GEORGE N. DOLL

408/264-6301

RELATED TO E-MAIL of
13-12-2001

Sometime during WWII I recall hearing - or seeing somewhere - a comment that indicated it took 10 - or was it 12 - support people to field one combat soldier. I was one of those support people.

Also, I remember Bill Mauldin mentioning soldiers who were too far forward to wear a necktie and too far back to get shot at.

Barring bombings and occasionally being ground strafed, that too was me.

Hence, the following stories and sketches reflect my experiences: First in the AAF 315th Troop Carrier Group in America and England from September 1942, to December 1943, during which time I was a dental technician in the 34th Sqdn., of the 315th TCG.

Prior to enlisting I was a musician, so in January 1944 I was told to become a band member in the 9th AF GI Entertainment Unit called "The Skyblazers". With 15 members we did shows in England for bomber and fighter groups. Seventeen days after D Day we arrived in France and worked for British and American military in France and Belgium. After almost two years with the Skyblazers, I was rotated back to the United States in February, 1945.

These are some of my stories. I hope you like them.

2926 HIDALGO COURT · SAN JOSE, CA. 95125

GEORGE N. DOLL
408/264-6301

APRIL 17, 2002

HI GEORGE

SORRY I'M SO LATE GETTING THIS PACKAGE ON ITS WAY.

ENCLOSED ARE KINKO'S BEST EFFORTS ON 31 PAGES FROM MY 8½"X11" WW II ALBUM - INCLUDING 109 SNAP SHOTS OF MOSTLY GROUND ECHELON PERSONNEL AT ALDERMASTON - U.K. THEY INCLUDE NAMES, PLACES, AND DATES PLUS OTHER PERTINENT INFORMATION.
I HOPE THEY WILL BE OF USE TO YOU.

AS WE DISCUSSED IN EARLY APRIL, MAKE COPIES OF ANYTHING YOU CAN USE AND THEN PLEASE FORWARD TO STAN SMITH SO HE CAN EXAMINE THE CONTENTS, AFTER WHICH I HOPE STAN WILL FORWARD THE COPIES TO CHIP HAMBY FOR HIS WEBSITE USE.

THANK YOU GUYS, FOR YOUR HELP, AND I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING YOU ALL IN SANDIEGO... IF MR. GOD SO ORDAINS.
BEST REGARDS TO YOU & YOURS!

George

CC: STAN SMITH
CC: CHIP HAMBY

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George Doll was a veteran of the 315TCG

DOLL'S DIARY

K.P. Aldermaston
Sept. 5, 1943

My day off and they switched my K.P. from tomorrow to today and I didn't find out about it til 8:15 when I was preparing for church.

I went to mass anyway and got to the kitchen by 10:00 a.m.—only 5 hours late.

I worked until 6:55 p.m. on pots and pans. That means washing them all over. They need them to cook with for several hundred men. And that means PLENTY!

So Doll spent the whole afternoon out on the open air gas stoves in suds and boiling hot water and grease. In between pots and pans, I pumped up the pressure in each of six gas stoves to 40 lbs. per…that happened three times during the day. 1st Sgt. Bill Nagle came by to heckle us (Jim Wallace and Butner were with me too) pestering me to put it out….soooo.

Twice we emptied two G.I. cans full of dirty water and garbage and carried them a hundred yards to do it. So, I'm a wee bit tired…..At 6:55 I borrowed a towel from Max Arthur and took a quick shower, then staggered through the chow line, bicycled to my barracks and fell into bed. A poker game that lasted 'til 2:30 a.m. didn't penetrate my dreams a'tall!

• 1ST SGT. NAGLE • BUTNER • WALLACE •

DOLL'S DIARY

Pass in Reading, UK
Oct. 25 – 26, 1943

Monday, Oct. 25, 1943
I took care of Capt. Shulman's, sick call, as he was in London. I got ready and left at noon for lunch and my pass. I met Hillis Stoll and together we walked down the road from camp to meet the "late, as usual" bus for Redding. It was a beautiful sunny day and we had no use at all for our overcoats.

On into town and finally we found a room in the Crown Hotel, very rundown and not very nice, but this is War and this is England. It was 15s for the two of us including breakfast. Supper was fine, as fine as beans on toast can be to two hungry "soldiers."

