

Wisconsin Veterans Museum  
Research Center

Transcript of an  
Oral History Interview with  
Douglas W. Evans, United States Army Air Corps,  
World War II  
2004

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**Evans, Douglas W.**, (1921- ), Oral History Interview, 2004.

User copy, 1 sound cassette (ca. 40 min.), analog, 1 7/8 ips, mono.

Master copy, 1 sound cassette (ca. 40 min.), analog, 1 7/8 ips, mono.

### **ABSTRACT**

Douglas Evans, a native of Milwaukee and Wauwatosa, Wis., describes his experiences as a meteorological cadet in training camps and his experiences on the Pacific front during World War II. He describes train transportation to a basic training camp in Boca Raton (Florida), Florida wartime security, and German submarines off the coast. He tells a story about swimming in the Gulf Stream. Moved to Grand Rapids (Michigan) for meteorological training, he describes his coursework and relates a story about marching around the city. He was then sent to Chanute Field at Rantoul (Illinois) where he graduated as a 2<sup>nd</sup> lieutenant. Assigned to Yuma Air Base (California), he reports on the weather conditions. Evans describes the transport ship, his first impressions of the Pacific, and daily life on the ship. He talks about arriving at Noumea (New Caledonia) and Tontouta Field. He reports that he was assigned to an AACS radio communications headquarters but relates that they did not have much use for him. He extensively describes the jungle environment, native people, French ranchers, and animals and insects. He tells of the practical difficulty of returning home. He comments briefly on the Vichy French on New Caledonia and describes his feelings on the C-47. Evans addresses his return home and his use of the GI Bill.

### **Biographical Sketch**

Evans (b. July 6, 1921) signed up for the Army Air Corps and was called up in November 1942 (?), and achieved the rank of 1<sup>st</sup> lieutenant. After returning to the United States after the war, he settled in Madison, Wis.

Interviewed by John K. Driscoll, Wisconsin Veterans Museum Volunteer, 2004.

Transcribed by John K. Driscoll, Wisconsin Veterans Museum Volunteer, 2004.

Transcript edited by Rachel Reynard, 2004.

## Interview Transcript

John: This is John Driscoll, and I am a volunteer with the Wisconsin Veterans Museum. And this is an oral history interview with Doug Evans. Is it Douglas?

Doug: Oh, that's okay.

John: And your middle initial, Doug?

Doug: W.

John: And Doug is a veteran of World War II, the Army Air Corps. We are at Doug's home on Fox Avenue, in Madison, Wisconsin. Today is April 21, 2004, and, Doug, thanks a lot for agreeing to the interview.

Doug: Okay.

John: Why don't we start off at the very beginning? Where were you born? And when?

Doug: Oh, let's see. Well, I was born in Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, and that would have been July 6, 1921.

John: Okay. Something about your family? Large or small?

Doug: Small, I guess.

John: Brothers or sisters?

Doug: Ah, no.

John: You were an only child.

Doug: I guess.

John: Okay. Early life? What did you do, living in Fort Atkinson?

Doug: Oh, well, I left Fort Atkinson while I was still very small. And moved to Milwaukee, and I lived on the northwest side. Later moved to Wauwatosa, which is a suburb west of Milwaukee. And I graduated from Wauwatosa High School in 1938, I guess it was.

John: Any further education? College?

Doug: Oh, yes. I went to the University of Wisconsin and studied chemical engineering.

John: Oh, okay. I was a chemistry major.

Doug: Were you? Okay.

John: Leading up to you going into the service, did you go right from college?

Doug: Well, I was in college, and I signed up for Army Air Corps, well, let's see, we could be called up at the whim, or whatever, of the service. So when I left, I think I was in my junior year at Wisconsin. And then that was for the duration.

John: I see. Okay. When was it you were called in?

Doug: Ooh. I believe it was November of 1941. I was a meteorological cadet. And was to study meteorology, and that got to be a pretty intensive thing.

John: Oh, I've never talked to anybody that did that. Then, when you got called in, you weren't married at that time?

Doug: No.

John: Okay. You went in in November of '41. That was before the war.

Doug: I guess I'd have to consult the record.

John: That's all right. Don't worry about it. Well, then, what was going on. How did you get notice that you were being called up?

Doug: I got a letter in the mail that I had six, seven, eight days, whatever it was.

John: Oh, wow, that's not much time.

