

**INTERVIEW WITH
MATTHEW CAMPANELLA**

**CONDUCTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF HAMMONTON**

**INTERVIEW BY:
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MATT CAMPANELLA

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Interviewed and Recorded by: Mary Jo Perrone

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Matt Campanella
Interviewed by Mary Jo Perrone
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Q: What is your full name?

A: Matthew J. Campanella. My friends call me Matt.

Q: When were you born Mr. Campanella?

A: I was born November 17, 1922.

Q: You were born where?

A: Here in Hammonton on Messina Ave.

Q: You were born right on Messina Ave.

A: That's correct. In those days babies were delivered in the home. They did not go to hospitals and so forth like they do today.

Q: Did you have any brothers or sisters?

A: Oh yes. I had two brothers and four sisters.

Q: Are they older or younger than you?

A: I had two brothers older, two sisters older and two sisters younger. A total of seven.

Q: Did you always live in Hammonton?

A: Growing up I lived in Hammonton. When I was eighteen I enlisted in the service and after that I went to school, college and I lived away from

Hammonton for many years and then moved back to Hammonton back in 1969. I guess we always come back to our roots. You have got to come back to Hammonton.

Q: Do you have any children?

A: I have five children. Their names are: the oldest is Margaret or Peggy we called her, the next is my son, Matthew Jr. then I have a daughter Mary Elizabeth, we call her Bethy . I have another daughter her name is Catherine and then I have a son whose name is Robert. A total of five.

Q: Do they live in Hammonton also?

A: Unfortunately no. They all live away. My oldest Peggy lives in Florida and I have my oldest son lives in Swathmore, Pa. Mary Beth lives in King of Prussia, Pa. My daughter Catherine lives in Evesham Township what people normally call Marlton. My son Bob, he is the youngest of the family, lives in Hainesport, N.J. right near Malwah.

Q: Do you have any grandchildren?

A: Oh, yes. We have fourteen of them.(Mary Jo--Oh Christmas!) Oh yes Christmas is quite the time when we all get together (Mary Jo--how nice, how nice)

I'll name the child and how many children they have.

Margaret or Peggy - she has three children. Two sons and one daughter.

Matt Jr. - has three children. Two sons and one daughter.

MaryBeth - has three sons and one daughter.

Catherine - has two daughters and one son.

Robert - has one son.

Q: Do they all come home during the holidays?

A: It has been a tradition at least for the past, as long as we have been here, they all come here to Hammonton for Christmas. When they do the house is bursting. We had six bedrooms in this house and off hand you would think that is a lot of rooms, but not quite enough when they all gather here.

Q: Mr. Campanella you are married and what is your wife's name?

A: My wife's name is Patricia Ann. Her maiden name was Belmar. She lived over in Drexel Hill, Pa.

Q: So you went outside of Hammonton to find your wife?

A: Well you can say outside but it was not over, it just happened that way. I met her while I was working at RCA in Camden. Large companies like RCA had a lot of social activities and there was a group called Cosmos which operated out of Haddonfield . It was a group of mostly RCA

engineers and girls from the area. Well Pat did not live in that area but her girlfriend from college lived in that area. So she would come and visit her girlfriend and then she would attend the social affairs called the Cosmos Club. That is how I got to meet her.

Q: What was it like in Hammonton when you were a teenager? Did you have places to hang out? What did you do?

A: We did have places to hang out as teenagers. There was this place called the "Sweet Shop" which you may have heard of or maybe not. It no longer exists. The "Sweet Shop" and of course in my day the big activity or recreation was always the movies. That is all they had in those days.

Television was not there and of course radio was on the verge. You did not go to the radio for entertainment. You went out of town. You went out of the house you went to the movies primarily. The theatre was the Rivoli theatre. This was just about the time when sound movies came into style. The fact is as a youngster I vaguely remember when you had silent movies. You didn't have voice, you had maybe music, piano music accompanied the acting on the screen. In the early '30s that is when sound came into being and it was the most popular thing and that was the big recreation that people would do. Either Saturday night at the movies or Sunday at the

matinee. As a youngster that would be the thing I would do because that was the age group I was in. You would go to the matinee and you would sit there for all afternoon and see two full shows for the price of \$.10.

Q: Name one show.

A: Buck Rogers, Buck Jones mostly cowboy shows. As far as entertainment in the sense of dancing and things like that ,that was for the high school age group. The big thing was the "Sweet Shop". The "Sweet Shop" was located right next to the movies. The movies incidentally was on the corner of Third St. and Bellevue Ave. The building is still there and it is used for commercial purposes today. The "Sweet Shop" was owned by Jennie Bruno who is Angela Weiss's mother. It used to have a room in the back, a place for sodas and so forth in the front but in the back there was a large room where you could dance. They had juke box machines and booths and the kids would all gather there and would dance to the music of the '30s.

Q: Are you a dancer? Do you like to dance?

A: Oh yeah. This was the era of the Glenn Miller bands and the Tommy Dorsey's and so forth. That was our primary activity as far as entertainment. Outside of that there wasn't , well I guess adult

entertainment which was beyond the high school level, not quite but beyond, was a pool room believe it or not. The building that presently houses the, it's a card place, it's on the corner of 2nd and Bellevue. They sell cards and things of that sort, Hallmark cards. (Mary Jo -- Kelly's corner). Matt -Kelly's corner. Well the upstairs of that building was a big pool room and the entrance to it was on the side street, 2nd street. The door of the entrance is still there today. That is were adults would go and play pool all day and night long.

Q: What do you remember about your Christmas, your Christmas Eve?

Did you get together on Christmas Eve. Did you get together on Christmas Day ? What kind of food did you eat, what did your tree look like?

A: This may come as a surprise to you but remember in my youth it was the time of the Great Depression for one thing and secondly my parents both who came from overseas, from Italy, Sicily, they did not have the same celebrations as we have here, Christmas trees and so forth. So as it turned out when I was growing up I never had a Christmas tree. There was no celebration like they have today, all this grand stuff and buying. With respect to my family, myself and my siblings Christmas celebration was really minimal. We didn't have a Christmas tree we didn't have any

presents or anything like that. We sort of felt more about it in school where we sang Christmas carols because then they were permitted. But at home it just was Christmas was a celebration, you went to church and that was about it. There was no big celebration like you have today.

(Mary Jo - and there was nothing wrong with it, that was just the way it was)

Matt - part of it was one -- cultural because my parents did not know what Christmas trees were. They did not have them in Italy and the other one was the fact of poverty. They did not have money to buy things. Christmas was not the big thing for me as it is today for my children and grandchildren.

I remember as a youngster, I lived on Messina Ave. and about two blocks over was Railroad Ave. but it was close enough that you could have seen the homes from Messina Ave. and you could see some people who did have Christmas trees in their homes and you could see the lights. Having one in the home, we never had one.

Q: Where did you go to school?

A: I went to school in the Hammonton school system, in fact I started school (kindergarten) in the building which is still there on Vine St., the little

red brick house. At my point and time that had the kindergarten in it, the first grade and the second grade. The first grade and kindergarten were on the first floor, second grade was on the second floor. Once you passed through second grade you went on to the other building which is not there any more for third grade. I used to walk to school from Messina Ave. which is maybe a mile and a half or two miles, completely across town. I would do it every day. Nobody thought any differently. I didn't ride the bus. When it rained I got wet but you still went because they still had school rain or shine. You just had a raincoat or a jacket. The winter time was the worst time because it was cold. I normally did not wear a hat and my hair would freeze, whatever hair I had then. It would be iced up before I got to school.

Q: What was your father's name?

A: His name is Antonio Campanella and he was born in Gesso, Sicily and that is where he emigrated from.

Q: Your mother's name?

A: My mother's name was Concetta. Her maiden name was Russo, of course her married name became Campanella. So it would be Concetta

Russo Campanella. She was also born in Gesso, Sicily. Gesso, by the way is on the north side of the island of Sicily.

Q: What brought them here, do you remember?

A: My mother was having difficulty with her mother-in-law and her mother-in-law tried to get my father to the United States which she did. Later my mother followed. That was sort of the drive. It wasn't so much the gold and what not because in Sicily they were pretty well off. In fact when he came to the United States he was a little disappointed because he had to work a lot harder here than he did in Sicily. But he managed.

Q: When you were younger did you ever run for an office or where you ever in an any political office when you were younger? (Matt- how younger)
(Mary Jo) Well, did you run for president in school?

A: I was class treasurer in high school, the whole four years.

Q: What high school did you go to?

A: Hammonton High School when it was located at Third & Vine Sts. and I held that office for four years and then after I came back here to live here in Hammonton many years later in the 1969-70 era I ran for office for council and I served on council for a couple years. Then when I didn't make it one year I was so busy working, I lived in Hammonton but I worked out of town

and doing a substantial amount of traveling on the road which pulled me away from the majority of things here in Hammonton. Those were elected offices and I was also was appointed to the Board of Adjustments the town had and of course now I am on the Park Commission.

Q: What did your father do when he lived here in Hammonton?

A: First of all he was an unskilled laborer. To begin with there used to be the brick yard in Winslow. I guess you have heard of that. He worked there for a while. All the people that emigrated from Italy worked there. That was one of the first jobs that they would take, working at the brick yard. Then he drifted away from that especially during the times of the depression because they cut back. Then he was working in the building industry. People who would build homes and houses, he would work as a helper doing cement, construction work and stuff like that. So he picked up those skills and he would work in that kind of activity.

Q: Did your mother work also or was she taking care of the children?

A: No. In those days very few married women worked. Few did because the clothing industry here in Hammonton hired a lot of women and a lot of married women would work there. In my case my mother had the children to take care of. The most work that she did outside of the house would be

in the summer she would go pick berries and she would take the kids with her. We would all pick berries with her, strawberries and raspberries and blackberries on the farm.

Q: Did you sign up to go into the service, did they draft you?

A: What happened, first of all I was working here in Hammonton as a bookkeeper for Tony DeMarco. Tony DeMarco had a big trucking business. His children by the way are Mark DeMarco and Garfield DeMarco. Mark is dead and Garfield is still around. I worked for him for about a year right after high school. In fact he came looking for me. His sister-in-law was a teacher in Hammonton High school, Ms. Alloway. She got married and her name changed to Ramaciotti. Anyway he was looking for somebody to help as a bookkeeper and she had recommended me to him because she knew me from high school and before I knew it, I graduated on a Friday and on Tuesday Tony DeMarco was in my house wanting to know if I wanted to work for him. I took the job. He was paying me \$15.00 a week which in those days was good money. But anyway, my long term thought was I didn't want to be a bookkeeper, so I always had my eye on going into the service. One of the big things in those days was electronics and the radio and whatnot. Radio was still a novel in the thirties. I could go into the

service and learn about it. Well my parents would not let me go. At that point you had to be twenty-one to go on your own unless you had your parent's signature. So for about a year I kept badgering them and they would say no. Finally in the spring of 1941 they said they would sign. This was in April, 1941 that I finally enlisted. At that time I was eighteen. I started out at the post office in Atlantic City because they had a recruiting office there in Atlantic City and I was going to sign up for the army which I did. I was going to go into the signal corp but that is the group of the army that had all electronics and that it appealed to me. But I had to go from Atlantic City to Camden to take the oath of office because they did not administer it in Atlantic City. I got to Camden just at the municipal court building. I was talking to the recruiter in Camden and he saw the papers about me going into the signal corp and up to Fort Drum, New York and he said are you sure you want to do that. He said, " Why don't you join the Air Force. They use radio people in the Air Force and they train them." So I said that sounds interesting so I switched. I went from the Army signal corp to the Air Force and that is how I ended up in the Air Force. So I signed the papers there to enlist for three years in the US Army Air Force right there on the spot. On that same day they sent me up to Fort Dix for a waiting

period for about a week and I would go to Savannah, Georgia, for basic training in the Army Air Force and that is what I did.

Q: Was this okay with your mom and dad then?

A: Once they signed off they did not really see me again until my father visited me in Fort Dix. I was at Fort Dix for about a week before I got shipped. My father and one of my brothers, Charles (Bob), visited me and that was it. My mother did not see me again until I finally went on to recruit training. The recruit training lasted about three months and you didn't come home. Savannah was considered a big distance in those days. I don't think I saw her even when I finished boot training because I was assigned to the air base in Windsor Locks, Connecticut.

We didn't go there right after boot training because the base wasn't ready. I didn't get to the Windsor Locks Air base until about the middle of summer maybe June, July, something like that. But at that time I did come home for a short time while I was up there. That would have been the first time I saw my mother after leaving. I was assigned there at Windsor Locks Air base which incidentally is now called Bradley Field. It is the main field there. It is about five or ten miles north of Hartford. That is where I was when the war broke out (that is Pearl Harbor). What is interesting is, first of all

because we were sort of treading water there waiting to go to school, in my case, radio school, we were doing these miscellaneous jobs and I had the honor of being a KP, if you know what that is (kitchen police). Mary Jo- (oh yes KP every Sunday)

Matt: No. This was KP every other day. What happens sometimes you are at the wrong place at the wrong time. Shortly after we got to Windsor Locks one day one of the sergeants came through the barracks and said you, you, you, you, you follow me. We didn't know what was going on. So he parades us all off to the mess hall and he says you are now KPs and you will be doing this until you get assigned eventually. So we ended up being on KP. The thing that was nice about it was you would work one day and you would have one day off. So one day you would work, not nice work, but you do it and the next day you would go out and celebrate and then come back and work again. Anyway that is were I was when the war broke out. That I remember very well because I happened to be on KP that day. It was a Sunday and normally I would have worked in the kitchen cleaning the tables off and what not. Well on a Sunday I decided I wanted to go to church which I did in the morning so that means I was late for KP so the sergeant was kind of irritated with me so he put me back in the

kitchen scrubbing pots and pans. That is where I heard about Pearl Harbor. All of a sudden guys were saying, do you know where Pearl Harbor is? No. Why? They are bombing Pearl Harbor, the Japanese are bombing Pearl Harbor. Everybody was saying "Where is Pearl Harbor?" Then we found out it was in the Hawaiian Islands. They right away somebody brought in a radio and we turned it on and we were all hearing about Pearl Harbor and the bombing.

Q: What did you think?

