

August 31, 1945.

Dear Gang: Well here we come again with some more late flashes about the fellows in the Service. I just got back from vacation, and only have twenty-two letters from the Gang. We will send what news we have and hope to have more for you next time.

P.F.C. Clayton L. Thompson, writes from Marburg Germany that he is still an M.P. working the night shift. He says, quote: "I still haven't seen anyone that I know. My work is about the same, patrolling at night and sleeping days, and should be losing a little weight. I only eat two meals a day, as I can't make it for breakfast, and have darned near missed dinner a couple of times. It looks like I am stuck in this vicinity for some time. We are getting beer made by an American Brewery in Belgium, which is better than we have had. Today is payday, and I am back in the money again after that trip to Brussels took all my ready cash. Feels good to have a dollar in your pocket to call your own. Thanks for your letters." (New address)

Capt. C. H. Lenneville, writes from Germany that he has a new address. He says, quote: "The weather here has been just like the weather at home. Went fishing in the Rhine, but had no luck. Of course the fish are different, and a person must be like the Germans and "Everything must be done by the book". Now that I have the proper tackle, I'll try again. Don't know what the score is, but there are a lot of fellows that have been in this mess longer than I have, so guess I'll have to stay. It makes me homesick to read about the fellows coming back to the Fire Department. Give my regards to "all the gang", at home and in the Service."

Lst. Lt. James Timmons writes from Natal, Brazil. He says, quote, "I have been very slow about writing, but thanks for the "Scandal Sheet". The work here is easier than in the E.T.O. The work is just like some of the airlines, back in the States. We fly some of the veterans back to the States, that is, up the coast of Brazil, and then another crew takes over. The weather is pretty good, but we get rain at least once a day. Tell the boys at Engine 7 that I am playing handball again, on a one-wall court. Sort of messes up the "expert coaching" of Fred Gleischman. Also "Pop" Shipley's cork-pulling activities are noticeable by their absence. I think I could give Pfeifer a good game now. (I am not bragging, just complaining) I have been in the Troop Carrier Command for 19 months, flying C-47s all over. We were in Sicily, then moved to England. Had pretty good luck on the Normandy Invasion, and after the Engineers had built air-strips in France, we hauled Gasoline and Ammunition in and wounded out. We dropped British Para-troopers at Arnheim, Holland, on a three day affair, Sept. 17, 18 and 19th. The first day we dropped Para-troopers, the second day, Gliders, and the third day we dropped supplies. We lost a few ships on the operation, but I managed to get by with only some holes in my ship. On March 24th, we dropped English Paratroopers across the Rhine at Wesel. From then on we continued our supply hauling activities until we were moved down here. It is rumored that we have to have 24 months overseas before we can get a furlough, so I have four more months to sweat it out yet. Hope to be home in time for the handball tournament, and I'll see you then. P.S. Say "Hello" to everyone for me."

F/O Gordon Clark, writes from Blytheville, Arkansas, giving his change of address. He says quote, "I am now in the Troop Carrier Command, flying a C-46, and it seems like a good deal so far. Your letters are certainly interesting, and you must get letters from all over the world."

Lt. H. E. Bloomquist, writes from Southern France. He says, quote, "I have spent 13 months overseas with the 300 Engineer Combat Bn. and am now with 341 Eng. Regt., resting near Marseilles. I have just returned from my first vacation in Europe, and spent two weeks at the Riviera, a lovely spot, but infested with a lot

of French people. Haven't met anyone from the P F D but perhaps it won't be too long until I can see them all. Hello to all the gang, and thanks for the news."

T/4 Everett Bilyeu writes from Ryuku Islands on August 5th, and says, quote, "Finally arrived after one of those long, tiresome boat rides. There are no live Japs on this Island, and all the dead ones are not buried yet. We are working 12 to 20 hours a day. Almost every night we have air raid alerts, with very few "eggs" dropped. That ack ack keeps them high. (a half page was cut out here) The soil is clay, which makes that beautiful mud, with all the rain we get. We are living in twelve-man tents, with coral floors. These cots are much better than the ground. The food is good, compared to K rations, and the food we had on the boat. Enjoyed Chief Grenfell's letter, and am I going to enjoy those two days off a month. I know a few spots for that fly rod. If "Jell" Beeson is still around, tell him and the rest of the gang, "Hello" and good luck."

