

CHAPTER 1

Almost before I realized what was happening , everyone in my fraternity class except me received a call to active duty and since they were, as I was, seniors at the time, going into the army was anything but convenient. Six more months and graduation would have made returning after the war a chance to enter the career world rather than having to go back to classes and postpone making a living.

Ok, so I was lucky. In one way that was true but in another, maybe not. My physical exam showed lung spots which could mean TB. They couldn't tell at the time of the x-ray, I'd have to wait six months and be re-evaluated. At least there would be time to finish up and be graduated. I was in the Army Reserves and had taken only 7 semesters instead of 8 of R.O.T.C. When and if I was called up, I would not be eligible to go immediately to O.C.S. I would have to complete basic training first. Well, that too could be good or bad - one thing, it would postpone getting into the thick of the war by more than 16 weeks.

A few weeks before graduation, the interviewers from corporations looking for engineers started coming around and I, about to receive a degree in chemical engineering, was a likely candidate for hire. After all, there weren't many of us left to take jobs. Aluminum Ore Company, subsidiary of Aluminum Company of America made an offer knowing full well I had a re-evaluation coming up. I accepted even though it meant working in East St. Louis, Illinois which one would hardly call the garden spot of America.

Right after graduation I left Purdue for home in Indianapolis. A couple of days later took a train to St. Louis, spent two or three more days looking for a place to live. Finding a nice room with a private bath in a large home on a main boulevard, I settled in and reported for work the next day.

After a few weeks, I don't remember exactly how many, but before I really got broken in on the job, I received a notice to report for a re-evaluation physical. The lung scars were unchanged establishing in the minds of the doctors that whatever the scars were, they were calcified representing no real health threat. Some 30 or 40 years later during an annual physical a doctor gave me a skin test which I was later told established that the source of the scars was a disease wandering around the midwest in the 20's and 30's known as histoplasmosis. It wasn't particularly serious and was generally symptom free so most people never even knew they were infected.

I was instructed to report to the colonel in charge of Purdue's R.O.T.C. for further orders. At the time of my reporting I learned there was another young man who had also been rejected when I was and for the same reason. His name was John Marks. He and I were to be dealt with as a pair. We were told to go on leave until the next field artillery basic training class began at Ft. Bragg, North Carolina. We would be advised when we would ship out. Within a couple of weeks we received orders to report to Ft. Bragg. Once we were billeted and properly clothed, we were ordered to report to the

company commander's office. He seemed delighted we were assigned to

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him as it appeared John and I were to become a means for him and his officers to reduce their work load. He made us acting non-commissioned officers "acting Jacks" as they were called. This was done because we had had almost full training in field artillery while in R.O.T.C. at Purdue. We were assigned to teach classes and perform practically all the duties of the officers in our company. We were also given extra privileges and were treated differently from the inductees in the battery. I even got away with being A.W.O.L. one weekend - I didn't arrive back in camp until the morning after the previous night's curfew. You may be sure that if one of the other trainees had pulled a stunt like that there would be hell to pay.

After about sixteen weeks or was it twelve, I really don't remember, we were on a final field trip when Marks and I were handed orders to go to Ohio State University and report to the R.O.T.C commanding officer. Well, talk about surprises, this certainly was one.

We turned in our equipment, packed up, got on a train and got off in Columbus Ohio. We went to the R.O.T.C office and were assigned to a room in one of the dormitories. We were also asked to report the next day to the commander which we did. When we entered his office, he was studying our profiles which had preceded us apparently. He said "These papers indicate you were being sent here for continued studies but from what I read here you both have already been graduated so the only thing I can think to do with you is send you back to Purdue and let them work out something. I'll have to get in touch with Colonel Beere at Purdue first and then have orders cut. So go and sightsee or whatever but check in here each morning and when orders are cut, we'll ship you on back to your school. I have absolutely no idea why you were sent to me."

I guess you realize the war continued but we didn't seem to be getting any closer. Well, after a week or so and much sightseeing, orders arrived and we got on another train and landed in West Lafayette, Indiana, the home of good ol' Purdue.

Colonel Beere greeted us with a warm smile and vigorous handshake exclaiming "You see we didn't forget about you two, did we?" We were both still in a state of shock wondering at all that was happening and yes, we were certainly surprised that we were not forgotten. The colonel continued, "Since you've already been graduated, we can't keep you in any of our present programs so we'll find out when the next officers' candidate class begins at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, get orders cut and ship you off. In the meantime, go home, see your folks, relax, enjoy and we'll see you in a couple of weeks or whenever."

It looked like the war is getting further away day by day, not that there was any objection on our part!

Two weeks later we were called back to Purdue, handed our orders, given another handshake by the colonel and wished luck for our futures.

Once we were checked in at Ft.Sill, almost the same procedure was followed that occurred at Ft.Bragg - we were made acting jacks again, taught classes etc. I received my commission at the top of the class. After all I'd been through everything they were teaching here. The top few students in the class were held over for survey

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and reconnaissance school for eight weeks. Somebody seemed not to want me to get to the war.

Upon completion of survey school, orders arrived assigning me to an artillery outfit at Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi with a two week in-transit leave of absence before reporting for duty.

Van Dorn was the training home of the 63rd division which was preparing to be sent to the European Theater. Maneuvers were just about to start upon my arrival. Since I had not been training with any of the units, they made me an umpire and after minimum instruction, supplied me with a jeep and a driver and launched me forth. Before maneuvers were over, orders arrived for some unknown reason sending me off to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey for shipment overseas, Kilmer being a replacement depot.

CHAPTER 2

The next thing I knew, I was on a ship, the New Amsterdam, in charge of a platoon of infantry replacements heading east in the Atlantic Ocean without a convoy or any kind of protection from roving German submarines. We were told that no escort was needed because the New Amsterdam was faster than German subs and that we could outrun them. Up to this point, I was convinced that someone up there had been watching over me but now I figured my supernatural keeper may have abandoned the task. Low and behold, we made it across without incident landing in Liverpool England in the middle of the night, ushered onto a train and the next thing we knew we were in London, handed a donut and cup of coffee then back on the train for Portsmouth escorted up the gangway of an LST (landing ship tank) and sailed toward France. It was cold and the channel rough. There were only three of us officers with this group of replacement troops so the Navy officers running the ship invited us to their quarters and treated us to fried fresh eggs, bacon and hot toast. Believe me that was one heck of a treat.

When we landed the next morning, we learned we were in La Havre France. Next we were given "first class" accommodations in box cars and our train headed south. The last piece of music I heard upon leaving the US was Sinatra singing the then very popular "Nancy". So where did we de-train, we were in Nancy, France where else.

At that point my infantry troops and I were separated which was a relief, I might add - I could just see myself marching to war in the infantry when all my training was in the field artillery.

As expected, Nancy was a replacement center for operating units fighting at the front. A requisition arrived from a field artillery battery for a survey officer and since that was my classification and I was the only one there with that classification, off I went.

How I got to where I was going, I'm not quite sure. It could have been by box car or it could have been by truck, I just don't remember. As a matter of fact, I don't even know where it was we went other than somewhere not far from the Rhine river which we would soon be crossing as the war wound down. I was picked up by jeep with an artillery non-com driver at a drop-off point and taken to the battery commander, Captain Williams who introduced me to the executive officer, Bob Hicks and two or three other young officers whose names I can't recall. I was in Battery B of the 861st FA Bn.

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I asked Captain Williams what my duties would be and what kind of surveys would be required. He replied that he really had no need for a survey officer but he, commanding a medium artillery battery (155mm howitzers not 105mm guns which were the main batteries used for infantry close-up support) was authorized a survey officer so why not have one. He continued that I could act as assistant exec. giving Hicks some relief since there had been a lot of continuous firing lately. Directing fire was one thing I knew how to do but if I had been asked to run a survey, I'm not sure what I'd have come up with even though I had been to survey school.

As fate would have it, I think I got to direct fire only once or twice when Captain Williams said to me that he had just been told that the battalion adjutant who was located in Metz, France which was a long way from the front, had taken ill and was being hospitalized. Since I was more or less an extra officer, I had been selected for the job. Now this "job" was something else, I must say. My entire duties consisted of showing up at administrative headquarters at 8 AM and signing all the morning reports for the battery. After that there was nothing to do. I had nice quarters as opposed to the tent I was living in while at the battery; also the food was excellent - a far cry from field rations.

About 10 AM I'd wander over to the public bath house (many homes apparently didn't have bath tubs or showers including my quarters) indulge myself in a long hot bath and then wander back to administrative headquarters mess hall for lunch. In the afternoon I'd sightsee or just take long walks and in the evening write letters home. Tough life! This went on for a month or two and finally the adjutant returned and I went back to B battery.

Within a day or two of my return, Captain Williams summoned me to his tent and with a very serious look on his face said he had some not so good news for me. He continued that he had received an urgent request from one of the infantry commanders telling him they had lost their forward observer and did he have an officer he could spare to take his place until a replacement arrived. Williams told me he just couldn't turn the man down since, after all, I was available. He told me to get my gear together including sleeping bag, mess kit etc. He couldn't really tell how long I'd be on this temporary assignment.

Forward observers were 2nd lieutenants assigned to light field artillery battalions and were located with the attacking infantry troops to direct artillery fire to hit the enemy not our troops so they were almost as vulnerable as infantry men to getting hit by enemy

fire.

In fact, forward observers were very high on the casualty lists. This explains, of course, why a replacement was needed and why, up until now, I was so pleased I had been assigned to a medium artillery battalion who had no forward observers in their table of organization.

So I got myself and my gear together, got into the jeep Captain Williams had assigned to drive me over to the infantry battalion headquarters. About a half hour after we left, the jeep driver abruptly turned around and we started back to our unit. Naturally, I was full of questions which the driver said would have to be answered by Captain Williams. Williams, Hicks and the other

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officers were all lined up in front of battery headquarters and all laughing heartily - the joke was on me, obviously no forward observer was needed. It was just an initiation for a neophyte who was having a long batch of good luck.

It was now getting to be time for an all out effort to cross the Rhine river and we had to move our guns closer so that we could support our troops both on this side during the attack and on the other near side where our boys would have to dig in and defend their newly acquired territory. I was sent forward to reconnoiter a good spot to locate our guns when the time came for us to move. There was no activity going on the day my driver and I took to go looking. We found a nice flat knoll enough distance forward to do the job. While we walked around the area, three of what appeared to be our fighter planes flew in formation toward our lines. Our jeep and the two of us were in a wide open area on top of this hill and suddenly the three planes swooped down and started strafing. We headed for the nearby woods and managed to take cover so we weren't hit. Surprisingly enough, neither was our jeep. The planes made only one pass, turned around and continued on their way West toward our lines. We were later informed that the planes had been captured by the Germans and were used to harass our troupes doing as much damage as possible during the process. Incidentally, they were shot down that same day.

We moved forward the next day meeting no resistance. Once we were properly ensconced, the following night, all hell broke loose. We fired all night as did all the other artillery in the area which consisted of light, medium and heavy guns. The airforce flew over in force and bombed the living daylight out of troop emplacements on the other side of the river. I had never seen or imagined such a sight. The sky was lit up like daytime and the noise like continuous thunder. By morning we packed up and moved over the river and didn't stop until we were outside of Stuttgart. The Germans didn't stop running. Actually, we did stop a couple of times but by the time we got our guns ready to fire, the Germans were out of range.

As I said, we stopped outside of Stugart but not because of German resistance but because of the French. A French army unit had chased the Germans out of Stuttgart but the Allied High Command had agreed that American troops would occupy Stuttgart. Believe it or not, we were ordered to set up ours guns and be ready to fire. Well, you

can imagine our shock when we learned it was the French in Stuttgart and not the Germans. Finally before things got any more serious, the French started their evacuation of the city taking with them everything that wasn't nailed down and some of that too. All cattle, chickens and many young women were made part of the exodus.

CHAPTER 3

By now the war was over and they very nearly didn't stop Patton who was north of us and on the way to tangle with the Russians. But, as we all know, Patton did stop and the post-war era began. Being the newest and sort of an "extra" officer in my unit, again, I was the first to get assigned to "temporary duty" as executive officer to a small team of personnel assigned to administer a displaced persons' camp in Landsburg, Germany which was the home of the prison where Hitler wrote "Mein Kampf".

Here were Latvians, Estonians, Lithuanians, Russians, Jews from concentration camps, Hungarians, well, you name it, they were all

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there. Fortunately, the commanding officer and one other officer had arrived a few days before I did and had managed to create some order out of the chaos they found when they arrived. A kitchen was in business. Food was being brought in but for the life of me I can't remember where the food came from.