A: Well, we were shocked. We didn't know what it was. We knew we were going to be in a war. The immediate effect to us was, I think the bombing was on a Sunday here, and the next day all the windows on the mess hall were shuttered closed so the light could not get in. In those days the idea of particularity areas along the coast had shown light at night and that was forbidden so right away they shut all the lights and during the war, I don't know if other people have mentioned it to you like the towns, even Hammonton, at night you had the lights off. It was the curfew, I guess they called it. That's what happened the first thing. They put up boards on all of the windows and the other thing that is kind of interesting is I would say about five days after the start of the war again I get one of these crazy

deals. Sergeant is going through the barracks saying everybody fall out, fall out, everybody fall out. We didn't know what it was. We all fell out. They shipped us to supply room. They issued us all rifles and ammunition. We took it. Then they marched us out to a nearby field, dispersed us with instructions, they said " if you see anybody coming down in a parachute, shoot them". They were our instructions. So we dispersed and waited for people to come down because one of the fears coming out of WWII over in Europe was the parachute troopers that landed in Poland and other places to invade a place and there were fears of that. People don't realize that today. We waited and waited and nothing ever happened, we didn't shoot anybody and eventually they called us back. Then the word we got is that there had been seen off of the shores of the mid-atlantic coast signs of a submarine and so forth which triggered them and they didn't know what it was all about. But that gives you kind of an idea of the apprehensions and fears that occurred. The people kind of settled down a bit, their fears were abated but then a lot of things in the army moved faster. The war broke out December 7. I had been waiting there for several months to go to radio school. Would you believe it within a week or two I was shipped to Schøfield, Illinois to go to radio school. I started radio school on Christmas

Eve of that year at Schofield and I was going to school from about ten or eleven o'clock at night to six in the morning because they didn't have enough space for instructions but what they did they started to have extra shifts. They would have a shift during the day and another shift during the night. We were going to night shift.

Q: Where did they send you after you left there?

A: Radio school lasted about three or four months and then I went back to my base in Windsor Locks, Connecticut. I was there for awhile and I'm radio operator and I want to get experience with my training. I looked around and they were looking for people in Florida for ferry command. I didn't know what it was but I put in for it. Sure enough they accepted me and before I knew it I got transferred down to Florida. This was time wise was June-July, 1942. We were in the war. When I reported to Florida, this was at Morrison Field which was at West Palm Beach. I was surprised. I checked in and the sergeant said let me give you a one way ticket to India. I said one way! I'm not so sure I'm interested in one way. Can't we make it round trip. He said well you'll see, you know very rough. That's all I got. From there on we trained for awhile with pilots and co-pilots in the airplane for about a couple of weeks. Then we were off to India. We didn't spend

much time there, two, three weeks. I guess we flew out of Morrison field about the third week in July to India. You didn't learn too much about it because nobody was sure until we got there. Actually one of questions was you're going to India. Well how are we going to India? Are we going to the west coast and then to India? Are we going the east way and then to India? Nobody knew. We really didn't know until we actually departed. The pilots had sealed orders that they were not to supposed to open until after we were airborne. After we were airborne they found out the route we were going to go and so forth. We still didn't know for sure what we were going to do there.

Q: You said that you were on your way to India. I have to apologize but I do not know what you were going to be doing in India?

A: For that matter, neither did we. The pilots opened their orders after we were 30 minutes out which told them the route and so forth but it didn't really tell them or us what we were going to do there. We were basically bringing a plane over there. The route took us down through Central America to South America to Brazil and across the South Atlantic. The departure point on Brazil was the city of Natal which is the furthest east point of Brazil. Then we would fly to Africa. We would stop at Ascension

Island. It's a little island in the middle of the South Atlantic. It was a stopping point.

Q: How did you feel at a very young age like that most likely never left Hammonton too often to be going to India?

A: I was fairly young and also as a result of that pretty malleable. When you are young you take these things all in stride. You are not set in your ways, an adventure. We're going to India. You had some vague idea of what it was. You were kind of looking forward to it as a place to see. You saw some strange things. Our route took us over the South Atlantic through the central part of Africa. At that point in time, remember this was early in the war, it was 1942, North Africa was occupied by the Germans. So if you wanted to go to the far east you would have go through the central part of Africa and that was it. It turned out, you would have to see a map, and incidentally I hope to present this in the January presentation so that people have a better idea of where it is. People do not know where it is. We went across the sub Sahar~~a~~, Africa, you can visualize , the middle of Africa and when we got to the middle east around Arabia the bases were not quite ready so we could go that way in our case because it was early yet we went north towards Cairo. We stopped at Khartoum which is one of

the big cities in the Anglo Egyptian Sudan. We went up towards Cairo and we wanted to stay there overnight but we couldn't because they were being threatened by the Germans because the Germans were threatening Cairo at that point. So they sent us to a place up in Palestine called Tel Aviv which is now a big city. We stayed there and we went around the north part of Arabia instead of the southern part down the Persian Gulf and flew into India via Karachi. At that point in time there was no Pakistan. It was all India. India had not been separated. It was one big country. Places like Pakistan and Bangladesh did not exist. They were all India. Karachi was what is now Pakistan was India then. It was the main port of entry for air traffic. That is how we got to India. When we got to India because the bases were not quite ready, at that point in time we started to hear about this place called the "hump". The "hump" is the Himalaya mountains that stand between India, China and Burma. The project that we were not learning about was we were going to be flying over those mountains to bring supplies to the Chinese army and the American Air Force, the 14th Air Force, the flying tigers. They didn't have gasoline or ammunition and what not and unless you got those you become useless. That was the mission really, to supply these supplies into China because that was the only way

you could get to China. We were held up in Karachi for about a month, two months while the bases were being finished up in the eastern part of India, a province called Assam. The northeast part of India which borders on Burma and China. The bases were actually in India because India was in British hands, allied hands. Eventually they were finished and we got to them. We went to them, by the way, not by air because some of, most of the airplanes had gone ahead but the group I was with went by train, can you imagine that. Cattle car trains all across India about fifteen hundred, two thousand miles. Eventually we got to the bases where we were going. Those bases we operated on we were flying in supplies as I was saying ammunition, gasoline, parts into China and we would fly over these mountains. It was on one of those flights that I had to bail out and that is the story I will be telling you. I spent three days in the jungle. One of the big threats when you are flying, basically you can think of three kinds of threats. One was the Japanese because when we were flying the "hump" we were in range of Japanese fighters so we could have been shot down. The other threat was always mechanical problems. Planes, you know out there, there is no station where you get make repairs if anything goes wrong you have problems. That was exasperating because we were at the

end of the supply line. India is so far from the United States that you can't go any further so we were at the end of the supply line so we just got a trickle. When things went wrong you sort of robbed parts from one plane to put them on another to make it run. So that was a possible threat. The big threat, believe it or not, was the weather. They had these big monsoon storms that would come. We didn't have any weather stations so when you took off you really didn't know what weather you were going to run into. You had problems with the weather. You would get engulfed in it. It is very big problems. You would run into icy conditions and you are lost. You don't know where you are and that is what got us. We ended up in a storm. Generally if you could see it you would fly around a cloud but sometimes the storms would be so huge you could not fly around it and you couldn't fly over it because the altitude that the planes could fly was limited. Our airplanes could only get up to 20,000 feet and those things would be towering over 30,000 ft. or higher. That was a big problem. The trip coming back from China, in my case, we ran into this big storm that we could not get out of. We were in a fog, we called it in the soup. Icing up heavily, losing altitude pilot did not know where he was and it turned out also sometimes on our return flights from China we would carry soldiers,

Chinese soldiers out to India where they would train for future fighting. Because of lifting capacities of the plane we normally didn't carry parachutes for these Chinese soldiers. So here we were on our way back with a load of Chinese soldiers without parachutes. We had three there for the crew. So anyway the pilot finally decided that he wanted the co-pilot and myself to bail out. So he ordered us out. Very strong, he ordered us out. We were icing, losing altitude and we were ordered out. In the meantime we called in. We had communications with the base station in India but they could not help us. The bottom line is there were orders to bail out. That is what we did. We put on our chutes and the funny thing about this is when I think of it, it scares. We managed to open the door of the airplane, the back door, and we were standing. The co-pilot turns to me and says to me "Did you ever bail out?" I said no, did you ever bail out. "no. We have the door open here. Then he says. I tell you what we'll do. Let's interlink arms like we are walking down the street so that way we'll step out together so neither of us will lose our nerve. So we linked arms and had my other arm on my parachute rip cord and we stepped out. The minute we stepped out something comes by , I'm going to protect myself, it is coming to hit me, and I got hit by it. I remember I sort of came out all the

way down and I could see the jungle trees. It was dark. When we bailed out at the altitude, it was dusk. As you come down lower it becomes night so I could see the shadows of the jungle coming up to meet me.

Q: Do you know what it was that hit you?

A: We speculated, this is something you have to understand, when we opened the door (first of all one door we couldn't open because it would open against the slip screen. It would push it closed). The other one opened and got caught by the slip screen and held open. The only thing about it is that it puts you closer to the tail. When we linked arms I was on the side closer to the tail so we speculated that when I stepped out and I got swept back and I got hit by the tail and in doing that the thing is I had my hand on the ripcord and I had to either let go of that to protect myself or pull it and we were taught not to pull your ripcord or your chute while you are too close to the airplane or you will get entangled with it. There I was in a instant you know to make a decision, do I leave go, do I hang on? I guess my reflects said pull the cord and protect yourself. Fortunately the tail on the chute didn't get tangled up with the airplane in fact the co-pilot tells me later "wow man you really opened that chute right away. You're

lucky you didn't get tangled up with the airplane. I said "yes I did" . Then I kind of explained to him what happened.

Mary Jo - We are jumping ahead here but obviously the pilot did land.

Matt: So what happened we both landed in the same tree, fortunately. This is another crazy incident - You have to understand how you hang in the harness of the parachute. You are buckled up by two straps on your legs up to your thighs and one in the front of you. Now we are down and I was still half dazed from whatever hit me and I am not falling and I figure I am okay. So now we are down on the ground and it is dark. I start to unbuckle two straps. Well the minute I unbuckle the two leg straps I slipped out of the parachute. I'm falling again. That's it. I don't know. The next thing I know there is a voice in the night hollering Campanella, Campanella, Campanella are you there? Campanella. Then I look around and said yeah, yeah I'm alright. Where are you? I could not see. It was dark. He was still up in the tree. We then exchanged what happened back and forth. It turned out that we both landed in the same tree. He was up there and he said he heard me falling down and he didn't know what happened. He thought I broke a leg or something because I laid there moaning and groaning for how long I don't know, it must have been hours. When I came

to he said what is the matter, are you hurt, did you break a leg? Then he filled me in.

Q: What happened to the plane?

A: Believe it or not the plane eventually made it. It made it back to the base and then they were very distraught. They have two guys in the jungle and they came looking for us. They looked and they looked and looked and they never found any evidence of the parachutes. They figured they would see a chute somewhere. They finally said maybe the chutes didn't open. So much so that they used to keep a list on the bulletin board of people who died, in memoriam. When we got back they had added his name and my name to the list. I tell my wife I read my own obituary. When I got back , when we were finally rescued we went to the hospital.

Q: How long were you out there?

A: Twenty-three days. We went back to the squad and they are telling me how they searched, they searched. They could not understand. I find out what happened they searched a certain sector north. If you think of north being a zero point and you go around a compass, 90 degrees is east. It comes out we were not in that sector. We were 120 degrees from the base so the reason that they never found evidence was that they were searching

in the wrong place. Remember the pilot was lost. He didn't know where he was and they couldn't tell us where we were.

Q: What did you do for twenty-three days? How did you live, eat?

A: Walked. We ate wild lemons.

Q: Wild lemons?

A: Believe it or not that is what kept us alive. It turned out that wild lemons grow wild. They were nice, beautiful lemons in the jungle. We survived on them and then we ran into natives in the jungle. That is a whole other story.

That is how we got rescued because we had to send them in with a message that we were lost. We sent the first one in and he didn't make it.

He came back with the message. Then we were doubly worried. How were we every going to convince a couple other of these other natives.

They finally made it. The first thing we know the airplane was flying low overhead and they saw us in the village. Then they flew us out. First they were going to take us out. When they first found us they dropped

parachutes to us with supplies and what not. In that they said they have a column of soldiers coming out who will bring us out. They had food and we said oh we are saved now, great! Except the next day, the very next day they are back again. The plane. This time with a smaller airplane. A

small two open air cockpit, double wing. We could not understand what it was all about. So now we thought they were just flying around surveying things. In the meantime with us on the ground it was very bad because the natives were scared to death. They were grabbing their kids and running all over the village. We had to calm them down. This little plane disappeared. It flew over the village and we didn't see it anymore. We figured it was behind a mountain and the big plane, the transport plane that was with it kind of flew higher and it went away. We sort of went back to our little place called the bamboo hut they had built for us. They called it "camp will" to sit there and try to calm the natives. While we were sitting there I suddenly hear a lot of chatter in the village. I look out the door and I see a white man in a flying suit walking through the village. Instantly I knew what happened. Of course I walked up to him. He said I got her in, I don't know if I can get her out. He was talking about the airplane. I went out to him right away and his name was Major _____ . he was a fighter pilot and he said I brought her in but I don't know if I could get her out. When we discussed the details of what happened. When we discussed the details what happened is when they flew over the first day with the supplies they could see from the air there was a clearing right next to the village.

There was a buffalo pasture which we could not see from the ground. I saw kind of a rice field. This was beyond the rice field which we could not see. They had landed and decided if they could get a little airplane in there it would be easier to try to fly us out. It was about 70-80-90 miles of jungle you had to walk through. They brought it in and he said let's go down and take a look at it. So myself and the co-pilot and all the whole village single filed behind us, we all walked out to where the plane was. The villagers where looking at this machine, they were trying to touch it and we were trying to shoo them away. The small airplane is not metal. It made of cloth with a kind of lacquer on it. If you push hard enough on it you will put a hole in it. So we had to keep them away from it. So anyway when we got there, the fighter pilot, his name was Major _____, he and the co-pilot said to me "why don't you stay here with the airplane and keep the natives away. Susal, the co-pilot and him would go all over in the buffalo pasture and pace it to see if we had to cut down some trees to get out. So I waited there while they went there. After awhile he came back and he says well to you want to give it a try, the last time you had to walk. So I said okay I'll give it a try. He said we'll take you first because you are smaller and lighter than the co-pilot. In the meantime they pushed the

natives back, they started the engine up and what not and we taxied out to one of these buffalo pastures and he started. First of all he said I don't think we have to cut any trees, we cut some bushes. So he got to the end of this pasture, one end of it, he started revving the engine keeping the brakes on so we could get the full power of it and the plane shook and finally lets it go. We were going bumping along and I didn't he it anymore. That was great, we were airborne. We slowly approached the trees and we finally just made it. I could reach out and touch the trees. Once we cleared that I said we made it. Then he flew us back to the base and he dropped me off and then went back to get the other guy. After we left and the co-pilot went back with the villagers they started to have a big feast and what-not. They started to give him all the stuff that they had dropped off to us because he was not going to need it. As far as the gun was concerned he disabled it so they could not use it and stuff like that. Anyway they finally came back to pick him up. This time that brought a handsome reward for the natives, one-hundred rubies. When they had to take him, what they did, they emptied some of the gasoline out of the tanks to lighten the airplane because he wasn't sure, his was a lot heavier than me, so they emptied some of the gas out to lighten it and they flew him out

and we were both saved. Then they took us back to the hospital in the area there.