Cpl. Jack D. Culbertson, writes from Luzon that he was glad to get the addresses and news. Had wanted to write to some of the fellows for a long time. He says, quote, "Tell Louie Hicks that I have some things for him, and tell Wilkie that I have some pictures to put on his locker door. Thanks for the letters and if possible, keep 'em coming. Hello to all the fellows for me."

John M. Wise, A.R.M. 1/c writes, "I guess it is about time I am dropping a line to let you know I am receiving your letters. Thanks a lot for the addresses, and I am keeping my eyes open. I have wondered where a lot of the fellows were, and what outfits they were in. Censor regulations prevent me from saying where I am, but I have been on the same type of Flying boat for three years, a four engine job. I am looking forward to getting back to the States, and hope to make it by Xmas. I'll sure be glad when the Japs fold up, and I can get back to an Engine house again." Jack asked for John R. Miller's address, but we don't have it.

Cpl. Raymond R. Dunford, writes from Savannah Ga., and says, "The reason I haven't written is not because we were busy, but with the end of the war, I have been able to get a pass anytime I wanted it. Leave it to the Army to get back at the old grind again. That P.F.C. they tack on me looks funny posted up with Major So and So., Capt. So and so, and then P F C Dunford, so I am changing it to Cpl. I am wondering what they will do with all of us gunners. I can see where they can use navigators, pilots, engineers and radio men, but all we know is gunnery. Suppose it will be Air Transport Command for the next two or three years. I have to hit the sack. That is the only worthwhile thing the Army ever issued."

Lt. Carl R. Gregg, writes from a small French village near Di Jon, (I think). He says, "Found Larry Koch's address in your letter, and it is about 40 miles from here, so I hope to see him soon. Have been in E.T.O. twenty two months, and was a Fire Chief in England at an Air Base, until several months ago. Took eight rough weeks O.C.S. training at Fountain Bleau, and received a commission two days before the Nazis quit. Have toured most of France and spent a month near Mannheim, Germany(?) I saw St. Lo, and thought that was destroyed, but Mannheim is about the size of Portland, and if you can imagine Portland completely demolished with all the bridges destroyed, you have a good idea of how Mannheim looks. We have little training now, with ample athletic activities, and have nice quarters on the bank of a stream, where we swim, so it is not too bad, but I'll take Portland in preference to any other place I've seen. Here's a guy that will be mighty happy to return. Hello to all the Smoke eaters."

Bill Grace, writes from the U.S.S. Antietam, and says, quote, " Things are going pretty good out here with the exception, that you have to put in a full day's work everyday. Not like the "Good Old Fire Department". Thanks for the addresses, as I wondered where some of the fellows were." "Bill says Fire Department, but I'll bet he misses some of those other things, such as dances, and those trip to Mt. Hood.

Chester E. Clock, Sp (F) 3/c writes from Sampson, N.Y., saying he is now training Boots in the fine arts of fire fighting (Portland plus Navy style). Dale Gilman said that was a wave training station, when he was there,.

Major Jack Lowe, writes from Germany that he has a new assignment, the Fire Officer in U.S. occupied Germany. He says, quote, "This job looks interesting, and as long as I have to stay here, I am glad to have something to do that I Like. Munich has the longest aerial ladder in the world, 150 Feet, with five flys, and a bed ladder. Works just like our Seagrave. Say Hello to all."

Albert Carocci, Sp (F) 3/c writes from Florida, where he is instructing Fire Fighting. He says, quote, " Thanks a lot for the letters, and even though the war is over, keep the letters coming, because some of us might be in a long time yet, although I hope not. The addresses have helped me locate a lot of the fellows I had lost contact with, especially Thomas Kingsley, so thanks a lot.

