



Armorer's Diary
My Life in the Service
The Diary of
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772nd Bomb Squadron
463rd Bomb Group

In starting the lines about to follow, I must apologize for being unable to give a more detailed account of the events that have occurred to me from the

time I left Atlantic City's swank hotels for the open plains and snow covered peaks of the "Rockies".

Buckley Field and its armament school was enough to try men's souls, with their rigid discipline, heartbreaking obstacle courses, and the fleeting nightmares of mathematics. Afraid of being left behind, I struggled through, and my army career thus began in earnest.

The great replacement center at Salt Lake City, Utah was my home for three brief and hectic days. Records checked over and over. More "shots" to grumble about. Excellent meals.

The powers that be put me aboard a train for Sioux City, Iowa, and I headed east into the great unknown future.

After an interview with Capt. Konald (then Lt.), C.O. of the 906th Guard Squadron, it was decided that I be placed in charge of the Squadron's arsenal; a duty I performed to the best of my ability for one year.

Nothing unusual occurred at this base to make any significant changes in my life.

I made many friends during my year at Sioux City, and for several months I was quite content to let the world slide by as it was, and have others create new history by their valiant efforts on the battlefronts that covered the globe.

The life of comparative ease however, began to pall and a desire to take a more active part in the war slowly began to form. Once started, the desire grew like Jack's beanstalk, and soon I was haunting the doorstep of every officer in camp whom I thought could help push me overseas into a new and active arena.

Finally, after a few false starts, the great day arrived, and I found myself aboard a train heading for the sunny south, and the great B17 base at MacDill Field, Tampa, Florida.

As an armorer in the 772nd Bomb Squadron, I was doing the work I had painfully schooled for, and I was contented knowing that when our training there was completed, our trip across the Pond wasn't far away.

New Year's Day found us crowded into trucks, and headed for Lakeland, thirty miles away, where the finishing touches were given to our combat training.

Early one morning about the first of February, we marched with full packs to the train that would carry us to our jumping off place, which turned out to be Camp Patrick Henry, Va. Here in the cold dampness and rain, we spent several days out of touch with the world at large, and waited impatiently for the word that would send us out of the States, destination unknown.

The morning broke cold and dreary, but our hopes were high as the last train ride in the states carried us to the choppy waters of Hampton Roads, and the liberty ship "William B. Cushing" that was to be our home for the next month.

Feb 13th, 1944. Cold and raw, and as we neared the gangplank, we turned our heads back over the land thru which we had just passed. The "gangplank fears" I'd often wondered about were definitely missing. Perhaps it was because I was too busy struggling with my gear to think about anything else. Gun, gas mask, heavy barracks bag, all doing their best to wear me out before I'd even started. Rood! Charles E., sir! , and I was checked off as I stepped over the rail, and followed the line of men disappearing into the depths of the ship to the hold below. Three hundred men to sleep on bunks side by side, five tiers high, and for awhile the hold was bedlam!

For the next twenty eight days we tossed and rolled all over the South Atlantic, with ninety nine ships like our own for company, each trying to outroll the others. “Sub” warnings and aircraft warnings were plentiful, tho’ we had no trouble with either until we entered the Mediterranean. Early one morning, after the usual stormy night, a sub or subs found easy targets in the two ships directly behind us. One made the African shore under her own power, while the other continued on her way after repairs were made.

A days stop in the beautiful harbor of Augusta, Sicily, while our convoy was broken up. A day of gay barter with the colorful boatmen. Mt. Etna was a beautiful sight to behold in fleecy clouds and dazzling sunshine, and for this view alone I thought the voyage worthwhile.

Up anchor, and with four other ships, we ran the gauntlet to the port of Taranto, reaching there at dusk, and later in the evening, thrilling to the flashes of fire in the sky that told us that the action was not far away.

Early next morning, we crowded into a small ferry that appeared as tho’ she would founder at any moment, and churned to shore a mile or so away. Terra Firma once more, and eyes agog at the strange faces and war shattered buildings.

This was our introduction to sunny Italy. Dingy streets, filthy children with tattered rags for clothes. Boys of five and six years clamoring for a smoke, and inhaling them like veterans.

Smashed and torn, the houses were desolate and pitiable, and we were glad that we had come four thousand miles to punish the ones who were guilty of such evils.

