

Meyers, Henry

## Joined Merchant Marine At 17—Now Wants to Fight

Feb 26 1944

After an absence of more than a year, most of which was packed with thrills, Henry Meyers, of 317 East Fifth Street, is back home, but not for long—he says.

He is 18 years of age now, and is more than six feet in height. He can talk fight because he must register for selective service. He wants to join the U. S. Marine Corps, and—who knows.

When Henry was 17 years of age he felt the call of the sea, but being of tender years, he was unable to get by the recruiting officers. That little thing was no deterrant. A brother of his is now "somewhere in the combat areas", but his birth certificate was at home. That was sufficient.

Armed with the legal document, so the story goes, Henry left for Philadelphia and had those in charge of one of the maritime offices look the paper over. They also sized up the young and healthy looking lad and there was nothing left to do but sign him up.

It was not long ago that a con-

voy left an Atlantic port. Henry was a member of the crew of one of the boats, loaded with essential war materials. The convoy's destination was Murmansk, Russia.

In relating some of his experiences to a close friend, Henry stated that the trip was uneventful. He witnessed some thrilling scraps with subs, he saw some of them go to the bottom, and he saw some of the convoy taking it on the chin.

The boat he was on, as well as most of the others that comprised the convoy, reached their destination, and for nine months he lived at or near a port fringing the Arctic Circle.

On the return trip, Henry declared that he heard loud booming of guns when he was a short distance away from port, and it was not until some time later that he learned of the death of Hitler's pocket battleship, Scharnhorst, that was lying in wait for convoys. Guns from an English warship found their mark.

That is all over now and Henry wants new adventure. He wants to be a Fighting Marine.

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