Alfred V. Dolphy, writes from Zandrey Field, Suriname, Dutch Guiana (Where he is the Fire Chief). He says: "It is about thirty eight miles inland from Paramaribo, a long way from home and in South America, almost on the Equator. I don't mind the heat, as we take it easy from 11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M., and call it a day at 4:00 P.M. This place is pretty wild, right in the middle of a jungle, with monkeys, snakes, alligators, leopards and jaguars (?) About three months ago they killed a big cat on the air strip. You can see them quite often on a moonlight night. The former Fire Chief killed a snake just a little ways from camp, and it was swallowing an alligator when he shot it. It was about 18 feet long. They brought it to camp and skinned it, and cured the skin. This place is used as an auxiliary field for planes flying from Europe. (Wonder if Jim Timmons ever lands there). The Pan-American planes land right along, several a day. Devil's Island is not far from here, and I'll take a run over there the first chance I get. Bananas and pineapple grow wild here, and also grape fruit and mangoes. The natives positively live off of the trees. Thanks again, old timer for your letters and my regards to all the boys."

Lt. William E. Lotz, sends along a card with his change of address. That is the second one we have, although he did enclose some very nice pictures of sage brush, for me in a letter to Chief French. (So many of the fellows move and their letters come back, and then I find out they have been in town. Seems like a game trying to find out where they are. I have ten letters now that I have to check for new addresses. I have spent so much time on the phone trying to get addresses, that the boys have a hard time "checking in", so I really appreciate your thoughtfulness, Bill.)

John M. Duff, Sea 1/c (F.C.) writes from Ft. Lauderdale Florida. (There ought to be enough there for a Firemans convention pretty soon.) He writes, "Finished F.C. School at Seattle, and feel lucky to go to Advanced School, because it is really interesting. At Seattle the stuff was "restricted." Here it is "Confidential" and I suppose the equipment higher is called "Secret", but I don't think we'll study that. We are not allowed to take notes, but have to "absorb" all we learn in class. We have nice quarters at the Lauderdale Beach Hotel, which is right on the beach, and we go swimming about six times a day, the only retreat from the

heat. Well Hank, I just wanted to be sure you got my new address, because some of the gang might be down here close, and I'd sure like to run across them."

W.T. Nugent Jr. Cox. (Tommy Nugent's boy) writes from the Phillipines, and says, quote, "Just received your letter with addresses of men overseas, and I know quite a few them, some of which I had gone to school with. Will you mention that if any one sees the A P A 159, to drop their hook along side and come aboard, because I would sure like to see them. We are operating around the Phillipines now, Good luck, and thanks for the letter."

ROBERT EDNER B.M. 2/c of the U.S.S. Nashville, writes from the South Pacific, a very nice letter of thanks. He says, quote, "I want to thank you for the letters you have sent. There are a number of Portlanders aboard here, and they enjoy your letters almost as much as I do. Have been "Kind of busy" lately, we have been to Pearl Harbor, Manus, in the Admiralty Group, Leyte Gulf, Subic, Bay, Manila, and were in on the Invasion of Borneo, so you see we have been around a little. I have never met you, but hope to, one of these days soon."

Edward (Eddie) Lehr, Sea 1/c writes from Great Lakes Ill. He says, "In case you are still putting out your letter to the Service men, even though the war is over, here's my address for the next month. I am at the O.G.U. (outgoing unit) here at Great Lakes, waiting for reassignment. My application has been sent to Washington for a billet assignment as a Firefighter, so I'll probably be here for another month. Most of the schools are closed, according to the "scuttlebutt" unless you sign up for four more years. Am glad Zeke Steele has his family with him in Texas. I wish I could see mine, as I have a son that I haven't seen. Say Hello to Gabriel and Metcalfe and the rest of the fellows. I have only 26 points, so will probably be in for a while. I hope there will be a spot for me at 905 S.W. 4th Ave. when I get out, as that four wall room on the third floor fascinates me. Have played no handball lately, although we do have swimming, football, basketball, bowling and other facilities here. Regards to all the gang."

Donald Kirsch, has taken a job as coach at Hillsboro High School. That was what I read in the papers. Don was appointed after he was in the Service, was wounded in France, and discharged after several long months in the hospital.

Kemeth Puttkamer, firefighter can now be found at Engine 7, where he went to work last Saturday night, on B shift. Kenny was in the Air Corps, and did a lot of flying in Europe, but will try to have his story in a later issue.

