

# 'Destination Unknown'

## A Salem Soldier's Experiences in the Tunisian Campaign

Editor's Note: Under the heading "Destination Unknown," Sgt. Timothy Campbell, son of Mrs. Alfred Frykberg who lives at 376 Evergreen avenue, has written a letter, excerpts from which follow. A second installment will appear next Sunday. The same letter was sent to relatives of other members of the personnel section of an armored field artillery battalion in order to provide them all with a detailed description of the men's experiences. Sgt. Campbell graduated from Salem high school in the 1942 class and entered the army January 20, 1942.

By SGT. TIMOTHY CAMPBELL. We embarked Sunday afternoon, November 1, 1942, in New York harbor — DESTINATION UNKNOWN. The ship sailed in the early morning hours on the following day, so we were unable to catch a last glimpse of the Statue of Liberty. The ship was not too crowded with soldiers, but it did not have the appearance of a luxury liner as it had been in its former days.



SGT. TIMOTHY CAMPBELL

By luck, three men from the section were able to get bunks in a six-bunk stateroom, and the rest of the section had hammocks on C deck up front where the full sway of the ship could be felt at every little wave. The stateroom was to have been the means of accomplishing our work on the voyage—we clerks of the personnel section having been roped in to do all the work in troop headquarters—but very little work was actually accomplished. Instead, the room was more or less a gathering place, poker being one of the reasons for a packed room. Another reason being that the ship rode much easier on this deck, and the boys were able to catch up on their sleep. Thus—the bunks were occupied 24 hours a day.

The voyage was uneventful as for enemy submarines and aircraft action; but nevertheless we had our troubles, these being seasickness and food. Not one of us had a severe case of seasickness, but there were slight cases, especially once when we weathered a storm for a full day. . . . Because of the number of troops, we had only two meals a day. So we were never overfed, but one means of rescue was candy. Each of us consumed dozens of candy bars during the trip. We discovered, too, that steam-cooked food soon became unpalatable.

After a few days out in the Atlantic ocean, we were informed that our destination was to be Africa, and that we would land at Casablanca, French Morocco, if possible. As none of us had ever been to this part of the world we were looking forward to the new and interesting sights we were to see. We had heard that an invasion force had left the United States a few days prior to our leaving, but there was notice that we might have to force our way so as to land. After sailing around in circles off the coast of Africa, we received word that the invasion was successful; and after being on the ocean for 17 days, we sailed into Casablanca harbor on November 18, disembarking on the 19th. An advance party went ashore the evening of the 18th and discovered that a number of snipers were still lurking about the city but that the Americans had everything well in hand. At a later date an MP detail from our unit was successful in routing out the last of the snipers.

With all of our equipment and one barracks bag over our shoulders, we put our feet on this strange land at 8 o'clock in the morning and started to hike to the bivouac area. After a short walk, we disposed of the barracks bags to be picked up later and continued our march to the bivouac area about six miles from Casablanca.

We arrived at the area that was to be our camping ground for the next three months, around noon, very exhausted and hungry, so we relaxed and proceeded to eat a K ration. As not much supplies were in Africa at the time, we were to continue to eat the K ration, changing off to the C ration, which was either a small can of beans, hash or stew with a few biscuits, hard candy and soluble coffee, for about two weeks, until it was possible for the kitchen to set up. After eating, we picked a location for our tents, but before we were able to get them up it started to rain. Rain or no rain we proceeded to put up our tents. Late in the afternoon our bags came, but everything was wet, including the blankets, so we spent a very miserable night sleeping on the damp hard ground under wet blankets.

The following morning the battalion continued its training where it had left off in the United States, and we continued our routine work, making out insurance, allotments, payrolls, service records, morning reports, and taking care of all the letters, papers and packages which came to the battalion from the states. Our type of work prevented us from participating in the important events and kept us a few miles behind the lines in the campaigns that were to follow; but nevertheless, we had our own experiences.

Soon after landing in Africa we were looking forward to our first pass to visit Casablanca. . . . we were given a pass for only six hours. . . . and with the best transportation available—walking—started for Casablanca.

Our first stop in the city was a small bar. . . . Since no one could speak French, we began to experience difficulty in trying to figure out the franc denomination of currency. . . . "But, as time

# Wise or Otherwise

By ETHAN GRANT

Wise or Otherwise Sun Feat. . . . Once again the Navy is shipping some of its lads off to university. These are the brilliant lads. The Navy has seen to it that not a dunce is among them. When it was decided to send the boys to university, I've an idea the admirals talked it over.

"We'll send no dunces," the rear admiral said.

"Absolutely no more dunces," the front admiral emphasized.

"Like the Grant we sent to Harvard during the last war," the vice admiral added.

How I happened to be sent to Harvard was one of the major oddities of 1917, ranking with such mysteries as what became of the Cyclops, who killed the Czar and what was in the hash. For only I know, and I've never told. The indirect cause was a malady at first diagnosed as measles but afterward discounted on grounds I was to slow to catch measles.

Anyhow, I'm presumably the only man ever admitted to Harvard because of a tummy rash.

