

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH TEXAS
ORAL HISTORY COLLECTION
NUMBER
1047

Interview with

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS
MARTIN L. ALLDAY

October 8, 1994

Place of Interview: Kerrville, Texas

Interviewer: Ronald E. Marcello

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Private First Class Martin L. Allday

Interviewer: Dr. Ronald E. Marcello October 8, 1994

Place of Interview: Kerrville, Texas

Dr. Marcello: This is Ron Marcello interviewing Martin L. Allday for the University of North Texas Oral History Program and the Admiral Nimitz Museum. The interview is taking place on October 8, 1994, in Kerrville, Texas. I'm interviewing Mr. Allday in order to get his recollections and his experiences while he was an infantryman on the island of Okinawa during the battle there in 1945.

Mr. Allday, to begin this interview, give me a brief biographical sketch of yourself. First of all, tell me when and where you were born.

Mr. Allday: I'm currently sixty-eight years old. Consequently, I'm one of the youngest of the panelists that this particular seminar will have in it. I was born in El Dorado, Arkansas, in 1926.

Dr. Marcello: Tell me a little bit about your education.

Mr. Allday: Well, I grew up in Austin, Texas. I went all the

way through school there. I went to the Schreiner Institute as a senior in high school and freshman in college. I was drafted into the infantry in August of 1944.

After the war was over, I came back and went to the University of Texas in Austin. I went to law school, graduating in 1951. I moved to Midland, Texas, where I practiced law for thirty-five years. I was a member of the Bush administration as the chairman of the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission. I served up there almost four years. I have returned to Austin, where I'm now of counsel with a law firm there in Austin--Scott, Douglas, and Luton. I have three children and certainly a great wife, Patricia.

Marcello: Okay, let's go back and pick up some of the details on the basis of what you said. You mentioned that you went into the service in 1944. How did this come about?

Allday: I was drafted on August 31. I took fifteen weeks of basic training in the infantry at Camp Hood. I was supposed to have had seventeen weeks, but the Germans were kicking the fire out of us at the Bulge at that time, so they shortened our training to fifteen weeks. We had five days delay enroute. We were scheduled to fly to Germany.

Then they stopped the Germans at the Battle of the

Bulge while I was at home, so they recut our orders and sent us to the Pacific. I went overseas on February 12, 1945. We went to Oahu, where they trained us in jungle fighting for two weeks. Then I went to Saipan for further training for two weeks, then to Eniwetok, then on in to the Battle of Okinawa. May 1 was when I landed. The operation actually commenced April 1, Easter morning, of 1945. I went in as a replacement.

Marcello: Okay, let's go back and pick up some details. You mentioned that you took your basic training at Camp Hood. At that time, it looked like you were going to Europe, and then your orders were changed as a result of the changing situation in Europe, and you were on your way to the Far East. If you had had your druthers at that time, which would you have preferred, or did it really make any difference?

Allday: Well, I think the European War really...I mean, it didn't make any difference. If you're the only soldier in the world that gets shot in a cornfield someplace, that's the worst battle in the world. But the European War was so much different from the Pacific War. The Japanese did not take prisoners of infantrymen. We didn't take prisoners of infantrymen. We killed them. It was a difference in attitude, really, of what the heck we were about.

Marcello: As a youngster at that time, as you look back, did you

have more hatred toward the Japanese than the Germans?

Allday: I think I did, a little bit, yes.

Marcello: Do you think this was possibly because of Pearl Harbor as much as anything else?

Allday: No question, no question.

Marcello: Okay, you mentioned that you go to the Hawaiian Islands for just a short period of time, and you take two weeks of jungle training. Such as? Describe what was involved in that.

Allday: Well, interestingly enough, we landed on Oahu, and we were put on a train and taken out into the jungles of Hawaii, where we shot all the weapons that the infantry uses, ranging from the M-1 to the mortars that they had, to the machine guns, the light and the heavy ones. We went through ranges--I guess that's what you'd call them--where they'd have pop-up targets, and you'd try to take them out. We threw a bunch of grenades, and just that type of training, really. Then we left. I never got a pass on Hawaii (chuckle). I just went in and out.

Marcello: At this stage, what particular unit were you attached to? Identify your unit in full.

Allday: I don't think we'd been assigned, really, to a division. At least, I didn't know about it. I was earmarked for the 96th Division, also known as the "Deadeye Division," which had had action, undergone

action, at Leyte, but I hadn't yet joined them. I don't recall being assigned. I was just a replacement in the infantry.

Marcello: What was the next stage of your journey?

Allday: Well, we went to Saipan, where we went through two more weeks of training and had more of a jungle-type training, as was Oahu. Although Okinawa was not jungle, that's where we ultimately ended up. But that's the type of training we took, in addition to the firing of weapons and running exercises where the squad leaders would direct us to attack a particular pillbox or location or position or whatever. Also, we were exposed to flamethrowers and learned how to operate all of the weapons.

Marcello: By this time, I'm assuming that to a great extent you're being put through the ropes by some of the old hands. What were they telling you about your Japanese enemy?

Allday: They were telling us that they weren't going to surrender. If you saw one, don't expect him to surrender. They said that they were very tenacious. They weren't the buck-toothed, poor-eyed-type of person who was depicted in lots of the cartoons; they were very, very capable, strong and dedicated, ready-to-die-type of enemy.

Marcello: I know that Saipan was supposed to have been "secured."

Were there ever any incidents involving Japanese die-hards and so on there while you were in training?

Allday: No. I guess the place where they trained us was fairly well taken, although we certainly knew that there were Japanese up in the hills hiding out. They didn't know how to surrender. They were afraid to surrender, afraid we would kill them, and we probably would have, had the infantry been involved. The only prisoners taken in the Pacific War--I believe the only ones, just about--were in the tail-end of operations, and they were not captured by infantrymen. They hadn't actually been fighting people who took their surrender. They were rear-echelon people. Some of the cooks and truck drivers, rear-echelon people up forward, accepted surrenders. That was a very difficult thing for me, at that time in my life, to say, "Hey, I'm not going to let you surrender."

Marcello: Can you explain that further, what you mean by that?

Allday: We shot them if they showed up--if they were standing up or were lying down or anything else.

Marcello: I guess what I'm saying is, you seemed to indicate that you had some qualms about this as an eighteen-year-old.

Allday: Yes, although, you know, I probably accepted it more than I would have had I been twenty-five. The infantry is not a place for somebody twenty-five years old. If they've got family--wife, kids--they're not going to

run up a hill. At that stage of my life, I'd have run up a hill if a corporal had told me to do so, I guess. Having had two years of military training, as I indicated, at Schreiner, I was probably a little bit more adapted to taking orders.

