Daniel A. Guy

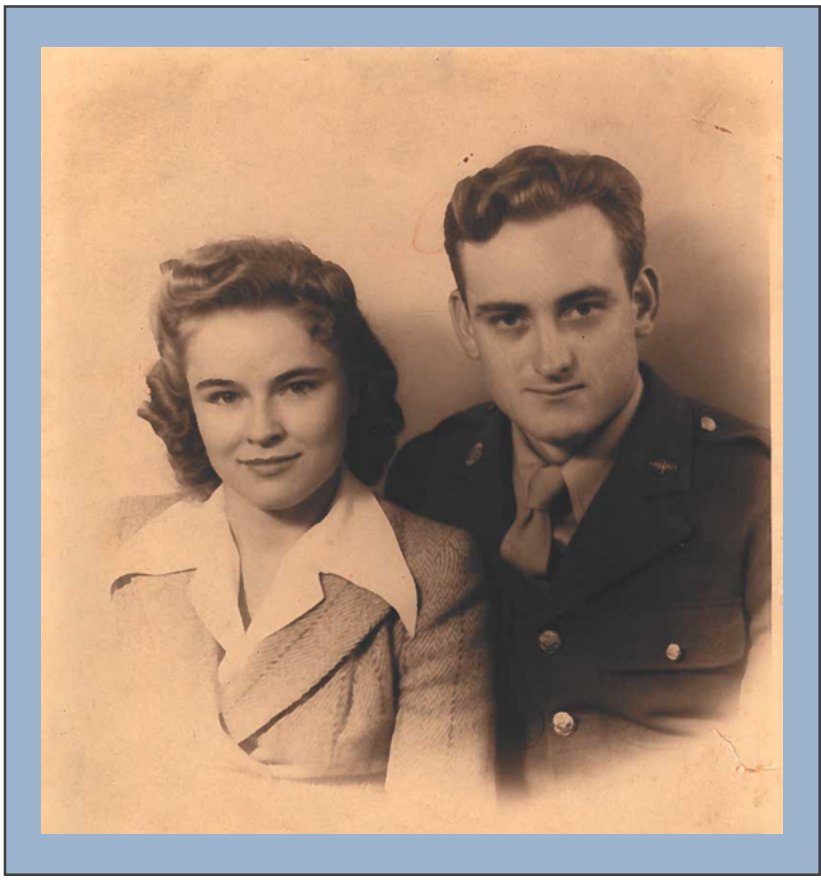
Sgt, US Army Air Force, 1942-1946

CONTRIBUTED BY: PHILIP GUY, SON

My father, Daniel A. Guy, was born on June 17, 1921 in Tallassee, Alabama. Dad served over 3 years in the Army Air Corp, from December 1942 to January 1946. I, Philip W. Guy, am Dad's youngest son. With the help of my 2 older brothers and younger sister, we ordered a commemorative brick for Dad this year. While recognizing that every veteran is a hero, and every veteran's story is important and relevant, we always felt that Dad's story is truly unique. We are so pleased to have this opportunity to share it with everyone.

Before and after entering the Army Air Corp, his primary job was an airplane engine mechanic, and he spent a lot of time in Mobile and Cincinnati. A lot of his initial overseas time was in Australia. This story began in the springtime of the year 1945. Dad was recovering from injuries he had sustained in a campfire accident in New Guinea. He was now stationed at an airbase in Manila, Philippines. During this recovery time, he would often hang out around the Communications Center for the Far East Air Service Command in Manila, as he was always interested in electronics and communications. A Sgt Kinkaid had noticed Dad hanging out around the facility, and one day he asked Dad, "Sargent, what are you scheduled to do?" Dad replied, "I'm supposed to go to Okinawa in a few days as my recovery period is ending." Sgt Kincaid told Dad that the projectionist and sound man at that facility had gone back home on a 30-day furlough and might not have to come back, as the war was coming to an end. He then asked Dad if he could run a movie projector and a sound system, to which Dad replied that he could indeed. Sgt. Kincaid then said, "If I could get you stationed here, then you wouldn't have to go to Okinawa. Would you like to do that?" Dad exclaimed, "I sure would!"

Soon after that, they got into the Sargent's jeep and drove about half a mile to the outdoor theater. At that time, the screen was a "big ole' board stretched between 2 telephone poles." The projection booth was a 6' square building. Dad remembered that the movie projector was a Bell and Howell 16 MM, but he could not remember the sound system details. Dad proved to the Sarge that he could operate what we would now call the audio and video systems. Sgt Kincaid kept his promise, and Dad was transferred to the Manila Communications office. (Cont'd on following page.)



Pictured: Daniel and Wife, Cora

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The war in Europe had ended in July 1945 with the surrender of Germany. On August 6, 1945, the U.S. detonated the first nuclear weapon over Hiroshima, Japan. Soon after that, but before the second bomb was dropped on Nagasaki, Dad was asked to show a film inside a secured meeting room to an audience of several high-ranking Generals and Admirals, which he later realized included General Douglas McArthur. After the film began, he soon realized that this was the first showing of the film from the Enola Gay, taken by the crew of the Enola Gay at the Hiroshima bombing. These 'Top Brass' were viewing the video to help decide what the next course of action would be. That action would be the bombing of Nagasaki. Dad said that after that, he looked back and in his words, "felt that was really something for me to be there with all the generals - to run the film, and see it for the first time, at the same time they did. Lil Ole Me had reached a milestone in my life, and I was indeed privileged to be a part of history." He repeated, "I declare, that was really a milestone in my life."

Dad went on to help run the sound with some of the visiting entertainers that would come to Manila to cheer on the troops. He remembered setting the stage for Patti Page, Peggy Lee, and others. When his departure time came close, he remembered being called into the office of a Colonel Jacks. The Colonel said, "Sargent, it's about time for you to go home. You can go home for about 2 or 3 weeks, get your wife and bring her back over here, if you want to, and you can get another stripe." Dad replied, "Well, I appreciate that offer, but I'm about ready to go home and get back into civilian life. That would be quite a trip to come back here, and that's a good offer, but I don't think so."

Dad came back home, and he and Mom lived a good life. They had 3 sons and 1 daughter. They were married for 64 years (Married to Cora Brady Guy). Dad retired from the VA as an X-ray technician, and even worked at Faulkner University for several years. Mom lived to be 81, and Dad lived to 93. They are buried at Greenwood Cemetery, along with most of my aunts and uncles. Incidentally, both sides of my grandparents are buried about 50 feet from the Hank Williams memorial at Oakwood Cemetery. In his youth, Dad's father owned Home Coal and Ice Company, and I remembered Dad would talk about how he would sometimes deliver to the Williams' home, also a boarding house, and see Hank sitting in the upstairs window playing his guitar. Life can certainly have its share of twists and turns, and only our Heavenly Father knows how these will turn out. May God bless all of those who have served our country so faithfully and continue to do so every day.

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