The Men of The Fighting 90th



COMMEMORATIVE HISTORY

1918 - 1991







"Tough 'Ombres"

THE MEN OF THE FIGHTING 90TH

In 5 campaigns and 318 days of battle, marked by great cost of precious lives and extraordinary valor, the Tough 'Ombres accomplished every mission. Shoulder to shoulder with American and Allied Units, they liberated Europe and made a better world.

This publication is produced from material furnished by the "Men of the Fighting 90th." If you find mistakes in it, please consider that they are there for a purpose. We published something for everyone and some people are always looking for mistakes!

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IN HUMBLE GRATITUDE TO THOSE VALIANT SOLDIERS OF THE 90TH INFANTRY DIVISION WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR THEIR COUNTRY

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STILWELL

FOREWORD

It was mid-January in the town of Harlange, deep in the Ardennes. Snow fell thickly, blanketing the tiny square and the shattered houses. Before the demolished church, a knot of men stood at attention their eyes riveted on a tall figure wearing three stars and a Third Army patch.

The ceremony was about over as General Patton was pinning a DSC on the last of the six soldiers standing before him. Then without warning, he curtly ordered General Van Fleet into the line while fumbling in the pocket of his field coat. Patton's voice, normally shrill and piercing, was full of warmth.

"I should have 10,000 of these but I have only one. This DSC you have rightly earned but it is also for the entire 90th. An heroic division must have an heroic commander!"

In those words, General Patton paid tribute to the Division's lightning advance to *Le Mans;* the success at *Chambois,* closing the *Falaise Gap;* the epochal envelopment of *Metz;* and the smashing of the German salient below *Bastogne.* His words were also prophetic of achievements yet to come: the breakthrough of the Siegfried Line; the crossing, in rapid succession, of the Moselle, Rhine and Main Rivers; and the final advance to cut the Third Reich in two.

What special qualities made the 90th heroic? During the long months of preparation, there were no indications that the Division would forge a battle record, equaled by few. It was one of nearly a hundred divisions mobilized for prosecution of the war. All filled with a coast to coast cross-section of American manhood, similar in age, background, education and physique. All divisions were identically organized, equipped and trained. Generally ignorant of their WWI heritage, the men of the 90th drew no stimulus therefrom. The Division had difficulty meeting readiness standards for overseas deployment. In six weeks of bloody, frustrating combat in the hedgerows, it functioned no better—and occasionally worse—then adjacent divisions. Indeed, there were moments when higher headquarters questioned its battle worthiness. Those doubts were soon dispelled.

The Normandy experience was the crucible which shaped and molded the 90th as an effective fighting force of extraordinary drive and elan. Command at battalion level and below passed to leaders of demonstrated competence and initiative. Squads, sections and detachments coalesced into battle-wise teams. The individual soldier—alpha and omega of any organization—developed confidence in those who led and camaraderie with his mates. The 90th was transformed within. And then it was suddenly blessed with a magnificent commander and a new operational environment. Esprit de corps and sense of mission took hold. The 'Tough 'Ombres' were on the way to glory.

This memorial book—largely the input of 'Tough 'Ombres' themselves—contains much of the story of the 90th Division. It does not tell the whole story. No book can. The full account, in all its vivid detail, is locked in the hearts and etched in the minds of the thousands who fought, endured and survived. Only they can describe the harsh reality of close combat, and the intensity of the countless small actions that were the real measure of the Division's accomplishments. Only they can truly appreciate the cost in human treasure—the many hundreds of comrades-in-arms, heroes all, who gave their lives in storming positions, in repulsing counterattacks, in protecting their buddies or simply being in the lethal zone of enemy fire. All of us who were there recognize that their supreme sacrifices were central to the 90th's battle record. All living 'Tough 'Ombres' stand tall in resounding salute in their honor.

R.G. Stilwell
General, U.S. Army (Ret)
CO, 315 Engrs/Division G-3

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

February 28, 1991

I am pleased to salute the members of the 90th Infantry Division as you gather to celebrate your 49th anniversary. Congratulations on this milestone.

The record of the 90th Infantry Division more than justifies its nickname, "Tough Ombres." In virtually continuous action during World War II, from the assault on Utah Beach to campaigns in the western reaches of Czechoslovakia, the 90th accomplished every assigned mission. General Patton described its decisive role in the envelopment of Fortress Metz as one of the most epic river crossings in all military history. General Eisenhower, the Supreme Allied Commander, praised its members as the Ardennes Campaign was winding down, declaring that, "I would sure like to have many more divisions like the U.S. 1st, 9th, 90th and the 2nd and 3rd Armored." Those words were a fitting tribute to the courage, fortitude, and sacrifice of the men of the 90th. Nearly half a century later, memories of their part in the liberation of Europe remain vivid in the hearts of a grateful people.

As you enjoy seeing old friends and reminiscing about your times together, I join you in saluting the memory of your comrades who never made it home. They, like you, will never be forgotten.

Barbara joins me in sending our best wishes for a memorable reunion and for every future success. God bless you.

George Bush



GEORGE BUSH

President of the United States of America
Commander-in-Chief

HEADQUARTERS 90TH INFANTRY DIVISION
Office of the Division Commander

1 February 1945

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN: 90th Infantry Division
712th Tank Battalion
773rd TD Battalion
537 AAA Battalion

With sincere regrets I leave the 90th Division. I take with me vivid memories of a great division, and an everlasting love for all of you -- swell and gallant "Tough Ombres."

During my time with you since middle October, you have accomplished every objective with brilliant and heroic execution. No commander could expect more. Before Metz, Across the Moselle, Beyond the Saar, and now, From Bastogne the first unit back into Germany! Your great accomplishments will ever be proud pages in American History.

You have made this Division the Best Fighting Division on the Western Front. The experienced oldtimers know how to do it, and what it takes. They know "How to Kill" and equally important "How Not to be Killed". Reinforcements are fortunate to have these oldtimers as instructors and leaders. And all of us are learning every day how to do the job still better.

But the officers and men of the 90th Division have something else. They have a fighting heart. They want to Kill Krauts. They want to get the job done. It is this desire to Fight which makes the 90th the Best Division on the Western Front.

I wish to thank you all, for enduring hardships so cheerfully and ever and always coming through with superb performances. May continued good hunting and good luck be with you to early victory.

J. A. Van Fleet

J. A. VAN FLEET
Major General, U. S. Army
Commanding

90TH DIVISION COMMANDERS



Major General Henry Terrell, Jr.

Brigadier General Jay W. McKelvie





Major General Eugene M. Landrum

Major General Raymond S. McLain



Major General Herbert L. Earnest



Major General James A. VanFleet





Major General Lowell H. Rooks



THE 90TH DIVISION WORLD WAR I

The 90th Division, its troops largely from Texas and Oklahoma, was organized on August 25, 1917, at Camp Travis, Texas, adjacent to Fort Sam Houston.

It was first commanded by Maj. Gen. Henry T. Allen, a cavalryman who was an 1881 West Point graduate and a veteran of both the Spanish-American War and General Pershing's punitive expedition into Mexico against Pancho Villa.

After about a year as a replacement training unit, the division was ordered to ship out for Europe and "The War To End All Wars."

In increments, the 90th left Camp Travis, Texas, in early June 1918, arrived at Camp Mills, Long Island, New York, and shipped out for Europe during June 13 to July 6, 1918.

The principal units of the division were:

179th Infantry Brigade
357th Infantry Regiment
358th Infantry Regiment
344th Machine-Gun Battalion

180th Infantry Brigade
359th Infantry Regiment
360th Infantry Regiment
345th Machine-Gun Battalion

165th Field Artillery Brigade
343rd Field Artillery Regiment (75-mm guns)
344th Field Artillery Regiment (75-mm guns)
345th Field Artillery Regiment (155-mm guns)
315th Trench-Mortar Battery

Division Troops
343rd Machine-Gun Battalion
315th Engineer Regiment
315th Field Signal Battalion
Headquarters Troop Trains

Some division elements made the trans-Atlantic voyage aboard the *H.M.S. Olympic*, a British ocean liner and sister ship of the ill-fated *Titanic*, which had sunk six years earlier. The 90th Division did not lose a man on the voyage, punctuated by the threat of German submarine warfare.

The division headquarters was set up on June 25, 1918, at Aignay-le-Duc, France. In mid-July, the majority of the division arrived at its initial training area north of Dijon, in the Côte-d'Or Mountains, on the plateau which divides the Seine and Saône valleys.