Marcello: What rank were you at this time?

Allday: PFC [private first class].

Marcello: And you had still not been assigned to the 96th Division?

Allday: Well, when I went into Okinawa, we joined the 96th Division.

Marcello: As a replacement, like you mentioned.

Allday: Yes.

Marcello: Okay, was your next step on this journey from Saipan?

Allday: We went to Eniwetok and then Ulithi. I think that's the name of the island where we tied up for a number of days, during which period President Roosevelt died.

Marcello: What was the effect that that had upon the troops?

Allday: Everybody was shocked, certainly. You know, he was our leader, our country's leader. Nobody knew much about Harry Truman.

Marcello: I guess, as an eighteen-year-old, Roosevelt was the only president you could ever remember.

Allday: He was the only one that I could remember. Well, that's not true. I remember, when I was six, the Hoover-Roosevelt election, but it didn't make a hill of

beans to me. That's also before I became a Republican (laughter), later in life.

Marcello: Okay, I'm assuming that Ulithi and Eniwetok were simply just stopovers.

Allday: Staging areas, letting the convoy gather.

Marcello: The convoy then leaves from where? Ulithi?

Allday: Yes, sir.

Marcello: That was a huge anchorage, wasn't it?

Allday: It must have been, because we saw ships everywhere. Then we went to Okinawa, zigzagging the whole time.

Marcello: At that point, what did you know about what was going on on Okinawa? You mentioned, of course, that the battle started on April 1, and you don't get there until May 1. What news was filtering back among the troops about Okinawa?

Allday: Very little. We were hearing a lot about, certainly, Iwo Jima, which had just been secured, but I don't recall being given much information about Okinawa. But we learned that we were going to Okinawa.

Marcello: Okay, describe the journey on the troop transport from Ulithi to Okinawa. What were conditions like aboard the ship?

Allday: The transport that we were on was...I can't remember the name of the vessel, but it carried about 3,000 soldiers, I think. They had the bunks stacked in five deep, and we slept about eighteen inches apart. A lot

of them got sick, of course, and were running around with helmets hanging on their arm and throwing up in them. But that had been the case in every water transportation that we underwent. The worst, really, was coming out of Fort Lewis, out of Washington, going to Oahu. The waves were pretty tough. That was the worst until I experienced a typhoon after Okinawa was over, and we were at sea. Even though I was in the infantry, I was at sea eighty-one days during my two-year-plus experience in the Army.

Marcello: What did you do to spend your time while you were aboard this troop transport on your way to Okinawa, knowing that you're going into battle?

Allday: They exercised us. We'd have to do pushups and running in place. We played gin rummy (chuckle), a little poker. Interestingly enough, when I went over from the States to Oahu, there was a bunch of Japanese soldiers, American Japanese, who were from Hawaii and who had been in Italy fighting. They were being sent back for rest and recreation for a period of time. Those guys knew how to shoot dice. That's all they did. If one of them went broke, he got to run the game until he got a little kicker for doing that, and then he got back in the game. It was kind of fun to watch them.

Marcello: Okay, you get to the area around the island of Okinawa. Of course, in the meantime, the ships out there are

undergoing all kinds of kamikaze attacks. Do you witness any of this sort of activity when you were going in there?

Allday: Not when I was going in, but I saw two days of it after I got wounded, when I was in the hospital, which I'll get into in a little bit.

Marcello: Okay, you're now at Okinawa. What happens at that point?

Allday: Well, we were going down landing nets and put into landing craft, the ones that had front ends that opened up, and taken ashore. All of us had "nursed" [carried] our gas masks all the way from Fort Sam Houston, almost, all the way through our training and everything else. Of course, mine was equipped with glasses because I wore glasses. We got on the beach, and they said, "All right, everybody throw your gas mask over on the pile." We put them over there. I guess we were just being used as transportation for them, because everybody unloaded everything they could to get as light as they could.

Marcello: At that point, what kind of equipment do you have?

Allday: I had an M-1, with a cartridge belt, a bayonet, a canteen, a backpack, which was not like the big backpacks you see in the newsreels, where you're carrying your blanket and everything else. All I carried to the front was a poncho and a little sack

that had a change of socks, a toothbrush, a spare pair of glasses. That was really about it.

We were staged there on the beach, and I guess we were marched off to dinner. We went in close to darkness. The next day, we were put on trucks to go join our division, which had been taken off the line for ten days. The 96th Division was on line for seventy-two days out of the eighty-two-day operation. They were credited, really, with taking more of the Japs than any other division on there, on the island, probably because they were on the line the most. They suffered tremendous injuries and fatalities.

Marcello: Specifically, what was your unit within the 96th?

Allday: I was in one of the platoons. I can't remember which one, but it was in Company C, 382nd Battalion, 96th Division.

Marcello: Now, you were going in as a replacement. How were replacements greeted by the guys coming off the line?

Allday: They were glad to see you. They'd had the heck kicked out of them. In fact, the squad that I joined only had two men left in it, at the time that I joined them, from an initial force of twelve. At least, that was the regular number of soldiers in a squad, with a squad leader and an assistant squad leader, two BAR [Browning Automatic Rifles] teams with two people assigned as ammunition bearers for them, plus two scouts, and the

rest of them were riflemen. I was made a first scout. We dug in with our squad leader. The first and second scout always dug in in foxholes with the squad leader.

Marcello: What exactly is the function of a scout, first or second scout?

Allday: Well, if you're moving ahead, the first and second scout lead.

Marcello: You're the point men.

Allday: Yes, sir, out front. You know, they spread you out because they don't want one mortar round or artillery round to take everybody out. You're probably fifteen, twenty yards apart, and the scouts are out in front twenty-five yards.

Marcello: What was the mortality rate for scouts?

Allday: Pretty heavy. Of course, the mortality rate for everybody at Okinawa was severe. My company suffered 182 percent casualties. By that, I mean, they wiped them out, almost, as I indicated. They filled them up to over strength. They had fifteen men to the squadron when I was assigned there.

We went to the front with a battalion of over two thousand men, which is over strength. Ten days after I got wounded, that battalion was operating with 146 men. Devastating! The reason for it was that the Japanese had been on Okinawa for sixty years. As a consequence, they knew the exact distance between hills on Okinawa,

and, really, Okinawa was a battle of hills. Not trench warfare, but foxhole warfare. It was a battle of hills and tunnels and tombs. It...I kind of lost my chain of thought there.

Marcello: Well, that's okay. We'll come back and pick up on this, anyway. You mentioned that there were only two men left out of this squad when you entered it. What was the general overall morale like of the group in general?