There were many buildings in the compound and the various nationalities grouped together. The buildings housing the Jewish concentration camp victims was the saddest to visit. Many of these people would be wandering aimlessly around mumbling to themselves and physically they were nothing but skin and bones. It was hard to believe rehabilitation possible. Those who were more able took care of the ones who were incompetent and even though we didn't have the help of mental specialists, we were able to feed them well and put more meat on their bones. I don't recall any deaths during the few months we were at the camp, there were a couple of births. I particularly remember the Russian woman who gave birth about 5 AM and was cleaning up after herself, cleaning her quarters and preparing breakfast by 8 AM that same morning. I happened to have been making an inspection of her area that particular morning which is how I came to know the circumstances. As I recall she looked quite chipper when I passed through.

Information had come to me that there were three British citizens from the Isle of Jersey confined in the Landsburg prison. Pressure was being put on me to get them out and I was told they were in poor physical health having been practically starved to death during their imprisonment. The only thing I could find out was that they were political prisoners and allegedly they were not guilty of any criminal acts. I visited the prison and determined that, yes, there were three men from the Isle of Jersey there and I couldn't find out why they hadn't been released or if, in fact, any effort to get them released had been made. The other thing was, I couldn't find out who, if anybody, was actually in charge of the prison at that time. My German wasn't much so that may have had something to do with my inability to get the information I needed. However, through an interpreter, we found someone who claimed to be in charge of the area where the three we were after were confined. I insisted these men be

released in my custody. The personnel at the prison knew the war was over and that they had lost but they had never seen an American officer so they were impressed and somewhat frightened so they agreed to the release. I took the three prisoners to our camp and got them settled in. Naturally I was able to talk to them, after all they spoke English. Their claim was that they were strictly political prisoners and I could certainly tell they were practically starved to death as they were emaciated and could hardly walk.

All three spoke fluent German and after we fattened them up and they got some stamina back, they turned out to be quite helpful and we assigned them regular duties which they performed in an exemplary fashion.

Incidentally, I was given an official reprimand by a general in 7th Army Headquarters for getting these gentlemen released without going through proper channels. No evidence was ever brought forward that they were anything other than political prisoners. I never really minded having been reprimanded. In fact, I felt pretty good about the whole thing and the Englishmen were most grateful and thought me

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to be some kind of great guy. Oh yes, I've learned since then the "official reprimand" never managed to get onto my military record.

Our staff at Landsburg consisted of Colonel Stewart, Lt. Louis Horner Sergeant Harker, Corporal Weisner and myself.

CHAPTER 4

A short time later our team was transferred to a much larger displaced persons' camp at Mannheim, Germany. We were placed in charge but there were a number of people from UNRRA (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) assisting in the administration of this camp. UNRRA had no connection to the United Nations which I don't believe was even an operating entity at that time. The personnel were however, of several nationalities but where the funding came from was not clear to me or the others in our group.

One morning a Russian major marched into the office and informed us that all Latvians, Lithuanians and Estonians were to be repatriated to Russian territories and that trucks would be in the compound in the morning to transport them to trains which would be waiting for them in the Mannheim railroad station.

These people were deathly afraid to be returned as they all had fled from their homelands because of Russian oppression and believed they were to be executed.

As the Russian major left the office, Sergeant Harker walked with him to the door and somehow the major tripped and fell down a whole flight of stairs breaking his arm. Naturally, we expressed our regrets which was difficult due to the arrogant manner in which he

gave us our marching orders.

Naturally I received another "official reprimand" which, again, never seemed to have reached my 201 file. Our high command knew as the victims knew, that the repatriation was life threatening but this agreement had been reached at the highest level and we had to carry it out.

There was real pandemonium at the railroad station the next morning. These people just weren't going without a struggle. They had to be herded and prodded like cattle. A small number were actually shot trying to escape. All one could say was that it was a pitiful sight and one sad day for the Allied personnel witnessing this travesty of justice.

After a few months, Colonel Stewart was ordered to turn the camp over to the UNRRA Commandant and to return to his unit. No orders were received for the disposition of Horner and me. Only the sergeant and the corporal had orders to return to their units.

Horner and I sat down for a strategy session. It came to us that at our assigned units absolutely nothing was going on since, after all, what could field artillery (he was field artillery too but not the same unit as I) do with no war going and no place to shoot the guns. It didn't take us long to decide that since we had no orders

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to return, the army could hardly take serious action against us for not returning. We were concerned about our pay checks though, We had no idea what would happen to them. Small wonder, they came to the camp reaching the UNRRA commandant who graciously passed them along to us. We asked him, by the way, if he minded us staying and eating UNRRA food (The UNRRA and army mess was all together) and he said he had no objections. We agreed to make ourselves available if he happened to have any need for our services. He thanked us but never called upon us for anything.

CHAPTER 5

Since we had no duties, we naturally treated our situation as well deserved R & R so we continued operating under this assumption. After a couple of months, we decided in another strategy session that Well, maybe enough was enough so we packed up, jumped into our jeep (yes, we were left a jeep for our official transportation) and headed for the Stuttgart area hoping our respective units hadn't moved so that we could find them.

When we passed through Heidelberg, a Military Police officer flagged us down seeing our jeep was full of gear and asked if by some miracle we were in between assignments or unassigned. We explained that we had been on temporary assignment and that we were indeed in between assignments. His next question was if we'd like to become MP Officers. He then began expounding on the good life we would experience being a member of the 504th MP Battalion. He insisted on showing us our quarters if we transferred telling us we would have maid service etc. Well, he made a great case and both Horner and I in a quick strategy session decided this would be far more exciting than

sitting around an artillery outfit awaiting transfer to the Pacific Theater since neither of us had enough points to get sent home. It didn't seem likely this MP outfit would be Pacific Theater bound. So we agreed on the spot. Lieutenant Feeley, this company's commander said that by the time we reached our units in Stuttgart (he found out where they were and informed us) Orders transferring us would be awaiting our arrival. Needless to say, Feeley really needed help. Oh yes, he fed us lunch while there.

Sure enough, when we reported to our respective units, orders were awaiting us much to the surprise of everyone since no one even knew we were coming back then. Also, there was no problem since neither of our outfits had any crying need for our services.

The next morning, Horner and I met and headed back to Heidelberg in our jeep which had been assigned to the Displaced Persons' team so we turned it over to our new unit's motor pool since the displaced persons' team no longer existed.

After talking to us for some time, Feeley told us he had to give us our assignments but an open item existed on his agenda and that was to select one of us for the battalion colonel's personal aide which wasn't authorized in the table of organization of a Military Police Battalion but that same officer would head up the Battalion's Criminal Investigation Section which I'm fairly sure wasn't strictly by the book either. I was picked and sent to the colonel's office which, if I remember correctly, was his home. We talked for a long while and finally he said he thought we would hit it off so he phoned the present officer in charge of the section but who was to head for

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home in the next day or two and told him to show me the ropes and introduce me around.

There were a half dozen men in the unit, none of which was wearing a uniform and many had had civilian police experience. They were a great group of guys but no military atmosphere permeated the area. They lived in a private home and did not associate with the regular MP's in the battalion. During off duty hours, women friends were free to keep them company. They were good investigators and maintained an excellent reputation within the greater Heidelberg area.

Soon after my predecessor left a couple of murders took place and my boys did a quick job of rounding up the perpetrators, nailed down the evidence and quick court-martials resulted in guilty verdicts. Several black markets cases were also quickly brought convictions.

The colonel called me to his office one day and said he had located a clean and hardly used BMW Sportsvagen which was a real sharp sports car - six cylinder, 3 carburetor and one of the fastest items on the road at the time. He took me for a quick ride and then gave me the good news. "You've been doing a great job Bill so I think you should have my old one." Naturally, it was an offer I couldn't refuse. I, too, no longer wore a uniform since I also did investigations the same as my men so a civilian car was much more appropriate than running around in a jeep which immediately identifies one as being a member of the military. Running around in

jeeps without being in uniform didn't seem to hamper my men but then a civilian vehicle and civilian clothes sounded like the better idea for remaining incognito. Trouble is, I would get stopped by the Constabulary every once in awhile - maybe if I hadn't driven so fast it wouldn't have happened so often.

Around November 1945, General George Patton's Packard Clipper was hit by an 2 1/2 ton truck in Mannheim, Germany and he was seriously injured. Shortly thereafter I received a phone call to come to Battalion Headquarters. All battalion officers were there and the colonel asked for two volunteers to drive that night to Frankfurt to one of the two airports to pickup medicine to be delivered to the hospital in a last ditch effort to save Patton's life. I volunteered as did another second lieutenant whose last name strangely enough was also Morgan. The weather was cold and snow was falling so the Airforce didn't know which of the two airports they would be able to land at. The estimated arrival time was around 2 AM and we were about two hours away - on a clear day, that is. So we got into our open jeeps (I was in uniform at that time) with our two volunteer MP drivers and headed for Frankfurt.

The cold was penetrating and the snow blinding but we gritted our teeth and headed each for a different airport. The plane landed at the other Morgan's airport so we headed back to Heidelberg. We were both told we were to receive a commendation but I've never seen anything in my file not that that was of any real importance. Patton didn't live so that was the sad part.

A memorial service was held in Heidelberg and I was part of the honor guard which pleased me very much as I had a lot of respect for that man. The military procession left Heidelberg for Luxembourg where Patton was laid to rest.

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Shortly thereafter the Major in charge of CID (Criminal Investigation Division) in the European Theater came to Heidelberg with Leonard Keeler one of the developers and enthusiastic proponents of the polygraph who worked closely with the Chicago police force in furthering the use of lie detection in law enforcement. They visited me which was a surprise in itself. They asked if I had any open cases where Keeler's machine could be of assistance. At that time the polygraph was not universally accepted by any means and I kiddingly said to Keeler that I really wasn't convinced of its effectiveness.

He said, "OK William, How about a little demonstration?" "You mean on me", I said. "Of course - you're not afraid are you?" Well, I'm not sure just what my emotions were at the time but wanting to submit was not my first preference, I'm sure. I had opened my mouth and now I was on the spot so I said, "OK" reluctantly.

Keeler wired me up, told me to relax - that's a laugh - and turned on the machine. His first question was to ask my name. I handled that one quite well, I thought. The next question was where I lived. I did well on that one too. Next, "How long have you been over here?" OK again. After a couple more such simple queries, he then said, "Now I'm going to ask you an embarrassing question." He never asked

the question, he didn't have to. He waited a few moments, turned off the machine, tore off the chart paper and handed it to me. There it was, a well controlled series of small blips separated by a series of wavy lines between questions and then at the embarrassing question the pens started to move toward the state of mind beautifully. One would have to be a pretty cool cat to get away with lying but there are such people; fortunately though, not too many.

It so happened, I did have a case where I could use the polygraph and Leonarde did a beautiful job. The three suspects started ratting on each other before Leonarde completed his tests. They realized the machine was doing them in so they hoped to get off lightly by pointing fingers. Naturally, the machine pointed out the folly of that effort also.

Before leaving the area, the CID major pulled me aside and said my reputation had gotten back to his Frankfurt headquarters and would I like to become the youngest Chief CID Chief Agent in Europe and take over the Munich section which covered most of Bavaria. Well, that was a shock to say the least. I had made first lieutenant only recently so he said he couldn't promise me another promotion soon but just being a CID Chief Agent in charge of one of the largest sections in Europe and having the independence and authority going with the job, he thought would be very tempting and he was right.

I asked if I had some time to think it over. He agreed but said he would be losing his present Munich Chief Agent due to rotation in about three weeks so I should try to decide within two or three days because Sol Berg in Munich would have to show me the ropes and bring me up to date on their case load which was considerable since there were about twelve agents in his section.

While thinking it over I reflected on what was going on and things were getting complicated between the colonel and me. His wife had been brought over from the States and they were not getting along

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too well since she suspected he was cheating on her which he was and she drank too much. I had to look after her because the colonel didn't want her drinking to get around the battalion so I had to chauffeur her around on occasion and I also had to chauffeur his mistress back and forth to their rendezvous. I was right in the middle of a very tight situation. I really knew I had to get away from this and this new assignment could do it for me. I did have a nice relationship with the colonel and he had been real great with me so it was not easy for me to abandon him. The function of an aide had a slang name "dogrobber" which isn't too complementary. It suggests that an aide does all the senior officer's dirty work and I'm afraid that in this case it was certainly true.

The colonel took my leaving well and said I could keep the BMW Sportswagen. So off to the Frankfurt CID headquarters I went and reported to Major Manzi the chief. After an indoctrination session, I got back into my BMW and headed for Munich or rather Gruenwald which was an upscale suburb south of the city.

CHAPTER 6

The home in which the Munich CID section was housed had, at one time belonged to an American but during the war Germany appropriated the house and following the war we appropriated it back if you will. The place could have qualified for "mansion" billing. There were twelve or so bedrooms, a number of bathrooms and the place was big enough that the dozen of us quartered there weren't bumping into one another.

Sol Berg left for the States the later part of the same week that I arrived but had time to clue me in on the open case load as well as the personalities and idiosyncrasies of the various agents who were all previously connected to the law field in one way or another.