Marching away through the streets of Taranto, kids hanging onto your pack, and their never ending chant of “cigaretta Joe”? To the outskirts of town, and into the fresher, cleaner air of the open fields and orchards.

Billeted at night in the bare, bedraggled rooms of what once had been charming homes. Sleep at night on the marble floors that felt like feather beds to our tired bones.

A visit to the beautiful cemetery, where the monuments to the dead were works of art unlike any I've ever seen before. Guided by a tiny lad who shed quiet tears as we stood before the shell torn ruins of his family's plot.

Another train, wheezing along at a merry pace through the beautiful fields and orchards; past the ruins of ancient cities and vacant "pill boxes", grim reminders that war had passed this way.

Stopping at Bari and other places, gazing out of our open windows at the passing throngs, trying to talk to some fair señoritas, clumsily thumbing the pages of our Italian guide books and getting lost in the process.

Leaving the train at Barletta in the dead of night, to climb aboard the trucks that were to take us to our final destination; a huge convoy, speeding along in the night with headlights blazing; thirty miles, or was it the three hundred that it had seemed? Stopping at last in an open field; cold, weary, and our beds the breast of Mother Earth.

Our sleep was broken early the next morning by a deluge of cold rain, and in no time at all, our field was a sea of mud. The tents arrived, and we labored throughout the day, setting them up, improvising stoves and flooring; our beds empty petrol cans left behind by the Nazis in their haste to withdraw

Then came days of many details necessary to put our outfit in shape, and waiting to hit the "line" and get to work on the ships.

Armament crew chief on #114, "The Atoner" was my first assignment, and I loved that ship and crew as a mother hen her brood, sweating them out on each mission. ✖ ✖ P.S. Two Nazi ships shot down by 38's.

(Note: According to the story that my dad told numerous times, two German bombers were approaching the base on a low level run, when two P-38 fighters broke through the clouds, diving straight down on the enemy planes. I gather that this was when the camp was being set up. Ship numbers are the last three digits).

On **April 5th, 1944**, I was made Flight Chief of “C” flight, with a sergeants rating. Ships #114, #829 “Jaunty Joan”, #796, and #844 the famous “Swoose II”, Col. Kurtz’s flagship. #796 and #829 went down over enemy territory with all guns blazing. I lost many a pal with these two ships. Later, two new silver ships replaced them, and I’m sure that both will give a good account of themselves.

The Nazis come over every other night or so.

That’s just about all the story thus far. Day in and day out the news is the same; my ships are bombing the hell out of the Nazis, and doing their parts well to bring to a speedy end this damned war.

P.S. Spent two weeks in the famous 97th Bomb Group.

June 3rd “J.D.” and I made exceptionally good time reaching Manfredonia via Foggia, and enjoyed a good swim in the Adriatic, followed by a long awaited and much enjoyed “fish fry”. The trip home was made in record time.

I may add here that old #847 “Fearless Fosdick” “failed to return” on the second of June. #847 was a ship I recently took over from “J.D.”

June 4th ---- ✖ ✖ ✖ Bad night!

June 5th Another bad day, when #817 old “Hairless Joe” failed to return. Rome is ours !!

June 6th A sad day for me. “The Atoner” #114 went down in enemy territory. This was my first real love and I’ll miss her.

“The Armorers”

Perhaps I'd better mention briefly here a bit about the job the armorers have done and are doing to keep the guns a'blazing on these ships of ours.

A tribute too, to the hours they've spent sweating the bombs into the ever hungry bomb bays. 100's, 250's, 500's, and 1000 lb. packages of death and destruction to be delivered to Adolph.

The agony of waiting for their ships to return, and their despair when they don't. Just a bunch of kids working their hearts out trying to win this war by themselves. Perhaps they've lost a year or two with the home folks, but they've gained a million years of gratitude from the world of democracy.

June 6th First reports on the invasion of the French coast. Hit the foxholes for an hour – no damage. ☒

June 9th We lost one of our new radar ships, #724, and some of my oldest combat friends, Morales (tail gunner), Kerbacker and “Woody” (waist), Reichers – engineer, and Lt. Geo. DeBooey, sq'drn bomb.

June 10th Johnny and I trekked once more to Manfredonia, where we put in a grand day. Hiring a sailboat with it's crew of three, we sailed up and down the blue Adriatic, swimming far off the beach.