Doug: Yea, and that was it. I was kind of surprised, but it was yes and no. That is what you expect.

John: Do you remember when that was? When you got called in?

Doug: When?

John: Yes.

Doug: Well, again I go back to this November, '41. Well, let's see, when was Pearl Harbor?

John: That was December of '41.

Doug: Then I am not so sure I was not called up until November of '42.

John: Okay. And, where did you report, when you were called up?

Doug: To Boca Raton, Florida, it turned out. What I did, I took a bus to Chicago and they have big rail yards there. And there were some old wooden passenger cars, they were obsolete and they had been in storage for years. They were real museum pieces. And they were left on railroad sidings in the big rail yards south of Chicago. And apparently to keep this traffic of people going into service separated from the public, they didn't want it known who was traveling and so on. We used these old wooden passenger cars. All they had was a small coal stove for heat at one end, and they swayed. And through Chicago, swayed and rattled our way through the Deep South. We didn't know where we were going, or anything like that. It seemed to avoid contact with any towns or cities along the route. They must have taken us through the back end of the rail system. And we traveled day and night through these empty fields in the South. And on reaching Florida, we knew where we were, we transferred, I think, to the Seaboard Airline Railroad, which was at the point which they are on the coast. And then went south there along the coast to West Palm Beach, to Boca Raton, which is north of Fort Lauderdale? No. North of Miami, somewhere. And what I noticed, the Florida coast was supposed to be blacked out, but as you went down, there were railroad crossings, there were cars with dimmed headlights showing, and even some overhead street lights with hoods on them. And I thought, well, German submarines can see that on shore because they were making enough light, you know. And, of course, the German subs were along the coast, and they were inshore along the coast, and they did a lot of damage. So, got to Boca Raton, and that was a resort that was converted to a basic training camp. And we assembled under palm trees in the court yard, which was before dawn. And we exercised and marched and ran over an obstacle courses all day, and in a month I was in the best physical shape I had ever been in. And in the evening, we had classes, refresher classes in math and so on. And I was tired and fell asleep for a few minutes, I think, or less, and I missed review of differential calculus. All in a few minutes. And we had some excitement there. The room I was in was on a corner, looking out over the Atlantic. And there wasn't a barrier island out there, I don't believe. Yes, I think it was clear out. And literally in the small hours of the morning, there was a balloon out there hanging over the shoreline dropping depth charges. And it seemed very close. It seemed like I could just reach up and touch it. It was lit up like a Christmas tree, and the concussion nearly knocked me out of my top bunk, so I got up and looked out the corner, like on the fifty yard line, to see what was going on. My room mates didn't stir. I don't know, because of the angles of the bed. Some were at right angles, and so on. The concussion didn't knock them out of their beds. And in the morning, they had no recollection of it at all. And after that morning, a rumor was that there was debris and a German submariner's cap had been washed ashore not far north of Boca Raton, so maybe they hit something. Yea, it was a weird sight, a barrage balloon hanging over the corner of

the, along the coast there. And the Gulf Stream, I went swimming. I was alone and I got off shore, maybe fifty yards or so on, and a strong current began to drag me north. And I had to turn at right angles to the shore and had to work hard to get there. And, besides, I thought later, they might have been sharks out there.

John: Yea, that's true.

Doug: And there was surf coming in, and I thought, oh. Surf maybe three, four feet high, breakers coming in. And I thought it would be fun to lay in them and be rolled up on the beach like a log. So I did. And that sand is sharp, and hard on the skin. And the tumbling and the breakers could break an arm or a leg, so I didn't do any more of that.

John: What a great story.