Our days and many nights were filled with investigations of black market, robbery, homicides following up on leads as to the whereabouts of various missing Nazi bigwigs such as Martin Borman. We never found Borman but our record on solving the many crimes we did investigate was rather good if I do say so myself. My agents were very good investigators but when it came to putting the case on paper so that the perpetrators could be tried and convicted, they weren't so hot so yours truly got stuck with that job.

Not long after I had taken over at Munich, I received a phone call from Major Manzi in Frankfurt advising me that I had been ordered to be sent to Washington DC as a witness in the trial of a Black soldier who was charged with murder over a year ago and returned to the USA without having been tried. While I was in the Military Police unit I had apparently witnessed the man's confession so they decided they needed me.

I got into the BMW and headed for Frankfurt to pick up my orders and catch a flight to Washington. On the way between Manheim and Frankfurt, I got pulled over in a Constabulary speed trap. I hadn't worn a uniform much since I joined the MP Investigations Section so I looked like any German citizen driving a sports car and there weren't many of those around in those days so I appeared as some sort of curiosity. I had been moving rather fast and by the time I was stopped I had reached the end of the trap so I had to turn around and

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drive back to the officer in charge who immediately requested identification and asked what I thought I was doing. Once I identified myself and my mission, he became more civil but pointed out that I was going ----- well, actually he couldn't say since they hadn't plotted their speed chart beyond 100 miles per hour. He told me to go on my way but he thought I ought not proceed quite as quickly as I had been. The car moved along so quietly, I hadn't realized how fast I was going. The autobahn has no speed limit but the Military Constabulary had to keep the men occupied.

CHAPTER 7

the army for its stupidity at having shipped me half way around the world for nothing.

Our plane was scheduled to land in Paris to exchange some passengers and to refuel but when we approached Paris, we were advised that Paris was in the midst of a snowstorm and that we would proceed directly to Frankfurt.

Well, Frankfurt was little better than Paris. It was snowing and we were advised by our flight captain that we would have to land since our fuel supply would not permit flying to an alternate airport. Of course, we were told that Frankfurt was equipped with the latest blind landing device and that there would be no problem. On our first try, as we reached the level where lights were visible, our craft felt like we'd hit the bottom of a roller coaster and we headed back up for another try. The second attempt was a duplicate of the first. On the third try we glided onto the runway which it turned out was icy and we skidded off the end into an open field.

When we finally walked into the terminal, we were told by people there that they had been directed to the basement in the terminal because the plane that was trying to land had been heading directly for the terminal itself when it quickly lifted off and the second attempt was the same. Also, we were advised that the third attempt had to work because we didn't have enough fuel for another go around. The people who were supposed to deplane at Paris had to be put up in a hotel until the next day when things cleared up. I elected to stay over also, not desiring to tackle the elements in an attempt to drive to Munich in a snowstorm plus being tired from a stressful flight.

CHAPTER 8

Back to Munich via the Autobahn and this time there were no speed traps. Arriving at my destination, I was told that although all was well, there were a few investigations completed while I was gone but since there wasn't anyone around to prepare the cases for prosecution, a bit of a backlog had built up. The next few days, it was "nose to the grindstone" churning out briefs to be used to determine if court martials were to be held. About the time the job was done, Howard Denny, one of our top investigators came to me with a story about a large black market operation going on in a small village northeast of Munich and he felt he was getting in over his head because it was beginning to look like a general was behind the operation. Howard was a master sergeant and even though we never wore rank, he figured that if he got in the way of a high ranking officer somehow he'd be at a big disadvantage especially if the general uncovered the fact that Howard was a non-commissioned officer. Even though I didn't agree altogether, I said I'd jump into

the case and try to wind it up. Naturally I too had plenty of misgivings about tackling a general head on being only a lowly 1st lieutenant myself. We did have the authority to assume a higher rank, if necessary to complete an investigation but being as young as I was, it would be a bit much for me to even put on major's oak leaves. I decided to work in civilian clothes which was our custom anyway.

Using some of what Howard had dug up. I nosed around town picking up a tid-bit here and there until I found what I deemed reliable information regarding a young German woman allegedly closely associated with the general in one way or another. I use the word allegedly because no real evidence of their closeness had turned up - just an innuendo or two. I was definitely on shaky ground.

I decided to drop in for a visit one day under the pretext of seeking information totally unrelated to my real purpose. This lady, and she certainly gave the appearance of being a real lady, was from a locally well known and respected family and her place of residence was a beautiful Bavarian style home of large proportions.

She suggested we sit in the garden and offered me a glass of ice tea which I readily accepted. While we talked, a huge, friendly German shepherd bounded over to where I was sitting and plopped his head in my lap. I reached under his neck to pet him as one is wont to do to a large dog like this and I felt a couple of metal tags dangling from his collar. I casually glanced down as I continued rubbing him under his neck. Low and behold, one of the metal tags was one of the general's dog tags.

Needless to say, I politely excused myself when opportunity presented itself and from that point on the investigation went smooth as silk.

A wealth of black market merchandise was later located in the lady's house and more in a local warehouse and the general's connection with the operation established beyond question. The general was later brought before a review board, relieved of his command, returned to the U.S.A. and reduced to his permanent rank of major.

CHAPTER 9

There were nights running around Munich tracking down rumors of Martin Borman being sighted, cases of rakpe both real and contrived, a murder now and then and there was much black market to contend with. But it was a fun time and there were numerous all night poker games when the case load was light.

After the better part of a year I was notified that I had accumulated enough points to be returned to the U.S.A. and be discharged. I had grown to like Bavaria and figured if the right opportunity came along, I wouldn't mind sticking around for awhile longer. One of the agents in my unit said he'd heard that the Post Exchange District Headquarters in Munich was looking for a likely prospect for starting up a PX in Starnberg which is one of the beauty spots in Bavaria. It is situated on

the Starnberg Sea
which is a very large lake at the base of the Alps Mountains.

For reasons never explained, they hired me and let me know I'd have to attend management school for a few weeks since I had no experience in merchandising or anything else required to carry out the project from ground zero.

School was interesting and informative but did not address the aspects of locating property, contractors, building supplies, operating personnel store fixtures, security, warehouses, etc.

Once school was completed and I reported back to headquarters, I was assigned a jeep and off I went to Starnberg.

There happened to be a small operating hotel in Starnberg so I checked in and once settled, tried to figure what to do next. There was an officer's club in town, down by the lake so I wandered over there and found out that Sergeant Mel Schaffer ran the place. We hit it off right away and between him and his German assistant, it was suggested I contact a fellow named Troxel who lived locally and had a reputation for getting things done. It turned out that Troxel was a former SS officer but he was not on any of our bad guys' list as he had been an office administrator not a field officer.

Well. Troxel turned out to be a real find. He showed me four small empty stores that today would be called a strip mall on the main drag. He located the property owner and we negotiated a lease. Troxel then found a contractor that we hired to tear down walls between the stores so that we ended up with one large store departmentalized into four major sections with some space behind each section for inventory. One of the spaces was converted into an office where Dorothy reigned as secretary, personnel manager, payroll clerk and all-around overseer. I can't now remember her last name but certainly she was a key employee. She was a heavy set girl, single, about 25, I'd say and well equipped in the "brains" department.

Once each section was equipped with counters and display cases, a stock of merchandise ordered, sales clerks hired, warehouse space leased and we were in business. Unfortunately, we couldn't find one building we could rent for a warehouse so we ended up with three separate small buildings which we locked up with multiple heavy locking devices but they weren't good enough and we got robbed several times even though night patrols were arranged. Finally we had to hire guards for each location - not an economical solution but with buildings containing cigarettes, candy and all kinds of goodies that were black market material there was no other way. We had to hire German civilians as guards and German civilians were still not allowed to carry firearms so we still had a robbery or two. Our guards were overpowered, blindfolded and the warehouse broken into. I was never quite sure if our guards were not in conspiracy with the perpetrators.

CHAPTER 1

Almost before I realized it was happening , everyone in my fraternity class except me received a call to active duty and since they were, as I was, a senior at the time, going into the army was anything but convenient. Six more months and graduation would have made returning after the war a chance to enter the career world rather than having to go back to classes and postpone making a living.

OK, so I was lucky. In one way that was true but in another, maybe not. My physical exam showed lung spots which could mean TB. They couldn't tell at the time of the x-ray, I'd have to wait six months and be re-evaluated. At least there would be time to finish up and be graduated. I was in the Army Reserves and had taken only 7 semesters instead of 8 of R.O.T.C. When and if I was called up, I would not be eligible to go immediately to O.C.S. I would have to complete basic training first. Well, that too could be good or bad - one thing, it would postpone getting into the thick of the war by more than 16 weeks.

A few weeks before graduation, the interviewers from corporations looking for engineers started coming around and I, about to receive a degree in chemical engineering, was a likely candidate for hire. After all, there weren't many of us left to take jobs. Aluminum Ore Company, subsidiary of Aluminum Company of America made an offer knowing full well I had a re-evaluation coming up. I accepted even though it meant working in East St. Louis, Illinois which one would hardly call the garden spot of America.

Right after graduation I left Purdue for home in Indianapolis. A couple of days later took a train to St. Louis, spent two or three more days looking for a place to live. Finding a nice room with a private bath in a large home on a main boulevard, I settled in and reported for work the next day.

After a few weeks, I don't remember exactly how long but before I really got broken in on the job, I received a notice to report for a re-evaluation physical. The lung scars were unchanged establishing in the minds of the doctors that whatever the scars were, they were calcified representing no real health threat. Some 30 or 40 years later during an annual physical a doctor gave me a skin test which I was later told established that the source of the scars was a disease wandering around the midwest in the 20's and 30's known as histoplasmosis which wasn't particularly serious and was generally symptom free so most people never even knew they were infected.

I was instructed to report to the colonel in charge of Purdue's R.O.T.C. for further orders. At the time of my reporting I learned there was another young man who had also been rejected when I was and for the same reason. His name was John Marks. He and I were to be dealt with as a pair. We were told to go on leave until the next field artillery basic training class began at Ft. Bragg, North Carolina. We would be advised when we would ship out. Within a couple of weeks we received orders to report to Ft. Bragg. Once we were billeted and properly clothed, we were ordered to report to the company commander's office. He seemed delighted we were assigned to him as it appeared John and I were to become a means for him and his officers to reduce their work load. He made us acting non-commissioned officers "acting Jacks" as we were called. This was

done because we had had almost full training in field artillery while in R.O.T.C. at Purdue. We were assigned to teach classes and perform practically all the duties of the officers in our company. We were also given extra privileges and were treated differently from the inductees in the company. I even got away with being A.W.O.L. one weekend - I didn't arrive back in camp until the morning after the previous night's curfew. You may be sure that if one of the other trainees had pulled a stunt like that there would be hell to pay.

After about sixteen weeks or was it twelve, I really don't remember, we were on a final field trip when Marks and I were handed orders to go to Ohio State University and report to the R.O.T.C commanding officer. Well, talk about surprises, this certainly was one.

We checked our equipment in packed up, got on a train and got off in Columbus Ohio. We went to the R.O.T.C office and was assigned to a room in one of the dormitories. We were also asked to report the next day to the commander which we did. When we entered his office, he was studying our profiles which had preceded us apparently. He said "These papers indicate you were being sent here for continued studies but from what I read here you both have already been graduated so the only thing I can think to do with you is send you back to Purdue and let them figure out what to do. I'll have to get in touch with Colonel Beere at Purdue first and then have orders cut. So go and sightsee or whatever but check in here each morning and when orders are cut, we'll ship you on back to your school. I have absolutely no idea why you were sent to me."

I guess you realize the war continued but we didn't seem to be getting any closer. Well, after a week or so, orders arrived and we got on another train and landed in West Lafayette, Indiana, the home of good ol' Purdue.

Colonel Beere greeted us with a warm smile and vigorous handshake exclaiming "You see we didn't forget about you two, did we?" We were both still in a state of shock wondering at all that was happening and yes, we were certainly surprised that we were not forgotten. The colonel continued, "Since you've already been graduated, we can't keep you in any of our present programs so we'll find out when the next officers' candidate class begins at Ft.Sill, Oklahoma, get orders cut and ship you off. In the meantime, go home, see your folks, relax, enjoy and we'll see you in a couple of weeks."

Looks like the war is getting further away day by day.

Two weeks later we were called back to Purdue, handed our orders, given another handshake by the colonel and wished luck for our futures.

Once we were checked in at Ft.Sill, almost the same procedure was followed that occurred at Ft.Bragg - we were made acting jacks again, taught classes etc. I received my commission at the top of the class. After all I'd been through everything they were teaching here. The top few students in the class were held over for survey and reconnaissance school for eight weeks. Somebody seemed not to want me to get to the war.

Upon completion of survey school, orders arrived assigning me to an artillery outfit at Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi with a two week in-transit leave of absence before reporting for duty.

