

Lt. Elton M. Buck is at Fitzsimmons General Hospital, Denver, Colorado. Buck put in a hitch on the bridge crew in Southern Oregon. No doubt he would enjoy lots of letters now that he is laid up.

Mr. Woodley also gives us a letter written by Corporal Berl Williams of the Third Army from Bad Tolz, Germany. Berl must have had a pleasant surprise V-J day, no C.B.I. for him then.

"The town where we are now, Bad-Tolz, is about 25 miles south of Murchen. I went there and saw the famous beer halls, which are quite the deal, that is what's left of them. We are also near where the 1936 Olympics were held.

I don't know anything to write so will tell you some of my experiences since I left the States.

As you know our P.O.E. was in New York. We were put aboard the Queen Mary on February 10, 1944, and made the trip to Glasgow, Scotland unescorted in seven days. The weather and water was awful rough (you probably know the results of that) but to my surprise I didn't get sick. We were attacked by subs twice but were lucky and they missed us. After we got off the boat in Scotland we were put on an English train (their cars are about the size our our cracker

boxes) and taken to Hay, England, a little town near the Wales-English border. We stayed there about five months and had passes to several of England's larger towns. On June 6th we were moved to Exeter in Southern England and on the channel. I was there about three weeks when they told us to pack that we were going to France. We had a nice trip across the channel. Were attacked once but our destroyer escort soon took care of that interruption. When we reached the Utah beachhead we were unable to land so had to stay on the landing barge that night. We had plenty of excitement there too, but managed to get off next morning O.K.

I went into combat at the time of the St. Lo breakthrough and have been on the front ever since. I spent most of my time spearheading with the sixth armored division which was mighty rough at times, especially when we had to bring a load of wounded back through about 50 to 100 miles before we saw any of our troops. The Infantry couldn't keep up with us so we would take off without them. I have had more close calls than a dog has fleas, but always managed to get out alive. We had a tough time at Bastogne last winter, but in the end we came out to the good.

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