Q: So after you were rescued?

A: I still continued to fly the hump. Actually I did more flights over the hump after I had that bail out experience than I did before.

Q: Did you do anything with you radio technician?

A: That is what I was doing. See the flights over the "hump" consisted of a three member crews, a pilot, a co-pilot and a flight radio operator. So that is the function I was doing. I was the flight radio operator for the flight and when I bailed out I was the flight radio operator on that flight. Anyway I continued doing those flights that is the job, we were in the war.

Q: What happened when you got back to camp and they realized that you were not on that list. I could imagine the excitement that they had saved you.

A: Oh. yes. Not only that, the co-pilot and myself were the first two airmen to walk out of the "hump" alive. To them we were goners. When I read it, it makes you think, it was close. So as a sort of gift for our sufferings or what when we got back they gave us a 30 day furlough.

Q: Where did you go?

A: I went down to Calcutta. Being in the ferry command and the air force you always catch trips in the airplane. That was the only way you could go. Normally you would not go on the railroad, you would not talk the language. So I caught a flight to Calcutta and I also at that point I went to Agra which is where the Taj Mahal is located and on Delhi. Also when I was given the leave they knew I was going to be flying to some of these cities, they asked me to stop in New Delhi, which is the headquarters for the air force then, to speak to a certain colonel wanted my input from my experience, suggestions on what to do, improvements and things, which I did. There were a couple of things, for example, when the co-pilot bailed out, he lost his shoes. He was bare-foot. The reason was he was wearing his flying boots without shoes underneath. Fortunately I had my shoes underneath. I did lose one. That was one recommendation to insist that people would wear shoes under their flying boots for example. Another thing we were hungry, we were starving but yet there was food there was fish in this river we were following, all kinds of fish but you could not get them. We had fishing lines as part of the safety kit that you carry in your parachute. The co-pilot had got to his so we had a fishing line. Except we would catch bugs that you would put on the hooks, threw them in there, the fish would

not bite. The fish would swim all around but they would not bite. We said they don't like this stuff. We would take the stuff off and throw it in the water and they would eat it right away. We could not understand why they would not bite until it suddenly dawned on us. We had white line. They could see the white line. So this was another recommendation, don't put white line in, put a green line in or something like that. Things like that were some recommendations.

Q: Did you ever feel that you were never going to come out of there?

A: Yes and no. First of all let me backtrack a minute. I was young. I was idealistic, carefree. I never worried about if I was going to die or not. I know some people, especially pilots. I flew with some pilots that would be gritting their teeth. I said when my turn is, my turn is, why worry about it. You have to be fatalistic about. So in that sense I didn't worry if I was going to die or not. But on the other hand after a few days you lose track of time when we were in the jungle walking and walking. We figured in a few days we would run into natives but it did not occur. We kept on walking and the more we kept walking the co-pilot would occasionally say, Matt we are in a tough situation, Matt we are in a tough situation. My reaction was I don't want to hear that. As long as I have an ounce of strength in my feet I'm

going to lift my feet and walk. But after awhile it was so long. There was no sign of life at all. It was a virgin jungle.

Q: What did he do without shoes?

A: Nothing. In fact, two things, the fact that we landed in the same tree was kind of a blessing because if we had been separated it would have been a lot tougher. At least we had the companionship. The other thing is as far as being barefoot he had part of my shoe on one foot and he had a glove that he tied on the other but as he went along he lost part of the glove and he also lost part of the other shoe. He was barefoot. We were following this river and we would meander back and forth and occasionally we had to cross it and wade in it. At one point we had to cross it but it was over our heads. So what we had to do was we decided to swim across. So we took off all our clothes completely down to our birthday suits. We put them on a log and I took my shoes off and put them on the log and pushed them in front of me as I was swimming across the river. About the middle of the river the log turned around and my shoes went to the bottom and then we were both bare-footed. That must of happened 7 or 8 days out. We were both barefooted which made it very tough and to compound it even further, it is all mountains. The rivers twist and turn and some

mountain come right to the river side. It is like a cliff and you have to crawl around the edge of the mountain. These mountains were made of shale rock, sharp edges. We were trying to climb around that with our bare feet. Anyway we did finally make it back, we continued to fly. I flew many more missions, enough missions. You see if you fly fifty missions over the "hump" you are recommended for a distinguished flying cross which I have. Eventually I got rotated off the "hump" and eventually I rotated back to the United States and I flew back in an airplane, not the identical one I flew over in, a different type. We came back to the United States. Eventually when I came back I went into pilot training. I was in pilot training when the war ended. I was going through primary flight school. That is where you fly in open air planes. In fact, this is in California by the way, in primary school I was flying the same type airplane that flew me out of the jungles. I finished that and I was going into what they call basic more advanced school pilot training. I was faced with a decision, do I stay or not. There was something else that existed, the GI bill of rights. I thought about it. First there was a bit of confusion as to what was going to happen to the pilot training program. Were they going to continue it because now they didn't need all these pilots. What were they going to do with the people in

the pilot training. So I opted to come out and go to college which I did.

Then I went into Notre Dame when I came out. After that I went to Harvard.

I have a masters from Harvard. Eventually I went to Penn. I have a PHD from Penn.

Q: You are an amazing man. Oh my goodness. When did you meet Mrs. Campanella?

A: When I was working at RCA. At that point and time she helped me to get my PHD. My PHD I got while I was married, working and going to school at night. So I thank her for that. So here we are.

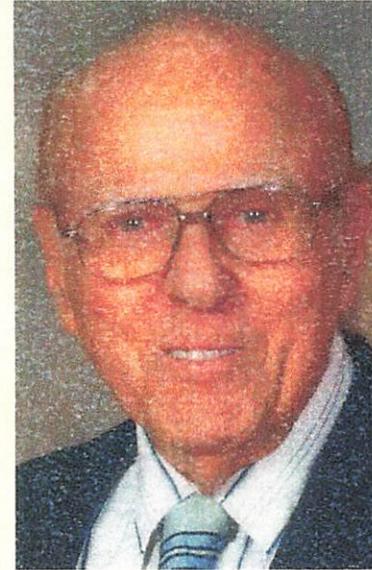
Dictated :11-30-2010

Trans: 2-10-2013

Carol Effinger



***In Loving Memory of
Dr. Matthew J. Campanella***



Dear Family and Friends,

We would like to thank you for your many kindnesses throughout Matt's illness and after he passed away last week. Your visits, calls, dinners and most of all your prayers provided us with constant support.

November 17, 1922 – May 9, 2018

Mass of the Resurrection

May 14, 2018

St Mary of Mount Carmel Parish

St Joseph's Church

Hammonton, New Jersey

Celebrant..... Father Thomas Barcellona

Altar Server..... Daniel Campanella, Grandson

Gathering Song..... Be Not Afraid

Liturgy of the Word

First Reading..... Book of Wisdom 3: 1-6
Robert Pedlow, Grandson

Responsorial Psalm..... Shepard me O God
Sarah Lambert, Granddaughter
Lily Pedlow, Granddaughter

Second Reading..... Book of Revelation 21: 1-5a, 6b-7
Angela Campanella, Granddaughter

Gospel John 14: 1-6
Father Thomas Barcellona

Homily Father Thomas Barcellona

Prayer of Faithful Response... "Lord Hear Our Prayer"
Dr. Matthew Linden, Grandson
Michelle Linden, Granddaughter
Andrew Linden, Grandson

Offertory Hymn..... Bread of Life

Presentation of the Gifts...
Patty Lambert, Granddaughter
Jack Lambert, Grandson
Brian Pedlow, Grandson

Liturgy of the Eucharist

Communion You are Mine

Mediation Hymn Ave Maria performed by
Daniel Campanella, Grandson

Eulogy Dr. Kathryn Lambert, Daughter

Song of Farewell On Eagles Wings

Pallbearers..... Matt Campanella, Robert Campanella,
Michael Linden, Andrew Pedlow, John Lambert, Anthony
Campanella, Timothy Campanella, Michael Pedlow

Historical Society holding free program

The Historical Society of Hammonton invites the public to a free community program to be held Thursday, January 6, at 8 p.m. at the Frog Rock Golf and Country Club.

HSH will be honoring Dr. Matthew Campanella of the HHS Class of 1940 for his service to our country during World War II. Attendees will hear the gripping story of how he survived 23 days lost in the Burma jungle after bailing out of a U.S. Air Force transport plane.

Born in Hammonton and growing up in the early part of the century, Campanella excelled in school, picked peaches for the Parkhursts during the summer and following graduation worked in a then-lucrative job as bookkeeper for A.R. Demarco. But with a sense of adventure and intellectual curiosity to learn about radio, in early 1941 he joined the U.S. Army. When World War II was declared, he became a Flight Radio Operator and in July of 1942 was sent to India where the U.S. was preparing



Courtesy photos

Left: Dr. Matthew Campanella, August 1943, Karachi. Right: Dr. Matthew Campanella, June 2010 at his 70th class reunion.

to supply China by ferrying supplies over the Himalaya Mountains soon to be known as the Hump.

During a mission in 1942, in a severe storm, lost, the plane iced up, losing altitude and in jeopardy of crashing, he was ordered by the pilot to bail out over the impenetrable and

dense Burma jungle. With meager supplies in freezing temperatures, he and the co-pilot began walking and praying in their quest for survival. Hungry, their bare feet cut and bruised, and each step torturous, they came upon a native, friendly village and their final step to rescue. They were the first servicemen to ever walk out of the mighty Himalayas alive.

Back in Hammonton, a welcome home dinner was held at the Lillian-on-the-Lake for the returning war hero.

Following the war, Campanella graduated from Notre Dame with a Bachelor's degree and Harvard with a Master's degree in Electrical Engineering. Later in industry he was granted a Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania.

While at RCA, he helped develop the Early Warning Ballistic Missile System serving his country in the "Cold" as well as the "Hot" war.

This will be a rare opportunity to hear the dramatic story and to honor Dr. Matthew Campanella. Refreshments will be served when you will have an opportunity to meet our guest.

About The Historical Society of Hammonton: The

lucrative job as bookkeeper for A.R. Demarco. But with a sense of adventure and intellectual curiosity to learn about radio, in early 1941 he joined the U.S. Army. When World War II was declared, he became a Flight Radio Operator and in July of 1942 was sent to India where the U.S. was preparing

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June 2010 at his 70th class reunion. Right: Dr. Matthew
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About The Historical Society of Hammonton: The Historical Society of Hammonton was established to provide for generations to come a living collection relating to the rich and unique social, political, economic and cultural heritage of the Town of Hammonton, New Jersey. The mission of the society is to increase awareness of history relating to Hammonton, New Jersey environs and to establish public access to that history by collecting, conserving, studying, interpreting and promoting the history to the widest audience.

Campanella speaks at HSH event



2011
World War II Veteran Dr. Matt Campanella spoke January 6 at an event held by the Historical Society of Hammonton. He spoke about the 23 days he spent in the Burma Jungle in 1942.

Courtesy photo



C · B · I Roundup

THE PERSONAL STORY OF MATTHEW J. CAMPANELLA FROM THE DECEMBER 31, 1942 ISSUE

TWENTY-THREE DAYS IN THE BURMA JUNGLE

(This is the personal story of Corp. Matthew J. Campanella who, with Lieut. Cecil Williams, had been lost in the jungles of Northwest Burma for 23 days after bailing out of a transport plane. The story was told to Capt. Albert J. Kaplan who forwarded it on to us. The Roundup first printed news of this case last week when it ran Preston Grover's dispatch to the Associated Press. We consider this to be one of the best dramatic stories we have had the privilege to print. -Ed.)

The pilot, his face an ashen bluish-gray from lack of oxygen and strain, ordered the co-pilot and myself to bail out. He would stay with the ship and passengers. We wanted to stay also, but he said "get out, get going." The co-pilot asked, "Is that a request or an order?" "It's an order," the pilot answered.

It all happened during a return trip over the "Hump" from China to India - the toughest air route in the world. A course where the Himalaya peaks soar 15,000 to 21,000 feet, and below is dense, impenetrable jungle.

We struck bad weather, severe icing conditions and fog. We were lost and unable to pick up the homing radio beacon, although we were in constant contact on the liaison set. We were losing altitude. Ice was flying off the props. We could hear it strike the fuselage.

WHO FIRST?

Hurriedly, we put on our 'chutes. I grabbed my .45 caliber pistol, flashlight, a unit of "K" rations and a canteen. While I was getting into my 'chute, Lt. Williams took the mike and radioed that we were bailing out, by order of Capt. Owens, that the pilot was at 16,000 feet and was going to let down to the south-west. That done and our 'chutes on and set, we scurried to the door at the rear of the ship. We fumbled with the doors and finally managed to get one opened. I asked, "Who's going first?" The Lt. answered, "We'll jump together." We interlocked arms. The Lt. looked back at me and asked, "All set?" "Set," I replied.

I had no sooner left the ship when something hit me, and knocked me out. It must have been the door. How my 'chute opened, I'll never know.

At one time on the way down, I vaguely seem to recall that I came out of it for a few seconds, but was sort of rocked back into it again. Lt. Williams later told me what happened.

ARE YOU OK?

We both landed on top of the same tree, a big tree about 75 feet high. Dazed, I unbuckled my 'chute and fell to the ground. My fall must have been broken by the vines and thick under-brush. When I came to, Lt. Williams was calling in the darkness. "Campanella, are you all right?" "Yes, Yes. I am all right. How are you? Where are you?" I replied. "I'm O.K. I'm up here in the tree," the Lt. called.

It took Lt. Williams hours to climb down the tree with the aid of a flashlight. It was near midnight when he got down. Both our 'chutes were left on top of the tree.

Lt. Williams had his jungle kit, mine was left with my parachute. We managed to build a fire, with matches from the kit, and spent the night talking about where we might be, the chances of our parachutes being spotted by scouting planes, and the fate of Capt. Owens, the ship, and the passengers.

In the morning we took stock of what we had. Much had been lost during our jump. Lt. Williams had lost his

flying boots and was without shoes. He had also lost his .45. I lost one flying boot, but had shoes. All in all, we had about a dozen matches, quinine pills, a small amount of iodine, fish line and hooks, a compass, two flashlights, a jungle knife, a canteen, three units of "D" rations (concentrated chocolate), the Lt.'s. wristwatch and a .45 pistol with seven rounds.

GLOVE FOR SHOE

I gave the Lt. my flying boot for one foot, and on the other he used a leather glove, which he happened to have.

We made our way toward a sound of running water and found a narrow mountain stream. The stream coursed south-west and we decided to follow it, hoping it might lead to a village. At the same time the stream provided us with drinking water. We added a drop of iodine to each canteen of water. After a few days, the iodine ran out so we drank water without iodine. Lt. Williams reckoned we were at an altitude of about 12,000 feet.