Van dorn was the training home of the 63rd division which was

preparing to be sent to the European Theater. Maneuvers were just about to start upon my arrival. Since I had not been training with any of the units, they made me an umpire and after minimum instruction, supplied me with a jeep and a driver and launched me forth. Before maneuvers were over, orders arrived for some unknown reason sending me off to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey for shipment overseas, Kilmer being a replacement depot.

CHAPTER 2

The next thing I knew, I was on a ship, the New Amsterdam, in charge of a platoon of infantry replacements heading east in the Atlantic Ocean without a convoy or any kind of protection from roving German submarines. We were told that no escort was needed because the New Amsterdam was faster than German subs and that we could outrun them. Up to this point, I was convinced that someone up there had been watching over me but now I figured my supernatural keeper had abandoned the task. Low and behold, we made it across without incident landing in Liverpool England in the middle of the night, ushered onto a train and the next thing we knew we were in London, handed a donut and cup of coffee then back on the train for Portsmouth escorted up the gangway of an LST (landing ship tank) and sailing toward France. It was cold and the channel rough. There were only three officers with this group of replacement troops so the Navy officers running the ship invited us to their quarters and treated us to fried fresh eggs, bacon and hot toast. Believe me that was one heck of a treat.

When we landed the next morning, we learned we were in La Havre France. Next we were given first class accommodations in box cars and our train headed south. The last piece of music I heard upon leaving the US was Sinatra singing the then very popular "Nancy". So where did we de-train, Nancy, France where else.

At that point my infantry troops and I were separated which was a relief, I might add - I could just see myself marching to war in the infantry when all my training was in the field artillery.

As expected, Nancy was a replacement center for operating units fighting at the front. A requisition arrived from a field artillery battery for a survey officer and since that was my classification and I was the only one there with that classification, off I went. How I got to where I was going, I'm not quite sure. It could have been by box car or it could have been by truck, I just don't know. As a matter of fact, I don't even know where it was we went other than somewhere not too far from the Rhine river which we would soon be crossing as the war wound down. I was picked up by a jeep with an artillery non-com driver at a drop-off point and taken to the battery commander, captain Williams who introduced me to the executive officer, Bob Hicks and two or three other young officers whose names I can't recall. I was in Battery B of the 861st FA Bn.

I asked Captain Williams what my duties would be and what kind of surveys would be required. He replied that he really had no need for a survey officer but he, commanding a medium artillery battery (155mm howitzers not 105mm guns which were the main batteries used for infantry close-up support) was authorized a survey officer so why not have one. He continued that I could act as assistant exec. giving Hicks some relief since there had been a lot of continuous firing lately. Directing fire was one thing I knew how to do but if I had been asked to run a survey, I'm not sure what I'd have come up with even though I had been to survey school.

As fate would have it, I think I got to direct fire only once or

twice when Captain Williams said to me that he had just been told that the battalion adjutant who was located in Metz, France which was a long way from the front, had taken ill and was being hospitalized. Since I was more or less an extra officer, I had been selected for the job. Now this "job" was something else, I must say. My entire duties consisted of showing up at administrative headquarters at 8 AM and signing all the morning reports for the battalion. After that there was nothing to do. I had nice quarters as opposed to the tent I was living in while at the battery; also the food was excellent - a far cry from field rations.

About 10 AM I'd wander over to the public bath house (many homes apparently didn't have bath tubs or showers including my quarters) indulge myself in a long hot bath and then wander back to administrative headquarters mess hall for lunch. In the afternoon I'd sightsee or just take long walks and in the evening write letters home. Tough life! This went on for a month or two and finally the adjutant returned and I went back to B battery.

Within a day or two of my return, Captain Williams summoned me to his tent and with a very serious look on his face said he had some not so good news for me. He continued that he had received an urgent request from one of the infantry commanders telling him they had lost their forward observer and did he have an officer he could spare to take his place until a replacement arrived. Williams told me he just couldn't turn the man down since, after all, I was available. He told me to get my gear together including sleeping bag, mess kit etc. He couldn't really tell how long I'd be on this temporary assignment.

Forward observers were 2nd lieutenants assigned to light field artillery battalions and were located with the attacking infantry troops to direct artillery fire to hit the enemy not our troops so they were as vulnerable as infantry men to getting hit by enemy fire. In fact, forward observers were very high on the casualty lists. This explains, of course, why a replacement was needed and why, up until now, I was so pleased I had been assigned to a medium artillery battalion who had no forward observers in their table of organization.

So I got myself and my gear together, got into the jeep Captain Williams had assigned to drive me over to the infantry battalion headquarters. About a half hour after we left, the jeep driver abruptly turned around and we started back to our unit. Naturally, I was full of questions which the driver said would have to be answered by Captain Williams. Williams, Hicks and the other officers were all lined up in front of battery headquarters and all laughing heartily - the joke was on me, obviously.

It was now getting to be time for an all out effort to cross the Rhine river and we had to move our guns closer so that we could support our troops both on this side during the attack and on the other near side where our boys would have to dig in and defend their newly acquired territory. I was sent forward to reconnoiter a good spot to locate our guns when the time came for us to move. There was no activity going on the day my driver and I took go looking. We found a nice flat knoll enough distance forward to do the job. While we walked around the area, three of what appeared to be our fighter planes flew in formation toward our lines. Our jeep and the two of us were in a wide open area on top of this hill and suddenly the three planes swooped down and started strafing. We headed for the nearby woods and managed to take cover so we weren't

hit. Surprisingly enough, neither was our jeep.

The planes made only one pass, turned around and continued on their way West toward our lines. We were later informed that the planes had been captured by the Germans and were used to harass our troops doing as much damage as possible during the process. Incidentally, they were shot down that same day.

We moved forward the next day meeting no resistance. Once we were properly ensconced, the following night, all hell broke loose. We fired all night as did all the other artillery in the area which consisted of light, medium and heavy guns. The airforce flew over in force and bombed the living daylights out of troop emplacements on the other side of the river. I had never seen or imagined such a sight. The sky was lit up like daytime and the noise like continuous thunder. By morning we packed up and moved over the river and didn't stop until we were outside of Stuttgart. The Germans didn't stop running. Actually, we did stop a couple of times but by the time we got our guns ready to fire, the Germans were out of range.

As I said, we stopped outside of Stuttgart but not because of German resistance but because of the French. A French army unit had chased the Germans out of Stuttgart but the Allied High Command had agreed that American troops would occupy Stuttgart. Believe it or not, we were ordered to set up our guns and be ready to fire. Well, you can imagine our shock when we learned it was the French in Stuttgart and not the Germans. Finally before things got any more serious, the French started their evacuation of the city taking with them everything that wasn't nailed down and some of that too. All cattle, chickens and many young women were made part of the exodus.

CHAPTER 3

By now the war was over and they very nearly didn't stop Patton who was north of us and on the way to tangle with the Russians. But, as we all know, Patton did stop and the post-war era began. Being the newest and sort of an "extra" officer in my unit, I was the first to get assigned to "temporary duty" as executive officer to a small team of personnel assigned to administer a displaced persons' camp in Landsburg, Germany which was the home of the prison where Hitler wrote "Mein Kampf".

Here were Latvians, Estonians, Lithuanians, Russians, Jews from concentration camps, Hungarians, well, you name it, they were all there. Fortunately, the commanding officer and one other officer had arrived a few days before I did and had managed to create some order out of the chaos they found when they arrived. A kitchen was in business. Food was being brought in but for the life of me I can't remember where the food came from.

There were many buildings in the compound and the various nationalities grouped together. The buildings housing the Jewish concentration camp victims was the saddest to visit. Many of these people would be wandering aimlessly around mumbling to themselves and physically they were nothing but skin and bones. It was hard to believe rehabilitation possible. Those who were more able took care of the ones who were incompetent and even though we didn't have the help of mental specialists, we were able to feed them well and put more meat on their bones. I don't recall any deaths during the few months we were at the camp, there were a couple of births. I particularly remember the Russian woman who gave birth about 5 AM and was cleaning up after herself and cleaning her quarters by 8 AM that same morning. I happened to have been making an inspection of her area that particular morning which is how I came to know of the circumstances. As I recall she looked quite chipper when I passed

through.

Information had come to me that there were three British citizens from the Isle of Jersey confined in the Landsburg prison. Pressure was being put on me to get them out and I was told they were in poor physical health having been practically starved to death during their imprisonment. The only thing I could find out was that they were political prisoners and allegedly they were not guilty of any criminal acts. I visited the prison and determined that yes, there were three men from the Isle of Jersey there and I couldn't find out why they hadn't been released or if, in fact, any effort to get them released had been made. The other thing was, I couldn't find out who, if anybody, was actually in charge of the prison at that time. My German wasn't much so that may have had something to do with my inability to get the information I needed. I insisted these men be released in my custody and I took them to our camp and got them settled in. Naturally I was able to talk to them, after all they spoke English. Their claim was that they were strictly political prisoners and I could certainly tell they were practically starved to death as they were emaciated and could hardly walk.

All three spoke fluent German and after we fattened them up and they got some stamina back, they turned out to be quite helpful and we assigned them regular duties which they performed in an exemplary fashion.

Incidentally, I was given an official reprimand by a general in 7th Army Headquarters for getting these gentlemen released without going through proper channels. No evidence was ever brought forward that they were anything other than political prisoners. I never really minded having been reprimanded. In fact, I felt pretty good about the whole thing and the Englishmen were most grateful and thought me to be some kind of great guy. Oh yes, I've learned since then the "official reprimand" never managed to get onto my military record.

Our staff at Landsburg consisted of Colonel Stewart, Lt. Louis Horner Sergeant Harker, Corporal Weisner and myself.

CHAPTER 4

A short time later our team was transferred to a much larger displaced persons' camp at Mannheim, Germany. We were placed in charge but there were a number of people from UNRRA (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) assisting in the administration of this camp. UNRRA had no connection to the United Nations which I don't believe was even an operating entity at that time. The personnel were however, of several nationalities but where the funding came from was not clear.

One morning a Russian major marched into the office and informed us that all Latvians, Lithuanians and Estonians were to be repatriated to Russian territories and that trucks would be in the compound in the morning to transport them to trains which would be waiting for them in the Mannheim railroad station.

These people were deathly afraid to be returned as they all had fled from their homelands because of Russian oppression and were afraid for their lives.

As the Russian major left the office, Sergeant Harker walked with him to the door and somehow the major tripped and fell down a whole

flight of stairs breaking his arm. Naturally, we expressed our regrets which was difficult due to the arrogant manner in which he gave us our marching orders.

Naturally I received another "official reprimand" which, again, never seemed to have reached my 201 file. Our high command knew as the victims knew, that the repatriation was life threatening but this agreement had been reached at the highest level and we had to carry it out.

There was real pandemonium at the railroad station the next morning. These people just weren't going without a struggle. They had to be herded and prodded like cattle. A small number were actually shot trying to escape. All one could say was that it was a pitiful sight and one sad day for the Allied personnel witnessing this travesty of justice.

After a few months, Colonel Stewart was ordered to turn the camp over to the UNRRA Commandant and to return to his unit. No orders were received for the disposition of Horner and me. Only the sergeant and the corporal had orders to return to their units.

Horner and I sat down for a strategy session. It came to us that at our assigned units absolutely nothing was going on since, after all, what could field artillery (he was field artillery too but not the same unit as I) do with no war going and no place to shoot the guns. It didn't take us long to decide that since we had no orders to return, the army could hardly take serious action against us for not returning. We were concerned about our pay checks though. We had no idea what would happen to them. Small wonder, they came to the camp reaching the UNRRA commandant who graciously passed them along to us. We asked him, by the way, if he minded us staying and eating UNRRA food (The UNRRA and army mess was all together) and he said he had no objections. We agreed to make ourselves available if he happened to have any need for our services. He thanked us but never called upon us for anything.

CHAPTER 5

Since we had no duties, we naturally treated our situation and well deserved R & R so we continued operating under this assumption. After a couple of months, we decided in another strategy session that Well, maybe enough was enough so we packed up, jumped into our jeep (yes, we were left a jeep for our official transportation) and headed for the Stuttgart area hoping our respective units hadn't moved that we could find them.

When we passed through Heidelberg, an Military Police officer flagged us down seeing our jeep was full of gear and asked if by some miracle were were in between assignments or unassigned. We explained that we had been on temporary assignment and that we were indeed inbetween assignments. His next question was if we'd like to become MP Officers. He then began expounding on the good life we would experience being a member of the 504th MP Battalion. He insisted in showing us our quarters if we transferred telling us we would have maid service etc. Well, he made a great case and both Horner in a quick strategy session decided this would be far more exciting than sitting around an artillery awaiting a new war and neither of us had enough points to get sent home and there was always the possibility of being sent to the Pacific Theater if we weren't productively engaged. So we agreed on the spot. Lieutenant Feeley, this company's commander said that by the time we reached our units in

Stuttgart (he found out where they were and informed us) Orders transferring us would be awaiting our arrival. Needless to say, Feeley really needed help. Oh yes, he fed us lunch while there.