The 90th Division was the twenty-second division of the American Expeditionary Forces to arrive in France during World War I. The division arrived during the period when the Germans were making their last desperate efforts on the Marne to break through to Paris.

The division spent its first five weeks in France training in the Côte-d'Or Mountains. In mid-August it was ordered to relieve the 1st Division, then located in the Saizerais sector, north of Toul.

The sector in which the 90th Division entered, had been the site of some of the bloodiest trench warfare of the war between the French and Germans in 1915 in the Bois-le-Pretre woods.

On August 22, the 90th Division entered the battlefront between Remenauville and Bois-le-Pretre, an area which was part of the St. Mihiel Salient.

The 90th Division's first baptism under fire came during the St. Mihiel campaign on September 12, 1918, as part of a 406,000-man First U.S. Army Force offensive. The offensive was the first large-scale operation of the American Expeditionary Forces in the war. The offensive was designed to relieve the half-enveloped position in which Verdun was placed and to free the important double-track Verdun-Toul-Belfort Railway.

90th Division troops were the first to attack from the trenches on September 12, 1918, advancing against the maze of barbed wire and trenches, part of a 23-kilometer wave of men along the southern edge of the St. Mihiel Salient.

Ironically, American artillery preparation had failed to punch holes through much of the German barbed wire. However, the 90th's Texans and Oklahomans, cow-punchers, cattlemen and stock dealers among them, overcame the obstacle. Accustomed to the Great Southwest's barbed wire fences, they were proficient in using wire cutters and "scaling" techniques to pass through the wire boundaries.

The 90th attacked the strong positions on the Hidenburg line immediately to the west of the Moselle River. The division was successful in its first combat, advancing six and half kilometers and occupying three French towns.

But it was during the St. Mihiel campaign where the 90th Division suffered its greatest casualties in the

war, primarily due to enemy gas warfare. During nearly one month of the campaign, the 90th's casualties included: 524 killed, 3,378 wounded and 1,390 gassed.

The other great offensive in which the 90th Division played an important role was the Meuse-Argonne campaign. The area between the Meuse River and Argonne Forest was strategic, for there was large German troop concentrations covering the Metz-Longuyon-Mézieres-Lille Railway, one of the most important lines of transportation for supplying the German armies in France.

The 90th entered the fray during the second phase of the campaign on October 21–22 and played a pivotal role in the campaign's third and last phase. But the 90th also paid the price for their participation: 554 killed, 2,745 wounded and 795 gassed.

The 90th Division's total casualties in World War I were: 1,387 killed, 6,623 wounded and more than 2,000 gassed.

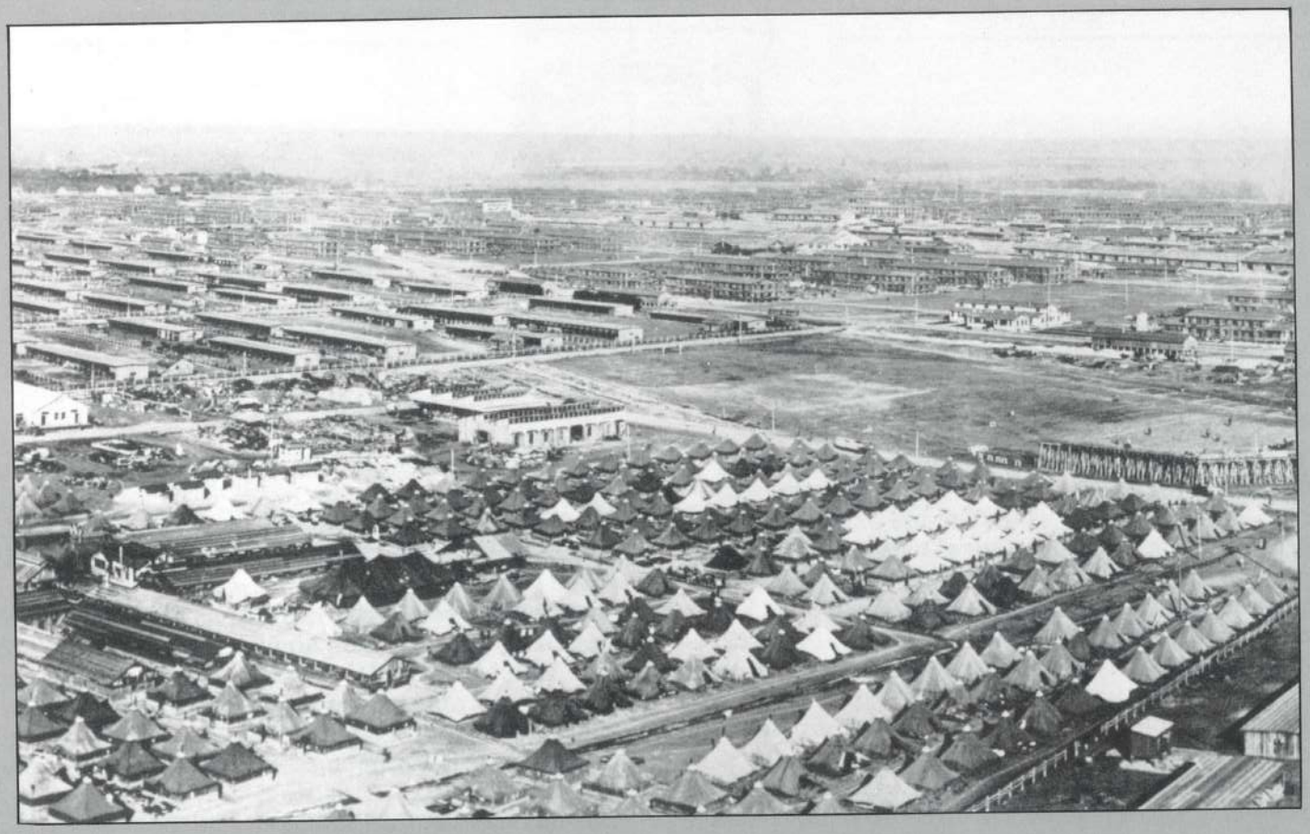
Division commanders during World War I were: Maj. Gen. Henry T. Allen, August 1917–December 1918; Maj. Gen. Charles H. Martin, December 1918–June 1919.

When World War I ended, the 90th Division served in the army of occupation in Germany from December 1918 to May 1919. The division later returned to the United States and was deactivated in May and June 1919.



ORGANIZER OF THE DIVISION AND ITS LEADER IN BATTLE

Henry T. Allen
Major General





Major-General Charles H. Martin and staff, in front of Division Headquarters at Berncastel, Germany, April 28, 1919.



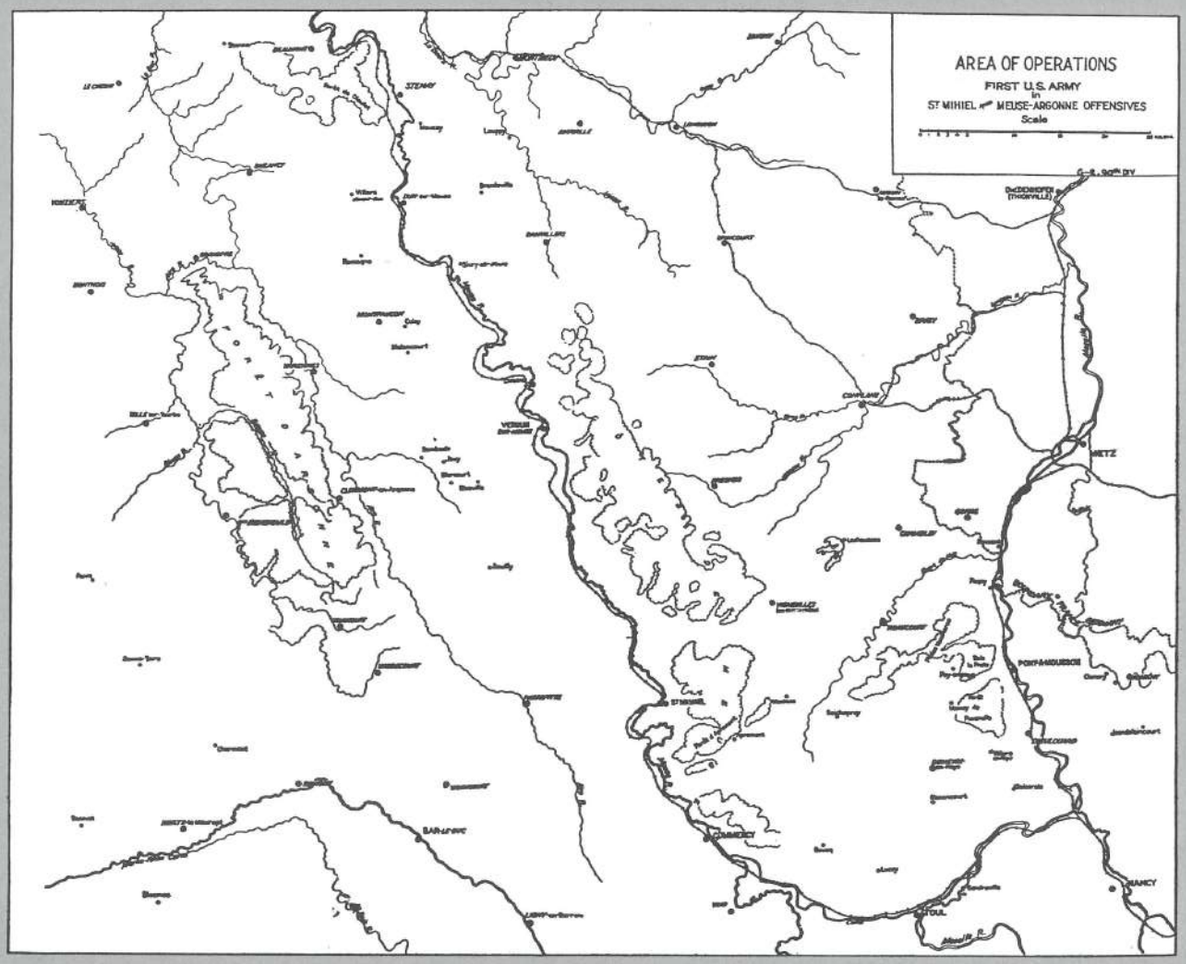
The 90th Division G-2 staff at their headquarters in a German Hotel in 1918.