The second night we slept in a clearing surrounded by rock next to the stream. We rolled two logs parallel, placed boughs across and filled the spaces with leaves. We also covered ourselves with leaves and huddle together for warmth. The strange jungle sounds, the boughs pressing beneath us and the chills running up and down our backs prevented sleep. Thereafter, we discarded the logs and twigs and slept on leaves only. As we descended with the stream, the nights became less cold.

SLOW AND DIFFICULT

We arose at daybreak, had two bites of chocolate for breakfast and continued to follow the stream. Our progress was slow and difficult, as the stream was full of slimy rocks. The unprotected foot of Lt. Williams was painful. We had one bite of chocolate for dinner and supper. That night, we were again without fire. The following three nights we struck a fire, but the matches ran out, and we were without fire thereafter.

After about the third day, we began to lose count of time. The days and nights seemed to run together in a long nightmare.

After a few days, we came out on a larger stream, a small mountain river with rocks, boulders and rapids. We decided to follow the river, hoping to get to a valley and people. But our hopes gradually waned as the days passed and there were no signs of civilization.

Our chocolate lasted about three days. We supplemented the chocolate with a few wild and wormy lemons. The discomfort from hunger was greatest during the first few days.

At one time, I ate grass growing between the rocks.

About the fourth day, we came upon schools of small fish. I shot one with my .45, cut the head and tail off, removed the entrails, and shared it with the Lt. We tried to catch fish with the line and hooks, but the fish would not go for our bait, grass hoppers and a praying mantis.

THREE DEER

One morning, about the fifth day, we saw three deer wading peacefully in the river. I made for my .45 hid behind a log and waited as the deer approached nearby. When I thought they were close enough, I picked one and let him have it. Surprisingly enough, they just stopped and stood still. They did not run away. It was probably the first shot they had ever heard. I crept closer and kept shooting. Finally, I hit one. He kicked his hind feet in the air and ran off. As they were running away I emptied my .45 but to no avail. Now we had neither food nor protection.

As we descended with the river, the wild lemons became more abundant. Bitter and sour as they were, we ate them. In addition to the lemons we found some wild berries. One time we tried eating raw bamboo shoots. Another time we found nuts that looked and tasted like pecans. We ate heartedly of them. But our main food was lemons. We ate so many that our lips became chapped and sore, even bled. Whenever we ate them, tears would come to our eyes, our noses would run and what not.

SHOES LOST

One day, about the fifth day out, we came to a place in the river which was bounded by steep, impassable cliffs. We tried to wade to the bank diagonally across from us, but learned it was over our heads, and would have to swim. We took off our clothes and tied them to a log, over which I strung my shoes. We plunged into the cold water and began to swim. The Lt. was pushing the log. About mid-stream, the log rolled over and my shoes went to the bottom. There I was now, barefooted. A few days later, the Lt. lost his one flying boot as we were making our way around a jagged ledge.

From then on, time did not count. barefooted, walking over jagged rocks and ground covered with burs was torture. We tried walking sticks, but our progress became slower and slower. As the days went by and our strength waned, our feet became increasingly painful, but most horrible was the uncertainty of it all.

Finally, one morning after what seemed like countless days of walking, we fell to our knees and prayed to God that this day we might see people and civilization of some sort. We had prayed and given thanks before, but not until

this day did we kneel to pray. Now there was a prayer with every step. God must have been with us for that afternoon we saw two natives in the distance.

DISAPPEARED

We yelled to them. They waited until we were fairly close, but then disappeared into the jungle. The same evening at dusk as we were preparing to rest for the night, the Lt. heard a sound as of someone walking nearby. We jumped up and coming toward us were four natives. As we arose, the natives reached for their knives. We immediately sat down and motioned with our hands and mouths that we were hungry and starving. Imagine our feeling when the natives gave to each of us a ball of warm rice wrapped in large green leaves.

While eating the rice, we amused them with our compass, knife, Indian and Chinese money and the wristwatch in order to gain their confidence.

The natives appeared quite friendly now. They motioned to us to follow them. It was quite dark and you could have knocked me over with a feather when one of the natives revealed a flashlight. They used it to light the way over the rocks, and it was a good thing too, as the approximate mile to the village proved to be an ordeal. We moaned and groaned as we walked. The feet of the Lt. were worse than mine, and they had to practically carry him most of the way.

They led us into a bamboo hut, built us a fire and gave us more food, rice and greens, and bananas. We fell to the floor, and for a couple of days all we did was eat and rest. We were so weak we could scarcely go outside during the first three or four days. During this time the natives came in and out, often with food, sometimes just to look at us, trying to talk to us by means of signs. They were very curious. Anyway, our hopes brightened now. At least, we had food and a fire.

SIGN LANGUAGE

We learned we were in a tiny village composed of two large and two small bamboo huts. There were about 40 natives here. They appeared to be of a mixed Chinese-Indian type, with slanted eyes and high cheek bones, like the Chinese, but somewhat darker. They seemed to speak a Hindustani dialect. We had to depend on the sign language to express our desires.

On the second day, we sent a runner with a note, but he failed us and returned. On the third day, we sent out two notes with three runners, one of whom, called Salong Lot, appeared quite intelligent. With the leading runner, Salong Lot, Lt. Williams sent his Air Corps wrist band. It was Salong Lot who showed us an old certificate that read: "This is to certify that Salong Lot of Tarang Khu . . ." In the meantime, we ate galore - rice and greens, bananas, a kind of root that tasted like a potato, a kind of melon, and oranges.

The natives were very hospitable. About the fourth day of our stay in the village, they even built a little hut for us. The natives would come in and have "conversations" with us. We were quite successful in making them understand that we parachuted from an airplane. (They could see airplanes fly high overhead every day.) They were very interested in the whereabouts of our parachutes and plane. They thought, it seemed, we would be able to jump up into an airplane if we had our 'chutes. If we could come down, why wouldn't we go up?

"CAMP WILL"

We named our little house "Camp Will." "Camp" from Campanella and "Will" from Williams.

In the morning of our eighth day of our stay at the village, we heard the roar of a low-flying transport plane. I called to the Lt. and we both ran out, waving our arms to the airplane. The Lt. yelled, "Look, look, they're turning, they're turning." They had found us. Our message had gone through.

Two 'chutes, loaded with supplies, were dropped from the plane. They contained shoes and stockings, food rations, blankets, rifles and ammunition, first aid kits, vitamins, cigarettes and matches, flares and flare guns, mosquito head nets, heavy flying boots, field jackets, written notes, etc. One of the bundles had a Christmas card in it.

The following morning, the transport was back again. This time accompanied by a little two wing-trainer (PT-17). We could not understand the presence of the trainer. We thought the trainer, as well as the transport, were just flying around out of curiosity. When the trainer cut his motor and disappeared behind the trees, we thought he had gone behind a mountain. Meanwhile, the natives were quite frightened by the two low-flying airplanes. To calm them, we decided to return to our hut. We sat down and nonchalantly cleaned our rifles, which we used earlier in the day trying to get a deer.

A WHITE MAN

As we sat in our hut, we heard a commotion outside, and through the door I saw a white man in flying uniform walking through the village. I exclaimed to the Lt. and we both ran out to greet him. The instant we saw him, we knew what had happened. He must have landed in a rice field.

We shook hands with Major Paul C. Droz, pilot of the trainer, and asked about Capt. Owens and our ship. We

were happy to learn that the captain had brought her in safely. Then Major Droz spoke of his trainer:

"I got her in all right, had to scare a few cows out of the way. Getting her out again is going to be the job. We might have to cut down a few trees. Let's go and give her a look."

The three of us, with the entire village population trailing behind us in single file, made our way to the rice field. Across the rice field was a small buffalo pasture where the plane had landed. The natives looked at the plane in wonder. They touched it, and seemed to be amazed at this strange creature.

I remained at the plane to keep the natives away, while the Major and Lt., with some natives, cleared away some brush. They paced the field to see if they would have to cut away any trees, and decided we might be able to make it.

GIVE IT A WHIRL?

The Major returned to the plane. "Well," he said, "do you want to give it a whirl? You know you had to walk the last time." "O.K.," I replied, surprised and scarcely believing it all. "Let's go." Being smaller and lighter than the Lt., the Major decided to try me first.

We taxied to the far side of the field. After checking the "mags," the Major nosed the plane around and began racing the motor with the brakes on. The tail went up, and as the RPM's increased, the plane began to shake and quiver. Then he let her go. We bumped and bounced over the ruts and weeds. We hit a big bump and left the ground. The Major handled her beautifully as she just cleared the trees. The Major returned for Lt. Williams in the afternoon and flew him out.

That afternoon, the Lt. gave the natives most of what had been dropped us plus some extra rations the Major brought, along with a reward of one hundred silver rupees. The Lt. told me that after I left he returned with the natives to "Camp Will" and had a farewell feast.

When I returned to the squadron, I was greeted by everyone from the CO down to the privates. I learned then, that it was Capt. Vernon C. Johnson who located us in the first transport; that the village was about 65 flying miles from our field in northern Burma and the name "Tarang Khu" was not charted but the name "Tarang" gave an idea of the location, and that the runner, Salong Lot, had reached a Ghurka camp from where our message was transmitted to our squadron. I also learned that it was December 10th, and that we had been missing for 23 days.

That evening after the Lt. arrived, the doctor sent us to a nearby hospital to recuperate and prepare for a 30-day leave of absence. On the way to the hospital, the Lt. remarked:

"I'll never become bored with life."

The C.B.I. *Roundup* is a weekly newspaper published by and for the men of the United States Army Forces in China, Burma, and India, from news and pictures supplied by staff members, soldier correspondents, Office of War Information and other sources. The *Roundup* is published Thursday of each week and is printed by The Statesman in New Delhi, India. Editorial matter should be sent directly to Capt. Fred Eldridge, Branch Office Hq., U.S.A.F.C.B.I., New Delhi, and should arrive not later than Monday in order to make that week's issue. Pictures must arrive by Sunday and must be negatives or enlargements. Stories should contain full name and organization of sender.



TWENTY-THREE DAYS IN THE BURMA JUNGLE

CBI Veteran Matthew J. Campanella shared his story from the original C.B.I. *Roundup*.

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BACKGROUND INFORMATION FROM MATT CAMPANELLA

COMPLETE RE-CREATED ISSUE OF ROUNDUP

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SEND COMMENTS ROUNDUP HOME PAGE

TWENTY-THREE DAYS IN THE BURMA JUNGLE

Additional background information from Matt Campanella

As you may have noticed, the "jungle story" covered some of the human aspects of "the Hump" operation, but because of wartime security and censoring, no specific operational and geographical information is contained in it.



Lt. Cecil Williams, left, and Cpl. Matt Campanella, after having arrived at a field hospital, wearing the clothes they wore throughout their ordeal.

To begin with, I was a flight radio operator with the 13th Ferrying Squadron based at Sookerating Air Base (a U.S. airfield carved out of the tea plantations of the Dum Duma tea company) in north east Assam, India, just about where the Himalaya Mountains begin and where China, India and Burma come together geographically. I had left the continental U.S. from Morrison Field, West Palm Beach, Florida in July 1942 as part of a 5 man aircrew (pilot, copilot, navigator, radio operator, crew chief) taking a C-47 transport airplane to India. Our route took us across the Caribbean to South America, to Natal, Brazil. From Natal we flew the south Atlantic via Ascension Island to Accra, Gold Coast in Central Africa, across Central Africa to the Middle East and eventually Karachi, India (now Pakistan), arriving Karachi some time in August 1942. Since the bases in Assam were not yet quite ready, I was held up there in Karachi in a British base outside of Karachi called "New Malir." I finally arrived at Sookerating sometime in October 1942.

The 13th Ferrying Squadron was part of the 1st Ferrying Group which consisted of the 13th, 6th and 3rd Ferrying Squadrons, located at Sookerating, MohanBeri and Chabua, respectively (and all near each other in Assam). The Hump aircrews consisted of a pilot, copilot and radio operator. Our mission was to fly-in supplies into China such as gasoline, ammunition, airplane engines, parts, jeeps and whatever else in support of the 14th Air Force ("Flying Tigers") and Chinese Army, who were isolated from the rest of the world. While we flew in supplies into China, our return trips were also used at times to bring out Chinese soldiers for training in India for future combat against Japan. On the day that I bailed out, we were on a return trip from Yunnan-yi, China with a full load of Chinese soldiers. Because of the altitudes required to fly over the Hump and the C-47's limited lifting capabilities, parachutes for the soldiers were

not usually included.

During the flight, the airplane ran into a very severe storm in which it was completely engulfed with fog plus heavy icing conditions. Such a situation for a pilot can be truly terribly confusing and frightening. Especially when all you can see out of your cockpit window is nothing, and your plane is bouncing around and rapidly losing altitude over an uncertain mountainous terrain. For whatever reason may have flashed through his mind, the pilot gave the order for the copilot and myself to bail out while he would remain with the airplane and its cargo of Chinese soldiers who had no parachutes. And as you may well know, in the Army when an order is given, it is given and you obey. Especially in wartime!

As mentioned in the jungle story, we got the name of the native village from an old document that Salong Lot (one of the more intelligent natives) happen to have and showed us. I later found out that there is a Tarang River that flows in the Himalayas in the area that we were lost in and my guess is that Tarang is the name of the river that we were following and on which the village was located.

On the day following our being rescued and our arrival at the field hospital, the nurses attending to us insisted on taking pictures of Lt. Williams and myself with the clothes we were wearing in the jungle just for the record.

When I returned to the squadron from the hospital, my squadron mates were exceedingly happy to see me back, especially since Williams and I were the first U.S. airmen to have walked out of the Hump alive. They told me how the squadron had carried out many search missions for us, looking for evidence of our parachutes on tree tops somewhere in the jungles. When they found none, they eventually gave up, speculating that maybe our 'chutes had not opened and we had perished. It had been a practice in the squadron to maintain a memoriam list on the squadron bulletin board of all the men that had been lost to the Hump. It was entitled "IN MEMORIAM: To All The Men Gone West", where "West" meant home. Lt. Williams' and my name had already been added to the list. It was very sobering reading it.

I was rotated back from CBI to the continental U.S. in February 1944 and came back in a very similar manner as to when I went over. I came back as a Tech/Sgt. radio operator on a C-46 airplane being returned to the U.S. for overhauling. We followed pretty much the same route back in reverse as when I had gone over to CBI, across the Middle East, Central Africa, the South Atlantic, South America and the Caribbean to Hempstead Field in Florida.

Also, before leaving CBI, I (along with many others) was honored by being awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal and the Presidential Distinguished Unit Citation for my service in CBI.

- Matt Campanella



Lt. Williams and Cpl. Campanella with the nurses that cared for them at the field hospital.