Sure enough, when we reported in to our respective units, orders were awaiting us much to the surprise of everyone since no one even knew we were coming back then. Also, there was no problem since neither of our outfits had any crying need for our services.

The next morning, Horner and I met and headed back to Heidelberg in our jeep which had been assigned to the Displaced Persons' team so we turned it over to our new unit's motor pool since the displaced persons' team no longer existed.

After talking to us for some time, Feeley told us he had to give us our assignments but an open item existed on his agenda and that was to select one of us for the battalion colonel's personal aide which wasn't authorized in the table of organization of a Military Police Battalion but that same officer would head up the Battalion's Criminal Investigation Section which I'm fairly sure wasn't strictly by the book either. I was picked and sent to the colonel's office which, if I remember correctly, was his home. We talked for a long while and finally he said he thought we would hit it off so he phoned the present officer in charge of the section but who was to head for home in the next day or two and told him to show me the ropes and introduce me around.

There were a half dozen men in the unit, none of which was wearing a uniform and many had had civilian police experience. They were a great group of guys but no military atmosphere permeated the area. They lived in a private home and did not associate with the regular MP's in the battalion. During off duty hours, women friends were free keep them company. They were good investigators and maintained an excellent reputation within the greater Heidelberg area.

Soon after my predecessor left a couple of murders took place and my boys did a quick job of rounding up the perpetrators, nailed down the evidence and quick court-martials resulted in guilty verdicts. Several black markets cases were also quickly brought convictions.

The colonel called me to his office one day and said he had located a clean and hardly used BMW Sportsvagen which was a real sharp sports car - six cylinder, 3 carburetor and one of the fastest items on the road at the time. He took me for a quick ride and then gave me the good news. "You've been doing a great job Bill so I think you should have my old one." Naturally, it was an offer I couldn't refuse. I, too, no longer wore a uniform since I also did investigations the same as my men so a civilian car was much more appropriate than running around in a jeep which immediately identifies one as being a member of the military. Running around in jeeps without being in uniform didn't seem to hamper my men but then a civilian vehicle and civilian clothes sounds like the better idea for remaining incognito. Trouble is, I would get stopped by the Constabulary every once in awhile - maybe if I hadn't driven so fast it wouldn't have happened so often.

Around November 1945, General George Patton's Packard Clipper was hit by an 2 1/2 ton truck in Mannheim, Germany and he was seriously injured. Shortly thereafter I received a phone call to come to Battalion Headquarters. All battalion officers were there and the colonel asked for two volunteers to drive that night to Frankfurt to one of the two airports to pickup medicine to be delivered to the

hospital in a last ditch effort to save Patton's life. I volunteered as did another second lieutenant whose last name strangely enough was also Morgan. The weather was cold and snow was falling so the Airforce didn't know which of the two airports they would be able to land at. The estimated arrival time was around 2 AM and we were about two hours away - on a clear day, that is. So we got into our open jeeps with our two volunteer MP drivers and headed for Frankfurt.

The cold was penetrating and the snow blinding but we gritted out teeth and headed each for a different airport. The plane landed at the other Morgan's airport so we headed back to Heidelberg. We were both told we were to receive a commendation but I've never seen anything in my file not that that was of any real importance. Patton didn't live so that was the sad part.

A memorial service was held in Heidelberg and I was part of the honor guard which pleased me vry much as I had a lot of respect for that man. The military procession left Heidelberg for Luxemborg where Patton was laid to rest.

Shortly thereafter the Major in charge of CID (Criminal Investigation Division) in the European Theater came to Heidelberg with Leonarde Keeler one of the developers and enthusiastic proponents of the polygraph who worked closely with the Chicago police force in furthering the use of lie detection in law enforcement. They visited me which a a surprise in itself. They asked if I had any open cases where Keeler's machine could be of assistance. At that time the polygraph was not universally accepted by any means and I kidingly said to Keeler that I really wasn't convinced of its effectiveness.

He said, "OK William, How about a little demonstration?" "You mean on me", I said. "Of course - you're not afraid are you?" Well, , I'm not sure just what my emotions were at the time but wanting to submit was not my first preference, I'm sure. I had opened my mouth and now I was on the spot so I said, "OK" reluctantly.

Keeler wired me up, told me to relax - that's a laugh - and turned on the machine. His first question was to ask my name. I handled that one quite well, I thought. The next question was where I lived. I did well on that one too. Next, "How long have you been over here?" OK again. After a couple more such simple queries, he then said, "Now I'm going to ask you an embarrassing question." He never asked the question, he didn't have to. He waited a few moments, turned off the machine, tore off the chart paper and handed it to me. There it was, a well controlled series of small blips separated by a series of wavey lines between questions and then at the embarrassing statement, the pens started to move toward the edges of the chart. In other words the machine charted my disturbed state of mind beautifully. One would have to be a pretty cool cat to get away with lying but there are such people fortunately though not too many.

It so happened, I did have a case where I could use the polygraph and Leonarde did a beautiful job. The three suspects started ratting on each other before Leonarde completed his tests. They realized the machine was doing them in so they hoped to get off lightly by pointing fingers. Naturally, the machine pointed out the folly of that effort also.

Before leaving the area, the CID major pulled me aside and said my reputation had gotten back to his Frankfurt headquarters and would I

like to become the youngest Chief CID Chief Agent in Europe and take over the Munich section which covered most of Bavaria. Well, that was a shock to say the least. I had made first lieutenant only recently so he said he couldn't promise me another promotion soon but just being a CID Chief Agent in charge of one of the largest sections in Europe and having the independence and authority going with the job, he thought would be very tempting and he was right.

I asked if I had some time to think it over. He agreed but said he would be losing his present Munich Chief Agent due to rotation in about three weeks so I should try to decide within two or three days because Sol Berg in Munich would have to show me the ropes and bring me up to date on their case load which was considerable since there were about twelve agents in his section.

While thinking it over I reflected on what was going on and things were getting complicated between the colonel and me. His wife had been brought over from the States and they were not getting along too well since she suspected he was cheating on her which he was and she drank too much. I had to look after her because the colonel didn't want her drinking to get around the battalion so I had to chauffeur her around on occasion and I also had to chauffeur his mistress back and forth to their rendezvous. So I was right in the middle of a very tight situation. I really knew I had to get away from this and this new assignment could do it for me. I did have a nice relationship with the colonel and he had been real great with me so it was not easy for me to abandon him. The function of an aide had a slang name "dogrobber" which isn't too complementary. It suggests that an aide does all the senior officer's dirty work and I'm afraid that in this case it was certainly true.

The colonel took my leaving well and said I could keep the BMW Sportswagen. So off to the Frankfurt CID headquarters I went and reported to Major Manzi the chief. After an indoctrination session, I got back into my BMW and headed for Munich or rather Gruenwald which was an upscale suburb south of the city.

CHAPTER 6

The home in which the Munich CID section was housed had, at one time belonged to an American but during the war Germany appropriated the house and following the war we appropriated it back if you will. The place could have qualified for "mansion" billing. There were eight or so bedrooms, a number of bathrooms and big enough that the dozen of us quartered there weren't bumping into one another.

Sol Berg left for the States the later part of the same week that I arrived but had time to clue me in on the open case load as well as the personalities and idiosyncrasies of the various agents who were all previously connected to law in one way or another.

Our days and many nights were filled with investigations of black market, robbery, homicides following up on leads as to the whereabouts of various missing Nazi bigwigs such as Martin Borman. We never found Martin Borman but our record on solving the many crimes we did investigate was rather good if I do say so myself. My agents were very good investigators but when it came to putting the case on paper so that the perpetrators could be tried and convicted, they weren't so hot so yours truly got stuck with that job.

Not long after I had taken over at Munich, I received a phone call from Major Manzi in Frankfurt advising me that I had been ordered to

be sent to Washington DC as a witness in the trial of a Black soldier who was charged with murder over a year ago and returned to the USA without having been tried. While I was in the Military Police unit I had apparently witnessed the man's confession so they decided they needed me.

I got into the BMW and headed for Frankfurt to pick up my orders and catch a flight to Washington. On the way between Manheim and Frankfurt, I got pulled over in a Constabulary speed trap. I hadn't worn a uniform since I joined the MP Investigations Section so I looked like any German citizen driving a sports car and there weren't many of those around in those days so I appeared as some sort of curiosity. I had been moving rather fast and by the time I was stopped I had reached the end of the trap so I had to turn around and drive back to the officer in charge who immediately requested identification and asked what I thought I was doing. Once I identified myself and my mission, he became more civil but pointed out that I was going ----- well, actually he couldn't say since they hadn't plotted their speed chart beyond 100 miles per hour. He told me to go on my way but he thought I ought not proceed quite as quickly as I had been. The car moved along so quietly, I hadn't realized how fast I was going. The autobahn has no speed limit but the Military Constabulary had to keep the men occupied.

CHAPTER 7

A couple of hours later, I arrived in Frankfurt, reported to CID headquarters, picked up my orders and headed for the airport. Transportation was a four engine airforce cargo plane modified slightly with benches on each side of the cargo area where I and numerous other military personnel being flown back to the good ol' USA for various reasons made ourselves as comfortable as possible for the long trip ahead. Since we left in the early evening sleep was about the best option since in-flight movies hadn't yet hit the scene or even been thought of for that matter.

We landed at Dulles airport early the next morning hungry and disheveled feeling very much like a hearty breakfast, a shower and a shave. There was a restaurant in the terminal which allowed me to take care of the breakfast need. The other two would have to wait. My orders included a room number in the Pentagon so I grabbed a taxi and proceeded there forthwith. Asking questions as I moved down the hallways, I finally arrived at the room listed on the orders. I identified myself to the receptionist who asked me to wait while she tried to locate someone who knew something about why I was there. Shortly an army captain introduced himself saying that he was embarrassed to have to tell me that actually my presence was no longer required since the trial had already taken place and the defendant found guilty. However since this was Friday and they had already made reservations for me at a hotel, I might as well spend the weekend seeing Washington. He continued saying that they would get me onto a commercial flight early next week which would be a lot more comfortable than the military flight I came over on.

Needless to say I was miffed at being put through all this for no reason and yet spending a weekend in Washington DC wasn't the worst thing that could have happened. After taking another taxi to my hotel, checking in, showering and shaving, I sat down to think what to do next when suddenly I remembered that a former neighbor's mother worked in the government in Washington and perhaps her son

might be there also. I checked the phonebook and sure enough they were both listed. I phoned right then even though it was morning but in the back of my mind was the thought that Charlie played the trumpet when we were in school back in Indianapolis and that he had ambitions along the music lines. The phone was answered by a sleepy sounding husky voice that didn't seem as if it appreciated making noises at this time of day. It was Charlie and was he surprised to hear from me.

Charlie was playing at a local nightclub and naturally suggested that I accompany him there in the evening to see some Washington nightlife and hear some good big band music. I agreed and convinced him to get up and show me some sights in this home of the Government. His mother invited me to stay for dinner - they lived together since his mother hadn't remarried and Charlie was still single. I spent Sunday with them also and by Monday morning I received a call at my hotel from the Captain who met me at the Pentagon advising me of reservations he had arranged for me on a flight from Dulles that evening. As short as it was, my visit to Washington was real fun since I had been able to get together with an old friend who took me under his wing and who knew the town well. No longer was I cursing the army for its stupidity at having shipped me half way around the world for nothing.

Our plane was scheduled to land in Paris to exchange some passengers and to refuel but when we approached Paris, we were advised that Paris was in the midst of a snowstorm and that we would proceed directly to Frankfurt.

Well, Frankfurt was little better than Paris. I was snowing and we were advised by our captain that we would have to land since our fuel supply would not permit flying to an alternate airport. Of course, we were told that Frankfurt was equipped with the latest blind landing device and that there would be no problem. On our first try, as we reached the level where lights were visible, our craft felt like we'd hit the bottom of a roller coaster and we headed back up for another try. The second attempt was a duplicate of the first. On the third try we glided onto the runway which it turned out was icy and we skidded off the end into an open field.

When we finally got to the terminal, we were told by people there that they had been directed to the basement in the terminal because the plane that was trying to land had been heading directly for the terminal itself when it quickly lifted off and the second attempt was the same. Also, we were advised that the third attempt had to work because we didn't have enough fuel for another go around. The people who were supposed to deplane at Paris had to be put up in a hotel until the next day when things cleared up. I elected to stay over also, not desiring to tackle the elements in an attempt to drive to Munich in a snowstorm plus being tired from a stressful flight.