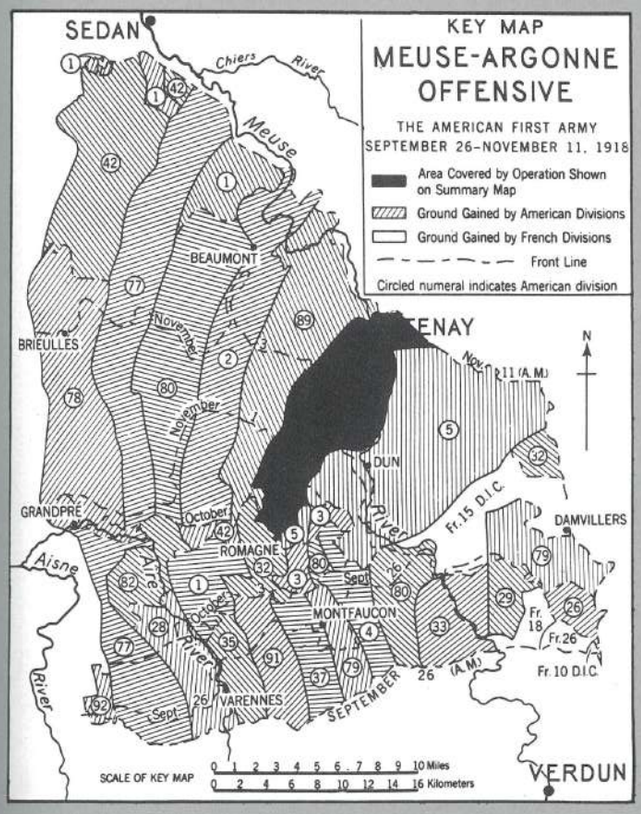


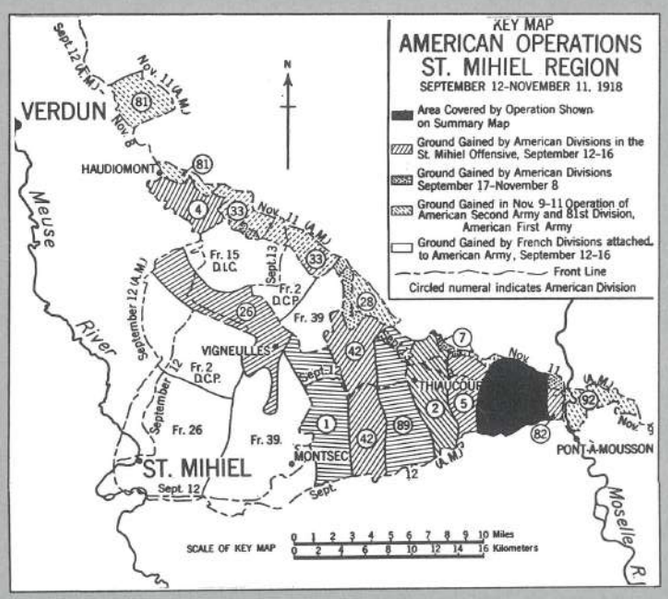
An infantryman of the 359th Infantry Regiment lies on the ground exhausted (1918).



Company barber with client at 315th Supply Train (1918).


AREA OF OPERATIONS
FIRST U.S. ARMY
in
ST MIHIEL and MEUSE-ARGONNE OFFENSIVES
Scale
METZ
NANCY
VERDUN
STENAY
BARLEDUC
COMMERCY
TOUL

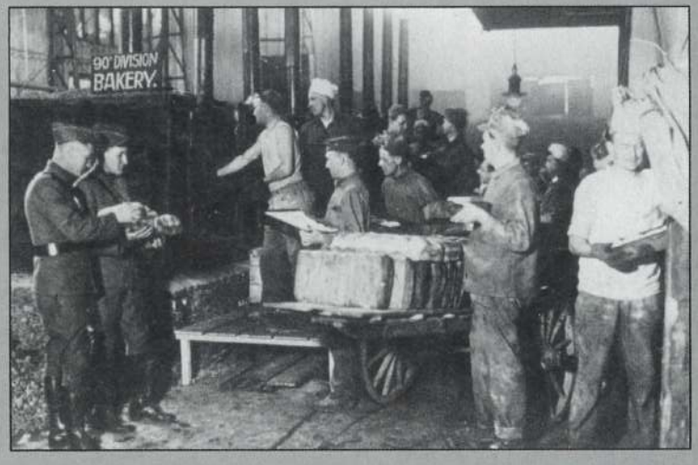

KEY MAP
MEUSE-ARGONNE OFFENSIVE
THE AMERICAN FIRST ARMY
SEPTEMBER 26-NOVEMBER 11, 1918
Area Covered by Operation Shown on Summary Map
Ground Gained by American Divisions
Ground Gained by French Divisions
Front Line
Circled numeral indicates American division
SEDAN
Chiers River
Meuse River
BEAUMONT
BRIEULLES
STENAY
DUN
GRANDPRE
ROMAGNE
MONTFAUCON
VARENNES
DAMVILLERS
Fr.15 D.I.C.
Fr. 10 D.I.C.
Fr. 18
Fr. 26
Aisne River
Aire River
November 11 (A.M.)
November
October
Sept
SEPTEMBER 26 (A.M.)
N
SCALE OF KEY MAP
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Miles
0 2 4 6 8 10 12 14 16 Kilometers
VERDUN

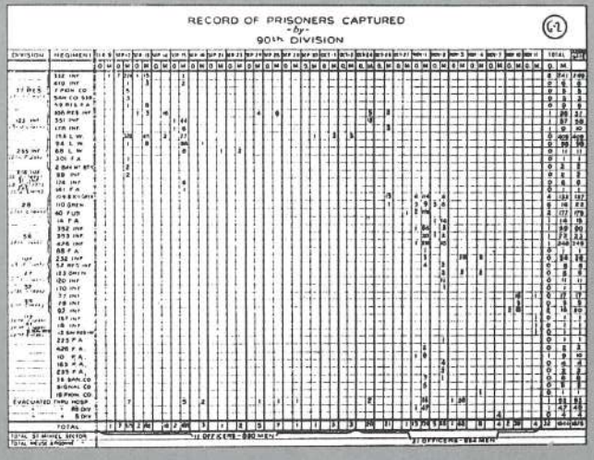

KEY MAP
AMERICAN OPERATIONS
ST. MIHIEL REGION
SEPTEMBER 12-NOVEMBER 11, 1918
Area Covered by Operation Shown on Summary Map
Ground Gained by American Divisions in the St. Mihiel Offensive, September 12-16
Ground Gained by American Divisions September 17-November 8
Ground Gained in Nov. 9-11 Operation of American Second Army and 81st Division, American First Army
Ground Gained by French Divisions attached to American Army, September 12-16
Front Line
Circled numeral indicates American Division
VERDUN
HAUDIOMONT
Meuse River
Sept. 12 (A.M.)
Nov. 11 (A.M.)
Nov. 8
Sept. 13
September 12 (A.M.)
Fr. 15 D.I.C.
Fr. 2 D.C.P.
Fr. 39
VIGNEULLES
THIAUCOURT
ST. MIHIEL
MONTSEC
PONT-A-MOUSSON
Fr. 26
Fr. 39.
Sept. 12
Moselle R.
N
SCALE OF KEY MAP
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Miles
0 2 4 6 8 10 12 14 16 Kilometers



