

**Admiral Nimitz Historic Site
National Museum of the Pacific War**



**Center for Pacific War Studies
Oral History Program**

Fredericksburg, Texas

An Interview with

Mr. David Van Fleet

Marine Raiders

New Georgia, Bairoko, Bougainville, Guam

Date of Interview: May 3, 2001

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Mr. Cox: Today is May 3, 2001. My name is Floyd Cox. I am a volunteer at the National Museum of the Pacific War, also known as the Nimitz Museum in Fredericksburg, Texas. As part of the Oral History Program, we are here in Kingsville, Texas interviewing Mr. David Van Fleet concerning his experiences during World War II. I would like to thank you for taking the time to relay your experiences to us. I would like to know a little of your background.

Mr. Van Fleet: I was born October 13, 1922 in either Dallas or Fort Worth. I was adopted here in Kingsville when I was seven years old. I went through public school here in Kingsville. We had elementary, first through seventh, in Lamar School. In those days we only had eleven grades. I graduated from King High School in 1941. I went to A&M on a football scholarship. I stayed there until midterm when war broke out. I had planned to join the Marine Corps but just didn't get around to it until later. I was nineteen years old when I joined.

Mr. Cox: Do you remember why you picked the Marine Corps when you joined?

Mr. Van Fleet: Yes, if you know anything about military services, three-fourths of the people in the Army never got into combat. In the Marine Corps I understood nearly everybody did and that is more or less true. In fact when I wanted to go, I wanted to go and get into the danged thing right away. I didn't believe in messing around. I never did like to take shortcuts. I had a friend, Sam Fugate, in the Air Corps and he would tell me I ought to go in the Air Corps. Five or

six of my friends here in Kingsville joined the Marine Corps and I was going to join but my friend Fugate talked me out of it. I hung around about a week and went on an interview for the Navy Air Corps but then I decided I would join the Marine Corps. I thought I would feel more at home in a jungle than I would in an airplane. Those friends, W. B. Brown, Albert Herman, they were my closest friends, Sonny Meyers, Leroy Taylor and Archie Nicks all joined together. I joined about a week after they did. They are all dead now.

Mr. Cox: Did all of them come back from the war?

Mr. Van Fleet: All five of them survived the war. I went through boot camp about a week behind them. They all went into the 3rd Division. This Raider outfit came up the day we got out of boot camp to solicit people. They got me in my platoon. A lot of those kids in the Marine Corps weren't that athletic. They washed out about four or five of them. I think boot camp was about ninety days. I had played football and was pretty good at calisthenics and all that stuff. That old Platoon Sergeant would make everybody keep going until they all dropped out.

Mr. Cox: Where did you take boot camp?

Mr. Van Fleet: In San Diego. When I graduated from boot camp they had me enlisted with the Marine Raiders. They were just about to complete that 4th Regiment Battalion, and D Company was the last company organized. Bum Phillips, myself and one other guy were the only ones to join the Raiders from our boot camp platoons.

Mr. Cox: You mentioned Bum Phillips, was he the man that was the football coach of the Houston Oilers?

Mr. Van Fleet: Yes. I got to know him and this other fellow who was older. This older fellow stayed with the outfit but he couldn't make the grade. I don't think he ever went into combat because he always got seasick and had all kinds of problems. We always had a rear echelon so he would stay behind.

Mr. Cox: When you went into the 4th Marine Raiders, did you have additional training at that time?

Mr. Van Fleet: Oh yes. We went in there in October and trained nearly day and night before we went overseas the first of February.

Mr. Cox: What kind of training did you get?

Mr. Van Fleet: We did force marches with full packs. We didn't have any vehicles in our outfit. I never even saw a jeep at company headquarters. This was in the United States and we lived in tents with no lights. This was in the wintertime and in California it can get pretty frosty. We had a pipe up on top of this hill with some boards to stand on to shower with no walls around you. You were just out in the middle of nowhere and that is where we had to bathe every day. We fell out every morning before daylight and exercised and then had chow. Then we were just marching and training all the time. I trained with this weapons platoon. We trained separately from the three rifle platoons. We had thirty-caliber machine guns. We had three squads of that and had three mortar squads. We had sixty-millimeter light mortars that we carried. That was the only artillery that we had. We learned all about what there was to learn about simulating war. I think we had five weapons. We had an M-1, BAR Browning Automatic, which is also thirty-caliber shells, a Thompson machine