C · B · I Roundup

DECEMBER 31, 1942

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TWENTY-THREE DAYS IN THE BURMA JUNGLE

Former Hammonton High School Boy Corporal Saved In Burma Wilds

HAMMONTON — Mrs Anthony Bertino, of Jacobs st, this city, received a Christmas telegram from her brother serving in the Army Air Forces in India several days ago, but it was not until she read the newspapers Monday morning that she learned he was one of three American airmen lost in the Burma jungles for 12 days.

He is Corporal Matthew Campanella, son of Mr and Mrs Antonio Campanella, of this place, who was rescued several days ago along with Captain Wynn Miller, of Kansas City, and Lieut Cecil Williams, of Uniontown, Pa.

Campanella and Williams were forced to "bail out" of a ferry plane on Nov 17, which happened to be the Hammonton youth's 20th birthday. Campanella was knocked out when his parachute landed in trees and had not fully recovered when rescued 12 days later.

After walking through the jungle barefooted and living on wild lemons and berries they ultimately reached a village in northeast India from where a runner carried the news to an Army air base. They were rescued by a major who made

two perilous landings in the jungle.

Miller was later rescued by a British patrol.

Campanella graduated from the Hammonton High School in 1940 and enlisted in the Army in April, 1941. He trained at Scott Field, Ill, and Windsor Locks, Conn, becoming a radio engineer with the Ferry Command between India and China.

8 SHOPPING DAYS

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Christmas

ATLANTIC CITY PRESS
FRONT PAGE

Give

WAR BONDS * STAMPS

Dec 15, 1942
2nd page

COURIER-POST, CAMDEN, N. J.,

HAMMONTON FLIER IS RESCUED IN INDIA

Flown From Deep Canyon After Own Ship Crashed; Marooned 3 Weeks

New Delhi, Dec. 13 (Delayed)—(UP)—Two American airmen who were lost for three weeks in the Himalayan wilderness were recuperating today after a daring rescue pilot had managed two almost-impossible landings on the floor of a 3000-foot canyon.

Hospital authorities said Lieut. Cecil D. Williams, Uniontown, Pa., and Sgt. Mathew J. Campanella, Hammonton, N. J., were "in reasonably good condition, but resting and fattening up" after an ordeal which started when they parachuted from an ice-heavy Douglas transport plane.

(Editor's note: Sgt. Campanella, a radio engineer, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Campanella, of Messina avenue, Hammonton. He has been flying in the ferry command between India and China since July 1. The day he was lost, Nov. 17, was his 20th birthday anniversary.)

(Campanella enlisted in April, 1941, after graduating from Hammonton High school, where he was an honor student, in 1940. He trained at Scott Field, Ill., and Windsor Lock, Conn. His parents received a telegram from him Saturday wishing them a merry Christmas, but it contained no hint of his experience.)

Pilot Sticks to Ship

The pilot, Capt. William S. Owens, Atlanta, Ga., ordered the two men to jump, thinking the plane, far from its course and losing altitude rapidly, was doomed. Owens stuck to the controls and managed to bring the big ship home through a hole in the overcast.

Pilots searched the area for three weeks, but to no avail. But on Dec. 9 a Tibetan runner arrived at U. S. Army transport command headquarters with a letter from Williams asking for aid and giving their location—deep in the poorly-charted wilderness of the Himalayan foothills northeast of the Indian province of Assam.

How the two men lived there for three weeks with only the jungle kits strapped to their parachute packs was still unexplained.

A Douglas transport pilot located their camp, but he was unable to land the big plane. The canyon where the men were marooned was surrounded by 3000-foot walls rising straight up from a meadow which was only 300 yards long.

Fifth Attempt Succeeds

It looked like an impossible undertaking, but Maj. Paul C. Groz, Salt Lake City, commander of a fighter squadron, decided to make a try in a PT-17 plane. The marooned men and natives hacked away tree limbs on the edge of

Hammonton Airman Lost In Jungles for 23 Days



SGT. MATTHEW CAMPANELLA

Hammonton News

Lost for 23 days in the Himalayan jungle on the Burma-India frontier, Sergeant Matthew Campanella, 20, of Messina avenue was rescued last Thursday by an Army pilot. Sgt. Campanella flew from Florida to India last summer to join the Army Air Forces ferry command as a radio engineer. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Campanella.

Campanella and Lieutenant Cecil Williams of Uniontown, Pa., who also was rescued last week, were ordered to bail out of a ferry plane when the pilot, thinking the plane, far from its course and losing altitude rapidly, was doomed. The pilot stuck to the controls and managed to bring the big ship home through a hole in the overcast.

CRASHES INTO TREES

Both men lost their shoes in the descent and Campanella was knocked unconscious when his parachute caught in a tree. He is recovering from his injuries and exposure at a base hospital in India.

After 12 days of barefoot tramping through torturous mountain trails with only wild lemons and berries for food, they ultimately reached a native village deep in the poorly-charted wilderness of the Himalayan foothills northeast of the Indian province of Assam.

Army pilots searched the area for three weeks, but to no avail. The men had been given up for lost when a Tibetan runner arrived at U. S. Army transport command headquarters last Wednesday with a letter from Lieut. Williams asking for aid and giving their location.

MAROONED IN CANYON

Immediately a ferry plane located the spot. The men were marooned in a canyon surrounded by 3000-foot walls rising straight up from a meadow which was only 300 yards long.

It looked like an impossible undertaking, but Major Paul C. Groz, Salt Lake city, commander of a fighter squadron, decided to make a try in a PT-17 plane. The marooned men and natives hacked away tree limbs on the edge of the meadow and herded water Buffalos into the jungle to give him every available inch of room.

Groz landed last Thursday, helped Campanella into the two-seater plane and made five attempts before he finally managed to get out of the box-like canyon. Depositing Campanella, he returned and rescued Williams similarly.

BRAVED JUNGLE HAZARDS

How the two airmen lived in the jungle for three weeks with only the jungle kits strapped to their parachute packs was still unexplained. They were unable to catch fish or shoot game. Once while crossing a stream, Campanella was nearly drowned because of weakness and his dazed condition, but was saved by Williams.

Campanella's sister, Mrs. Joseph Bertino of Jacobs street received a Christmas radiogram from her brother Saturday morning, but it was not until she read the War Department's announcement Monday morning that she learned of his experience.

The young airman was graduated from Hammonton high school with

Marooned 3 Weeks

Courier Post

New Delhi, Dec. 13 (Delayed)—(UP)—Two American airmen who were lost for three weeks in the Himalayan wilderness were recuperating today after a daring rescue pilot had managed two almost-impossible landings on the floor of a 3000-foot canyon.

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Groz landed Dec. 10. Campabella climbed into the two-seater plane. Groz made five attempts before he finally managed to get the plane into the air and to pull it over the canyon walls in a steep climb. Depositing Campabella, he returned and rescued William similarly.

INCLUDING THE ONLY DAILY PICTURE MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

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VOL. III - No. 252

Wednesday, April 7, 1943

Continued cold

COMPLETE EDITION

2 U. S. Fliers Wander 23 Days in Himalayas

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'Times'

Two Americans Wander 23 Days in Himal

Fliers Leap From Lost Plane Over 'Hump' of Toughest Air Route in World

This is the story of Corp. Matthew J. Campanellos and Lt. Cecil Williams, who were lost in the jungles of northwest Burma for 23 days after bailing out of a transport plane. It was printed first in the Army newspaper at New Delhi, and was sent to this country by Capt. Albert J. Kaplan of Philadelphia, the doctor who attended the fliers. His brother, Michael L. Kaplan of New York, made it available to PM.

By CORP. MATTHEW J. CAMPANELLOS

EYE WITNESS The pilot, his face an ashen bluish-gray from lack of oxygen and strain, ordered the co-pilot and myself to bail out. He would stay with the ship and passengers. We wanted to stay also, but he said:

"Get out, get going."

The co-pilot asked:

"Is this a request or an order?"

"It's an order," the pilot answered.

It all happened during a return trip over the "hump" from China to India—the toughest air route in the world, a course where the Himalaya peaks soar 15,000 to 21,000 feet, and below is dense, impenetrable jungle.

We struck bad weather, severe icing conditions and fog. We were lost and unable to pick up the homing radio beacon, although we were in constant contact on the liaison set. We were losing altitude. Ice was flying off the props. We could hear it strike the fuselage.

Put on Parachutes

Hurriedly, we put on our chutes. I grabbed my .45 pistol, flashlight, a unit of "K" rations, and a canteen. While I was getting into my chutes, Lt. Williams took the mike and radioed that we were bailing out, by order of Capt. Owens, that the pilot was at 16,000 feet and was going to let down to the southwest. That done, and our chutes on and set, we scurried to the door at the rear of the ship. We fumbled with the doors and finally managed to get one open. I asked:

"Who's going first?"

The Lieutenant answered: "We'll jump together."

We interlocked arms. The Lieutenant looked back at me and asked:

"All set?"

"Set," I replied.

I had no sooner left the ship when something hit me, and knocked me out. It must have been the door. How my chute opened, I'll never know.

At one time on the way down, I vaguely seem to recall that I came out of it for a few seconds, but was sort of rocked back into it again. Lt. Williams later told me what happened.

Land on Same Tree

We both landed on top of the same tree.

chutes were left on the top of the tree.

Lt. Williams had his jungle kit, mine was left with my parachute. We managed to build a fire with matches from the kit, and spent the night talking about where we might be, the chances of our parachutes being spotted by scouting planes, and the fate of Capt. Owens, the ship, and the passengers.

In the morning we took stock of what we had. Much had been lost during our jump. Lt. Williams had lost his flying boots and was without shoes. He had also lost his .45. I lost one flying boot, but had shoes. All in all we had about a dozen matches, quinine pills, a small amount of iodine, fish line and hooks, a compass, two flashlights, a jungle knife, a canteen, three units of "D" rations (concentrated chocolates), the Lieutenant's wrist watch and a .45 pistol with seven rounds. I gave the Lieutenant my flying boot for one foot and on the other he used a leather glove which he happened to have.

Follow Mountain Stream

We made our way toward a sound of running water and found a narrow mountain stream. The stream coursed southwest and we decided to follow it, hoping it might lead to a village. At the same time the stream provided us with drinking water. We added a drop of iodine to each canteen of water. After a few days the iodine ran out, so we drank water without iodine. Lt. Williams reckoned we were at an altitude of about 12,000 feet.

The second night we slept in a clearing surrounded by rock next to the stream. We felled two logs parallel, placed boughs across and filled the space with leaves. We also covered ourselves with leaves and huddled together for warmth. The strange jungle sounds, the boughs pressing beneath us, the chills running up and down our backs prevented sleep. Thereafter we discarded the logs and twigs and slept on leaves only. As we descended with the stream the nights became less cold.

Lose Count of Time

We arose at daybreak, had two bites of chocolate for breakfast and continued to follow the stream. Our progress was slow and difficult, as the stream was full of slimy rocks. The unprotected foot of Lt. Williams was painful. We had one bite of chocolate for dinner and supper. That night we were again without fire. The following three nights we struck a fire, but the matches



"I had no sooner left the ship when out. . ."

wild and wormy lemons. The discomfort from hunger was greatest during the first few days. At one time I ate grass growing between the rocks.

About the fourth day we came upon schools of small fish. I shot one with my .45, cut the head and tail off, removed the entrails and shared it with the Lieutenant. We tried to catch fish with a line and hooks, but the fish would not go for our bait, grasshoppers and a praying mantis.

One morning, about the fifth day, we saw three deer wading peacefully in the river. I made for my .45, hid behind a log and waited as the deer approached nearby. When I thought they were close enough, I picked one and let him have it. Surprisingly enough, they just stopped and stood still. They did not run away. It was probably the first shot they had ever heard.

Americans Wander 23 Days in Himalaya Jungles

Leap From Lost Plane Over at Air Route in World

Matthew J. Campanellos and Lt. Cecil Williams, Northwest Burma for 23 days after bailing out of a plane in the Army newspaper at New Delhi, and was written by Herbert J. Kaplan of Philadelphia, the doctor who wrote the story, and Michael L. Kaplan of New York, made it available

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heartily of them. But our main food was lemons. We ate so many that our lips became chapped and sore, even bled. When we ate them, tears would come to our eyes and our noses would run.

Several days after we saw the deer, we came to a place in the river which was bounded by steep, impassable cliffs. We tried to wade to the bank diagonally across from us, but learned it was over our heads, and we would have to swim. We took off our clothes and tied them to a log, over which I slung my shoes. We plunged into the cold water and began to swim. The Lieutenant was pushing the log. About mid-stream, the log rolled over and my shoes went to the bottom. There I was now, bare-footed. A few days later, the Lieutenant lost his one flying boot, as we were making our way around a jagged ledge.

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Land on Same Tree

We both landed on top of the same tree, a big tree about 75 feet high. Dazed, I unbuckled my chute and fell to the ground. My fall must have been broken by the vines and thick underbrush. When I came to, Lt. Williams was calling in the darkness:

"Campanellos, are you all right?"

"Yes, yes, I am all right. How are you? Where are you?" I replied.

"I'm O.K. I'm up here in the tree," the Lieutenant called.

It took Lt. Williams hours to climb down the tree with the aid of a flashlight. It was near midnight when he got down. Both our

chutes were left on the top of the tree.

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The second night we slept in a clearing surrounded by rock next to the stream. We felled two logs parallel, placed boughs across and filled the space with leaves. We also covered ourselves with leaves and huddled together for warmth. The strange jungle sounds, the boughs pressing beneath us, the chills running up and down our backs prevented sleep. Thereafter we discarded the logs and twigs and slept on leaves only. As we descended with the stream the nights became less cold.

Lose Count of Time

We arose at daybreak, had two bites of chocolate for breakfast and continued to follow the stream. Our progress was slow and difficult, as the stream was full of slimy rocks. The unprotected foot of Lt. Williams was painful. We had one bite of chocolate for dinner and supper. That night we were again without fire. The following three nights we struck a fire, but the matches ran out, and we were without fire thereafter.

After about the third day, we began to lose count of time. The days and nights seemed to run together into a long nightmare. After a few days, we came out on a larger stream; a small mountain river with rocks, boulders and rapids. We decided to follow the river, hoping to get to a valley and people. But our hopes gradually waned as the days passed and there were no signs of civilization.

Our chocolate lasted about three days. We supplemented the chocolate with a few



"I had no sooner left the ship when s
out. . . ."

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from hunger was greatest during the first le
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between the rocks. we

About the fourth day we came upon an
schools of small fish. I shot one with my
.45, cut the head and tail off, removed the ca
entrails and shared it with the Lieutenant. be
We tried to catch fish with a line and hooks, tri
but the fish would not go for our bait, grass- fr
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One morning, about the fifth day, we saw ou
three deer wading peacefully in the river. th
I made for my .45, hid behind a log and wa
waited as the deer approached nearby. Li
When I thought they were close enough, I str
picked one and let him have it. Surprisingly we
enough, they just stopped and stood still. fo
They did not run away. It was probably the los
first shot they had ever heard. ou

Both Shoes Lost

I crept closer and kept shooting. Finally, fo
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chutes were left on the top of the tree.

