

U.S. NAVY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

ORAL HISTORY WITH PHARMACIST'S MATE FIRST CLASS (ret.)
STEPHEN CROMWELL, USN

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TELEPHONIC INTERVIEW

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Telephone interview with former PhM1c Stephen Cromwell, World War II hospital corpsman. Present at D-Day and a crewman aboard USS *Missouri* (BB-63).

Where are you from?

I was born in Chicago in 1925. When I was 4, we came back to Rockville, and I've lived here in Rockville, MD, all my life.

Where did you go to school?

I went to public school in Rockville until the 8th grade, then went down to St. Albans in Washington at the National Cathedral. I graduated there in 1943.

How did you end up in the Navy?

I volunteered. Today people have a little difficulty understanding the attitude in this country after Pearl Harbor. Everybody wanted to do their part. We had been attacked by a foreign nation. Everybody who was able to, participated one way or another in trying to help our nation. Those of us who were physically able went into the service. I guess there were a few who got drafted but, looking back at the time, I was just a teenager. I think most of the young men in Rockville went into the service voluntarily. The only exceptions were some of the farm boys who were allowed to stay home to take care of the farms.

I volunteered when I graduated from high school in June of 1943. I first tried to get into the Air Force but my vision wasn't that good so I wasn't accepted. Then I joined the Navy. Even though Bainbridge was 40 miles away, they sent me to Great Lakes, where I took my basic training. When I completed it, I volunteered to become a corpsman. One of the most humorous aspects of that was an aptitude test they gave us at the end of our basic training. I remember they showed us a picture of a hammer and asked, "What would you do with this?" It wasn't terribly complicated.

When I went in for my interview, they said I looked like I would make a good cook. I told them I didn't want to be a cook. I hoped someday to be a doctor and so I would like to become a corpsman. This guy got a big grin on his face and said, "You know, we just lost 600 corpsmen at Tarawa. We have an immediate opening."

I said, "What about that cook's job?"

They sent me to St. Albans Naval Hospital on Long Island and I remained there taking the training as a corpsman.

So you didn't go to corps school?

Yes. That's where I went to corps school.

Corps school was at St. Albans?

Yes. In a sense. You would have these training sessions where they would teach you how to do bandaging and how to care for patients. We would be put on wards and take care of the patients. I had a little experience there in the operating room. For awhile, they had me on the emergency service or ambulance service. In retrospect, we had excellent training to prepare us for whatever we needed to do.

I think it was about early February of '44 when I was getting a little tired of doing nursing duties on the floor so I volunteered to become a Marine corpsman. They sent me to a place called Lido Beach on Long Island. What a God-forsaken place that was. It was winter and we were sleeping in pup tents. They said, "You boys need to be toughened up a bit. And so they'd run us over these obstacle courses and then they'd tell us to take our packs off and we'd go over the obstacle course again. Then we'd eat some half-cold food standing up. I thought, "This is for the birds."

I think I'd been there several weeks. We were supposed to move on down to Parris Island but they didn't have any idea when we were going to go. There was a sign up there asking for volunteers to join the amphibious forces. So I put my name on the list and the next day I was gone. They sent me up to Boston along with a number of other young corpsmen and put us on a brand new LST--number 48. We sailed up to Halifax, and from there went to St. Johns, New Foundland. That's where the convoy assembled. I remember it was so cold--40 below zero--the port had frozen over and we had to lay off the beach for a day or so until all the ships were assembled. Then the convoy went across the North Atlantic in February of '44.

It was 34 days across the North Atlantic. I think we were doing about 6 knots. And I think I was sick about 30 out of those 34 days. It was terrible. LSTs are flat-bottom boats and they just rock back and forth. And everything smelled of diesel fuel. It was a miserable, miserable trip to Europe.

We finally made it to southern England. I don't remember just where the transfer took place but there were quite a number of us corpsmen who were passengers on this LST. I guess there may have been 30 or more.

Then they started to move us to other LSTs that they were planning to convert to hospital ships when the landings took place in Normandy. First they sent me to the 348. Then they sent me and nine others to LST-280. That was a real old, rusty, beat up LST. They told us the boat had been used in the Africa campaign. It was definitely not top of the line. We were told the skipper had been a banana boat skipper before the war and joined the Navy to serve as a guide to go to South America. But somehow he ended up as the captain of an LST.