Sunday – June 11th. A quiet day – rec'd package from Mom and Pop. Very grateful to them for this swell pen, the cigars, salt, and papers. This evening in our new show house, we saw Joel McCrea, Maureen O'Hara and Linda Darnell in “Buffalo Bill”.

Fri. June 16th Cool yet sunny day. The ships have taken off with a cargo of 250's for Northern Italy, to blast hell out of the retreating Nazis.

Radio reports that B29's have struck at Japan. As yet we have no confirmation. The boys have now pushed 80 miles beyond Rome and still pushing.

June 18th, 44. Mission “scratched” this morning due to our first real rain in two months. Our tent was torn down over our heads when a truck carried away our light lines. A new one was set up in less time than it takes to tell.

June 19th. Mission scratched.

June 20th. “ “

June 21st. “ “

June 20th. B24 crashed at North end of runway. Four killed, three in hospital. Three of her 12 – 500’s exploded, obliterating complete fuselage. Unexploded bombs still fused landed hundreds of yards away. Cause unknown. Fifteen minutes later a Wellington crashed and burned at South end of runway. Nazis overhead. Driven off.

June 22nd. Six ships, all we now have available, “took off” loaded with 24 – 100 lb. incendiaries. Land armies 50 miles south of Florence. @ They came over again about midnight. No damage. The 38’s barely gave them a chance.

June 27th. Still hot & dusty. Last night a fleet of 17’s came in from England and Russia on a “shuttle run”. We’ll probably load them this evening along with ours. The boys blasted Vienna yesterday with 250’s, G.P.

We’ve just six ships able to take off these days. Six left out of the sixteen we started with, and only three of the six are original ones.

June 28th. Non-operational. Ships came back from their mission to Budapest pretty well shot up. 550 – 827 – 846 feathered props. Helped work on our new club, which opens Sat. It’s really swank.

Cherbourg is ours! ✖ ✖ (foxholes 2a.m – 3:15)

July 2nd. Ships took off loaded with 500’s. Shuttle ships still with us. Yesterday, Johnny and I had our usual Sat. swim at Manfredonia.

✘ (foxholes for an hour or so).

July 4th. Just another day. Our new club, “The Wheel”, opened with a bang. Only twelve dozen glasses and two chairs broken.

July 6th. Johnny and I saw the ships off at 6:30 a.m. they’re loaded with 500’s.

They returned from their raid on Breslau pretty well shot up. My own #887 had one “prop” shot off and about sixty holes in her. #887 got two Nazi fighters, one by my old friend Hans Wagner, ball gunner. Foxholes again!

✘ ✘ ✘

July 7th. Johnny and I returned from Arignola to find our ships had taken a bad pounding on their Vienna raid. My new ship, #807 was shot down, “tho the entire crew bailed out, and may get back. Joe Guylas, an old friend flying for the 773rd. had his ship “ditched”, and we expect him and the rest of the crew back in a day or so. We could only send two ships on today’s mission, “tho some of the other squadrons fared even worse than we yesterday. The 774th. Had only two ships come back. Two out of six!!

P.S. Aug 6th. “Joe” and his crew-mates have not returned. “So-long Joe; happy landing, somewhere”. (P.P.S. See Aug. 8th entry)

July 12th. Non-operational. Cool and sprinkling. Cloudy and dark, I guess, because our little “Bosco” died during the night. A bomb trailer ran over him down on the line, and he never whimpered once, right up to the last minute. Pollack is broken-hearted, as are the rest of us. “So-long, Bosco, perhaps we’ll meet again someday, somewhere”

This evening I saw a picture that I shall never forget. Jennifer Jones in “The Song of Bernadette”. No other picture has ever given me such a profound feeling of holiness and belief in God’s miracles.

The boys loaded 500’s tonight, and if the weather improves by morning, the Nazis will catch hell again.

July 16th. Clear and hot. The ships returned from Vienna a bit shot up, but were highly successful. I have a new silver “G” to watch over now; #194. Cpl. Bob Dobeski will be her armorer. This gives me #194, #887, #251, and #271, all silver. Yesterday, Sat. the 15th., Sgt. Graham, Sgt. Burns, Johnny, and I made a trip to Cerignola. Had our usual feed and the usual bottle or two of wine. @@

July 18th. On “Charge of Quarters” from 5:30 p.m. till 8:00 a.m. All went well. The boys loaded 250 lb. “frags”.