Lt. Williams had his jungle kit, mine was left with my parachute. we managed to build a fire with matches from the kit, and spent the night talking about where we might be, the chances of our parachutes being spotted by scouting planes, and the fate of Capt. Owens, the ship, and the passengers.

In the morning we took stock of what we had. Much had been lost during our jump. Lt. Williams had lost his flying boots and was without shoes. He had also lost his .45. I lost one flying boot, but had shoes. All in all we had about a dozen matches, quinine pills, a small amount of iodine, fish line and hooks, a compass, two flashlights, a jungle knife, a canteen, three units of "D" rations (concentrated chocolates), the Lieutenant's wrist watch and a .45 pistol with seven rounds. I gave the Lieutenant my flying boot for one foot and on the other he used a leather glove which he happened to have.

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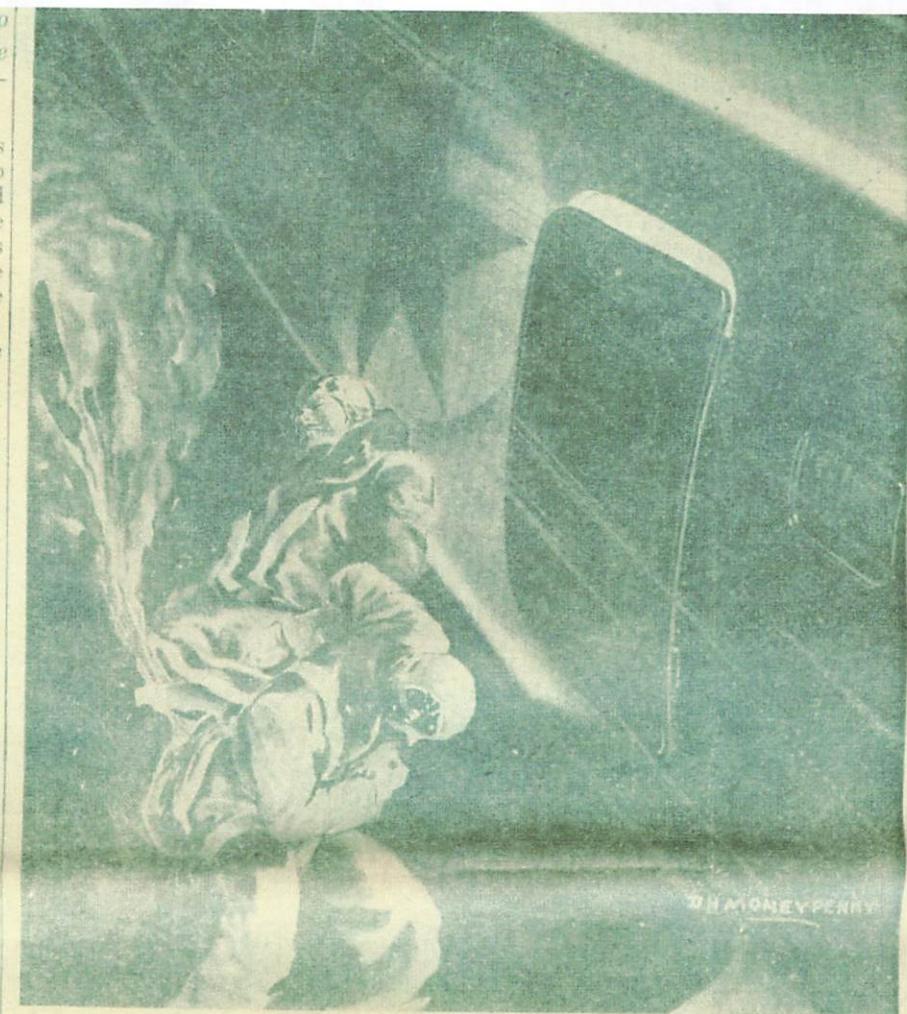
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heartily of them. But our main food was lemons. We ate so many that our lips became chapped and sore, even bled. When we ate them, tears would come to our eyes and our noses would run.

Several days after we saw the deer, we came to a place in the river which was bounded by steep, impassable cliffs. We tried to wade to the bank diagonally across from us, but learned it was over our heads, and we would have to swim. We took off our clothes and tied them to a log, over which I slung my shoes. We plunged into the cold water and began to swim. The Lieutenant was pushing the log. About mid-stream, the log rolled over and my shoes went to the bottom. There I was now, barefooted. A few days later, the Lieutenant lost his one flying boot, as we were making our way around a ragged ledge.

From then on, time did not count. Barefooted, walking over jagged rocks and ground covered with burs was torture. We tried walking sticks, but our progress became slower and slower. As the days went by and our strength waned, our feet became increasingly painful, but most horrible was the uncertainty of it all.

But rescue was near. Campanellos finishes his adventurous story tomorrow.

INCLUDING THE ONLY DAILY PICTURE MAGAZINE IN

PM Daily

FIVE CENTS

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Thursday, April 8, 1943

Light rain

COMPLETE EDITION

**Latin America
May Supply
Army of
200,000 for
Overseas** Page 8

**How U.S. Fliers
Were Rescued
From Jungle** Page 16

U.S. 8th Army

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End of Jungle Journey: How U.S. Fliers W

Native Runners Carried Message to Our India Air Outposts

This is the second and final instalment of the story of Corp. Matthew J. Campanellos and Lt. Cecil Williams, lost in the jungles of northwest Burma for 23 days after bailing out of a transport plane. It was printed first in the Army newspaper at New Delhi and was sent to this country by Capt. Albert J. Kaplan of Philadelphia, the doctor who attended the fliers. His brother, Michael L. Kaplan of New York, made it available to PM.

By CORP. MATTHEW J. CAMPANELLOS

PM Exclusion
Finally, one morning after what seemed like countless days of walking, we fell to our knees and prayed to God that this day we might see people and civilization of some sort. We had prayed and given thanks before, but not until this day did we kneel to pray. Now there was a prayer with every step. God must have been with us, for that afternoon we saw two natives in the distance.

We yelled to them. They waited until we were fairly close, but then disappeared into the jungle. The same evening at dusk as we were preparing to rest for the night, the lieutenant heard a sound as some one walking nearby. We jumped up and coming toward us were four natives. As we arose, the natives reached for their knives. We immediately sat down and motioned with our hands and mouths that we were hungry and starving. *Imagine our feeling when the natives gave to each of us a ball of warm rice wrapped in large green leaves.*

Natives Use Flashlight

While eating the rice, we amused them with our compass, knife, Indian and Chinese money and the wrist watch in order to gain their confidence. The natives appeared quite friendly now. They motioned us to follow them. It was quite dark and you could knock me over with a feather when one of the natives revealed a flashlight. They used it to light the way over the rocks and it was a good thing too, as the approximate mile to the village proved to be an ordeal. We moaned and groaned as we walked. The feet of the Lieutenant were worse than mine and they had to practically carry him most of the way.

They led us into a bamboo hut, built us a fire and gave us more food, rice and greens and bananas. We fell to the floor and for a couple of days all we did was eat and rest. We were so weak we could scarcely go outside during the first three or four days. During this time the natives came in and out, often with food, sometimes just to look at us, trying to talk to us by means of signs. They were very curious. Anyway, our hopes brightened now. At least we had food and a fire.



"As we arose, the natives reached for their knives

three runners, one of whom called Salong Lot, appeared quite intelligent. With the leading runner, Salong Lot, Lt. Williams sent his Air Corps wrist band. It was Salong Lot who showed us an old certificate that read: "This is to certify that Salong Lot of Tarang Hku . . ."

In the meantime, we ate galore—rice and greens, bananas and a kind of root that tasted like a potato, a kind of melon and oranges.

The natives were very hospitable. About the fourth day of our stay in the village, they even built a little hut for us. The natives would come in and have "conversations" with us. We were quite successful in making them understand that we parachuted from an airplane. (They could see airplanes fly high overhead every day.) They were very interested in the whereabouts of our parachutes and plane. They thought, it seemed, we would be able to jump into an airplane if we had our chutes. If we could come down, why couldn't we go up?

We named our little house "Camp Will," "Camp" from Campanellos and "Will" from Williams.

Hear Transport Plane

On the morning of the eighth day of our stay at the village, we heard the roar of a low-flying transport plane. I called to the Lieutenant, and we both ran out, waving our arms to the airplane. The Lieutenant

back again. This time accompanied by a little two-wing trainer (PT-17). We could not understand the presence of the trainer. We thought the trainer, as well as the transport, was just flying around out of curiosity. When the trainer cut his motor and disappeared behind the trees, we thought he had gone behind a mountain. Meanwhile, the natives were quite frightened by the two low flying airplanes. To calm them, we decided to return to our hut. We sat down and nonchalantly cleaned our rifles which we used earlier trying to get a deer.

White Man Walks In

As we sat in our hut, we heard a commotion outside, and through the door, I saw a white man in flying uniform walking through the village. I exclaimed to the Lieutenant and we both ran out to greet him. The instant we saw him we knew what had happened. He must have landed in a rice field.

We shook hands with Major Paul C. Droz, pilot of the trainer, and asked about Capt. Owens and our ship. We were happy to learn that the Captain had brought her in safely. Then Major Droz spoke of his trainer:

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Single Journey: How U.S. Fliers Were Rescued



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"Well," he said, "do you want to give it a whirl. You know, you had to walk the last time."

"O.K." I replied surprised and scarcely believing it all. "Let's go."

As I was smaller and lighter than the Lieutenant, the Major decided to try me first.

We taxied to the far side of the field. After checking the "mags," the Major nosed the plane around and began racing the motor, with the brakes on. The tail went up, and as the RPM's increased, the plane began to shake and quiver. Then he let her go. We bumped and bounced over the ruts and weeds. We hit a big bump and left the ground. The Major handled her beautifully as she just cleared the trees. The Major returned for Lt. Williams in the afternoon and flew him out.

Farewell Feast

That afternoon the Lieutenant gave the natives most of what had been dropped us, plus some extra rations the Major brought along with a reward of one hundred silver rupees. The Lieutenant told me that after I left he returned with the natives to "Campwill" and had a farewell feast.

When I returned to the squadron, I was greeted by everyone from the CO down to the privates. I learned, then, that it was Capt. Vernon C. Johnson who located us in the first transport; that the village was

days after bailing out of a transport plane. It was printed first in the Army newspaper at New Delhi and was sent to this country by Capt. Albert J. Kaplan of Philadelphia, the doctor who attended the fliers. His brother, Michael L. Kaplan of New York, made it available to PM.

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First Message Fails

We learned we were in a tiny village composed of two large and two small bamboo huts. There were about 40 natives here. They appeared to be of a mixed Chinese-Indian type, with slanted eyes and high cheek bones like the Chinese, but somewhat darker. They seemed to speak a Hindustani dialect. We had to depend on the sign language to express our desires.

On the second day, we sent a runner with a note, but he failed us and returned. On the third day, we sent out two notes with



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"Look, look, they're turning, they're turning."

They had found us. Our message had gone through.

Two chutes loaded with supplies were dropped from the plane. They contained shoes and stockings, food rations, blankets, rifles and ammunition, first aid kits, vitamins, cigarettes and matches, flares and flare guns, mosquito head nets, heavy flying boots, field jackets, written notes. One of the bundles had a Christmas card in it.

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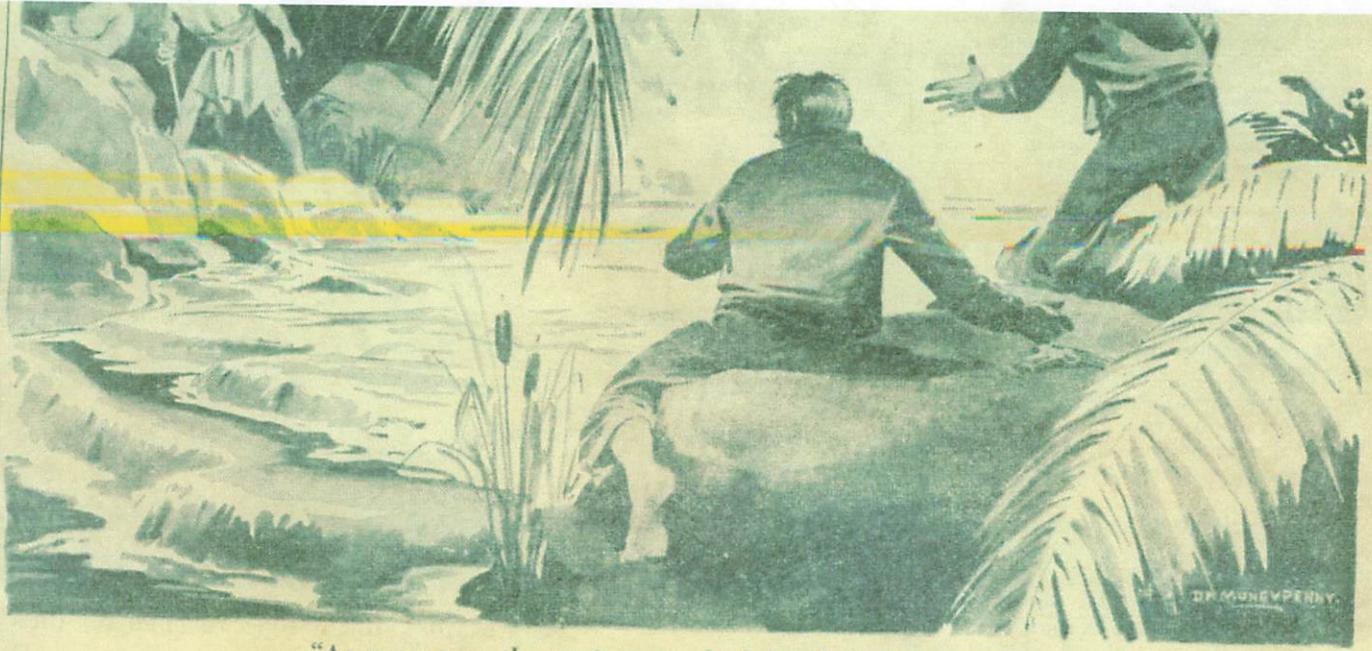
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In the meantime, we ate galore—rice and greens, bananas and a kind of root that tasted like a potato, a kind of melon and oranges.

The natives were very hospitable. About the fourth day of our stay in the village, they even built a little hut for us. The natives would come in and have "conversations" with us. We were quite successful in making them understand that we parachuted from an airplane. (They could see airplanes fly high overhead every day.) They were very interested in the whereabouts of our parachutes and plane. They thought, it seemed, we would be able to jump into an airplane if we had our chutes. If we could come down, why couldn't we go up?