Anyhow, we spent much of the spring moving from one port to another along the southern coast of England. We were in Dartmouth a good bit of the time. We were also in Portsmouth, Plymouth, Torquay. We'd move from one little port to another. There were a number of LSTs tied up with us. To get to the beach, we'd have to go across from one LST to another. We stayed there and had an opportunity to get ashore and visit the communities. I really enjoyed seeing southern England in the spring. Everybody knew the invasion was going to happen but nobody had any kind of timetable as to when it would take place.

On the 5th of June we moved over to Southampton. The weather had just been dreadful. It was rainy and very cold and windy. Looking back on it, it would be the equivalent of what we on the East Coast would call a northeaster.

We moved over to Southampton. This was really the first big port we were ever in. It was late in the afternoon that we tied up there. The weather improved in the late afternoon. It was still cold and windy but I think the rain had let up a good bit. Then they started loading troops aboard our LST. It turned out to be the 101st Airborne. I guess there were probably 200 fellas. This was the toughest, meanest, best-trained, physically fit soldiers I ever ran into in my life. And I later was involved in a couple of campaigns in the Pacific. But these guys were really tough.

Why were they loading paratroopers onto an LST?

We were told that we were supposed to drop them off and they were to meet a group of paratroopers that were being dropped behind enemy lines that night. There was a German position they were going to take. These guys were going to come in from the beach and the others were going to come in from behind the enemy line and take this gun position. I don't really know. We were not consulted about anything. We were just told what we were supposed to do.

One of our jobs was to go in with these fellas, treat the wounded, and then bring them back. We were to convert the LST into a hospital ship. There were straps that came down from the top of the tank deck and you could put about three stretchers--three wounded--one above the other. We could get about a hundred wounded on our LST.

About a week or so before we went to Southampton, a young physician came on board. I don't remember his name. He hadn't been out of medical school very long and didn't know beans. We just wanted him out of the way because he didn't know as much as we did about handling injuries. Supposedly, he was to turn the dining area back near the fantail into an operating room. We had a big lamp back there. I don't know whether they did that or not. I wasn't involved.

But we were supposed to be able to go on the beach, salvage the casualties, bring them back to the LST, and when we got loaded up, to take them back to England. Then we were to discharge them to waiting ambulances. Then we'd load up again and make another run over to Normandy.

Anyhow, we loaded these fellows aboard our ship. It was at night and very dark and still very windy. The ocean was very rough when we started across the English Channel to the Isle of Wight. The area south of the Isle of Wight was called "Piccadilly Circus." We went single file along a stretch of water that had been cleared by minesweepers. It was so dark that the ship in front of us would have a yellow or orange raft behind it and we followed that raft so we would know not to get too close to the ship in front of us. It was a difficult crossing. A lot of soldiers got seasick.

Amazingly enough, there were no accidents that I was aware of. I was told that there was also a second channel that had been opened up for the combat ships--the battleships, cruisers, destroyers, corvettes, and the other fast-moving ships to the port side of us. I never saw them because it was so dark. It was a pretty tough night.

The next morning, which was the 6th, the invasion started. I had no idea where I was but we were close enough to the beach so I could see everything that was going on. I was up on the bow of our LST and watched the fellas coming down nets from the troop transports and getting into the Higgins boats--LCVPs. Then they would get into a big circle and circle around and around and around, maybe 20 of them. In the meantime, the big ships were bombarding Omaha Beach.

The fire was quite intense. In fact, before we went in there, you really couldn't see beyond the bluffs because there was so much smoke and dust. It was all a big haze above the coastline. There was a tremendous amount of fire coming from the German positions on the bluffs. They had a number of '88s--a very powerful cannon--firing on our ships. They were firing primarily at the combat ships. I don't recall any of the transports get hit. By the same token, I don't recall seeing any of our ships destroying any of the German emplacements either. Most of the shells seemed to be landing behind the German positions.

I distinctly remember when we moved into position about 7 o'clock in the morning. The ocean was still pretty rough and I remember a lot of the guys in the Higgins boats obviously being sick because they were hanging over the side and throwing up. The first line--about 20 of them--came up onto the beach after having encountered all these hedgehogs in the water. They looked like giant jacks. Then they had these metal poles supported by steel beams we called "Rommel's Asparagus." Some of them had mines on the bottoms of them. These fellas on the Higgins boats went in on the first wave

and I watched them just get wiped out. I don't think 10 percent of them got on the beach.

