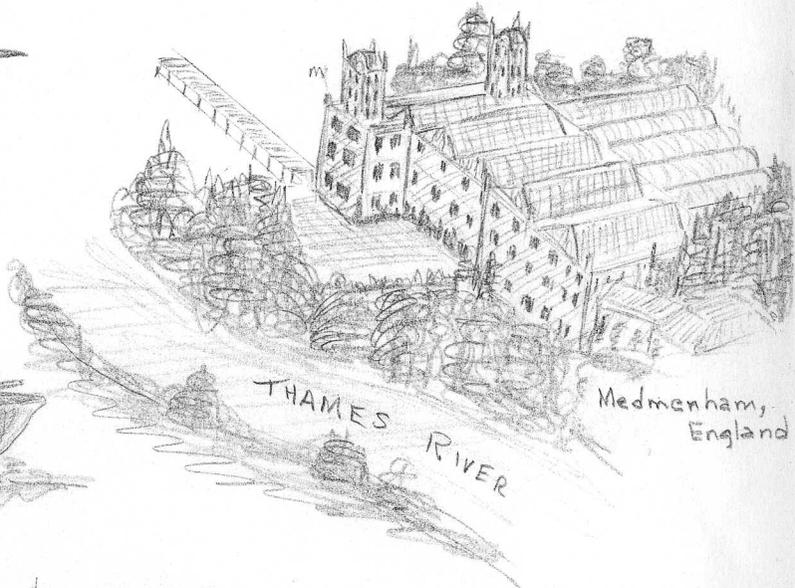
Douglas DB-7, USAAF A-20



Douglas DC-3 or C-47 transport Cargo

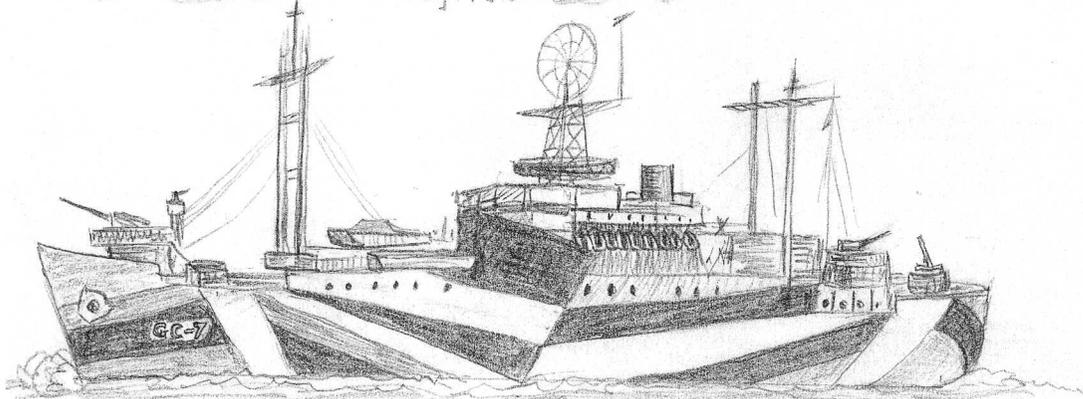


USS Bayfield

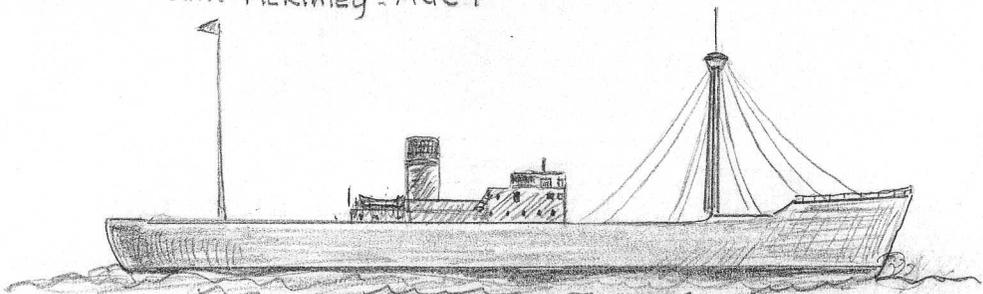


THAMES RIVER

Medmenham, England



USS Mount McKinley - AGC-7



SS Cairnesk

sketched by: Turq



Admiral Moon



Admiral Stark



Admiral Kirk



Admiral Kiland



Captain Tompkins



Lt. Cmdr. Thayer



Lt. Cmdr. Sedgewick
'Ellery'



Ensign to Lt. Cmdr.
A. B. Turquette 'Turq'



Lt. JG. Kelly
'Bob'



Ensign Brogden
'Doug'



Yeoman Rice
'Bob'



Ensign to Lt. Cmdr.
Wm. E. Heller 'Bill'

Compiled:
1987

This is a true story, accurate as to time, events, people, places and things, to the best of my memory. This is a reflection back to a part of my life adventures in World War II between 1941 and 1946.

I dedicate this effort to my dear wife, friend and companion of nearly forty-two years, Marilu Brown Turquette. She cares for her elderly mother in our home, and continues to find time for all members of our family and me.

Our natural daughter, Lu Lin Turquette Simpson and our adopted son, James "Jim" Lawrence Turquette blessed us with two grandsons each by their marriages. Lu Lin and her husband, Robert Edward Simpson, have two natural sons, Troy Dale Simpson and Tygh Carl Simpson. "Jim" and his wife, Phyllis Ann have two sons, one from Phyllis' previous marriage, Jason Kaplan, and one natural from their marriage, James Lawrence Turquette II. These children and grandchildren continue to fill my life and influence everything that I do.

I wish to acknowledge and honor my deceased mother, Dale Warmack Turquette, and my deceased father, Rufus Watson Turquette, both of whom significantly influenced my life. My older brother, Atwell Rufus Turquette is still living and continues to contribute some influence on my life.

Although, my mother died at only 32 years old, from Tuberculosis, when I was only four and a half years old, her memory and love continues to influence my life. I feel that somehow, her life was extended within me.

Acknowledgements are due all of my family, who have influenced me so much with their love and tears, in my never ending struggle for SURVIVAL.

2. Survival-Turquette.

SURVIVAL is a story about my exciting adventures during World War II, from Pearl Harbor, December 7th, 1941, to the end of the war in 1945. I survived many ship sinkings in the Atlantic, bombings in England, rigorous intelligence training by both the US Navy and the British, taught hundreds of others, helped plan and participated in the Normandy, Southern France, Luzon, Philippines, and Kerema-Retto, Okinawan invasions. Under fire ashore during four major invasions in Europe and in the Pacific, and enduring treacherous Kamikaze suicide attacks put me "in the thick of it", so to speak.

SURVIVAL in life requires a good attitude, a good sense of humor, self discipline, dependability, hard work, flexibility, good morals and responsibility mixed generously with spiritual strength. These qualities will insure capability and self sufficiency. Place blame for failure where it belongs, usually, only on yourself. Give credit where it's due and treat others as you wish to be treated. Practice of these principles will better your chances of SURVIVAL. Would that I could have practiced all these high principles well. More luck than good sense saw me through it all.

3. Survival-Turquette

CHAPTER I

A shrieking oscillating noise penetrated the airways as A. D. "Turq" Turquette looked at his watch to confirm it was noon and that he was probably listening to a normal test of air raid sirens, on this 6th day of December, 1988, his 69th birthday. As the test continued with its eerie whine, Turq couldn't help but cringe as he suffered flashbacks of air raids that he'd experienced in England during WW II.

"God! can you believe it was 47 years ago, December 7th, 1941, when Pearl Harbor was bombed and in the following summer I was in England dodging German bombs? Where did the time go?" Turq reflected.

The images began unfolding in Turq's mind. He'd joined the U.S. Navy on December 8th, 1941 in Oklahoma City, a day after the 'Day Of Infamy'. In February he was training at Fort Schuyler, New York. By spring he was training at NAS, Anacostia, D.C. in Air Photo Intelligence. By summer he survived a 19 day, North Atlantic six knot convoy crossing, which lost 13 ships out of 33 to German submarine torpedoes. He then spent several months of top secret intensive training with the British in all phases of intelligence work, at Medmenham, near London, England. In the fall, after surviving the German torpedoes and bombs, Turq flew back home, across the Atlantic, in a 20 hour harrowing experience with one of two engines fouling out from time to time. After finally making it to New York he then helped set up and expanded the Air Photo Intelligence School at NAS, Anacostia, Washington, D.C. and instructed there for several months.

Turq boarded the SS Cairnesk, Furness line, a 5000 ton British cargo ship, bound for the British Isles, June 29th, 1942. The ship was small by any merchant ship standards and was sort of a 'rag tag' British

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merchant vessel that drew only 10 to 15 feet of water and carried only five passengers, in addition to a rugged crew of 19. When Turq and Bill Heller asked permission to go aboard the ship, the Captain, 'Red' Riley, himself, saluted the two 'spanking new' U. S. Naval Ensigns, and, smilingly, welcomed them aboard and invited them into his quarters.

The decks were strewn with ropes, cables, boxes, crates and debris of every size and description. A motley crew of sweaty unshaven seamen were heaving cargo into stacks and into the cargo holds on the main deck as Bill and Turq stepped gingerly over and around litter in order to follow the Captain into his cabin. Once inside the Captain's quarters, a large, round, dark walnut stained table with six Captain's chairs around it, dominated the center of the room. There was a green felt cover on the table, which colorfully offset the tarnished silver tray that held four glasses and a quart of dark red rum. The rest of the room was composed of a walnut and glass trophy case against the back wall, a port hole on each of the side walls, a tattered black leather chair and couch against the port wall and a bunk bed against the forward wall next to a desk and safe.

"Make yourselves at home and sit down, Admirals", motioned Captain Riley as he laughed and pointed to the table and chairs.

"Thank you, sir!", answered both Bill and Turq, as they smartly saluted.

Captain Riley wasted no time in pouring out three glasses full of red rum, passed them around and toasted, "bottoms up, lads."

Turq and Bill glanced at each other, tilted up their glasses and gingerly sipped a swallow of bitter 'grog', while wincing not to show that their tongues were rebelling against the vile taste.

5. Survival-Turquette.

"Drink up, lads!", belched the Captain as he completely emptied his glass full of rum, and started filling it up again.

"Aye, aye, sir!", responded Bill and Turq, as they gulped and choked down their glasses full of rum, in unison. No sooner done, the Captain started filling their glasses up again. After refilling the glasses for the third time, Turq and Bill were feeling no pain and joined in the 'drinking spree' with loose abandon.

"Wake up, wake up, wake up, sirs! It is six bells", shouted the steward, as he shook Turq and Bill, while they slept in their bunks.

Turq thought the world was rocking and some dreadful weight was sitting on his head. He squinted up to see a young boy wearing a soiled white jacket with a greasy black shock of hair hanging down over his eyes, shaking him and trying to wake him up.

"My God! where are we, what happened?", groaned Bill, while rubbing his eyes and head. He was struggling to put his glasses on, hoping to see a little more clearly.

The small cabin was rocking back and forth, filled with creaking, moaning and scraping noises, rising from the straining rivets in the rusty steel plates that held the hull and decks of the small freighter together.

Turq jumped up from his bunk, held the rail along side to secure his footing and looked out the single port hole on the starboard wall and said, "My God, Bill, we're at sea, I can't see land anywhere!".

Bill adjusted his glasses and joined Turq to gaze out the porthole when he said, "Turq, do you remember when we went to bed or when we departed? Wow! my head really hurts, I've never had such a hangover before. Damn that rum anyway, I should have stopped with one."

"Bill, I don't remember anything past the third drink last night and ,boy, do I agree with you about the hangover, I've never felt worse."

6. Survival-Turquette.

The steward excused his interruption and reminded the two young Ensigns that breakfast would be served in the wardroom in half an hour and left a hot pot of tea with two cups and two hard biscuits to help them wake up with.

Turq and Bill quickly shaved and cleaned up from the single cold saltwater basin in the room, sat down on their bunks and shared the weak tasteless tea and hard biscuits. The shock of not remembering what happened the night before, during their 'drinking spree' with Captain Riley would linger in their soaring aching heads, as a blank memory and lesson, for a long time to come.

The small ship rolled and bucked as it smashed through rough twenty foot waves. White foamy sea water and spray drenched the decks and fo'c'sle each time the ship's bow split a new channel through the rugged choppy seas. As Turq and Bill 'hung on for dear life' fighting their way, holding on to a handrail outside the superstructure, they noted ships scattered as far as the eye could see in the low gray overcast. In fact they could make out about two lines of ships on either side of them, as well as ships ahead and behind them which seemed to be in line with them. They finally made their way to the gangway leading to the wardroom and entered.

"Good morning, gentlemen, come sit down here by me and join us in breakfast", smiled Captain Riley.

"Thank you, sir", responded Turq and Bill, as they took their seats.

"These are Ensigns Turquette and Heller of the United States Navy", announced Captain Riley to three other guests at the table, "and these are the three other passengers, Messrs. Alcott, Babbit, and McRay."

Good mornings were exchanged while the steward poured hot tea for everyone, when Turq asked, "Do you happen to have any coffee?"

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"Yes, sir, but I'll have to make it if you don't mind waiting", answered the steward.

"That's no problem, I don't mind waiting, thank you", said Turq.

Turq looked down at the plate of food that had been left him and recognized three very small boiled irish 'new' potatoes, a couple of 'kippers' and a dry hard biscuit, like he'd had with his tea. Bill gave Turq a side glance with a tight cringe expression on his face as he glanced at his plate of food and back to Turq again. They both communicated silently with each other their reluctance to partake of their fare. However, they managed to play with their food and choke it all down after much chewing and drinking, finally. Of course, Turq had to wash his down with weak tasteless tea until his coffee was done.

"Here's your coffee, sir", the steward announced as he picked up the tea pot at Turq's place and replaced it with a pewter pot of steaming coffee.

"Thank you very much--Boy, does that smell good", Turq drooled as he poured the coffee into his tea cup. He savored the aroma and sipped at the cup and devoured a sip or two before the true taste of something like river mud and peanut hulls ground together came through. It took every thing Turq had to keep from 'up chucking' and spitting out what he'd already swallowed. 'That just shows you how a strong hunger, desire, anticipation and expectation can give you a false aroma and taste, temporarily, before reality sets in', Turq remarked to himself.

"How is it, sir?", asked the steward.

"Wonderful....great", answered Turq, w.e.a.k.l.y.

The rest of the time at the breakfast table was spent in talking with the Captain and other passengers, getting acquainted, small talk, and discussions about the war. Turq and Bill learned that they were on the smallest ship in a 33 ship convoy, escorted by three destroyers

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and three corvettes. The convoy could only travel 6 knots, the top speed of the slowest ship, their's, the Cairnesk, and that they would spend about 19 days crossing the north Atlantic in a 'zig zagging' fashion in an attempt to elude the German submarine 'wolf packs' that had been 'having their way' for many months now. Bill and Turq didn't learn much from anyone about who they were or what they did nor did the others learn what Bill and Turq were doing, since their mission was 'top secret'. They had a pleasant exchange with everone anyway and was informed by the Captain that he and the steward had guided them to their cabin the night before, half holding them up all the way. The Captain did say that the two Ensigns did manage to undress and turn themselves in, however. They also learned that the ship embarked around midnight and that they were about 50 miles off the coast from New York now, assembling all the freighters in the convoy, while enroute to Nova Scotia.

Turq and Bill excused themselves from the table after returning their individual linen napkins, to be used throughout the trip, back into their respective silver napkin rings. Turq noted that his ring had the number 13 prominently engraved on it. After leaving the table, they noticed that the ship was not rolling as much. As they exited the wardroom and gangway, they walked outside onto the main deck and found themselves enveloped by a dense fog. They couldn't see their hands in front of their faces, so they held the handrail along the wall to guide them back into their cabin.

The diesel engines were droaning in a steady 'hum' as the ship seemed to be hardly moving. The eerie sounds of fog horns and bells penetrating the dense mist reminded the young naval officers that they were truly at sea now, where neither of them had ever been before.

9. Survival-turquette.

As Turq and Bill found their way back and entered their cabin, a dim light was switched on between their bunks and they checked to see if anything had been disturbed. They noticed, of course, that their bunks had been made and their bags and gear had been neatly arranged beside each of their beds.

All of a sudden, Turq's eyes lit up and with a shocked look upon his face, he said, "Bill, quick, we'd better check to see if those two packages are okay".

Bill jumped from his seat and grabbed his knapsack, clawed it open, and pulled out a small but heavy round package wrapped in brown paper and addressed to Admiral Kirk. "W-h-e-w, thank God!", exclaimed Bill.

"W-h-e-w, thank God, is right!", agreed, Turq as he retrieved his twin package addressed to Admiral Stark.

"Turq, remember what Admiral Randall Jacobs said to us about these two packages?"

"Do I? He said for us to guard them with our lives and be sure and hand deliver them personally to Admiral Stark and Admiral Kirk, when we get to London. You know we were stupid to have left them in our cabin unattended. I'm going to carry mine in my side coat pocket from now on, regardless of how cumbersome it is, and sleep with it under my pillow at night."

"I totally agree", exhaled Bill with much relief.

The two packages that Turq and Bill carried were personal gifts from Admiral Jacobs, Chief of Naval Operations in Washington, D.C. to be delivered to Admirals Stark, Head of U.S. Naval Forces in Europe and his Chief of Staff, Admiral Kirk. Admiral Jacobs had briefed the two young Ensigns as to their duties while in England and impressed them with the importance and secrecy of their missions.

The seriousness, heavy burden and responsibility that Turq and Bill

10. Survival-Turquette.

carried hadn't completely 'sunk in' yet, but it was about to.

A high shrill siren pierced the air and Captian Riley's voice shouted over the intercom, "GENERAL QUARTERS, GENERAL QUARTERS, ALL HANDS ON DECK!".

Bill and Turq jumped to their feet, grabbed their helmets, gas masks and life jackets and ran out of the gangway and onto the fog filled deck. They heard voices and rustling all around them as they grabbed the guardrail, standing close, touching each other, 'with their hearts in their throats', and wondering what to do next.

The loud speaker blared again, "ADJUST LIFE JACKETS AND CALMLY FIND THE NEAREST LIFE BOAT STATION. DON'T PANIC, STAND FIRM AND PREPARE FOR INSPECTION. THIS IS AN ABANDON SHIP DRILL".

Turq and Bill sighed with relief and slowly found their way to the nearest life boat and stood by. It was only a minute before a crewman came alongside them and instructed them thoroughly in life jacket and life boat procedures.

After the drill, the fog had lifted enough to clearly see a couple of large freighters about 100 yards to starboard. As the young naval officers peered over the side, they were remarking about how calm the sea had become, almost like a lake or a mirror, when a Corvette appeared off the starboard bow, speeding in their direction, about half way between the two large freighters and themselves. No sooner than when the Corvette had passed their stern about 75 yards, when it dropped a couple of depth charges. After 30 seconds, two huge geysers of water rose high into the air about 100 yards astern the Corvette. the whole ocean seemed to boil in a circle of 50 yards or more and the rumble of the subsea explosion shook the small freighter so unmercifully, Turq and Bill wondered if they'd been torpedoed.

11. Survival-Turquette.

"Damn, that was a hell of a blast, Bill, I never realized those depth charges were so powerful."

"You can say that again, Turq, the reverberations shook this little ship like it was coming apart, I thought we'd been torpedoed for sure, just imagine how really being tarpedoes must be like."

"Yeah, Bill, and you can imagine what those poor devils in a submarine are going through while being depth charged."

The two young Ensigns were getting their first taste of war and it was beginning to 'sink in' just what all they might be in for on the rest of the trip across the north Atlantic trying to survive the attacks of German submarine 'wolf packs'.

The 33 ship convoy, with its six escort vessels, was slowly making its way northeastward toward Nova Scotia, 'zig zagging' at 6 knots, at this point, about 75 miles east of New York Harbor, never expecting an attack this near home. An attack so near the east coast of the United States was quite a shock and luckily no ship was hit on that last day of June, 1942.

The convoy had arranged itself into six lines spaced about 300 yards apart, with each of the ships keeping that same spacing within the lines. The Cairnesk was located in the northern most outside line of six ships, being third in that line.

Throughout the month of June, in addition to the many 'wolf packs' raiding the convoys in the north Atlantic, about a dozen German U-boats were in the Caribbean and more in the waters off Brazil. Over 700,000 tons, about 144 ships, were lost to submarines in June. Turq and Bill's convoy will lose 13 ships during their 19 day crossing in July. At least 128 ships, 618,100 tons were reported lost in July.

12. Survival-Turquette.

After returning to their cabin, Turq and Bill still heard explosions in the distance, hoping that they were from depth charges instead of torpedoes.

"Bill, my imagination is running wild, what do you suppose we will experience on the rest of this trip?"

"Turq, if this is an example of what each day will bring, I guess we're in for quite an exciting crossing, to say the least."

It was learned later that at least two wakes of torpedoes had been sighted during the day and that the destroyers and escorts had quite a time chasing 'pings' and dropping depth charges.

"NOW HEAR THIS, NOW HEAR THIS, LUNCH IS BEING SERVED IN THE WARDROOM", blared over the loud speakers.

Bill and Turq nearly 'jumped out of their skins' and then sighed relief that the announcement was for lunch and not another 'general quarters'.

This time, they strolled casually along the deck to join the others in the wardroom, and were glad to see that the fog had lifted to where they could see a lot of the convoy and noticed that there were no ships on their port side.

Lunch consisted of a leaf of boiled cabbage, a boiled sausage of some kind, and a bowl of hot potatoe soup. The young naval officers managed to eat all that was before them and Turq this time accepted tea gladly instead of coffee. There was plenty of conversation about the morning excitement and all planned to sleep in their clothes during the rest of the trip.

The Captain apologized for the unexpected drill but pointed out that it came just before the actual attack on the convoy and all should be alert for such possibilities all hours of the day and night.

13. Survival-Turquette.

Turq questioned, "Captain, now that the sea is calm and the attack is over, would you mind if we tour the ship"?

"Why not, Admiral, 'ye' two officers can have the run of 'me' ship, but mind 'ye' step on our ladders, they gets dirty an' oily, 'ye' know."

The Captain's remark turned out to be the understatement of the year, "--our ladders, they gets dirty an' oily--", they were so caked with oily dirt, trash and litter, that the metal steps could seldom be seen. It took careful footing to negotiate every ladder on the ship. The more familiar the two naval officers became with, what had to be their temporary home, as they crossed the perilous north Atlantic, the less secure they felt.

There were only two life boats on either side, no guns of any kind on board, except for a few pistols in a locked case in the Captain's cabin. There was only one bathtub located on the main deck of ship, which looked as if it had never been used, and no showers. There were only four 'heads' (toilets), one on each of the two lower decks, one on the main deck and one on the upper deck of the fo'c'sle. There were two cargo holds on the aft' deck and two on the for' deck, with stacks of cargo in crates, covered with 'tarps', lashed with ropes and cables to stanchions, scattered all over the main deck, so that it was perilous to walk anywhere. Even so, the two men found their way to the bow, held onto the railings and enjoyed the wind and spray that enveloped them. Winds were beginning to blow again and the ship began rising and falling with the 'swells' of the hostile ocean.

As the two Ensigns surveyed the seas, they could see the entire convoy, covering roughly a square mile, with the six escort vessels circling the assembly from left to right. The escorts were traveling

14. Survival-Turquette.

at around 20 knots, while all the freighters were forced to creep along at no more than 6 knots. The plumes of black smoke were blowing toward the east, as they rose at about 45 degrees from the stacks of the 33 convoy ships, while the escort's smoke rose at only about 20 degree angles from their stacks, as visual testimony of the relative speeds. The amount of smoke was huge and hung over the ocean as a black veil, trailing as far back as the eye could see, clearly marking where the convoy was.

The young men were quite aware of the vulnerable situation they found themselves in. The 'wolf packs' were out there trailing them, just waiting for the right time to attack again. The smoke was a 'dead give away' and all that the U-boats had to do was get enough time to sight and mark the trail for their 'fish' to follow, set the depths to run and timers to explode. All this took about twenty minutes for an accurate 'firing' and if the target changed course during the 'count down' the fish would miss it's target. Everything had to be just right for a torpedo to hit it's target and it wasn't easy with 'zig zagging' ships in a convoy, with Corvettes and Destroyers guarding the perimeter at all times. Even so, a slow 6 knot convoy was just about like a bunch of 'sitting ducks' waiting for the hunter to shoot. Even with all the regimen of the ships following precise orders for 'zig zagging' and changes of speed, some ships get engine problems and delays caused by unexpected breakdowns. U-boats just stalk their prey like lions do a herd of wildebeest, they just wait for any event to occur to cause a straggler. A straggling ship is easy prey for the hunter. When there are several hunters, as in a 'wolf pack', diversions and multiple scattered attacks can create chaos. This was the type of event that worried all in the convoy most.

15. Survival-Turquette.

The phone rang for the fourth time before Turq consciously exited from his early remembrances and answered it.

"Happy birthday, Dad", a lilting happy female voice announced through the ear piece.

"H-e-l-l-o, daughter, what a surprise, thank you."

"You know, Dad, I'm either early, late, or never, when it comes to birthdays, so I thought I'd really shock you and be on time for this one. How are you, mom, and Baba doing anyway?"

"We're doing fine, Lin, about the same, okay for old folks, just thankful for doing as well as we do. Your mom is overworked and underpaid as usual, and your 93 year old grandmother is getting around slowly, her memory is unreliable like always, but her doctor says she's doing great for her age. How're Bob, Troy, and Tygh doing?"

"Everyone's fine here and send their love with hugs and kisses to all of you."

"Hug and kiss 'em all back for us and tell them we love 'em, but keep a big bunch for yourself."

"Okay, Dad, just wanted to 'touch base' and let you know we are thinking of you and hope that you have a wonderful day. I'll say bye, gotta run to the airport and pick up Bob, love you much, bye now."

No sooner had Turq hung up the phone, when it rang again. He picked it up on the second ring this time and said, "Hello".

"Happy birthday, ol' fellow, kissing the sixties good by, are ya'?"

"Yep!, thank you, big brother, are you all doing ok?"

"We're doing fine, mainly because our winter has been mild so far, how's the weather down there?"

"You know Albuquerque, it is usually great and this winter is no exception, cold and crisp at night and cool and sunny during the day, most of the time. We've been without snow so far, but may have some

10. Survival-Turquette.

this weekend."

"Well, Alvin, take care of yourself and all of your family, send them our love and good wishes for the holidays. Hope the seventies are as good to you as they have been for us. Maxine and I have survived to the mid seventies with a minimum of difficulties so far."

"Thanks for the good wishes, Atwell, it always makes my day to get your call all these years. Hope we can see one another again sometime down the line."

Al, it just doesn't seem to be in the cards, but hope so, maybe later, have a great day and take care of yourself, bye! bye!."

Turq felt good that his son, Jim, came by early that morning, with his 10 year old son, James. They brought him a great gift that Jim's wife, Phyllis, had ordered, a beautiful wooden and brass walking stick, with a sun dial, compass, and secret corked flask, built into the handle. He will be able to take his daily walks now with more security, by having built in refreshment, compass and sun dial. He will have no fear of, (Ha! Ha!), getting lost, even after a little 'nip', if need be, when he rests on the bench at the half way point.

The long distance phone calls from his daughter in Denver and his brother in Champaign, fulfilled his birthday.

Turq and his wife, Marilu, had long since quit exchanging gifts during their forty-one and a half years of marriage, and both liked to consider every day to be celebrated instead of setting aside specific days to correspond with commercialized times. They had agreed to go out and buy something they need or want, as they see it, on the spur of the moment. Turq couldn't think of anything he wanted on his 69th birthday, so he and Marilu planned to spend a quiet day at home, being thankful for all that they already had.

17. Survival-Turquette.

Turq went into the bathroom, looked into the mirror and wondered who that portly, grey haired man was, with a mustache and sagging jowls. He was shocked how a metamorphosis throughout the years had converted him from a lean young black haired naval officer, 22 years of age, into a 190 pound, over weight, 'old man' of 69 years.

Alvin Dale "Turq" Turquette was about five feet ten inches tall weighing 155 pounds, broad shouldered, muscular, and unusually strong for his 22 years. His jet black straight hair was trimmed close to his head and he was clean shaven to comply with the United States Naval Code, which forbade officers from wearing mustaches and beards. His brown eyes were deep set between high cheek bones and were separated by a straight high bridged nose with flaring nostrils. He had a firm jaw and chin dominated by a broad mouth with gleaming white teeth that showed cleanly, when he smiled. He was a man who took life seriously and was intense in pursuing his goals, but enjoyed a good laugh and had a quick sense of humor. His attitude had served him well to this point in his life, having worked his way through Oklahoma University to gain his degree in Geological Engineering and having graduated fourth out of 400 in his U.S. Navy Indoctrination School at Ft Schuyler and top of his class in Photo Intelligence School at Anacostia, D.C.

Bill Heller was a young 24 year old working Architect in New York City when the war broke out and he and Turq met at Washington, D.C.. Bill was about six feet tall, lean, weighing about 160 pounds. He was well built, with tightly curled black hair and heavy eyebrows that shaded deep set black eyes. His nose was broad with a slight crook in the bridge on which he neatly set his glasses. His face was long, but full and his large mouth usually displayed a winning smile. He had a strong chin with a deep cleft which added a great deal of character

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to his face. Bill was an easy going likeable man who seldom 'made waves' so to speak. However he was serious, dedicated and very intelligent. He and Turq had become close friends, had a lot in common as to interests and philosophies, and the fact that they were chosen as partners, both tied at the top of the class in Washington, D.C., for their special mission to England, pleased them both.

Captain 'Red' Riley of the Cairnesk ship was about five feet and eight inches tall, possibly weighing 200 pounds. He had balding reddish hair covering his head, needed a hair cut and was at least a week unshaven. His teeth were brown stained, uneven, with several missing, that showed when he laughed. He was about 45 years old and wore a faded stained red and blue tie that was tied unevenly onto and around the collar of his dingy white dirty shirt. His thick, wrinkled and unwashed neck overflowed his shirt collar which was clearly discolored by a dark ring of sweat. His faded black Merchant Captain's uniform was wrinkled and discolored to such an extent that it made you wonder if it had ever been cleaned. The gold braid on the sleeves and on his cap was a dark brown, hardly recognizeable as ever having been gold in color. 'Red' which no one dared call the Captain, was jovial but firm and he could show anger quickly by his face turning red when he barked out orders. His pale blue eyes sparkled when he laughed and kind of reminded you of how you might picture Santa Claus. He was a seasoned 'Skipper', having eluded submarines in more than twenty crossings during the past three years. He had been sailing the high seas for over 25 years and captained for over 15.

As night began to fall, Turq and Bill returned to their cabin, after having enjoyed the fresh air at the bow of the ship.

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"Bill, we'd better start our logs or diaries before we get too far behind. If today was any sample of things to come, we'll have a lot to remember on this trip."

"You've got that right, Turq, but remember what Admiral Jacobs told us, that we couldn't write down anything the enemy can trace. Somehow, we'll be forced to trigger our memories from meager records, as we try to recall details, after returning from England, since our mission is so secret."