Then we went to the Savoy and saw "Coney Island" with Betty Grable; darn nice too....and some western picture which included the "Sons of the Pioneers"...so I was doubly happy. During the picture a red sign flashed below the screen, "Alert." We few careful people got up and left, but the majority just sat and the show continued.

We went from there to a public house where Hillis and I sat and talked and remembered.

We got back to the hotel and, after climbing to the fourth floor, we hunted for an electric light switch. So we finally lit the only candle and retired. Quite a modern hotel!

Tuesday, Oct. 26, 1943
I got up before Hillis and quietly moved about the room so as not to awaken him, that is, until I approached the table and saw the gutted candle. We had somehow managed to put it right in the middle of Hillis' campaign hat. Hillis was rudely awakened by my howls of laughter!

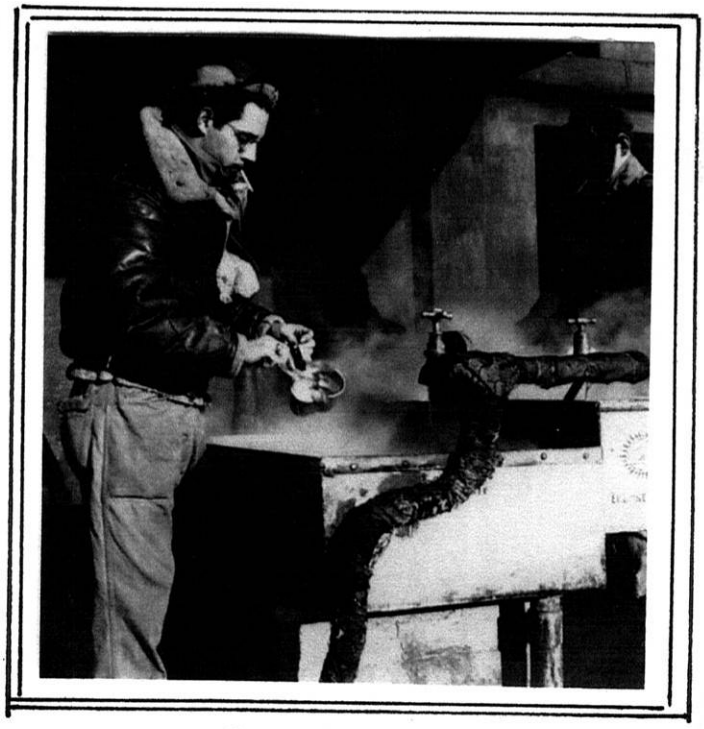
Finally, to the tune of the chambermaids "'Ot water to warsh," we put the plug in the big portable china wash bowl and split up the hot water which wasn't much to begin with.

Then, downstairs to the breakfast of fried tomatoes on toast (me for army chow every day in England.)

We stopped in a model airplane store where I couldn't get a B-26 for Al Becker and finally ended up on the bus at 10:30 p.m.

Pictures in the afternoon and rehearsal all evening, and not much in between.

Fog so thick even a torch was no good over 5 ft.—even cyclists slowed down. As Ed Gimbel says, "An Industrial haze."



• HILLIS STOLL •

DOLL'S DIARY

Visit with 315th TCG

May 3 to June 5, 1944

Another month of travel, warm weather, rain and work, a week of which I spent with my aching back in the 1st General Hospital (May 13-20). We played His Majestry's Theatre in London May 8th; also a broadcast over AFN "Central Calling," on the same day. We went to Oxford from the hospital and from there to Gloucester, then for a performance in the Royal Albert Hall in London and from there back to Oxford. I spent three days with the 315th and was royally received. It was better than a weeks furlough.

I took pictures of everyone; had Capt. Krakower send an ambulance for me and flew back to London Sunday morning in a C47.

Some of the fellows included: Fred Thomas, Jim White, Al Becker, Art Phillips, Jim Bales, Strickland, Curly Williams, Capt. Krakower, Capt. Shulman and Earle Thomas at Station Sick Quarters.

Then, wandering all over I met Dick Mudge, Andy Andrews, Bill Nagle, Jack Fredrick, Wooster, Plock, Jim Wallace, Ted Wolf, Capt. Coaker, Maj. Parker, Maj. Oakes, 1st Sqt. Joe King, Newton, Epperson, and lots of others. It was really old home weekend for me.

Oh yes, Fred Wright, Dale Winterrowd from Illinois, Wilson from the 43rd and even Lt. Roger Chapman. Had my 28th birthday and enjoyed presents from home.