Then the second wave came in and they got pretty well wiped out. The German machine guns and the mines on the beach . . . It was an absolute disaster. I just can't imagine those guys doing what they were doing. But that was their job.

After two of those waves went in, then we went in along with about six or seven LSTs and maybe some LCTs. We went in under the guns of the battleship *Texas* [BB-35]. It was lobbing shells over our ship onto the beach. Every time one of those salvos took place, it sounded like a freight train coming through. We just hoped nothing fell short and landed on us.

I was up on the bow and something went between my legs and through the deck and down into the tank deck. I thought, "What in the world is this?" There was a pretty big hole. After the thing was all over and we got back, I went down and found it. It was a big piece of shrapnel from a German '88. I still have it. If I ever start feeling sorry for myself, about 4 inches either way and I would have lost my leg. I'll show it to you when you come out here. It's ugly.

Anyhow, as we were preparing to go in, they handed the corpsmen vests to put on with big red crosses on the front and back. We were putting them on and the sergeant came up to me and said, "Take that damn thing off. You're a big enough target as you are. If they miss you they're likely to hit me." So we all took them off. And sure enough, there were a number of soldiers who had those vests on, all dead on the beach. They never made it.

As we were ready to go in, the sergeant told us to get behind the personnel carriers. "I want you to stay right in the tracks of that personnel carrier and don't get out from behind it. The beach may be mined so you'll be all right as long as you stay in the tracks. Well, I did and it was just bedlam on the beach. We made it up to the sea wall and I guess it was at least a couple of hundred yards up to the concrete sea wall at the base of the bluffs. Beyond that was sort of a grassy area, maybe another hundred yards, then the bluffs which were almost vertical. I guess they were at least a hundred feet or so high. It was impossible to climb up those bluffs; I can tell you that.

We stayed behind the sea wall. A few of the guys tried to get to the base of the bluffs by going over the sea wall but the Germans would just drop grenades on them or fire on them as they were coming up that grassy area.

This was Omaha Beach?

Omaha. I've since looked up where the *Texas* was and that was off Point du Hoc. There was a little cove there and we were inside

that cove. The Rangers climbed up the front of Point du Hoc and secured that section of beach. I never witnessed it because it was around the other side from where we were.

We stayed there all morning trying to take care of the wounded and provide them with as much support as we could. Stop the bleeding, sprinkle some sulfa powder on their wounds, give them morphine. There were wounded all over the place. I can tell you, I've seen some of these movies where guys would be in a fairly secure place and would run back down the beach and bring back a buddy of theirs. The few times I saw that, they never got back. I never saw one fella live who ran back down the beach and bring back a buddy. The ones who made it were those who were wounded and were able to crawl back up the beach. Maybe someone would go down a few yards and help drag him back up behind the sea wall because that was one of the few places that was secured. The only safe place to be was behind that sea wall. And we stayed there until maybe 11 o'clock or so.

When the fire died down, we were told to pick up the casualties and go back to the LST. So we loaded as many as we could on stretchers or carried them back and put them on the LST. Then we lay off the beach for maybe half an hour before casualties were brought out on DUKWs. We unloaded them on the tank deck, then went back to England. I think it took about 5 or 6 hours to get back to Southampton. There were ambulances waiting for us. The next time we loaded up we took aboard a group from the 29th. This time they brought tanks and other heavy equipment. We brought them over the second day.

This went rather smoothly. I don't recall where we dropped them off. I do remember at the top of the cliff, there was one wall of a building. On the side of the building it said, "Hotel Isigny." It was in green and yellow. The beach was pretty secure by then so we had no problems unloading them.

This time we were sent in beyond the beach. There were two of us with a stretcher. We went inland a bit, picked up the casualties, and brought them back to the ship. I remember one fellow--a lieutenant--sitting under an apple tree. He kind of waved for me to come over and help him. Prior to that, I and another fellow were going down a little lane and we saw a big sign by the side of the road that said, Achtung--Minen. Beside the path was a dead German officer. My companion said, "I'll bet he's got a Mauser on him. I'm gonna get it."

I said, "Look, this road is mined. That's stupid." So he walked up this little path and sure enough he stepped on a mine and was almost split in half by the thing. I didn't even bother to check on him. It was obvious he hadn't survived.