"Yes, how well I know, this has really been worrying me and I have little confidence that by only recording such things as weather, eating times, bed times, and such things as when we washed our teeth, will be sufficient to help us to recall details several months from now. Anyway, we have no alternative and I understand the necessity of this, but what worries me is if it will work--we'll just have to wait and see."

The two men went about closing their cabin tightly to be certain that they had complied with the 'blackout' orders. There was nothing like a small sliver of light from a port hole or slightly cracked open door to become a bright beacon on a dark night at sea. This was the kind of thing that could afford an easy target for the 'wolf pack' subs lurking everywhere.

For the next four days and nights, the 33 ship convoy inched along, 'zig zagging' northeastward, about 100 miles off the east coast, until it reached Halifax, Nova Scotia, about 500 nautical miles from New York. An additional 2,000 miles, the more treacherous part of the journey, still faced the group of slowly creeping ships.

While traveling from New York to Nova Scotia, there had been little but bad weather, which served as a good screen against submarine attacks. There had been many drills and some depth charges dropped,

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but no ships had been hit. In fact, at this point it was believed that the first attack off the coast, just out of New York, was by a stray sub, rather than a 'wolf pack', since only a couple of torpedo wakes were reported.

Turq and Bill had become accustomed to many of the inconveniences, sleeping partly dressed, keeping their bulky packages in their side coat pockets, grabbing their gas masks, helmets and packs, that weighed them down, making it more cumbersome, when they rushed out on deck during drills. The food had become tolerable, and getting around the ship had become routine, with their new 'sealegs'. Card playing in the ward room helped to break the monotony, and sleep became something that they 'snatched' night or day, when and wherever they could.

The Cairnesk had business in Halifax and broke away from the convoy, as the harbor came into view. All the passengers were alerted that the ship would be docking shortly and that anyone wanting to go ashore, during the short stop, were welcome to do so.

The two Ensigns joined Captain Riley on the 'Bridge' and watched anxiously as their ship carefully threaded its way through several old ship wrecks that were partly blocking the narrow channel leading into Halifax Harbor.

"Captain, why all the ship wrecks around here?", asked Turq.

"This is the most hazardous harbor, I know. The narrow channel is full of 'rocky spires' and a very craggy bottom, so when 'a big blow' comes up, it's easy to 'run aground', and depending on damage, some ships sink. There are a lot more wrecks out there, than the eye can see, mind you. It's hard enough getting in here even now, as you can see."

"I've counted at least thirteen wrecked hulks showing above water up to now and I'll bet there are twice as many more", shouted Bill.

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After winding through all sorts of ships' wreckage and underwater natural obstructions, the SS Cairnesk tied up at dock side near the center of town, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 7th, 1942. Captain Riley announced that he would be absent from the ship no more than two hours and anyone leaving the ship must be on board immediately upon his return so that we could rejoin the convoy, without delay.

It was early evening, just about dusk, and a gray sky made it seem later than it was. After the Ensigns had their visas stamped, so that they could visit the small town, they walked up a long hill on damp cobblestones, which reflected flickering lights shining from dark weather beaten buildings that lined the streets. As Turq surveyed the dismal scene, he exchanged glances with his companion, and almost decided to turn around and go back to the ship.

"Hey, Bill, what do ya' think, should we go on or not?"

"Yeah, let's go find a bar and have a quick drink."

"OK, but it doesn't look too inviting."

The two young adventurers strolled a half dozen blocks of the waterfront street and found it nearly empty, except for a few fishermen scurrying about, converging at one doorway. A loose board hung at an angle over the popular door, and as they approached it, they could faintly read the words, Fisherman's Pub.

"This must be it, Bill."

"Yep, let's go in!"

The door creaked, as Turq slowly pushed it open. His eyes stung from the tobacco smoke as it rushed into the colder outside air. A noisy, bustling crowd of happy people were mixing around, drinking, laughing, dancing and sitting at the bar and several tables. The scene was a merry one, cloaked in a dense fog of tobacco smoke and dingy light. A strong smell of hops, from beer, mixed with mellow odors from rums,

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whiskeys, brandies and whatever, created a pleasant aroma and made an appetizing invitation to the two navy officers. They sauntered up to the bar, after nudging their way through the milling crowd.

"What'll ye' 'ave, Admirals?", grinned the bartender.

"Bourbon an' water", answered Turq.

"Scoth an' soda", responded Bill.

The bartender grabbed two dark bottles, poured two glasses about half full of the dark liquids, filled one with water from a pitcher and the other from a seltzer bottle, then placed them in front of the two men.

"Have ya' any ice?", shouted Bill.

"Ney, sailors, we don't use it around here, sorry."

"Here's to ya'", toasted Turq, as he tipped his glass up and took a big swallow. The warm liquid slid down his throat like a fiery lava from a wildly erupting volcano. While he was trying to compose himself from the unexpected shock of bad whiskey, he noticed that Bill's eyes were bugging out, obviously from a similar experience.

"AH-H-H-H-H-H!, T-H-A-T R-E-A-L-L-Y H-I-T t--h--e spot", Turq sputtered.

"U-H H-U-H!", choaked Bill.

"Fill 'er up, Admirals?", chuckled the bartender.

"Not just yet, thanks", answered the two men, in unison, remembering their boarding experience with rum, on the SS Cairnesk in New York.

The two Ensigns left the bar grasping their glasses, nearly full, and nudged their way, sloshing their drinks to spill as much as possible, trying to work their way toward the door as inconspicuously as possible. They emptied what remained of their drinks into their mouths, didn't swallow, set their glasses on the nearest table, got outside and spit fiercely.

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The two Ensigns scrambled back to the dock where the SS Cairnesk was tied up, spitting and clearing their throats all the way. The thought that they would be anxious to get back aboard or glad to see Captain Riley, crew and passengers again, had never occurred to them, but now, surprisingly, they felt like they were returning home. They sprang up the gang plank, asked permission to come aboard, and saluted the deck officer. A rush to the 'head' and then to their cabin completed the return to their temporary residence.

"Bill, someone's been in our cabin besides the steward."

"You can say that again, I didn't leave my bag on the bed, did you?"

"No, I sure didn't and look the tape on the latch has been moved."

"Oh! Oh!, we'd better be more careful from here on. It could have been just a simple search by a thief for something valuable and then again it could have been the enemy trying to find out what we are doing here," deduced Bill.

Turq went through his things very carefully and found nothing missing.

"Bill, it's a good thing we had our round packages in our jackets, it may be that is exactly what someone was looking for."

"I wish I knew what's in these packages, Turq, then I'd feel more comfortable trying to protect them."

"Me too, Bill, but maybe it's best that we remain in the dark. Anyway, I'm not gonna let this thing out of my sight until I deliver it into Admiral Stark's hands, personally. I'll sure as hell be glad to get rid of it, since we are not carrying anything else important or secret."

"Amen to that!" blurted Bill.

"Let's keep a sharp eye out for anyone suspicious. I've kinda felt uneasy about that McRay fellow, he keeps to himself and you can't even

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get enough response from him to start a conversation. The other two guys, Babbit and Alcott seem like pretty decent fellows. That Alcott is a sharp card player and both have a good sense of humor. On the other hand, McRay won't even play cards, just sits around reading all the time," observed Turq.

At that time, the SS Cairnesk's whistle shrieked and the pounding of the diesels let them know that they were 'underway'. After rearranging their things and setting their subtle tape traps on their luggage, Turq and Bill rushed out on deck to watch as their little ship retraversed the treacherous channel out of Halifax Harbour to rejoin the convoy.

The convoy had been circling for the past three hours, waiting on the SS Cairnesk to rejoin them. The clear night was nearly as bright as day enhanced by the twinkling stars and the moon making a dazzling reflection on the surface of the ocean. The ships' crisp outlines shone as clear black silhouettes against the shimmering background of reflected lights bouncing from the mirrored surface of the choppy ocean. Pale yellow frothy waters piled up defiantly in front of the bows of scampering corvettes and destroyers as they cut up and down the lines of the convoy. The freighters showed but little disturbance at their bows as they cut through the waters at slower speeds. After all the ships cut through the mile wide of shinning choppy seas, their wakes left boiling trails of angry water, to mark where they'd been. This seemed to be the way that the sea signaled, that its domain had been violated.

"What a beautiful sight, it's like a picture, wish I had a camera that could truly copy this," exclaimed Turq.

"I wonder how it looks through a sub's periscope?", asked Bill.

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At that very moment the air reverberated from the concussion of a terrible thundering explosion. A huge billowing ball of fire and smoke surged skyward from the freighter just ahead of the SS Cairnesk. The huge shock wave shook the Cairnesk unmercifully, as if it had been the victim, instead of the ship in front of her. The two Ensigns held onto the hand rail for dear life as their small vessel rode the bulging shock wave of water, like a bouncing cork, as the giant wall of water expanded outward in all directions from the point of explosion.

"God in heaven, what a horrible sight!", Shouted Turq, as he viewed the burning hulk before them and all of the fiery debris raining down around them in every direction.

"Drop down under the life boat!", screamed Bill, as he shoved Turq in that direction.

Luckily, they were just a few feet from their life boat station when the event occurred.

The ship immediately in front of them, about 300 yards ahead, had been hit amidship, on their port side, by two torpedoes. The broken vessel was burning furiously and small explosions continued to add to the chaos. As the SS Cairnesk slowly worked its way to a safe distance on the north side of the dying ship, the scene of bobbing heads and flailing arms in the water, thrashing frantically to escape the raining down of fiery debris and a burning oil slick that was rapidly widening, seemingly trying to envelop them, was a pathetic and gruesome sight, indeed. A destroyer and corvette were picking up survivors as fast as possible, while the Cairnesk stood by.

The Captain of the SS Cairnesk was flashed orders from the command ship of the convoy to continue in line and 'full steam ahead' to take the position of the burning ship in the north line, which made it now the second ship of five instead of six ships on the north exposed side

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of the convoy. As the Ensigns looked back, after passing the catastrophe, they saw the burning twisted mass slowly sink beneath the sea, leaving behind only burning fuel and a rescue mission on the surface.

Turq and Bill scampered up the ladders to the bridge just in time to hear the Captain yell 'GENERAL QUARTERS' and sound the siren and whistle. The Captain shouted to the young men to 'stand to' and stay on the bridge rather than run back to their life boat stations. No sooner had he done that, when a corvett started dropping depth charges about 200 yards north of them.

A 'look out' on the bridge shouted, "TORPEDOE WAKES ABOUT 100 YARDS OFF THE PORT BOW."

Sure enough you could see two white frothy trails speeding southward timed just right to hit the SS Cairnesk and it was too late for an evasive maneuver, but the Captain tried valiantly anyway.

Turq and Bill grabbed the hand rail along the wall and prayed, as did all the others on the bridge.

The two frothy wakes came right at them and silently passed right under the little ship without making contact. Everyone, in silent shock, with their breaths held and eyes bugged out, looked around at each other in disbelief and all of a sudden burst forth with shrieks, of various exclamations that fit each other's feelings of grateful relief.

"What the hell happened, how'd those 'fish' miss hitting us?", screamed Turq.

"Well, sometimes to be a wee ship with a wee draw is safer in convoys like this", gleefully answered the Captain. "This has happened to me ship three times before."

"This is one time to be thankful for SMALL favors", laughed Turq.

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A bright orange reflection from the glass windows on the bridge startled the assembly of people just before it was followed by a loud blast of rumbling and crackling noises. The deck shuddered under their feet, even though the devastation was over a mile away. A quick look over their right shoulders revealed what they were afraid of--another freighter was hit by torpedoes--this time in the southeast quadrant of the convoy.

The command ship signaled to keep on course, zigzagging and full speed ahead.

Captain Riley shouted, "Now hear this, Now hear this, the convoy is still under attack, General Quarters to continue, all hands stay alert at emergency stations."

The Captain looked over at Turq and Bill, "This means you too, gentlemen."

The two men saluted and rushed from the bridge to take up their positions at their life boat station. They rehearsed their drill and shook hands on the procedures, when the sky just ahead lit up with boiling flame and black smoke, followed by a horrible resounding blast that nearly knocked them off their feet. Concussions from air and sound were followed by a wall of water that sprayed high over the main deck and drenched the two officers thoroughly.

"MY GOD, NOT AGAIN!", screamed Turq.

"HOW MUCH MORE CAN WE TAKE TONIGHT?", shouted Bill.

The Cairnesk stayed on course, adjusting slightly northward, to a safe distance, in order to circumvent the catastrophe just ahead. Here again was a pitiful scene of an inferno full of flaming oil, a slowly sinking crumpled metal hulk continually exploding and a sea full of scrambling swimmers being picked up by a corvette and destroyer.

The SS Cairnesk was fortunate not to have been called upon to pick

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up survivors and it was only because of its size that it was able to evade such duty.

Signals from the command ship ordered the convoy to 'make smoke' and the crew scrambled about lighting smoke pots on the main deck of the Cairnesk, which was now the lead ship on the north line. There were only four ships left in this line now.

"Bill, my eyes are burning from this smoke and I can hardly breathe", Turq coughingly announced.

"Me too, Turq, let's try our gas masks, maybe they'll help."

Both men unsnapped their bulky satchels and adjusted their masks tightly to their heads. After a few deep breaths, they both shook their heads affirmatively that they could breathe.

"Bill, I feel better, How about you?"

"Okay, that's more like it, I think I'll live now."

"Why don't we sit down on the deck to get our heads as low as possible away from the smoke?", directed Turq.

The two men sat flat on the deck under the life boat and tried to survey the scene, but the smoke was too dense to see the convoy or even the bulkhead of the fo'c'sle. They held firmly onto the handrail and reconciled themselves to their captive and precarious situation.

Explosions continued to occur all around them, some distant and some nearby. The two men just sat there, helpless in the midst of a viscious submarine warfare, couldn't see what was happening, and couldn't do anything about it.

"Damn it, I've never felt more helpless and useless", mumbled Turq.

"Me either, Turq, I never thought war would be like this."

It was a long, black and smokey night that kept the two men on deck until daybreak.

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A bright sun broke the darkness on the morning of July 6th, 1942 and it was greeted by two low flying PBY sea planes that circled the convoy and crisscrossed the whole area, searching for the enemy 'wolf pack'. Escort vessels continued their search and to drop depth charges, hear and there, at any sign of a 'ping', from their sonars.

Turq and Bill slowly moved their creaking and aching bodies from under the life boat and found their way to their quarters as soon as general quarters was lifted.

"What a night, I'm emotionally drained and dead tired", said Turq.

"Boy, I could use a good night's sleep but it doesn't seem to be in the cards", remarked Bill.

The two officers cleaned themselves as best they could from their cold water basin, shaved, changed to their extra dry kahki uniforms and went to breakfast.

The breakfast table was already full with the Captain and the three Englishmen.

"Come in, gentlemen, have a good night's sleep?", quizzed the smiling Captain.

"You're in a jovial mood, sir, after such a horrible night", answered Turq.

"Might as well be, grievin' don't do any good, we lost five ships last night and from the last count, over 100 men are missing. I guess we can be thankful for small favors, as you said earlier Ensign Turquette, quipped the Captain.

"We couldn't see anything after we made smoke last night but I thought I heard two more torpedoe explosions and a lot of depth charges", remarked Bill.

"You were right, Ensign Heller, the battle filled the night and tis a blessin' we didn't lose more. Tis said there were more'n six U-boats

chasin' us, and they think they got one--hope so". sighed the Captain.

The early morning search by the planes scattered the rest of the subs in the area and the remainder of the day was without incident. Twenty eight merchant vessels now made up the convoy, escorted by the original six war ships. All survivors from the sunken ships were distributed to the larger merchantmen and the wounded to the 'make shift' hospital staff on the largest one, located in the middle of the convoy. Several burials at sea occurred that day to add to the gloom of the situation.

For the next ten days only two clear days occurred between storms. The stormy seas kept the subs at bay and were welcomed by the crippled convoy. Two calm days gave the subs their chance again and the final toll was thirteen ships sunk, two damaged and 256 burials at sea.

Turq and Bill had witnessed the ravages of war at sea and loss of human life to such an extent that the impact of how expendable they were was beginning to sink in. Only 20 ships were left in the convoy.

As the Cairnesk broke away from the convoy and headed toward Lock Ewe, Scotland on July 16th, 1942, there was a lifting of spirits for all aboard when they sighted land. The little ship entered a beautiful horseshoe shaped bay, about 0100 on the 17th, located about 60 miles south of the northwest tip of Scotland. Rugged walls of granite rock were shinning wet from moonlight, as the sea splashed against them. On such a bright night, it was evident that the land was blanketed with bright green grasses on rolling hills. Broken light fluffs of fog rolled out of the harbor, a few hundred feet above the sea, and made eerie shadows on the water, as the ship sailed into the anchorage.

The Cairnesk set anchor at 0200, about a mile from shore and the Captain's gig was lowered over the side to take the passengers ashore.

At 0300, five men, with happy faces, stepped upon Scottish soil.

Turq, still standing at the mirror on December 6th, 1988 and reflecting on his 69 years, was reminded that he had been reliving every minute of that horrible north Atlantic convoy crossing back in the summer of 1942. He was also reminded that he never liked to have birthdays, not because of ageing, so much, as the guilt he relived about certain things. He had always felt guilty about his mother dying so young, certain that by her giving birth to him, back in 1919, weakened her so much that tuberculosis took a death grip on her to end her life four years later. The fact that his father died after 95 and one-half years on December 7th, of a burn accident that happened December 6th, 1987, on his birthday, seemed like another curse related to his birthday. Turq's stepmother never filled the void left by the loss of his real mother. He realized now that he had been yearning to have known his real mother all of his 69 years and that every birthday was a replay of that loss.

"I've got to quit dwelling on tragedy and think about the wonderful and full life that I've had", Turq reminded himself.

At 0300 on July 17th, 1942, Turq Turquette bent down on one knee and kissed the ground that he was standing on, ashore at Lock Ewe, Scotland. Bill Heller did the same and was quickly followed by the three Englishmen.

"Thank God, for getting us here safely after such a disastrous crossing", shouted Turq.

"Amen", responded the four other men.

The group sought refuge in a little pub by a fishing dock and remained there until 1000. After eating and drinking for seven hours, the men felt better and were ready to board the camouflaged school bus when it pulled up at the pub. The men climbed in, found seats among

32. Survival-Turquette.

the local citizens, stowed their gear and sat down to await the driver's discretion. While waiting, Turq noted that all of the local passengers were much older men and women and that they all had similar tight and curly grey hair covering the back of their necks, which reminded him of sheep's wool. The people were short and stout, with ruddy complexions and sparkling blue eyes, much like Captain Riley's. They were very friendly and greeted them with warm smiles.

"S-t-r-a-n-g-e, the wooly hair and this being sheep country too, quite a coincidence", chuckled Turq to himself.

The bus jerked as the driver shifted into gear and they were off on a 75 mile, winding dirt road journey, across northern Scotland. The trip bumped the occupants along at a snail's pace across poorly kept dirt roads for 5 1/2 hours. Inverness, a lovely sight between Loch Ness and Moray Firth, on the northeast side of Scotland, entrance to the North Sea. The trip was pleasant for Turq, because he befriended a local couple across the isle and got a great guided tour as they crossed the bogs, heather and rock covered land, and pastoral scenes with waist high rock fences separating the farms. He had never seen so many sheep in his life. Many times the bus had to stop to let shepherds, with their flocks, cross the road. Bill Heller slept most of the way and missed most of the scenery. Even though Turq had great need to rest, he was exhilarated by the country and its friendly people.

The passengers had dwindled to a couple of locals, by the time it reached Inverness, having dropped off most along the way. As it crept down the rocky winding road into the town, the streets were filled with people mostly walking and riding bicycles. There were very few cars, other than military. Most of the people were over fifty or under sixteen, because the others were in the services.

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As the bus pulled up and stopped at the combination bus and train station, the driver announced,

"IN--V-E-R--NESS!, LAST STOP!, trains to all points south."

The remaining seven passengers disembarked the bus, sauntered into the small but sturdy gray rock station building, dragging their belongings listlessly, along with them.

Turq glanced about the dimly lit room to see that it was filled with people that overflowed four benches, some standing and others sitting on the floor and leaning against the wall. The odor of coal smoke filled the air, which helped subdue the smell of unwashed people, for which Turq was grateful. He had no trouble locating the ticket window on the back wall and awkwardly dragged his bags, satchels and helmet through the crowd, leaned them against the counter, and asked the agent for two tickets to London.

"That'll be 12 pounds, 10 shillings and 6 pence, thank ye!", informed the agent as he handed the two tickets to Turq.

Turq glanced around at Bill to ask for his half as he reached clumsily under his heavy jacket side pocket, which held the round package, and finally into his side pants' pocket, to retrieve his wallet. Bill handed over 6 pounds, 5 shillings and 3 pence to the agent and Turq did the same, as they each took possession of their own separate tickets.

"When does the train get here?" questioned Turq.

"Don't be impatient, lads, 'tis impossible to tell since the war, ye know--maybe 6 er 7 this ev'nin'", chided the agent.

The two young warriors thanked the agent and asked if they could check their 'stuff' until train time. He took their things, stacked them on open shelves behind him, handed them two claim checks, and collected 2 'bub' and 4 'punce'.

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Relieved of their cumbersome luggage, Turq and Bill left the station and walked along the cobblestone streets of the quaint but bustling town of Inverness. While looking at and enjoying all the sights they were limbering up their 'sealegs', so that they could readjust to 'terra firma' again.

The temperature was around 70 degrees but a brisk breeze off the water made it seem even cooler. Even though sleep had eluded the two young men for some time now, they had grown accustomed to grabbing a 'wink' or two when they could and were adjusting to this erratic way of daily living. Turq was feeling pretty good now, because his interest in all the new sights, kept his adrenalin flowing. Bill, however, was more worldly, having come from a wealthy family that had traveled Europe and the British Isles frequently, so he was seeing very little that was unfamiliar to him and just took things 'in stride'. Bill's adrenalin wasn't flowing so he felt pretty dull headed.

Turq's enthusiasm and energy was carrying him along in an exciting adventure and poor old Bill was about to 'run down'.

"Turq, don't ya' think we ought to stop and rest awhile--let's go into this little cafe and get something to eat--okay?," pleaded Bill.

"Great, Bill, I could use some nourishment--let's go."

Turq swung open the wood framed glass door with a ruffled white lacey curtain on it and entered a sparkling bright interior with four white linen covered tables and chairs. Just as they sat down, a pleasant middle aged lady greeted them from a parted lace curtain that covered an open doorway on the back wall.

"Good 'ay, gents, we 'ave kippers and 'taters', sausage 'n cabbage, barley soup, and clam chowder--w'at'll ye 'ave?"

"Two large bowls of clam chowder, please!"

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"M-m-m-m-m, that was delicious, really great!", exclaimed Turq, smacking his lips and rubbing his stomach.

"The first good and decent tasting food we've had since we left the states, that was really satisfying", agreed Bill.

The lady proprietor smiled happily at the approval of her cooking and thanked the two men graciously.

"I think, I'll go AWOL and stay here where I can enjoy good cooking", remarked Turq, laughing.

"Not a bad idea, Turq, wish we could, but you can bet they'd find us quick and we'd spend the rest of the war looking from behind bars", quipped Bill.

"How far is it to Loch Ness where 'Nessy' has been sighted?", asked Turq of the waitress.

"Abou' ten mile er so, so' west o' 'ere, me thinks, but thars no hacks to ta' ye thar--no petrol, ye know", informed the lady.

Turq especially was disappointed, since he had always wanted to visit the famous Loch Ness and experience the environment for himself. The mystery of 'Nessy', the Loch Ness Monster, had always fascinated him. While riding the bus into Inverness he had sighted the long strip of water in a deep canyon, trending northeast to southwest. Turq knew that a huge geological fracture (fault) cut the entire northern Scotland mainland from the North Sea to the Sea Of The Hebrides, in a northeast to southwest direction, and left a deep canyon about 75 miles long, filled with water, joining the two seas. Great depths of water in the major earth fracture have allowed any kind and size of sea life to migrate from the depths of the oceans into the narrow seaway throughout a long period of geological time. No wonder that Loch Ness has enjoyed reported sightings of sea monsters throughout man's history.

oo. Survival-Turquette.

Turq's disappointment had to prevail, since it was too risky to go on an unscheduled sight seeing trip, while on military orders, to other destinations. The fact that petrol was scarce probably 'saved the day' and kept Turq out of trouble.

The rest of the afternoon was spent shopping in stores, enjoying refreshments in a couple of pubs and visiting a local library.

When 7PM (1900) 'rolled around', Turq and Bill hustled back to the station, retrieved their things, and boarded the train for London. It was nearly 8PM before the train chugged out of the station, wound its way through the maze of tracks in the yards, and headed south.

There were six people that had to be crowded into one compartment where Turq and Bill had taken up temporary residence for the next 1 1/2 hours. There were two women squeezed on the seat beside Turq, between him and the window. Two men were squeezed against Bill on the opposite seat. No one had introduced themselves so Turq 'broke the ice'.

"I'm Ensign A. D. 'Turq' Turquette and this is Ensign Bill Keller, of the United States' Navy".

"Ensigns?, I thought ye were 'Leftenants'", chimed the woman next to Turq. "In fact ye uniforms shocked me, they look like German's."

"Sorry about that, didn't mean to frighten you, rest assured, we are genuine U. S. Naval Officers. We call our first grade officers, with only one stripe of gold braid, Ensign instead of Lieutenant, we're the same rank. We pronounce lieutenant (lue-ten-ant), and I notice that you call it (lef-ten-ant)", jested Turq.

"Bloody yanks don't know how to pronounce good english anyway", blurted an englishman next to Bill.

"Sorry, didn't mean to offend you, sir", apologized Turq.

Silence prevailed as the passengers settled in for the long ride.

37. Survival-Turquette.

Before the train pulled out of the station, all lights were turned out and the tired Ensigns settled back into their seats, tightly wedged between their stuffy English companions, and fell sound asleep.

The London bound train slowly snaked its way south, stopping off and on to discharge and pick up passengers and freight, to let other trains pass, and to do whatever trains do, throughout the night. At one point, while still in Scotland, just outside of Perth, the train switched onto a side track and sat there for at least an hour, while an air raid was in progress. Bomb blasts were heard in the distance and antiaircraft fire was bursting all around the area. Search lights streaked through the dark smokey heavens trying to find the attackers, while sirens screamed and explosions rocked the earth and the skys overhead. The raid lasted about thirty minutes and after the all clear was sounded, the train jerked ahead toward Perth.

Turq and Bill were fully awake now, after grabbing a couple of hours sleep.

"Cigarette, anyone?", asked Turq, handing a pack of Pall Malls around in the dark.

"Thanks, mate!", resounded from each of the other five, including Bill.

Turq was careful to flick his Zippo lighter, covered by his cupped hands, and managed to light the six smokes, without disturbing the blackout.

"Gerry's pretty busy tonight to come this far up the coast", stated the woman next to the outside window, being the first time she'd spoken since boarding the train.

"Blinkin' nervy of him I'd say", responded the man next to Bill.

"Blimey, mates, me thinks he had a rough go of it in London and was forced to come here to drop the rest of his load", said the other man.

38. Survival-Turquette.

"Wha' do ye yanks think made him take a shot at Perth?", asked the lady next to Turq.

"I have no idea, this being my first air raid experience", replied Bill.

"Ditto, and our losing 13 ships to torpedoes crossing the Atlantic, doesn't qualify me as an air raid expert either", blurted Turq.

"LOST 13 SHIPS? YE BLOKES 'ER LUCKY TO BE 'ERE, AINT YE?", seemed to come from all four British occupants in unison.

"We had a very dangerous crossing in a 33 ship convoy that could travel only 6 knots--and our first time at sea. Yes, we're lucky to be here, even if we do have to dodge bombs now", Turq acknowledged.

The ice was broken now, and conversation was warm and friendly between the four British and two Americans for the rest of the trip.

As the train stopped in Perth, hot tea and cakes were being served by volunteers. Turq and Bill jumped off the train and grabbed enough paper cups filled with hot tea and a sack full of cookies to share with the others in their compartment. Everyone refreshed themselves and savored the weak, but pleasantly warm, tea and dry cookies as long as they possible could.

The same scene at the stations was repeated over and over again, from Perth, Glasgow, Edinburgh, in Scotland and Newcastle, York, Birmingham and London, in England.

While the train passed through Scotland, the people were very friendly and responsive, even children waved along the tracks, but as soon as it crossed the border and entered England, the mood changed dramatically. People were less friendly, more reserved, and somber. The tracks along the countryside were empty, no children were waving. Bombed out buildings were everywhere, rubble was being rearranged to clear the streets and all the people were busy cleaning up.

39. Survival-Turquette.

The train pulled into Paddington Station at 1230 on July 18th, 1942. Turq and Bill gathered up their gear, bade good bye to their new English friends and nudged their way through the crowds to hale a cab (hack) at the station entrance. The high spindly wheeled cabs with clothe tops looked like something that had been made at the turn of the century, but for the London traffic, they served the purpose very well. Steering wheels on the right and driving on the left side of the streets at break neck speeds, shook up the young naval officers pretty good, before they reached their destination, the Park Lane Hotel.

The Park Lane was a stately red brick building of eight stories, which faced southeast on Piccadilly across from Green Park that separated the hotel from Palace Gardens, where Buckingham Palace is located.

Upon reaching the Park Lane, The two naval officers, registered at the desk for a room on the top floor, having been informed that all the lower floors were full.

"Great! I like the top floor, we can see out and have a good look at the city, I hope," exclaimed Turq.

"Most guests prefer the lower floors, 'cause of Gerry, ya know, glad ya gents don't mind being our only guests on that floor", mused the clerk.

"We're not afraid of bein' up there", gulped Bill, as he glanced around at Turq, who appeared to have swallowed his tongue.

The clerk rang his bell for a porter to attend to the men's luggage and take them up to their room.

An old man, who was bent from his years of lifting, placed the men's gear on a 'dolly' and directed his customers to the 'lift'.

The lobby was splendid, with high marble ceilings, ornate with carvings, statues and intricate tapestries. Oriental carpets covered

40. Survival-Turquette.

the floors and heavy satin drapes framed the windows. Very wide carpeted stairs led up to a mezzanine balcony, where many people were mixing and visiting. Most of the colors were shades of reds and purples, except for the drapes that were pale gold.

The 'lift' was slow and shakey reaching the top floor, where the new guests were led to their solitary room, number 813. When the door was opened by the porter, they were greeted by a palacial suite with a sitting room, bedroom with two large beds, a large bathroom, and a small effeciency bar/kitchen.

"This can't be our room, we can't afford anything like this", shrieked Turq, with his eyes popping out.

"Tis ye flat, gents, we ne'er rent tha' floor, so ye get 'er cheap." assured the porter.

"I can't imagine our gettin' this for 3 pounds a day", quipped Bill.

"I'll call down and check the desk before we unpack, Okay?", questioned Turq.

Turq picked up the phone and called down to the desk and was assured that the room would only cost the two men 3 pounds a day for as long as they wished to stay. Of course, this was exciting news to the men so they proceded to unpack and flipped a coin to see who would bathe first. Turq won the toss and hurried into the bathroom to start the water.

The fixtures were expensive and 'fit for a king', which included the usual wash basin, toilet stool, tub and another fixture that Turq had never seen before. The mystery fixture was about stool height with a narrow open basin that looked like it had a fountain in the middle of it.