Doug: For meteorological training, we moved north to Grand Rapids, and again, I have here a note of '42. Maybe it was '43. But, anyhow, we were quartered in the Pantlind Hotel, which I think still exists in downtown Grand Rapids. So, the routine there was to march and exercise in the morning and classes in the afternoon, and into the evening. And the faculty was a mix of university professors, who were prominent in meteorology, and some experienced Air Force forecasters. The training was a mixture of synoptic and dynamic meteorology. Synoptic is, what you can observe on the ground that you can observe, that might be of use for forecasting weather and fronts, and so on. And dynamic meteorology is the theory behind wind flow and air mass analysis and frontal movements. And the quarters in the evening were patrolled to make sure everybody was studying, and not goofing off. And everything was quiet. And we only had text books to study. And we were even inspected in the rooms to see that we were actually looking, reading text books. And that the text book was open to the right page. There was a class in the Pantlind Hotel that was older than us, and they had been in the hotel for some months, and they were quite pale. And they called us the Bronze Giants from Florida. What happened to them later, I don't know. So, marching around the city, well, we were singing off-color songs. The class was divided in three wings. The Gremlins, the shorter men, were up front, to slow down the procession. And then came the mid-sized men. I was in that group. And finally the tallest men. So, people would poke fun at the Gremlins, and that made them fierce. So during soccer matches, particularly against the tallest group, a lot of shins got barked. Saturday night was free, except for walking punishment tours for rule infractions. So, later on, that spring, I guess it was, or was it in summer? We left Grand Rapids for Chanute Field at Rantoul, Illinois, to finish training. Sometime around November, and I have '42 here, but I think it might have been '43, I was graduated as a second lieutenant. And about that time, we were told too many of us had been trained. So we might be put into ordnance, or radio communications, or anything else. And I was all geared up to forecast weather, or try to. And the cost of all this training is buried somewhere in the national debt, if

it hasn't evaporated through inflation. But, I've had a life long hobby of watching the weather signs for coming changes. I was then assigned to Yuma Air Force, is that a field or a base? It wasn't a base. I guess it was an air port in the desert on the California border and the weather was just superb. That was in January of '43, or was it '44? Anyhow, the weather was superb, with sunny days and chilly nights, and usually no wind. And the barracks had no doors because there weren't any insects around, and before sunrise I'd go down to get a shower and wash up, and so on, I saw what looked like a large dog at the end of the barracks. Far end of the barracks doorway. But I didn't pay any attention to it. I thought maybe it was a German shepherd, I guess. I now believe it was a mountain lion that had been near the air base. Was it curiosity, or hunger? Maybe both had brought the animal in. But there were weather problems there. Fighter pilots going west went through a pass at Tahapchpee, and it was likely to fill up from fog from stratus clouds by midday, and these pilots were for VFR, visual flight regulations. And only maybe a few of them had instrument clearance. And there were also morning fogs in Yuma that didn't burn off until mid-morning, so I'd bite my nails till noon until that traffic got through to the West Coast. So, we had radiation fog three nights in a row and I correctly forecast that night after night. And when I got back to the States, I looked up the weather records for Yuma, Arizona, and this morning fog only happened about once every six years or so. And never three in a row. So the moral of the story if there is one, in a great while things work out the way they are supposed to. If I had seen those weather records, I never would have done that. So, I was sent to Suisun-Fairfield Force Base, about fifty miles northeast of San Francisco. I think they are on the map somewhere, those towns. That was north-northeast of San Francisco, and I had about five shots in one arm at one time, and I had a reaction. I stayed under blankets on a cot in a hot, noisy barracks and I didn't get up to the following noon. So I assume my immune system was pretty well cranked up. So, by barges, down the Sacramento River, and we were loaded into trucks and we crossed into San Francisco. That would have been on the Oakland Bridge, to the Embarcadero, down on the shore of San Francisco, for transfer into a converted Matson cruise ship of about ten thousand tons, and every cubic inch was used. And there were steep stairs and narrow passage ways and all the rest. And very crowded, of course. So, while exploring the passage ways while our troops embarked, I came across a man in considerable pain from a bulging hernia. And I had him follow me up and down these stairs, and so forth, way down below the hold somewhere, as I hunted for the first aid room. Which I finally found, and I told him to stay there on a gurney. Sooner or later someone would come aboard. And I assumed someone would get him ashore. You don't want to send a hospitalized patient overseas. So the troops lined up to enter in an orderly fashion, including some who were drunk, supported on two sides by big MPs. I assume he had been AWOL, and shacked up with some woman. We sailed the next morning under the Golden Gate Bridge, and the submarine net was open. And it was quickly closed. And a destroyer followed us out a ways and then dropped out of sight. And nothing was to be seen on the empty ocean. It was quite lonely.

John: Yea, yea.