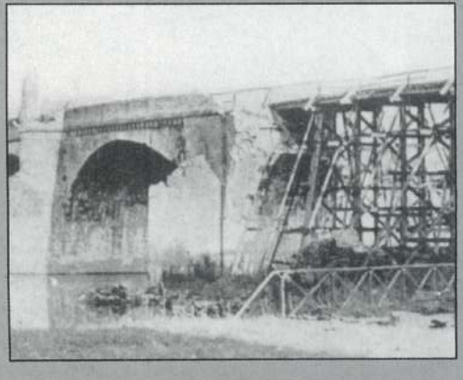


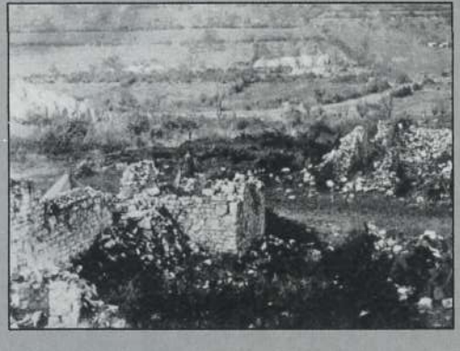


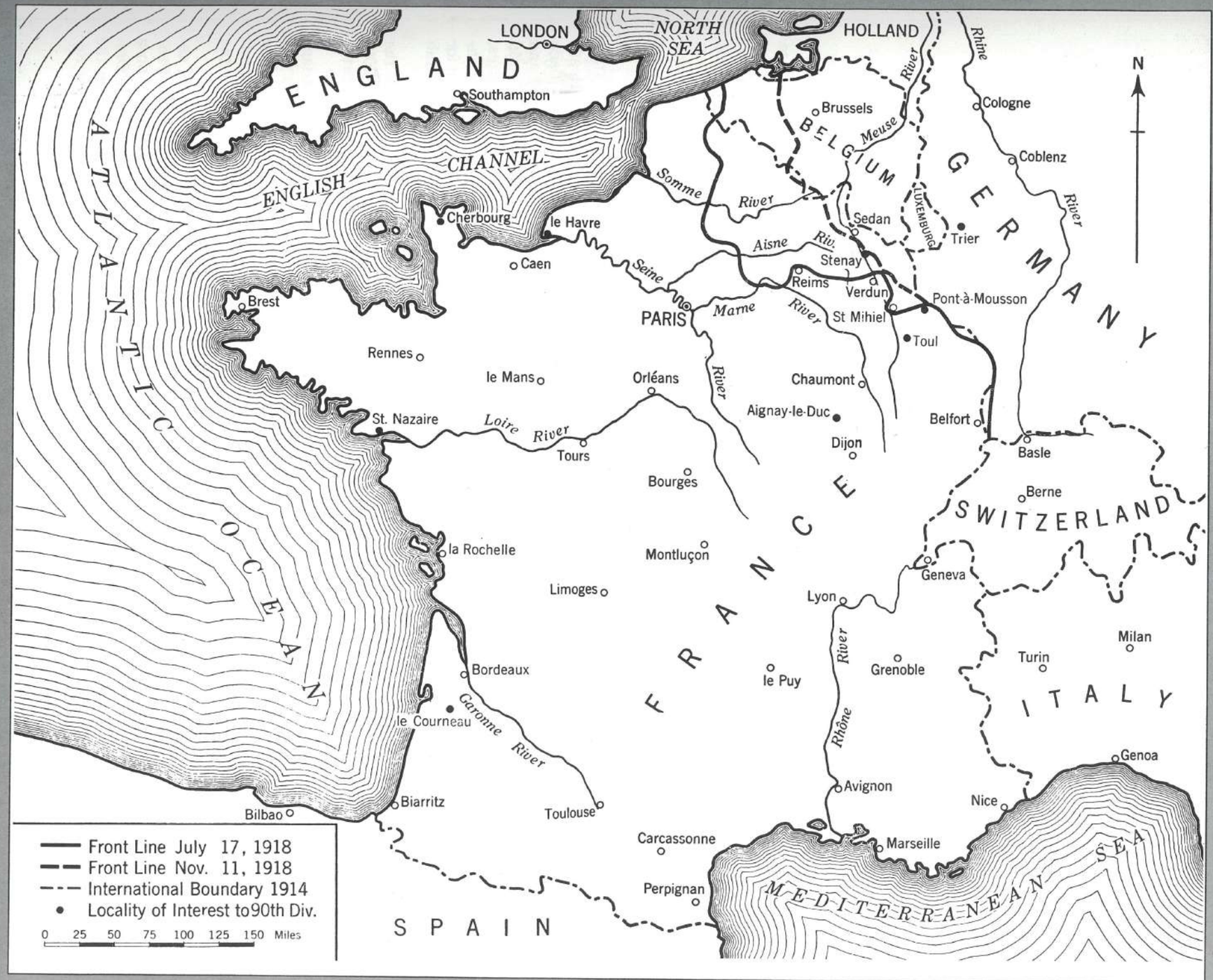

90th DIVISION
BAKERY.


RECORD OF PRISONERS CAPTURED
-by-
90th DIVISION








LONDON
NORTH SEA
HOLLAND
ENGLAND
Southampton
Brussels
Rhine River
Cologne
BELGIUM
Meuse River
Coblenz
GERMANY
ENGLISH CHANNEL
Somme River
Cherbourg
le Havre
Sedan
LUXEMBURG
Trier
Aisne River
Stenay
Caen
Seine
Reims
Verdun
Pont-à-Mousson
Brest
PARIS
Marne River
St Mihiel
Toul
Rennes
le Mans
Orléans
Chaumont
ATLANTIC OCEAN
St. Nazaire
Loire River
Aignay-le-Duc
Belfort
Tours
Dijon
Basle
Bourges
Berne
SWITZERLAND
la Rochelle
Montluçon
Geneva
Limoges
Lyon
Milan
Turin
Bordeaux
le Puy
Grenoble
ITALY
le Courneau
Garonne River
Rhône River
Genoa
Avignon
Biarritz
Nice
Bilbao
Toulouse
Carcassonne
Marseille
Perpignan
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
SPAIN
Front Line July 17, 1918
Front Line Nov. 11, 1918
International Boundary 1914
Locality of Interest to 90th Div.
0 25 50 75 100 125 150 Miles
N



T-O SHOULDER SLEEVE INSIGNIA

The 90th Division was born of the need to expand the Army upon entry into WWI. A third component, National Army was added to The Army of the United States which had before consisted of the Regular Army and the National Guard. The 90th was one of the first National Army Divisions to be organized; and like the other National Army Divisions was projected to be in existence only for the duration of WWI. This concept changed in the next decade and the units which had been part of the National Army became the basis for the Army Reserve structure that we know today.

In World War I, there were four infantry regiments in the Division – the 357th, 358th, 359th, and 360th. As the standard deployment was two regiments up and two back, the Division was known as a square division. The method of selecting personnel for the four regiments was simplistic but it worked. At that time, the Santa Fe Railroad crossed Oklahoma and Texas north and south near the middle of the two states. One regiment was formed of men living in Oklahoma east of the Santa Fe; and another regiment formed from those living west of the railroad. The other two regiments were formed from Texans living east and west of the railroad which ran through Dallas and Austin.

From September 5 to October 3, 1917, the first three increments of recruits who had been assigned to the newly formed 90th Division arrived at Camp Travis, Texas. Even most of the junior officers were from Texas and Oklahoma. The spirit of these two states characterized the 90th Division throughout its battle career in World War I, symbolized by the division's insignia, a monogram "T-O," adopted in France.