"Hey, Bill. come look at this thing, is this a drinking fountain?" asked Turq.

41. Survival-Turquette.

Bill rushed into the bathroom at Turq's beckon call to see what he was asking about.

"That's a BIDET, (b i d a y), Turq, it's used to wash your genitals, after intercourse or for whatever reason--the French invented it--wish we had them at home, a lot more sanitary and convenient."

"That's great, I guess we've got some catching up to do in a lot of things, huh?", responded Turq.

"We are ahead in a lot of things, but we still can learn a lot from older countries", agreed Bill.

"I'll 'step on it', Bill, so you can clean up too and we can hurry over to the embassy and see Admirals, Stark and Kirk. I want to get rid of these two packages just as soon as possible and find out where we go from here."

Turq bathed quickly, although he could have taken longer, but the lack of warm water urged him to rush along quicker than usual.

After both men had cleaned up, they dressed in their blues, shined their black shoes, and walked out of their suite looking fresh and none the worse for wear. At the hotel entrance, the doorman hailed a cab for them and directed it to The Admiralty on Whitehall.

The cab took the men past Buckingham Palace on Grosvenor Place and up Buckingham Place Road on to Birdcage Walk and then to Whitehall and the Admiralty. The driver announced the sights along the way, to the delight of Turq, who was 'bug eyed and rubber necking' all the way.

Once at the Admiralty, Turq and Bill jumped out, found the proper entrance, saluted the Marine guards and announced themselves to the reception guard at the desk.

"We are Ensigns Heller and Turquette to see Admirals Stark and Kirk", commanded Turq.

"Yes Sir, just a minute, sir, I'll ask if they can see you," as the

42. Survival-Turquette.

Marine Sergeant announced the two men's request over the intercom to the Admirals' offices.

"Sergeant, Please ask the two officers to come right in", a voice of authority responded over the speaker.

The Sergeant directed the two men to follow him and he smartly marched along a highly polished terrazzo floor to a tall pair of wooden doors at the far end of the hall.

Two Marine guards stood at attention on either side of the door and 'presented arms', as the Sargeant and the two Ensigns entered a palacial office. The men saluted two Admirals, one, white haired, sitting, facing them, at a huge polished wooden and leather desk, piled high with documents and papers, and the other, with auburn hair, was facing them, half sitting on the outer edge of the desk.

"Come in, Admirals, we've been waiting for you, had a hard crossing, we hear", greeted Admiral Stark, with his right hand outstretched, from behind the desk.

"You two gentlemen got a fast baptism in submarine warfare, we hear", smiled Admiral Kirk, with his right hand outstretched too.

After the warm greeting and handshaking. Admiral Stark got up from his chair and directed Turq to sit in his chair and Admiral Kirk gave Bill his chair in front of the desk, as both of the real Admirals stood.

"We understand, you have two packages for us from Admiral Jacobs, Correct?", questioned Admiral Stark.

"Yes Sir!, here they are!", both men scrambling for their bulging round packages in their side pockets and in unison presenting them to their respective recipients.

The two Admirals ripped open the packages and found two glass jars full of golden honey.

43. Survival-Turquette.

"GOD! IS THAT WHAT WE RISKED OUR LIVES FOR--two jars of honey?", shouted Turq, indignantly.

"You needn't feel badly about this, Turq, we instructed Admiral Jacobs to treat this secretly, to test your ability to transport serious material, when it becomes necessary--I don't blame you for feeling angry about it, however. You may think it funny that we'd treat honey as if it were gold, but believe me it is more precious than gold to us, having no sweets for over six months now. There is no sugar, honey, syrup, candy, or anything truly sweet to be found in the British Isles now and some people would practically kill, so to speak, for these two jars of honey. Thanks again for safely bringing these precious gifts to us--you'll appreciate this the longer you stay here", said Admiral Stark, as he informed the two shocked officers.

"Oh that's all right, we're glad we didn't break the jars when we were 'hanging on for our lives' while our little ship bucked the rough seas and strained against the violent explosions, while thirteen of our ships in our convoy were being torpedoed and sunk", responded Turq.

"You lost thirteen ships?--We only heard about five", inquired Admiral Kirk.

"Yes, Sir, we lost thirteen and two others damaged, with over two hundred burials at sea--we got across with only eighteen undamaged vessels out of thirty-three that we started with", announced Bill.

"My God, men, you really had more than your share of submarine warfare in your first crossing. Let me say you handled yourselves admirably in the finest tradition of the United States Navy and that we are very proud of you, but let me caution you on letting anyone, and I mean ANYONE, know about this, 'REMEMBER LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS', the enemy mustn't learn how successful they were", said Admiral Stark.

44. Survival-Turquette.

"AYE! AYE! SIR!", responded both officers in unison, as Turq was shamefully remembering how 'loose lipped' he'd been with his British train companions, from Inverness to London

"My God, I've already breached security", Turq reminded himself.

"Tell us about your crossing in every bit of detail that you both remember", asked Admiral Kirk, as he called in a secretary to take notes.

The two men were more relaxed now, as they proceeded to refer to their pocket diaries and describe the daily events between June 29th to July 17th, while they were crossing the treacherous North Atlantic. After congenial conversation with their important hosts, they were complimented for the way they were able to retrieve complete information and memory from their sketchy diary records that only meant something to them. They graciously thanked their hosts and then asked what they were to do next.

"Gentlemen, while you are here, under our command, all of your orders will be verbal, from us to you--nothing in writing. Four days from now, on July 22nd, you will be driven by staff car from here to the most secret place in the British Isles, Medmenham, about fifty miles from here. You will follow the instructions of the British Base Commander, Air Marshall Goddard, until your training is completed and return here for further duty. Our instructions to you are to learn as much as you can about everything that you are openly taught, but also everything that you can about that which is below the surface, if you know what I mean", instructed Admiral Kirk.

"AYE! AYE!, SIR!", smartly answered the two Ensigns, together.

"You are dismissed until 0900 July 22nd, be careful but enjoy your visit to london--beware of the nightly air raids--take cover in the shelters, keep your eyes and ears open, but your mouths shut."

45. Survival-Turquette.

Turq and Bill saluted smartly, about faced, and exited the splendid premises.

"Bill, here we are in London England, during the Blitz, nearly 5PM on a Saturday afternoon, what do you suggest we should do?"

"Turq, I suggest we strole back to the hotel and enjoy the sights on foot before night falls."

"Good idea, let's go back by Piccadilly Circus, it looks like the shortest route", observed Turq, as he refered to his map.

The men took their time, looking at shops along the street and the activities around Piccadilly, arriving back at the Park Lane just as the sun was setting. They entered their rooms on the eight floor and checked their things, noting that the tapes on their bags had been tampered with.

"Bill, we've been inspected again, nothing's sacred anymore. I wonder who it could have been this time?"

"Damned if I know, it's spooky, I'm just glad we have nothing secret or valuable on us."

They hurriedly freshened up and decided to go downstairs to the hotel restaurant and eat dinner.

"Turq, I like those sausages they always seem to have over here, since there isn't any other choice of meat--so I'll have that."

"Same here, make it two", responded Turq, as Bill transmitted their orders to the waiter.

"You know, Bill, lets try to get in a good tour during the next three days, before we have to report back to duty next Wednesday. Since you've been over here before, I'd appreciate it if you'd point out the sights you are familiar with."

"No problem, Turq, I intend to and would like to take you to meet some good friends of my family's, sometime, if you'd like to."

46. Survival-Turquette.

"That'd be great, Bill, everything is an adventure to me, since I've never been anywhere outside Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Tennessee, before joining the Navy."

The waiter brought the dinner as the men noted the drapes were being pulled and the lights were turned on very very dimly. They could hardly see their food, but managed to eat everything on their plates without any difficulty. They finished their inadequate meal very quickly, tipped the waiter and started to leave the room just as the air raid sirens began to whine, building up their eery shrieks to an ear piercing crescendo. By the time they reached the stairs leading down to the hotel's air raid shelter, the rush of many others almost shoved them aside, but they managed to stay upright within the current of hunman bodies that found their way down four flights below street level, to the overcrowded rooms below. The human tide spread out within the honeycomb of rooms to join the singing and drinking crowd of 'merry makers' trying to ignore that Gerry was dropping bombs on them again.

Anti-aircraft gunfire joined the siren noises and bomb explosions which filled the air with so much resonance and concussion that it was impossible to hear ordinary talking. Somehow the group singing penetrated the fearful maze of noises enough to lift one's spirits, in spite of the treatening distruction. The British were indeed extraordinary people, they just took everything so 'matter of factly'.

Turq and Bill entered into the festivities and joined in the singing of 'Put your Little Foot' and 'Roll Me Over and Do It Again' until they memorized the words thoroughly. They also drank enough 'Stout Beer' to numb their fears, even though the room rocked and plaster fell from the ceiling, as the raid went on.

47. Survival-Turquette.

Gerry's bombs kept falling for over an hour before the 'all clear' sounded. A welcome sound, indeed, and Turq and Bill exited the mass of humanity in the shelter to hurry up stairs and inspect their room and personal effects.

"Thank God, that the hotel was spared and it looks like everything is all right here in our rooms", sighed Turq.

"You know, Turq, I don't know which is worse, torpedoes at sea or bombs on land, either way I don't feel any less helpless or frightened".

"The size of the bomb explosions made the earth quake, it seemed as though anything standing would come tumbling down--I'll have to say this, that the British built some solid buildings--this old hotel has walls about three feet thick, I'll bet. That shelter must be forty feet below ground level and should be safe, if the building doesn't get a direct hit and turn it into rubble to tumble down and crush everything beneath it. And, of course, there's always fire and smoke to contend with, wherever you might be. While I'm reciting pleasantries, there's always the 'flak' from all the anti-aircraft guns, it rains down everywhere, like hail back home during a thunder storm. I didn't think I'd ever say that I'd be glad that we have these helmets, since they have been so cumbersome to carry all the time, but I can see now that they could save our lives, if we are ever caught outside during a raid", rambled Turq.

Before Bill could speak, An eery whine built to a shrieking resonance to announce another raid. The two men quickly jumped up and ran back down twelve flights of stairs, not waiting for the 'lift', to rejoin the merry crowd in the smelly smoke filled shelter, four floors below the hotel. The men had wondered why they were not joined by some or all of the others when they left the last time. It was obvious now

48. Survival-Turquette.

that the crowd were more seasoned to raids, and knew that another would follow shortly. The men were learning fast about the civilian captive situation, which they shared, and were hoping that this first evening would not continue throughout the night. But their hopes were shattered, however, so they just adjusted themselves to the agony and continued lack of sleep. It was nearly dawn before they returned to their top floor room and fell into bed, completely exhausted.

Sunday morning came about 1400 for the two men, after sleeping a very sound eight hours, for the first time since they'd left home. Turq was the first to awaken and notice the time.

"Bill, wake up, it's two in the afternoon, let's get goin' while there's still daylight left. I'd like to see some sights and eat something good--wouldn't you?", asked Turq.

"OK! OK! I'll hurry, boy, that was a good sleep", responded Bill, while rubbing his eyes and adjusting his glasses.

After quick cold showers and shaves, they hurriedly dressed and rushed outside the hotel. As they walked along the street 'with a spring in their steps' they seemed more invigorated than usual.

"Turq, there's the old Claridge Hotel that my parents always stayed in when we visited over here before the war--I remember the food being excellent there--how about trying it?", remarked Bill.

"Great, let's go", chimed Turq, as he joined Bill in dodging traffic, while crossing the street.

Bill and Turq were studying the menu at an elegantly set table in an all white and dazzling dining room of the Claridge Hotel, when to their surprise they had only three entrees to chose from. Smoked salmon, sausage, or kippers, didn't appeal much to Turq, but he was getting used to it.

"Two salmon, please", said Turq, agreeing to order for them both.

49. Survival-Turquette.

Even though, the next three nights were repeat performances of the previous night, the two young Ensigns were able to sandwich in enough sleep in the mornings and sight seeing in the afternoons to fill their needs for a long time. Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum, Wilkenson's Sword Company, The Palace, London Tower and Bridge, and numerous libraries and shops filled them with enjoyment. While touring, they had seen enough destruction around London to make one wonder how much longer the city could hold out. Entire city blocks were reduced to rubble and craters with silhouettes of windowless walls precariously balancing on narrow footings, were ghostly hollow reminders of what once had stood there. Constantly, rescue workers searched for signs of life in the piles of broken brick, twisted metal and chunks of concrete, as bull dozers and cranes scraped and lifted debris into neat piles to be hauled away by an army of lorries. Dust and smoke marked the recent craters and piles of rubble, as stench and suffocating odors, like a veil, hung over the area for days. Workers were desperately repairing streets, railroad tracks, utilities, and damaged buildings, every day, but never caught up, always fighting a losing battle--there was no way to keep up with the nightly destruction. The naked square miles of barren ground were growing like a cancer, taking over the land, previously occupied by populated buildings. Large numbers of Barrage Balloons, with their dangling cables and tethers stood guard as giant bulwarks, floating and bobbing in the winds above the city. The fat gas filled blimps served a good purpose, filling the skies at various altitudes, made it nearly impossible for Gerry to launch successful low attacks with strafing fighters or dive bombers. This type of defense kept the enemy planes at very high altitudes, from which, they could not hit specific targets accurately. Of course, London was heavily defended by all types of anti-aircraft guns, search lights,

50. Survival-Turquette.

radar, and smoke pots. The density of the defenses increased toward the center of the city, especially around Buckingham Palace, for a radius of ten miles or so. Luckily, this was where Turq and Bill were housed and why they seldom received direct hits nearby. The air at night was filled with shrapnel, pieces of 'flak' raining down, from all the guns firing, and the helmets that the two Ensigns carried served them as good protection when caught outside during surprise raids. Their helmets became scared and dented by the time they left London and they wore them proudly, as badges of honor.

On Tuesday afternoon, The two men visited Mr. and Mrs. John Andrews at #41 Harley Street, about a mile north of their hotel. These were the friends of Bill's parents, who had miraculously survived direct bomb hits on their block. The Andrew's house stood as a three story brick spire, a lonely sentinel, on a barren block that once held fort townhouse residences. The Andrews warmly welcomed Bill and Turq, serving them hot tea and cookies. Bill gave them a little gift from his parents and exchanged greetings and conversation about families and the times. Turq enjoyed hearing about their frightening experiences, as to how they were able to survive the terrible destruction around them. He was careful not to quiz them too much and just let them inform him of what they wanted to. It was an enjoyable afternoon and Turq thanked his hosts and Bill for letting him share their friendship and hospitality.

Back at the Park Lane around 1800 allowed the two men to freshen up before dinner and prepare for the usual night's raids, which were expected again, just after night fall. They automatically descended the stairs to the underground shelter, just after night fall, ordered a drink at the bar, just in time to hear the familiar whine and shrieks of the sirens building to their nightly ear piercing crescendo.

21. Survival-Turquette.

The raids ended around 2200, which allowed Turq and Bill to get a good eight hours rest. They arose about 0630, had breakfast and checked out of the hotel around 0830. A taxi to the Embassy, an audience with Admiral Kirk, who gave them their final verbal orders, and good wishes from Admiral Stark, finished their busy morning. They left London in an American Embassy car, chauffeured to Medmenham.

Bill sat back and 'snoozed' all the way, while Turq, as usual, conversed with the driver and digested the bomb damaged urban and country scenery along the way. Trees, shrubs, and rock walls masked most of the view, but occasionally open spots of green tranquil areas, along the Thames, allowed the viewers to enjoy some sight seeing, during their 50 mile drive.

The car turned abruptly north for a few hundred yards, then right again into a long tree lined drive. After checking through a security gate, what loomed ahead was a beautiful sight to behold. A large white three story castle, with twin towers rising up three additional floors, as sentinels, overseeing the area. Many beautiful smaller support buildings and houses made up a huge compound covering several acres. Niessen Huts were neatly hidden from view on the north side of the complex, the only thing that might show military affiliation. The extensive neatly kept grounds and gardens gave no signs of it being anything but a common country mansion occupied only by a wealthy titled English family.

The embassy car stopped under a canopy at an ornate entrance on the south side of the castle, where Turq and Bill were taken inside by a British Marine Sergeant. They checked in at 1130, July 22, 1942, at RAF Station, Medmenham, like they would in a hotel, and were taken to their new quarters in the complex of huts on the north side. Each of them was assigned to a separate small private room, much like a ship's

52. Survival-Turquette.

cabin, next to each other. About twenty such rooms, ten on each side, separated by a narrow hall, filled each of the many prefabricated buildings that were used for living quarters. No sooner than when the two men had stowed their gear, they were informed that lunch was being served.

"Bill, this is some place, beautiful, clean and busy, busy, busy. I can't wait to see the whole thing and what all that they do here", remarked Turq.

"You know, Turq, I don't know about you, but I was apprehensive about what kind of accommodations we'd have here--I'm really relieved to see such comfortable and beautiful surroundings."

"You can say that again, I'm really happy about all this--let's go 'chow down' and see if we can be happy about the food."

A large dining room, equipped to feed at least 200 people at a time, was where the Ensigns were invited to join a group of four men and two women, dressed in civilian clothes, at one of the tables. They were welcomed warmly and introductions were made all around. One of the women was Sarah (Churchill) Oliver, daughter of Winston Churchill, and one of the men was Squadron Leader Peter Riddell. All of the other occupants at the table were also celebrities, as Turq and Bill later found out. The food was good and slightly larger helpings than the two men had been recently used to. They had a full meal, meatloaf, brussel sprouts, and beans, for a change. After a pleasant conversational exchange and meal, the rest of the afternoon was spent getting acquainted with their new temporary home, touring the huge facilities, and meeting all the busy people.

"Bill, I believe this has been the most exhilarating day we've had yet--this place is really interesting", smiled Turq.

53. Survival-Turquette.

Medmenham was indeed an interesting place, the primary function was to derive top secret intelligence information from aerial photographs. Each day many special equipped aircraft would fly sorties across enemy territory, fly at very high altitudes, and return with rolls of film to be processed into stereo pair photos and interpreted by highly trained intelligence specialists. About 5000 separate photos were being delivered daily to Medmenham. The interpreters would process the pictures through three separate phases, to glean every possible bit of information from them. The first phase would search for quick changes noticed from the last time the spot was photographed and for anything urgent they had been alerted about from other intelligence sources. The second phase would examine the photos more thoroughly for any military data, while the third phase would go even further to examine minute detail and record everything in writing and with annotations.

The Medmenham photo interpreters were a variety of civilians and military people, from every walk of life, that had been conscripted into service at the beginning of the war. The British had lost most of their overseas intelligence personnel by systematic extermination, beginning in 1939, when the Germans began rounding up foreign spys all over the world. As a result of an almost complete effective foreign intelligence cut-off, the British were forced to develop and up grade all other possible intelligence methods--hence, aerial photo reconnaissance became a necessity. Experts in every field were sought out and those that could be adapted quickly, were the ones to be picked to learn aerial photo interpretation. The British theory was that an industrialist would need no training in recognizing industries from the air, and the same should hold true for all other lines of work. They conscripted leaders with lots of experience in every field and brought them to Medmenham to become specialists in aerial photo

54. Survival-Turquette.

interpretation in their respective fields--hence, there were a lot of gray heads in every room at Medmenham

Every phase of intelligence was used at Medmenham and most everyone there had access to all top level intelligence reports that came in daily. Underground sources in every country in the world funneled information to Medmenham. No wonder this was the most secret place in England at that time. Only a select few had the highest security clearance, and were secretly known as being, BIGOTED. Ensigns, Turquette and Heller were granted the BIGOT level of security clearance, to comply with the joint allied agreement. It was no wonder that the two young officers were not too warmly received by some, because of this. It seemed foolish to some of the more experienced British intelligence people to bare themselves naked to two such young American naval officers.

The four weeks of intensive training at Medmenham, intermixed with tours to 13 air fields throughout Scotland and England, and the Central Command Center in London, not to mention five days of commando training, filled every waking hour between July 22nd and August 30th with everything the British could squeeze into the young Ensigns' minds.

Turq made all the flights to the 13 airfields in a Bristol Fighter Bomber, flown by a 'hot' fighter pilot from north Africa. One flight to Wick, Scotland, was a harrowing experience when the landing gear failed to lock down. Turq was acting as navigator and had to hand crank 185 turns which finally engaged the landing gear and allowed a safe landing. Bill was getting more intensive photo interpretation at Medmenham, while Turq explored and learned the field activities. Both men were thoroughly bombarded with every phase of intelligence work.

55. Survival-Turquette.

Thursday night of August 27th was celebrated by all the personnel at Medmenham, because Bill and Turq would be leaving the next morning. Any reason was good enough for a party, so the two Ensigns were the honored reasons. Whiskey flowed freely, every female was shared in dancing, lots of singing around the piano, and a merry good time was had by all. One exception, however, when a brawl occurred between Turq and an RAF officer. The RAF officer cursed the 'damned yankees', to Turq's face, slammed his fist into Turq's jaw, knocking him several feet across the room. Turq recovered quickly and sprang back, all over the guy, 'like hair on a bear', as they fought all the way into the showers, while several guys tried unsuccessfully to pull them apart. The group finally stopped them and took them to their quarters.

Turq felt terrible, couldn't sleep, and knew he could be 'court-martialed' for striking another officer. He felt humiliated and disgusted with himself for having lost his temper. The next morning broke the spell, however, when a group of RAF officer's came into his room singing 'For He's A Jolly Good fellow' and hoisted Turq to their shoulders, taking him into the dining room where everyone was waiting to congratulate him for 'whipping' their drunken comrade of the night before and apologized to Turq for their officer's insults and outrageous behavior. In fact the RAF officer, who showed bruises all over his face, with a cut or two, apologized to Turq, himself, and said he had never been beaten up so badly. It was learned that he was a boxing champion from Oxford. Well, you can imagine the relief that Turq felt, after such warm and good sportsman like treatment.

On August 28th, 1942, at 1300, Turq and Bill were detached from duty at Medmenham and were driven back to the American Embassy in London. While retracing their route from London to Medmenham, they enjoyed recalling their varied experiences of the past four and a half weeks.

30. Survival-Turquette.

"You wouldn't believe the harrowing experiences I had while being flown to the 13 outlying air stations around England and Scotland. That north African pilot was a 'hedge hopper' and 'barn stormer' if I've ever seen one, Bill. You were lucky to have stayed behind and learn more about photo interpretation. Boy, I was sure that I'd 'bought the farm' many times during those four days. The worst experience was when we were flying up to Wick, Scotland and couldn't get the landing gear down in that old Bristol 'Beaufort' torpedo bomber. I cranked and cranked for a total of 185 turns to get the damned gear down, and we weren't even sure it was down. We couldn't see the landing gear from the 'hot house' and the only way we could tell was by a weird contraption that had a red ball and green ball on a pedistal that didn't work. I'm tellin' you, I prayed a lot, after I wore out my arms twisting the crank and a final kick with my left foot against it, for good luck. The pilot decided to try to land, since we were out of fuel. There was no choice but to land on the only runway in the area, a very short fighter strip, that ended at a cliff's edge and dropped off about 300 feet into the North Sea. So we went down, down, down, too fast, in too big an aircraft for the strip, a very hot and bouncy landing--thank God, the landing gear was down--and a final skid toward the cliff, off the end of the runway, into the mud that grabbed the wheels, the tail lifted up at an abrupt angle, due to the quick stop, and we were looking out over the edge of the cliff from the 'hot house'. You can't imagine how relieved I was to feel terra firma under my feet again. Well, Bill, that's when I decided to catch a bus back to the nearest railroad station and get away from that crazy pilot."

"I'm glad you made it, Turq, but have you noticed how the number 13 has followed us--we've survived, but wonder if it's good or bad luck?"

57. Survival-Turquette.

"Well, Turq, I can't tell you how grateful I am for you taking that part of the job, flying to all those places, and letting me stay behind to sharpen up on my photo interpretation. You know, I don't like to fly."

"I don't like to fly with a crazy pilot either. You know that guy 'buzzed' houses, vehicles on the road, ships in harbor and about anything moving on the ground or water. He was crazy, I tell you, and it's a wonder we didn't get shot down by our own people. I really wonder if he wasn't war shocked in his fighting experience in north Africa. He didn't make very rational conversation with me either. I don't ever want to see the guy again--he scared to pants off of me too many times, and I like to fly, usually."

"I'd never made it through the entire trip, Turq, thanks again for saving me from that ordeal."

"Bill, it wasn't all bad, I learned some important things and met a lot of nice people out there, but I'm glad it's over, I'm ready to get out of here, especially after last night."

"Turq, don't feel bad about that--you were magnificent--just wish I could have stood up to the guy like you did--where'd you learn to fight like that, anyway?"

"If you'd been raised in a 'rough and tumble' area like Texarkana, Arkansas and had to fight almost daily to survive the feuds between the Texas and Arkansas sides, as I did, you'd learn'd to have fought too. Even worse, in college and the oil fields of Oklahoma, challenges of your manhood had to be defended over and over again. I've had to fight all my life, from the time I was in grade school. I'm not proud of it, but it's a fact."

"I was proud of you, Turq, that RAF guy was really out of line and everyone was rootin' for you--you did the right thing."

58. Survival-Turquette.

"Thanks, Bill, I'm thankful it turned out all right, but believe me, I was ashamed of myself and I hope I never lose my temper like that again--I hope that was my last fight."

"Turq, I'm proud that we received those Commando Knives, made by the famous Wilkinson Sword Company. They made swords for all the kings and knights since time began. Our names engraved on the handles too, make them wonderful personal achievement awards for having successfully completed that tough commando training--I'm just glad to have made it through--you didn't seem to have any trouble at all, but I struggled all the way."

"That was tough training, you may have thought that I walked through the course, but believe me, I struggled too, Bill. I'm proud of my knife too, just hope I never have to use it."

The embassy car came to a halt under the canopy, the U.S. Marine guard saluted, as the two Ensigns entered the building. Admiral Kirk was awaiting their arrival, and greeted them at the reception desk. They all joined Admiral Stark in his office and the two young officers were congratulated on a job well done. Admiral Stark, while slapping Turq on the shoulder in a friendly fashion, told him that he was glad that he'd won the fight the night before, but to save the rest of his energy to fight the enemy. Everyone laughed in response and the two men were told that their official duty had been completed for the current tour and that they had leave until the 10th of September, when they were to report back for the first available flight that they could reserve for them to return to the States.

The leave time allowed Bill to visit a variety of his family friends in and around London. Turq bought a three speed British bike and toured about 400 miles from London to Edinburgh, Scotland.

59. Survival-Turquette.

Turq's adventures along the back roads and walking trails from London to Edinburgh were fully enjoyed. It seemed that the war was far away while riding on the easily peddled three speed English bike. It was the first time Turq had ever been on a bike that could be shifted up to three speeds. There were times when he could roll along at top speeds of thirty to forty miles an hour, on black top trails and roads, and then there were times when he went very slowly beside scenic streams and other sights, in order to enjoy every possible morsel of beauty. He stopped to make friends along the way and spent several nights in quaint lonely pubs in the back country. Everywhere Turq went was a new adventure and he found better food in the small habitats along the way. After a ten day journey to Edinburgh, he sold his bike to a soldier on leave, rested in a hotel for the night and took a train back to London the next day.

Turq arrived in London on September 9th, registered in the Cumberland Hotel, not knowing where to find Bill, and not finding any rooms in the Park Lane. He had a room on the second floor of a ten story hotel and didn't bother to go to the shelter that night. The next morning he reported to the embassy, where he found Bill waiting for him.

The two Ensigns were given their airline tickets from Bristol, England to Foynes, Ireland and on to Newfoundland and New York City. The two men had to buy civilian suits to disguise themselves from being military while traveling through neutral Ireland. They hurriedly bought pre-tailored suits off of racks in a department store near the embassy and went back to Turq's hotel for the night. Bill hadn't checked into a hotel, since he'd been staying with friends, so he joined Turq in his room for the night. The next evening, they changed to their new civilian clothes, checked out of the hotel, and took a

60. Survival-Turquette.

taxi to Victoria Station. They left London at 1900 on September 11th and arrived in Bristol at 2100, where they checked into the Heath Hotel for the night.

At 0900 on September 12th, Turq and Bill boarded the British Overseas Airways and flew to Foynes, Ireland, where they landed at 1200. The emerald green, for which Ireland is famous, lived up to it's name in all it's glory. The unusually bright sunshine, at high noon when the two men arrived, accentuated to the fullest, the already sparkling shamrock green. The land was lush with growth and thick ivy covered every wall. They had seven hours to enjoy the local people and scenery, but were warned not to stray far afield. Short walks around town and a full lunch of Irish Stew and potatoes warmed the men's souls. Later in the afternoon some time was spent joining the merry makers in a local Irish pub, before having to board another plane for the long trip across the Atlantic.

At 1900, a United States Export Airliner took off from Foynes' airport, carrying 13 passengers, two of which were Ensigns Turquette and Heller. After clearing the land areas and reaching cruising altitude of about 10,000 feet, two ladies opposite the two Ensigns revealed themselves as Princess Martha and Countess Regina of Norway. Astonishment showed on the two naval officers' faces and they didn't know just how to act, never having been so close to royalty, but it wasn't long before they relaxed, because of the warmth and friendliness of the two women. They were very lovely ladies who loved to play bridge, which they enjoyed with Turq as Princess Martha's partner and Countess Regina as Bill's partner for most of the trip.

Total flying time was 21 hours to New York, but it took 27 hours, with 7 hours on the ground in Newfoundland, for engine repairs.

61. Survival-Turquette.

The flight across the Atlantic was long and boring, except for short periods of card playing and getting acquainted with the two famous Norwegian women, that had fled from the Germans. There were other dignitaries, such as Colonel Hart, of the famous Dieppe, France commando raid, and some U. S. State Department officials. Turq and Bill acquired signatures for their 'short snorters' from everyone aboard. 'Short Snorters' were bills of money from countries collected as mementos, bearing signatures of passengers aboard the planes that flew across oceans, during the war. The derivation of the name 'short snorter' is unknown to the writer.

Some unwanted excitement occurred when the starboard engine on the plane started smoking about an hour out of St. John's, Newfoundland. The pilot managed to land the plane safely and without incident at St. John's. A seven hour 'lay over' was required in order to repair the damaged engine, while most of the passengers stayed aboard. Turq and Bill, however, explored St. John's, ate some good fish and chips and drank some American beer to pass the time.

When the engine was fixed, the plane was airborne again and on the last leg to New York. A little bridge playing filled the time the rest of the flight until the starboard engine started smoking again about an hour outside of New York. Once again, the pilot successfully landed the stricken plane, safely, this time, THANK GOD!, AT HOME! Turq and Bill were glad to set foot on American soil at La Guardia Airport, New York City, New York at 1500 on September 13th, 1942.

Bill took Turq to his parent's home with him to spend the night in luxury. The Hellers had a spacious apartment on Park Avenue with all the trimmings. Turq enjoyed a wonderful and elegant meal of broiled steak, potatoes, green peas and carrots with delicious hot coffee.

"Mrs. Heller, I believe this is the best food I've ever had",

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exclaimed Turq, as he savored every bite.

"Thank you, Turq, this is the happiest evening we've had in a long time. We are delighted that you could join us--Bill has spoken so highly of you--he really cherishes your friendship."