Allday: Well, they were the old hands, and we were glad to see them--to kind of give us some additional tips. We got a couple of days of extra training before we went back to the front with them.

Marcello: What kind of advice were they giving you?

Allday: Oh, they'd say, "If you hear something shooting, get down. Don't stand up and look around. Find you a place and get down, and then look around until you see something to shoot."

Marcello: Did they ever clue you in as to what it would be like at night? I understand that the American troops seemed to dig in about dusk, and that's when the Japanese kind of became active, especially infiltrators and so on.

Allday: That's correct.

Marcello: Did they warn you about that sort of thing?

Allday: They told us that you were never to get out of your foxhole at night, that you'd get shot if you got out of

your foxhole. Anything that moved at night, you took it as a target. It often was a native--men, women, and children, and cows, whatever. They were running between the hills, trying to infiltrate their soldiers back behind you. They were not too successful at that, because, really, the sky was lit up with flares during infantry combat on Okinawa to where it almost looked like bright moonlight. They'd have to make movement at two or three yards at a time, I guess, to keep from being spotted. You could usually pick them out when they were trying to infiltrate with the natives. When I say pick them out, you couldn't differentiate between them and the natives, but you could see movement.

Marcello: Okay, you're ready to go up on the line. Think back, if you can...

Allday: We were furnished hand grenades at that point.

Marcello: They would come in handy. You would use quite a few of them.

Allday: Yes, sir.

Marcello: What were you feelings? What were you thinking at that point, if you think back, as an eighteen-year-old at that time?

Allday: I figured there wasn't any way in the world anybody was going to hit me (chuckle).

Marcello: Okay.

Allday: You know, you say you're brave. Well, you're dumb, I

guess, as opposed to being brave, but I really wasn't scared at that point in time. I never had a scared moment--until I got shot.

Marcello: I know that among those who did exhibit fear or admit to having had fear, in most cases it wasn't fear for one's self, but a fear that you might let down the rest of your comrades. Was that a general feeling, do you think, for yourself and other troops?

Allday: Oh, yes, we'd had inculcated in our psyche--if I can put it that way, although I'm sure I didn't describe it that way at the time--that you had to operate as a team and pay attention to what you were asked to do and how you were expected to go.

Marcello: Did you feel fairly comfortable moving in as an individual replacement with these other people?

Allday: Yes, very much so.

Marcello: There was no problem there?

Allday: I didn't sense anything. They were glad to see you. You gave the Japanese another target to shoot at, I guess, instead of just them (chuckle).

Marcello: Okay, you're ready to move out and move up on the line. Now, you mentioned this briefly a moment ago. Describe what the terrain was like in the area where you would be seeing combat.

Allday: Well, as I indicated awhile ago--I think I did--Okinawa is a sixty-mile-long island, not very broad, two miles

to five miles wide at the widest. The Japanese had brought all their soldiers...107,500 of them, that's how many we killed, plus another 20,000 to 25,000 that probably died in caves that were sealed or killed with satchel charges or flamethrowers. I'm quoting these statistics, because I did study this battle. I've read some books on that battle. I didn't know those figures at the time. The terrain itself was hilly, with hills probably three or four hundred feet high, valleys in between, not heavily vegetated, except in certain spots where a river or a creek would be. I wouldn't say it was like the hill country of Texas, because we've got too much cedar around here. They were rolling-type hills with escarpments, bluffs, that were sometimes used by the Japanese in the later parts of the engagement to jump off and commit suicide. A lot of them did this toward the end. I didn't see that, but I know that that occurred.

It was really a battle from hill to hill, and since the Japs had been there sixty years, they knew how far it was from one hilltop to the next, by meter. They did not have to bracket in with their artillery or their mortars. They simply turned it to the click that they wanted to hit, and the dadgummed shell was on you without any warning. That's really what made it double tough at Okinawa, as distinguished from other battles

in the Pacific, in my mind. And the machine gun fire was crossfire, from hill to hill.

Marcello: It was interlocking and self-supporting--the machine guns, the mortars, the artillery, everything, I guess.

Allday: That's correct. And the fascinating thing to me, in retrospect, is that the artillery and the Navy poured more rounds into Okinawa than any other battle in the Pacific. Hearing a 16-inch shell coming off of a battleship and going over sounded like a freight train. It is loud just going through the air, and it knocked a big hole in the hill it was hitting. The firepower that was spent at Okinawa literally leveled the town of Naha, which was one of the major cities along with Shuri and Yonabaru. I went through part of Shuri [Castle], which was in the middle. They had what they called the Shuri Defense Line, which was a defense line from Naha to Shuri to Yonabaru running west to east, right in the middle of the southern part of the island, just before two of the major hills. They were Conical and Sugarloaf, and two major battles were fought over them, both of which were taken just a day or two after I left.

Marcello: Now, were you actually in the battles for those hills, Sugarloaf and Conical?

Allday: The preliminary hills to them. I was wounded on what's called Zebra Hill, which was a horseshoe-shaped hill.

Our whole battalion was called on to take that particular hill, which we did on the afternoon of May 10.

Marcello: Let's back up here a minute and get some more details. You mentioned that you were operating in the southern sector of that island. Of course, as we know and as has been written, that's where the Japanese had concentrated their forces. The landings on the beaches, before you got there, were uncontested, and the resistance in the northern part of the island was wiped out pretty fast.

Allday: There wasn't anything up there, hardly.

Marcello: That's correct. The Marines had a little bit of action there, but most of the action was down in the south, and that's where all this was concentrated.

Allday: My belief of the reason for this is that the Japanese pulled to the south, planning on getting help from the mother island, which was only 365 miles away from the southern tip of Japan. They were expecting to get relief, and then they'd squash us.

Marcello: Okay, you're now on the line, and I'm assuming that your first combat is to try and take this Zebra Hill. Is that correct?

Allday: Well, no, we took a couple of unnamed hills a couple of days before we went up against Zebra. We relieved the 7th Infantry, I think. There weren't many of them

left. We went through, and, boy, they were glad to get out of there. Then the day we took Zebra, my squad leader, the second scout, and I managed to dig in a foxhole and an outpost on the reverse slope of the hill, which was facing the enemy. The rest of the battalion was dug in on the inside of the horseshoe. We were just supposed to be an outpost, to give an advance warning if a banzai attack occurred or any kind of movement. We were supposed to holler out and let them know it. We had grenades in there, plus our rifles and bayonets.

Marcello: Discuss some of the combat that took place in taking these hills preliminary to the assault on Zebra. Describe for me what exactly took place.