Doug: The water was choppy off the coast, and it made me seasick. And I found if I faced forward instead of at right angles to the hull, it was better. And the ship assumed a zig-zag course sometimes with sharp turns at high speeds. And it got hot and sticky further out on the Pacific. There was little or no wind, and I slept on the deck under an anti-aircraft type gun. I think it was an anti-aircraft gun, short range. It wasn't that big, and so on. Quite flexible, shoot in any direction. And during alerts, and so on, the gun crew would come stomping up and I'd get out of their way, of course. And one night the ship went dead in the water. The power was out and it was dark as a tomb. And some kind of a panic developed down below. And they said they heard a torpedo hit. And there was water rushing in the hold. And a few of them, at least a few guys were allowed up on deck to report back, and they ran around the ship until they were too tired to run any further. And then they went below to say we hadn't been hit and weren't sinking. If you are from Wisconsin, you might be surprised how much of the country does not know how to swim. And then there were flying fish. It is amazing how they can launch from the surface of the water, and steer maybe thirty feet or more, and they can steer their course, and so on. And at that time we were somewhere in the tropical Pacific, and the water was blue, green, phosphorescent, and there were no signs of predators after them. So I assume maybe it was the ship going through that disturbed them. And not fish trying to eat them. We had daily target practice with these guns, and orange balloons were launched, and the gunners never hit any of them. They drifted over the horizon. The water and the wind currents over the ocean are pretty well known and the winds drive the ocean currents, so there are plenty of clues to follow if anybody found those balloons.

John: That is right. Yea.

Doug: So after World War II, it became known the Japanese used their submarines to supply their newly won island empire, and they weren't attacking any troop ships. But we couldn't know that. So, where were we going? Nobody knew. Some people thought I knew, and they would harass me, and so on. And I didn't know any more than they did, which was nothing. And finally reached New Caledonia. And the ship reached Noumea, the capital of a French island in the afternoon. We anchored outside the harbor, and Noumea was lit up like a Christmas tree when the sun went down. It was really cheerful, but the troops on deck began wasting their carbon dioxide bomblets that were in their inflatable life jackets and they sent word around that we were near out, and they thought that might help. And maybe it did. It helped some. I assume it was too late in the day to enter through the mine fields. Maybe that was the reason we stayed outside. So we went ashore in landing craft and we camped for a few days. And filled canteens with water, and we all got one helmet full of water in the morning for washing, shaving, and brushing your teeth, and that was it. Then I was sent northwest up the island to



Tontouta Field, and I was assigned to an AACS radio communications headquarters. It was a nerve center for the area's encoded radio traffic.

John: What does AACS stand for, Doug?

Doug: Damned it I know anymore.

John: Okay.

Doug: Anyhow, at Tontouta Field, I was assigned to this outfit. And they didn't seem to have much use for me. After all, I was a meteorologist, and they wanted radio people. And the types they wanted the most were the radio amateurs. The guys who could build, so on, transmitters and receivers and so on. So, I had to just mark time. Ran a motor pool, and miscellaneous stuff. Now, there was a naval air station near Noumea, very close, it was called Magenta. And there was another Air Force field further northwest on the island at Plaines de Guyiac, in the more mountainous country of the north. Well, the Tontouta area was lightly forested with Naouli trees, which is a eucalyptus, and the mountains running up the island, which is four hundred miles long, and split the island in two halves, just about. And these mountains were about two or three thousand feet high. But here and there were flamboyant trees on the mountainside that looked like they were on fire during flowing season. Quite spectacular. At times, you might see a French rancher on the road. And these people were from Normandy, France, big and burly with long blond moustaches.

John: Okay.

Doug: They looked like Vikings. And also at night, during the feast of Ramadan, Tonkinese or Annamese were on the roads, and they were swinging lanterns, perhaps to drive out evil spirits, or something, and they looked like they were hallucinating. So I advised my guys to keep their distance from them. These Tonkinese, and so on, were brought to the island to work in the nickle mines and the smelter, and New Caledonia was the free world's main supplier of nickle during the war.

John: Oh. I didn't know that.

Doug: And the Norman ranchers were there to colonize Noumea, because Noumea was full of ex-convicts who had served their terms and weren't suitable for ranching. And they had fragrant bread somewhere. Out in the fields, they would have a bakery and you could smell the aroma about a hundred yards away. And it was delicious. Maybe because they were using Naouli wood for fuel. Of course, my taste buds were much younger then. And then there were the New Hebrides. The island was Espiritu Santo. And there were frequent earthquakes, or tremors, on the island. Knocking things off of shelves and so on. I kept a log of that by marking

on my tent poles, you know. I'd mark 5, 5; 5, 5; and 5. And there were small lizards inside the tents, and they were pretty welcome because they hung on the canvas upside down waiting for insects.