July 19th. Quiet day – ships okay.

July 21st. The ships returned from Yugoslavia pretty well shot up. My #194 landed at an allied field in northern Italy, and will probably be salvaged. My #251 was ripped by “flak” and will probably be out of action for several days. The rest of the ships had more than their share of flak holes. A few of the boys are missing. Several Nazis overhead – driven off.

July 22nd. Johnny and I continued our cook’s tour of Italy, reaching as far as Barletta. Nothing here of real interest, excepting the large wineries. A large allied hospital is located here, and the streets are filled with walking wounded; mostly British and Poles. The day was very hot and dusty.

July 23rd. “non-operational”. Dust storms still raging.

July 25th. Rather rough day, as the ships came home in pretty tough shape. Dominic’s new ship, #276, with only ten missions, blew up over the target. There were no survivors. “Dutch” Peters “E.M.” flying bombardier in my #887, was badly wounded by “flak”. (*compilers note: my dad had a piece of twisted metal, cut from his flak-jacket. It is in my possession.*) My #194 and #251 are now undergoing repairs in the service squadron as a result of the heavy “flak” they met.

July 26th. (*blank*)

July 30th. Saw “Four Jills in a Jeep” tonight – it was very good.

July 31st. A very rough day for us over Weiner- Neustadt, Germany. I lost my #887, and had new #271 limp into the “bone-yard” for repairs. “Mike” lost his famous old #827, “G.I. Delivery”, with 53 missions to her credit. Two of my good friends, “Hans” and “Clarkie”, finished their fifty missions and are real happy about it. They’ll be going home soon.

Aug. 1st. #550, “Lassie and Her Lads”, was our only ship to “take off” with the group this morning.

Four miles south of Florence now.

Aug 5th. Spent the day in Foggia trying to find something to send Kay for our anniversary. Guess the Nazis took most jewelry of value, but I believe the cameo’s set in silver that I did buy are the best in town.

Aug 6th. Had a letter from Don with some snaps of him and “Ginny”, his girlfriend. The kid is growing fast and quite handsome.

The ships are away on a mission “somewhere” with a load of 500’s to disturb somebody’s otherwise quiet Sunday. The day is hot, as usual, probably about 100°.

Don’t see many Nazis overhead anymore. Even the searchlights are seldom seen, excepting the ones used as guides.

Aug 8th. Last evening about 6:00 p.m., my old friend, Joe Guylas, whom we had given up for lost, “came back from the dead”. Joe’s story was both amusing and tragic. His ship was hit by intense “flak” over target Vienna, wounding the bombardier, and setting two engines and the bomb bay on fire. Losing altitude, they headed back home over Yugoslavia.

The pilot finally ordered the crew to bail out at 5000 ft., and they did. The pilots “chute” failed to open, and he was lost. Joe landed safely and was soon found by loyal Partisans, who led him to a few of the others. They marched eighteen nights under cover, finally getting a C54 transport lift to Bari, and thence to Foggia. The bombardier was gradually losing his mind, and was left behind in care of the Partisans. Joe had only the highest praise

for these people who befriended them so graciously. They refused to eat until our men had been fed, and gave up their beds so our men could sleep. Just before Joe and Reed (gunner) were picked up by the Partisans, they were walking merrily along the highway, straight towards a Nazi held village three miles distant. Luckily for them, the Partisans found them in time and all was well. Joe insisted they walked his party up every hill and mountain in the country. However, all's well that ends well, and soon Joe will be heading for home.

Aug 10th. Was down at the line at 4:30 a.m. to see "Luke" and "Bob" off on their first mission as "E.M." bombardiers. The mission is a double one with 250's, and we'll really be "sweating them out".

Haven't seen a Nazi bomber in some time now. I guess they need all their ships in France. "Stan" (Dad's younger brother) is there now, and I guess he'll get a few glimpses of their dying glory.

"Luke" and "Bob" returned OK from their raid on Ploesti. "Bob" sent his away in "train". Luke had to "salvo" three "hung" bombs in the Adriatic. Mission completed.