Allday: Well, in my vector there wasn't a whole lot. We moved up on an area that had apparently been cleared by another platoon, so I never really shot at anybody in that operation. Not until we went into Zebra did I actually do some shooting.

Marcello: Okay, describe the assault on Zebra from the beginning to the end, as much as you can remember about it.

Allday: Well, we bombarded it severely. The Corsairs would come in and knock four or five feet off the top of the hill, as they did on all the hills, dropping napalm and bombs and everything else. Plus the hill was hammered by artillery. It is amazing how anything could

survive. The Japanese had dug tunnels in all those hills, and they had interconnecting tunnels. After the artillery lifted, they somehow would pop out and assume their locations, with machine guns and everything else.

Marcello: Evidently, they dug the tunnels and the caves in such a way that they would have angles to shield themselves from the blast of any direct hits.

Allday: That's correct.

Marcello: Okay, describe the assault up the hill. Everything's been wiped out, right [facetious question]?

Allday: We were hoping it was, but it hadn't been. The Japanese were on, once again, the reverse side of the hill. They had machine guns going. The hill itself was probably about three hundred yards in length, so one side of the dadgummed hill could fire at the other side fairly easily. They chopped us pretty good going in.

I remember we had a Mexican BAR man in our squad. He was a humorous fellow. I don't know if you want this on the tape, but I'm going to tell it, anyway, because it was kind of humorous. He had a deep accent, and as we were attacking, he'd say, "Tojo eat 'sheet' [shit]!" as we were running up the hill. Then a mortar round landed about fifty yards away, and he said, "Pancho, eat 'sheet!'" (Laughter) He kind of tickled everybody at a severe time in our life. Anyway, we

went up the hill. I took a couple of Japs with me.

Marcello: What kind of a resistance are you getting here? In other words, are there mortars, machine guns, artillery, rifles, or the whole bunch?

Allday: Not artillery, but mortar rounds were dropping into the inside of the horseshoe, which is where we were going up and spreading out as we were attacking the hill. The hill itself was probably a hundred feet in height, maybe more than that. Two hundred feet, I guess.

Marcello: What kind of progress are you making?

Allday: Oh, not much. If a sniper fired or you heard gunfire, and if it was toward you, you'd try to find a place to get down and stay there for five or ten minutes before you'd jump up and try to get to another place.

Marcello: How close are you to the enemy?

Allday: About 150 yards, until you got to the top. By that time, they'd probably all pulled back. Getting to the top took three or four hours.

Marcello: What keeps you going? What keeps you going? Obviously, you're getting orders, but what moves you?

Allday: Other guys moving forward. You saw your buddy moving forward, and you moved forward, too. I never had thought of that before. Momentum, if you will, and the ability to continue, where you didn't just get decimated.

Marcello: You mentioned that you took out at least a couple of

Japs yourself. Do you want to describe this to me?

Allday: Reluctantly.

[Tape 1, Side 2]

Marcello: When the tape ended, you were talking about peeking over the top of this hill, and you saw this Japanese sitting below. So pick up the story at that point.

Allday: They were in a foxhole. They didn't see me. I just stuck my head over and saw them, and I fell back. I kind of motioned to my squad leader, and I told him, "There are a couple of Japs down there [whispering voice]!" He said, "My God! Shoot them!" I said, "Well, I think I can throw a grenade down there." It was only twenty yards away. He said, "Okay, you do that, and I'll cover you with a rifle." So he raised up. He didn't shoot one of them, but he fired a shot, and they ducked down in the hole. So I raised up and threw. The hand grenades we had were five-second [reference to the length of time until the detonated the grenade] grenades, so I let it tick twice. I counted, "One thousand, two thousand," before I threw it, so I would only give them three seconds. It went in the hole.

Marcello: I guess a lot times you almost had to hold on for a little while to those hand grenades...

Allday: Or they would throw them back.

Marcello: ...so they wouldn't throw them back.

Allday: Or out.

Marcello: Yes. Does an action like this just happen very, very fast, and then you move on?

Allday: Oh, yes. Actually, from that point, it was right on the tail-end of the horseshoe, as I called it, and our squad probably advanced another two hundred yards up on the hill. Then we still had another half-mile or quarter-mile to finish out the horseshoe. We dug in for the evening. The next morning was when I got shot.

Marcello: Okay, take me through a night on the line, whether it's that night or any night on the line.

Allday: We had three or four nights before this battle. Everything's lighted--bright light--and maintained that way by flares, really bright flares.

Marcello: Those flares are coming from where? The artillery bases?

Allday: I don't know where they came from, really.

Marcello: Star shells? Is the Navy firing star shells, also?

Allday: I don't know that. I don't know what they were, but they lit up the sky. I don't know where they came from, but I was glad to see them. Our company itself didn't fire them. I think it was somebody back, artillery people probably or maybe Navy, as you say, who lightened up the sky to protect us, because it was dark. They were going to get through us.

Marcello: What kind of a hole do you dig for the night? This

sounds like a very mundane question, but people may not know.

Allday: Well, there were three of us in a foxhole--the squad leader and the two scouts.

Marcello: How deep is this foxhole?

Allday: The first night we were there, we dug one about four feet deep. It was pretty heavy digging. The next night it wasn't but eighteen inches, and the next night it was probably two feet. On Zebra it was kind of rocky, but we kept digging because we knew we were right up next to them at that point. I guess it was probably two feet deep maximum, maybe not quite that. It was big enough and wide enough--it was probably the width of this card table--to where you could get three men in it. It was about six feet or seven feet long. We slept slumped down in there with your legs opposed. I'd be faced one way, and my partner would be faced the other way, with his legs by my face. One guy would be on guard duty while the other two of you slept, or tried to.

Marcello: About how long would each person stand guard duty?

Allday: Couple of hours.

Marcello: And you mentioned you're sleeping in this foxhole, which is about four feet wide maybe--I'm estimating the size of this card table--and you would be alternating. In other words, one would have his head at one end.

The other one would have his head at the other end, and so on.

Allday: Yes.

Marcello: And you mentioned that you can't get much sleep.

Allday: Not much.

Marcello: During any of these nights that you were on the line and in these positions, were there any encounters with infiltrators?

Allday: We shot at a whole bunch of people moving. Whether they were soldiers or natives, I don't know, because they were a hundred yards off or so. Machine guns would rain down on them, and rifle fire certainly.

Marcello: Is it a case where if one person fires, a bunch of guns start firing at it?

Allday: That's about right. If they see something to shoot at, and even if they don't, they start shooting. But, you know, you have to carry your ammunition, and you don't just waste it.

Marcello: That's something you can't run out of.

Allday: No, that and water. Carrying water is difficult. Water was dragged up to you in five-gallon cans.