gun, a forty-five-caliber pistol and a little carbine gun that held about fifteen shells. We would take all those guns apart in the dark and put them back together. Everybody got where they could do that. If you had trouble with your weapon, you fix it in the dark. We had to operate in the dark because we didn't have any lights. We didn't have any flashlights or lanterns. We did everything that they felt like we needed to do and we went overseas the first of February 1943. These friends of mine were in the 3rd Division, which was pretty well formed about that time and they went overseas about two weeks later. We went to Espiritu Santo, which is an island in the New Hebrides, south of Guadalcanal about three or four hundred miles. It was considered a war zone. We sailed on the President Polk and it took nineteen days from San Diego to that island. The 3rd Division was in a convoy and I think they went to New Zealand. They had destroyers and all other ships. We never saw a soul or a ship in that nineteen days. They had a merchant marine crew on that ship and they were from everywhere in the world. When we got down there to the war zone the crew was arguing over their double pay and working conditions. I think some guy in charge ran them off and put our guys on unloading that ship. We worked day and night until we got it unloaded. The Japanese bombed that place every few days. They had secured the canal but they still had the New Georgia a couple hundred miles up the road and the Japanese bombed the canal all the time. We got unloaded and stayed there from February until the first of June when we went on up the canal. While we were in New Hebrides we trained day and night for about three months. It rained

the whole time and the mosquitoes were so big you couldn't see the sky for them. We slept under mosquito netting and if you got your arm hit, you had to pry it away because they would have it pinned down. (Laughter) We had a lot of guys get sick with malaria and dengue fever. It looked like we were going to lose a quarter of the outfit before we went into combat but most of them went to sick bay for a while and came back. Some of them we had to leave in sick bay. That dengue fever, which we called black water fever, they said it was all the same, my squad leader got that and was out of his head for a week. He didn't know anyone and had a hundred and six fever. I thought he was going to die. When he came out of that he had lost about thirty pounds. It really would knock you on your can. We went on up the canal. We didn't stay there but about a month and then we took off for New Georgia. It seems like every campaign I ever went in there was a big screw-up. We were supposed to land on New Georgia on Vangunu Island. For some reason they were going to land on the bay on one side and walk about five miles across the land to ambush these Japs. I don't think we ambushed them. They had about three little old creeks that we had to cross. Ordinarily along the canal they have these little creeks that run knee deep and no problem to cross. That whole place was knee deep in water like the swamps in Louisiana.

Mr. Cox: How did you land on New Georgia?

Mr. Van Fleet: We were on an APD, which is a World War I Destroyer with four stacks and they took two boilers out. It would hold about a company of men, about two hundred men. This was a problem because we landed on the back side of the

island and walked across the island. We just about had to wade the whole way over there, the water was so deep. We were supposed to disembark about four o'clock but it had rained so hard no one could get off. About daylight we started getting off. We landed on Higgins boats. Ordinarily it is about six feet down there and you go over on a rope net and crawl in with no problem. The waves were so rough that damn thing was going down ten feet and coming up clear to the deck. We were in high seas with high winds and rain like hell and we were trying to disembark. There was a bay there and it was over to the right, you couldn't see it very well. Talk about screw-up, the Higgins boats landed from one end of that bay to the other, about two miles apart. They didn't tell us anything. We didn't know if we were landing right in the middle of the Japs or what. We were in hell of a shape because we were scattered from hell to breakfast. Two miles long, about one hundred yards from each Higgins boat and about twenty had landed. An old boy who was my buddy, he wasn't in my squad but he was in my weapon platoon, his Higgins boat had gone down about ten feet and when it came up he was supposed to jump in. He slipped and he ran his leg between the Higgins boat and the destroyer. It just crushed his leg from knee to ankle. It looked like it was broken and it was all torn up. His pants were still on so he didn't know how bad it was. We landed on the extreme end about two miles from where we were supposed to land. We were scattered all over and those guys were lost in the rain and the dark. I think we were they very last ones on the far end and we were supposed to be the first one on the other end where we were supposed to rendezvous.