"This is really a treat for me and I can't thank you enough for your hospitality," answered Turq.

"Turq, I understand you are a Geological Engineer, is that right?", asked Mr. Heller.

"Yes, Sir, but I've never been able to practice my profession since the war interrupted my last semester of education."

"We will keep both you and Bill in our prayers to return home safely so that you can reap the benefits of your respective professions, when this terrible war ends--hopfully very soon--it doesn't look too good right now, however", remarked Mrs. Heller.

"Mom, you don't know the half of it--you wouldn't believe what Turq and I have already been through--and I can't tell you yet. All I can say is that everything's still classified, top secret. I can tell you this, though, if it hadn't been for Turq, I don't think I could have made it", confessed Bill.

"I can say the same thing about Bill", said Turq.

After the pleasant night at Bill's parents' home, the two men left New York by train at 0900 and arrived in Washington, D.C. at 1300 on September 14th. They reported to Naval Operations, in Washington, for temporary duty and were billeted at Anacostia Naval Air Station in the officer's quarters. For the next two weeks they were kept in a small room, under guard, where they had to reconstruct every move and event that they experienced during their overseas duty from June 27th to September 14th. From this comprehensive report was developed an extensive instruction manual for U. S. Naval Air Photo Intelligence.

"TURQ! TURQ! TURQ! COME ON, YOUR LUNCH IS GETTING COLD!", Marilu shouted.

"OH? SORRY, GUESS I'VE BEEN DAY DREAMING AGAIN", Turq responded.

With some difficulty, Turq managed to pull away from the old man's reflection in the mirror and identifying it with himself. The strong magnetism in his memory that had been drawing him back to 1942 when he was an Ensign in the Navy seemed more reality than the present. He had to say to himself, "Hey, guy, this is December 6th, 1988, your 69th birthday, and your wife is calling you to lunch--heave to, man, this is it--face it."

Turq grabbed Marilu around the waist, gave her a big hug and kiss, sat down in the pile of throw pillows padding the steel patio chair, and started munching on the grilled bacon and cheese sandwich. Marilu was giving him a treat today, his birthday, by making his favorite sandwich. The diet that they both had been rigorously adhering to was working somewhat, but both had hit a plateau that they couldn't seem to get below, so what the heck, why not eat a little fat food today?

"What do you want to do on your birthday?", asked Marilu.

"Nothin', really, just sit around, read and rest, I guess."

"Okay, I feel the same way, hope we can take it easy and no one comes over to break the spell."

"Wish we could just hop in the car, head out to who knows where and live it up for a couple of weeks, but, as you've always said, 'spit in one hand and wish in the other and see which one fills up first'", said Turq.

"Cut that out, you know there's no way--you can go if you want but I'm chained here to take care of mother and there's nothing we can do about it", answered Marilu.

For several years now, Marilu's 93 year old mother hadn't been

64. Survival-Turquette.

responsible--her memory in the present was shot--she could recall details in the distant past, however. Marilu and Turq couldn't leave the house for any time at all without worrying about it being accidentally set afire, since 'Baba' still smoked. Several problems had occurred with smoking and flaming wastebaskets and fires in the toaster, etc. One or the other would run the errands, being sure one or the other was at home all the time, except very early on Sunday mornings, before 'Baba' got up, they could take a chance for short drives and grocery shopping. This restricted confinement and lack of recreation was taking its toll on Marilu and Turq. At least Turq got out to the office down town to check on the sick oil and gas activity and discuss a few things with his past associates. Marilu, however, was 'baby sitting' her mother all the time and tending to her needs, with tender loving care. Marilu's big heart and love made her life more difficult some times, but Turq wouldn't change her loving qualities for anything.

Marilu's mom wasn't the only problem, there was the youngest grandson, James, now 10, who had to be picked up at school. James gets out at 3:30 PM every day except Wednesdays, when school's out at 1:30 PM and on Thursdays at 4:30 PM, when he has cub scout meetings. Their son, Jim, who will be 35 February 24th, 1989, works long hours, as a jeweler, and never gets home before 6:30 PM. He has a daily battle of fighting Diabetes, taking two to three blood tests and insulin shots just to function. It seems that he's always fighting infections of one or another and it's a wonder he does as well as he does. Jim has shown that he has a strong will and constitution and works harder than anyone else around. Phyllis, his wife, is 37 and has to drive 40 miles daily to teach Home Economics in mid-school, getting home between 4:00 to 5:00 PM. Her older son, Jason, 20, is a Marine.

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There was no way to conveniently leave the house for any length of time. Their friends and acquaintances can't understand why Turq and Marilu can't hire a nurse or housekeeper to take over so that they can 'go play' any time they want to. That always sounds easy to someone else, who doesn't have the problem and has plenty of money. Turq has been retired on social security for three years now, after the oil business 'went bust', for the fourth time during his life time. Marilu started getting her social security last year and , of course, 'Baba' has been getting her small check for thirty years. All together, they bank less than \$1,400.00 a month, which is plenty, if there are no emergencies or catastrophies. They have their house paid for, but make monthly payments on the car, insurance, credit cards, utilities, groceries, and other necessities. Marilu, never goes to the doctor, except the dentist when there is no way out. Turq has stayed clear of doctors, except for denistry, as needed on his partials, for the past five years. He could use a couple of hernia operations, so he could throw away his truss. Two previous hernia operations, broke loose over three years ago--he doesn't even go in for annual check ups, even though he also has some swallowing and elemination problems. 'Baba' gets a check up, every year or two, or as needed, and takes only half a blood pressure pill a couple of times a week, and sometimes an aspirin. Thank goodness for the lack of doctor bills.

Turq has Medicare and a supplement AARP insurance coverage and Marilu has an AARP group medical coverage for up to \$100.00 per day in the hospital, since she's not old enough for medicare coverage for two more years. The company that Turq worked for and still visits and advises, when asked, still carries medical insurance on him and Marilu, but because of the insecurity of the company's continuance, they have over invested in other coverage to insure them against

66. Survival-Turquette.

catastrophies, as long as they can pay for them. Even though they are getting along well now, they are 'walking a tight rope' financially, as they get older and older.

Lin, their daughter in Littleton, Colorado is 40, works at a regular job as an office manager. Her husband, Bob, is a manager at Federal Express and is active for his 20th year in the Air National Guard. Together, they make good money, above \$40,000.00 annually, but with huge house, car, insurance, and utility payments, not to mention costs of caring for two boys, Troy, 18, and tygh, 16, they just barely make it, after taxes. They are all blessed with reasonably good health, but dental bills and braces for both boys have been terrible. Because of unforeseen expenses that seem to arise, from out of nowhere, Marilu and Turq, chip in to help with what they can, from the small surplus Marilu manages to put back from time to time.

Turq and Marilu pay for James' lunches in school, not to mention a lot of extras that continually arise in his family, who can't seem to make it either. They are not resentful for having to continually support both their middle aged children's families, but wonder what it's going to take to make them self sufficient. They will have to be after their gone, and there is no way the children will ever be able to take care of their parents, should it be necessary. Like Marilu has said so often, " I'd bag lady it first before I'd live with either of my children." Turq feels the same way and hopes, somehow, that neither of them ever becomes dependent, like so many elderly in the present society. They continue to be thankful for each day to work out and try to find happiness in their modest good fortune. They accept their fate and do the best they can in their unsolveable confinement. They keep hoping to find someone, affordable, to help in their home, some day.

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Turq finished his sandwich, sipped his hot coffee, leaned back in his chair, left arm on the table and settled down to read the Tuesday paper.

"Marilu, the paper is thicker than usual today, must be the christmas advertizing."

"Yeah, and there seems to be a lot more news too. Earthquakes, super cold weather and airplane crashes seem too rampant, I wonder why that is?"

"I don't know, but it always seems to happen on my birthday--my brother always reminds me that the weather is always so cold that he wonders how I ever lived through it, when I was born. It is strange how a lot of things seem to happen around this time of the year, I guess I was the greatest disaster of all."

"Cut that out, Turq, you know that isn't true, quit feeling sorry for yourself."

"I'm not feeling sorry for myself, it's just a fact."

"I worry more about how our children and grandchildren are going to make ends meet in this expensive and violent world we're living in today."

"The new president has his work cut out for him, a huge deficit, debt, poverty, drugs and crime everywhere leaves much room for improvement, I don't envy his task. I hope he's conscious of the children's needs, education and poverty. No one can afford a college education any more--something has to be done to give everyone capable, the chance to get an education. Education and health needs should be free to everyone. Shelter and food must be furnished the homeless and poor, before we should do anything else. If we give everyone in this country respectability, the crime and drug scene should diminish. Free child care must be made available to every working parent. If we solve

68. Survival-Turquette.

these problems, productivity should increase, competitiveness internationally should increase and the old US should regain its leadership in the market place of the world and at home. I believe in productivity and surplus of goods being the answer to inflation and standard of living. There should be jobs for everyone, maybe we should go back to something like the CCC camps and WPA that put everyone to work during the depression of the 30's up until WW II. Maybe we should have a program, whereby young highschool teenagers can choose either civil or military service, say over a 5 or 6 year period, with the guarantee that they will be able to earn bonuses, from 2 to 5 thousand dollars for each year served and it can be used for college, trade schools, buy first homes, or go into business or whatever it takes to give them the initial chance to break into this highly competitive society. Everyone could relax then about their futures, as long as they work and meet the normal civil, moral and educational standards during their commitments. We sorely need some workable new ideas that give our young people hope in the real world to stop their desire to turn to unreality with drugs. I hear something like this is in the wind--I sure hope so."

"You said a mouthful, Turq, I fully agree with you and all we need is to have better people. Everyone is so self centered, greedy and uncaring these days, I don't trust or like anybody anymore and I hate myself for it. It's hard to laugh anymore, I used to have a sense of humor about everything and laughed about it all, but not any more, I feel like crying more than laughing--I hate it."

"I know, Marilu, I've reluctantly seen the change come over both of us. Our forced laughter has a hollow sound and we must find some way to be spirited and truly happy again--reflecting back on the mass destruction and horrors of WW II, helps some in my despair."

69. Survival-Turquette.

It was Monday, September 28th, 1942, at 1500, a cloudy drizzly day, when Bill and Turq reported to the Naval Air Station, Anacostia, D.C, as newly assigned instructors at the Air Photo Intelligence School. Colonel McCormick & Major Cox, two middle aged Marine officers, who had preceded them in training at Medmenham, welcomed them with open arms. Turq and Bill's return, meant that the two Marines could be relieved of their duty after the two Emsigns settled in and became seasoned in their respective jobs. Commander Quackenbush, of the Navy, was the officer in charge, he had been to Medmenham with the two Marines, and he had been looking forward to getting the two naval officers on his staff in order to train larger classes of intelligence officers, as soon as possible. Commander Quackenbush was the officer that recruited Turq, while he was at Oklahoma University. The Navy was searching out men all over the country that had training in aerial photo-interpretation. Turq, being in his last semester in college had taken courses for two years in geomorphology under the foremost authority, Dr. Melton. The professor in the geology school, had been contacted by the Navy to recommend students capable of being trained in the intelligence field. Turq was top of his class and that is how he got into the Navy.

Even before entering college, Turq had assisted an agent from the department of agriculture, during one summer, to check crops being grown by farmers in southwestern Arkansas, from aerial photos. He had learned to control his eyes to study stereo pair photos in the field, without using a stereoscope and to visualize three deminsional images. This became a very useful skill at that time and gave him an edge over other interpreters that could not employ the technique. Turq's semi-photgraphic memory was another plus to help him in his endeavor.

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From Monday, September 28th, 1942, until Saturday, May 22nd, 1943, Turq served as top instructor at Anacostia and also taught short courses in Advanced Intelligence Schools at Quonset Point Rhode Island and New York City. Turq's actual field classes in air reconnaissance flights over the northeastern industrial complex twice a week during that period, kept him hopping, to say the least. He was in constant demand and his schedules were exhausting.

Monday, March 1st, 1943, Turq was promoted to Lieutenant Junior Grade and he now wore one and a half gold braid stripes on his uniform sleeves and shoulder boards, silver bars on his collars and an American Theater of War and an European-Asian ribbon with stars. His base pay was raised from \$135 per month to nearly \$200.

Bill and Turq were still close friends but were not together much, in their respective jobs. Bill worked routinely as an instructor in technical aspects and never traveled outside the school. Turq was in and out so much that sometimes they never saw each other for weeks on end. Turq's reputation had grown to such an extent that many senior officers had been inquiring about him and were plotting to take him from his instructor job at Anacostia to join them on staff work that would lead to going into action overseas. As a result of this tug of war, Turq went to teach at an amphibious training school at Norfolk, Virginia.

On Saturday, May 22nd, 1943, Turq left Anacostia and told Bill and his other associates farewell. This was the last time he would see Bill and other friends there until the war was over.

Bill, a few month's later, was detached from his duty as instructor at Anacostia and joined an intelligence group in the south Pacific.

71. Survival-Turquette.

On Sunday, May 23rd, 1943 Turq reported to Camp Bradford, commanded by Navy Captain Whitfield. The duty was arduous, teaching map reading, air to ground intelligence, amphibious landings, jeep driving and even fox hole digging. The commando training in England came in handy while working in the real warlike training. His classes were filled with Air Force, Army, Marine and Navy officers. One of his special classes was filled with Admirals and Generals some of whom had taken a short course from him, in either New York or Rhode Island. It turned out that Admiral Moon, now one of his students, would request him to serve on his staff early next year.

The work at Camp Bradford was no fun, but very useful, and Turq was looking forward to getting other duty, anywhere, as soon as possible. He didn't like the Captain in charge and pictured him as Captain 'Bly' of Mutiny on the Bounty. Captain Whitfield was a passed over, 'would be Admiral', who took out his frustrations on any and everybody. Turq suffered his wrath many times for no reason at all. The first encounter occurred when Turq asked for leave, was refused, and got a 'spit spewing' tongue lashing, reminding him that young naval officers were too soft these days. He was never granted leave, nor were others, during their tour, from May 23rd, 1943 to January 21st, 1944.

Turq got a couple of breaks though, from the confinement at Camp Bradford, when he was ordered to the U. S. Atlantic Fleet as observer and instructor during infantry landings at Little Creek, Virginia. These were invasion exercises that had been practiced, in small scale, at Camp Bradford many times, but never on a realistic scale on beaches or with real troops and landing craft. Even though great discomforts were suffered while playing 'mock war', the exercises were exciting and instructive. A summer exercise, between August 23rd to the 31st, 1943 and a winter one between January 7th to the 14th, 1944, were at

72. Survival-Turquette.

least breaks of routine for the young Lt. (JG). The 'great day' finally came for him, when he left Camp Bradford on Friday, January 21st, 1944. He felt free and relaxed for the first time in many months. His return to Anacostia on the 21st shocked him, that he knew no one there, since all his friends had been 'shipped out'. He acted as guest lecturer, while awaiting further orders.

On Thursday, February 17th, 1944, Turq was detached from temporary duty at Anacostia and reported to U.S. Atlantic Fleet, Group 2, 8th amphibious Force, as staff intelligence officer. He left Washington by car at 0900 on Sunday, February 20th, arrived at Norfolk, Virginia and reported to the Naval Operating Base, Commander Amphibious Training Center, at 1700. He assisted in planning until Tuesday, March 7th, when his orders read, to report to Commander U.S. Naval Forces in Europe, Staff Intelligence Officer to Admiral Don P. Moon.

Sunday, March 12th, Turq left Norfolk by train at 1900 and traveled to New York City, arriving 0800, Monday, March 13th. He reported to the embarkation office for vessel, NY325, which turned out to be the USS AQUATANIA. He boarded the ship at 2030, which was filled, with nearly 10,000 passengers, mostly combat troops. The Aquatania was a plush cruise ship that could travel at speeds of over twenty knots. Without a convoy, The lone ship set out from New York on Monday, March 13th and zigzagged, in rough seas, successfully eluding the wolf packs of German subs, all the way across and arriving safely at Greenock, Scotland, Thursday, March 23rd, 1944. The only incident while crossing the Atlantic, was a near mutiny, by a platoon of black troops, who were so frightened by the rough seas, that they had to be subdued and confined.

Turq departed Grennock, Scotland, on Thursday, at 1700 by train and arrived at noon, in Plymouth, England on Friday the 24th.

73. Survival-Turquette.

The sun was straight over head, but its brightness was screened by gray haze, so that the fiery orb appeared to be only a benign pale yellow disk, floating in a sea of mist. Swarms of military personnel, British and American, were threading their way through the streets on foot and in camouflaged green and brown colored vehicles. Directly across from the train station were nests of sandbagged emplacements, holding 40 mm anti-aircraft canon, supported by 50 caliber machine guns. Everywhere, tethered barrage balloons, floated at variable altitudes, guarding the captured populace on the ground from hostile enemy aircraft that might sneak in, at night. Huge search lights were clustered around the ground strong points to help illuminate the targets flying in after dark. Even with defenses so dense, in and around Plymouth, the city was about fifty percent bombed out. Huge craters yawned openly to mark where whole city blocks of buildings once stood. Piles of concrete and steel rubble, 'bulldozed' from destroyed buildings, flanked the streets, as debris embankments, which confined traffic to narrow disty canyons that were continually being repaired.

Turq was met by a staff driver in a jeep, which transported him to a military compound, surrounded by barbed wire and tank traps, right in the midst of a heavily bombed out portion of the city. A complex of 'Quonset Huts' (low one story corrogated steel buildings, like long cylinders split in half, and laid on their flat cut sides, so that their curved metal sides could serve as roofs). These were the same types of buildings that Turq had been billeted in at Medmenham during his first tour of duty in England, but these were American versions.

The driver pulled up to the Administration building where Turq reported in and was immediately ushered in to an audience with Admiral Moon.

74. Survival-Turquette.

"Am I glad to see you, Lieutenant Turquette, we've been swamped with intelligence data and no one to help us--How do you feel?--did you have a good crossing?--can you go to work right away?", anxiously asked the Admiral.

"Glad to see you too, Admiral--good and yes to all your questions."

"GREAT! that's what I like to hear--knew you were the right man for us, all along--it took me too long to get you, so we'll have to make up for lost time. YEOMAN!, show Lt. Turquette to his quarters, get him settled, and both of you report back here to me, ON THE DOUBLE!, commanded the Admiral, while nearly wringing Turq's hand off in a hearty handshaking welcome.

"AYE! AYE!, SIR!", chimed Turq and the Yeoman, as they saluted and hurried from the room.

"Yeoman, Rice, you look beat, how's the duty over here?", inquired Turq.

"Sir, I've been goin' at it without much sleep for quite a few days now, the Admiral never lets up--I don't know how he keeps up the pace. The duty's okay, I guess, I like everyone I work with, but our hectic schedule and nightly air raids keep us from gettin' any rest."

"Ol' Gerry's still at it, huh?", remarked Turq.

"You bet he is, sir, you'll see for yourself tonight. Don't go outside when the raids start, the shrapnel will clobber ya--we've had several guys injured and one killed, just from the raining down of flak and metal fragments. We don't have an underground bomb shelter, we just cross our fingers, pray a lot and hope we don't get a direct hit."

Turq stowed his gear and wondered what would greet him in this new adventure as he hurried to report back to Admiral Moon.

75. Survival-Turquette.

Admiral Moon took Turq into a long room, about 30 by 15 feet, right next to his office. The walls had been surfaced with boards that were unpainted and semi-soft so that pins could be stuck into them. There were maps already pinned on the north wall, which showed a long sweep of coastline on the west side of France. The maps were covered with a clear plastic film that had been marked up with colored grease pencils. The east and west, long walls, were bare, while the south wall, separating the long room from the Admiral's office, was cluttered with a variety of paper notices. The one and only door was at the southwest end of the long room, next to the Admirals' office. There was only a thin partition separating the two rooms. Three long tables filled with 'captain's chairs' were placed in line, down the middle of the room. At the south end, a metal desk, with a typewriter and a tier of wire file baskets, filled with papers, sat next to six green metal file cabinets. Several spot lights in the ceiling and eight swivel desk lamps on the tables supplied enough light for every need.

"How do you like it, Lieutenant--this is your office and conference room?", questioned the Admiral.

"Great, Admiral, this will be the first time that I'll have enough wall space to lay out large photo mosaics and maps to study and brief from."

"Lieutenant, there are several thousand aerial photos, along with a variety of other intelligence documents, in those file cabinets over there and I need your interpretation of all that data and personal briefing as soon as humanly possible. I am assigning Yeoman Rice as your personal assistant along with a new graduate from Anacostia, Ensign Brogden, who's already here. He's out on an errand and should be back shortly. He filed all the materials over the past week, but I

76. Survival-Turquette.

told him to await your arrival before attempting any specific interpretations or evaluations. Commanders Thayer and Sedgewick, my general intelligence staff officers are also here to assist you as you are to assist them--they can bring you up to date on all the paper flow and underground activities."

"Thanks, Admiral, I'll get busy, go over everything and try to have some useable information as soon as possible, but would you please brief me now as to an over all view of what's going on?", queried Turq.

"We are planning the 'Overlord Operation', allied invasion of Europe and I am in charge of a thirty mile sector of landing beaches, to be code named UTAH--you will be responsible for all the intelligence information relating to that area and be apprized of the overall operation enough at all times to keep me properly informed. The Chiefs of Staff in charge of the whole operation will be briefed by you and me from time to time as the planning develops. The time for the invasion is still unknown to anyone but the top commanders and I am told it is still not actually decided, but will come very soon. Your office is off limits to anyone but your staff and my staff--no unauthorized people will be allowed in this office--there will be two marine armed guards on your door twenty four hours a day--all of us will have to identify ourselves, with code words and identifications changed daily. I'll leave you now and let you get to work--good luck."

Turq proceeded to open file drawers, lay out stacks of separate sorties of photographs, and organized the pictures for stereo viewing. He plotted the areas covered on the wall maps and started picking the best prints for building a mosaic of the entire invasion area.

"Here's a cup of fresh hot coffee, Sir", said Yeoman Rice, as he set the cup of steaming black navy coffee on the table before Turq.

77. Survival-Turquette.

"Thanks very much, Yeoman Rice--what's your first name--may I call you by your first name?", asked Turq.

"Certainly, sir,--Bob, sir, I'd like that".

"Ok, Bob, within this office and when we are working together closely, out of ear shot of the Admiral and other officers, it would be more effecient and relaxed if we dispense with navy regulations and call each other by first names. I would appreciate it if you'd call me, Turq. But remember we both have to shift back to formalities outside the office and anytime in the presence of other officers. I'm not sure how anyone else, especially the Admiral, would feel about this, so let's keep this to ourselves, okay?".

"Thank you, Turq, you can count on me, sir", agreed Bob Rice.

The two men methodically sorted the photos, pinned them on the west wall, with careful overlapping, until they had a duplicate vertical photographed area, matching the topographic maps, already displayed on the north wall. The task went fast, because of Turq's expertise and Bob's excellent help. They had a complete mosaic ready within two hours, before dinner time. Just as they put up the last picture, three officers entered the room.

"Are we glad to see you, Lieutenant Turquette!", greeted Commander Thayer, with his right hand extended, followed by Commander Sedgewick and Ensign Brogden.

"Thanks, gentlemen, the Admiral didn't give me time to breathe, so Yeoman Rice and I hopped right to it."

"My God!, look at that, you've already assembled a beautiful photo mosaic on the wall--how'd you do that so fast--it'd take me a week or more to do that and I'd probably have it wrong then", commented Commander Sedgewick.

"I'm afraid it would have been the same for me too--Admiral Moon

78. Survival-Turquette.

wouldn't trust me to do anything but file the pictures, even though I am a trained photo interpreter", jested Ensign Brogden.

"The 'old man' is hard as nails, a perfectionist, works like a dog, and is brilliant--he has an overwhelming responsibility, as we all do, getting ready for this thing--that about sums it up", quipped Commander Thayer.

"Lieutenant Turquette, I'm Ellery, may I call you Turq?", asked Commander Sedgewick.

"I'd appreciate that, I can't work very well around too much navy regs, thanks, Ellery", agreed Turq.

"Great, let's get on with it, I'm Robert Thayer."

"Thanks, sirs, I'm 'Doug' Brogden".

Everyone pitched in and helped Turq and Bob cover the new mosaic with clear plastic so that the area could be annotated with colored grease pencils, like the map on the north wall. As they finished, they were informed that it was time to 'chow down' in the mess hall. All the men rushed to the 'head', washed up and went in to eat.

The Admiral signaled the men to join him at his table as they entered the mess hall.

"How's it going, gentlemen--any progress yet, Lt. Turquette?"

"A little, sir, we've managed to get a photo mosaic finished on the west wall", informed Turq.

"You've finished it already, why that's magnificent, I didn't expect that to be ready for a day or two--I'll be in right after dinner to have you point everything out to me."

"That'll be fine, sir--look forward to it", answered Turq.

Everyone at the table 'wolfed down' their food, which was surprisingly good, consisting of Spam, fried mashed potatoe patties, baked beans and good old american white bread and black navy coffee.

79. Survival-Turquette.

The Admiral and four men paraded back to the office, exchanged code words and I.D.s with the guards and entered Turq's office.

"Lieutenant, This is wonderful", said the Admiral as he scrutinized the display of photos.

"I'm not completely familiar yet with all of the places and things on the mosaic, but expect to be shortly", explained Turq.

"Look here, are these casemates?", asked the Admiral.

"Yes, sir, that one holds a 240 mm long range gun with a 60 degree target area and a 15 mile range--it can hit targets within this arc", instructed , Turq, as he drew on the clear plastic with a black grease pencil, to outline the target area covered by the one big gun.

"Admiral, you might note that there are four such casemates within this one strong point, surrounded by 150 mm guns, 88 mm high velocity dual purpose guns, and supported by 50 caliber machine guns. The cement casemates have 13 feet of reinforced concrete in the roofs and the side walls, and they are deeply set into granite rock, about thirty feet under ground, where the crew's are quartered. I've already located seven such strong points guarding our beach area. Those fifteen foot trenches zigzagging around each strong point have barbed wire everywhere and mine fields surrounding that. The major strong points guard the entire landing area and the sea wall is filled with machine gun emplacements. That is a quick analysis from a cursory look, not to mention the beaches being filled with 'hedge hogs', other obsticals and cement pilings or 'stakes', some topped with mines, driven into the approaches--all of this area is below water at high tide", quickly informed Turq.

"Lieutenant, that's the best briefing and picture I've been given of the enemy defenses to date--I can really visualize the problem now--we've really got our work cut out for us. If you can keep me up

80. Survival-Turquette.

dated daily with every military move in the area, so that I can be fully informed, as we go along, I will be better able to plan with confidence and authority. After a successful landing, you, Lieutenant, will be in charge of the beach intelligence until the Army takes over, which will be after they have secured at least fifteen miles inland. You and Commander Sedgewick will go ashore daily and check captured defenses and gather all intelligence information and return to the command ship each night to brief me of our progress. I understand we will have three back up staffs, in case we don't make it, and we will have to prepare them to step into our shoes should such a catastrophe occur. I know how this sounds to you--it scares the hell out of me too--our only chance to get through this thing is to be thoroughly prepared and Lieutenant Turquette is the guy that's going to be responsible for that. I have a lot of faith in him--knew he had the right stuff in him when I took a short course from him back in camp Bradford and I understand Commanders Thayer and Sedgewick had his short courses in Rhode Island and New York. We are better prepared in this type of intelligence than any other staff, I can tell you that, and we'll have to try to help the others all we can too. I can't tell you how relieved I am, as I know, the rest of the staff is too, that you are on our team, Lieutenant, Turquette. I feel good about all the men on my staff--I've got the best bunch over here--now, gentlemen, let's get to work!"

Robert, Ellery, Doug, Bob and Turq, stood at attention and shouted, "AYE! AYE!, SIR!", as the Admiral exited through the door.

Turq, being verbally briefed by Robert and Ellery, on intelligence that they had examined from masses of written documents, would save him a lot of reading time, so he began directing Bob and Doug on annotating the photo mosaic, as he studied stereo pairs in detail.

81. Survival-Turquette.

There must have been twenty to thirty thousand aerial photos to be examined, so Turq started a first phase interpretation, by quickly scanning every stereo pair, not spending more than, perhaps five seconds with each. He used his own stereo vision, without a stereoscope, to do the first analysis--when he found something interesting, he would annotate directly on the photos, with a grease pencil, set that pair aside, to be worked in detail later. Doug Brogden was sitting beside him double checking everything. The separate sorties were dated and kept in time sequence, throughout the study, in order to note any changes that might have occurred, militarily or otherwise. By midnight, the two interpreters had worked through about a fourth of the pictures in hand and were completely exhausted.

"Doug, ya about ready to hit the sack--I'm bushed?", asked Turq.

"I thought you'd never quit--I'm cross eyed and exhausted."

"I think the Admiral's still up, I keep hearing someone in his office--hope he doesn't need anything more tonight--we have to ask him before we turn in though", commented Turq.

Commanders Thayer and Sedgewick and Yeoman Rice had been excused earlier, so the two men secured their work, checked past the guards and entered Admiral Moon's office.

"Admiral, do you need anything else tonight--we're exhausted--got through about a fourth of the pictures--may we be excused, sir?", questioned Turq.

"Of course, gentlemen, you need rest, you've had a long day and have made good progress. Thanks, go get some sleep--see you at 0800."

The young officers saluted and exited, with a sigh of relief, and found their way to their quarters in the officers' hut.

The officers' building was not plush like Medmenham's quarters were,

82. Survival-Turquette.

it was just an open building with two rows of single bunks, twenty on either side. Each man's gear was neatly stowed at the foot of each bunk, usually consisting of one foot locker and a couple of bags. One partitioned area in the southeast end, where the showers, wash basins and toilets were, was the only separated space within the long hut.

Just as soon as Turq and Doug stretched out on their bunks, air raid sirens began to screech and explosions cracked the air in ever increasing numbers, as the nightly bombardment got under way. Everyone in the room that were asleep, awakened, of course, lights were snuffed out and an undertone of conversations began to fill the room.

"What do we do, just sit here, and hope we don't take a direct hit?" asked Turq, as the roof noise began to rise to an ear deafening crescendo. Debris was raining down from the skys, clanking like heavy hail, as it bounced around, on the corrugated steel.

"Yeah, that's all we can do unless you want to run about half a mile down the street to the nearest underground entrance. It might be better down in the subway, but then it might not, and, of course you might be killed while trying to get there. The Admiral advised us to stay put inside the buildings--so here we are, like sittin' ducks, waitin' to be slaughtered", advised Commander Thayer.

"Well, I got somewhat accustomed to this the last time I was over here, and lived through it, hope I'm as lucky this time. I'm gonna cover my head and try to get some rest, good night, gentlemen", exclaimed Turq, as he covered his head with a pillow, as the ground shook and a large chunk of something almost broke through the roof.

The raid went on for a couple of hours before the 'all clear' sounded and Turq never heard it, since he was sleeping so soundly.

Six bells, and all was well, as the bugle sounded to wake the sleeping compound. Turq quickly got up, joined about ten others in the shower, shaved, dressed and went to the mess hall.

"Lieutenant Turquette!, here join me, I'd like you to make this a habit, to sit at my table, so that we can discuss things more readily. Did you get enough sleep?", queried the Admiral.

"Thank you, sir, and yes, I feel pretty good."