Marcello: Describe the condition of the water.

Allday: It was all right. It was good drinking water.

Marcello: Did you have to purify it?

Allday: No, it came to us without us having to put any pills in it, like they did in the jungle warfare. But it was

heavy toting that stuff up and toting mortar shells and ammunition. It kept you just wore out.

Marcello: I understand that most veterans of these campaigns carried as few moving metal parts as possible, so there wouldn't be a whole lot of noise. Whatever metal parts they had, they would wrap in rags or paper, everything from a mess kit to whatever else they were using. Was that some of the advice that you were given and that you carried out?

Allday: Well, I didn't take a mess kit because all we were fed were C-rations. We didn't even get the K-rations. The C-rations came to you in little tin cans, about three or four inches across. I'll never eat Spam again in my life. But it was three inches across and about four inches high, I guess. So I didn't have a mess kit. I just didn't have anything but my socks and a change of shorts and an extra pair of glasses and a toothbrush. I just wanted to get light, to where I could move. I didn't want anything to keep me from running, one way or the other (chuckle).

Marcello: What was the weather like?

Allday: Well, it was nice weather when I was there, from May 1 through May 11. It was fine weather. It wasn't cold. It was the early part of May.

Marcello: So did you miss that rainy season then?

Allday: The rain started about two days after I left, and it

rained ten inches. It just made it so muddy. I've talked to my buddies about it. It was awful! Awful! Trucks couldn't go, so everything was being transported manually by the men. They didn't have any mules or anything else. It was awful, and they didn't make much progress. Really, that's one reason it took so long to go from where the line was on April 30 to the line where it was a month later on May 31. It was only less than a mile in some spots, and a mile-and-a-half in others. They just weren't able to function. I'll give you this map, also, when I get through, if you'd like to have it.

Marcello: That would be fine. I have some other questions, and these are rather mundane. Under these circumstances, what do you do about the bodily functions?

Allday: Well, you'd just stand up and pee or go to the rest room.

Marcello: But, I mean, if you stand up, you're liable to get shot.

Allday: Well, yes, you didn't stand. You did it in your foxhole if you were under fire or thought you were. You just "dumped" [defecated] and took your shovel and threw it out of there. You carried a shovel.

Marcello: Sure.

Allday: Everybody had one of these folding shovels, so that's another piece of equipment that we had to lug around.

Marcello: When you finally had taken Zebra Hill, did you get a chance to examine or inspect the Japanese fortifications or defensive networks?

Allday: No, I didn't, but it was obvious that they had tunnel access to come out on top after the artillery had stopped. I never did see any of the tunnels at that time. When I went back, after I'd been wounded and rehabilitated, I got back on the island of Okinawa the day the island was declared secure, although we still had ten or fifteen days of mop-up after that. I saw some of it then, the intercombed tunnels. I didn't go in them, but there was a cave, and you knew that it went in and interlocked some place. But not on Zebra. It had been bombarded so heavily that none survived, and I wasn't looking for holes to look in.

Marcello: I know a lot of the other veterans who have written or talked about Okinawa always remember the corpses lying around and the stench and the stink of the battlefield.

Allday: Oh, yes, and the flies.

Marcello: Tell me about the flies and so on, because dysentery and so on became a problem here.

Allday: Big, big juicy-looking horseflies would light on a corpse pretty damned quick. I mean, in thirty minutes they were after the corpse. We didn't have time to bury them. We didn't want to bury the Japs, although I guess we should have. Hell, with our digging, we were

trying to stay alive. We just let them lie there, and the flies and the maggots got at them. The maggots were terrible-looking, to watch them working in a corpse. I have not thought of that in fifty years. That was tough stuff.

Marcello: I'm sure it's one of those things you'd just as soon forget about, anyhow.

Allday: Yes, yes.

Marcello: You mentioned the flies very quickly attacking the corpses. Then, of course, the flies became a health hazard. I would assume, in even eating your Spam, you had to cover it or keep your hand over it.

Allday: That's right. That's right. You were always fighting them. We did not have mosquitoes, that I recall.

Marcello: You're going through this battle now. This is the first time that you've had a chance to come face-to-face with the enemy. What are your attitudes, your emotions, toward this enemy out there? Is it hatred? Respect? How would you describe it?

Allday: Well, I was perhaps a little bit different in that I had deer-hunted all my life. I knew how to shoot. It was almost like a hunt, really, to me.

Marcello: Let's talk about the day that you were wounded. Take me through that skirmish and that episode.

Allday: Okay, it was the morning of May 11. The sun broke, and we ate our breakfast, Spam again (chuckle). We stood

up and kind of stretched, and this machine gun...there was a long hill about, I guess, 300 or 400 yards long, across a valley, from the side of Zebra Hill that we were on. It was about the same height. The 77th Division, I think, had taken it at the same time that we took Zebra Hill. But the Japanese, unbeknownst to us, apparently had counterattacked and retaken half of that hill during the night. I think that's where the machine gunner was that shot us. I'm not certain, because it was a pretty good, long shot.

Marcello: Now, you were with your squad leader?

Allday: Yes, squad leader and second scout. We kind of stood up in our foxhole to kind of stretch and take a pee. He cut down on us and missed us, but it kicked dirt all around us, so we knew we were under fire.

But we also knew we were fixing to attack another hill. Our battalion was going to move out, off of Zebra, heading toward Conical Hill, but still a mile or half-mile from Conical. I can't remember the name of it...Oboe, I think, was the hill that we were going to try to take. So we knew that when the captain of the company hollered, "Move out!" we were supposed to get up and go.

So the call came to "saddle up," which meant to adjust your equipment. "Move out!" Well, we stood up, and the second we stood up, he was sitting there

waiting on us. He cut down on us with what's called a Nambu machine gun, a little .25-caliber weapon, which in my judgment was the best weapon in the war.

Marcello: Why do you say that?

Allday: It's light, maneuverable, weighs less than seven pounds.

Marcello: Rapid rate of fire?

Allday: It fired 600 rounds a minute. It fires in clips of twenty or thirty. It is very, very quick and maneuverable, whereas our BARs were cumbersome. They weighed seventeen, eighteen pounds, as I recollect. It wasn't that rapid in firing. You had to lay it on its side because it kicked up to the right when you shot it straightforward or tried to aim it. So in close combat, you would lay it on its side and fire it.

Marcello: In an arc?