We had a platoon sergeant, an assistant platoon sergeant and a squad leader. I think maybe there were two squads in the boat and there are about seven in a squad. We all bailed out of the Higgins boat and took off running down the beach. Old Ben said, "I can't walk." The boat had gone back to the ship to get some more. I said, "God Almighty." He was shorter than me but heavier; he weighed about two hundred and thirty pounds. He was a young kid, seventeen years old from Oklahoma. We squatted down there together and he said, "Do you reckon there's Japs here?" I said, "Hell, I don't know. It looks like we landed in the middle of the whole thing. I guess there are Japs down there. I won't leave you, I'll help you down there." He tried to walk but he couldn't walk. You know when you are a kid you carry guys on your back, piggyback. I got him up on my back and I carried him. It took me nearly an hour and I got him down there just about the time they were ready to take off. The last boat came in about that time and I took him out there and pitched him on the boat. He stayed in the hospital about two or three months even after that campaign was over.

Mr. Cox: When you landed on that island, was there any opposition right there?

Mr. Van Fleet: No, there wasn't any Jap opposition right there on the beach, but we didn't know that when we landed. There were snipers all over that island. Whenever you would go on a campaign, they would be along the trails. We walked across that island and across two rivers. I have some pictures here that show how it was walking through that island and how high the water was. The first thing that happened was the Captain got hit pretty bad. We encountered quite

a bit. That little outpost was pretty well fortified and we got quite a few guys shot. That evening we really put it on them though. There were three Japanese barges that brought one hundred and twenty men in to reinforce that thing and they didn't know we were there. Our guys just shot the hell out of them. I saw some of them running down the beach. They claimed they shot one hundred and fourteen Japanese. Six of them got away. We didn't have much trouble with that. That worked out good. The next morning there were still a lot of Japs around there. Our Company Commander Bill Flake got shot. I never did see him, but our First Sergeant got shot and they summoned me to help carry him. He was a big old fat guy. He must have weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. They had a litter for him. He was shot really bad. He had a couple of shells through the face and his chest. I thought he was dead when I saw him; they had given him a bunch of sedatives to knock him out. We carried him that five miles through the water. I was so tired and it took us all day. I don't know why we didn't load him right there, but I guess the Japanese had superior sea power. We went back across that damn island to the other side carrying that big old guy-- two on the front and two on the back of the litter. I was so tired of carrying him that I just passed out when I got on the beach. I could hardly breathe and that humidity is steamy, hot and wet. I had carried old Ben for about two miles and had gone for three days and two nights without sleep. We had to cross three rivers carrying that big old guy and I thought he was dead. I was wondering why we were carrying this dead guy across the island and why we didn't bury him there. There was another island next to the one

that we were on called Gatakai and the natives had told us that there were about one hundred Japs on there. We crossed over on Vangunu Island to Gatakai the next day and walked around that island and it was so muddy, half the time we were in mud up to our knees.

Mr. Cox: These maps that you are referring to are from the booklet “From Makin to Bougainville: Marine Raiders in the Pacific War.” It is part of the Marines in World War II Commemorative Series by Major John Hoffman.

Mr. Van Fleet: This guy named Robert Franke said that was the hardest campaign we ever made and didn't fire a shot. We walked about twenty miles in mud up to our knees. I carried the shells for a couple of the guys because they couldn't make it through that mud with all the weight. After that we went back to Guadalcanal for a couple of days and rested rather than try to bivouac there. Then we took off to the biggest disaster in the war as far as I was concerned—Bairoko. We returned from New Georgia back to Guadalcanal for a regrouping and returning to New Georgia. I have included pages 223-232 of a historical book by Major General Peatross (note: see appendage). He has written the history of the battle for Bairoko Harbor. This is the only battle I know of we lost. On page 227, he outlines where Olin Gray's machine gun squad were all killed or wounded. I was in his weapons platoon and was busy dragging out wounded. After this battle, I was one of the patrols (page 229) that patrolled the island. My patrol ended up across the island at Munda Air Field. Not being able to get back across the island, we caught a ship going back to Guadalcanal. This was about the time the 3rd Division came up from

New Zealand. I understood this was about the end of the Raiders so I asked to be transferred to the 3rd Division. I did go down to New Caledonia and joined my battalion and they transferred me to the Third. I went back to the canal and got there just in time to go to Bougainville. We scoured the island and stayed about 100 days. We lost very few in comparison to New Georgia.