In the first six months, the 90th functioned as a replacement depot, providing basic trainees to other National Army divisions. Fifty-thousand men entered the Division and 35,000 left. By May 8, 1918, the proportion of Texans and Oklahomans was greatly reduced and practically every state in the Union was represented in the Division's ranks. A large number were from Iowa and Minnesota. None-the-less, the Texas-Oklahoma flavor remained predominant.

The T-O patch was designed by General Allen and made official by General Pershing's Headquarters. However, many varieties of home-made and army issue T-O patches were produced and worn by unit members during and after World War I. They ranged in varying degree of sizes, shapes, and even colors. Some of the early patches feature a color range from pink and crimson for the letters "T-O," and from light green to olive drab green for the background of the patch.

A brief 23 years passed from the end of the Great War (the war to end all wars) until the 90th was again activated with the same insignia being bestowed upon it.

In WWII, the Division structure became triangular by retaining the 357th, 358th, and 359th Infantry Regiments and dropping the 360th. The other WWI Divisional units retained their numerical designations but were reorganized to fit the triangular structure.

War Department orders, issued in 1925, established the WWI shoulder patch as the Divisions's official insignia. Thus, the red "T-O" on a green field was worn proudly by the "Tough 'Ombres" throughout WWII and exists today on the shoulders of the members of the 90th Army Reserve Command."



REGIMENTAL INSIGNIA

A gold-color metal and enamel device 1-3/16 inches in height consisting of a white five-pointed star on a gold background; and superimposed upon the star's vertical point the head of a blue demi-arrow, its shaft bisecting the star and surmounted by two red bayonets in saltire, their points up and centerlines coincident with the lower edges of the four lower points of the star, and standing upon the horizontal points of the star with its body passing behind the arrowhead a gold lion passant guardant with red tongue, the device enclosed at either side by a gold lined blue scroll folded three times at either side and crossing at bottom with a concave arc bearing the words "TOUGH 'OMBRES" in gold letters.

SYMBOLISM

The 90th Infantry Division's World War service in France is represented by the vertical arrow shaft, while the head of the arrow and the gold lion behind it (derived from the coat of arms of Normandy, France) signify participation in the amphibious assault at Normandy during World War II. The white star denotes the Texas origin of the unit, and the five points further represent the campaign credits for World War II service in Europe. Awards of the French Croix de Guerre and Meritorious Unit Commendation are represented by the crossed bayonets.

357TH REGIMENT

SIEMPRE ALERTA (ALWAYS ON THE ALERT)

The shield is blue, the infantry color. The charges denote service in World War I. The broken Rompu point debased chevron indicates the regiment pushed the German salient back at the Bois de Banthevilleand Grand Carre farm. The shoulder sleeve insignia (also proper when worn) indicates the 357th Infantry was then a unit of the 90th Division. The two mullets (stars) represent the two major operations during World War I as well as the dual source of the original personnel of the regiment.

358TH REGIMENT

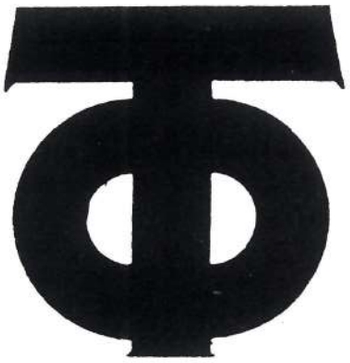
PERAGIMUS (WE ACCOMPLISH)

The shield is blue for infantry. The embattled fess represents the enemy's field fortifications taken at Stenay in World War I; the fleur-de-lis indicates service in France. The star is taken from the seal of Texas (the Lone Star State), the state to which the regiment is allocated.

359TH REGIMENT

CARRY ON

The shield is blue for infantry. The oak tree indicates the Argonne Forest and the two fleurs-de lis at Mihiel and Lorraine areas of the operations in which the regiment participated in World War I.



THE 90TH INFANTRY DIVISION WORLD WAR II

The colors of the 90th were unfurled at Camp Barkeley, Texas, on 25 March 1942 and Maj. Gen. Henry T. Terrell assumed command. Over the next hectic two years, it was twice reorganized; provided leadership cadres for three newly activated divisions; trained in Texas, Louisiana and California; and deployed to England to finalize preparation for its key role in Operation *Overlord*, the Normandy invasion.

VII Corps had the mission to secure a lodgment inland of Utah Beach and then wheel north to capture *Cherbourg*, the port needed for build-up of forces. The 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions were dropped before daylight on June 6 and at dawn the beach was assaulted by the 4th Infantry Division with the 359th Regimental Combat Team (less one battalion) attached. Two days later the entire division was ashore and on June 10 received its baptism by fire. The order was to advance rapidly to seal off the base of the *Contentin Peninsula*. However, the attacking units immediately confronted heavily compartmented terrain, skillfully organized and exploited by determined German defenders, exacting a terrible price for progress measured in yards.

For the next several weeks, the unexpected challenge of combat in hedgerows was to be the nightmare of the 90th and all other divisions. Acts of heroism were legion, though largely unrecorded. Picauville, Goubersville and Beau Coudreay were but identifying landmarks as fierce fighting raged across the division front, casualties soared and senior leadership changed repeatedly. Only the conquest of *Foret de Mont Castre* (Hill 122) had major tactical significance.

It had been a frightful ordeal, but the savage combat at close quarters had made the 90th battle-wise. Proven leaders had emerged to command companies and battalions. Morale skyrocketed with the arrival of General Ray McLain, a magnificent leader. Thus, the Allied break-out at *St. Lo* in late July found the division ready for mobile warfare. Assigned now to Patton's Third Army, the 90th launched forward in multiple columns.

In the first ten days of August, the 90th advanced 140 miles and secured its objective, *Le Mans*. Spearheaded by Task Force Weaver, it had captured *Mayenne*, fought three other stiff engagements and bypassed many pockets of resistance. It then swung north, alongside the 2nd French Armored, to help close the *Falaise Gap* through which the German VII Army was attempting to escape the Allied pincer. In a four-day battle astride *Chambois*, the German should was crushed, the trap sprung and the VII Army mercilessly mauled by air and artillery. That brilliant action netted the 90th 13,000 prisoners and destroyed 220 tanks and thousands of vehicles.

With the German Armies in full retreat across northern France, the pursuit was on. The 90th, now part of XX Corps, crossed the Seine and Marne rivers, occupied Rheims and came to an abrupt halt near *Verdun*: Patton's juggernaut had run out of gas. Stocks were replenished within the week but the delay had permitted the Germans to re-group and organize defence of the Moselle River line, with *Fortress Metz*— impregnable for two centuries— as the hinge. XX Corps closed to the river, ascertained that a hasty crossing was not in the cards and awaited reinforcements. General McLain, rewarded by Corps Command, was replaced by the equally inspiring General Van Fleet. Preparations got under way for what was to be the 90th's most notable feat of arms as the main effort of a multi-division operation to envelop and reduce *Fortress Metz*.

Pre-dawn on November 9, two regiments debouched from concealed assembly areas northeast of *Thionville* to initiate a combined night operation, river crossing and attack of a fortified area. Four battalions simultaneously assaulted across the Moselle at flood stage, stormed the forward German defenses and fought their way to the outworks of the *Maginot Line*, securing lodgement for the balance of the divisions' combat elements. For four critical days, the unprecedented width and current of the swollen river precluded bridge building and thus deployment of tanks. Nonetheless, the advance continued, severe counterattacks were repulsed and the mighty *Fort Koenigsmacker*, the key to the German defense, was blasted by an extraordinarily gallant infantry-engineer combat team. Completion of a bridge imparted new momentum to the attack through the *Maginot* fortifications and November 19 the Division joined hands with 5th Division units east of *Metz*, completing encirclement of that fortress city. In 11 days of constant fighting, the 90th had crossed a strongly defended river, carried by as-

sault the major Metz-type fort; crushed 3 regimental size counterattacks; rolled up a 31 kilometer section of the *Maginot* fortifications; and accomplished its assigned mission precisely in accordance with the operational concept. Generals Patton and Bradley recommended to General Eisenhower that the entire Division be awarded the Presidential Unit Citation.

On Corps order the 90th assaulted across the Saar River, directly into the vaunted *Siegfried Line* at *Pachten-Dillingen.* Thus began an operation without clear purpose or promise. The enemy had continuous observation of the river, negating bridge construction; both flanks were exposed; and no back-up forces were available for exploitation. The Division was soon mired in the fortified belt, with all 9 infantry battalions, tanks and tank destroyers committed to maintain a shallow bridgehead against small but incessant counter attacks. Never had artillery support been more responsive of more needed. Daily battle reports featured pillboxes captured, lost and retaken. In the chilling rain, exposure and trenchfoot casualties exceeded combat losses. Lacking a bridge, the forward units were kept minimally supplied by massive carrying parties. Ironically, the German Ardenness counteroffensive was the 90th's salvation, for it was directed to evacuate the bridgehead, 21-22 December, and regroup for new deployment.