Lt. Edwin L. Williams, is home on furlough, from the S.W. Pacific.

Lt. Col. William B. McKinney is in town on a sick leave. From Woodruff, Engine 3, we learn that the gall-bladder is out, and almost immediately he was marked "duty" and had to really pull strings to get a sick leave. Is expecting a call back to duty anytime, for assignment to the occupation forces of Japan, which is what he has been studying for. (Wonder if he bought a new wheel-barrow, yet).

Major William Fague, we learn from Bob Cofelt, never got away from Frisco, on his return to the Phillipines, but went to the hospital with a malaria attack. He is at Camp Roberts now. (Harry White asked about you, Bill) Bob said he had almost enough time in the hospital for a sick leave, and maybe we will get to see Bill again, soon. His uncle PFC Wes. Fague has the same ailment right now on Okinawa. Maybe it is catching in the Fague family, hope not though.

A.W. Butts, T/4 was in town according to Jim York, but I have not seen or heard from him. Maybe it was his brother Leo Butts, of Engine 7, who I called to find out, only to be told he was in the Army, stationed at Camp Roberts.

Cpl. James R. Aiken, writes (probably from Okinawa) thanking me for a letter he received from Gordon Clark. He says, "I am sorry I have not taken time to write you before, and tell you how much I enjoy your letters. I always look forward to them.

I also saw Bob Cofelt's name in the Aug. 4th letter, so know he is alright. Of course you have heard the good word, and it is nice to know we all will be home sooner or later. Chow call just went, and that is one call I seldom miss. Although it may not taste like the things Henry Bushman and I use d to build up at Engine 28, when I was the traveling man. If you have a little space, say hellow to Gordon Clark and Pat Kasch for me, and I'll see them all soon, I hope."

P.G. Scheideman, a steward on the S.S. Multnomah (Subbed at Eng. 8 after the war.) writes from "At Sea". He says, quote, "I haven't a great deal to say, except I am in the Pacific again, and from here, it looks like the war is over. I did spend an evening with Ray Seibert in Richmond. Give my regards to the gang at Engine 3, and Engine 8, Elmer Hockert and Johnny Davis."

Lt. "Bill Mitchell", phoned me the other day, while he was home on a leave. He has been transferred from San Diego. He has a new address, which we haven't got yet. Couldn't get together with Bill, and the day that he was going to call me, I think "Uncle Bobby" (that man from Atlanta, Ga.) wanted to go out and look over some of the green pastures, out on S. E. Bybee Ave., and of course I have to take him out. I think Bill has seen more different fellows from the Fire Dept., than anyone I know of. So many fellows have mentioned seeing Bill Mitchell.

Lt. Don Sloan called me and said he was on his way to Mare Island Firefighter School, and that he might get another transfer out to the S.W. Pacific. Don promised to write me a letter from Frisco, so I'll have the dope then. He has been at Manchester Firefighter School since returning from Europe last fall.

Lt. Henry L. Burns is home on sick leave, but has to go back to the Hospital at Great Lakes for another operation. Haven't seen Henry as yet, but he has taken advantage of the gasoline situation, and is now at the beach. Henry was wounded on Iwo Jima.

Well fellows, that is about all the news from here. All I can do is to pass on the news from each of you, on to the gang. These letters are put out with Chief Grenfell's approval, and that reminds me of a couple of War experiences of the Chief. The first one was when he was walking up the street in uniform, and a little boy about five years old ran up and grabbed his hand and looked at him proudly and says: "Oh, a sailor. You must be an Admiral." The Chief said; "No, I am a Fireman." and the boy let go of his hand, said, "Aw nuts", and went back to his mother. The second War Experience was when he got in the Chicken line at the market. (We have "lines" at home too). He was seeing the chickens disappear pretty fast, and when he got there, all they had left was some big stewing hens. The Chief asked for a frier, but they were all gone, and he kind of hesitated, saying: "I was hoping I could get a couple of Friers". The lady said: "Just step to one side for a minute, until I sell these few, and I'll fix you up. You know we have to take care of our Service men, and I always put a few away for them." Well, the Chief didn't say a word except "Thanks", and he got his friers. So he don't feel so bad about his first experience, any more. So fellows, now that the war is about over, there will still be some that will be slow getting out of the service. I am going to try and keep

these letters going until you are all back, so give us a little help with the news, and with the changes of addresses. What you are doing might not seem very interesting to you, but it is news to your friends. You know, a letter might help the morale on the Front, but it helps just as much on the Home front too.