They were a pretty good bunch, mostly older fellows. They were guys who had done all that kind of work. For that 3rd Division we did all the work that was to be done. Actually, when I got back from Bougainville I had the best duty that I ever had. We set up a sawmill out there. They started two crews sawing timber at this sawmill. They had two or three crews picking up the lumber and hauling them away. Right away our sergeant who was in charge of it told me and another old boy that was from Oklahoma we could operate the saw. We could saw more in two days than the others could do in a week. I would go out there and work two days and have the rest of the week off. The trees were mahogany and rosewood. They were really nice trees. The Raiders never had it but they were using this lumber for the Division to have boards under their cots. It would keep them out of the mud a little bit.

Mr. Cox: Did you cut these trees down by hand with a bucksaw?

Mr. Van Fleet: Yes and they would cut them up with a cross saw. They had some bulldozers. They would drag them with chains and put them on trailers. We had a pretty good little sawmill there. We had about twenty men working there. We could saw ten or twelve trees in half a day.

Mr. Cox: Did you have an armed guard with you at that time?

Mr. Van Fleet: No, we were on Guadalcanal then after we had already been to New Georgia.

When we first went to Guadalcanal there were still quite a few Japs in the bush and we would encounter them on patrols but this was a year later. I never saw a Jap when we were working that sawmill. Anyway we had some pretty good duties. The boys needed liquor so Brown and I put up a whiskey still.

Mr. Cox: How did you make that whiskey?

Mr. Van Fleet: Well, first I think we stole stuff to ferment it with and we also had connections in the galley. If you gave them a gallon of whiskey, they would give you all the cornmeal, oatmeal, sugar and yeast that you needed. One old boy who claimed he was an ex-moonshiner gave us advice. I think he was full of bull but he gave us some ideas about it. We made some pretty good whiskey and it went down real good. We made a real good batch just before we shipped out to Guam. It was one of the best and biggest batches we ever had. It looked like it was going to be about twenty gallons. It was already cooked and you had to let it ferment for about a week. If you drank that beer, it made you drunker than a skunk. That was another thing, everybody made Raisin Jack where you put raisins and yeast. Anyway this guy who was an ex-moonshiner telling us how to make this stuff was older. He was probably in his thirties and Brown and I were about nineteen. We were making it and practically giving it away. Over there we only got paid about every six months because we didn't have any place to spend money. Pilots would bring in what you call a fifth of cheap whiskey and sell it for a hundred dollars. These guys were desperate for whiskey. We were selling ours for twenty dollars for a gallon. We were

making moonshine and everybody liked it. We were way back in the boondocks, about half of a mile from that sawmill on that little river. I thought nobody had ever been there before and we wouldn't be seen. When we made that last batch I looked up and here comes the whole damn regiment, two or three thousand men swarming down on us just when we were getting ready to cook it. They bivouacked there and drank every drop of that beer and hauled our still back. We lost that batch. That gave us a lot of time for extracurricular activities. (Laughter) I think everybody knew we were making it and as long as we were making them all happy no one seemed to object. We had pretty good officers and they never said anything about it. We did worse things than that. This Raider bunch wound up forming the Fourth Raider Regiment. They were down four or five miles from us on the island. I would go down there and stay two or three days. I would hitchhike down there. Somebody in a jeep would always give you a ride. There for a few months I made a little whiskey and sawed a few logs.

Mr. Cox: Gave you a little breather there for a while didn't it?

Mr. Van Fleet: Oh yeah, but I got malaria pretty bad there for a while. It finally got me after I had been over there for about a year and a half. I never did believe in taking all that stuff to keep from getting malaria but I came down with it. When I went to Guam, I got it pretty bad. Actually I ended up coming home. I think the First Division went to Saipan, which is in the northern part of the Marianas. We were supposed to go to Guam to board ship in about two weeks. We were supposed to kind of like stay in reserve until then. I don't have any documents

on this but I'm sure we ended up on that ship for fifty days, so they were getting their butt kicked up there at Saipan. Looked like we were going to have to go to Saipan to secure it and go to Guam later. The Japs really put up a stand there in Saipan. The First Division really had a hard time there. We sailed around there for about a week or two. There was a coral island out there in the Pacific Ocean about two or three miles long and a hundred yards wide where we disembarked and ran around on it just for exercise to get our legs back. Then we went back on the ship and sailed around for another couple more weeks. Finally we went to Guam and it wasn't too bad. They were holding us in reserve for Saipan in case they didn't take it. I heard rumors and I talked to some boys that were there and they said it was really bad on Saipan.