We named our little house "Camp Will." "Camp" from Campanellos and "Will" from Williams.

Hear Transport Plane

On the morning of the eighth day of our stay at the village, we heard the roar of a low-flying transport plane. I called to the Lieutenant, and we both ran out, waving our arms to the airplane. The Lieutenant yelled:

"Look, look, they're turning, they're turning."

They had found us. Our message had gone through.

Two chutes loaded with supplies were dropped from the plane. They contained shoes and stockings, food rations, blankets, rifles and ammunition, first aid kits, vitamins, cigarettes and matches, flares and flare guns, mosquito head nets, heavy flying boots field jackets, written notes. One of the bundles had a Christmas card in it.

The following morning, the transport was

back again. This time accompanied by a little two-wing trainer (PT-17). We could not understand the presence of the trainer. We thought the trainer, as well as the transport, was just flying around out of curiosity. When the trainer cut his motor and disappeared behind the trees, we thought he had gone behind a mountain. Meanwhile, the natives were quite frightened by the two low flying airplanes. To calm them, we decided to return to our hut. We sat down and nonchalantly cleaned our rifles which we used earlier trying to get a deer.

White Man Walks In

As we sat in our hut, we heard a commotion outside, and through the door, I saw a white man in flying uniform walking through the village. I exclaimed to the Lieutenant and we both ran out to greet him. The instant we saw him we knew what had happened. He must have landed in a rice field.

We shook hands with Major Paul C. Droz, pilot of the trainer, and asked about Capt. Owens and our ship. We were happy to learn that the Captain had brought her in safely. Then Major Droz spoke of his trainer:

"I got her in all right, had to scare a few cows out of the way. Getting her out again is going to be the job. We might have to cut down a few trees. Let's go and give her a look."

The three of us with the entire village population trailing behind us in single file made our way to the rice field. Across the rice field was a small buffalo pasture where the plane had landed. The natives looked at the plane in wonder. They touched it and seemed to be amazed at this strange creature.

I remained at the plane to keep the natives away, while the Major and Lieutenant with some natives cleared away some brush. They paced the field to see if they would have to cut away any trees, and decided we might be able to make it.

The Major returned to the plane.

"Well," he said, "do you want to give it a whirl. You know, you had to walk the last time."

"O.K.," I replied surprised and scarcely believing it all. "Let's go."

As I was smaller and lighter than the Lieutenant, the Major decided to try me first.

We taxied to the far side of the field. After checking the "mags," the Major nosed the plane around and began racing the motor, with the brakes on. The tail went up, and as the RPM's increased, the plane began to shake and quiver. Then he let her go. We bumped and bounced over the ruts and weeds. We hit a big bump and left the ground. The Major handled her beautifully as she just cleared the trees. The Major returned for Lt. Williams in the afternoon and flew him out.

Farewell Feast

That afternoon the Lieutenant gave the natives most of what had been dropped us, plus some extra rations the Major brought along with a reward of one hundred silver rupees. The Lieutenant told me that after I left he returned with the natives to "Campwill" and had a farewell feast.

When I returned to the squadron, I was greeted by everyone from the CO down to the privates. I learned, then, that it was Capt. Vernon C. Johnson who located us in the first transport; that the village was less than 100 flying miles from our field in northern Burma, that the name "Tarang Khu" was not charted, but the "Tarang" gave an idea of the location, that the runner Salong Lot had reached a Gurka camp from where our message was transmitted to our squadron. I also learned that it was Dec. 10, and that we had been missing for 23 days.

That evening after the Lieutenant arrived, the doctor sent us to a nearby hospital to recuperate and prepare for a 30-day leave of absence. On the way to the hospital, the Lieutenant remarked:

"I'll never become bored with life."

U.S. AIRMEN, GIVEN UP AS LOST, ARE RESCUED FROM BURMA, INDIA JUNGLES

By PRESTON GROVER,
Associated Press War Correspondent.

The triple-rescue of a trio of American airmen from jungles in Burma and India was accomplished recently right out from under the eyes of the Japanese.

Those rescued were Capt. Wynn D. Miller, Lieut. Cecil Williams and Corp. Matt Campanella.

Williams and Campanella had been missing since Nov. 17, when they were forced to bail out of a plane which was later saved. They had been given up for lost. Both of their parachutes caught in trees and Campanella was knocked unconscious and was not fully recovered when rescued.

For 12 days, while these two men lived on wild lemons and berries, they were unable to catch fish, shoot game or find a village. While crossing a stream, Campanella was nearly drowned because of weakness and his dazed condition and was saved by Williams.

Ultimately, they reached a village, from which a friendly runner brought the news to an American air base in north-east India. Immediately a plane circled the spot and located the men. Then Maj. Paul C. Droz,

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MORE ON ESCAPE

(Continued from page 1, col. 2.)
a pursuit pilot, landed a small trainer plane in a nearby field. He first picked up Campanella because he was the lighter in weight. Droz gave an axe to villagers who enlarged the field so that he was enabled to take off with Williams on the second trip.

Capt. Miller, who was compelled to bail out by a gas shortage while accompanying bombers over Mandalay, Dec. 12, was rescued by the British. A brief message said that he was located by a British patrol deep in Burma.

The condition of Williams and Campanella was made especially acute because the shoes of both men had been flipped off by whiplash when their parachutes opened, compelling them to tramp barefoot through mountainous jungles—hand-in-hand on account of Campanella's condition. Both men had lost weight and were sent to a hospital.

The plane in which Droz made the rescue was compelled to take off from a 300-yard field, full of water buffaloes and had to circle to a 3,000-foot elevation to get out of the box-like canyon where the men were found.

Dec. 15, 1942
India

Dear Joe and Annie,

Here I am at last! You have probably heard about my narrow escape in the jungles of Northern Burma by now. I wrote Mom a superficial letter about it yesterday and undoubtedly she must of told you about it. I told Mom I'd write you amore detailed account which I'll bet you are dying to read. The reason I did not write it home is because I don't know just how they are taking all of this. Being there personally you can tell them just about what you think they can take. Well, here it is:

It all began the evening of my twentieth birthday, on our return trip over the "hump", (is that familiar to you?) We ran into severe icing conditions and fog. The pilot lost his way. We were unable to pick up the homing Radio Beacon despite the fact that we were in constant contact with them on the Liason Set.

Ice was flying off the props. You could hear it hit the sides of the plane, we were losing altitude, we had run out of oxygen, and things in general looked dark for the plane. Then it came: the pilot ordered the co-pilot and myself to bail out. He would stick to the ship. We wanted to stick also, but he said, "Get out, get going." The co-pilot asked him if it was a "request or an order". "It's an order", the answer came.

Hurriedly we put our chutes on. I grabbed my .45 pistol, flashlight, a unit of "K" rations, my wanten, etc. While I was putting my chute on the co-pilot (Lt. C. D. Williams), took the mike and radioed in that we were bailing out. He told them that we had been ordered to bail out, that the pilot would stick to the ship, that he was at 16000 feet and was going to let to the South west. That done and our chutes on and set we scurried to the back of the ship, to the door. We fumbled with the doors for a while and finally managed to get one opened. Now the moment came.

The Lt. and myself interlinked our arms (something like a man and woman walking down the street), so we would both leave the plane at the same moment. Then out we went. I had no sooner left the ship when I was hit either by the door swinging or by the horizontal stabilizer. We think the door is most logical. And was knocked out cold. How my chute opened I'll never know. We believe that since the arm that was interlinked with the Lt. was the one that was on the rip cord as we pulled apart, that must of pulled my arm and pulled the rip cord. The other possibility is that as I hit, the shock made me jerk my arms out which in so doing, pulled my rip cord. Anyway, I'll never know exactly.

I never came out of it till I was on the ground. At one time on the way down, I very hazily seem to have come out of it for about 30 seconds, and was sort of rocked back into it again. The co-pilot tells me all that took place. We both landed in a tree, and as fate would have it the same tree. About 70-75 feet high. Still dazed, I unbuckled my chute and stepped out. Plunk! I fall to the ground where I lay moaning. The Lt. was worried stiff. He didn't know if I had a broken leg, a broken back, a fractured skull or what. Finally I came thru with him calling me, Campanella, Campanella, are you all right?" "Yes, yes, I am all right. How are you? Where are you?" I replied. My legs were bruised and my body was a little sore but that was all. No broken bones. "I'm O.K. I'm up here in the tree", the Lt. said.

He gave me a little idea of what had happened from up in the tree and went more into detail when he got down. At first, he was going to spend

the night up in the tree and climb down in the morning. But he changed his mind and finally got down after about two hours of nerve racking and breath taking creeping and sliding.

When he got down we managed to build a little fire with the matches he had gotten from his parachute kit. I never got to mine as I fell out. We spent the night there awaiting the morning.

In the morning, we gathered up and took stock of what we had. Much of it had been lost when we bailed out. The Lt. had lost his flying boots and was without shoes. He had also lost his 45. I lost one flying boot and had one, but I had shoes underneath. I gave him the one flying boot for one foot and on the other he wore a leather glove, which he had happened to have and which he cut to sort of fit the bottom of his foot. I had also lost my 45, flashlight and canteen, but luck was with us again and I refound them at the foot of the tree. The Lt. had also gotten some articles out of the parachute kit. Altogether here is what we had: About a dozen matches, quinine pills, a little bottle of iodine, fish line and hooks, a compass, two flashlights, a jungle knife (machete), a canteen, three units of "D" rations (concentrated chocolate) and a 45 pistol with seven rounds.

We could hear a stream nearby so we made for it. When we got to it we decided that the best thing to do would be to follow it wherever it would take us. At the same time, the stream would furnish us drinking water. We put one drop of iodine in every canteen of water to kill any germs. When the iodine ran out we drank the water as it was from the stream. So we started out following the stream and at the same time going down. The co-pilot had reckoned that we were still about 12000 feet up, considering the altitude we bailed out at and the amount of time we dropped.

The first night we spent in a little rock bound clearing next to the stream. Things were so damp and moist that we wasted about six matches trying to start a fire which we never got. So that night Lt. and myself slept by huddling together and covering ourselves with leaves. It is useless to say that we didn't get much sleep, not to mention the chills that were running up and down our backs.

The following day we still continued to follow the stream down,, jumping from boulder to boulder, wading when necessary, etc. Our chocolate was getting low. That night we were without fire and slept in beds made from tree boughs and leaves. Once again the chills danced merrily up and down our backs while we tried our best at getting a wink of sleep. For a couple of the following nights we had a fire. Then our matches ran out and we were without a fire for the rest of our time in the jungle.

After about the second or third day we began losing track of the days and as I look back they all seem to blend together into one long nightmare. I'll tell you some of the high spots.

After a few days we came out on a larger stream, a little mountain river. It had all those rocks and boulders and rapids in it, etc. We still kept following the river though, hoping to get to the valley and civilization. But our hopes gradually waned as the days went by and no signs of civilization.

About three days after the jump, we happened to come to a spot with little fish swimming around in schools. They were too small to use the fish hooks on, so we used our 45. I shot one shot at them and we were rewarded by a fish. Quickly. I cut his head and tail offcut out his

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entrails and cut him in half. Handed the Lt. half and I took the other half and gobbled it down raw.

One morning about four days after the jump, we had just gotten up, we spotted three deer very nonchalantly wading the river. Right away, I made for the 45 and loaded it. Got around a big log and waited as the deer got closer and closer. When I thought they were close enough, Bang! I let them have it. Surprising enough, they just stopped and looked around and wondered. They didn't even run away. It was probably the first shot they had ever heard. I crept up a little closer and kept shooting. Finally, I hit one. He kicked his hind feet in the air and off they took. As they were running away, I emptied the rest of my 45 at them, but with no avail. Now we were with no protection in addition to no food. (The chocolate had run out.)

For the preceding couple of days we had supplemented our chocolate with a few wild and wormy lemons we had found. At one time I ate grass growing between the rocks. But now the chocolate was all gone and also the ammunition. We were left to the mercy of God for both food and protection.

As it turned out we lived mostly on those wild lemons. Bitter and sour as they may be, they saved our lives. In addition to the lemons, we found some wild berries and fruit. Also, one time we tried eating wild bamboo shoots. Another time we found a spot covered with some kind of a nut which we ate very heartily. We ate so many lemons (they were the most plentiful) that our lips got chapped and sore and at one time mine were even bleeding. Whenever we ate them our eyes would tear and our noses would run and what not.

One day I'd say about four days out, we came to a spot in the river which was bound by unpassable cliffs on both sides. I tried wading to the bank diagonal across from us but discovered it was over our heads. We would have to swim. We took all our clothes off and tied them to a log and on top of them I slung my shoes. (A mistake for which I suffered very severely). We got into the ice cold water and began our swim across the stream. When we got about mid-stream, the clothes on the log having gotten soakin wet, the log rolled over and my shoes went to the bottom. I made a grab for them but it was useless. There I was now, as bare footed as can be. When we got to the other bank we lay ourselves and our clothes out in the sun to dry. A few days later, the Lt. lost the flying boot I had given him when he fell in as we were making our way around a narrow and ragged ledge.

We were both bare footed now. Little by little the hardships became unbearable and more unbearable. Walking over and around ragged and jagged rocks and cliffs, walking over spots covered with chestnut like burrs, walking in the jungles, etc. with bare feet can best be described by one word "HORRIBLE". We got so that we had to have a walking stick to help us. Also our progress became slower and slower as the days went by and our strength waned and our feet became more sore. Our clothes were getting ragged and full of briars. One day I used a fish hook and fish line to sew a hole in my pants leg above the knee. Our beards were also getting long and we began to look like hermits.

Finally, one morning before starting out after what seemed like days and days of walking, we got down on our knees and prayed to Almighty God that this day we would see people and civilization of some sort. We had prayed and given thanks many times before this, our every footstep was a prayer, but never had we gotten down on our knees till this day.

Sure enough, that evening towards dusk, we were picked up by four of the most savage looking natives. We indicated to them with our hands and mouth that we were hungry and starving and they gave us each a ball of rice, about the size of a softball and wrapped in big green leaves, to eat. And we really dug in.

Earlier in the day we had seen two people, the first since we jumped. We beckoned and yelled to them. They waited until we got close then they took off in the bush, dashing all our hopes to pieces. We later deduced that the two persons we saw belonged to the same village of natives that picked us up. That being afraid of us, they had gone into the village for more help and come back later looking for us.

Anyway, after eating the rice and showing them a few of the trinkets we had, compass, knife, etc. we started out for the village. You could have knocked me over with a feather when one of the natives motioned to the other and came out with a flashlight. They used it to light up the way over the rocks, and a good thing to, as the approximate mile to their village proved to be an ordeal. The natives just walked and jumped and stepped over this rugged rock like nothing while we moaned and groaned. They practically carried the Lt. most of the way, leading him by the hand. His feet were worse than mine.