The few days for refit were the 90th's last respite. Urgently needed in the Ardennes, it made a forced march, in complete secrecy, to Luxemburg to restore momentum to the VIII Corps. On January 9, the 90th began a sustained operation that would shear off the German salient south of *Bastogne* and seize the Our River line. Determined defenses, heavy snow and subzero weather made the going tough; but the 90th prevailed and led Corps into Germany to again confront the *Siegfried Line.* This time the outcome would be different thanks to the 'Tough 'Ombres' esprit and the effectiveness of the combined arms teams in breaching barriers and reducing emplacements. By end February, the West Wall had been cracked. The way was clear to the Rhine.

Now the 90th, with General Earnest in command, passed to XII Corps and was teamed with two other outstanding divisions (5th Infantry and 4th Armored) for what was to be an historic envelopment. Swinging southeast, the 90th forced its second crossing of the Moselle alongside the 5th Division; advanced rapidly to the Rhine, overrunning scattered resistance. On March 22 the major city of Mainz fell to a coordinated assault; the Rhine and Main Rivers were crossed in rapid succession; and the 90th pressed forward, in the trace of the 4th Armored, through *Fulda* to the *Thuringen Forest.* In 3 weeks, the 90th had advanced 250 miles.

New orders gave special meaning to the final month of the war. Shifting direction, the 90th headed for the Czech border with *Prague* as the ultimate objective. Enroute, it uncovered a huge cache of stolen art treasures and gold. At mid-month it captured *Hof* and forward elements entered Czechoslovakia. The 'Tough 'Ombres' had split Germany in half. Sweeping south astride the international boundary, the Division overran major Bavarian towns, freed American POWs, liberated inmates of the *Flossenberg* concentration camp and accepted surrender of the 11th Panzer Division, 1000 strong. On May 6, the 90th forced the *Regen Pass* and advanced into Bohemia on the main route to *Pilsen.*

And then it was over.

PAST PRESIDENTS

Gustav C. Dittmar 1919
W.R. Brown 1919
Ike Ashburn 1920-21
Mike Hogg 1922
Gen. Patsy O'Neil 1923-24
Beauford H. Jester 1925
Frank Bryan 1926
Buck J. Wynne 1927
Arthur J. Reinhart 1928
Gustav P. Dittmar 1929
Frank P. Douglass 1930
Barrell Cox 1931
Giles A. Kelly 1932
Elmer Hartel 1933
Richard R. Law 1934
William G. Stigler 1935
Ed. C. Hands 1936
M. H. Watts 1937
Roy T. Kline 1938
Owen J. Watts 1939
John W. Wallace 1940
Dr. G. P. Harth 1941
John D. Whitehurst 1942
Jeff T. Boucher 1943
Fred R. Horton 1944
W.R. Marlin 1945
O.R. McMurray 1946
O.G. McClurg 1947
Alex R. Schell 1948
Howard B. Hopps 1949
Ted J. Ball 1950
Joe F. Dimitt 1951
Clint C. Mason 1952
Earnest L. Tutt 1953
Harry L.S. Halley 1954
C.C. Linley 1955
Hobby H. McCall 1956
Milton Sears 1957
Samuel W. Fry 1958
Roscoe W. Cox 1959
Carl B. Everett 1960
Thomas J. Ameson 1961
Rodney Long 1962
C.D. Steel 1963
Norman Staedtler 1964
Edward A. McBride 1965
Clay A. Adams 1966
George Gross 1967
Gustave Weiss 1968
John Stegora 1969
James A. Biggar 1970
Frank Tenaglia 1971
Maurace F. Kennedy 1972
E.O. Johnson 1973
Clyde (Sandy) Ogle 1974
W.P. Hughes 1975
Thomas W. Irwin 1976
Leslie F. Howard 1977
Carl W. Manuel 1978
Sidney D. Chaffee 1979
Jessie Sibley Sr. 1980
Dr. Richard H. Bulger 1981
Edwin L. Calvin 1982
Joseph E. Engle 1983
Jack Cook 1984
Wm. J. Falvey 1985
John F. Murphy 1986
Daniel Steuber 1987
Allen C. Cornett 1988
Curtis L. Ivey 1989
Harold R. Goodwin 1990

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Ft. Smith, AR 72904

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Dumas, TX 79029

Gordon Thompson
Chaplain and Asst. Sec.
P.O. Box 9470
San Rafael, CA 94912

"Duty...Honor...Country;" those famous words echoed by General Douglas MacArthur in a speech at West Point have been embraced by millions of servicemen and women. None have been more proud to serve our country than the "Tough 'Ombres" of both the past and present.

Division Headquarters and Headquarters Company

Division Artillery Headquarters

90th Calvary

90th Reconnaissance Group

90th Quartermaster

90th Signal Corps

Special Troops

Military Police Platoon

790th Ordinance

607th Tank Destroyer Battalion

733rd Tank Destroyer Battalion

773rd Tank Destroyer Battalion

807th Tank Destroyer Battalion

712th Tank Battalion

537th Infantry Regiment

358th Infantry Regiment

359th Infantry Regiment

343rd Field Artillery Battalion

344th Field Artillery Battalion

345th Field Artillery Battalion

915th Field Artillery Battalion

315th Engineering Battalion

315th Medical Battalion

Third Army 981st Field Division Ordinance Company

THE 90TH PREPARES FOR WAR

In 1942 the 90th Infantry Division was merely young and eager, confidently watching its muscles grow when it was ordered into active service on March 25. It was reorganized as a motorized division later that year but reverted to infantry division structure in early 1943.

Reorganized on the triangular pattern, the division consisted of the 357th, 358th, and 359th Infantry Regiments, 315th Engineers Battalion, 315th Medical Battalion, 415th Quartermaster Battalion, 90th Signal Company, and 90th Reconnaissance Troops. Division Artillery was composed of three 105mm howitzer battalions, the 343rd, 344th, and 915th, plus one battalion of 155mm howitzers, the 345th.

The early days consisted of basic training, thoroughly necessary and thoroughly detested by every soldier. Upon completion of "basic," the division stood a four-day inspection conducted by top-ranking Mexican officers. The Mexicans expressed enthusiastic admiration for the military appearance of the unit and said it was typical of the newly reactivated organizations in the American Army. Nothing yet to indicate that the 90th was other than "typical," other than "representative," that it would one day become a driving force, a powerful slashing spearhead on the European continent.

Early in 1943 the division took part in maneuvers in Louisiana for approximately two months and then returned to Camp Barkeley for additional training in village fighting, attack on fortified areas, close combat, and other subjects required to face a well-trained enemy.

In September 1943 came the "call of the desert," and the 90th packed up its belongings in order to engage in desert maneuvers in Arizona and California. Sand, dust, and heat, plus the 93rd Division, were the opponents during the three-month period which ended in December. When the training was over, the school teachers and soda-jerks, and bookkeepers and farmhands were civilians no longer, but soldiers. And as soldiers they awaited the summons to action.

In that same month the orders came. The division was going to a pre-staging area to ready for overseas shipment. Excitement ran high, and rumors were as thick as mosquitoes in New Jersey, which, coincidentally, was the 90th's destination: Fort Dix, New Jersey.

By January 8, 1944, the entire unit had detrained at Fort Dix. Replacements were received, from the 63rd Division principally. The men of the 90th went home on furloughs to make their farewells, and last-minute readjustments and plans, and to promise faithfully they would return properly bedecked with medals and with Hitler's mustache tucked securely away for a souvenir. The talk of medals, no doubt, was made in jest, but as the months wore on there were to be thousands of decorations for the men of the 90th, decorations earned on the field of combat for deeds of conspicuous valor.

In March the unit moved to its staging area at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. A brief period of final physical checkups, issue of clothing and supplies, and last minute changes followed.

Everything was in readiness on March 22nd, and on that day the troops entrained for New York City. There, without delay, they boarded their ships, and on the 23rd, with no fanfare or ceremony, sailed out of New York Harbor...destination England and points east. Only the Lady on Bledsoe Island waved her hand in farewell. The 90th waved farewell in reply, and set its course for victory.