SHARP · CAULLFIELD · ADAMS · CARDOZA · and · HENDERSON ·

PAGE 2 VISIT WITH 315 TCG, MAY 1944

·PLOCK·WINTERROWD·GRIGSBY·NAGLE·FREDERICK·

·WILLIAMSON·SHULMAN·DOLL·BALES·MANZO·O·WHITE·O·HAFFKE·
·THOMAS·

DOLL'S DIARY

Somewhere In France
June 27, 1944

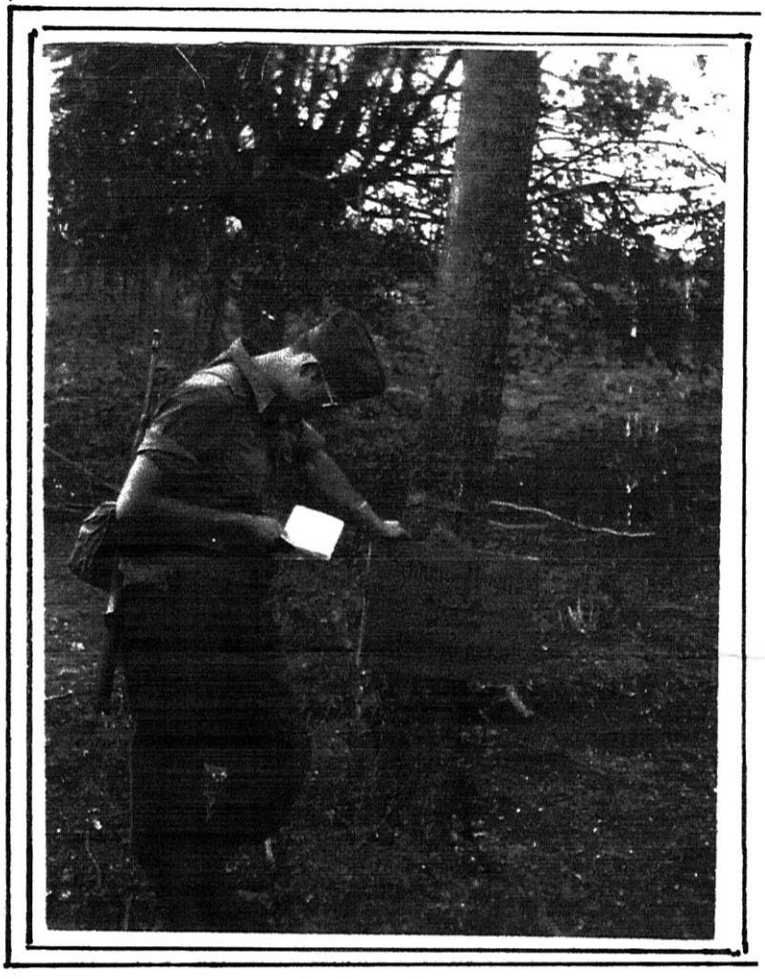
Today, we took our liberated German bus up a country road a mile or so from Lion-Sur-Mere and there found a series of bunkers and pill boxes facing away from us, guns still pointing toward the channel.

We left our bus by the roadside and crossed a field to get to the Jerry fortifications. When we got there, we were astounded by the deep trenches connecting gun emplacements to living quarters. They were positively the greatest in building the most complete communities underground. However, broken ground and deep shell holes from the Navy's 16 pounders pocked the ground completely.

We cautiously walked single file through the underground fortress. Everything had been air-conditioned, tailor shops with Nazi insignia scattered around. Sleeping quarters complete with bidets, clothing still hanging in closets, pictures of girls, X-marked buddies and graves, all of which ceased to function or even exist after June 6, 1944.

Around noon we stopped wherever we happened to be and opened our K-rations. Lunch over, we saw the bus waiting patiently for us; turned our backs to the channel and German fortifications and started toward our transportation. A field enclosed with a wire fence took us but a moment to climb over. We walked across the field, took a moment to climb the fence again and found ourselves a few feet from our bus.

I walked toward it only to be stopped by one of the guys asking me what a German sign hung from the wire outside the field meant. I opened my German/English book and saw that "Achtung Minen" was a warning not to cross the field. It meant "Attention: Mines!" Suddenly very weak, we sat down in the middle of the road.



• G. DOLL •