Anyway, that meant I didn't have anyone now to help me with my stretcher. I found a man sitting under an apple tree and he didn't

seem to be in any particular distress. He said he'd been hit. He had a little bullet hole in his lower right chest. I reached around to help him and the whole back of his chest had been blown out. I couldn't believe it. This guy was able to sit there and act so composed. I stuffed a whole bunch of gauze bandages in the back of his chest, put some tape on it, gave him a little morphine, put him on my back, and took him back down to the beach. He acted fine and I just couldn't believe how somebody like that could have survived that kind of injury and yet not be in agony.

Anyhow, we loaded the second group up. This time, in addition to American casualties, we had a group of German prisoners we had brought on board the ship. But none of us spoke German so we didn't know what was wrong with them. One prisoner was Polish. He spoke German and also spoke French. He wasn't too badly hurt. I had taken French in high school. We would take him around on a stretcher and he would ask the other prisoners in German what was wrong with them. Then he'd try to tell me in French and using some sign language. It was pretty primitive but it did work. We were able to bring the POWs back to England. Most of them seemed to be rather relieved that they were out of the fighting.

We unloaded back in England and loaded up a third group of the 29th and went back on the third day. In the process of unloading them, a landing craft pulled up beside us and out popped a bunch of Scottish soldiers. They got themselves in line, someone pulled out the bagpipes, and they marched on up the beach. What a show! I remember how funny it was.

I can't remember if we had many casualties to take back then, but trying to get back off the beach, we hit a mine, which damaged the fantail of the LST. We couldn't get back to England. They managed to beach it again and we were sent on the beach to set up an aid station until they could come and salvage our LST or get us back to England.

This was on the third day?

Yes. We stayed there a couple of days. The next morning about dawn, we were trying to get a little fire started to make some coffee. And out of the fog came this huge British marine. He had a tommy gun and a big knife in his boot and all these bandoliers of bullets across his chest. We jumped up and yelled, "We're corpsmen, not combatants, so take it easy."

He said, "I say, Yanks, I've a dreadful headache. Do you have a bit of aspirin?"

We gave him a whole bottle of it. We stayed on the beach and dealt with the casualties that were being brought back from further inland. We could provide them with some care until another LST could

come in and pick them up. We were there about 2 days.

They finally made rudimentary repairs to the fantail of our LST by covering it with some canvas and we were towed by tug back to England. At that point our duty as corpsmen was over. They put us on a train to Scotland and we ended up in a place called Roseneath near Glasgow. It was a pretty long trip up there. I remember we were invited to participate in a parade in Glasgow and we marched down the street. There was a band playing American songs and they dropped scraps of newspaper from windows. We were pretty proud of ourselves.

We were there a few days. An ex-liner which was converted into a troop carrier picked us up and we went back to the United States. The ship moved so fast that it only took us about 5 days and we never needed escorts. I think we came back to New York.

They gave us "survivor's leave." I wasn't really a survivor but I was given a couple of weeks liberty and so I went home for a little rest and recovery. Then I reported to Boston for reassignment. They told me that it was a Navy tradition that if you were a survivor you could have your choice of service. I told them I didn't mind going back to sea as long as it wasn't on an LST. I had witnessed a Canadian LST that had hit a mine. This was before we ever got near the beach. That thing went down in about 2 minutes. I didn't want to do that again.

They told me there was a submarine available and that it would be independent duty. I said I'd go take a look at it.

I went to the port and noted that it wasn't a very big submarine. It was pretty small. I went aboard, looked around, and said, "Where's the sick bay?"

"It's in that closet." I opened a door and there was a little cabinet in there with a desk and a chair. I said, "Where is the patient supposed to be?"

"Well, he stays out here in the gangway."

"And where does the corpsman sleep?"

He said, "Right underneath that torpedo."

I looked around and realized I was getting claustrophobic. I said that I couldn't handle it. So they told me they had a brand new battleship down in Norfolk. If I could get down there by the next day, I might make it before it took its shakedown cruise down to the Caribbean. If I wanted it, I could have that duty.

I said, "That sounds great." So they put me on a train and I went down and got aboard the *Missouri*.

What was your impression of it when you first saw it?

When I got to Norfolk, I got a taxicab and he drove me up to the ship and I got aboard. It was huge. An LST is 327 feet long.