CHAPTER 8

Back to Munich via the Autobahn and this time there were no speed traps. Arriving at my destination, I was told that although all was well, there were a few investigations completed while I was gone but since there wasn't anyone around to prepare the cases for prosecution, a bit of a backlog had built up. The next few days, it was "nose to the grindstone" churning out briefs to be used to determine if court martials were to be held. About the time the job was done, Howard Denny, one of our top investigators came to me with

a story about a large black market operation going on in a small village northeast of Munich and he felt he was getting in over his head because it was beginning to look like a general was behind the operation. Howard was a master sergeant and even though we never wore rank, he figured that if he got in the way of a high ranking officer somehow he'd be at a big disadvantage especially if the general uncovered the fact that Howard was a non-commissioned officer. Even though I didn't agree altogether, I said I'd jump into the case and try to wind it up. Naturally I too had plenty of misgivings about tackling a general head on being only a lowly 1st lieutenant myself. We did have the authority to assume a higher rank, if necessary to complete an investigation but being as young as I was, it would be a bit much for me to even put on major's oak leaves. I decided to work in civilian clothes which was our custom anyway.

Using some of what Howard had dug up, I nosed around town picking up a tid-bit here and there until I found what I deemed reliable information regarding a young German woman allegedly closely associated with the general in one way or another. I use the word allegedly because no real evidence of their closeness had turned up - just an innuendo or two. I was definitely on shaky ground.

I decided to drop in for a visit one day under the pretext of seeking information totally unrelated to my real purpose. This lady, and she certainly gave the appearance of being a real lady, was from a locally well known and respected family and her place of residence was a beautiful Bavarian style home of large proportions.

She suggested we sit in the garden and offered me a glass of ice tea which I readily accepted. While we talked, a huge, friendly German shepherd bounded over to where I was sitting and plopped his head in my lap. I reached under his neck to pet him as one is wont to do to a large dog like this and I felt a couple of metal tags dangling from his collar. I casually glanced down as I continued rubbing him under his neck. Low and behold, one of the metal tags was one of the general's dog tags.

Needless to say, I politely excused myself when opportunity presented itself and from that point on the investigation went smooth as silk.

A wealth of black market merchandise was later located in the lady's house and more in a local warehouse and the general's connection with the operation established beyond question. The general was later brought before a review board, relieved of his command, returned to the U.S.A and reduced to his permanent rank of major.

CHAPTER 9

there were nights running around Munich tracking down rumors of Martin Borman being sighted, cases of racketeering both real and contrived, a murder now and then and there was much black market to contend with. But it was a fun time and there were numerous all night poker games when the case load was light.

After the better part of a year I was notified that I had accumulated enough points to be returned to the U.S.A. and be discharged. I had grown to like Bavaria and figured if the right opportunity came along, I

wouldn't mind sticking around for awhile longer. One of the agents in my unit said he'd heard that the Post Exchange District Headquarters in Munich was looking for a likely prospect for starting up a PX in Starnberg which is one of the beauty spots in Bavaria. It is situated on the Starnberg Sea which is a very large lake at the base of the Alps Mountains.

For reasons never explained, they hired me and let me know I'd have to attend management school for a few weeks since I had no experience in merchandising or anything else required to carry out the project from ground zero.

School was interesting and informative but did not address the aspects of locating property, contractors, building supplies, operating personnel store fixtures, security, warehouses, etc.

Once school was completed and I reported back to headquarters, I was assigned a jeep and off I went to Starnberg.

There happened to be a small operating hotel in Starnberg so I checked in and once settled, tried to figure what to do next. There was an officer's club in town down by the lake so I wandered over there and found out that Sergeant Mel Schaffer ran the place. We hit it off right away and between him and his German assistant, it was suggested I contact a fellow named Troxel who lived locally and had a reputation for getting things done. It turned out that Troxel was a former SS officer but he was not on any of our bad guys' list as he had been an office administrator not a field officer.

Well. Troxel turned out to be a real find. He showed me four small empty stores that today would be called a strip mall on the main drag. He located the property owner and we negotiated a lease. Troxel then found a contractor that we hired to tear down walls between the stores so that we ended up with one large store departmentalized into four major sections with some space behind each section for inventory. Actually we used one of the spaces for an office.

CHAPTER 1

Almost before I realized what was happening , everyone in my fraternity class except me received a call to active duty and since they were, as I was, a senior at the time, going into the army was anything but convenient. Six more months and graduation would have made returning after the war a chance to enter the career world rather than having to go back to classes and postpone making a living.

Ok, so I was lucky. In one way that was true but in another, maybe not. My physical exam showed lung spots which could mean TB. They couldn't tell at the time of the x-ray, I'd have to wait six months and be re-evaluated. At least there would be time to finish up and be graduated. I was in the Army Reserves and had taken only 7 semesters instead of 8 of R.O.T.C. When and if I was called up, I would not be eligible to go immediately to O.C.S. I would have to complete basic training first. Well, that too could be good or bad - one thing, it would postpone getting into the thick of the war by more that 16 weeks.

A few weeks before graduation, the interviewers from corporations looking for engineers started coming around and I, about to receive a degree in chemical engineering, was a likely candidate for hire. After all, there weren't many of us left to take jobs. Aluminum Ore Company, subsidiary of Aluminum Company of America made an offer knowing full well I had a re-evaluation coming up. I accepted even though it meant working in East St. Louis, Illinois which one would hardly call the garden spot of America.

Right after graduation I left Purdue for home in Indianapolis. A couple of days later took a train to St.Louis, spent two or three more days looking for a place to live. Finding a nice room with a private bath in a large home on a main boulevard, I settled in and reported for work the next day.

After a few weeks, I don't remember exactly how long but before I really got broken in on the job, I received a notice to report for a re-evaluation physical. The lung scars were unchanged establishing in the minds of the doctors that whatever the scars were, they were calcified representing no real health threat. Some 30 or 40 years later during an annual physical a doctor gave me a skin test which I was later told established that the source of the scars was a disease wandering around the midwest in the 20's and 30's known as histoplasmosis which wasn't particularly serious and was generally symptom free so most people never even knew they were infected.

I was instructed to report to the colonel in charge of Purdue's R.O.T.C. for further orders. At the time of my reporting I learned there was another young man who had also been rejected when I was and for the same reason. His name was John Marks. He and I were to be dealt with as a pair. We were told to go on leave until the next field artillery basic training class began at Ft.Bragg, North Carolina. We would be advised when we would ship out. Within a couple of weeks we received orders to report to Ft. Bragg. Once we were billeted and properly clothed, we were ordered to report to the company commander's office. He seemed delighted we were assigned to

him as it appeared John and I were to become a means for him and his officers to reduce their work load. He made us acting non-commissioned officers "acting Jacks" as we were called. This was done because we had had almost full training in field artillery while in R.O.T.C. at Purdue. We were assigned to teach classes and perform practically all the duties of the officers in our company. We were also given extra privileges and were treated differently from the inductees in the company. I even got away with being A.W.O.L. one weekend - I didn't arrive back in camp until the morning after the previous night's curfew. You may be sure that if one of the other trainees had pulled a stunt like that there would be hell to pay.

After about sixteen weeks or was it twelve, I really don't remember, we were on a final field trip when Marks and I were handed orders to go to Ohio State University and report to the R.O.T.C commanding officer. Well, talk about surprises, this certainly was one.

We checked our equipment in packed up, got on a train and got off in Columbus Ohio. We went to the R.O.T.C office and was assigned to a room in one of the dormitories. We were also asked to report the next day to the commander which we did. When we entered his office, he was studying our profiles which had preceded us apparently. He said "These papers indicate you were being sent here for continued studies but from what I read here you both have already been graduated so the only thing I can think to do with you is send you back to Purdue and let them figure out what to do. I'll have to get in touch with Colonel Beere at Purdue first and then have orders cut. So go and sightsee or whatever but check in here each morning and when orders are cut, we'll ship you on back to your school. I have absolutely no idea why you were sent to me."

I guess you realize the war continued but we didn't seem to be getting any closer. Well, after a week or so, orders arrived and we got on another train and landed in West Lafayette, Indiana, the home of good ol' Purdue.

Colonel Beere greeted us with a warm smile and vigorous handshake exclaiming "You see we didn't forget about you two, did we?" We were both still in a state of shock wondering at all that was happening and yes, we were certainly surprised that we were not forgotten. The colonel continued, "Since you've already been graduated, we can't keep you in any of our present programs so we'll find out when the next officers' candidate class begins at Ft.Sill, Oklahoma, get orders cut and ship you off. In the meantime, go home, see your folks, relax, enjoy and we'll see you in a couple of weeks."

Looks like the war is getting further away day by day.

Two weeks later we were called back to Purdue, handed our orders, given another handshake by the colonel and wished luck for our futures.

Once we were checked in at Ft.Sill, almost the same procedure was followed that occurred at Ft.Bragg - we were made acting jacks again, taught classes etc. I received my commission at the top of the class. After all I'd been through everything they were teaching here. The top few students in the class were held over for survey and reconnaissance school for eight weeks. Somebody seemed not to want me to get to the war.

Upon completion of survey school, orders arrived assigning me to an artillery outfit at Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi with a two week in-transit leave of absence before reporting for duty.

Van dorn was the training home of the 63rd division which was preparing to be sent to the European Theater. Maneuvers were just about to start upon my arrival. Since I had not been training with any of the units, they made me an umpire and after minimum instruction, supplied me with a jeep and a driver and launched me forth. Before maneuvers were over, orders arrived for some unknown reason sending me off to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey for shipment overseas, Kilmer being a replacement depot.

CHAPTER 2

The next thing I knew, I was on a ship, the New Amsterdam, in charge of a platoon of infantry replacements heading east in the Atlantic Ocean without a convoy or any kind of protection from roving German submarines. We were told that no escort was needed because the New Amsterdam was faster than German subs and that we could outrun them. Up to this point, I was convinced that someone up there had been watching over me but now I figured my supernatural keeper had abandoned the task. Low and behold, we made it across without incident landing in Liverpool England in the middle of the night, ushered onto a train and the next thing we knew we were in London, handed a donut and cup of coffee then back on the train for Portsmouth escorted up the gangway of an LST (landing ship tank) and sailing toward France. It was cold and the channel rough. There were only three officers with this group of replacement troops so the Navy officers running the ship invited us to their quarters and treated us to fried fresh eggs, bacon and hot toast. Believe me that was one heck of a treat.

When we landed the next morning, we learned we were in La Havre France. Next we were given first class accommodations in box cars and our train headed south. The last piece of music I heard upon leaving the US was Sinatra singing the then very popular "Nancy". So where did we de-train, Nancy, France where else.

At that point my infantry troops and I were separated which was a relief, I might add - I could just see myself marching to war in the infantry when all my training was in the field artillery.

As expected, Nancy was a replacement center for operating units fighting at the front. A requisition arrived from a field artillery battery for a survey officer and since that was my classification and I was the only one there with that classification, off I went. How I got to where I was going, I'm not quite sure. It could have been by box car or it could have been by truck, I just don't know. As a matter of fact, I don't even know where it was we went other than somewhere not too far from the Rhine river which we would soon be crossing as the war wound down. I was picked up by a jeep with an artillery non-com driver at a drop-off point and taken to the battery commander, captain Williams who introduced me to the executive officer, Bob Hicks and two or three other young officers whose names I can't recall. I was in Battery B of the 861st FA Bn.

I asked Captain Williams what my duties would be and what kind of surveys would be required. He replied that he really had no need for a survey officer but he, commanding a medium artillery battery (155mm howitzers not 105mm guns which were the main batteries used

for infantry close-up support) was authorized a survey officer so why not have one. He continued that I could act as assistant exec. giving Hicks some relief since there had been a lot of continuous firing lately. Directing fire was one thing I knew how to do but if I had been asked to run a survey, I'm not sure what I'd have come up with even though I had been to survey school.

As fate would have it, I think I got to direct fire only once or twice when Captain Williams said to me that he had just been told that the battalion adjutant who was located in Metz, France which was a long way from the front, had taken ill and was being hospitalized. Since I was more or less an extra officer, I had been selected for the job. Now this "job" was something else, I must say. My entire duties consisted of showing up at administrative headquarters at 8 AM and signing all the morning reports for the battalion. After that there was nothing to do. I had nice quarters as opposed to the tent I was living in while at the battery; also the food was excellent - a far cry from field rations.

About 10 AM I'd wander over to the public bath house (many homes apparently didn't have bath tubs or showers including my quarters) indulge myself in a long hot bath and then wander back to administrative headquarters mess hall for lunch. In the afternoon I'd sightsee or just take long walks and in the evening write letters home. Tough life! This went on for a month or two and finally the adjutant returned and I went back to B battery.

Within a day or two of my return, Captain Williams summoned me to his tent and with a very serious look on his face said he had some not so good news for me. He continued that he had received an urgent request from one of the infantry commanders telling him they had lost their forward observer and did he have an officer he could spare to take his place until a replacement arrived. Williams told me he just couldn't turn the man down since, after all, I was available. He told me to get my gear together including sleeping bag, mess kit etc. He couldn't really tell how long I'd be on this temporary assignment.

