**GEORGE R. LADD**

Brick Location: C3

In the early part of 1942, I was sent to New Orleans to board a ship to lord knows where. As we were going up the gangplank, we were issued a rubber or plastic life jacket and told not to take it off or pull the chain that would blow it up. After 5 days in waters infested with German submarines, we landed in Panama City, Panama. Ahead of me was Harry Banks, who wanted to catch his chain in a fence and see the jacket blow up. He did and nothing happened. It seems the manufacturer forgot to put the CO2 cartridge in the holder. Oh well, 200 soldiers made it safe.

I spent the next 2-1/2 years there as a crew chief on several radar stations out in the jungle before I came home to Seattle where I tracked Japanese balloons that were starting fires all over the west coast.

Submitted by:

George R. Ladd

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