Mr. Cox: When you went to Guam did you go in on the first wave and did you meet any opposition?

Mr. Van Fleet: Yes, we went in on the first wave. The whole Division went in and they took that island from one end to the other. We met with a little opposition. The natives there looked like a Spanish-type people. There were quite a few of those people on Guam. They had a big city there but between the Navy and the Japanese bombing it, there wasn't anything left of it but rubble. I looked for a city but it was torn completely up and they had moved out in the boondocks. We were there a month or more and secured the island. I got that dangd malaria dengue fever at the same time. I would never go to the hospital and I was out of my head. They sent me out to the hospital ship and I woke up in the sick ward with the wounded and sick. They hauled me two

thousand miles back to Guadalcanal. That is where the hospital was. That is where the headquarters were and they had a big hospital there. I go there and in a week or two I was fine. There were a whole bunch of us there in a replacement camp waiting for a ship. You had to go east and go around Rabaul to get to Guam and all the ships were coming from the States so they said I could go home. This was in 1945 and I had been in three campaigns and I said I was ready. A bunch of us guys that were there were sent home.

Mr. Cox: Combat wasn't as enticing now that you had been in it, was it?

Mr. Van Fleet: No, I had enough after New Georgia. That was a killer. We got down to where half of my friends were dead. When I first went over there we'd heard about how they had tortured and killed our people, especially in the Philippines and on the Bataan Death March. I wasn't quite as mad at them as I was when I first went over there because we were beating them now.

Mr. Cox: So what you are saying is, when you were in New Georgia, you got your sight on a Japanese soldier, you didn't hesitate to shoot.

Mr. Van Fleet: No, you didn't hesitate because they wouldn't surrender. Sometime they would charge you even without ammunition. They would just have their bayonet and charge you. That was their religion, they were supposed to.

Mr. Cox: Were you subject to banzai attacks?

Mr. Van Fleet: Oh yeah, all the time. We knew if we ever go to Japan that was what would happen. They would fight to the end. Some of these historians now act like that bombing of Hiroshima was inhumane for us to do that. They have tried to change history like we were the bad guys in the end. I think President Truman

used pretty good judgment. Truman was a Captain in the Army in World War I. He knew what war was about. It ended the war and I think it was something that had to be done.

Mr. Cox: Going back to New Georgia, can you tell me what it was like to be on the receiving end of a banzai attack?

Mr. Van Fleet: Actually I didn't have a lot of that. When we would be getting the best of them, instead of giving up and running, they would charge you. I never had one run at me but we killed several of them. We were told not to take any prisoners because we didn't have any way to handle them. We didn't have to worry about taking prisoners because none of them surrendered. I didn't know history but these people had been fighting for years. They took a lot of China and Korea. They had been fighting for years before they jumped on us.

Mr. Cox: Were they pretty good fighters?

Mr. Van Fleet: Yes, I think you have to respect somebody that doesn't have any fear. I never saw anybody in our outfit that ever turned coward but we just figured if it was our time to die, we would just die. I remember this old boy, a friend of mine, and I were walking trying to find some wounded up there when this machine gun fired and just riddled some trees between us. I said, "Boy those bullets just barely missed us but they didn't have our name on them though." Then you see guys sitting on the beach and everything is quiet and a shell comes in and kills four or five guys. If it's your time to go, you go.

Mr. Cox: What was your opinion of the Navy Corpsmen?

Mr. Van Fleet: The Navy Corpsman we had was the best. He stayed right there with us and he still belongs to our Marine Raider Association. I correspond with him a lot. He was a fine guy and our Chaplain was the best. He was an older man. His name was Father Paul J. Redman and he was in his forties. Pretty old to be in the war but he was there in the middle of it. He was our Battalion Chaplain and he was always the Chaplain of the Marine Raiders. When we would make a landing and as soon as somebody got shot he would go right to them with shooting all around him. Phillips said he had him scared to death. He didn't use good judgment at all because when the bullets were flying, he would be right there among us. I think he finally went to another outfit. I went to the 3rd Division and lost track of him until after the war. When I came back from New Georgia I had malaria every day. When you have malaria, you feel like you are freezing to death. You can get under three blankets and freeze to death and shake like hell. Then you are burning up with about one hundred and five degree temperature for about six hours and then you are okay until the next day and it happens all over again. I went to the Corpsman and got some quinine and took it for about a week and felt pretty good. I got to Guam and broke out again. Malaria wasn't as bad that time as it was before. I got that dengue fever that time. That stuff knocks you on your can. I don't think it killed anybody but it sure made you sick. That is when they put me on that hospital ship and took me all the way back to Guadalcanal and I ended up in that replacement camp. That is when they made me this offer to go home to the States. There were about twenty or thirty of us in the replacement camp doing nothing. Most