Forward observers were 2nd lieutenants assigned to light field artillery battalions and were located with the attacking infantry troops to direct artillery fire to hit the enemy not our troops so they were as vulnerable as infantry men to getting hit by enemy fire. In fact, forward observers were very high on the casualty lists. This explains, of course, why a replacement was needed and why, up until now, I was so pleased I had been assigned to a medium artillery battalion who had no forward observers in their table of organization.

So I got myself and my gear together, got into the jeep Captain Williams had assigned to drive me over to the infantry battalion headquarters. About a half hour after we left, the jeep driver abruptly turned around and we started back to our unit. Naturally, I was full of questions which the driver said would have to be answered by Captain Williams. Williams, Hicks and the other officers were all lined up in front of battery headquarters and all laughing heartily - the joke was on me, obviously.

It was now getting to be time for an all out effort to cross the Rhine river and we had to move our guns closer so that we could

support our troops both on this side during the attack and on the other near side where our boys would have to dig in and defend their newly acquired territory. I was sent forward to reconnoiter a good spot to locate our guns when the time came for us to move. There was no activity going on the day my driver and I took go looking. We found a nice flat knoll enough distance forward to do the job. While we walked around the area, three of what appeared to be our fighter planes flew in formation toward our lines. Our jeep and the two of us were in a wide open area on top of this hill and suddenly the three planes swooped down and started strafing. We headed for the nearby woods and managed to take cover so we weren't hit. Surprisingly enough, neither was our jeep. The planes made only one pass, turned around and continued on their way West toward our lines. We were later informed that the planes had been captured by the Germans and were used to harass our troops doing as much damage as possible during the process. Incidentally, they were shot down that same day.

We moved forward the next day meeting no resistance. Once we were properly ensconced, the following night, all hell broke loose. We fired all night as did all the other artillery in the area which consisted of light, medium and heavy guns. The airforce flew over in force and bombed the living daylights out of troop emplacements on the other side of the river. I had never seen or imagined such a sight. The sky was lit up like daytime and the noise like continuous thunder. By morning we packed up and moved over the river and didn't stop until we were outside of Stuttgart. The Germans didn't stop running. Actually, we did stop a couple of times but by the time we got our guns ready to fire, the Germans were out of range.

As I said, we stopped outside of Stuttgart but not because of German resistance but because of the French. A French army unit had chased the Germans out of Stuttgart but the Allied High Command had agreed that American troops would occupy Stuttgart. Believe it or not, we were ordered to set up our guns and be ready to fire. Well, you can imagine our shock when we learned it was the French in Stuttgart and not the Germans. Finally before things got any more serious, the French started their evacuation of the city taking with them everything that wasn't nailed down and some of that too. All cattle, chickens and many young women were made part of the exodus.

CHAPTER 3

By now the war was over and they very nearly didn't stop Patton who was north of us and on the way to tangle with the Russians. But, as we all know, Patton did stop and the post-war era began. Being the newest and sort of an "extra" officer in my unit, I was the first to get assigned to "temporary duty" as executive officer to a small team of personnel assigned to administer a displaced persons' camp in Landsburg, Germany which was the home of the prison where Hitler wrote "Mein Kampf".

Here were Latvians, Estonians, Lithuanians, Russians, Jews from concentration camps, Hungarians, well, you name it, they were all there. Fortunately, the commanding officer and one other officer had arrived a few days before I did and had managed to create some order out of the chaos they found when they arrived. A kitchen was in business. Food was being brought in but for the life of me I can't remember where the food came from.

There were many buildings in the compound and the various

nationalities grouped together. The buildings housing the Jewish concentration camp victims was the saddest to visit. Many of these people would be wandering aimlessly around mumbling to themselves and physically they were nothing but skin and bones. It was hard to believe rehabilitation possible. Those who were more able took care of the ones who were incompetent and even though we didn't have the help of mental specialists, we were able to feed them well and put more meat on their bones. I don't recall any deaths during the few months we were at the camp, there were a couple of births. I particularly remember the Russian woman who gave birth about 5 AM and was cleaning up after herself and cleaning her quarters by 8 AM that same morning. I happened to have been making an inspection of her area that particular morning which is how I came to know of the circumstances. As I recall she looked quite chipper when I passed through.

Information had come to me that there were three British citizens from the Isle of Jersey confined in the Landsburg prison. Pressure was being put on me to get them out and I was told they were in poor physical health having been practically starved to death during their imprisonment. The only thing I could find out was that they were political prisoners and allegedly they were not guilty of any criminal acts. I visited the prison and determined that yes, there were three men from the Isle of Jersey there and I couldn't find out why they hadn't been released or if, in fact, any effort to get them released had been made. The other thing was, I couldn't find out who, if anybody, was actually in charge of the prison at that time. My German wasn't much so that may have had something to do with my inability to get the information I needed. I insisted these men be released in my custody and I took them to our camp and got them settled in. Naturally I was able to talk to them, after all they spoke English. Their claim was that they were strictly political prisoners and I could certainly tell they were practically starved to death as they were emaciated and could hardly walk.

All three spoke fluent German and after we fattened them up and they got some stamina back, they turned out to be quite helpful and we assigned them regular duties which they performed in an exemplary fashion.

Incidentally, I was given an official reprimand by a general in 7th Army Headquarters for getting these gentlemen released without going through proper channels. No evidence was ever brought forward that they were anything other than political prisoners. I never really minded having been reprimanded. In fact, I felt pretty good about the whole thing and the Englishmen were most grateful and thought me to be some kind of great guy. Oh yes, I've learned since then the "official reprimand" never managed to get onto my military record.

Our staff at Landsburg consisted of Colonel Stewart, Lt. Louis Horner Sergeant Harker, Corporal Weisner and myself.

CHAPTER 4

A short time later our team was transferred to a much larger displaced persons' camp at Mannheim, Germany. We were placed in charge but there were a number of people from UNRRA

(United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) assisting in the administration of this camp. UNRRA had no connection to the United Nations which I don't believe was even an operating entity at that time. The personnel were however, of several nationalities but where the funding came from was not clear.

One morning a Russian major marched into the office and informed us that all Latvians, Lithuanians and Estonians were to be repatriated to Russian territories and that trucks would be in the compound in the morning to transport them to trains which would be waiting for them in the Mannheim railroad station.

These people were deathly afraid to be returned as they all had fled from their homelands because of Russian oppression and were afraid for their lives.

As the Russian major left the office, Sergeant Harker walked with him to the door and somehow the major tripped and fell down a whole flight of stairs breaking his arm. Naturally, we expressed our regrets which was difficult due to the arrogant manner in which he gave us our marching orders.

Naturally I received another "official reprimand" which, again, never seemed to have reached my 201 file. Our high command knew as the victims knew, that the repatriation was life threatening but this agreement had been reached at the highest level and we had to carry it out.

There was real pandemonium at the railroad station the next morning. These people just weren't going without a struggle. They had to be herded and prodded like cattle. A small number were actually shot trying to escape. All one could say was that it was a pitiful sight and one sad day for the Allied personnel witnessing this travesty of justice.

After a few months, Colonel Stewart was ordered to turn the camp over to the UNRRA Commandant and to return to his unit. No orders were received for the disposition of Horner and me. Only the sergeant and the corporal had orders to return to their units.

Horner and I sat down for a strategy session. It came to us that at our assigned units absolutely nothing was going on since, after all, what could field artillery (he was field artillery too but not the same unit as I) do with no war going and no place to shoot the guns. It didn't take us long to decide that since we had no orders to return, the army could hardly take serious action against us for not returning. We were concerned about our pay checks though. We had no idea what would happen to them. Small wonder, they came to the camp reaching the UNRRA commandant who graciously passed them along to us. We asked him, by the way, if he minded us staying and eating UNRRA food (The UNRRA and army mess was all together) and he said he had no objections. We agreed to make ourselves available if he happened to have any need for our services. He thanked us but never called upon us for anything.

CHAPTER 5

Since we had no duties, we naturally treated our situation and well deserved R & R so we continued operating under this assumption.

After a couple of months, we decided in another strategy session that Well, maybe enough was enough so we packed up, jumped into our jeep (yes, we were left a jeep for our official transportation) and headed for the Stuttgart area hoping our respective units hadn't moved that we could find them.

When we passed through Heidelberg, an Military Police officer flagged us down seeing our jeep was full of gear and asked if by some miracle we were in between assignments or unassigned. We explained that we had been on temporary assignment and that we were indeed inbetween assignments. His next question was if we'd like to become MP Officers. He then began expounding on the good life we would experience being a member of the 504th MP Battalion. He insisted in showing us our quarters if we transferred telling us we would have maid service etc. Well, he made a great case and both Horner in a quick strategy session decided this would be far more exciting than sitting around an artillery awaiting a new war and neither of us had enough points to get sent home and there was always the possibility of being sent to the Pacific Theater if we weren't productively engaged. So we agreed on the spot. Lieutenant Feeley, this company's commander said that by the time we reached our units in Stuttgart (he found out where they were and informed us) Orders transferring us would be awaiting our arrival. Needless to say, Feeley really needed help. Oh yes, he fed us lunch while there.

Sure enough, when we reported in to our respective units, orders were awaiting us much to the surprise of everyone since no one even knew we were coming back then. Also, there was no problem since neither of our outfits had any crying need for our services.

The next morning, Horner and I met and headed back to Heidelberg in our jeep which had been assigned to the Displaced Persons' team so we turned it over to our new unit's motor pool since the displaced persons' team no longer existed.

After talking to us for some time, Feeley told us he had to give us our assignments but an open item existed on his agenda and that was to select one of us for the battalion colonel's personal aide which wasn't authorized in the table of organization of a Military Police Battalion but that same officer would head up the Battalion's Criminal Investigation Section which I'm fairly sure wasn't strictly by the book either. I was picked and sent to the colonel's office which, if I remember correctly, was his home. We talked for a long while and finally he said he thought we would hit it off so he phoned the present officer in charge of the section but who was to head for home in the next day or two and told him to show me the ropes and introduce me around.

There were a half dozen men in the unit, none of which was wearing a uniform and many had had civilian police experience. They were a great group of guys but no military atmosphere permeated the area. They lived in a private home and did not associate with the regular MP's in the battalion. During off duty hours, women friends were free keep them company. They were good investigators and maintained an excellent reputation within the greater Heidelberg area.

Soon after my predecessor left a couple of murders took place and my boys did a quick job of rounding up the perpetrators, nailed down the evidence and quick court-martials resulted in guilty verdicts.

Several black markets cases were also quickly brought convictions.

The colonel called me to his office one day and said he had located a clean and hardly used BMW Sportsvagen which was a real sharp sports car - six cylinder, 3 carburator and one of the fastest items on the road at the time. He took me for a quick ride and then gave me the good news. "You've been doing a great job Bill so I think you should have my old one." Naturally, it was an offer I couldn't refuse. I, too, no longer wore a uniform since I also did investigations the same as my men so a civilian car was much more appropriate than running around in a jeep which immediately identifies one as being a member of the military. Running around in jeeps without being in uniform didn't seem to hamper my men but then a civilian vehicle and civilian clothes sounds like the better idea for remaining incognito. Trouble is, I would get stopped by the Constabulary every once in awhile - maybe if I hadn't driven so fast it wouldn't have happened so often.

Around November 1945, General George Patton's Packard Clipper was hit by an 2 1/2 ton truck in Mannheim, Germany and he was seriously injured. Shortly thereafter I received a phone call to come to Battalion Headquarters. All battalion officers were there and the colonel asked for two volunteers to drive that night to Frankfurt to one of the two airports to pick up medicine to be delivered to the hospital in a last ditch effort to save Patton's life. I volunteered as did another second lieutenant whose last name strangely enough was also Morgan. The weather was cold and snow was falling so the Airforce didn't know which of the two airports they would be able to land at. The estimated arrival time was around 2 AM and we were about two hours away - on a clear day, that is. So we got into our open jeeps with our two volunteer MP drivers and headed for Frankfurt.

The cold was penetrating and the snow blinding but we gritted our teeth and headed each for a different airport. The plane landed at the other Morgan's airport so we headed back to Heidelberg. We were both told we were to receive a commendation but I've never seen anything in my file not that that was of any real importance. Patton didn't live so that was the sad part.

A memorial service was held in Heidelberg and I was part of the honor guard which pleased me very much as I had a lot of respect for that man. The military procession left Heidelberg for Luxemborg where Patton was laid to rest.

Shortly thereafter the Major in charge of CID (Criminal Investigation Division) in the European Theater came to Heidelberg with Leonard Keeler one of the developers and enthusiastic proponents of the polygraph who worked closely with the Chicago police force in furthering the use of lie detection in law enforcement. They visited me which was a surprise in itself. They asked if I had any open cases where Keeler's machine could be of assistance. At that time the polygraph was not universally accepted by any means and I kiddingly said to Keeler that I really wasn't convinced of its effectiveness.