Rear Admiral Don P. Moon was a man in his late forties or early fifties, about six feet tall, weighed nearly 200 lbs, with graying thin black hair, short and neatly combed. His eyes were hazel, that peeked out intensely, from behind thin squinty lids, set in deep hollows on either side of a straight broad nose. His eyebrows were hardly noticeable, thin and grey colored. He had a firm jaw and strong chin which held his mouth in a straight narrow line across the lower part of his face. There were no smile lines around his mouth and only a hint of crow's feet around his eyes. He was a very serious, no nonsense kind of a guy, but was fair and likeable. Turq learned to respect and like him very much.

Lt. Commander Robert Thayer was about the same age and height as the Admiral, but was skinnier, weighing about 160 lbs. He had a friendly long wrinkled face striated with lines everywhere. He was heavily eyebrowed and had a head covered with thin wisps of balding brown hair. A long thin nose and a wide smiling mouth made you like him right away. He was a lawyer, by profession, and had worked in the FBI before taking a commission in the Navy. Robert was very bright, efficient and a workaholic, like the Admiral. He was a very nice guy and knew how to get the best out of everyone.

Lt. Commander Ellery Sedgewick, was much like Robert Thayer, the same age, but even thinner and more wirey. He probably weighed no more than

84. Survival-Turquette.

150 lbs for his six feet of height. He had the same kind of friendly wrinkled face, as Robert's, except that his eyebrows were very thin and unnoticeable, his nose was thinner and longer, but otherwise they might pass for twin brothers. Ellery had been an attorney too, but in a civilian practice in Boston. He was a fine man too, but a little more quick tempered, but very diplomatic and usually got his way.

Ensign Doug Brogden, was 22 years old, and was shipped out while his wife was pregnant and expecting in a couple of months. He was nearly six feet tall, a full head of brown wavy hair, smiling brown eyes, and weighed about 165 lbs. Dick was immature and shy, frightened and worried sick about being away from his wife and home. He was a very nice fellow, very agreeable but was finding it almost impossible to adjust to the hostile wartime environment.

Yeoman Bob Rice was about 21, with a thick shock of blond hair, 5 ft. 10 in. tall and weighed about 165 lbs. He had joined the Navy out of high school and intended to get his education and make it his career, but the war broke out before he could start college, so he was caught up serving as an enlisted man. Bob had a full face with a short stubby nose which separated two sparkling blue eyes under blond brows. His mouth was broad and was quick to laugh at every opportunity. Although Bob was athletic and strong, he was a good typist and clerk, from navy training. He was more mature than his years and highly intelligent. One day, when he finishes his education, he will make a fine officer.

Turq joined this group of staff members in eating a sausage, eggs and biscuits breakfast. The Admiral led a round table discussion of the plans, and problems confronting his command and briefed the men in details of what he expected of all of them, working as a team.

85. Survival-Turquette.

While eating breakfast, the Admiral's chief of Staff, Captain Tompkins, came by to meet Turq. He was a tall, about 6' 2", lanky man in his late forties, with dark brown balding hair, a hawk like nose and slits for eyes. He had a broad cynical smile with deep lines around his mouth. His manner and voice let you know he was in charge. He grabbed Turq's hand with a firm grip and shook his arm with meaning.

"Glad to have you aboard, Lieutenant--look forward to working with you!", exclaimed the Captain.

"Thank you, sir, glad to be aboard", Turq responded, heartily.

The Captain, whispered something into the Admiral's ear and spun around to exit the mess hall.

"Lieutenant Turquette, in my absence, you can depend on Captain Tompkins and take his orders as if they were mine. He is my closest confidant and a highly capable commanding officer in every way. He's ready for a promotion to admiral soon--I only hope that I can keep him with us for awhile longer, however. All the officers and men on my staff, have been hand picked, by me, and I am proud to have all of them serving with me during this momentous occasion. My success depends on how well all of you do your respective jobs. Now, let's go back to your office and see what you've done", explained the Admiral.

All of the men at the Admiral's table excused themselves as only he and Turq headed for the conference room.

"Lieutenant, you've really made headway, your annotations are neat and self explanatory--the landing area is very heavily defended and we've got to knock out the major part of their fire power, if we are going to land successfully on those beaches. I know you have a lot more to do before being able to maximize your analyses, but what have you learned so far?"

86. Survival-Turquette.

"Admiral, the entire Utah Beach area defenses have been well thought out and effeciently designed. The high ground, arcs around the beach and affords an ideal command for the 'strong points' to oversee all approaches from the channel. The low ground, east and behind the beaches, is below water level at high tide and can be flooded to inundate the lowlands for miles in every direction. The seawall holds back the water when the flood gates are closed. There is a thirty foot rise and drop between high and low tides, which leaves a mile wide dry approach from the water's edge and the sea wall at low tide. This, of course, exposes all the obstacles planted in the landing area, at ebb tide, and submerges them at high tide. We are going to have to clear paths through the mines and obstacles, if we ever hope to land safely on those beaches. If we land at low tide, our troops will be exposed for easy strafing for a mile, through mines and obstacles before reaching high shore. If we land at high tide, the landing craft are exposed to running into underwater obstacles and mines, submerged just below the surface, before they reach the shore near the seawall. I guess we are going to have to use 'frogmen' to clear paths, either way", explained Turq.

"That's a hell of a note, we're damned if we do and damned if we don't. Thanks for the briefing, Lieutenant, get back to it and let me know anything new that you find."

"Aye, Aye, sir!", answered Turq, as the Admiral exited the room.

Turq, Dick and Bob began plowing through the remaining stacks of unworked photos. It took two more days before all of the pictures were studied and annotated, just in time for a few thousand more, to arrive by courier. All military intelligence had been clearly marked and the men were routinely settling down to plotting new mines being planted daily and noting all military movements and changes.

87. Survival-Turquette.

Turq and his associates worked steadily during the next week to catch up and keep up with the incoming intelligence, which had increased to about 5000 photos and stacks of paper documents, every day. The five men worked every waking hour and had done a magnificent job of displaying, in large scale, the entire thirty miles along Utah Beach and up to twenty miles inland. Every military installation was clearly marked on the clear plastic, which overlaid the photos and maps. Every gun was counted and identified as to size and range. Every mine was marked and counted, within the minefields, along with every 'hedgehog' and all the barbed wire. Twenty-eight 240 mm guns had been identified inside huge cement casemates, four each, within seven 'strong points'; supported by fifty-six 150 mm guns in open sunken cement emplacements, at least one hundred and fifty 88 mm dual purpose high velocity guns, and more than three hundred 50 caliber machine guns, not to mention intermixed mortars and rocket launchers. All of this fire power was strategically placed within the 'strong points', each surrounded by deep tank trap ditches, up to fifteen feet deep, that zigzagged around the perimeters and were protected outside by row after row of concertina and barbed wire laced between steel 'hedgehogs' and a variety of other obstacles. Outside all this were minefields up to fifty feet wide. There were many other small individual covered cement gun emplacements scattered along the seawall and inland between the 'strong points', which could hold from 50 caliber machine guns up to 88 mm dual purpose guns. This was just part of what would greet our troops on land.

The beaches were filled with cement and wooden stakes, some with personnel 'teller mines' attached to the tips, rows of various, wooden, cement and steel obstacles, such as steel 'hedge hogs', 'element Cs' and tetrahedrons. All of the stuff was placed so that it

88. Survival-Turquette.

would be just below the water's surface, when the tide was in, and completely exposed when the tide was out. About a mile wide strip of beach dried out along its' entire length, when the tide was out. This, of course allowed the interpreters to see everything clearly and to know exactly what was there. In fact, the day to day aerial sorties allowed them to see the enemy build and place a lot of the obstacles and mines, and to keep up with them.

Turq had also arranged a smaller scale mosaic and map so that the whole front to be invaded, could be easily studied. All of France and Germany were clearly shown, so that military installations, industry, transportation, rivers and bridges could be clearly marked. Even rocket launch sites, refered to as 'ski sites', back in Germany were located and clearly marked to show the overall enemy defenses that the allies would be facing, if they advanced across Europe. All of the walls of the conference room were show places, clearly annotated daily so that the Admiral could keep up with every activity and understand all the intelligence going on. Admiral Moon was very pleased and invited all of the allied commanders to visit him, at their leisure, to see his 'war room' and to be briefed by his intelligence officers. As a result of this, Turq briefed a lot of the Allied Commanders, during the next couple of months. He was constantly at Admiral Moon's side and traveled with him to London for briefings, three separate times, March 30th to April 10th, April 13th to 21st, and again May 1st to 4th.

On the last trip to London, the Admiral informed Turq that he had officially been promoted to Lieutenant Senior Grade, to rank retroactive from March 1st. He happily reported to the doctor and passed his physical, so that he could accept the promotion, before the invasion. He now wore two full gold stripes and bars on his uniforms.

Ensign Doug Brogden became more nervous and worried, as the time for the invasion came closer. Doug's work was satisfactory, but he was having a hard time coping. This worried Turq and the others on the staff so they all spent a great deal of extra time trying to support Doug and allay his fears. He was only recently married and he and his wife were extremely lonesome for one another, especially since she was pregnant with their first child.

Turq protected Doug from taking and unnecessary risks throughout the rest of his tour of duty, hoping that he could return the young man safely home again, as soon as possible, so that he could live a normal happy family life when the war was over.

CHAPTER IV

Friday, May 26th, 1944, Turq requested weekend leave from the Admiral, so that he could unwind from all the pressure he had been under for the past two months. It was like asking the Admiral to cut off his right arm, the way he reacted. Turq knew this would be difficult, because he had encountered the same reactions before, when he asked for short leaves for Ensign Brogden and Yeoman Rice every other weekend. The Admiral always reluctantly let the men go, but only after strong insistence from Cmdr. Thayer and Turq that the men were 'burned out' and that leave would make them more effecient. The Admiral was paranoid about security and was worried that drinking would loosen the men's lips and might 'sink ships'. Turq understood, always agreed, but assured him that They were responsible and mature, so he would let them go over night. Now it was Turq's turn, since he was really 'burned out', not having had a day or night off since March 24th. He and Thayer had to reassure the Admiral about what he intended, that he would call in his location at all times, that he would not over indulge, be back before Sunday night and that Cmdr. Sedgewick would accompany him. The Admiral almost choked, but agreed.

Turq and Ellery drove off in a staff jeep and found their way to Bodmin, about thirty miles northwest of Plymouth, where they took lodging in a small pub in the village. they immediately called the Admiral to let him know where they would be for the night. The evening was filled with merriment, singing, dancing, eating and drinking. They were spared the air raid sirens and bombardment that night and slept more soundly than they had for months. The next morning was sunny and warm, which allowed the two friends to stroll the country side along Camel Creek. Birds were singing, which was the

91. Survival-Turquette.

only sound to disturb the tranquil silence and surroundings. They almost forgot there was a war on and that they were about to participate in one of the biggest battles in history. They even waded in the creek for about an hour.

"I hate to tell you, Turq, we've got to head back." announced Ellery.

"I know, a very short, but worthwhile vacation. You know, Eleary, if I ever get back home alive, I promise to never gripe about any hardships again. I've thought a thousand times about when I was a boy, during those depression days down on the farm in Arkansas. I'm telling you, I'd trade back right now, without a whimper. I haven't said much about how I feel about this invasion, but I'll tell you this, in confidence as a friend, I'm scared as hell. We've plotted all those defenses and mapped everything, coldly reporting it, but deep down inside all that time, more and more butterflies were filling my stomach. I tried not to show it, but all the time I was feeling inside just like Doug Brogden was acting outside', confessed Turq, as he slowly walked along with Ellery, back toward the pub.

About 1500, May 28th, Ellery and Turq checked out of the little pub at Bodmin, started their jeep and drove back toward Plymouth, arriving about 1600 and reported to the Admiral.

"Thank God you two are safely back--did you have a good rest?", asked the Admiral.

"Yes, sir, thank you, Admiral", answered Ellery.

"Good, lets' go in your office. I have some good news--super secret--we are going sometime between the 4th and 7th of June", whispered the Admiral.

"G.r.e.a.t.!", weakly exclaimed both men, as they exchanged worried looks, swallowed and tightened their stomachs.

92. Survival-Turquette.

"Marilyn, I must have dozed off, you know that I was teaching photo intelligence in Anacostia, D.C. on my 23rd birthday, December 6th, 1942, and was teaching at Camp Bradford, Virginia on my 24th, December 6th, 1943, and was in Bougainville on my 25th, December 6th, 1944, after having participated in the Normandy and Southern France invasions. I was back home and on inactive duty for my 26th birthday, December 6th, 1945, after touring the south pacific and participating in the Luzon, Philippine and the Kerama Retto-Okinawa invasions. So much happened so fast, it's hard to believe that it ever took place at all. Here I am, 69 years old, on December 6th, 1988, reflecting back on my life's story and finding it impossible to believe all the life threatening experiences I had while growing up, during the war, in the oil fields and just every day living. There's much bitter and much sweet and I haven't handled it very well, but I'll tell you this, I'm thankful for you and your love and for our children and their children's love and that I made it this far. I can't help but wonder what lies ahead but I've learned to quit worrying and fretting about it. I never knew what was best for us, always thought I did, but looking back, I never really knew. Maybe I could have made our lives more enjoyable, if I'd never chased so many rainbows in the oil business, trying to get rich. False values ruled me too much and I wish I had learned sooner about what really matters. It seems like I've spent a lifetime just stumbling around not knowing anything and trying to get through obstacles in a never ending maze. How worthless most of the effort I expended really was. I wish I could explain it all to our children and to all the younger people in the world, who are fighting the same battles, to somehow make their tasks easier. I also wish I could clearly tell them how crazy the world's been in my lifetime, to help them avoid such catastrophe again.", expounded Turq.

93. Survival-Turquette.

Gusty winds whipping the murky waters of the English Channel into 10 foot waves creating rough choppy seas under low swirling gray clouds, greeted the invaders at 0100, June 6th, 1944.

"Are we going or not?", questioned Admiral Moon, to himself, as he paced up and down on the bridge of the USS Bayfield. He was like a lion in a cage, after three intense months of preparation, he was exhausted and frightened, but was exhilarated from adrenalin gushing through his veins. His only relief would be to shove off and get it over with.

"Admiral, it doesn't look like someone up stairs likes us, with all this bad weather, but on the other hand it could be good cover for us, if we can make it", speculated Turq.

"You may be right, it could be a blessing--BY GOD, LET'S GO--COME ON, IKE--GIVE THE ORDERS!", shouted the Admiral.

It was another hour before they got the orders to go, everyone cheered, as they shoved off. There were over 6000 ships and landing craft in the armada that bounced, rolled and swayed through the unfriendly waters, on their way to invade Normandy, France.

The enemy knew that an invasion was eminent, having watched England's eastern shores become swamped with men and material over the past six months. What they didn't know was just where the allies would invade. Hitler was betting on Calais, France, but beefed up defenses along all the western French beaches, anyway.

The huge main landing force, headed for Normandy, while two smaller diversionary forces headed for Cherbourg and Calais, hoping to confuse the enemy. Over 5000 airplanes were warming up, all over England, to join the invaders, at first light. This is what everyone had been waiting for and working for, to pay back Gerry for all the destruction he'd already done in England and all over Europe.

94. Survival-Turquette.

As APA 33, the Bayfield, stopped forward speed, night vision allowed the men on the bridge to see dim silhouettes of ships and craft all around them. Silence prevailed, only splashing of the waters could be heard. The Normandy shore was slightly visible, a low dark line against the eastern horizon, as a faint glow began to announce the first light. This was where, in a few minutes, the invaders would meet the 'mighty Adolph', in all his might.

Overhead, black shadows with wings and droning engines, filled the skies, carrying every kind of device of destruction, to deliver to the shores ahead. As the first wave dropped their loads, the shoreline lit up with white, orange and red flashes everywhere. Sparkling white hot streaks sprayed up and out from explosions, followed by orange and red fires that belched boiling black smoke. The ground shook and the water vibrated from the rumbles and thunderous sounds. Bombers kept coming, one wave after another, thousands of them, nothing, it would seem, could survive on shore. WHISH, WHISH, WHISTLE, BLAMM!, as thousands of rockets were loosed from their launchers on ships. Arcs of trailing smoke marked the rocket trails from more than fifty launchers.

CA-WHAM, CRACKEL, WHISTLE, CA-BAM! announced the big naval guns from the battleships, cruisers, and destroyers. Even some six inchers blasted the area from the transport ships. Everything that could hit the shore, let loose. The air stank from sulfurous and phosphorous odors and ear piercing sounds masked all human hearing. Landing craft were slowly making their way toward the shore, as frogmen cleared paths through the obstacles and mines.

Over head, swarms of bombers were seen towing gliders and some flew low over the command ship.

"What in the hell are they doing, Admiral--we told them up in London it would be suicide to use gliders--every possible open landing area

95. Survival-Turquette.

has long wooden poles driven into the ground, spaced close enough to obstruct any possible safe landings, anywhere--why would they do this?", shouted Turq.

"I can't believe it, Lieutenant--you made it very clear to them", responded the Admiral.

Turq, bit his lip and cringed, knowing very well that a lot of lives were about to be lost needlessly, as waves of gliders continued to be towed overhead.

WHISTLE, SPLAT, CRACK, BANG, WHISTLE, SPLAT, CRACK, BANG sounds advanced the geysers that were showing up all around the ships. The enemy was still alive--their shells were living proof of it. How could anyone live through that bombardment? The shells were large and were hitting far beyond the two miles out, where the command ship was located. Turq knew that the long whistling sounds indicated low velocity and long range shells, probably from the 240 mm guns safely housed in their casemates of thirteen foot reinforced concrete ceilings and walls.

The first wave had just hit the shore at second light, the true dawn. Turq could clearly see, with his excellent night vision through his binoculars, geysers of sand and puffs of smoke striking the beaches where the troops were going ashore. More and more landing craft unloaded troops along the beach and they scattered up to take shelter in front of the seawall. Within an hour, hundreds of troops were ashore, setting up mortars and other equipment along the front of the seawall, as tanks and armoured vehicles assembled to advance inland. Enemy fire power was evident from the crackling and explosions all around. The invaders had to grope their way, while under enemy fire, as they crossed on high narrow roads, for about two miles, to avoid the inundated low swampy areas, and reach high ground.

96. Survival-Turquette.

General Collins' VII Corps and Barton's 4th Infantry Divisions battled rough sea landings, traversed miles of inundated marshy lowlands, survived stubborn enemy bombardment, and yet they quickly suppressed resistance, to such an extent, that the enemy could only deliver sporadic shelling of the troops swarming onto Utah Beach, by noon of the first day. Turq and Ellery were anxious to get ashore to check the captured enemy installations and to see for themselves how accurate they had interpreted them. Operations had gone right on schedule, with very few casualties reported, less than 200 out of more than 10,000 troops landed--much less than expected.

"Admiral, can Commander Sedgewick and I go ashore now, we can do a lot of work along the beach before dark?", questioned Turq.

"By all means, gentlemen, go get 'em, I'll anxiously await your report tonight. Be careful, don't do anything foolish."

"Aye, Aye, sir", responded both men.

Turq and Ellery 'girted their loins', checked their 45 caliber automatic pistols, camouflage colored overalls, helmets, gas masks canteens, satchels of rations, maps, supplies, and, of course, life preservers--it was a wonder they could maneuver.

"Ellery, I feel like a fat elephant, I don't know how our troops can manage with all this plus their rifles, ammunition, more rations and supplies than we're carrying", grumbled Turq, as he stowed his Commando knife in his boot, just before climbing down the rope net, to join a load of troops in a LCV landing craft.

"Hell I don't see how those poor paratroops can make it--they are loaded down worse than we are, have to squeeze into overloaded airplanes, fall out over hostile targets, fumble around to find their rip cords and hopefully land somewhere without injuries--I don't see how they manage it", remarked Ellery, as he scrambled down the net.

97. Survival-Turquette.

The LCV was bouncing and rolling on the rough seas, banging the side of the command ship, which made it very difficult for the two men to let go of the net, jump into the craft, remain on their feet, and not fall into the sea. Turq timed the rhythms just right and leaped gracefully into the craft, having trained to do this many times back at Camp Bradford. On the other hand, Ellery was frozen to the net, one foot dangling, touching the side of the landing craft gingerly each time it bobbed up against the ship, but he wouldn't let go of the net.

"HEY, ELLERY, COUNT DOWN WITH ME, WHEN I HOLLER ZERO, PUSH BACK FROM THE SHIP AS HARD AS YOU CAN, LET GO AND JUST DROP, TRUST ME, I'LL CATCH YOU", shouted Turq, with assurance.

"OK, TURK, I'LL DO IT!"

"3...2...1....ZERO!--LET GO!", commanded Turq.

Ellery pushed off, let go, and fell perfectly into the LCV, as Turq grabbed him to help him stay on his feet.

"WHEW!, t..h..a..n..k..s, Turq!"

"Nothing to it, after a little practice--I had the advantage of teaching this for several months, back in Camp Bradford--you did great for the first time--you wouldn't believe how some of my New York students never did learn."

The LCV shoved off and headed toward the beach, as Turq and Ellery squeezed through the troops to get back next to the coxswain.

"How ya doin', Lieutenant?--glad you came back here to help me find the right route", exclaimed the coxswain.

"You don't need any help, Kurt, I remember you in my briefings, you did great on your tests, but I'm here to help, if I can", responded Turq, as two geysers, with explosions, bracketed and drenched the craft about half way to the beach.

98. Survival-Turquette.

Everyone, soaking wet but not injured, ducked down into the LCV as they traversed the last few hundred yards to their landing spot on Utah Beach. A shower of high velocity 88mm shells splattered the beaches and waters for several hundred yards, just as Turq and Ellery's landing craft, dropped its ramp to unload. Everyone ran, stooped over, to the seawall and fell flat at its base, to take cover. The barrage continued for about ten minutes, then suddenly stopped.

"I think we can get up now", said Turq, as he lifted himself from the sand and brushed it from his face and clothing.

"I couldn't hear those shells coming--the geysers of sand and water are the only clues that you are being shot at before the sounds of explosions--I've heard about the subtleness of 88mm attacks--now I know what they mean", said Ellery.

"When you see dirt in the air--fall flat where you are--there's no warning--no time to take cover", confirmed Turq.

The two officers walked casually along the front of the seawall and reported to the Navy Beach Command Post. They were assigned a jeep, briefed where the captured areas were, and the two intelligence officers drove off toward St. Mere-Eglise, about five miles inland, behind the beach. The deep rutted muddy road, crowded with vehicles and walking troops, slowed Turq and Ellery's progress. It took about an hour before they reached the first big casemated 'strong point' that had been captured by paratroopers.

Turq drove the jeep carefully between flagged markers, followed a narrow trail that had been cleared, through the mine field, tangled wire and obstacles surrounding the heavily defended compound.

"It's so big, even though we measured it from photos, it's overwhelming how huge this damned place is", said Turq, in awe.

"I can't believe those paratroopers managed to capture this thing so

99. Survival-Turquette.

soon--the flame throwers did it, I guess", remarked Ellery.

"See all that black soot on the sides of the casemates and how blackened the interiors are--it's pretty clear that flame throwers did the job--that awful burnt stench is everywhere too", remarked Turq.

They parked the jeep in front of the first big casemate and the two men got out to investigate the first enemy installation.

"Ellery, hold the end of this and I'll check the thickness of the outside wall", said Turq, as he unreeled the steel tape measure.

"Thirteen feet and six inches", shouted Turq, as Ellery recorded it.

The men worked for about an hour noting everything, descriptions, measurements, amounts and kinds of ammunition, etc., etc.

Dirt started to spray the air outside the opening of the casemate and showered their jeep. Explosions and dirt geysers peppered the area everywhere, as Turq and Ellery settled down, drank from their canteens, chewed on some K-rations and waited out the bombardment. The large covered concrete casemate, housing a German 240 mm gun, gave a feeling of security to the two men, with its 13 feet of reinforced concrete roof and walls. 88mm shells bounced off the exterior, only knocking off small, two or three foot chunks, from the veneer of concrete overing the first level of steel reinforcing. In fact, they had noted earlier, that the heaviest damage done, from a direct hit, perhaps by a 500 pound bomb, was an indentation left from knocking off a ten by four foot chunk of concrete and reinforcement. The interior of the casemate was undamaged except for the burnt out part from flame throwers. On further investigation inside, Turq found wires hooked up to stacks of ammunition, probably a 'booby trap'. Incenerated human remains in the crew quarters, thirty feet below ground was grizzly testimony of the earlier horror. As soon as the barrage outside stopped, Turq and Ellery jumped in the jeep and sped from the area.

100. Survival-Turquette.

On the way back to the beach, Turq stopped to give a lift to a disoriented paratrooper stumbling along the road. He was half crazed and didn't know where he was. The 20 years old sergent was shocked into a state of frozen fear, his eyes bulged from their sockets like he had a severe case of glaucoma. The two white eyeballs were in a constant stare, looking out from a grease blackened face, and saw nothing. He mumbled and rambled to himself, holding his rifle closely, while peering from side to side, as they bumped along the rough road on their way back to the beach. Turq and Ellery couldn't really communicate with the young soldier, were a little uneasy about their own safety with him, and felt very sorry for him. They were very glad and much relieved when they safely returned to the beach and turned the sergent over to a medical team.

As the sun touched the western horizon, the channel water turned purple and the sky glowed with deep yellow and blue colors breaking through streaks of grey and crimson clouds. The two exhausted intelligence officers boarded the LCV and were glad to be returning to the ship. The trip back on calm waters was uneventful except for nearly colliding with a few boats and ships while trying to dodge the never ending stream of sea traffic heading toward the beach.

Up the ladder, salutes to the flag and deck officer, into the showers, clean clothes, and dinner in the wardroom--what a way to fight a war! The two officers felt deeply thankful to be able to return to their 'ship hotel' with its clean quarters and food. They also felt humble and guilty, remembering the misery and horror being endured by the troops on shore.

The Admiral was facinated by Turq and Ellery's briefing, asking them about every detail, and congratulated them on a job well done.

"You men did a splendid job of identifying the defenses so that we

101. Survival-Turquette.

were able to knock them out early and save a lot of lives. It's not the same on Omaha they haven't secured their beach yet and have had hundreds and maybe thousands of casualties. I've been told the Germans were really waiting for us there and no one knew it. You men had better 'hit the sack' early, so you can get a full day in tomorrow. I'd like for you to go as far as you can down the right side of the beach, get as close as you can to that little town, St. Marcouf, I think it is--I understand we took it today", stated the Admiral.

Turq and Ellery sat in the wardroom and talked awhile to the other members of the staff, all of whom, were also eager to hear their experiences of the day. They repeated their story again to the other anxious listeners in the dimly lit wardroom with its portholes blacked out. While they talked, dull thuds and cracks of battle on shore could still be heard.

When the young warriors left the wardroom and went out on deck to view the night scene, silhouettes of ships and craft could be seen everywhere. Fires and shell bursts dominated where Omaha beach was, about 10 miles to their left. Allied Bombers were blasting the cliffs behind Omaha Beach and rockets were still being fired from the sea. The war was very much alive on Omaha, but it was hardly evident on Utah.

"We were really lucky, Ellery, I sure feel sorry for those guys over there on Omaha", said Turq.

"Me too, I wonder what happened, why didn't they know what they were gettin' into--I can't imagine why they didn't know."

"Could be that the Germans sneaked stuff in there the last minute, maybe a panzer division got through undetected at night just before we landed--who knows--Let's get some rest." exclaimed Turq, looking up at all the barrage balloons anchored to the larger ships in the armada.

102. Survival-Turquette.

D+1, June 7th, 1944, Normandy, France, The sun came up in all its glory to give a clear view of what went on the day and night before. Ships and craft were scattered over a thirty mile sea front, scurrying about, leaving boiling frothy white trails in thier wakes to mark their paths. Many transports and LSTs were sitting a half mile from the water's edge, along the beaches, high and dry. Low tide had slipped the water out from under them, while they were unloading and left them as 'sitting ducks' for enemy fire--several were hit and set afire--but most survived to repeat their tasks. As soon as the water rose again, at high tide, and refloated the stranded vessels that survived enemy gun fire, they quickly shoved off, 'full speed astern' and headed back out to reload.

Marine engineers were speedily building jetties and sinking old ships, building pontoon causways, filled with cement, 'mulberries', and constructing artificial harbors to retain dependable water depths for unloading ships, to avoid having 'dried out' stranded ships trapped on the beaches again.

Normandy was busy, military vehicles, supplies and man power were pouring ashore by the thousands causing a traffic jam on the secured beaches. Of course, Omaha, was still in trouble, the enemy was still in control at the top of the cliffs. Beaches Gold, Juno and Sword, east of the Americans, controlled by the British and Canadians, were having logistic problems, but were making headway.

Turq and Ellery headed ashore early after daybreak on the second day and were bumping along the Utah beach front, northwestward, in their jeep, on the way to the first little town. As the two men slowly worked their way toward St. Marcouf, they stopped at every gun emplacement along the seawall and beach front, to gather data.

The sun was nearly straight up when the two intelligence officers

drove their jeep from the sands of the beach front onto a cobblestone street leading into a small village. Stuccoed stone walls, draped with vines, lined either side of the street. Bushy trees and shrubs stood up several feet higher than the ten foot walls, on which, their shadows made an interesting variety of patterns. Buildings with red clay tiles on steep sloping roofs, framed the buff and white stucco walls, to make a pleasant picture. The streets were deserted, quiet and seemed undisturbed.

"The Admiral said we took this town yesterday, but I feel uneasy, too quiet, no people--it looks like a quaint and peaceful place --but..," observed Turq, as he slowly and carefully drove the jeep down the main street, paralleling the beach. All of a sudden, the sound of machine gun fire, mortars, and general explosions split the silence. Dust and smoke boiled up from the next street on the left and debris rained down on the helmets and jeep of the two intruders.

"Hey, Ellery, let's get the hell out of here, fightin's still goin' on, we're out gunned with only our forty-fives", shouted Turq, as he quickly U-turned the jeep, sped from the town and headed back toward the beach. He didn't slow down until he hit the sand and had to reduce speed in order to traverse its irregular surface.

"Turq, those machine guns and explosions sounded more like German's than ours--I don't believe we've taken that town yet--we have no damn business takin' chances like that--I'm gonna double check with the beach command before we go off 'half cocked' like that again", exclaimed Ellery.

Sure enough, when they returned to the beach commander, he informed them that the town was still in German hands and that they should have told him where they planned to go, before heading out.

104. Survival-Turquette.

For the next 22 days, Turq and Ellery went ashore almost daily and surveyed the captured German defenses. They criss-crossed the beaches and inland up to fifteen miles, counted, measured and tabulated all the military data within their purview. The army had finally cut completely across the Cherbourg penninsula and were in control of the harbour itself. This allowed Admiral Moon to give up his jurisdiction to the army so that he could pull his staff out.

On Thursday, June 29th, 1944, the command ship, USS Bayfield, APA 33, pulled out with Admiral Moon and his staff aboard. Safely returned to Plymouth, England that afternoon, the Admiral assembled his crack team of seasoned top officers, which, of course, included Lt. Turquette and Lt. Cmdr. Sedgewick.