Allday: Yes, that's right. That's a good way to describe it. But the Nambu was a powerful little weapon. As I say, it shot a .25-caliber round, thank Goodness, because when he hit me...my second scout was standing about a yard from me as we jumped up. I jumped up...and you wear suspenders that hold your cartridges up. I went to adjust my suspenders, and a bullet went through my fist, right here between the knuckles of my right finger and little finger on my right hand. It came out between the fingers and back in my ring finger and then

out [gestures]. If it had been a half-inch either way, it would have taken a finger probably, or at least demolished a knuckle. But it didn't. I can still bowl or shoot or play golf or anything, thank Goodness.

Marcello: Excuse me now, since we have a tape. It went through...

Allday: The webbing.

Marcello: Okay, your fist is evidently toward your shoulders.

Allday: That's right.

Marcello: Okay, the shot then goes through ...

Allday: It's as though you were stretching your suspenders. That's what they were. You turn them up like that, and the bullet went right through here [gestures].

Marcello: It really went through the fourth and fifth fingers, for want of a better phrase.

Allday: Between the little finger and the ring finger, in the webbing, came out in the webbing, and re-entered.

Marcello: The webbing of your hand, your fingers.

Allday: It re-entered my ring finger and came out at the back end and didn't break a bone. How, I don't know, but it didn't. Another bullet cut my shirt on the left, so they were all around me. My second scout was about a yard away from me. A bullet entered his helmet and came out the back and just nicked him on the top of the head. He has about a three-inch scar across the top of his head. If it had been a quarter-inch or a half inch

deeper, it would have killed him. It came out the back of his helmet and knocked a hole in it about the size of a banana and peeled it back like a banana and created a shrapnel effect behind his helmet. A piece of his helmet hit me in the face, right up here, right under my glasses.

Marcello: Right up under the eye.

Allday: Right under my right eye. My face immediately started squirting blood. You know, you cut yourself shaving, and your face has got lots of veins in it. I put my hands up to my face, of course, automatically. I thought I had been shot in the head with a machine gun bullet from a machine gun burst. Blood was all over the place. I hollered for a medic. It really didn't hurt. I was just kind of stunned, not to unconsciousness, but it just kind of shocked me.

I was hollering for a medic. I took my glasses off, put them in my pocket. Scottie Blackmore, my second scout, raised up in the foxhole. I said, "My gosh, Scottie, I thought they'd killed you!" He had blood coming out of the top of his head, and that bullet hole was right through the middle of his helmet. He said, "Let's get out of here!" He put that helmet right back on top of his head, and we jumped out of the foxhole and got back over the crest of Zebra. Really, right then was when I was concerned because I thought

he might be waiting again for us, but he wasn't.

Marcello: I was going to say, he didn't shoot again?

Allday: No, he did not. I stumbled getting back up. Right then I kind of had a few pangs of anxiety. But we got back on the backside of the hill. We had about a mile, mile-and-a-half, to go back to the aid station. Scottie was twenty-five years old, and I was eighteen, and I beat him to the medic by fifteen or twenty seconds, I'm sure, maybe a minute. They had my face bandaged up when he arrived--the medics did. They bandaged his head and said, "Are y'all hit anywhere else?" I noticed my hand getting numb, so I opened up my hand. Of course, it was laid wide open in between the fingers, so they fixed my hand up. Scottie said, "My shoulders hurt." He took his shirt off, and that bullet on the inside of his helmet had created a shrapnel effect that had ricocheted down back at him. He had a hundred little, ol' pieces of his helmet in his shoulders. We got back, and they operated on me and fixed my hand and face. They gave me the piece of Scottie's helmet, which I still have.

Marcello: Okay, you go to the aid station. A couple of questions at this point. I know that a lot of young, green infantrymen looked down upon medics. Sometimes they were called "fairies" and so on and so forth, but evidently the attitude changes once you get into

battle, and you need them.

Allday: Oh, yes. I never felt that way about them. They are wonderful people.

Marcello: So what can they do for you immediately? When you get back to the aid station, what do they do for you immediately at that point?

Allday: Well, they put a bunch of sulfa on it. I think that was what they were using back in those days. If you are really hurting, if you've got broken bones, or are really cut up with a severe wound, they would give you morphine and bandage you, certainly. They'd put you on a truck or ambulance as quick as they could to get you back to where they can operate on you if you need it.

Marcello: And where was it that they took you?

Allday: They took me to a hospital that was probably ten or fifteen miles back up north, on the beach.

Marcello: In the meantime, how are you feeling?

Allday: I really wasn't hurting. I really didn't hurt. It stung a little bit, but it was a flesh wound as opposed to a bone, and I really didn't hurt. It stung a little bit and swelled up. My hand, certainly, was getting numb. That's how I felt. That's what you call a "million-dollar wound" (chuckle).

Marcello: I was going to say, you actually had one (laughter).

Allday: I was out of there.

Marcello: Well, it was but it wasn't a "million-dollar wound,"

because you told me previously, maybe before we started the tape, that they were sending you back on the line again.

Allday: Well, I came back, but the island was secure.

Marcello: How long were you here, back at this hospital?

Allday: About two days, before they put me on an airplane and flew me to Guam. I was in the hospital for thirty days with my hand in a splint up to the joint.

Marcello: And it was your right hand?

Allday: Yes, and I wrote my mom a letter back by V-mail, left-handed. I told her that I really was not hurt, just barely wounded, but it was left-handed, and she got the heck scared out of her. Also, the War Department sent her a telegram, saying, "Your son has been seriously wounded in action." That scared the fire out of her. She had a Red Cross friend who happened to be on Saipan and who came over and checked on me. She wrote back and told my mother, "Hey, he's okay. Very lucky."

Marcello: Going back to the initial encounter with this machine gun that did you in, from what I've read, the Japanese particularly liked to single out officers, non-coms, or communications people. Sometimes they may observe these people for hours and hours at a time, waiting for the appropriate moment to do perhaps something like what happened in your case. I've even read that they would watch these people so closely that they even knew

where their foxholes were. Those became special targets of infiltrators at night. So, to make my explanation short, I was wondering if perhaps they had been checking you guys out for some time before they opened up on you.

Allday: Not really. I don't think so, because we dug in right at dusk and got shot early in the morning. We were just up moving around, or at least standing up, and there was a target for that guy, wherever he was.

We had three or four Japanese tanks that tried to go up through the valley between that hill and us the next morning, before I got shot. We kind of watched them, and the artillery rained down on them and knocked one of them out. The other two turned around and went back. Their tanks weren't much. They were tanks, but in comparison with the ones we had, they weren't thick-skinned.

Marcello: What was your reaction when you found out you would be going back to Okinawa?

Allday: I kind of expected to, because they were kicking the heck out of us. I could walk; I could see. They gave me a pencil to squeeze when I left the hospital, because I really couldn't close my hand all the way.