Boys loaded seven ships with 500's tonight. I checked the loads about 10 o'clock. Hurt knee in bomb bay of #271.

Aug 11th. Mission scratched. The boys loaded the 8th Air Force ships here on a shuttle run. A regular cloudburst at chow time this evening. Allies are moving very fast in France. Russian drive slowed down some for the time being. We're still trying to make "Florence", but she's a stubborn gal. She'll give in soon however.

Aug 20th. Just returned from a weeks stay at our new rest camp Santa Cesarea, located far down the "heel" of Italy. The Army has taken over the two swank hotels on the water's edge, one for officers and one for the enlisted men.

We took off in one of the 75th. Squadron ships, the "Thundermug", proud possessor of one hundred "missions" on the 13th of August, nine a.m. Lieuts. Howe and Goldstein, Sgt. Tom Campbell, Pvt. Geo. Adams and myself.

Flying all over Southern Italy's beautiful mountains and grand beaches, we tried to locate a tiny landing strip where we were to pick up a few more officers. The compass being "off", we had a hard time trying to pick out the small dirt runway, and circled around for over an hour before we finally saw it and came in for a landing.

We had coffee and sandwiches at the only building there, a Red Cross hut, and then "took off" once more. Another hour and fifteen minutes flying over the water, we landed at the 98th Bomb Grp's field and by car from there drove thirty miles to Santa Cesarea, our destination.

Santa Cesarea was one of Mussolini's favorite resorts, and very picturesque and charming. As our own hotel, the "Villa Tamburino" had only been opened a day or so, our meals were taken at the officer's dining hall, and to make a gross understatement, they were really grand. Snowy linen, silver service, fresh cut flowers on each table and a native orchestra made each meal a great pleasure.

Our room in our own hotel was large and airy, with huge French doors leading to our balcony over the water, and from where we could see the town itself and the seacoast, with its bays and villages for miles.

Geo. And I walked and swam to our hearts content, and the water itself was the clearest I've ever seen. At evening, on the terrace of the officer's hotel, we enjoyed several good movies, or enjoyed some fine iced drinks in our own grand bar. During the week, we went swimming far up the coast at Otranto, a city built in the 13th century, and at Castro in the opposite direction.

We hired sail boats and swam far out in the bays, or just sunned ourselves, while the native boatmen plied the oars. We dove from Roman ruins into crystal pools in water so clear that it was like looking through space itself.

Santa Cesara has provided a refuge for 1900 young Yugoslav girls and boys, whose parents were taken captive or killed by the Nazis, and the optimism of these kids is really amazing considering the sad memories of their homeland.

We “took off” for home today, Aug 20th, making a stop halfway home for more passengers, finally arriving here at base about 2:30 p.m. All in all, we had a grand time, and were duly grateful.

While I was away, my #194 was shot down. #287 and #231 were also lost. #231 had made only one mission; her last! “Luke” now has six missions.

Aug 27th Up early to go down to Special Service Bldg. With a batch of others to donate a pint of blood for our friends fighting up in Northern Italy & Southern France.

Boys came back from their mission over Germany o.k. “Flak” just missed “Luke”, coming through the nose and glancing off the chin turret.

Ploesti falls to Russians.

Aug 30th. Quiet day. Ships came back with a little flak. Saw Spencer Tracy & Irene Dunne in “A Guy Named Joe” – V.G.

Aug 31st. Non-operational

Sept 1st. Up at 5:00 a.m. to see the ships off. Dobeski is bombardier in my #377 today. Clear & hot. Ships returned o.k. from raid on Yugoslavia—“milk run”. Temperature at noon 120°.

--- Sept 2 --- One year older --- (*note: 36*)

Sept 3rd. Terrific dust storm, accompanied by high winds and downpour. Wind tore off the entire mess hall roof. Tonight we’ll eat in the “Wheel”, our club. Ships returned o.k. , some with “flak”.

Sept 10th. Saw the ships off at 5:30 a.m. loaded with 500’s ; target Vienna. May be rough. Heavy rain last evening. This morning clear & cool.

The Allies are poised in full strength before the “Siegfried Line”.

Ships returned o.k. with some “flak”. Saw Errol Flynn and Paul Lucas in “Uncertain Glory” – V.G.

Checked bomb loads after show—o.k.

Sept 11th. Mission scratched exactly at “take off” time. Poor target weather.