This was 890 feet long! That's huge. When I came on board, a Marine saw my orders and said, "Cromwell. The captain wants to see you." I thought, "Oh, boy. I'm in trouble already."

He took me up to the captain's quarters. He was having a cocktail party or something. His name was CAPT William Callahan. I came in and CAPT Callahan said, "Cromwell. I know your father. Welcome aboard."

And that was it. And, sure enough, he was from Chevy Chase [MD] and my father knew him because they were both members of Chevy Chase Club, I guess. That was the only personal experience I had with CAPT Callahan, but he was a great officer. He ran a tight but good ship.

Where were you assigned?

To the sick bay. I think there were 20 corpsmen who were aboard the ship. It was very, very well equipped. We had a sick bay and about maybe 15 beds. We had a first aid room, an x-ray room, a physical therapy room, a small operating room, a little pharmacy, a small laboratory, an ear, nose, and throat department run by a CAPT Barnes, a regular Navy officer. The surgeon was a Dr. Rutledge Starr Lampson. He was head of surgery at New Haven General Hospital and was an outstanding surgeon. He took me under his wing. I told him I had a little experience in the operating room at St. Albans and he said, "Well, I need two men in here and I only have one so I'll train you and you can be one of my scrub nurses." And that was my principal job when we were in combat.

We did have some other operations we performed such as hernia repairs and some appendicitis cases. We had some other emergency surgeries that were not the result of combat. My job was to take care of the operating room, keep all the equipment sterilized, and keep the operating room ready for surgery on a moment's notice. It was a pretty big job.

When we first began our Caribbean shakedown cruise, we went to Trinidad. They put me down near the engine room. When we had red alert they cut off all the air conditioning and the ventilation system. I got kind of claustrophobic down there and I went to the senior medical officer. His name was Dr. Gilgi. I said, "Dr. Gilgi. I just lost a ship over in Normandy and I don't think I'm going to be able to function very well down in the engine room."

"Well, I'll put you up on deck. It will be more dangerous up there but if that's where you want to be."

I said, "That would be great."

So my battle station was up on the port side of the ship about two-thirds of the way back behind a 5-inch gun mount and near a 40mm gun mount. And that's where I stayed. I had an opportunity to see all the action when we got to the Pacific. It was great. I didn't

mind the danger that was involved with being on the deck.

There was one occasion during the Battle of Okinawa. We were attacked on a number of occasions by kamikazes. This one day about the 11th of February, a group of kamikazes came in and got through our perimeter. Most kamikazes would try to hit carriers because they were very vulnerable and they could do a lot of damage. This one kamikaze came after the *Missouri*.

I can remember this thing coming in about 6 or 8 feet above the water, swooping in from our fantail. We kept firing at it the whole time but missed. It hit 102 feet from my battle station. I measured the distance later. The wing came off and landed up on the first deck. The machine guns came off and were wedged in between the 40mm mount. The upper half of the pilot landed about 30 feet from me on the main deck. When the wing came off it started a fire but they got that out pretty promptly. I called up the bridge and told them we had the dead pilot here. Should we throw him overboard? The captain said, "No. Take him down to the sick bay and we will have a burial for him."

Well, that was my orders. When we were able to secure from general quarters, we took what we had of the pilot down to the sick bay and put him in the store room. The next day we had a military burial and I was on the burial detail. I have pictures of it. The enlisted men were not very much in favor of this because this guy had tried to kill us. But the chaplain, whose name was Foulk, said, "He's no threat to you any more so he deserves to be buried. The Marines each fired a round and we buried him at sea.

Were there any American casualties when he hit?

No. Nobody was hurt. We were told that each of those planes had a 500-pound bomb in the nose but when this plane hit, it went into the water. The only thing that came aboard the ship was the wing. I have a piece of the wing I brought back and I have it upstairs. It's a piece of aluminum with a little bit of the red "meatball" on it.

After this, did you have to deal with many other kamikaze attacks?

Quite a few of them. During the Battle of Okinawa, there were a number of casualties from other ships. Some were from friendly fire and some from enemy fire. They brought a lot of these casualties on board and I remember we operated for 25 straight hours on the men we brought on board. We had them lined up in a hall and took one right after another. Sometimes we had to do amputations. Sometimes we had to do exploratories because they had been shot in the abdomen. Some were much simpler injuries we could handle by just debriding

and removing bullets.

