

Command was an American Captain. He then asked me what I was loaded with and then he said to me “you can get that god damned truck out of her a bit quick.” I explained to him I couldn’t drive out on to the road because it was being shelled, so I refused to move. The American Captain told me that he was going to report me for not obeying his order. And he did report me, but I reported to my Major and told him what happened before the American Captain arrived and my Major told me to forget the whole incident and that I did the right thing. I think the Lord was always answering my prayers and guided me to safety.

On another occasion my Bedford three ton truck broke down, and I was issued with a Canadian Dodge truck, front wheel drive. Travelling to the front line and to the guns was often wet and sometimes I had to get through two foot of mud. The Dodge was a very light vehicle and it skidded about a lot. One night after delivering shells, I was returning back to the wagon lines, when I skidded into a bomb crater in the road. I had to walk back to the gun position to report my accident to my sergeant, and he wasn’t very happy about it. He told me to return to the truck and cover it with my camouflaged net, to smear the windows and mirrors with mud and to cover it with bushes, because in daylight the Germans would be able to see it and fire at it. If the Germans were wise, they would have said, ‘that bush, wasn’t there yesterday!’ My truck was towed out of the hole, the following day.

While unloading ammunition from my truck, during the battle of Cassino, a German shell exploded near my truck, I was blown from my truck and received a wound in my back from shrapnel.

At one time, while transporting infantry to the front line, I was being fired at. The officer in charge told me that we would have to