Upon disembarkation in England, the various units moved to encampments in the general area of Birmingham where they continued training for several weeks. Then, with the invasion of Europe imminent and the division combat role defined, the main body marshalled near Cardiff, Wales, the port from which amphibious shipping would be assembled for its crossing to Normandy. The 359th Regimental Combat Team, less one battalion, marshalled in Devonshire in southern England, as it was attached to the 4th Infantry Division for the assault landing. By June 5, 1944, all units of the division were aboard ships and prepared for battle.

CAMP BARKELEY BLUES

Author Unknown

I've got those Camp Barkeley Blues
I've got those Camp Barkeley Blues
We're tired of cokes and candy
That's the best we'll get we fear.
But how we'd shout with gladness
If they'd only give us beer.
I've got those Camp Barkeley Blues
The kind that's so hard to lose
We go out on a problem and we
practice our attacks
But what we really want to know,
When do we got those WAACs?
I've got those Camp Barkeley
Blues.

I've got those Camp Barkeley Blues
I've got those Camp Barkeley Blues
The winder winds will freeze you
And I swear by what I tell
But the summer sun beams down on you
Like it was straight from...Well,
I've got those Camp Barkeley Blues
The kind that's so hard to lose,
It's dog for breakfast, dog for lunch
And dog for evening chow
It won't be long until we all
Converse with Bow-Wow,
I've got those Camp Barkeley Blues.

I've got those Camp Barkeley Blues
I've got those Camp Barkeley Blues
The kind of meat they give you
When you line up for your chow
It seems to Baa and Baa at you
And you know it sure ain't cow.
I've got those Camp Barkeley Blues
The kind that's so hard to lose
We can't get in the Service Club
We can't get in a show
It's all filled up with medics
No matter where we go
I've got those Camp Barkeley Blues.

CAMP MEMORIES

By Elvir Magnuson

IN THE BEGINNING:

Camp Barkeley, Texas

I was drafted into the U.S. Army in March 1942 along with approximately 140 men from Burt and Dodge Counties in northeast Nebraska. Included in this group were many of my neighbors, friends, and four of my first cousins. We three first cousins who had different last names ended up in the 90th Division. A cousin with my same last name was assigned to another outfit and ended up in Alaska. Carl L. Carlson, from Burt County, and I were assigned to Company G, 357th Infantry Division. We became really good friends. Carlson was killed in action, June 1944, and was laid to rest at the Omaha Cemetery in France. One of my first cousins, assigned to Company D, 357th Infantry Division, and later transferred to the 1st Battalion Headquarters as a truck driver, was killed near Brittany, France, and laid to rest near there. My other first cousin, also assigned to the 90th, was later transferred to another division in Oregon.

After being inducted into the army at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, we left by train and headed west on the Santa Fe Railroad. We had a discussion about where we were going. Some made comments like, "The Santa Fe goes west...so we're going to California." But the train traveled south across Kansas, Oklahoma, and northern Texas. By then we knew we were bound for Texas. We ended up at Camp Barkeley, about 10 miles southwest of Abilene, Texas.

When Carlson and I were assigned to Company G at Camp Barkeley, there were only 10 to 15 men there. Later, I became 1st scout in the 1st squad of the 1st platoon with Carlson. Our squad received the first M-1 rifles. We had to teach the other GIs to take the guns apart and reassemble them. I was chosen as one of the 22 M-1 rifle coaches. When our squad members fired their M-1s on the rifle range, all the men under me qualified with the M-1. One man made "expert."

While at Camp Barkeley, we hiked out to Hanken Ranch quite alot. One night while bivouacked out at the ranch, one of the GIs found a long piece of string. He tied the string to his buddy's pack he was using for a pillow. The GI hid behind a nearby tree and slowly pulled his friend's pack toward him. The GI's buddy,

who was still lying on the ground, raised up on one elbow and watched his "pillow" slowly sliding away from him. When the pack was about eight feet away, the GI got up suddenly and dove upon his pack. The GI didn't think the joke was too funny at first; but we all got a good laugh.

On another maneuver, we were bivouacked in a valley. Suddenly, we heard someone yell, "Timber!" The squad members looked up in time to see one of our 1st lieutenants push a tree stump over. He'd chopped it off with a hatchet so we could have a fire that Saturday night.

Pear cactuses grew everywhere at Camp Barkeley. I once got a one-half inch cactus needle stuck in my leg. The leg became infected before I noticed it, but I was able to remove the needle. Another time a pear cactus needle went all the way through the side of one of my boots. That time I noticed it, stopped, took off my boot, and removed the needle then and there.



I got to know every man in Company G – their names and even most of their hometowns. As men were transferred out, more were transferred in. One man, Arnold Hanson from Minneapolis, Minnesota, was placed into Company G. We were in the same platoon, and Arnold and I became best friends. Arnold was killed in action in June 1944.

Snakes were a big nuisance at Camp Barkeley. One day while out on a problem, I was walking just south of camp. For some reason I looked down, and there between my feet was a diamondback rattlesnake coiled with its head pulled back. A GI in my platoon killed it with a rock. The snake had nine rattlers.

The 357th Infantry Division Company G was chosen to receive the Regimental Colors from the Regiment of World War I the first week of September 1942. It was one of my proudest days when I was selected to be one of the color guards. My picture appeared in the Abilene newspaper. I sent the picture home, and it is now in my 90th Infantry Division scrapbook.

The soil around the Abilene area was very sandy. I recall it would rain at 4:00 A.M. By 6:00 A.M., the wind would be blowing sand and dust in our faces. We men would be walking in mud! Also, our tents had to be set up at the motor pool where our hutments were built. Sand really did get into our personal belongings then...even in the hutments. I remember it as if it were yesterday; removing sand from my bed and waking up the next morning covered with sand.

THE NEXT STOP:

Fort Polk, Louisiana

We left Camp Barkeley for training at Fort Polk near Leesville, Louisiana. While at Fort Polk, when we could have fires, we used pinewood. The smoke from these fires often made our faces black...a really funny sight. Some of our problems at Polk took us over water. Once, while crossing the Sabine River, my buddy Carl Carlson slipped out of the boat he was in and went under water. Fortunately, the men got Carl back into his boat; but not before we all had a bad scare.

Out on another problem in East Texas one day, we stopped at a small general store outside a little town. We purchased all the crackers and cookies on the shelves. I believe it was around noon when we got ready to leave the store. The owner said, "I've sold enough for today. I'm going fishing!" He closed the doors, locked them tight, and left with us.

Sometimes while training, we'd have to sleep out at night. I remember making many a bed with a lot of pine needles and putting my shelter over half of it. These shelters usually slept two men. One night some of the guys were playing poker by the light of a fire. I didn't play poker, but I wanted to be helpful. When the fire got low, I went out and gathered some dry wood to build more fire with. The next morning I picked 15 ticks off myself. Also during this problem, we often swam in nearby ponds and streams in our off hours.

When the Louisiana training was over, we went back to Camp Barkeley.

PATTON'S DESERT TRAINING CENTER:

California

We left Camp Barkeley for the Desert Training Center in Eastern California. Out here there was little rain and more sand and rocks, blackened by the hot sun. In this desert was a small rattlesnake called the sidewinder. So called because it crawled sideways. I was leading the company out on a week's problem, and one night we developed a compass problem. The men and I sat down to rest and work on the compass. When I stood up, a sidewinder rattled nearby. One GI said, "Where there is one snake, there will be another nearby." After walking a few more feet, I heard another rattle. I recall being told snakes often will get near a person for warmth, but this was too close for comfort!

The desert sand was endless. We walked so much the soles of my boots finally came loose. Sand got into my boots, my socks, under and between my toes. My toes were so sore it hurt to walk.

Mornings were still dark in California when we fell out for reveille. When the men were dismissed from reveille, they would run for the chow line carrying their mess kits under their coats. One morning while run-

ning, a GI fell over a bush in the dark, another GI fell over him, another GI followed suit until there was a pile of men trying to figure out what happened and how to get up at the same time. Their mess kits really did clang and rattle in the darkness over the camp. It was a funny sight to see.

I finally received a three-day pass to Los Angeles where I got on a radio show named "Breakfast at Sardi's." All the servicemen, myself included, ate a free breakfast together before the show. I gave my name, rank, and hometown over the national radio network, and my mother and sister back home heard me. I also was given a ticket to the "Gildersleeve Show." All the servicemen on that show sat in the first four rows. I went to the Hollywood Canteen while in L.A. and got some movie stars' autographs.