"Gentlemen, I congratulate you for doing a splendid job in preparing and carrying out the difficult task of successfully invading Utah Beach in Normandy, France, under very hazardous conditions. You acted in the finest tradition of the United States Navy and you can feel proud of what you've done. I know that all of you will join me in agreeing that Lt. Turquette and Lt. Commander Sedgewick performed above the call of normal duties and expectations. I'm recommending them for Bronz Star medals, with battle stars, for their brave and valiant daily risk of their lives in gathering intelligence from the enemy shore defenses, while under fire, during a twenty three day period. Their investigations contributed greatly to the success of our troops in being able to capture and knock out defenses. Lt. Turquette's outstanding work of informing all of the Allied Forces of his highly accurate intelligence interpretations of the defenses before the landings, contributed greatly to the success of the entire Normandy Invasion and the saving of thousands of lives. Utah Beach had the lowest number of casualties. The other beaches lost thousands of men,

105. Survival-Turquette.

while ours lost less than 200. There are nearly half a million men securely ashore now and we can go on to contribute to winning this war in another place. I will take the heart of my staff with me tonight to prepare another invasion--yet secret--so men grab your gear, I know you are anxious to join me in another great adventure", commanded the Admiral, as he pointed the the eight to join him.

Everyone was exhausted from their extended stressful efforts in Normandy and were hardly ready, much less anxious, to start another such adventure, so soon.

Turq and Ellery, now inseparable companions, joined the Admiral and a half dozen other officers, drove in staff cars to St. Mawgan, about fifty miles west of Plymouth. At 2200 the night of June 29th, they boarded a blacked out transport plane and flew south for nine hours, under the cover of darkness, arriving 0700 the next morning in Casablanca, French Morocco, Africa. At 0830, just an hour and a half later, they boarded another transport plane and flew east. Six hours later at 1430, they landed in Algiers, Algeria, Africa.

The afternoon of Saturday, July 1st was spent investigating Algiers and gathering intelligence documents and photos from an English intelligence center. Turq and Ellery had slept and rested enough, during the long flights, to have regained some energy, boosted by excitement and curiosity, by being in such an exotic place.

After finishing all the serious work that could be done, the two officers decided to explore Algiers' Casbah. The Admiral didn't like the idea, but decided he couldn't refuse them.

Turq and Ellery squeezed through the seething crowds of milling people in the exotic market place and were having a very difficult time enduring the strong stench that saturated the air.

"I know now why they wear turbans over their faces", quipped Turq.

"Right out of the Arabian Knights, but I didn't think about the odors being so rancid--wish we'd brought our gas masks", responded Ellery.

The two men were determined to see the famous place, so it took more than terrible stench to change their minds. People of every color and type filled the narrow streets from side to side. Tall black Moroccans wore tall red fezes with tassels, that made them seem even taller. Hawkers shouted about their wares piled high on tables under covered colorful cloth awnings. Whisps of smoke were everywhere throughout the bazaar, rising from burning chunks of mutton meat and entrails, being cooked over open fires and charcoal. The odor mix from people, animal, excrement, interlaced with burnt rancid cooking, combined to make a nauseating stench, like nowhere else in the world. Exotic women sang and beconed from second floor balconies bordering the narrow streets. Hobbled camels grunted in corners and open lots. Mangey mongrel dogs roamed everywhere, some knawed on carcasses and snarled at passersby. Birds of prey, pigeons, buzzards, and others flew in and out freely, pecking at dung, carcasses and debris. In contrast, colorful parrots, cocatoos and flowering plants on some of the balconies, brightened the dismal scene.

"What a place! I feel alien and a little frightened to be here--how about you, Ellery?", questioned Turq, as he glanced around.

Turq looked left, then right and then stood on his toes to look all around, while being bumped from side to side by the passing crowd, and couldn't spot Ellery anywhere in the dim shadowy light.

"E..L..L..E..R..Y!, ELLERY!, ELLERY!, HEY, ELLERY, WHERE ARE YA?", Turq shouted, feeling panic and desperation engulfing him.

Turq immediately started retracing his steps back to where they came in and no matter how hard he looked, he found no trace of Ellery.

107. Survival-Turquette.

He spotted a tall black Moroccan wearing side arms and a large badge of authority.

"Sir, do you speak English?--I've lost my friend", asked Turq, as he tapped the huge man on the arm.

The policeman jabbered something in French but made it clear that he did not speak English. He did, however blow his whistle, then smiled showing a broad mouth full of white gleaming teeth while jesting to Turq which he understood meant to stay there. Turq smiled back and made it clear that he'd not leave. In a minute, another taller black Moroccan came up, exchanged words with the first one and then turned to Turq and addressed him in melodious perfect English, "What can I do for you, Lieutenant?"

"Sir, I have become separated from my companion, a U. S. Naval Lieutenant Commander. We were enjoying the sites, walking along together a few blocks from here, when he disappeared. I've searched all the way back here, where we came in", explained Turq.

"I'm sorry, sir, this is a dangerous place, thieves and murderers are everywhere, worse since the war, not a good place to get lost in. We'll make a planned search, split up, and meet back here in half an hour. Sorry my man here can't join us, this is his post. I will alert all the other officers, at their posts, as I go along. Here's a map of the Casbah for you to follow--take this route that is marked in red --note it circles back here to the main gate. I'll cover the other part and we should find your friend by the time we return. Be careful and alert, I hope you have your piece with you, it might come in handy --Good luck, Lieutenant", informed the friendly policeman.

"Thanks, sir, I'll be very careful, I assure you!". Turq knew he didn't have his gun, but felt somewhat secure with his Commando Knife in his boot, as he quickly slipped into the crowd and turned left.

Turq followed dark narrow winding streets, crisscrossing and zigzagging through the north side of the casbah. He pushed, shoved and squeezed through the seething crowd of people, until he reached an almost pitch black alleyway. The crowds instantly changed to a scattering of eerie figures huddling and sneaking along filthy dusty plastered walls. The desperate Naval Lieutenant stood out like a sore thumb among the natives. A single spot of dim light, at the end of the street, made it seem like a long black tunnel, longer than it really was. Low voices could be heard in the shadows, as Turq hurried by, but nobody could be seen. All of a sudden, he instinctively quickened his pace, as the sound of footsteps followed him. He didn't dare look back, he just quickened his pace a little bit more. As he speeded up, so did the footsteps behind him. His fast walk became a jog, then a run, as the chasing steps matched his cadence. A surge of heat enveloped over his body, adrenalin quickened his heart beat, fear and panic gripped his mind, but his will was stronger and controlled it. Like a speeding bullet, the young naval officer fled from the dark alley, plunged into the lighted street and merged himself into the swarm of milling people.

"W..h..e..w!, b.a.r.e.l.y made it, THANK GOD! I'm gonna stay in the light, from now on", said Turq, to himself, as he exhaled the air from his lungs, feeling much relieved.

Whoever chased him, he hoped had given up, but he kept walking fast and jogging, just in case. As he jogged close to the wall, dodging the oncoming crowd, a door popped open and a sea of people poured out, timed perfectly to collide with him. Turq was knocked down and sprawled out flat into the middle of the street. Three of the other colliders fell to the street also. Turq shook his head to clear it from stars, looked all around, and to his great surprise and relief

109. Survival-Turquette.

recognized that one of the fallen colliders was his lost companion.

"Ellery, where in the hell have you been--I've been frantic--looked for you everywhere", questioned Turq, in a happy but irritated voice.

"I could ask you the same thing--no matter--you're here--thank God--let's get the hell out of this filthy place, responded Eleary in a calmer voice.

Frowns turned to grins on both men's faces as they grabbed each others hands, shook them vigorously, as happiness and relief turned into loud laughter. A circle of curious witnesses, around them, were caught up in the infectious laughter and started mimicing them. Everyone around joined in, until laughter filled the streets in all directions. The friendly Moroccan policeman that had joined Turq in the search for Ellery, heard the noise and worked his way through the crowd to investigate.

"Gentlemen, I see that you have found each other, that is good. Let this be a lesson, don't ever visit the Casbah without a plan to meet somewhere easy to find, in case you get lost. Keep the map I gave you, Lieutenant, should you decide to pay us another visit."

"Thank you, sir, for your support and able help--thanks again", said Turq, as he gripped the policeman's huge hand.

"What's that all about, Turq, I thought you were lost?", asked Ellery, as they walked closely together, back toward the main gate.

"Ellery, you just disappeared, where'd you go?"

"Turq, you just disappeared, I looked around, couldn't find you, so I joined a guided tour through a residence and whore house. Knew you'd be ok and we'd find each other. It worked, didn't it?"

"Y..e..a..h, it sure did", Turq said w.e.a.k.l.y.

The two men, once again, were thankful for small favors and didn't wish to pursue the matter any further.

110. Survival-Turquette.

The two intelligence officers wasted no time in getting back to their temporary quarters. The British officers' compound, a large comfortable private home, confiscated by the Algerian government, was converted for their use. The night was pleasant with star lit skies and warm gentle breezes. Strong odors of jasmine and plums, filled the balmy air around the patio garden, making it a delightful contrast to the casbah.

Turq and Ellery sat at a table on the patio, sipped warm beer, laughed about their casbah adventure, and enjoyed the comfortable surroundings. The plush quarters sat high on a hill, which commanded a spectacular view of the city. The Mediterranean was calm, a few ships moved about, with only barrage balloons tethered along the harbor to remind them of the war.

"This is really nice, I could enjoy staying here for awhile", exclaimed Turq, as he pulled a ripe juicy plum from a tree overhanging their patio table.

"Me too, but I'm afraid we're off early tomorrow morning", said Ellery, as he pulled off a plumb too.

Turq savored the fresh fruit, taking small bites and making its delicious flavor last as long as possible. He had just finished the rare dessert and discarded its seed, when Captain Thompkins appeared at the doorway with Lt. Charles Burwell.

"Good evening, gentlemen, may we join you?"

"Please do, Captain", invited the two officers, standing up and offering two chairs to the Chief of Staff and Burwell.

"Thank you", said the Captain, as he sat down and ordered a beer.

"What's up, Captain?", asked Ellery.

"Well, as you know, we're pressed for time to prepare another invasion on the south side of France. Important material hasn't

111. Survival-Turquette.

arrived yet so that we can properly start our work. APA 33 is slowly making its way down from England but won't be here for several more days. As you know, a lot of things that we need are on our command ship. Aerial photos and other documents, that were supposed to be waiting for us here, haven't arrived yet. This has made the Admiral very worried and increased his stress. You two officers and Lt. Burwell will have to wait here to gather all the missing intelligence, which probably won't arrive until Monday or Tuesday. The rest of the staff, including the Admiral and myself, will fly to Naples, Italy tomorrow, Sunday. Contrary to your written orders, you will follow my verbal orders and fly over on the first available air transportation, after you complete your task here. We will do all we can in Naples to organize and make your jobs easier, when you arrive next week. I don't have to tell you to be careful, you three are very capable men, so good luck and we'll see you again soon. The Admiral sent you his best, he's resting and won't see again until you arrive in Naples."

The Captain left the three men at the table around 2200, so they continued to sit and drink beer. The harbor view of twinkling dim lights that escaped the blackout below was a relaxing scene. They discussed the change in plans and speculated on what was ahead. A sudden relief and slight lift of pressure was felt, since they were left to do as they pleased, for the next couple of days.

"I hope the Admiral will find some time to relax too, I wonder if he knows how, I've never seen him slow down, he works all hours night and day. His seriousness was an asset that paid off in Normandy, but it took its toll on him. His eyes are blood shot and deeply sunken from lack of sleep and worry. The burden of his responsibility has prematurely aged him. Of course, we have lost weight and don't look too good either, but we have fun and relax, when we can", said Turq.

112. Survival-Turquette.

The officers, numbed by several beers, left their table around 2400, found their rooms and had no trouble falling asleep. The next morning greeted them, by an English Sergeant waking them and announcing breakfast would be ready in about thirty minutes. The men quickly showered and shaved and joined the others for breakfast, much refreshed.

"Good morning, Yanks, did you bloaks rest well in your quarters last night?", inquired a British RAF Lieutenant.

"Quite well, thank you, sir", responded both Americans.

"Please join me here at this table, I'm Le'f'tenant Cromwell, been billeted here for quite awhile now. Hear you chaps had quite a go at it in Normandy, good show."

"Not too bad, but we are sure beginning to enjoy these plush accomodations and our overdue respite", answered Ellery.

As much as the English officer tried, he couldn't get any information about the war out of Turq, Ellery or Charles, so they just enjoyed pleasant 'chit chat' and exchanged a few jokes.

"Cromwell, can you tell us where we might enjoy a little safe recreation around here?", inquired Turq.

"Of course, I recommend a secluded officer's club tucked away at Tamarara Cove. We have drivers here that will take you there and bring you back. It is an exclusive club, very safe and secure."

"Sounds great, when can we go?", anxiously asked Charley Burwell.

"I'll make the arrangements for you and will have a driver ready whenever you wish."

"How about in an hour?", asked Turq.

"A car, with driver, will await you at the main door about 1000 hours," informed Lt Cromwell, as he excused himself from the table.

Turq, Ellery, and Charley finished and returned to their rooms.

113. Survival-Turquette.

They got their things, then went down stairs to await their car. After about ten minutes, an open British Command Car pulled up, driven by a black Moroccan British Sergeant.

The trip to Tamarara was along bumpy and dusty roads, down hill at break neck speeds that kept the passengers holding on for their lives. The final mile was down a twisty narrow road along a steep cliff that led to a palm laden oasis. Nestled within lush green growth, at the end of a long narrow cove was a broad whitewashed stucco building. It rambled among the palms and looked like many rooms were tacked on, as an after thought. Outside patios with white tables, chairs and umbrellas, were full of happy male and female occupants. When the car safely stopped under the canopy, the Americans, relieved, jumped out.

"Thanks, Sergaent, we really appreciate you bringing us, I understand you plan to stay and take us back, right?", asked Turq.

"My pleasure, sirs, I'll be here waiting, when you wish to return."

"Great!", both men responded, as they went inside to check in.

The day was greatly enjoyed by Turq, Ellery and Charles. They swam in the clear warm waters, enjoyed the company of several happy girl bathers in the water and on the crowded beach. They drank Tamarara Specials, a mixture of rum and cognac, most of the day. No matter what they ordered, martinis, whiskey sours or even beer, the Arab bar tender poured their drinks from the same two brown bottles, which always turned out to be Tamarara Specials. They got intoxicated more than enough, from the bitter mixture, danced with friendly girls to tunes from a juke box, laughed a lot, and had a relaxing good time. They hated to leave, but had to return to Algiers, before 2400. Although they relaxed all day, they were ready for sleep and turned in, as soon as they returned.

114. Survival-Turquette.

Monday morning, July 3rd, 1944, after a good night's sleep and breakfast, Turq, Ellery and Charley were sitting at an outside table, reminiscing, inhaling sweet odors of jasmine and eating fresh plums.

"I feel guilty sitting here in this beautiful villa, in the lap of luxury and thoroughly enjoying myself. I can't forget the days at Normandy when so much human misery ran rampant. I keep remembering when my good friend John Teeter, Captain of LST 477, waved at me from his bridge, as he passed about 50 yards off our starboard bow. As I waved back, a thundering crackling explosion lifted the ocean into a huge 50 or 60 yard mound that burst open with fury and gushed upward, spraying torrents of water in every direction. I saw John's ship break in half and separate, as it was tossed into the air. I saw John tumble down after it. He fell in between the two broken parts of his ship and into the gap of angry debris filled water. A rescue mission was quickly launched and successfully picked him up, still conscious. Both of his legs were shattered and shortened by the fierce impact of upward force that broke his ship in two. A stray floating mine caused the catastrophe. The area had been swept clear of mines and had been used daily by heavy sea traffic. When I first saw John, his feet had been driven nearly up to his knees. I was horrified, felt so sorry, and didn't know what to say to him. I knew he must be cringing from intense pain. John, who was a big man of 250 pounds and about 6'6" tall, looked at me from his stretcher and forced a smile, then said, 'Thanks, Pal, guess they shrunk me down to your size--huh!' What guts, attitude and sense of humor at a time like that. Then there was the young paratrooper we rescued, remember him? I can't forget our dead and wounded either, even though we had much less than the other beaches. I can't forget the hordes of tattered prisoners that lined our beach, staring in hopeless despair, wanting to surrender. Their

116. Survival-Turquette.

A DC-3 took off from Algiers at 1100 hours, Monday, July 3rd, 1944 and headed due east along the northern coast of Africa. The three intelligence officers were sitting in the cockpit with the pilot, the rest of the plane was full of cargo. Turq, in the co-pilot's seat, while Ellery and Charley were behind. All of them had a good view from the 'hot house' canopy. The pilot was a U.S. Navy pilot, Lieutenant Bob Young. Bob handed Turq a National Geographic map of the Mediterranean area and asked him to help him navigate.

"Bob, I've never flown over this area before, but I'll do my best. Ellery and Charley, you guys double check me, ok?"

The plane flew low enough to recognize all natural and man made features on the ground. It was a beautiful bright sunny day and everything seemed peaceful. The sea was azure blue glistening on the port side below, while in contrast, the buff desert colors dominated the land to starboard. Occasionally, a spot of green marked an oasis and broke the monotony of undulating desert. The dry land against the sea marked the way clearly as Turq spotted each settlement and carefully identified where they were.

"Bob, haven't you flown this route before?", inquired Ellery.

"Oh yes, many times, but I like to have someone check me, thought you guys wouldn't mind."

"Of course, we don't mind, we are enjoying it, appreciate you asking us. By the way, do we have any fire power aboard, in case Gerry shows up?", asked Turq.

"No, it wouldn't do us any good anyway, since we'd have to shoot through the sides or out the door. We decided to just take our chances flying so low and slow that we'd have a chance to emergency land on a flat spot or crash land on the sand, if attacked. Our fighters along the coast can be alerted quickly by radio and would come to our aid

117. Survival-Turquette.

and would be our best armed defense. Don't worry, I've never had a problem yet. In fact, our best defense is our slow speed, about 150 knots, Gerry's fighters pass us so fast, they can't get a bead on us."

The lone plane slowly flew about 400 miles along the north coast of Africa, noting the many colorful and historic spots, such as, Constantine, Bizerte, and Tunis, Tunisia. They crossed about 200 miles of open water to Sicilia, and skirted another 200 along the north side, passing by Palermo and Messina. Mt. Etna was erupting, steaming and smoking, with molten fiery lava slowly spilling over its sides.

"Wow, what a sight, to think I'd ever be lucky enough to witness Mt. Etna erupting, I can't tell you guys what a thrill this is to me" exclaimed Turq.

"That's great--you being a geologist, would like that. Is that thing going to explode, is it dangerous from here?", remarked Eleary.

"I don't think so, but who knows, you remember Pompeii's story don't you? Old Vesuvius is unpredictable for sure, but I'll bet you a good beer that it will erupt soon too, since Etna is doin' its stuff right now," informed Turq.

The plane hedgehopped northward, along the rugged west coast of Italy, by Vesuvius, which was smoking, and landed safely at Naples, after the six hour flight. The sun was just touching the sea on the western horizon, which was turning the sky to crimson and orange, duplicating itself on the surface of the azure to purple waters.

The three weary travelers disembarked from the plane, gathered their gear and packages, boarded a command car and headed into the darkened Italian city of Naples, for another adventure. Hundreds of barrage balloons guarded the harbour and city to remind them that the war was still on and much work for a new invasion was still to be done and awaiting them.

118. Survival-Turquette.

"Marilu, I've got to move, I'm gettin' stiff loungin' aroun', think I'll take my walk, maybe it's not too cold. I've thought through my military service up to arriving in Naples, to prepare for the Southern France Invasion. Some of the details are missing or blurred, but the scenes that I do remember, are as clear as if they were yesterday. Today, December 6th, 1988 is about 44 1/2 years since that event, it's amazing how well I can remember so clearly after all that time, when I can't remember what program I watched on TV last night--I'm gettin' senile, I guess."

"No you're not, Turq, you've always been that way, since I've known you, I don't think you've been senile all your life."

"I don't know, maybe, all I know is that I've never been able to remember names very well, and like you say, immediate things seem to fail to imprint my mind. I have to be relaxed and under no pressure, to recall past events. However, I attribute some of this problem with when, Bill and I were in England in 1942, taking Commando training. They made us practice burrying events of intelligence importance in our minds, so they wouldn't even surface under torture. They demonstrated that if you are put under stress, pressed urgently with threats, your brain automatically seals memory into the subconscious mind. We practiced doing this with much succes, I was good at it, so good, in fact, I've never been able to turn off the command. I've always blanked out things that I am very familiar with, if orally pressed too quickly for the answer. Hours, days or weeks later the answers occur to me, when I no longer need them. Anyway, I've always thought the Commando training magnified my ability to seal short term memory, which has handicapped my civilian life, ever since.

"Maybe so, Dear, that happened before we met, but a lot of people, that didn't have that training, are that way, it could be a trait."

119. Survival-Turquette.

As Turq put on his hat and coat, grabbed his new walking stick and started out the door, Marilu kissed him and told him to be careful.

Back in Naples, Italy, the three intelligence officers were let out of the command car at the entrance of an ancient drab and damp stone building. Deeply etched into the dirty stone arch over the door, barely visible in the early evening light, read, 'NAPOLI PRIGIONE'

"NAPLES' PRISON!, HEY, DRIVER, YOU' MADE A MISTAKE", shouted Turq

"No, sir, this is the command headquarters, where Admiral Moon's staff is. This is an old prison building, hasn't been used as a jail for years," assured the driver.

"I'm shocked, it looks like a dungeon, I don't think I'm goin' to like working in that dismal place," informed Turq.

The officers reluctantly gathered their gear and parcels, treaded slowly up the steps and entered the ancient jail. As the Marine guards passed them through the entrance door, the interior was no more inviting than the exterior. Dim lights, shadowy high arched stone walls and ceiling, gave the two officers an eery, chilly and dismal feeling. The Admirals' office was about 50 yards down a narrow dark tunnel-like passageway, which could have been lit with ancient torches, for no more light than there was everywhere. They entered the Admirals' office, which was brighter, but still too dim.

"Am I delighted to see you gentlemen, we're far behind, we sure have a lot of work to do. Your offices are together right next to mine, right through here," stated the Admiral, as he got up to show the men through an arched doorway to his left.

The room was huge, at least 50 feet long and 30 feet wide. Ceilings were over 20 feet high and strung with a web of electric cords, from which naked light bulbs and extension plugs hung down, everywhere.

120. Survival-Turquette.

Turq, Ellery and Charles placed their packages on a table and their gear on the floor, just as Ensign Brogden and Yeoman Rice came in.

"Greetings, gentlemen, have a good trip?", asked Bob, as he saluted, as an honorary gesture.

"It was very interesting and uneventful, I'm glad to report. How was your's?", responded the two officers, saluting back.

"We were buzzed by a German fighter over Tunis, don't think he fired at us, he was goin' so fast, thank goodness, he must have had a better target or out of ammo, don't know which, just glad he passed us by", reported Bob.

"Doug and Bob, it's sure good to see you, how about bringing us up to date." asked The two officers.

"Sure, first of all, we 've been working night and day, as usual, getting things ready for you. The worst part was finding enough material to build the walls for hanging maps and mosaics. We scrounged scrap wood from all over. We couldn't find anything easy to stick pins into, but we can hammer small nails into the wood okay and we have plenty of them, we'll just have to make do. I must tell you that the Admiral has been in a terrible mood, fretting and worried far more than I've ever seen him. He fears we are going to meet much stiffer resistance down here than we did in Normandy and thinks everyone is misinforming him. He's been waiting with bated breath for your arrival thinking that you will tell him we are facing disaster, but will find someway around it. All kinds of underground reports have warned that Hitler has ordered several fast panzer divisions down this way. We've got only a few weeks to do here what it took us months to do in preparing for Normandy. The Admiral fears we are going in poorly informed and half cocked, so his fears are overwhelming him. I hope you can calm him somehow, I'm afraid he's heading for a breakdown."

121. Survival-Turquette.

"Thank you for your candid report, Doug, it seems that the Admiral's worries have spilled over onto you too much. Take it easy, my friend, we'll whip out these photos and reports and start grinding out the truth in no time, with your and Bob's able help. Let's get started!", said Turq as he began ripping open packages.

Within the next five days, the intelligence officers evaluated about 20,000 aerial photos and a pile of documents. Mosaics and maps were annotated clearly and the war room was up to date with briefing material. The Admiral was still a nervous wreck and no matter how the staff tried to reassure him that things weren't as bad as they seemed, he was not convinced. After three weeks of grueling work in the damp dungeon environment, six of the intelligence staff, including Turq and Ellery, became ill with high fever and diarrhea. The very sick men were moved into isolation in another building blocks away, to prevent the spread of illness, should it be contagious. This event really put the Admiral in a terrible state of mind and Captain Tompkins had to do a lot more of his work.

The sick staff were in a hot damp bare room next to a dilapidated toilet with contaminated water. They couldn't keep any kind of food on their stomachs, there were no doctors around, so they just lay there suffering. After five days, getting weaker without food and not enough drinkable water, a priest came by and managed to find a case of warm beer to feed the men. It seemed like a miracle, because they all began to improve enough to hold some food down the next day. They moved aboard APA 33, immediately, when it arrived. In cleaner quarters, they recovered faster, after the doctor prescribed paragoric.

A horrifying shock overwhelmed the staff when the Admiral committed suicide, by shooting himself in the head, with his 45, the night[?] of August ~~4~~⁵th, 1944.

122. Survival-Turquette.

Captain Tompkins called an emergency meeting at 0800, Sunday morning, August ⁵~~13~~th, 1944.

"Gentlemen, it is my solemn duty to inform you that our beloved Admiral Don P. Moon, took his own life around 2400 hours, last night. He had been suffering excessive stress, as you all know, and his untimely death will be a tragic loss and handicap to all of us as we start another dangerous mission. The Admiral was convinced that we are being drawn into a trap and that we will experience a great defeat and bloody disaster when we invade south France. In spite of Lieutenant Turquette's insistence that all the enemy defenses around our beach area show little or no sign of activity, indicating that they may be abandoned, the Admiral was certain that we were being fooled. Our underground intelligence states that several panzer divisions are being shifted south and this in itself is enough to be weary of. Therefore, I am ordering everyone on the staff to look again and be certain we haven't missed something. All targets are clearly marked and we will throw everything we've got at them, whether occupied or not. We must secure the beach area quickly in order to land our tanks and troops so they can meet the threat from the north as soon as possible. We will land the 36th armoured division at St. Rafeal, France at dawn the ~~day after tomorrow~~, August 15th, ready or not. In the absence of our Admiral, please support me as your new commander, in every way possible. I will need all the help you can give me and with the Grace of God, may we be successful and suffer minimum losses. Thank you for all the good work you did in Normandy and have done here. I salute you, dismissed", commanded the Captain.

Turq and Ellery remained, since the meeting was in Turq's office, used as a conference room.

"What a shock, I didn't think he was that bad off", said Ellery.

123. Survival-Turquette.

"What a tragedy, he was a great man, what a waste and what a loss, I just can't believe it. You know, Ellery, he came down to my cabin ^{the} ~~last~~ night, ^{before} about 1600 and asked if I had anything to read--he knew I read mysteries--he picked out an A. Conan Doyle book, one of several I'd checked out from the ship's library--don't know which one. I remember how subdued he seemed and I asked if he'd like to talk or if I could get him anything else. He just shook his head and said, quietly, 'thanks'. I'll never forget that defeated look on his face. I felt so sorry for him. I'll really miss him. We have to pick up and go on and do our best, I know he would have it no other way. You know, I feel sorry for poor Captain Tompkins, but I believe he can handle it, he's not as intense as the Admiral was. May The Good Lord help us, we are in a dangerous situation, if the enemy has tricked us", recited Turq.

"Well, you said a mouth full, my friend. Here we are, still weak from that dysentery the 'doc' said we had, we both are skin and bones in not too good a shape to meet our adversary. I know the shape we are in didn't help the Admiral's state of mind. If I were in charge of this 'mangy' crew, I might feel inclined to do the same as he did --just kidding, of course", remarked Ellery.

That night, August 13th, the invasion armada was anchored in Naples harbor, with barrage balloons floating above every ship. Gusty winds began to blow, low black clouds boiled furiously as a storm moved in. A bombing attack was feared, after the shipping build up, not having had but a few sporadic attacks, since they'd been there. Lightning bolts began to strike the balloons, one after the other, with loud cracks of thunder. What a sight to see the sparkler effects, down the cables to the ships and the collapse of the balloons. The storm completely cleared the area of its barrage balloon canopy, as if it had been planned by the Germans. APA 33 upped anchor around 2400.

124. Survival-Turquette.

APA 33's diesels hummed in powerful rhythm, reaching a high droning level, the decks vibrated from the resistance, as its 8500 horse power slowly moved its 7650 tons of displacement in reverse. The command ship backed out into deeper waters, loaded with hundreds of troops, but without its Admiral. The night was pitch black, winds and rains had stopped, all the barrage balloons were gone, having been destroyed by the lightning extravaganza. Operation Dragoon's name had been changed to ANVIL consisting of General Patch's US 7th Army, Truscott's 6th Corps, followed by General Lattre's 2nd French Corps, including a 5000 man paratroop group. Admiral Hewett was overall commander of the naval forces. General Daniels' 3rd US Infantry, General Eagle's 45th Infantry, and General Dahlquist's 36th Infantry made up the invading forces. Three beaches, (Red, Blue and Gold,) spreading from St. Rafael to the east for about thirty miles, were the targets. APA 33's staff commanded Red beach. Four battleships, 20 Cruisers, 31 destroyers, 7 escort aircraft carriers, with 216 aircraft, made up the main naval forces. Although, this was a formidable force, it was only a fraction of what landed in Normandy.

At dawn, Tuesday, 15th of August, 1944, the bombardment started. Every naval gun blasted the targets that Turq and Doug had marked clearly on their maps. Thousands of rockets arched over the landing craft, Bombers dropped their loads on the targeted defenses and paratroopers were dropped behind the landing areas. A highly orchestrated and coordinated attack, was followed by waves of landing craft. Troops spilled out over the beaches and into the town of St. Rafael. An occasional shell, from shore defenses was lobbed into the shipping area with very few hits. Less than a dozen enemy aircraft flew overhead and all were destroyed. By 1000 hours, it was all over. No more resistance was encountered in the beach area, and enemy troops

125. Survival-Turquette.

were waving white flags, giving up faster than they could be captured.

After lunch, Turq and Ellery went ashore, joined by Lieutenants Burwell, McGowan and Allan to help speed up their investigations. When they landed at the docks of St. Rafeal, everywhere, was rubble and debris, but many buildings were left standing, as planned. Only identified defenses were targeted for destruction. However, the broad random shelling damaged some. The two intelligence officers, spent the day examining the cement shelters, used for gun emplacements, there were no casemantes like they had encountered in Normandy. Lots of cement structures, were found, but only a few actually housed guns. It was as Turq had suspected, most of the defenses had been abandoned. The resistance was very light and only 186 allied casualties were reported in the entire invasion. It was later learned that Hitler had pulled out all crack troops except one panzer division and seven poorly trained divisions from the entire southern French coast. He was busy beefng up his divisions in the north to counterattack the fast moving allied forces. The Lufewaffe was crippled seriously by the bombings from Normandy and nearly all ground transportation routes had been knocked out, which slowed down the ability to defend effectively all across France and Germany.