John: Okay.

Doug: And they had sticky feet, toe pads, and I guess that is how they can hang upside down. And there were flying foxes. They slept by day in the jungle canopy, and they made a noisy commotion at sundown. They rallied and went flying off somewhere, looking for fruit and flowers. I think they had about three foot wing spans, or thereabouts. And when the jungle was cleared for air strips, the openings let in the light and vines rapidly took over, growing sometimes forty feet up the side of the jungle, like a great big carpet, like you could, they looked strong enough, if you wanted to, you could climb up on them. But I didn't want to climb up on them. Who could be sure?

**[End of Side A of Tape 1.]**

There was a night-flowering white jasmine. So, there were exotic things on the island. But, contrary to what you may think, the jungle under this dense canopy was bare, at least it was on this island. All there was under there was...[several seconds pause]...

John: Okay, go ahead.

Doug: All right? The air strips were built of crushed coral, and they were overlaid with pre-fabricated, interlocking steel plates. They could be built in a hurry, and I wonder what if anything is left of them now. And, while swimming, while I was trying to teach men to swim and so on, I was wading around in the water, and I felt sharp pricks on my knee cap, and I looked down, and there were little two inch fish down there. It was a blenny. It was attacking my knee cap. I was in his territory. It would back off a few inches, and charge.

John: Wow.

Doug: Well, I guess, going back to New Caledonia, wild life there, there are miniature deer on the island that had been imported from the Phillipines that were called Queen-something Deer, and they weighed probably fifty pounds or less. And they were complete with miniature antlers. Otherwise, they were very much like our white tails. And there were sea snakes on the road, sometimes. You would see had been killed by traffic. And they were quite colorful. Black and reddish bands. And birds, the just didn't seem to be any around except there was an iridescent blue kingfisher over a swimming hole. And the coral reefs were full of life. Giant clams and shells big enough to make holy water fountains at the Noumea cathedral. And for fishing, you didn't need any bait. Bare hooks would do. You'd

take a crash boat out to those areas inside the reefs, and fill the bottom of the boat with fish of various kinds. And barracuda, and angel fish big as dinner plates. Small groupers. But the surf was too high to go beyond the reefs. There were huge tuna fish jumping out there, they looked almost as big as cows. Yea. And the day's catch would provide supper for the whole air field.

John: Great.

Doug: And only one species was rejected for being poisonous, or sickening. And there were large spiders around, and they built dense webs in the outdoor urinals, and they had eight glistening eyes. They looked like small diamonds. And they were not to be trifled with. One soldier was bitten on the end of his organ, and he was in a coma for a few days.

John: Wow.

Doug: Insects, there weren't many around, but there were mosquitoes. And they carried dengue fever, which is a virus. You would cover up your bare skin at night and DDT bombs were in use. Heck of a lot of DDT fog. The war was moving north, and some Russians came through looking for what was a good question. Probably sent by Stalin to see if we were tied up in the Pacific, or our excuse for not helping more in Europe. And they bought Mickey Mouse watches in the P. X. A B-29 bomber came through and it was, I thought, the most monstrous thing I'd ever seen. I couldn't imagine wanting to build a plane any bigger than that, even if it could be done. But, now, a B-29 could easily fit under one wing of today's giant airliners. On VE Day, that night, flares were being shot all over, and likely to set tents on fire, and so on. So, but you couldn't blame the guys for celebrating, even though it was just another day in the Pacific. It looked like it would be a long haul, you know, to get up to Japan. And after the atom bomb, I believe it was the end of war as we knew it. Nation versus nation. Maybe it is. I don't know. Until the Moslem terrorists showed up here recently.

John: Yea.

Doug: Okay, let's see. I got a date here of 9/2/45. Oh, that was the day the war with Japan was over, and everyone wanted to go home at once. It's not that easy. Artillery and munitions had to be retrieved and sent elsewhere. Cannibalized equipment beyond repair had to be accounted for, and written off the books. Diesel generators and all sorts of things. And so the air fields and the roads and so on, and bridges that had been built up over three or more years had to be abandoned. And the troops accumulated over a vast area of the South Pacific couldn't go home all at once. So, I was kept there the better part of a year after the war was over, at New Caledonia, and the air field was thinly guarded, and at night thieves would come in and steal aviation gasoline. But what irked me most was they left the valves open, and just let this scarce gas run on the ground.