Marcello: In other words, you couldn't make a complete fist.

Allday: No, and I knew I was going to Saipan for another week or so before I went back. I exercised on it, so by the

time we got back to Okinawa by ship, it was okay. But I expected to go back.

Marcello: So what happens, then, when you get back to Okinawa? Were you going to be joining your same unit again?

Allday: I did.

Marcello: Had it been pulled out of the line at that point?

Allday: No, they were still up. Of course, by that time all of Okinawa had fallen, as far as organized resistance was concerned. They didn't have any mortars or artillery or machine guns going. All that the Japanese soldiers had kept were their hand grenades and pistols. The officers, I guess, kept their little samurai swords, and they were literally committing suicide as we went on these patrols.

We were carrying white phosphorus grenades with us, rather than fragmentation grenades, because we were going to be throwing them up in holes and caves and tombs. The Okinawans had these tombs they had built. We would seal those up with satchel charges, so called, a big block of TNT weighing four or five pounds. We found a dozen or so Japanese in a grain field. They were lying down in there. We could see them. We set that grain field on fire. It was dry. We could hear the grenades going off when they killed themselves, or a pistol shot or something.

Marcello: What were your feelings when you knew there were people

out there committing suicide like this?

Allday: I was glad they were doing it so that I didn't have to go in after them.

Marcello: Were you actually in on any of the operations to seal off any of the caves and that sort of thing?

Allday: Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

Marcello: Describe how this procedure took place? Suppose you see a cave, and you know there are Japanese in there. What was the procedure?

Allday: Well, we never did really know any were in there, not in the ones that I helped close, which wasn't but about four or five. We'd go up, and other people would stand off to the side and be ready to shoot. I say off to the side--out to the front of it, probably twenty or thirty yards. A guy would go up on the side of it and just throw in a satchel charge or throw in a white phosphorus grenade. It would seal it. If it was a white phosphorus grenade, we'd just throw it in there. If nothing happened, we'd assume nobody was in there, maybe wrongly. But the satchel charges would literally close that, so then we could go to the next one.

We also burned out a little, tiny village that had thatched huts, where I guess some of the natives lived. We were scared to go poking around room to room, so we set it on fire with phosphorus grenades and burned it down. But I never saw anybody in there.

Marcello: Did you try to coax any possible inhabitants of those caves out? In other words, were there any bull horns or anything that would perhaps call out in Japanese to surrender or anything of that nature?

Allday: No, we killed them.

Marcello: In other words, you simply did this to every cave, whether you knew or saw if there was anybody in there?

Allday: Correct.

Marcello: How about flamethrowers? Were they used?

Allday: They were used during the fighting. We didn't use them--at least my outfit didn't use them--in the mop-up operations. They did use them when they were attacking a hill.

Marcello: How about snipers? What kind of a problem were snipers during this mopping-up action?

Allday: They didn't keep their rifles. They weren't really interested in shooting you, interestingly enough. They were going to die for the emperor, I guess. I'm sure some people got hurt. I'm not saying nobody got hurt, because they did. They got hurt in my company, but I didn't see any of it. They still had land mines. Everybody was scared of what they called booby traps, but I never saw any of that. Of course, the Japanese had been shoved out here to these ridges. They were bluffs, and they were literally jumping off and killing themselves at the end of the battle.

Marcello: Did you see this take place?

Allday: No, I was in the hospital. It was before I got back.

Marcello: How long were you on Okinawa the second time?

Allday: Probably two months, two-and-a-half months. Then they put us on LSTs to take us down to Mindoro in the Philippines for restaffing and re-equipping preparatory to hitting Japan.

Marcello: Okay, let me back up then for just a couple more questions here. You say that the second time that you get back to Okinawa, the island was secured the day before you arrived.

Allday: The day of.

Marcello: The day you arrived there. Secured is kind of a loose term in this case, is it not?

Allday: Yes.

Marcello: Because, like you mentioned, the fighting is still going on for two weeks after that. By this time, are you getting pretty well hardened to the carnage of war?

Allday: Yes, I guess so. Eleven days is not a lot. I mean, it's not like fighting the whole damned eighty-two days. You'd be pretty hardened then.

Marcello: Did you say that you managed to get into Naha or Shuri Castle during this period?

Allday: We went on one of our mopping-up missions. We walked through the town that had been Naha. It was flattened.

Marcello: I was going to ask you what you saw in Shuri when you

got there.

Allday: Nothing. It looked like a plowed field. Maybe an occasional wall was still standing, but not any buildings. Really, bombardment was the most in the entire Pacific war by the Navy--more shells. It was something else.

Marcello: Okay, you are ready to leave Okinawa. Is there anything else you want to say about Okinawa before we get you out of there?

Allday: Well, we were sleeping in pup tents. By that, I mean, each man carries half of a shell [shelter half], and you tie them together, and two people sleep in it during the two weeks I was there. We were eating C-rations still, but finally the warm food started showing up. No movies or anything like that. We were out in the open. But they paid us. They paid us in Japanese occupation money, a month's pay. Somebody had some dice still with them. A big dice game broke out. One guy won just about everything everybody else had gotten paid. He put all that on a cot, and four guys carried it down to company headquarters to mail home for him. He bought some money orders or something, I guess. Another guy had a Japanese pistol. He found some Navy guy, and he traded that pistol off for a fifth of whiskey and brought the fifth of whiskey back and auctioned it off. He made a killing. I don't know

how much he sold it for (laughter).

Marcello: This is something I wanted to bring up, and I'm glad you mentioned it. What kind of a preoccupation did you have in terms of collecting any souvenirs?

Allday: I got a Japanese rifle, still in Cosmoline, and sent it home. They let me send it home. I smuggled probably seventy-five rounds of Japanese cartridges back home with me and got away with it. I had a pistol, which I sold to a Navy guy. I had a little Japanese flag. I guess a guy carried it around with him. I got a Japanese dog tag, which I've given to the Nimitz Museum, and razor blades, still in their wrapper, with Japanese writing all over it, which I gave to the Nimitz Museum.

Marcello: Now, did you find this as battlefield litter, or did you take it off of a body?

Allday: I got the dog tag off a body. The razor blade I found.

[Tape 2, Side 1]

Marcello: Before we put on a new tape, we were talking about the souvenirs, so pick up the story at that point.

Allday: Well, I mailed the rifle home, and the other stuff I just carried around with me. I didn't get a whole lot of material there. I found the rifle in Cosmoline, which is a grease that they pack it in, right in front of a cave in a box. It was still boxed up. A number of them were there, and a bunch of us got them. I

broke it down and sent it home.

Marcello: And was this the corresponding ammunition that you sent home?