Turq and Ellery knew that the remaining dangers ashore were reduced to land mines, booby traps and snipers. As they approached the main buildings of the first street behind the beach, a three story structure, about 200 yards ahead, turned into dust and rubble, right before their eyes. The earth shook from the feiry explosion and they dropped to the ground, as dust and debris fell all around them.

"Damn! We'll have to be super careful because of booby traps and mines", shouted Turq, as he raised his head. "AMEN!", chimed Ellery, Charles, Harold and Allan, getting up and brushing themselves off.

126. Survival-Turquettte.

"Ellery, remember that huge 'strong point' with 240mm gun casemates in Normandy, that we investigated on D-day? It blew sky high from the explosives booby trapped inside, the very next day. To think that it acted as our protector, while Gerry's 88mms were shooting at us, our feeling very secure under that 13 foot reinforced concrete roof. All that ammo stacked in the rear, wired to go up the next day--we really lucked out. Let's don't risk going in anything down here that might be filled with rigged explosives. I recommend we be extremely cautious and only do what we must, minimize adventure, this time"

"I couldn't agree more, let's get our work done and get the hell out of here", said Ellery, as everyone shook their heads in agreement.

The officers watched where they stepped, more carefully than they ever had before. When they examined the interior of a gun emplacement, they made sure it was free of wire and explosives. Mines, of course, were a hazard anywhere that hadn't been 'sapped' and marked as safe. They just had to take their chances in most places.

After 30 days, Turq and Ellery had covered all beaches and inland up to 15 miles. Occassional snipers, mines and booby traps kept them alert. The biggest surprise was when they reached the city of Cannes and everybody greeted them as the liberators. The streets were filled with civilians waving flags and many girls hugged and kissed them. They enjoyed several hours in Cannes, thoroughly enjoying themselves, never seeing another American. As it turned out, allied troops had by passed the city, completely isolating it and had never really captured it. Two days after Turq and Ellery drove away, as victors in Cannes, the allied troops moved in for a formal surrender. It was learned later that many German soldiers were still in the city, having changed to civilian clothes, awaiting the chance to surrender. They'd lucked out again on entering an uncaptured town.

127. Survival-Turquette.

"Turq, I think somebody upstairs is looking after us, when I think back about Cannes and St. Marcouf".

"Dumb luck, if you ask me, just like our low losses, our intelligence helped a lot, no doubt, but mainly it was dumb luck. I think, the Germans are just dumber than we've been so far. You know I keep bragging about our low casualty figures and want to take credit for it, but I want you to know that I feel that one death is one too many. Those guys that died, gave their lives valiantly, as victims of all our ignorance, greed and hatred, it will be in vain, no matter what happens, because mankind will never learn to live peacefully together, it seems", replied Turq.

At sunset on Wednesday, September 20th, 1944, the command ship weighed anchor and headed east, back toward Naples. All aboard were very relieved to have finished another job, well done. They all regretted that Admiral Moon wasn't with them 'in body' to share in the joy of his staff's success, but they all felt that he was with them, 'in spirit'. When the ship anchored in Naples' harbor, the next night, the staff was sound asleep.

Friday morning was a beautiful sunny day, when Captain Tompkins congratulated all the staff on another successful mission and granted everyone leave for up to five days, if they wished it.

A couple of days after, Turq and Ellery toured Pompeii, they watched Vesuvius erupt in all its violent glory, like a reenactment. They viewed the awesome sight at a safe distance, as they traveled up the west coast to the outskirts of Rome. The grandeur of the Mediterranean coast and splendor of the setting, viewed from afar, was magnificent, but up close, poverty and filth ruined the enjoyment of it.

"I wonder how this all might look during peace time, I hope I can return to see it clean and prosperous sometime", remarked Turq.

128. Survival-Turquette.

On the way back to Naples, the last day of their tour, Wednesday, 27th of September, the two tourists stopped for refreshment at an Italian bar. The bar sat precariously on the edge of a steep cliff that overlooked the sea, only 20 miles north of Naples. As they were eating and drinking and entertained by a small band consisting of a drum, piano and violin, the door swung open and in walked two American soldiers. Turq looked up and couldn't believe his eyes, they looked like two cousins of his from Dallas, Texas.

"Jack, Raymond, is that you?", inquired Turq, as he stood up and cautiously greeted the two men, as they passed his table.

"My God, is that you, Alvin?", Jack asked in amazement.

The three men smiled and wrung each other's hands and embraced in disbelief, not having seen one another for years. Everyone joined in drinking cognac, eating pasta, and enjoying remembrances for the next few hours. Jack was a Captain and Raymond a Sergeant in the army. Jack was an engineer, built roads, bridges, etc., and Raymond was a foot soldier in the artillery. Turq invited them to join him for lunch, the next day, on his ship and they happily accepted.

The navy and army men departed with good byes and pointed their separate jeeps down the twisty road toward Naples. Jack and Raymond led the way and set a harrowing pace for Turq to follow. The army men turned off on the north edge of town, waving farewell as they faded into the night. The navy men continued down into the city and to the dock where their ship was tied up.

It was a quiet night and everyone slept well, but Turq was having some sharp pains from his two impacted wisdom teeth that had been bothering since Normandy. Even so, the discomfort didn't keep him from enjoying his cousins, as they visited him for lunch on the ship. Ellery had excused himself and went to visit friends that were

129. Survival-Turquette.

supposed to be in Naples. A lot of kidding in fun was exchanged by the three cousins, except when the ship would not allow the sergeant to eat in the officer's wardroom. Turq took exception to the rules and complained to the Captain, but to no avail. Raymond tried to make little of it and joined the ship's enlisted men in their mess, much to Turq's embarrassment.

Jack returned Raymond to his unit, after lunch, as Turq joined them, apologizing all the way. Turq did his best to make his sergeant cousin feel better, but it was obvious that some bitterness and resentment remained. Turq hated it, and never gave up trying to heal the wound that would remain. After returning Raymond to his tent quarters in the artillery unit, the two officers left to enjoy the rest of the evening together. Jack and Turq had always been closer friends and enjoyed each other's company, while Raymond was always a little distant. In fact he and Turq always fought as children, somehow they couldn't help but 'tick' each other off. This made it even harder to take now, when they were mature men and risking their lives in the worlds greatest conflict. Turq kept feeling guilty about how he could go back to clean quarters on the ship and eat good food, while Raymond lived in the mud and discomforts as a foot soldier. Jack kept trying to reassure Turq that everything was okay, and took him to meet some italian friends of his. Group singing and happy friendship filled the rest of the evening, after which, Jack, reluctantly returned his cousin Alvin 'Turq' to his ship at the dock.

"Thanks, Jack, for the tour and fun evening, but I can't help worrying about Raymond. Wish I could do something for him and make him a better friend, as we've always been, but I guess it just isn't in the cards--take care, cousin", said Turq. He shook hands, said good bye, climbed the ladder and returned to his clean quarters on APA 33.

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Sunday, October 1st, 1944, APA 33, freed from the lines of the dock, shoved off from Naples, Italy. The captain pointed the bow of the ship southwest and entered the Tyrrhenian sea. A scenic cruise would take them by the south coast of Sardegna, through the straits of Gibraltar, and across the Atlantic Ocean on their way to Norfolk, Virginia.

The trip was uneventful except for a couple of nasty storms, spotting a few menacing floating mines, and a few submarine scares. The attack transport ship was fast enough to out maneuver enemy subs, so there was very little risk during the 20 day crossing. The staff were kept busy standing watch to help the ship's company. Since the staff officers were not members of the ship's company, they were always resented by the regular crew, which made them feel as intruders most of the time. However, they tolerated each other, since they had to work together to survive the war and were all in the same navy. Sometimes it didn't seem that way to the staff officers, who always had to take second best.

The trip home rested the men, Turq had recovered from his wisdom teeth being pulled by the ship's dentist, during a rough storm. He and Ellery regained their strength and weight by the time they arrived at Norfolk on Friday, October 20th, 1944. Ellery left for his home back in New York, while Turq left to visit his brother, Atwell, who was a professor at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

When Turq returned to APA 33 at Norfolk on Halloween, Tuesday, his orders read, to report to Commander Group 7, Admiral I. N. Kiland's staff. The same ship, a different admiral, a new assistant, Lt. (JG) Robert 'Bob' Kelley. Bob Kelley was from Illinois, a tall suntanned lean athletic officer with close cropped curly brown hair, about 6' 1" and weighed about 175 pounds. Bob had a quick sense of humor and an engaging smile. His infectious laughter was contagious. He was a

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friendly likeable guy that could take care of himself and strengthened the staff with his competent intelligence work. Turq's load was considerably lifted with Bob's able assistance, throughout their pacific tour of duty.

Turq had reached the halfway point in his walk, about 2 PM, Tuesday December 6th, 1988. The wind was cold, temperature about 30 degrees and the sunshine seemed just a cold light. The cold bench even chilled him as he sat, so he unscrewed the handle on his new walking cane, took out the hidden flask and sipped a little Mogen David wine.

"What 'er ya' doin' there, ol' feller--havin' a little nip, eh?" chuckled a young 'yuppie', exiting from the office building.

"ya' bet ya' life, need somethin' to warm my bones, it's my birthday, ya' know," quipped Turq.

"That's a mighty fancy cane you've got there", remarked the young man.

"It sure is, a birthday present, see here's a compass and sundial in the upper compartment of the handle", demonstrated Turq as he unscrewed another section.

"That's the handiest walking stick I've ever seen, wonder where I could get one, I'd like to get one for my dad", asked the friendly fellow.

"Sorry, I don't know, my daughter-in-law ordered it from somewhere."

"Be careful, ol' fellow, don't sit there in the cold too long, even the little nip is limited in what it can do in this cold weather", warned the yuppie, as he hurried off.

The wine warmed Turq's insides, as he again, began reflecting back to his adventures during World War II.

CHAPTER V

At 2400, midnight on halloween, October 31st, the night was pitch black with dense fog blanketing the harbor. APA 33 sounded its shrill whistle, blew its low pitched bellowing fog horns, clanked brass bells, loosed the mooring lines, and slowly pulled away from the dock. The attack transport with its war seasoned crew and command staff aboard, headed southward from Norfolk, Virginia. This would be the last time they would see the east coast until the war was over. As usual, alone, the fast moving vessel slipped into the fog, navigated by radar, ran nearly at full speed along the east coast, without visual contact, until 1000 the next morning. Brisk winds cleared the fog and the sea became choppy as they passed about 50 miles east of Cape Hatteras.

"Full speed ahead", commanded the Captain, as visibility was no longer restricted.

"Captain Rogers, how long will it take us to get to Hawaii via the Panama Canal?", asked Turq, as he enjoyed watching the activity from the bridge.

"With good luck, we should reach Honolulu by the Saturday, 25th of November", answered the captain, as he ordered, "Right full rudder!".

While the invasion seasoned vessel zigzagged, at full speed southward, it stayed about 50 miles east of the coast, until it entered the Gulf of Mexico, where it passed between Cuba and the Yucatan Penninsula of Mexico. On November 8th, it entered the locks of the Panama Canal.

"Bob, look at those locks, I've read about this masterful piece of engineering all my life, but to be experiencing this is something else."

"Turq, I don't know how those guys did it, fighting malaria and the

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terrible jungle heat all the way. They lost a lot of lives building this thing, but I guess it's proving it's worth, now in war time."

"Hey, you guys, look--we've been raised up about 30 feet from where we were when we entered the canal", shouted Ellery Sedgewick

It was truly exciting to work up and down through the maze of locks cut through steaming mountainous jungle terrain and to later dock at Panama City. Turq, Ellery and Bob went ashore and and spent several hours enjoying the sights and entertainment of the evening. Early the next day they were out of the Canal and on their way northwestward toward Hawaii. The ship didn't even zigzag on the Pacific journey, even though there was a slight threat of Japanese subs, it just took its chances and went full speed ahead. The Admiral's staff spent their time studying volumes of intelligence documents and photos during their four hours on and four hours off watch schedules. The daily schedule included time for all kinds of deck games, such as volley ball, coits, shuffle board, and general exercise. Two four hour shifts were used to be at watch stations and one was for recreation. The meals aboard ship were nourishing and good, so by the time they reached Hawaii, all of the staff were 'fat, sassy, and bushy tailed'.

On Saturday, November 25th, 1944, APA 33 anchored in PEARL HARBOUR. The Captain's Gig transported Turq and Bob to shore, where they were escorted to officer's quarters. They had already received sealed orders to standby for first air transportation to a secret destination to be devulged later. All the two officers knew was, that they were to strike out separately from the Admiral and would meet him somewhere later in the south pacific. They were informed that no transportation would be available for two or three days, so they swam, surfed, sailed, fished, and partied every possible minute, while enjoying the most beautiful place they'd ever seen.

A repetition of the monotonous days before, Tuesday the 28th of November, 1944 was bright and sunny stirred by warm tropical westerly breezes. A string of billowing clouds loomed just above the western horizon to announce that they would be in Honolulu at the proper time to provide the usual afternoon showers. Turq and Bob Kelly stepped aboard a PBV-5-A Catalina at 1000 to start their long journey to the south pacific.

"Bob, look at that view, the chain of Hiwaiian volcanoes trending northwest to southeast. The oldest are to the north, while the youngest are to the south. The smoke over the biggest island of Hiwaii on the south end is visual testamony that it is sitting over the active submarine vent that gave birth to all the islands throughout geologic history. As the islands were born, the northwest one, being the first, sat over the same vent that is presently activating the volcanic eruptions where we see the smoke. Two pacific plates come together along a big fault beneath Hawaii. The northeastern plate is slowly moving northwestward and the southwestern plate is slowly moving in the opposite direction toward the southeast. Where these plates scrape together, has caused the creation of a string of separate volcanic atolls and islands, as the position of the vent remains stationary and the crust moves along the fracture over it. Thought, I'd just give you a little geologic lesson for the day."

"Turq, I really appreciate you explaining that to me, I never understood just what happened to form the Hawaiian islands. I knew they were old volcanoes, rising some 12 or 13 thousand feet above the bottom of the ocean, but never thought about them any more deeply than that. I know that volcanic soil is the richest kind to grow things in and I sure enjoyed all the beautiful lush growth of flowers, food crops and rain forests, in fact, I believe Hawaii is the most

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beautiful place on this earth. If I survive this terrible war, I think I'll come back here to live."

The PBY droned on out over the open ocean, flying at a low altitude of about 5000 feet. The sun, high over the port side, cast the plane's shadow to the starboard side. The reflected moving image made a clear silhouette on the sparkling calm surface of the ocean below. The body of the plane hung beneath a long single wing, which held its two 1200 horse power Pratt and Whitney propeller driven engines, allowed unobstructed views of the scene below, from side cabin windows, blisters, and the forward 'hot houses' where the pilots set.

"Hey, look, Bob, I think I see a very small dot up ahead, boy, that's a small island, wonder what that is?"

"I'll bet that's Johnston Island, we're supposed to drop something off there, I overheard the pilot say before we left. Look, there's a landing strip down there, I wonder if it's long enough for us, of course, we are in an amphibian and can either land on water or land, thank goodness", exclaimed Bob, as the Catalina slowed its engines and started to descend.

The sun was casting the plane's shadow almost directly beneath it, as it slowly glided downward while letting down the wheels mounted on either side of the hull. A smooth landing was interrupted only by a few bumps and straining forward of the passengers, as the liner slowed to a stop after noon at 1230. The plane taxied toward the single two story frame building where a signalman directed where to go. The pilot skillfully parked the plane and cut the engines.

"We'll be here about an hour, enjoy sightseeing, don't get lost", chuckled the pilot.

"You've gotta be kiddin'", laughed Turq, scanning the whole island, as he and Bob hurried to the building, hoping to find a cold beer.

Turq and Bob found some cold Stag beer in the cooler inside the building and helped themselves to two each. A table with an umbrella graced the smoothed coral sands out back, where they decided to sit in a leisurely fashion and sip their beers. A single palm tree next to their table added a touch of living green to the white desolate scene. Johnston Island was a white coral sand atoll that barely pierced the surface of the peaceful pacific ocean, located about 800 miles southwest of Honolulu. The air strip ran the full length of the small island, which rose only 10 to 20 feet above sea level. You could stand anywhere and survey the entire island.

"Boy, I don't envy the guy's who have to serve here...what happens when a storm comes by with 20 to 30 foot waves...sometimes even 50 foot waves...I guess it just washes everything away and you have to start over again", remarked Bob, while sipping and savoring his first beer.

"Those ships and sea planes at the dock testify that they're always ready to evacuate during stormy conditions. It's pretty obvious too why the buildings are sitting up on pilings about 20 feet above the ground. This desolation would get to you after awhile, but you'd just have to adjust to it, like you have to in so many things in this war", remarked Turq, as he started his second beer.

All of a sudden, the ground shook and rolled making everything seem like it was sitting on jello.

"MY GOD, I THINK WE'RE HAVING AN EARTHQUAKE!", shouted Turq, while standing up, trying to balance and holding onto his beer.

"WHAT THE HELL CAN WE DO...IF THAT VOLCANO UNDER US ERUPTS, WE'VE HAD IT, PAL," Bob shouted back.

The whole island could collapse into the sea, winds picked up and a deep rumbling sound announced possible doom.

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"Let's get back to the plane, that's the safest place, it floats and might be able to take off before the whole island disappears", directed Turq, as he quickly headed back, followed closely by Bob.

The ground seemed to drop or rise under every step, causing unsure footing as the two men walked, jogged and ran back to the PBY. They sprang up the ladder into the hull of the big plane and found the pilot and crew ready to start the engines. Everyone on the island were exercising, in reality, their emergency drills. Buildings were being evacuated, and people were running to their respective emergency stations aboard ships and planes. The PBY-5A taxied out onto the tarmat runway and wasted no time in taking off.

"W.h.e.w...I'm glad to be up in the air again", Turq stated quietly and prayerfully, while looking back to see if the island was still there.

There were more 'whitecaps' and surf radiating around the island than usual, visually stating that something was going on underneath. As the plane headed toward the Marshall islands, about 1500 miles to the southwest, the two intelligence officers settled back into their seats and thanked their lucky stars that they weren't caught up in a violent eruption from the submerged volcano. Johnson Island sits precariously anchored to coral growth rooted to the volcano's rim.

"HEY, GUYS, I'VE JUST HEARD OVER THE RADIO THAT EVERYTHING'S SETTLED DOWN BACK AT JOHNSTON...EVERONE'S BREATHING EASIER BACK THERE NOW...WE SHOULD REACH KWAJALEIN ISLAND IN ABOUT SIX HOURS...JUST TAKE IT EASY". shouted the pilot Captain of the airship, hoping he could be heard over the drone of the engines.

"GREAT NEWS...THANKS, CAPTAIN", acknowledged both intelligence officers.

Once again, Turq felt he'd survived another near carastrophy.

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As the PBV-5A sailed through the heavens peacefully, Turq and Bob played cards, discussed the war and wondered what new and dangerous adventures were awaiting them in the Pacific. The six hour flight brought the naval officers safely to Kwajalein where they disembarked from their transport at 1830 on Wednesday, November 29th, 1944. The two men were assigned accommodations in a wood frame bunk house, where the windows were just screened openings covered by long wooden hinged shutters that closed the entire walls when let down. Each bunk had its own canopy of mosquito netting for extra protection from the hoards of always ravenously blood thirsty insects. After stashing their gear by their bunks, the two adventurers went looking for food and drink.

"This is not my idea of a vacation place, not like Hawaii, I've got a feeling we're going to have to exercise more patience, will power, and care in order to survive in these South Pacific jungles", remarked Bob, while slapping his face to scatter the swarm of insects.

"You can say that again, but from what I've heard, it gets worse where we're heading", assured Turq, while walking along and using his cap to slap through the hovering swarm of gnats and other aggressive insects in the air.

The two men filled themselves with good food, served in the mess hall, while exchanging war stories with the seasoned jungle fighters assigned there. The night was quiet and a restful sleep was enjoyed by all, however, waking up in sweat was going to take some getting used to. The next day was spent in touring the island and waiting for other air transportation. At 2100, Thursday night, November 30th, the two intelligence officers boarded a fully loaded A-20 light attack bomber. The versatile Douglas DB-7 was powered by two 2000 h.p. Pratt and Whitney radial prop driven engines, which hung down from the single straight wing that was mounted amidship on top of the hull. Forward

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and rear greenhouse blisters afforded unobstructed views for pilots and gunners at either end of a cigar shaped housing that sat on top of the hull over the wing. The larger body of the plane hung down below the wing and another large blister was in the nose, below and in front of where the pilot sat. The large protruding nose blister in the most forward part of the main hull, had gun mounts and room for one man in a prone position. The forward gunner, by a mere turn of the head, could get a clear view up, down and sideways. This is where Turq decided to ride, since there was no gunner assigned to that location.

"Wow! this is great, I can see everything from here", said Turq to himself, as he climbed down into the nose.

"If you want to trade back and forth, Turq, just let me know", hollered Bob, as he sat in a jump seat behind the crew.

"Ok, we'll take turns, whenever you want to, just holler and I'll do the same"

The bombers powerful engines pulled the plane forward with such force, that it didn't take but a few minutes to reach flying speed and head southwest. The moon was bright and shone high over the port side, which allowed a black plane silhouette to traverse and reflect from the pale yellow and black sea. Turq had thoroughly enjoyed the excitement of seeing things from a different angle, such as, the tarmat runway speed beneath him, turning into a blurr before taking off and then seeing everything dropping away beneath the plane as it gained altitude. While lying face down in the foward blister, Turq felt isolated in a glass bubble that was being propelled by some powerful external force.

"HEY, BOB, YOU'VE GOTTA TRY THIS, I REALLY ENJOY SEEING EVERYTHING FROM DOWN HERE!" shouted, Turq, over the loud engines' roar.

"GREAT, LET ME TRY IT", answered Bob, unbuckling his seat belt.

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Bob climbed down into the nose while Turq took the jump seat near the crew.

"How'd you like it down there, Lieutenant", asked the pilot?

"Great, Commander, I never had the chance before, to lie down in the belly of a bomber and experience a takeoff...quite exciting."

"Let's see how your companion like's it as we buzz a few palm trees over that little island up ahead.

The pilot dropped altitude in a steep dive, flew right at the palms lining the beach ahead, jerked up just in time to miss the trees and then faced a more serious problem of a silhouette of hills, looming up clearly in the moon light, inshore a few hundred yards. The plane lurched upward so steeply that it seem to sit motionless at the top of the climb, then slowly dropped without enough forward motion to keep flying. The pilot gunned the engines just in time to take hold of the dropping plane and miss the ridges of the hills ahead. The plane then leveled off and continued flying level at about 2000 feet.

"HEY, YOU GUYS, WHAT HAPPENED UP THERE, ARE WE OK?", shouted Bob.

"YEAH, WE'RE OK, JUST WANTED TO GIVE YOU A LITTLE THRILL", assured the pilot.

"HEY, TURK, YA' WANTA TRADE BACK DOWN HERE?"

"SURE, BOB, COME ON UP."

The bomber continued on its journey, flying at low altitude, buzzing shipping and islands all the way to the Soloman Islands. At 0300, Friday December 1st, the adventurous flyers landed on the runway at the famous Henderson Field, Guadalcanal. The final major naval battle that semi-secured the island was just two weeks before, on November 14th and 15th. The japs were still 'hold up' in caves and scattered defenses all over the island. The plane unloaded supplies and refueled, while the two naval officers visited with the personnel and

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had some coffee, at the field. At 0600, after two and a half hours from landing, the bomber with its two passengers, took off, headed to the northwest, hedge hopped and zigzagged to evade anti-aircraft fire. A string of red hot tracers arced into the air behind and to both sides of the plane for about five minutes, as it successfully outraced and dodged the streams of hot lead. In what seemed like an eternity, the attacks stopped and the plane continued its flight up the Solomon Island chain, much of which was still occupied by the Japanese.

In less than three hours, the bomber approached the largest island at the northwest end of the Solomons, Bougainville. Ahead, Mt. Baibi loomed up precipitously to 8500 feet, with twin active volcanos, steaming, smoking, spewing and spilling red hot lava over their sides. The pilot put the plane into a steep climb until the active craters were in clear view, so they could enjoy watching the natural cataclysm, from a safe vantage point. The black basaltic volcanic mountains, rose almost straight up from the center of the broad island and ocean. The contrast of huge twin volcanic cones sticking up to, what seemed like much more than 8500 feet above sea level, with dense dark green jungle growth clinging to their sides, was an awesome sight. Turq's view from the nose of the plane was spectacular.

"What a wonderful and exciting event, how could I be so privileged as to see this from such a vantage point...and to think I saw Etna in Sicily, Vesuvius in Italy and now this in Bougainville...all erupting volcanos, for me to enjoy, like a textbook in geology in action", Turq remarked to himself, "It's unbelievable, but wonderful".

The bomber circled twice before steeply descending to land in a small jungle clearing, covered by steel matting. A hot fast landing on steel mats, through dense jungle, pumped more adrenalin into Turq's veins.

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When the bomber taxied over to the little quonsite hut and cut its engines, Turq and Bob were ready to get out but reluctant to embrace their new surroundings. The area around the air strip was so dense with dark green trees, grasses and vines that the menacing barrier of jungle all around the clearing hemmed in everything, except for one tunnel cut in the underbrush leading to the beach. The American foothold on the island was limited to a few miles along the south side of Bougainville. A wall of mountains, with the two active volcanoes, formed a spine along the middle of the 100 mile long island. A strong Japanese base and harbour on the north side was walled off, from the American beach head on the south side. The island was far from being captured, it was just generally in a state of toleration with both forces holding their respective positions. At night, Jap terrorist activities, such as individuals slipping into the American camp and cutting soldier's throats, while they slept in their bunks, kept everyone uneasy and on edge. In the daytime, sporatically strafed and bombed by both sides, kept the war going on. Inland along dense jungle trails hacked out by machetes each time the troops passed through, snipers, mines, booby traps, and occassional hand to hand combat kept the Australian and American Marines busy just trying to hold their own and survive. The jungles were filled with natural enemies of deseases, venimous snakes, lizards, insects and poisonous plants. The natives were friendly and helpful and posed no threat to either side.

Turq and Bob changed into GI issue khaki shorts hoping to better endure the 125 to 130 degree heat. It seemed that nature itself was rebelling the human intrusion and world blood bath. Everytime Turq went from the quonset hut temporary office to any other facility in the compound, he'd walk under the open air showers and drench himself to help cool down. To work in the steaming enviornment was very

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unsatisfactory and difficult at best. Sweat dripped on the aerial photos and the documents as the interpreters tried to study them. The intense heat was suffocating and drained one's strength. As Turq and Bob inspected the captured defenses within the captured area, they wondered why the Japs tried to defend such a 'hell hole', and even more, why we tried to take it.

On Wednesday, December 6th, 1944, Turq celebrated his 25th birthday by sharing a cake with an Aussie friend, who'd received the box full of crumbs from his home, in the mail. There was nothing but a lump of chocolate crumbs left to identify what had once been a beautiful cake but the crumbs were delicious.

After ten days of sweating out the 'hell hole' the two intelligence officers boarded the USS Sheridan, a troop ship anchored off the beach. They joined over 5000 soldiers, without space or quarters. They just took up space where ever they could find it on the decks, as all the others did, since there were no quarters available. Even so, they were somewhat relieved to be back aboard ship and on their way to somewhere else.

"Bob, I'm beginning to think we've been abandoned, wonder if we'll ever see the admiral again?" questioned Turq as he surveyed the seething mass of soldiers filling the decks.

"Me too, Pal, I don't see what we've really accomplished coming down here, except for getting first hand looks at jungle defenses."

"That's about it, we've traveled over 12,000 miles by ship and planes, since leaving the east coast and still haven't done anything constructive. We just took time out here to get the 'Bougainville rot' on our feet and in our ears. Wonder what's next...I can't even find our next stop on the map...Where'n the hell is Ulithi, anyway?"

"Here it is, Bob," said Turq, pointing to a tiny dot 2000 miles NW.

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The USS Sheridan weighed anchor and departed Bougainville on Monday, December 11th, 1944. The day was bright and sunny, but like always there was a damp haze from the heat and humidity that enveloped everything, much like steam, characteristic of the region 5 degrees below the equator. A course was set due north to pass to the east of New Britain and head toward the Caroline islands in Micronesia. The large group of islands occupy nearly 3000 miles between longitudes 130 to 160 degrees, west to east, and about 500 miles north to south between Latitudes 5 and 10 degrees above the equator. The ship's destination was Ulithi island, located in the very northwestern part of the Caroline group. The loaded transport headed due north for the first couple of days and then northwest for the next couple of weeks. Its 17 day journey took it through and by a maze of enemy held islands, until it reached Ulithi on Tuesday, the 28th of December. Christmas was celebrated on board the overcrowded vessel by singing carols and exchanging good wishes and prayers. Turq and Bob built a make shift Christmas tree out of scraps of paper tied together and managed to hold it together for everyone to see during the singing. The trip was very tiring, no way to get clean, sleeping on the open deck, and so crowded that it was difficult to find room enough to do a few simple exercises. In fact, Turq slept most of the time half leaning against the bulhead next to a water fountain which sprayed excess water on him each time someone got a drink. This trip turned out to be the most frustrating journey the two intelligence officers experienced up to this time. Everyone aboard were short tempered and anxious to get ashore when then anchored off Ulithi.

Turq and Bob, knelt down and kissed the white coral sands on the beach of Ulithi as they came ashore.

"Thank the Good Lord for getting us off that ship, I feel like I've

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been run over by a steam roller", announced Turq, as he straightened up from his kneeling position.

"Me too, Pal, this looks like a picture book island, crystal clear waters inside a barrier reef, pure white sands, lots of palms, and the temperature is not too hot...I think I can stand a lot of this," added Bob.

The two men checked in with the duty officer, found their assigned quarters in a cool screened wooden building, showered, donned swimming trunks and jumped into the clear lagoon. After swimming around and floating on their backs, they found that they could be carried by the currents all round the island by just keeping afloat.

"This is great, just lying back, looking up at the beautiful blue sky, watching the fluffs of clouds floating by, as we float around the island inside the barrier reef. This is really relaxing, I could stay out here all day," said Turq.

After a couple of hours, the two officers left the friendly waters and came in to get ready for lunch. They were both hungry and were happy to find good navy food awaiting them in the mess hall.

"Lieutenants!, come over here and join us", motioned Admiral Kiland, sitting with some of the staff at his table next to the windows.

"Hi, Sir, it's great to see you...all of you...we wondered if we'd ever join you again", greeted both Turq and Bob, as they smartly saluted, shook hands and joined their colleagues.

Exchanges of experiences while eating brought everyone up to date and after lunch the staff met in the Admiral's offices where Turq and Bob were put to work studying the aerial photos of Luzon in the Phillipines. They had to work long hours to glean all the information and bring maps and reports up to date. There were very few prepared defenses seen, but Turq found a 'bee hive' of caves in the hills.