He said, "OK William, How about a little demonstration?" "You mean on me", I said. "Of course - you're not afraid are you?" Well, I'm not sure just what my emotions were at the time but wanting to submit was not my first preference, I'm sure. I had opened my mouth and now I

was on the spot so I said, "OK" reluctantly.

Keeler wired me up, told me to relax - that's a laugh - and turned on the machine. His first question was to ask my name. I handled that one quite well, I thought. The next question was where I lived. I did well on that one too. Next, "How long have you been over here?" OK again. After a couple more such simple queries, he then said, "Now I'm going to ask you an embarrassing question." He never asked the question, he didn't have to. He waited a few moments, turned off the machine, tore off the chart paper and handed it to me. There it was, a well controlled series of small blips separated by a series of wavy lines between questions and then at the embarrassing statement, the pens started to move toward the edges of the chart. In other words the machine charted my disturbed state of mind beautifully. One would have to be a pretty cool cat to get away with lying but there are such people fortunately though not too many.

It so happened, I did have a case where I could use the polygraph and Leonarde did a beautiful job. The three suspects started ratting on each other before Leonarde completed his tests. They realized the machine was doing them in so they hoped to get off lightly by pointing fingers. Naturally, the machine pointed out the folly of that effort also.

Before leaving the area, the CID major pulled me aside and said my reputation had gotten back to his Frankfurt headquarters and would I like to become the youngest Chief CID Chief Agent in Europe and take over the Munich section which covered most of Bavaria. Well, that was a shock to say the least. I had made first lieutenant only recently so he said he couldn't promise me another promotion soon but just being a CID Chief Agent in charge of one of the largest sections in Europe and having the independence and authority going with the job, he thought would be very tempting and he was right.

I asked if I had some time to think it over. He agreed but said he would be losing his present Munich Chief Agent due to rotation in about three weeks so I should try to decide within two or three days because Sol Berg in Munich would have to show me the ropes and bring me up to date on their case load which was considerable since there were about twelve agents in his section.

While thinking it over I reflected on what was going on and things were getting complicated between the colonel and me. His wife had been brought over from the States and they were not getting along too well since she suspected he was cheating on her which he was and she drank too much. I had to look after her because the colonel didn't want her drinking to get around the battalion so I had to chauffeur her around on occasion and I also had to chauffeur his mistress back and forth to their rendezvous. So I was right in the middle of a very tight situation. I really knew I had to get away from this and this new assignment could do it for me. I did have a nice relationship with the colonel and he had been real great with me so it was not easy for me to abandon him. The function of an aide had a slang name "dogrobber" which isn't too complementary. It suggests that an aide does all the senior officer's dirty work and I'm afraid that in this case it was certainly true.

The colonel took my leaving well and said I could keep the BMW

Sportswagen. So off to the Frankfurt CID headquarters I went and reported to Major Manzi the chief. After an indoctrination session, I got back into my BMW and headed for Munich or rather Gruenwald which was an upscale suburb south of the city.

CHAPTER 6

The home in which the Munich CID section was housed had, at one time belonged to an American but during the war Germany appropriated the house and following the war we appropriated it back if you will. The place could have qualified for "mansion" billing. There were eight or so bedrooms, a number of bathrooms and big enough that the dozen of us quartered there weren't bumping into one another.

Sol Berg left for the States the later part of the same week that I arrived but had time to clue me in on the open case load as well as the personalities and idiosyncrasies of the various agents who were all previously connected to law in one way or another.

Our days and many nights were filled with investigations of black market, robbery, homicides following up on leads as to the whereabouts of various missing Nazi bigwigs such as Martin Borman. We never found Martin Borman but our record on solving the many crimes we did investigate was rather good if I do say so myself. My agents were very good investigators but when it came to putting the case on paper so that the perpetrators could be tried and convicted, they weren't so hot so yours truly got stuck with that job.

Not long after I had taken over at Munich, I received a phone call from Major Manzi in Frankfurt advising me that I had been ordered to be sent to Washington DC as a witness in the trial of a Black soldier who was charged with murder over a year ago and returned to the USA without having been tried. While I was in the Military Police unit I had apparently witnessed the man's confession so they decided they needed me.

I got into the BMW and headed for Frankfurt to pick up my orders and catch a flight to Washington. On the way between Manheim and Frankfurt, I got pulled over in a Constabulary speed trap. I hadn't worn a uniform since I joined the MP Investigations Section so I looked like any German citizen driving a sports car and there weren't many of those around in those days so I appeared as some sort of curiosity. I had been moving rather fast and by the time I was stopped I had reached the end of the trap so I had to turn around and drive back to the officer in charge who immediately requested identification and asked what I thought I was doing. Once I identified myself and my mission, he became more civil but pointed out that I was going ----- well, actually he couldn't say since they hadn't plotted their speed chart beyond 100 miles per hour. He told me to go on my way but he thought I ought not proceed quite as quickly as I had been. The car moved along so quietly, I hadn't realized how fast I was going. The autobahn has no speed limit but the Military Constabulary had to keep the men occupied.

CHAPTER 7

A couple of hours later, I arrived in Frankfurt, reported to CID

headquarters, picked up my orders and headed for the airport. Transportation was a four engine airforce cargo plane modified slightly with benches on each side of the cargo area where I and numerous other military personnel being flown back to the good ol' USA for various reasons made ourselves as comfortable as possible for the long trip ahead. Since we left in the early evening sleep was about the best option since in-flight movies hadn't yet hit the scene or even been thought of for that matter.

We landed at Dulles airport early the next morning hungry and disheveled feeling very much like a hearty breakfast, a shower and a shave. There was a restaurant in the terminal which allowed me to take care of the breakfast need. The other two would have to wait. My orders included a room number in the Pentagon so I grabbed a taxi and proceeded there forthwith. Asking questions as I moved down the hallways, I finally arrived at the room listed on the orders. I identified myself to the receptionist who asked me to wait while she tried to locate someone who knew something about why I was there. Shortly an army captain introduced himself saying that he was embarassed to have to tell me that actually my presence was no longer required since the trial had already taken place and the defendant found guilty. However since this was Friday and they had already made reservations for me at a hotel. I might as well spend the weekend seeing Washington. He continued saying that they would get me onto a commercial flight early next week which would be a lot more comfortable than the military flight I came over on.

Needless to say I was miffed at being put through all this for no reason and yet spending a weekend in Washington DC wasn't the worst thing that could have happened. After taking another taxi to my hotel, checking in, showering and shaving, I sat down to think what to do next when suddenly I remembered that a former neighbor's mother worked in the government in Washington and perhaps her son might be there also. I checked the phonebook and sure enough they were both listed. I phoned right then even though it was morning but in the back of my mind was the thought that Charlie played the trumpet when we were in school back in Indianapolis and that he had ambitions along the music lines. The phone was answered by a sleepy sounding husky voice that didn't seem as if it appreciated making noises at this time of day. It was Charlie and was he surprised to hear from me.

Charlie was playing at a local nightclub and naturally suggested that I accompany him there in the evening to see some Washington nightlife and hear some good big band music. I agreed and convinced him to get up and show me some sights in this home of the Government. His mother invited me to stay for dinner - they lived together since his mother hadn't remarried and Charlie was still single. I spent Sunday with them also and by Monday morning I received a call at my hotel from the Captain who met me at the Pantagon advising me of reservations he had arranged for me on a flight from Dulles that evening. As short as it was, my visit to Washington was real fun since I had been able to get together with an old friend who took me under his wing and who knew the town well. No longer was I cursing the army for its stupidity at having shipped me half way around the world for nothing.

Our plane was scheduled to land in Paris to exchange some passengers and to refuel but when we approached Paris, we were advised that

Paris was in the midst of a snowstorm and that we would proceed directly to Frankfurt.

Well, Frankfurt was little better than Paris. I was snowing and we were advised by our captain that we would have to land since our fuel supply would not permit flying to an alternate airport. Of course, we were told that Frankfurt was equipped with the latest blind landing device and that there would be no problem. On our first try, as we reached the level where lights were visible, our craft felt like we'd hit the bottom of a roller coaster and we headed back up for another try. The second attempt was a duplicate of the first. On the third try we glided onto the runway which it turned out was icy and we skidded off the end into an open field.

When we finally got to the terminal, we were told by people there that they had been directed to the basement in the terminal because the plane that was trying to land had been heading directly for the terminal itself when it quickly lifted off and the second attempt was the same. Also, we were advised that the third attempt had to work because we didn't have enough fuel for another go around. The people who were supposed to deplane at Paris had to be put up in a hotel until the next day when things cleared up. I elected to stay over also, not desiring to tackle the elements in an attempt to drive to Munich in a snowstorm plus being tired from a stressful flight.

CHAPTER 8

Back to Munich via the Autobahn and this time there were no speed traps. Arriving at my destination, I was told that although all was well, there were a few investigations completed while I was gone but since there wasn't anyone around to prepare the cases for prosecution, a bit of a backlog had built up. The next few days, it was "nose to the grindstone" churning out briefs to be used to determine if court martials were to be held. About the time the job was done, Howard Denny, one of our top investigators came to me with a story about a large black market operation going on in a small village northeast of Munich and he felt he was getting in over his head because it was beginning to look like a general was behind the operation. Howard was a master sergeant and even though we never wore rank, he figured that if he got in the way of a high ranking officer somehow he'd be at a big disadvantage especially if the general uncovered the fact that Howard was a non-commissioned officer. Even though I didn't agree altogether, I said I'd jump into the case and try to wind it up. Naturally I too had plenty of misgivings about tackling a general head on being only a lowly 1st lieutenant myself. We did have the authority to assume a higher rank, if necessary to complete an investigation but being as young as I was, it would be a bit much for me to even put on major's oak leaves. I decided to work in civilian clothes which was our custom anyway.

Using some of what Howard had dug up, I nosed around town picking up a tid-bit here and there until I found what I deemed reliable information regarding a young German woman allegedly closely associated with the general in one way or another. I use the word allegedly because no real evidence of their closeness had turned up - just an innuendo or two. I was definitely on shaky ground.

I decided to drop in for a visit one day under the pretext of seeking

information totally unrelated to my real purpose. this lady, and she certainly gave the appearance of being a real lady, was from a locally well known and respected family and her place of residence was a beautiful Bavarian style home of large proportions.

She suggested we sit in the garden and offered me a glass of ice tea which I readily accepted. While we talked, a huge, friendly German shepherd bounded over to where I was sitting and plopped his head in my lap. I reached under his neck to pet him as one is wont to do to a large dog like this and I felt a couple of metal tags dangling from his collar. I casually glanced down as I continued rubbing him under his neck. Low and behold, one of the metal tags was one of the general's dog tags.

Needless to say, I politely excused myself when opportunity presented itself and from that point on the investigation went smooth as silk.

A wealth of black market merchandise was later located in the lady's house and more in a local warehouse and the general's connection with the operation established beyond question. the general was later brought before a review board, relieved of his command, returned to the U.S.A and reduced to his permanent rank of major.

CHAPTER 9

there were nights running around Munich tracking down rumors of Martin Borman being sighted, cases of rakpe both real and contrived, a murder now and then and there was much black market to contend with. But it was a fun time and there were numerous all night poker games when the case load was light.

After the better part of a year I was notified that I had accumulated enough points to be returned to the U.S.A. and be discharged. I had grown to like Bavaria and figured if the right opportunity came along, I wouldn't mind sticking around for awhile longer. One of the agents in my unit said he'd heard that the Post Exchange District Headquarters in Munich was looking for a likely prospect for starting up a PX in Starnberg which is one of the beauty spots in Bavaria. It is situated on the Starnberg Sea which is a very large lake at the base of the Alps Mountains.

For reasons never explained, they hired me and let me know I'd have to attend management school for a few weeks since I had no experience in merchandising or anything else required to carry out the project from ground zero.

School was interesting and informative but did not address the aspects of locating property, contractors, building supplies, operating personel store fixtures, security, warehouses, etc.

Once school was completed and I reported back to headquarters, I was assigned a jeep and off I went to Starnberg.

There happened to be a small operating hotel in Starnberg so I checked in and once settled, tried to figure what to do next. There was an officer's club in town down by the lake so I wandered over there and found out that Sergeant Mel Schaffer ran the place. We hit it off right away and between him and his German assistant, it was suggested I contact a fellow named Troxel who lived locally and had a reputation for getting things done. It turned out that Troxel was a former SS officer but he was not on any of our bad guys' list as he had been an office administrator not a field officer.

Well, Troxel turned out to be a real find. He showed me four small empty stores that today would be called a strip mall on the main drag. He located the property owner and we negotiated a lease. Troxel then found a contractor that we hired to tear down walls between the stores so that we ended up with one large store departmentalized into four major sections with some space behind each section for inventory. Actually we used one of the spaces for an office.