Allday: Yes, except I brought it home. I didn't mail it.

Marcello: I understand that a lot of times the troops ashore collected these souvenirs because they were prime trading material with the Navy, who seemed to have more of the material wants that you guys needed or wanted.

Allday: A bottle of whiskey, that's right. They were all after souvenirs, which is understandable. They loved to get pistols. Nobody much wanted a bayonet, because the ones that I saw were pretty well dirty. I got two of them, which I gave to the Nimitz Museum.

Marcello: I suspect everybody wanted a samurai sword if they could find one.

Allday: Yes. I never did get one of those. I'd loved to have had one.

Marcello: Okay, you mentioned that you were through on Okinawa, and they're going to send you to Mindoro in the Philippines, preparatory to the invasion of the home islands. How did you feel about that taking place?

Allday: Concerned! Big-time concerned, because we figured, at least I did, "Hey, man, we're going to have to hit Japan! It's not going to be just Japanese soldiers! It's going to be the women and the children, the whole population, defending their homeland!" I don't know

how the Japanese could have fought any harder than they did at Okinawa or Iwo Jima, but certainly, if somebody is fixing to take your house, you kind of get ticked off about that. It was going to be tough. I was very concerned about it. We were put on an LST to go to Mindoro, and while we were at sea, this terrible typhoon hit us. Gosh, I don't know how fast the wind was blowing, but pretty heavy to where the LST would shift at a 45-degree angle almost. They were built in flexible mode. If you get down on the tank deck...it was used to transport tanks, but it had people on it, our battalion. You'd hit a wave, and it would just bend in the middle about a yard-and-a-half. You'd see it literally bending.

While we were at sea, the atom bomb was dropped. Most of the infantry people had never heard of an atom. We were young. I had had a year of college, but most of my colleagues, if I can call them that--replacements, privates, a few PFCs--had never heard of an atom. They couldn't believe it--just like we had been told four or five times that the European war was ended. It ended on May 8, but we didn't believe it. We had been told four or five other earlier dates. It was rumor.

Marcello: I'm sure that, in one sense, you didn't give a flip about the European war. You've got all you can handle

right there.

Allday: That's right (chuckle). We wanted it over so they'd send people over to help us. I have to admit that I get awfully put out about the situation where they're getting ready to install the B-29 in the Smithsonian, the Enola Gay, and the type of presentation that was being contemplated. It seemed to say, "Hey, that was terrible thing to do to the Japanese." Let me tell you, I'd have punched a button and sunk both islands if I could have. And I'll bet you anything every other infantryman would have, also. I knew--I knew--that if we had to hit Japan and had to fight like we did on Okinawa, I was going to going to get hit again or killed. I was absolutely positive.

Marcello: You mentioned something earlier that I'd like to pick up on. It's in relation to what you just said. You mentioned that most of the old hands had told you even before you went over to not bother about taking prisoners because, among other things, they would fight to the death. Even those who came out, allegedly with their hands up or whatever, in many cases concealed that one last grenade or whatever. Did you run across anything like that when you were mopping up, that is, people coming out and then you had to gun them down?

Allday: No, I didn't. But some others didn't let them surrender. If they came out with their hands up, they

shot them.

Marcello: Did you actually see any of this taking place?

Allday: No, but I know it happened. The infantry just didn't take prisoners. That was occasioned, I think, by virtue of the fact that the Japanese did not. They took prisoners at Bataan, but after that they really didn't take many prisoners, and it just kind of bled over to our side, I guess. A lot of people don't know that.

Marcello: You mentioned that you managed to get through this typhoon, and you get over to Mindoro.

Allday: It's a little island just off to the southwest of Luzon.

Marcello: Obviously, I know what your feelings were when the war was over. It meant that you wouldn't have to go to Japan, certainly not in a combat role. Now, is your next biggest anxiety, "When do I get home?"

Allday: Oh, yes. Of course, a lot of us thought we would be sent in as occupation troops. But the 96th Division was full of soldiers who had been over for quite a while. They fought at Leyte, in the invasion of Leyte, as well as Okinawa, and they had a lot of points, which were required to get out. I had twenty-nine points, when you needed eighty-five when the war ended.

Marcello: You were going to be one of the last ones coming home.

Allday: But, anyway, the division went home, and I was

transferred into a port company, so-called, which was just common labor to help clean off the island of Mindoro. We had to move boots, tents, blankets, sugar, and everything else off that island. Then I was transferred over to Luzon, where I joined the 81st Infantry Division, which had been in Europe for forty-five days and had come back to the States after that war was over and picked up a bunch of green West Point officers. We joined them, and I stayed with them for another year--guarding myself, I guess you'd say--before I got to come home.

Marcello: So it was 1946 when you got home?

Allday: Yes. The West Point officers that they'd picked up were very distressed that they'd not gotten into combat, because that apparently goes in their service record. Down the line, if they're career people, it was helpful to have been a combat person, which I kind of found surprising, but that's the way they felt about it. If that's your career, that's one thing. I guess I can sympathize with that.

Marcello: When you got back to the States and you were discharged, how did the adjustment process take place for you?

Allday: I got home on September 4 and re-entered the University of Texas three or four days after that. So I was immediately back into it. I went through rush week for

a fraternity but did not join. I was twenty. So I didn't participate in that.

Marcello: You returning veterans changed a lot on the college scene when you came back, in terms of hazing and rushing and all that sort of thing.

Allday: Yes, sir, but it was just a different deal. It got me four years of college. See, I was only in two years, but because I was wounded, that gave me four years of college, which got me through law school. So my wound was a "million-dollar" wound in many ways. But I was very fortunate to be here.

Marcello: What lasting effects has that combat experience had on you?

Allday: Really, I think I survived it better than a whole lot of people. I can talk about it, and a lot of people can't. Maybe one reason is because they had to stomach more than I did.

Marcello: Okay, Mr. Allday, I think that's a good place to end this interview. I want to thank you very much for having participated. You've said a lot of interesting and important things, and I'm sure that scholars will find your comments most useful.

Allday: Thank you. Let me make a comment on this. As I got my discharge, a young man--I say a young man; he was just in the Army, and he hadn't been in but two weeks--said, "Oh, why don't you join the reserves? I said, "What's

the benefit of being in the reserves?" He said, "Well, you get to make some money in the reserves. If you ever get called back in, you get to go back in the same branch of service with the same rank." There I was, a PFC in the infantry. I said, "Man, you haven't got a lot to sell me." (Laughter) And he didn't. And I didn't stay in. A lot of the people that were sergeants in my outfit stayed in and ended up in Korea.

Marcello: Well, again, I want to thank you very much for having participated.