In April of 1917, I was one of 5000 boots at the Norfolk training station. I was a unique boot because of my perpetual state of complete relaxation. I was sometimes so relaxed that spiders spun webs and caught various entomological species between my chin and my knees. The CPO who drilled us pointed me out as the cause of buzzards hovering above the station. He said buzzards were unknown in the Navy before it happened to get me.

The truth is, I was tired. Calisthenics, toting a rifle and saluting just kept me worn out. I was tired all day. And sleeping in a hammock kept me tired all night.

Tired of walking, we hired a hack and began a general tour of the city. . . . Our only regret was that we were unable to visit the two Medinas . . . the old Medina and the new Medina . . . native sections of the city and are off limits to American soldiers. From the few that did find a way to get in we were told of the very beautiful palace the sultan of Morocco has, and of the love gardens, or institutions, that are controlled by the civil government.

Our next few weeks were spent in the army routine, but in December it was interrupted twice. First, when President Roosevelt came . . . for the famous Casablanca conference; although none of the personnel section saw any of the prominent figures who were there. The battalion was honor guard for the caravan of automobiles for one day.

The second interruption occurred in the early morning hours of December 31 when we were visited by German bombers. With the gleaming searchlights and anti-aircraft tracers lighting up the sky, it had the appearance of a Fourth of July night display, but we didn't have the feeling of such. Unfortunately we had no foxholes dug; so there was no protection other than to lie on the ground if any bombs fell nearby. Luckily enough, no bombs were dropped in our vicinity. This excitement lasted over an hour, and so we had a preview of what was to come.

# Stricken Mexicans Still in Hospital

GRANTS PASS, Aug. 21 (AP)—All but eight of the Mexican hop pickers who became ill Thursday after eating prepared lunches remained in the hospital Saturday and they were well along to recovery.

V. C. Wood, federal representative, is here investigating federal hop picking camp conditions and management, and Dr. S. B. Osgood, Josephine county health officer, is awaiting final analysis of the feed to definitely determine cause of the outbreak.

At its height the poisoning effected 280 imported farm workers. All had eaten lunches prepared at a war food administration camp here.

# Our 'fresh up'



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me, they tried giving me things to cheer me up. This is an effort to disprove man's inhumanity to man. They gave me things like doses of salts and half a half-cooked egg on a half slice of soft toast. It was 8 o'clock next morning when the staff doctor finally got around to me. He seemed surprised to discover it wasn't measles I had.

"I knew it, sir," I said. "I've already had 'em."

So after my belongings and I were thoroughly fumigated, I was dispatched back to the training station. My outfit had meantime gone aboard the Oklahomas and my spirits had gone to pot. My life was a wreck not worth salvaging. At the ripe age of 17.

The station bulletin board announced that 15 boys were to be chosen for training at the Navy's radio school at Harvard and we

were invited over to the armory to prove we were smart enough to qualify. Having nothing to lose, I strolled over, relaxed and bared my low I.Q. It turned out to be so flat two weeks were required to analyze it. I think they sent it to John Hopkins or the Walter Reed hospital.

And even then you could tell it was a four-five decision. They never did issue anything definite. They merely said if I did manage to squeeze through the Harvard course, it would become one of the miracles of the war.

# Big Fish, Strange Place, Youthful Angler

MARSHFIELD, Ore., Aug. 21 (AP)—A 55-inch barracuda, rare in these northern waters, was displayed here Saturday. It was caught from shore by a seven-year-old girl.

# Around Oregon

By the Associated Press

Continued operation of 11 nursery schools and 30 summer-care centers for older children in Portland was assured Saturday after the federal works agency assumed responsibility; previously lack of funds had threatened their closure.

County Judge W. A. Johnson and sons announced Saturday at Grants Pass they would reduce their dairy herd 24 per cent because of the OPA ceiling prices on fluid milk.

Earl J. Kennedy, 51, junior custodial officer at McNeil Island federal penitentiary, is held on a charge of stealing government property, US Commissioner Robert A. Leedy said in Portland Saturday. Kennedy's home is at Stella-coom, Wash. . . .

Freeda O. Hartzfield, former Yakima USO director, has been appointed dean of women at Lewis & Clark college in Portland. . . . At Wallawa Fred Feloner, sheepman, announced he had traded a 3400-acre ranch at Heppner and a 780-acre ranch at Boardman for 10,000 acres, owned by Bruce Dennis, in the Wallawa valley, and for 3200 head of sheep. . . .

Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation at Portland Saturday launched its 239th Liberty ship, the David F. Berry, and will launch Sunday its 240th, the Thomas J. Walsh.

Mrs. Brown Better ELDRIDGE—Mrs. Julia Brown, who has been ill at the Deaconess hospital for the last two weeks, will be removed to the home of her son, Karl M. Brown, as soon as her condition warrants.

# Vetch Yield Heavy On Molenaar Farm

PERRYDALE—John Molenaar has one of the best yields of spring sown oats and vetch in these parts so far reported. He got 475 sacks from 28 acres, the sacks averaging 110 pounds each.

Mrs. Maxine Tilton is working in Houk's store. She is going to work there indefinitely. Her husband, William Tilton, joined the navy and she will make her home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fay Morrison, for the duration.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Morrison of North Bend are visiting relatives here this week.

Visits at Clatskanie ELDRIDGE—Mrs. A. W. Nason is spending a week with relatives near Clatskanie.

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