

take the covering of the truck off, because it was a large target. This didn't do any good, and the officer said that his men felt that it would be safer to walk to their destination, so I returned to the wagon lines.

Another time, it was my duty to transport mules to a mountain above the Monastery, to an Indian unit. They were very rowdy and they would roll empty water cans down the bank, making a terrible noise. The Germans could be seen from where we were, just off 'Norman's land', about five hundred yards away, and I was relieved to get away from there.

My attendance at the 'Battle of Monte Cassino' was a picnic compared to some of the infantry units. They couldn't dig trenches to protect themselves because of the very rocky surface. All bridges were blown up by the Germans and when the infantry tried to rebuild over the fast running river, the German snipers were shooting at them. Thousands of men were injured and killed.

It was the Polish army that captured the Monastery from behind. After the capture of the Monastery, my regiment moved forward and after some sleepless nights, and no change of clothing a well earned rest was given at a place named 'Frizinone.'

While having breakfast out in the open, a one legged Italian man joined us. I shared my breakfast with him, while he shared his story. He told us that his family was hiding, that he had taken them to a house in the mountain, away from all of the bombing and the shells. I watched him go with his horse and flat cart, to go to collect his family and bring them home. After a while, I also saw him return with all eight family members' dead, killed by the Germans.