Sept 13th. Target Munich. Ship #106 blew up over target. No chutes were seen. This was “Leo’s” and had 21 missions.

A “B24” caught fire on “hardstand” and was destroyed.

Sept 14th. I was down at the line from 5:00 a.m. till “take-off” at 5:45. ships were “recalled” due to poor target weather. #846 sheared her landing gear when she came in and will no doubt be salvaged. Old #846 was one of our original ships and was credited with over sixty missions.

P.S. 9/20/44 (She’s being repaired)

Sept 15 – 19th Spent all our spare time building our Fall home. Completed it the 18th and are very pleased with the results. Days are getting a bit cooler – nights are cold. The war news grows more and more favorable.

Sept 22nd. Cool and sunny. The ships took off about 8:00 a.m. with a load of twelve 500 lb. “R.D.X’s”. I think “Luke” is flying in my #102. P.S. – they all made it back.

Sept 23rd. Mission to Hungary completed. All returned.

Sept 24th. Non-operational

Sept 25th. Non-operational – rain

Sept 26th. Non-operational

Sept 27th. Mission “scratched”. Poor target weather. I instructed combat crew on #271 in the art of unloading bombs. They then “took off” on a practice hop with three 100 lb. practice bombs.

Clear and sunny. The boys loaded 12 ships with 1000 pounders. Someone should catch hell.

Sept 28th. After all the men's work last evening, loading bombs till three a.m. , the mission was "scratched" early this morning. We had hoped to see the ships take off on this trip, as all squadrons in the 5th Wing were sending up double the usual strength, and a terrific blow that might have ended the war was in our hands. Now we may never know, unless the same mission is in the cards for tonight. The day is dark and cloudy.

Sept 29th 30th. "Scratched"

Oct 1st. Scratched – still raining like hell.

Oct 2nd & 3rd. "scratched"

Oct 4th. Clear and sunny. After ten days of idleness, the ships took off in two waves. The first at 7:30, the second at 8:00. #019, "Wittle Wabbit" (radar) cracked up on the "take-off" and must be salvaged. At ninety to one-ten per hour it's a marvel no one was injured. The target is Vienna. The first "wave" is to silence the guns. The second to demolish the target. They'll be back at 3:00 p.m. – mission completed. All ships returned.

Oct 5th. Mission "scratched"

Oct 6th. " "

Oct 7th. Took off about nine a.m. for Vienna with 1000 pounders. Weather slowly clearing. "Mission completed" – all ships returned.

Oct 8th. "Scratched" – rain

Oct 9th. " "

Oct 10th. Target Vienna. All ships returned. “Lassie and Her Lads”, Paul Kozak’s old #550 had just taken off on a gunnery mission when two engines caught fire. While attempting to land at Foggia Main, she blew up on the Naples road just short of the field and scattered for half a mile. Nine dead. One survivor.

Oct 12th. Target Bologna, Italy. Ship #118 caught fire between the lines, and ten “chutes” were seen leaving the ship. We expect the entire crew to return today or tomorrow.

Went fishing with my “S.A.A.F.” pals – no luck – great fun.

Oct 13th. Target Vienna. All ships returned.

Oct 14th. Target Flackheimer. All ships returned.

Oct 15th. “Non-operational”. Fine day. This evening the boys are loading 12 ships with 500’s. My turn to get up at “briefing” tomorrow morning.

Oct 16th. “Briefing” at 5:00 a.m. Ships took off about 6:30. cloudy but sunny. Target Vienna. Mission complete. All ships returned.

Oct 17th. Target Blechhammer, Germany. Ships took off loaded with “R.D.X’s” ; due back at 3:00 p.m. They started to straggle in at four thirty. Three of my ships, #271, #419, and #377 did not return. About 7:30, #271 came in after spending eleven hours in the air, with enough fuel to last just seven more minutes. A severe storm broke up the formation, which scattered.

#419, with Bob Dobeski, Bores, and Miltler aboard, was forced down in the Adriatic. We are still sweating them out. #377 came back early this morning (8:00 a.m.) after landing and refueling at an emergency field in Yugo-Slavia. #271 had quite a tale to tell about climbing the face of a mountain so closely that they thought the props would hit. All instruments were “out” and no navigator aboard.

Loaded 250’s this p.m.

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