One time they sent the *Missouri*, the *Iowa*, and the *Wisconsin*, along with the *King George V* up to Hokaido. Our job was to bombard a machine gun factory in a little cove. It was a beautiful moonlit night. All of us had 16-inch guns. The three American battleships would come around in a circle and fire nine 16-inch shells on this factory. Then the next one would come in and another nine 16-inch shells would be fired. Meanwhile, the *King George V* was patrolling up and down the cove to protect us from any Japanese ships that might come in.

After the firing was over, we had destroyed the machine gun factory. As we were pulling out, the *King George V* sent this signal to us. I went up to one of the fellas on the 40mm mounts, a quartermaster, and I said, "What's he saying?"

"Good show." That was typical British humor. That was one of my exciting moments. But the most exciting moment came when the Japanese decided to surrender and we were to assemble and go into Tokyo Bay and accept the Japanese surrender on board the *Missouri*. As we were getting ready to come in, someone decided to send a group of corpsmen to the Japanese naval base at Yokosuka where they were to raise the American flag on the Japanese base at the same time the surrender was being signed on board the *Missouri*.

As an enlisted man, I realized I wasn't going to see very much; the officers would be the only ones to be any position to witness this thing first hand. So I volunteered to go on the beach with one of the 200 men from the *Missouri* that would join with men from four other ships. They loaded us on some LCIs and we were to assemble and go into the naval base.

Someone went ahead of us to see that the place was secure. When they came back, they reported that the Japanese had taken all the foodstuffs they had left behind and piled them up on the parade ground--meats, honeycombs, and cans of food. Then they had attempted to burn it but it hadn't burned. Now the place was just swarming with rats all over the place feeding on this rotting food. We had been inoculated against other diseases but were not protected against typhus. And rats are noted for having the lice that transmit the disease.

So they gave us typhus shots and somebody, in their infinite wisdom, decided to give us one shot in each arm instead of one shot at a time, waiting the required 2 weeks for the second. Well, we were the sickest bunch of birds that ever went in on a landing party. I told the other corpsmen I went in with that, "If the Japanese see what a miserable bunch of sailors we are, they'll probably say, 'Hell, we'll continue fighting because they can't do anything.'"

But we all made it in and occupied the naval base. The first

thing we did was to get a bulldozer, dig a big hole out in the parade ground and bury all that food. Then we proceeded to drive the rats out. We were quartered in one of the barracks. We hung hammocks from the ceiling but no one would get out of them at night because we heard the rats running around on the floor and were afraid we'd get bitten.

For guard duty we went out and got an umpire's chair from a tennis court and put each of the legs in a big bucket of kerosene. The guard would climb up on the chair with his gun and keep guard all night. But no one would walk around with all those rats.

Did you have any encounters with the Japanese?

We didn't have any direct contact with the Japanese. They had abandoned the base. One of my jobs was to go around and empty any standing water because we were concerned about mosquitoes and the possibility of malaria. I think we were only there about 3 days. When the Marines came in and took over the naval base we went back to our various ships and headed back to Pearl Harbor where we had a little recreation. Then we went back through the [Panama] Canal. On the way up the coast, one of the officers--CAPT Barnes--called me into his office and said, "I understand that after the parade, the *Missouri* is going to go down to Guantanamo Bay but I'm getting off when we get to Norfolk. You have more combat time than anybody else on the ship. If you'd like to come with me, you can go to Bethesda Naval Hospital for a brief assignment until you are eligible to get out."

And I said, "CAPT Barnes, I live about 8 miles from Bethesda Naval Hospital and I'd be delighted to go with you."

So we got off the ship in Norfolk and were transferred up to Bethesda Naval Hospital. I stayed there for a few months until May of '46 when I had enough points to get out of the service. Then I was discharged.

What was your rank when you got out?

I was a pharmacist's mate first class. When I went to Omaha Beach I was a third class. When I came back they made me second class. I was second class until the end of the war when I became a first class.

That was almost 60 years ago and you still have some vivid memories of it all.

A lot of the stuff has faded away. I've given some lectures about it to organizations like Rotary Clubs, Lion's Clubs, Oasis, historical societies. Sometimes they ask me questions and I don't remember the answers to them. The details have faded from my active

memory.

Well, Dr. Cromwell. I want thank you so much for spending the morning with me. I really appreciate it.

Well, it was good to talk with you.