

MAIL CALL:

Pull up a Foot Locker and tell us about your days in the military for this section, which appears in every issue of Veterans Magazine. We're interested in short and longer memories from your military past.

We're looking for those fond and funny memories veterans seem to talk about whenever they get together. (With photos, if possible) MAIL CALL 4877 E Norwich Ave, Fresno, CA 93726

RELAX, Mom

ON EASTER SUNDAY 1945, my mother was returning home from church in Williamstown, Massachusetts when she spotted a note in the mailbox.

The note said there was a cablegram from her son, me, waiting for her at the local Western Union office. I was serving in the Air Force in France. Being a Sunday, the office was not yet open. For 2 hours, my mother died a thousand deaths worrying about what the cablegram said.

Finally, the hour arrived and my mother was able to get the news. My cablegram said "Happy Easter Mom!"

Norman Ott, USA 1945. Hanford, California

Lost in a foxhole for almost 60 years

When Virginia Moore's husband was killed in battle during World War II, an identification bracelet she gave him was lost in a foxhole for almost 60 years. Moore was tearfully reunited with the token. Moore was tearfully reunited with the token Friday when a Belgian police officer gave her the silver piece her husband, Marcus Comer, was wearing when he left to fight in 1944. "I was speechless," Moore said. "I kissed it. It was wonderful."

Lorenzo Maierna said he found the bracelet inside a foxhole in a forest near Villers-la-Bonne-Eau, Belgium, while searching for World War II artifacts. The history buff hopes to open a World War II museum in Belgium to commemorate American veterans. Maierna and his wife traveled to give Moore the bracelet in person. Moore agreed to have the bracelet returned after her death, for possible inclusion in the museum. Comer was killed Jan. 14, 1945, during the Battle of the Bulge. His name and Army serial number were engraved on one side of the bracelet. The words "Love, Ginny" graced the other.

Your Mother Couldn't Wear These Combat Boots

I WORE a size 14 boot when I was drafted into the Army at Camp Grant in Rockford, Illinois in March 1943. That size boot was not on hand, so I had to remain at Camp Grant for a month until some boots were shipped. When my unit was sent to Germany, the supply sergeant had to carry two extra pairs of boots in a big wooden box wherever we went. I think that supply sergeant wished "I'd never been drafted. These days, I wear size 16 shoes. The Veterans Magazine brings back some wonderful memories.

James O. Gibson USA, Bakersfield, California



VIA AIR MAIL

Those Big Guns Will Do That

I'LL NEVER FORGET the first time we fired the 8-inch railway guns in 1940 at my first base, Fort Hancock, New Jersey, home of the 53rd Coast Artillery.

Although we were given earplugs, those guns were loud indeed. It must have been scary for one of our crew, because when the gun was fired, he jumped into a jeep, caught up to the running soldier and asked him where he was going.

"I have to go to the bathroom, sergeant," was the crewman's reply.

"When you get there, you stay there," the sergeant said. "You are now on permanent latrine orderly."

Raymond Kerr, USA Stockton, California.

Scrap Drive Movies

I REMEMBER, during World War II, going across the street to the beauty parlor and looking through the trash for the permanent wave paper.

We'd peel the tinfoil from the paper and eventually make a ball. Every so often, the local theater showed a free movie for kids who turned in the balls of tinfoil.

They also took newspapers, scrap metal and rubber. One time my cousin was lucky enough to get an old rubber tire, that got both of us into the movie.

Keep up the great work on the Veterans Magazine

Marlene Turner, Watsonville, California