CHAPTER VI

All of a sudden, Turq found himself shivering from the chill, and that it was beginning to blow and sleet. He shook himself back to reality where he sat on the bench at the half way point on his walk, realizing that he had been day dreaming and recalling his wartime experiences again. He looked down at his wrinkled hands and felt the aches in his bones to remind him this was still his 69th birthday in 1988, so he slowly straightened up and started walking back toward the house. He looked at his watch and noted it was nearly 4:00 PM and knew Marilu would be worried. As he walked along, a low flying jet thundered overhead looking for a place to land before the storm got too bad. The contrast of today's planes and the winter weather started Turq reflecting back again to the time when he was in the Philippines.

On New Year's day, Monday, January 1st, 1945, all of the Admiral's staff boarded the Mt. McKinley, flag ship, and headed toward the Phillipines to invade northwest Luzon. The four days spent in Ulithi were hardly enough to prepare the intelligence information for the invasion, so Turq, Bob, and all the other staff officers worked double hard while in route on the command ship. The Mt. McKinley, several troop transports, and escort vessels headed due west. Within three days, a fleet of 6 battleships, 16 escort carriers, 10 cruisers, 15 destroyers, and many other troop transports and landing craft, from Leyte, joined the invasion armada.

As the fleet entered the Mindanao Straits in the late evening, several Jap aircraft strafed and bombed them. After dropping their loads and using up their ammunition, the planes dived on any available target, crashing into the decks of the ships. The Jap's suicide planes (Kamikazes) became the most dangerous and destructive weapons of all.

The Kamikazes, during the next several days, wrought havoc and all of the carriers were damaged and listing, so that no planes could take off. Several battleships, cruisers and destroyers were severely damaged and to add insult to injury, Jap submarines were launching torpedoes and having a 'hay day'.

On the 9th of January, crippled battleships, cruisers and destroyers made valiant efforts to get off salvos to bombard the Luzon beaches, most of them did so only from one side, while listing. A few rocket ships managed to pepper the area with destruction and every ship, even the transports and command ships, fired whatever they could to lay down as heavy of a barrage as possible. No air support severely handicapped the operation and additional Kamikaze attacks crippled the operation even more. Regardless of all the damaged and sunken ships, the troops managed to get ashore without many losses, and luckily encountered little resistance ashore. The enemy had retreated inland, to caves in the mountains, between Lingayen Gulf and Manila.

The afternoon of the first day, Turq and Bob went ashore to inspect the defenses and analyze the situation. They spent day after day, looking over captured above and underground defenses, and recognized the similarities of those found in Bougainville and Guadalcanal. They entered a small village called Tacloben, which was very primitive, consisting of a few wooden buildings, with palm covered roofs, built up off the ground for safety from floods. They found a group of children being entertained by one of our black soldiers, who was leading them in singing 'God Bless America'. The lack of permanent defenses, made the 16 days they spent ashore on Luzon an exercise in intelligence futility. The resistance came later, from caves and underground defenses, when our troops reached the mountains on their march toward Manila.

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It was learned that another carrier task force from Leyte, assisted by Phillipine guerilla fighters, knocked out most of the Kamikaze aircraft on all of the airfields on Luzon a couple of days after the invasion. This act undoubtedly saved the day, since the entire invasion fleet was so badly crippled by the vicious suicide planes. In fact, while the attack force was passing through the Mindanao straits, enroute to Luzon, the damage was so severe, with so many ships being hit, that Admiral Kinkaid signaled Admiral Kiland that if any more ships were put out of action, he'd probably have to call off the invasion. Turq and Bob had alerted the fleet that over 10,000 enemy airplanes were within reach of Luzon, from Formosa and China. They remember those days enroute well, with ships making smoke, diving planes bursting into flames as they crashed into the decks of the escort carriers and battleships, and constant general quarters for 72 hours. The Mt. McKinley was spared any hits, but was shaken several times by near misses. Of course, fear and helplessness prevailed in everyone's thoughts, they had learned that the Kamikaze was indeed an effective and viscious weapon, almost impossible to defend against.

Japanese resistance picked up when the troops reached the mountains separating Lingayen Gulf from the roads to Manila. General Yamashita had nearly 150,000 seasoned troops entrenched in the hills, and another 100,000 defending Manila. General Swift's 1st Corp and General Griswold's 14th Corp experienced tough battles that lasted through February, before Manila and Corrigador were retaken. Over 20,000 Japanese troops were killed, with only a tenth that many reported lost by the Americans. Several thousand straggler enemy troops continued to surrender in the jungles of the Philippines for years, after fighting.

Saturday, January 27th, Turq and Bob flew to Guam in a PBV-5A to

collect some aerial photos of their next invasion target, Kerama Retto--Okinawa. Photos were being flown to Guam weekly, primarily taken from carrier bombing raids that were constantly harassing the japs by attacking up and down the coasts of Japan and the island chains south to the Philippines. The scenerio of intelligence gathering, flying back and forth from Guam to Ulithi, was repeated many times, during the next few weeks. The two intelligence officers quickly and efficiently built mosaics, maps, rubber models and reports into a mass of useful information, more like Turq worked with in Normandy. The more comfortable surroundings of Ulithi island, made their jobs much easier, and they were more confident of what they were doing. The rubber model they had was prepared by the group back in Washington and flown out to them to use in planning the Okinawan invasion.

"You know, Bob, this rubber model helps a lot...it not only helps us to better prepare our maps and to see the area in three deminsions, but the Admirals and Generals seem to enjoy seeing everything better this way."

"I agree, Turq, it's a hell of a lot better than what we had to work with on the Luzon invasion...of course, you've had a whole lot more experience than I've had, with Normandy, southern France, and studying with the British, teaching etc...you've always made it look so easy...I'm learning...I really appreciate working with you...it's been a real opportunity for me."

"Let me say, Bob, you're the best I've worked with...you've made my work easy, and your support and friendship has meant a lot to me."

"Thanks, Pal, that goes double for me."

The Okinawan Invasian was going to be a bigger operation than the Luzon one, and much more dangerous, being closer to Japan.

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Okinawa, a Japanese occupied island, located about equal distance, more or less 400 miles, southwest of southern Japan, east of the mainland of China, and northeast of Formosa (Taiwan), was easily accessible by over 10,000 enemy airplanes. The 450,000 civilians, mostly of Korean decent, and General Ushijima's 32nd Army of 130,000 Japanese troops entrenched in caves and concealed positions, made the 70 mile long and 10 mile wide island a strong fortress. Nearness to the Japanese homeland and other occupied territories, made the invasion of Kerama Retto and Okinawa a formidable problem. Kamikaze suicide attacks having been so successful in the Philippines, put this type of weapon at the top of the list for the Japanese to use against the allied invasion.

Turq and Bob located all the defenses and activities that could possibly be seen from aerial photos and by the time they plotted everything on mosaics and maps, it was obvious that they were facing a very difficult task in trying to invade Kerama Retto and Okinawa.

Caves were dug into the sides of every hill and suicide boats were seen being pushed inside, one day, which at least identified one kind of weapon held by them. The boats held a depth charge at the bow, which would explode on impact when rammed into a ship. Small robot airplanes 'Baka Bombs', radio controlled, loaded with explosive, were also spotted near caves another time. It was obvious that the Japs were going to use, not only Kamikaze suicide planes, but boats and other inventive devices. The ground troops had always been stubborn fighters everywhere in the pacific and there was no reason to expect anything different in Okinawa. The more information assembled, the more the intelligence officers realized the strengths of the enemy and the awesome task that lay ahead.

Tuesday, February 6th, at midnight, Turq and Bob joined Admiral

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Kiland and four other intelligence officers in a flight from Ulithi to Leyte. They flew in a C-47 with extra fuel tanks to insure the crossing of over 1000 miles of ocean. They flew through thunder storms all the way. Spectacular lightning and loud crackling thunder accompanied them, as they endured an extremely bumpy and harrowing trip. At 0600, Wednesday morning, the plane safely landed at the Leyte airport, in the Philippines, much to the relief of all aboard.

After washing up, breakfasting, and visiting, the staff joined Admirals Turner, Deyo, Durgin, and Kiland for briefings. Generals, Bruce, Geiger, Hodges, and Buckner were also present. Turq and Bob presented their photo mosaics, maps and rubber models to brief from and described what the commanders were up against. It was a very successful and rewarding briefing, after which all present were very complimentary to the two intelligence officers for their excellent piece of work and presentations.

"W.h.e.w...am I glad that's over", remarked Turq, wiping sweat from his brow and sitting back to have a cup of coffee.

"Me too, after that rough flight last night and the long hours of work we've put in, I'm bushed", answered Bob, sipping his coffee.

"Well, gentlemen, I'm proud of how you two handled the briefing, everyone understands everything we're up against better now. Our planning will be helped a lot from what you men have done...see you at the plane in half an hour", exclaimed Admiral Kiland, as he left.

Turq, Bob and the other staff officers, sat back, relaxed and discussed what had to be done within the next few weeks. Stacks of maps for the landing craft Coxswains had to be finished, thousands of new photos would be checked before the final maps were drafted, and daily briefings would take up the time between now and D-Day. Bob's untiring efforts contributed greatly to Turq's operation.

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The Admiral and his staff boarded the plane Wednesday afternoon, flew to Guam, gathered new intelligence information for a couple of days and returned to Ulithi on Saturday, February 10th, 1945, to continue preparations for the Kerama Retto-Okinawa invasion. The next several weeks were busy but the staff found time to enjoy the climate, swimming, and some beer drinking sessions on Ulithi and Mog Mog islands.

"Bob, I believe we are better prepared for this amphibious operation than any of the three I've participated in so far...we'd better be too, because the Japs are gonna' throw everything they've got at us. You know, I'm a little apprehensive about this one, having lucked out in three so far. If I survive this one, and get home again safely, I'll promise to be satisfied with whatever comes, within reason, for the rest of my life. I am a little nervous, but feel confident about our winning. How do you feel?"

"To be honest, I'm scared to death, but will face it. We really lucked out on Luzon, but I know this one will be a lot different. Those damned Kamikazes worry me a lot. I haven't been in all the action you have, so I have a hard time being as calm as you are...wish I could...just hope me make it ok and don't have to do any more. These Japs are fierce fighters and I don't think they are going to lie down and roll over, Turq."

"I'm scared too...I'm not calm, just reconciled to the fact we are victims and can't do anything about it...all we can do is work hard to be the best at what we do and hope we get through it alive...I really don't know how much more of this I can take...four major invasions are too much."

Thursday, March 15th, 1945, Admiral Kiland and staff boarded the Mt. McKinley flag ship, left Ulithi and headed northwest toward Okinawa.

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They were ordered to take the group of small islands about ten miles or so west of Okinawa and set up an operations and supply base in preparation for the main island of Okinawa invasion. The various fleets to participate consisted of: Task Force 58, commanded by Admiral Lee, which had 5 battleships and 11 destroyers; Task Force 57 (British), commanded by Admiral Rawlins, included 4 carriers, 2 battleships, 5 cruisers, and 11 destroyers; Task Force 52, commanded by Admiral Durgin, with 17 escort carriers; Task Force 54 commanded by Admiral Deyo had 10 battleships, 10 cruisers, 33 destroyers, and many rocket craft; Task Force 51 commanded by Admiral Turner, provided the 1200 transport and landing ships with over 450,000 Army and Marine troops. Admiral Kiland and his staff operated in Amphibious Group III in Task Force 51 with Admiral Turner.

At dawn, Sunday, March 25th a barrage of gun fire with air support announced the invasion of Kerama Retto Islands. Only suspected military targets were fired upon, so the barrage was pin pointed on specific defenses marked on maps by Turq and Bob. It didn't take long to land and capture the main islands of Zamami Shima, Tokashiki Shima, Aka Shima, and Yakabi Shima, with the dozens of smaller ones being by passed. That afternoon, Turq and Bob landed on Zamami Shima to inspect the caves and other defenses. On Monday, the 26th, General Bruce's 77th Infantry Division, completed the capture of all the major islands with very little enemy resistance.

An anchorage and supply base for the 51st TF, code named, Wiseman's Cove, was secured by placing torpedo nets across the entrances between the circle of main islands and 'picket boats' were placed outside to patrol the island sanctuary. No sooner had this been done, than when 'bogies' (blips on radar) suspected as enemy Kamikaze planes, were reported in the area and general quarters was sounded.

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All the ships in 'Wiseman's Cove' were on alert, guns aimed skyward at low angles scanning the tops of the islands surrounding them. Radars were busy looking for 'blips' that would announce the 'bogies' as they skimmed the hills and dived on the ships in the anchorage. All at once, from every direction, Kamikazes shot up, full speed, at high angles over the islands. 'Zeros', 'Katies' and all types of Japanese planes dropped whatever 'pay loads' they carried, arced up almost vertically and then dropped straight down to increase the impact when they hit the decks of their targets. Fiery crashes, explosions, screaming whines of accelerating airplane engines, watery geysers spraying from splashes of near misses, black billowing smoke marking hits on the ships, tracers from the ship's guns crisscrossing the skies, and the desperate Kamikazes raining down in their suicide attacks, filled the air with 'death throw' noises and acrid odors. Turq surveyed the scene from the bridge of the Mt. McKinley, next to the Admiral and Captain. He was watching all around with binoculars to help watch for attacks on them.

"STARBOARD AT 3 O'CLOCK, BELOW THE RIDGE...STRAIGHT AT US!!!", shouted Turq, as everyone quickly fixed their gaze on the target.

"HEADS UP, MEN, BE READY TO HIT THE DECK AND TAKE COVER!!!".

commanded the Admiral, and the ships forward and rear 40mm and 50cal guns started firing.

The tracer trails were clearly seen converging on the low incoming twin engine bomber. The Kamikaze was heading straight at the bridge and Turq was focused on it coming right at him.

"GOD ALMIGHTY!, HE'S GONNA HIT US STRAIGHT ON...DROP DOWN...DROP DOWN!", screamed Turq, as the others 'hit the deck', face down.

The plane appeared to be less than 100 yards from the bridge, when smoke started pouring from the port engine and flames enveloped the

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wing. Instantly, the aircraft lurched upward and to the left, just missing the bridge of the Mt. McKinley by only a few feet and dived into the sea off their port bow. The spray from the crash and some debris rained down on the main deck of the ship.

"THANK GOD!...THEY MISSED US!...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!...", exclaimed Turq, as he rushed to the port side to look at the crash scene.

"HEY, LOOK THERE, TWO HEADS BOBBING ON THE SURFACE, JUST AFT OF THE CRASH", announced Turq, as he kept his focus on the two images through his binoculars, "THEY'RE ALIVE!"

"RESCUE OPERATIONS, ALL HANDS, PORT SIDE, TWO JAP PILOTS!", commanded the Captain over the loud speaker.

It wasn't but a few minutes before the two Kamikaze pilots were pulled from the water and brought aboard, looking much like two drowned rats.

"Lieutenant, Turquette will you and Commander Thayer, with our interpreter, please interview the prisoners, this is a rare opportunity for us to get some valuable intelligence information. I don't know of anyone ever taking a Kamikaze pilot prisoner. Be careful not to give them an opportunity to commit suicide while aboard and you be on guard for your own safety at all times", instructed the Admiral.

"Sir, may I have Lieutenant Kelley join us, it will be a good experience for him too and he would lend a great deal to the interrogation procedures?", asked Turq.

"By all means, do anything you like to help get all the valuable information you can."

Turq, saluted the officers on the bridge, quickly 'about faced' and went to the intelligence office where Bob was standing watch.

"Bob, come on, we're going to interrogate the Kamikaze pilots. This ought to be a one of a kind experience."

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Commander Thayer, and Lieutenants Checkovich, Kelley and Turq met in the conference room with two marine guards and two small subdued Japanese prisoners. The two kamikaze pilots were handcuffed and sat side by side with their heads hung low so that it was impossible to get a clear look at their eyes and faces. Lt. Checkovich started the interview speaking in Japanese.

"Gentlemen, you are our prisoners and will be treated with every courtesy, and we will appreciate your cooperation in answering a few questions", informed the interpreter.

There was no acknowledgement by the two pilots, just a slight twitch, maybe indicating they understood what was said. It was obvious that they expected the worst and were apprehensive if not frightened.

"Gentlemen, what are your names, ranks and serial numbers?", asked Checkovich, as he noticed a reaction from both.

"We are Commander Okawa, and Lieutenant Omura, serial numbers 375841 and 423044", responded the Commander in clear english.

"Oh, you speak english very clearly", complimented Lt. Checkovich.

"Yes, we both do, having been educated at Cornell University in New York...", responded the Japanese Lieutenant.

"Well, what do you know, my brother teaches mathematics there, professor, Dr. A. R. Turquette, did you know him?", asked Turq.

"No, but the name seems familiar....you, are his brother?", answered the Japanese commander, looking up for the first time and remarking, "Did you go to Cornell too?"

"No, I went to Oklahoma University but, gentlemen, we have something in common, you can rest assured you will not be harmed and we will extend to you every courtesy. We do not torture or shoot prisoners of war, you can allay your fears", smiled, Turq.

The Japanese officers sat up straight, showing some relief, but

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still apprehensive. As the interrogation continued, they became more cooperative and relaxed. It was learned that they had no choice but to volunteer for the suicide flight, since they were in desperate straits in Japan, knowing full well that they were on the verge of losing the war, but the stubborn leadership in the military was forcing suicidal actions in every way to do all the damage possible during their final desperate efforts. There was no intension of giving up and all efforts to take the remaining Japanese territories would be met with all out resistance. The homeland was dug in and ready for an invasion, everyone was under pressure and ready to die for their country. The pilots would, of course lose face if they returned alive, having had their funerals before leaving for their suicide mission. They asked for asylum and would cooperate to the fullest, if it would be granted. The interrogators told them that everything possible would be done, but there were no guarantees.

Turq and Bob enjoyed their unusual experience of interrogating the two kamikaze pilots.

"I just can't imagine what kind of minds can sacrifice such well educated and highly trained officers, two at once, in a kamikaze attack...it's crazy!", exclaimed Turq, shaking his head in wonderment.

"I can't either, they must be in dire straits and desperation to do that, even so, that's going much too far, I think", responded Bob.

"I can't believe that they took classes at Cornell before the war, my brother will get a real kick out of learning that. I can't wait to tell him", chuckled Turq.

"Talk about coincidences, this one has to take the cake", agreed Bob.

A heavy jolt from another plane crashing alongside, alerted the two intelligence officers to the reality of the continuing suicide attack.

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Turq and Bob hurried back to their respective watch stations as the Kamikaze attacks continued. In fact this particular raid went on for 72 hours without let up. Everyone was exhausted and even though four hours on and four hours off gave you a chance to get off watch at four hour intervals, you could hardly rest not knowing when you might be hit. It was almost better to stay on watch and doze a little when lulls occurred.

From March 25th until June 22nd, 1945, the U.S. Forces lost 763 planes, at least 36 ships sunk and 368 damaged, 12,500 dead and 35,500 wounded. Although these losses were devastating to the U.S., the Japanese suffered much more. It is reported that the enemy lost 7,830 airplanes, an unknown number of ships and craft, and at least 162,000 military and civilian dead. A total of 10,755 prisoners were reported taken. These terrible statistics testify to the horrible battles endured by both sides.

Turq went ashore alone to Zamami Shima on Friday, March 30th, where he inspected the captured defenses and visited the mayor of the town. On the way to the mayor's house, while bumping along in his jeep, little native children gathered along the road and around his vehicle, after he parked at his destination. The distance from the beach to the house was only a few hundred yards. After climbing out of the jeep and opening a wooden gate which entered the yard of the Mayor's house, the children filled his jeep and stood back, careful not to go into the yard. The mayor, bowed his greeting and led Turq to a small wooden table in the side yard. The house was very open with sliding wall panels that allowed you to see through it, from one side to another. It sat up at least three feet off the ground, sturdily anchored to wooden mahogany stumps placed deeply into the ground and spaced about four feet apart all around the base. A low sloping red tile roof

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overhung at least three feet outside the edge of a broad wooden porch which skirted the entire house. On the west side was a large black metal pot steaming over a hot fire. Inside the pot was an old bearded man sitting bent forward with an old woman scrubbing his back. At the table where Turq would visit with the mayor, was a beautiful young woman standing, slightly bowed, in greeting, with her arm extended, pointing to the chair where he was to sit.

"Thank you", said Turq, as he bowed and took his seat in a low, handmade and highly polished mahogany chair.

The mayor took his seat on the opposite side, and his attractive daughter placed small cups and saucers in front of the two men.

The intelligence officer picked up the cup in front of him and noticed it was so thin that it was translucent to the light. The dishes were delicately hand painted with colorful patterns of flowers and vines, which wound around the outer surfaces.

"These are the prettiest dishes I think I've ever seen", said Turq, as he complimented the artistry.

The mayor smiled his approval after his lovely daughter translated the officer's remarks. She then promptly poured steaming hot tea into their cups. The mayor picked up his cup, took a long sip and returned it to the saucer. Turq followed and started to take a long sip, but the heat from the dark brew warned his lips that it was burning hot. He hesitated, blew carefully on the surface, sipped a small bit and it still burned his tongue. The host took another long sip and finished his cup, while Turq's lasted him throughout the entire visit.

"I wonder how that old man in the pot can stand the heat directly over the fire and the mayor can drink his tea so hot...I guess they built up tolerance over the years", Turq remarked to himself, while noting the serenity of the place in contrast to the war around them.

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Turq got a lot of good information from the mayor of the town of Zamami, which included where safe harbors were, for small craft, during typhoons. He also got directions to some defense caves that hadn't yet been located and which later revealed great quantities of supplies and strategic maps and coded messages.

As Turq left the house and returned to his jeep, with children swarming all over it, he had to lift out most of the children but one very small laughing child clung to his steering wheel. Rather than cause any trouble, Turq just gently lifted the little child up so he could slip under him and sit him in his lap. He drove back to the beach with a jeep full of children, with one helping him drive. After much persuasion, he managed to extricate the one in his lap and drive the jeep onto the ramp and into the landing craft that brought him to the beach. He got out of the jeep, stepped out onto the ramp where the small boy was jumping up and down and trying to tell him something. After awhile, he figured that the little guy wanted him to wait while he went back for something. Turq nodded that he would wait, so the little tyke went running up the road, followed by a little dust cloud.

Turq, almost gave up, but waited a few more minutes, when he finally saw another little dust cloud coming back. The little boy ran up, breathless, with his tiny hand outstretched and emptied its contents into Turq's hand. Three tiny, colorful and delicate sea shells shined up at him, as a personal gift from the small child.

"What a wonderful show of friendship...what a great gift of love from so small a child...there may be hope in the world yet", said Turq to himself, as he picked up the boy, and hugged him.

After the exchange of true affection between the two, a surge of warmth and hope radiated within him, as he sat his new small friend back down onto the beach. They both smiled and waved at each other

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before the ramp of the landing craft came up and slammed shut.

Although, they were now separated, probably forever, in person, they never would be in spirit. Turq has remembered that happy exchange of friendship ever since.

The landing craft worked its way back to the command ship, while another suicide raid was underway. The Coxswain carefully zigzagged to avoid the action and with much maneuvering, managed to safely return to his ship.

Bob joined Turq in all of his other trips to shore in the next few weeks to thoroughly investigate all the main islands in Kerama Retto. They photographed suicide boats, Baka Bombs, guns, rockets, and all kinds of supplies hidden in honeycombs of caves, all over the place. They were fortunate to evade booby traps, some of which blew up near them on several occasions. They never went ashore, however, on the main island of Okinawa...they wanted to, but the Admiral forbade it, since it was out of his jurisdiction.

The main invasion of the island of Okinawa itself took place on Sunday, April 1st (April Fools Day). It didn't fool the Japanese, however, who were well prepared for it. There wasn't much resistance on landing, but like Luzon, all hell broke loose when U.S. troops moved inland. VE (Victory in Europe) day was celebrated May 5th, but Okinawa wasn't secured until Friday, June 22, 1945.

Turq and Bob had left a month earlier, after thirty days at Kerama Retto, still quartered on the Mt. McKinley, as it moved out and headed toward Manila, Phillipines. The command ship encountered extremely rough seas, whipped up by a typhoon, during the first part of the trip. It seemed that the ship would break into many times during the raging storm. While most aboard were sea sick, Turq sat alone, eating toast and coffee in the wardroom, as the ship rolled and bounced.

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It was a strange thing, Turq never got sea sick or air sick throughout the entire war. He always enjoyed coffee and toast when things got rough at sea, as well as in the air. He was frightened as anyone else when things got rough, but he just reacted in a different way, very calm and in control on the outside. This trait saved him much grief during the many times of peril that he experienced.

The Mt. McKinley, command ship, survived the storms enroute to Manila and arrived safely, on Saturday, June 2nd, 1945. The ship anchored in Manila Bay and the Admiral's staff immediately started preparing for a southern Japan invasion. This was too much, thought Turq, he'd had 'the luck of the Irish' up to now, but he knew it couldn't last forever...he was burned out, so to speak. Even so, he continued his stressful duties with his usual expertice. He did get a brake when he and Bob went ashore and had two days off. They joined in much fun with Kay Kaiser and his troop of USO entertainers housed at the same hotel outside Manila. The two officers really 'tied one on' that night and got rid of a lot of kinks in their nervous systems, while drinking, swimming and dancing the night around. Kay Kaiser's troop of pretty girl entertainers filled the two intelligence officers evening with laughter and fun. This helped a lot to cool Turq's 'burn out'.

On Friday, June 15th, the two Navy Lieutenants boarded a PBY-5A plane and flew from Manila, via Saipan, Kwajalein and on to Honolulu, Hawaii, arriving at 2200, on Tuesday the 19th. They had a leisurely crossing, fishing out of the door of the sea plane when anchored for short refueling stops and relaxed all the way. The stay in Hawaii was filled with conferences for planning the southern Japan invasion. Some time was found, however, to party, swim and surf in the evenings. The visit was rejuvenating the young officers in preparation for another

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dangerous and high risk adventure.

After nearly a month of work and recreation under the warm Hawaiian sun, Turq and Bob boarded another PBY plane, left Honolulu at 2250, Thursday night under a full moon, July 12th, and flew back via Kawajalein and saipan to Manila. They arrived in Manila and boarded the Mt. McKinley, command ship, at 0835 on Monday morning, July 16th.

The usual routine of making mosaics, maps and models of Kyushu, southern Japan, was immediately begun and the two intelligence officers assembled data and briefed the planners with their usual completeness.

On Tuesday, July 31st, a dismal rainy gray day, was brightened beyond belief, when an orderly came in to deliver a radiogram to Lieutenant A. D. Turquette. The message read: "YOU ARE DETACHED FROM YOUR PRESENT DUTY IMMEDIATELY STOP TAKE FIRST AVAILABLE TRANSPORTATION BY AIR STOP REPORT TO WASHINGTON D.C. SEPARATION CENTER FOR SEPARATION FROM ACTIVE DUTY AFTER THIRTY DAYS LEAVE UPON ARRIVAL IN USA." Turq read the message several time before he could believe it.

"Bob, can you believe this, I can't. I knew that I had more than enough points accumulated back before the Luzon invasion, but never believed they would release me from active duty, until the war was over. WOW, I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS TRUE!"

"It's true, Lieutenant, I knew it was coming, and you more than deserve it...you've done far more than your part in this war...it's time you had a break...I don't know how we're going to do without you, but your partner has come a long way and should make you proud of how well he's learned...Good luck, Turq...Get the hell out of here, before I change my mind", commanded the Admiral, as he saluted with a tear showing in his eye.

"Thank you, sir", Turq replied, as he exited to start packing.

It took almost two weeks of patient waiting before available transportation could take the anxious intelligence officer from Manila. He made the most of the time helping the staff as usual, much to the delight of the Admiral. On Monday, August 6th, Hiroshima, Japan was hit with an atomic bomb, killing at least 80,000 and no telling how many were wounded. Then again on Thursday, August 9th, Nagasaki, Japan was hit with another atomic bomb, which killed another 40,000. Turq knew now that the war would be over soon and didn't think his friends would have to make the planned invasion of the Japan homeland. On Wednesday, August 15th, VJ (Victory over Japan) day, was announced and on the same day, Turq made the rounds, told everyone good bye and how he hated to leave them. He especially hated to leave his long time good partners and friends, Commanders Ellery Sedgewick and Robert Thayer, who'd been through four invasions with him. His present associate, Lieutenant Bob Kelly, who had been through two invasions with him, had become a good friend too, and he hated to leave him. He would miss all of them and would often think about them afterward.

After bidding everyone good luck, Turq saluted all his friends, the bridge and the Ensign, descended the ladder and boarded an LCP in a downpour of rain. The coxswain headed the open landing craft toward the beach, bouncing and rolling through choppy waters all the way. The lone Navy officer, walked off the ramp into about knee deep water, which finished thoroughly soaking him, from head to foot. Just as soon as he waded ashore, the rains stopped and the sun broke through the low gray clouds.

"Thanks a lot, I guess I needed that drenching, but I don't know why...no one's gonna ruin my day, today...thanks, sun", said Turq to himself, as he stripped off all his wet clothes and shoes, opened his bag and put on dry ones, leaving a pile of soaked clothing and shoes.

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A PBV-5A was just starting its engines, tied alongside the dock, about 100 yards from where the Lieutenant was. He quickened his pace and ran across the wet beach, onto the wooden dock and boarded the Catalina amphibian. The pilot and crew greeted their passenger and wasted no time starting their run over the rough water to take off. Because of the choppy surface, it took nearly twice as long to take off, but it finally did, after several jolting bounces. It was just after noon, about 1300, when the plane pointed its nose eastward. Once again, Turq made the long 10,000 mile flight across the Pacific, via Saipan, Kwajalein and Honolulu. He boarded a commercial airliner from Hawaii to San Francisco and on to Oklahoma City. As soon as he returned home, he visited the Oil company he'd worked for before the war and asked for his old job back. He then re-enrolled in Oklahoma University to finish his degree, which had been interrupted by the war in his last semester. He then went to Denver, Colorado for a vacation in the mountains, enjoying everything available.

On Wednesday, September 19th, Turq was in Washington, D.C. and went through physical examinations for separation from active duty in the Navy. He was given a permanent rank of Lieutenant Commander on ~~July~~^{August} 1st, 1946, and the Navy kept him on inactive duty up until December 28th, 1953, when he resigned and was honorably discharged.

"Marilyn, I'm home...WOW!, it got a little cold out there while walking the last leg home", complained Turq, as he shook and took off his coat, hat and gloves, after his 69th birthday walk.

"It's about time you got here, I was beginning to worry...you must have been reminiscing about your World War II adventures again...you know, Turq, you ought to write a book about them", advised Marilyn.

"Maybe, someday, I will", answered, Turq.

166. Survival-Turquette.

Turq opened his foot locker and started to examine all of his Navy paraphernalia.

On top were his two Bronz Star Medals and many ribbons, clustered with battle stars, for his work in both the European and the Pacific theaters of war. Underneath, he found his Commando Knife awarded to him by the British and engraved with his rank and name. A thick stack of commendations from his Admirals and Commanders, sat on top of a variety of memorabilia, including photos of many of his comrades in arms and aerial photos from all over the world. Last but not least, was his 'short snorter', made up of a long string of paper money, bills taped together, from all over the world, some of them were autographed by famous people, such as Princess Martha of Norway and her Lady in Waiting, Countess Regina, etal.

"I wonder if anyone would read what I could write about my WW II adventures?", Turq thought to himself.

THE END