

Washburn During The War Years —The Boys At War—2

Paul D. Tutor of the Town of Washburn entered the army on February 20 1941. He served as a tank mechanic in the Rhineland, Ardennes and elsewhere in Europe, receiving a letter of commendation and the Bronze Star for exceptional bravery while in combat.

In July 1941 he wrote about his training as a cavalry soldier: "I am now a member of Troop F, 11th U.S. Cavalry, and our camp is located in the midst of the Rocky mountains, approximately three miles from the Mexican border. This area is quite desolate and rugged, the nearest "real town" being San Diego, 59 miles away. When our group of 226 selectees arrived here, we were given 12 weeks of training, consisting of horsemanship, weapons (rifle, pistol and 30 caliber machine gun), dismounted drill, first aid, etc. This course was completed May 27th, and we were then turned to duty. Since that time, the majority of our time is spent on horseback—jumping, pistol charging and breaking in remounts. Naturally, of course, we still spend a few hours a week on all army subjects, such as camouflage, reconnaissance, bivouac and drill. Our camp is comparatively small, consisting of about 500 men and 600 horses. We live in tents, six men to



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a tent. Might say that I have certainly met an abundance of fine fellows—fine, clean-cut young men. spending all our time in the open, everyone is brown as a berry, and teeth gleam like snow. Being a small outfit, our food is also good, in fact excellent to one who likes beans! Every week for two or three days we leave on a cross-country tour, full pack. This breaks up the week and time is passing fast. We have movies three times a week, vaudeville shows once, and we have constructed volley ball courts, a tennis court, boxing ring and a baseball diamond. So there is something to do for everyone. I might add that I am very glad to have been sent to the cavalry. To see the mounted formations, flags flying, clinking of bits, creaks of leather, the per-

fect lines of horses and men, is a thrill to me, and I feel fortunate I can be one of them.

Donald W. Beaulieu entered the navy in December 1940. He served as a gunner's mate on the submarine Golet in the Solomons, Aleutians, and Saipan. He was lost with the Golet in the summer of 1944. In July 1941 he wrote from Pearl Harbor, Hawaii about his first few months in the navy, beginning with his arrival at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station: "After several examinations we were assigned to respective companies and began our training. We were kept in a place called detention where we lived in barracks for three weeks, so as to check us against any disease we may have contracted on the train. During those three weeks we didn't get any chance to leave the station or go on liberty, as they call it in the Navy. After three weeks in detention we were transferred to a place called 'Paradise.' I guess they call it paradise as we got liberty and could go and bowl and participate in many athletic sports. The time went fast here and after our six weeks of training we came home on boot leave. They call it boot leave as you're still a boot until you have had four months in the Naval service. After four

months you're eligible to go up for seaman second class. After our nine-day boot leave we returned to the training station, where we were put into different drafts to ships or other Naval stations. I consider myself lucky, as Robert Neuman, Billy Bluhm and I were sent to the same ship, which was in Puget Sound Navy Yard at the time. We had a swell trip out there through the mountains, which I'll always remember. We came aboard ship on February 10, 1941, and were assigned to our respective divisions. We left the Navy Yard the latter part of February for Long Beach, California. En route to Long Beach we ran into a terrible storm. They claimed it was the worst in several years. Many of the fellows were a little down and out. We couldn't make much headway—in fact at times were going astern. Nevertheless we arrived in Long beach, two days behind schedule. We spent three weeks at Long Beach and then we sailed for the islands and arrived here March 25. We've been out on maneuvers off and on since our arrival here. After spending eight months in the Naval service I was eligible to take examinations for seaman first class, which I made recently."