John: Wow. Terrible fire hazard.

Doug: Well, they were Vichy French, and the island, well, maybe that had something to do with it. I returned to Fairfield-Suisun Air Base by air, and it was vaguely familiar. And I got off, and somehow I got to San Francisco, and had a big seafood dinner in Chinatown, and by rail I got to Fort McCoy, and was discharged as a first lieutenant. And these are some of the things I remember about that tour of duty. But I am fuzzy about some of the dates.

John: That's okay.

Doug: Some miscellaneous items. The Vichy French on New Caledonia didn't like us, and watch was kept on antennas for radio transceivers that were up in the hills, at least one of them. And the orientation gives clues to the frequency that were being used, and the orientation should be broadside to the signal, so I didn't think much of anything that was found, and I believe this was an OSS agent, doing surveillance. It wasn't military, anyway. But it was bothering the pilots. For upset level flight, a bunch of GIs would run to the tail and then back, and the pilot would finally look out the flight compartment like a teacher looking at an unruly classroom. The C-47 was a remarkable plane, and a good number of these are still flying these many years later. And on one trip I took, we were carrying a very heavy radio teletype equipment. They were lashed to the floor, so many hundred pounds to the foot. And the plane would struggle to gain altitude. I think it would take four or five hundred miles to gain altitude to ten thousand. Anyhow, taking off toward those hills or mountains was worrisome. And there was just enough headroom to crawl on top of the cargo. So, I guess that is as much as I can remember.

John: Well, that is a remarkable story.

Doug: Yea, I thought it was interesting.

John: How about after the war, what did you do after you got out? Did you go back to school?

Doug: Well, I was a junior in chemical engineering when I left, so I came back to finish, at the University of Wisconsin.

John: You had the GI Bill. Did you use it?

Doug: Oh, yea.

John: Did you use it for anything else, besides education?

- Doug: No, that was the only thing.
- John: That is remarkable. How about veterans organizations? VFW? American Legion?
- Doug: Oh, no, I'm not a member. I'm not much of a guy for belonging to groups.
- John: What about reunions, and getting together, and that? Or staying in touch?
- Doug: Oh, I didn't know half of those people I was with. They were scattered all over, to here and there, you know. Like me, when I got over there, they didn't have much use for me, anyway. In fact, I ran across one of them somewhere and he told me he knew what had happened. Somebody put an extra zero behind the number of meteorologists they wanted to train, so instead of a thousand, it was ten thousand. Now, that is what he said.
- John: That could be. That well could be. Well, that is a remarkable story. That is tremendous. You know, there was so much going on, and yet in four years, you guys did it.
- Doug: Yea, I guess. And, of course, the Pacific, nothing much was done until the war in Europe was done. Roosevelt favored going after Hitler, first.
- John: Yea, Hitler, first.
- Doug: And most of the, oh, so, what were we talking about?
- John: What about your career after the service? After you got out of school? I assume you stayed around Madison, here.
- Doug: Yea. Well, I wanted to stay in Madison, so I took a job with the laboratory with the Highway Commission.
- John: Oh, okay.
- Doug: And then I got called up for the Korean War.
- John: Oh, did you?
- Doug: Yea. But, that is a long, dull story. I was in Alaska.
- John: Okay. I can imagine. Again, as a meteorologist?
- Doug: Oh, no. It was still called communications, and forgot what it was. Well, they were building a big, long distance radio network, and there was big stations at Elmendorf Field and Anchorage, outside of Anchorage, Alaska.

John: That is a remarkable story. I've got a friend, Stephen Ambrose, the writer who just passed away. He was from around here, and he was talking to a bunch of World War II veterans one evening at the Historical Society. And most of the guys there said, "We didn't do much." And he stopped them. He said, "Would you all stand up?" And these vets stood up. And he said, "You were giants!" And they looked at him. And he said, "You went out and saved the world." And they kind of shook their heads.

Doug: I guess you could kind of look at it like that.

John: That's the way he saw it.

Doug: Well, in spite of doing nothing, or next to nothing.

John: I did an interview with a fellow who spent his whole war at Indianapolis, at the finance center. And he said, "I didn't do anything." And then he said, "But you know, if it wasn't for us, they wouldn't have got paid for it." Okay, well, let me wrap this up. This is great.

**[End of Interview.]**