of us had been overseas about two or three years and been in a couple of campaigns but we were too far from our units to rejoin them. I had been in three campaigns and in fact I had been in combat almost all of that time. I would have two or three months break in between each campaign. I went back to the States and docked in San Francisco and got a thirty-day leave. When I was on my thirty-day leave in Kingsville, they assigned me to the base in Corpus Christi on the front gate. There were about twenty of us there on that assignment. That is what Marines do during peacetime is guarding Navy bases. I was there about two months and then it was time for them to rotate me. I went back to Camp Pendleton and about the time they were ready to send me back, the war was over. It took about three months to get mustered out. It took awhile to get all the paperwork done to get my discharge after the war was over. In the meantime my wife came out there and we got married. When I got home they had all of these drilling rigs and contractors around. When I was in high school, I worked at the ice plant here carrying ice and worked on their route. I knew all of these old boys that worked in the oil fields. That was about the only job around then was roughnecking. You worked seven days a week. They never shut down. All they had out there were contract rigs and I think altogether there were eight or ten rigs out there. They were just getting started and I was one of the first ones. I asked this man if they were hiring because it looked like it was the only job around and it paid pretty good. He said, "Yeah, as a matter of fact we need you bad. How about going to work tomorrow?" I went to work in October until the next June and I

never missed a day. We would be short-handed nearly every night and I would work three or four nights extra. I would get time-and-a-half for the extra hours I worked. Before the war they didn't pay overtime. I had a pretty good nest egg by the time they shut that rig down. I started to do two or three other things. I even started selling insurance. This guy talked me into trying that with State Farm Insurance. They were kind of new then but they were still a big company. That rig shut down and I didn't go with it and I started to sell insurance. There was this rural mail carrier, Sylvester Reed, that I was trying to sell insurance to. He said, "I need someone to run that route. Why don't you run it? I'm trying to retire." He talked me into running it for sixty days while he took some time off. I was running that route, selling insurance and started doing some building on the side. That insurance guy told me I had sold so much insurance I had a free trip to some convention in Illinois. I said, "Hell, I'm not going, I don't have time." He said, "You got to go." I didn't go but I stayed with the insurance job for about six more months. I had a pretty good clientele but he said I couldn't do all that other stuff and sell insurance so I quit it. Sylvester told me I could get that rural mail route because I was a veteran but I didn't even apply for that. I had three ways to go but I stayed with the carpentry and I've been bending nails ever since. That old car that I used to run that mail route I paid two hundred dollars for it. I was so dang tight, even though I had money. You know during the war they didn't make any cars and after the war they didn't get production going until about a year. A car that was a 1941 model was the last one that they made. I had fifty

thousand miles on it and they wanted as much as what I paid for it, about one thousand dollars. That was too much so my wife and I walked the first nine months we were married. She was pregnant so I really needed a car. Big Mac used to have a retread dealer on Main Street and there was a car sitting there with a “for sale” sign on the windshield. His nephew owned it. It was an old Terraplane. I think they only made that car one or two years in ‘33 and ‘34. It had a broken window in the back and it was kind of beat up and rusted out. He walked up and asked me if I was interested. I said, “I’m interested in a car but I don’t know if you could call this a car. It looks like you were in a war with this car and you lost the war.” He started to defend his car. He drove it and the engine sounded pretty good and he wanted two hundred and fifty dollars for it and I told him I would give him two hundred for it. I drove that car for two years and never did have any trouble with it. It had one problem—it didn’t have any brakes so you learn to drive defensively if you don’t have brakes.

Mr. Cox: You ended up building houses and commercial buildings in the Kingsville area as a career.

Transcribed by: Becky Lindig

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