With lots of luck and best regards,

Sincerely,

Henry Rich x
Henry B. Rich.

ADDRESSES: CHANGES :

- Major Wm. J. Fague O-332129, 93Bn. 18th Inf. Tr. Regt. Camp Roberts Cal.
- Lt. Don A. Sloan, U.S.Navy Firefighter School, Mare Island Cal.
- T/4 Everett Bilyeu 39340229, Co. B. 1635 Eng. Cen. Bn. APO 245 % PM San Francisco
- Capt. C.H. Lenneville O-534065, Det. F15 Co. D., 2nd Mil. Govt. Reg. APO 758 % PM, N.Y.
- Albert R. Carocci Sp (F) 2.c Fire Fighter School 500 East 1st St. S. Boston 27 Mass.
- John M. Duff Sea 2/c N.T.S. (F47), Lauderdale Beach Hotel, Ft. Lauderdale Fla.
- 2nd Lt. Wm. E. Lotz O-870161, 26th Phot Recon. Sqdn. APO 337 % PM. S.F. Cal.
- P.F.C. Clayton L. Thompson 39342954, Hq. Co. 3rd Rep. Dep. M.P. Sect. APO 872 N.Y.
- Maj. Jack Lowe O-323140 Air Defense Div. Sup Hdqrs. A EF APO 757, G5 Div. Hqs. U.S.F.E.T. % P M New York N Y
- Edward S. Lehr, Sea 1/c O G U, U S N T C. Great Lakes Ill
- F/O Gordon N. Clark T-128554, .Sqd. T. Box 501, B A A F Blytheville, Arkansas
- Sgt. Carl R. Gregg, A T Co. 118th APO 513, % P M New York N Y
- Lt. H. E. Bloomquist O-1050553 , 341 Eng. Regt. APO 772, % P M New York, N Y
- W.T. Nugent Jr., B M 2/c U S S Darke, Bost Div. APAL59, FPO, S.F. Cal.
- Cpl J. D. Culbertson 39345594, Batt. B. 769th F A, APO 70, % P M, S.F. Cal.
- Pvt. Victor E. Downs, A S N 39494365 Sqd. L. Flight 60-3706 A A F, Base Unit Shepherd Field, Texas
- Al. V. Dolphy, % Post Engineers, Antilles Division Eng. APO 602, % FM Miami Florida

lf. Henry B. Rich is home on sick leave, but has to go back to the hospital at Great Lakes for another operation. Haven't seen Henry as yet, but he has taken advantage of the gasoline situation, and is now at the hospital. Henry was wounded.

Well, folks, that is about all the news from here. All I can do is to pass on the news from school you, on to the gang. These letters are put out with Chief Greenfield's approval, and that reminds me of a couple of his experiences of the Chief. The first one was when he was walking up the stairs in uniform, and a little boy about five years old ran up and grabbed his hand and looked at him proudly and says, "Oh, a sailor. You must be an Admiral." The Chief said, "No, I am a fireman," and the boy let go of his hand, said, "An admiral," and went back to his mother. The second war experience was when he got in the Chicken line at the market. (We have "lines" at home too). He was seeing the chickens disappear pretty fast, and when he got there, all the chickens were gone. The Chief asked for a friend, but the friend was kind of hesitant, saying, "I was hoping I could get a couple of chickens." The lady said, "Just stay to one side for a minute, until I call these few, and I'll fix you up." You know we have to take care of our beloved men, and I always put a few away for them. Well, the Chief didn't say a word except "Thank you" and he got his chicken. He he didn't feel as bad about his first experience, and he follows, whether the war is about over, there will still be some that will be slow getting out of the service. I am going to try and keep