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notified to pack my gear as I had been chosen as the final man on a train load of men going to radio school in South Dakota. They had checked my record and found I had the highest score on the "Morse Code" Test, I missed all the tough training they normally give drafties.

We went to "Sioux Falls" South Dakota and spent the winter months 1943 learning to operate radios and how to send and receive Morse Code. I was told by the sergeant not to exceed sixteen words per minute or I would immediately be sent over seas. I noticed quite a few men quietly left if they were extremely good at sending and receiving code. My final grade was sixteen words per minute on code. This was an extremely cold winter and we had the night shift from 10PM to 6AM. I had a difficult time learning to sleep in the day time and also on how to march over ice and snow, especially since I hadn't received my "Basic Training" in marching. I finally overcame these obstacles with a lot of will power and determination.

I graduated on April 13th, 1943 (Notice another 13.) We were sent to a "gunnery school" in Las Vegas or near it. We learned to shoot everything from a air rifle to fifty caliber machine guns. We had some exciting times here. I took my first ride standing up in the back seat of