At the village, they gave us more to eat, more rice, bananas, etc., a place to sleep, built us a fire and really treated us very hospitable. We threw ourselves on the floor and all we did for a couple of days was to eat and rest. We were so weak we could hardly go outside for any sunshine or to let nature take its course. All during this time, the natives would come in and go out looking at us, trying to talk to us by means of signs etc. They were more curious than anything else. Anyway, our hopes brightened up now. At least, we had food and a fire which we did not have in the jungle.

None of them could speak English. They spoke some dialect and also some Hindustani. So we had to revert to the good old sign language to express our wants and desires. We finally managed to get three of them to take two notes for help anywhere to civilization. (Two notes because a runner sent the previous day with a note had failed us and returned. So we wrote another one and sent two notes.) We also sent Lt. Williams Air Corps wrist band. At the same time we were eating galore, rice, some kind of greens, bananas, some kind of root that tasted like a potatoe, some kind of melon, oranges etc.

After being there a couple of days, one morning there was a lot of hustling and bustling outside. Later one of the natives beckoned to us and the Lt. went out to see what he wanted. To our amazement they had built us a little house to live in. Right away they moved us in, built us a fire etc. Now all we did was eat, sleep and hope that our message would get through. We also began to keep track of the number of days we had been in the village by cutting notches in the Lt.'s walking stick. Also, we named the little house "Camp Will". (Camp from Campanella and Will from Williams)

In the late morning, near to noon time of the seventh day of our stay at the village, I was attracted out of our hut by the sound of motors of a low flying transport plane. Right away I began waving my arms and called out to the Lt. who came out and did likewise. Then came those unforgettable words, The Lt. yelled, "Look! look! they're turning, they're turning". We had been found. When the plane turned around we got a view of the other side. The door was off. They were going to drop us something. Our message had gotten through.

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After circling around a few times, the plane went out a little way and began an approach. It came flying right over the tree tops. Out came a chute. The minute I saw it I made a dash for where it was landing with a few of the natives following me. I knew it contained supplies, food, etc. At the same time the plane circled around and making another approach dropped a second chute, which the Lt. went after.

In the bundles attached to the chutes, we found practically everything. shoes, and stockings, food rations, blankets, rifles and ammunition, first aid kits, cigarettes and matches, flares and flare guns, mosquito head nets heavy flying boots, field jackets and etc. One of the bundles had a Christmas Card in it signed "The Fighting Thirteenth". The bundles were so heavy that I could hardly budge them. I had the natives carry them.

The following morning the transport was back again. This time it was accompanied by a little two wing trainer (PT-17). While circling around on the previous day, the transport had spotted a little clearing a pasture for water buffaloes. about half a mile from the village and next to a rice field, where they believed they might bring in a small plane and fly us out. Now they were here to try it.

We saw the trainer and tried to figure out what he could possibly want. At first we thought he as well as the transport were just flying around out of curiosity, so when the trainer cut his motors and disappeared behind the trees, we didn't think much of it except that he must have gotten behind a mountain and his engine noise faded out. I suggested to the Lt. that he might have landed in the rice field (we did not know of the little pasture beyond the rice field), but he replied that to bring a plane down in that rice field would be crazy. It would be impossible to fly it out with all that rice. The natives were frightened stiff, with all those low flying planes thinking they were Japanese and were going to drop bombs. So in an effort to calm them, we returned to our hut and nonchalantly began cleaning our rifles. (We had been out shooting them earlier in the morning). (Tried shooting a deer but didn't get it.)

As we sat there in our hut, we heard some more hustling and bustling outside, and thru the door of our hut I saw a white man in flying uniform walking thru the village. I exclaimed to the Lt. about it and we both ran out and greeted him. The instant we saw him, we knew what had happened. He must have landed in the rice field. But he would never be able to fly out. Where they going to salvage the plane, or what?

A little talking with Major Drex (pilot of the trainer) began clearing things up. "I got her in all right," he remarked. "Had to scare a few of the cows out of the way. Getting her out again is going to be the job. We might have to cut a few trees down. Let's go have her a look". The three of us together with the whole village trailing behind us in single file made our way thru the short tract of jungle to the rice field, to the little buffaloes pasture on the other side. Were the natives amazed when they saw the plane. They touched it, and felt it, and looked at it and were just amazed.

I remained at the plane to keep the natives away, while the Major and Lt. with some of the natives went over to clear away some of the brush, etc. They paced the field to see if they would have to cut any trees and decided we might be able to make it without cutting any trees.

Finally, I saw the Major returning to the plane. I jumped to the ground. "Well, do you want to give it a whirl", he addressed me. "You know you had to walk the last time". "O.K.", I replied, in a half surprise

and half amazed tone. "Lets go". being smaller and lighter than the Lt. the Major had decided to try it with me first, coming back for the Lt. later if we made it.

We got in the plane, put our chutes on, buckled ourselves in, the motor was running, and when all was set, we taxied to the far side of the field. After checking the Mags, he noised it around facing down the field and began running up the motor. Soon the tail went up, next as the Rpm's went up the plane began to shake and quiver, then he let her go. Bump, bump, bump, bump, over the ruts and weeds we went. I kept one eye on the air speed indicator and the other on the trees. Then we hit a big bump and we were up in the air. The trees grew closer and closer as the air speed picked up very gradually. Very easily and very dixerously, the Major eased it back and the plane slowly rose higher and higher. You can imagine how relieved and happy I was when we cleared the trees by about a foot. All was safe now. In about forty five minutes, I'd be back to the air base and at my old outfit. The Major returned for Lt. Williams later in the afternoon who was narrowly but safely flown out.

The Lt. gave the natives most of the stuff that had been dropped us plus some rations the Major had brought up and a reward of 100 rupees which the Major also brought up. The Lt. tells me that after I left they returned to "Camp Will", and had a sort of a feast. He had all the natives opening ration cans and cooking them, giving them blankets and the stuff that had been dropped us, giving the reward, etc.

When I returned to the Squadron, I was greeted by all kinds of Officers and enlisted men, from the Colonel down to the Privates. Asking me questions curiously staring at my long beard and tattered clothing, etc. That evening after the Lt. got in and looked over by the doctor, we were flown to a nearby hospital to recuperate and take it easy.

Well, there you have it. The account is far from complete, but if you try using yours imagination and from what I've told you, you will undoubtedly get a little idea of what it was like. At the hospital they took several pictures of our beards and tattered (jungle) clothing and us. As soon as I get hold of some I'll drop you one.

As I said before, I bailed out on my birthday. We were picked up by the natives the evening of Dec. 2. We were found by low flying planes on Dec. 9th, and Dec. 10th. we were flown back to our base. You asked how I spent Thanksgiving. From what I've told you, I'll give you one guess.

The day I got back they gave me a whole stack of mail among which were all your letters and birthday cards. Thanks for the money and the stamps. Also, thank Jeannie. The first chance I get, soon I hope, I'll write you another letter in response to all those you wrote. I also received a Hamonton News in the stack of mail. The first "news", since I left the states. It was dated July 31st. so I didn't even bother to read it.

While I was in the hospital, Warren Harding was over to see me. It was the first time I've seen him since I've been here. He heard about me and since he happens to live near the hospital he came over to see me.

Let me know if you had been notified back there. Officially, we were still "missing inaction". However, from talking with the boys, most of them had given us up. They told us about all the looking and searching they had done with no avail. They also told us about, and later I saw where our names had been added to a list entitled "IN MEMORIAM". It contained the names of all the fellows that had been lost before us, and

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at the bottom were the names, 2nd. Lt. Cecil D. Williams, Cpl. Matthew J. Campanella. Comforting, isn't it? It might interest you to know that I was the only enlisted man on the list. The others were all officers.

All in all, the experience was horrible. I don't wish it on anybody not even a Jap or a German. If we have to fight them, let's fight them other ways but not that. Also, I firmly believe that we could never have gotten out alive unless we had the grace and will of God with us which we undoubtedly had.

I am fine and getting along O.K. now. Hope the same of you. I have been promised and practically sure of getting a furlough to Calcutta. Not bad, eh? But I wonder sometimes. Will write you another letter soon. Please pardon all the typing mistakes and misspelling, etc. As I am writing this letter in more or less of a hurry.

Best regards to you both and to Jeannie.

Matt.

P.S. The plane got in safe after all.

May 20, 1943
Sookerating, India

Following is a statement of events from the time I took off in Kunming, China on plane number 17797 to the time I bailed out en route to Sookerating, India on November 17, 1942.

We took off in Kunming at approximately 2:10 PM. Nothing unusual happened the first part of the flight. At about 4:25 PM, I got the weather from NRØ (Chabua). Everything was going along fine.

The first indication I had that all was not right was when the pilot asked me to call NRØ and ask for the D/F, which I did. From my position, I could see him trying to tune it in, but he was unable to pick it up, even though we had been flying for better than three hours now.

He (the pilot) called me up to the cockpit again and told me to ask NRØ if they could take a bearing on us. I called NRØ and the reply came that they could not take a bearing on us.

A little while later, the pilot asked me to radio in that we had found a hole in the overcast and that we were coming down and to have them shoot up flares. I did that; and NRØ further notified us that flares were being fired at Mohan Bari and Sookerating.

In the meantime, we were picking up ice. The windshield in the cockpit was covered with ice; and it could also be heard hitting the sides of the fuselage as it flew off the props.

Again, a little while later, and the pilot called me up to the cockpit. He said to radio in that ^{we} were unable to see the flares or to pick up the D/F, that we were at 17,000 feet and were going to let down to the southwest. I returned to my position and did as he requested.

A few moments later, the co-pilot (2nd Lt. C.D. Williams) tapped me on the shoulder and told me to put on my 'chute'; that we were bailing out. "Bailing out!", I exclaimed. He reaffirmed his statement. He also took the mike and asked NRØ, for a last time, if they could take a bearing on us. The reply was that they could not. He further radioed that we (the co-pilot and the radio operator) were bailing out by order of the pilot, and that the pilot was sticking to the ship and letting down to the southwest.

While getting into our 'chutes, the co-pilot hurriedly explained that there did not seem to be any hope, that we were lost, that we were icing up very badly and were losing altitude and might be hitting a mountain top any minute, that we had run out of oxygen. We could also hear that the sound of the ice hitting the fuselage had become more severe.

One time as we were filling our pockets with the odds and ends we could grab in a hurry and at the same time put on our 'chutes, the pilot turned and exclaimed to us to hurry up, get out, and get going. And in the light from the dome light, you could see that his face was a pale white. The co-pilot

further explained that he had asked the pilot while in the cockpit if we could stay also, that we would rather stay with the ship than jump; but he said no. He said that he was ordering us out; but that he would have to stay with the Chinese passengers who had no 'chutes.

Our 'chutes on and set, we opened the cabin door and dashed back towards the tail door. It was pretty dark and the cabin lights were out, so consequently I could not get an exact picture of the Chinese passengers. However, I do remember that they gave out with a sort of frightened exclamation when they saw us come through and they all huddled together up toward the front of the cabin. Evidently, they must of surmised that something was fundamentally wrong when they saw us trying to get the door open and we had our 'chutes on; but they kept away from us and did not hinder us in anyway. The co-pilot observed at one time that the officer in charge of them was trying to calm them down. I was busy with the door and in a hurry to get it opened that I only noticed it through the corner of my eye.

While I was trying to unscrew the parachute exit panel from the door the co-pilot managed to get the extension door opened. As neither of us had jumped before, we had decided to jump together. We interlocked arms, got set, and left the airplane together through the extension door. I reckon that the time we left the plane was in the vicinity of 6:30 PM.

I certify that the aforesaid is a true and correct account of events.

MATTHEW J. CAMPANELLA,
Sgt. ASN 12010706,
13th Sqdn., 1st Ferrying Gp.

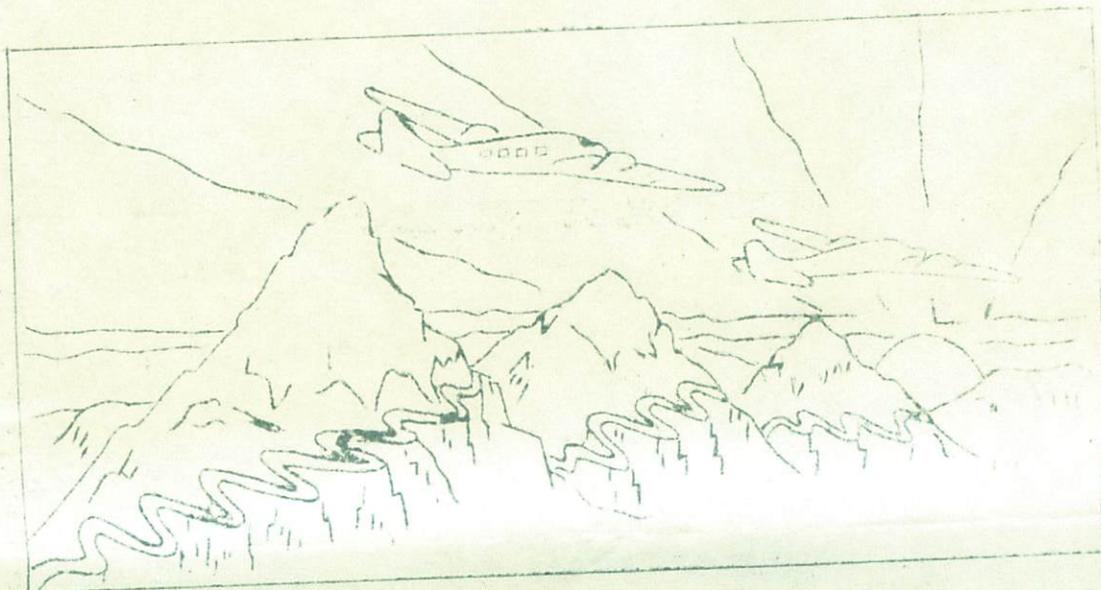
Williams and Campanello:

Dec 9, 1942

Sgt. Swanson and twenty
Ghurka soldiers left this morning
with the runner you sent. They have
supplies and will bring you out.

Glad to hear you are still with
us.

Vernon E. Johnson
Capt. A.C. 13th Sq.



THIS FOLDER IS DEDICATED TO THE BOYS
GONE WEST AND MISSING IN ACTION ~

IN CONSTANT MEMORIAM

Capt. Curtis E. Caton

Capt. Harold J. Folkers

1st. Lt. George Hadley

1st. Lt. John R. Teltie Jr

2nd. Lt. Joseph S. Martinelli

2nd Lt. Cecil D. Williams

Corp. Mathew J. Camponella



Matt receives the Distinguished Flying Cross
Karachi Air Base, India Oct. 5, 1943

(G)(KAR-KAB)(5OCT'43-10:30X6)(MEDAL PRESENTATION)(7)



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Clark and Gary at National Museum of the United States Air Force, May 2016

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