Hotel space was scarce in Los Angeles those days. My first night there I couldn't find a hotel room, so I slept on a couch in a hotel lobby. When I awoke next morning, a sailor was sleeping at the other end. The next night I found a bed at the Lutheran Service Center where servicemen could sleep free.

Company G spent some time at Camp Granite near Freida, California, and Arizona. I recall sitting on the side of a mountain one day writing letters. I used two flat rocks as a writing table. While there, I looked out over a valley and will always remember the sight I saw in the distance...Salome, Arizona.

While at Camp Granite, we were on a problem one day when artillery was to fire over us. The first four shells burst in front of our company. The next four shells sounded just a bit too close, so we got flat on the ground. Actually, the shells were behind my helmet! The next four shells were airbursts which exploded in between our four platoons. Suddenly, I heard a flutter in front of me; it was a piece of shrapnel about two inches long. I reached out and picked it up. It was still hot. I picked up several more pieces of shrapnel out in front of me. One GI in the 3rd Platoon lost part of a finger on his right hand. He was taken away, and we never saw him again. We later learned an officer from another company let the groups get too far ahead of the actual location we were supposed to stop. The troops were up too high in the mountains!

MORE DESERT TRAINING:

Camp Granit, Arizona



Company G left California just after Christmas 1942. I remember all the Christmas packages and cards arriving before our departure. All of us rode another troop train almost across the entire United States on the Santa Fe Railroad. The railroad cars were so old we could see bullet holes in them. Many of us joked that Jesse James must have shot them up. I figured I was about 150 miles from my home when we passed through south central Iowa. When the train finally stopped, it stopped in Pittsburgh beside a brick wall. A GI in a train car said, "My home is just back of that wall...so near my home, but yet so far away."



OUR FINAL DESTINATION

Fort Dix, New Jersey

We arrived at Fort Dix, New Jersey, on New Year's Eve 1943. Fort Dix had two storied barracks. Company G filled two and a half barracks. We were happy to once again have beds with mattresses! However, we learned that once again the 45th Division had been in camp just before us. They broke so many dishes we were told we'd have to eat out of our own mess kits.

Not much happened at Fort Dix. I remember going by train to New York City with a platoon buddy whose brother lived in Long Island, New Jersey. Round trip train fare was $2.00. We went all over New York. On Sunday we headed back to Fort Dix and saw two Navy destroyers anchored offshore. The next day, one of the destroyers blew up.

Replacements arrived at Fort Dix almost daily. I became friends with many of them. We had a company picture taken of all the men in Company G at that time. However, more replacements arrived, and the picture was out of date. It was hard keeping up with all the replacements. A lot of enlisted men got left out of our pictures.

At last, we received our furloughs from Fort Dix! I was able to go home a few days early for my grandmother's funeral. She was my last grandparent – my mother's mother. Four of us grandchildren, who were in the service, were pallbearers. Some of my other relatives, who were also in the service, could not get home at that time.

After my furlough, the 357th Infantry Division, Company G, left Fort Dix for Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. From there we sailed overseas not even fully aware of nor envisioning what difficult tasks lay ahead of us.

This is an excerpt from "Camp Memories" *by Elvir A. Magnuson of the 357th Infantry Division, Company G, who was awarded a Purple Heart in Europe during World War II. Mr. Magnuson now resides in Luverne, MN.*

POEMS FROM CAMP

A valley green
A sinking sun
A shepherd's pipe played low

A winding brook
A skylark's song
A breeze across the brow.

The day 'most done
The night draws nigh
God puts the world to sleep.

May/43

Wild love, thy jealous soul
Doth sear me night and day;
Aching heart, you needs must
break
From pain of unloved love
That gives but cannot take.

Free'st winds, thou bear me far,
But always I return;
My shackle holds - I can not flee -
To earth I'm bound 'til death
Alone shall set me free.

Cp Granite, Calif
23 Sept 43

My love made cheap
By carnal lust
Lies shattered
At my feet.

Such blind eyes,
Oh heart so cruel
That tramples
Earth and skies.

Could you but see
Beyond your lust
My love would
Speak for me.

Cp Granite, Calif.
23 Sept 43

TO BARKELEY

I have loved this land. It has been good to me. Its bright blue and white skies, its green roofs and grass and red-brown earth sing forth as bold and joyous as the flag waving bouyantly against their background... Eighteen months my heart and my lifeblood has spent here... eighteen months of changing seasons, heartbreaking, dull, and good days piling slowly one upon one. And in the interims that I have paused, willing, in this land -- it has been kind. Faces have smiled and friends have been made. Gently this nature of purging barrenness has opened my eyes to clear vision stripped of superficialities and undergirding with sturdiness its trembling human child. And in its aching, loving, joyous, rejoicing, monotonous, all-complete vagaries, it has been like the plain -- long, barren, lonely -- that stretches from my window endlessly, it seems -- until it reaches the relaxed shoulders of the hills wrapping themselves, comfortable and motherly, about its edges. And I gaze and breathe fervently, too, "J'aime".

Frances Henderson

My soul cried out:
"God! Set me free!!"
No answer
Came to me.

I can not die
The pain's too great
For death
To intervene.

Cp Granite, Calif.
23 Sept 43

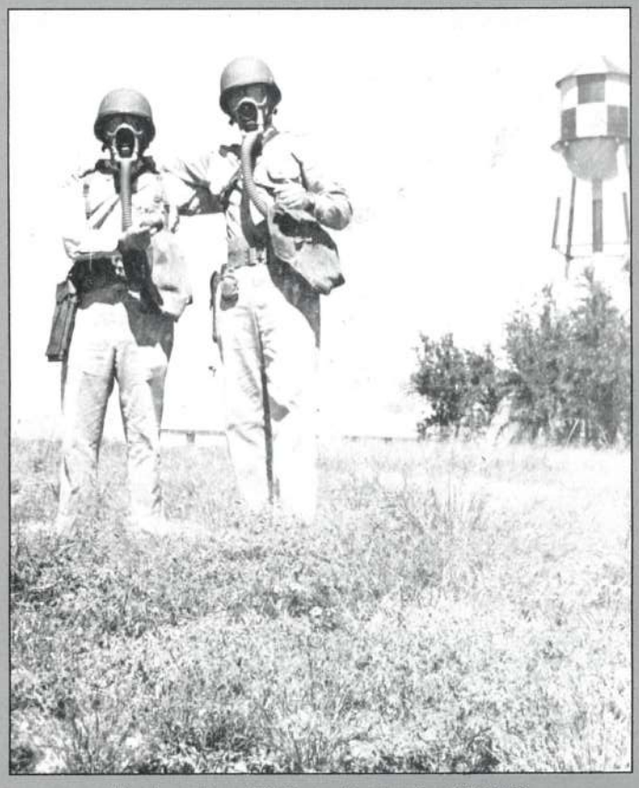
These poems were contributed by Frances and George Henderson, 315th Medical Aid Headquarters, 90th Infantry Division.



Ted Karter Desert Training 1942



Buffalo Gap, Camp Barkeley



Headquarters VIII Corps September 27, 1942

HEADQUARTERS and HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT

315th MEDICAL BATTALION

90th Motorized Division

CAMP BARKELEY, TEXAS

ROSTER

COMMANDING

Lieutenant Colonel James K. Goldstene, M. C.

HEADQUARTERS OFFICERS

Major Frederick C. Hopp, M. C.
Captain Orien T. Gower, M. C.
Captain Paul C. Pedigo, M. C.
Captain Marion G. Brown, M. C.
Captain Joseph M. Hertzberg, M. C.
Captain Joseph L. McKenna, M. C.
First Lieutenant William I. McIlhenny, M. A. C.
First Lieutenant Leonard C. Barney, M. A. C.
First Lieutenant Edward C. Shatz, M. A. C.
Second Lieutenant Paul J. Lilly, M. A.C.
Second Lieutenant Joseph A. Reckers, M. A. C.

SECTIONS

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT SECTION

First Sergeant Robert L. Tindall
Staff Sergeant Lyle M. Beerman
Staff Sergeant Allen J. Mitchell
Sergeant Milton G. Hendrickson
Technical Grade 4 Elbert O. Ross
Corporal Frank Berus
Technical Grade 5 Charles L. Brannon
Technical Grade 5 Leo F. Kaufman
Technical Grade 5 James M. Austin
Private First Class Tony J. Marinac
Private First Class Eldon O. Myers

BATTALION HEADQUARTERS SECTION

Master Sergeant Victor V. Stone
Technical Grade 5 John Orsulan
Technical Grade 5 Edward Penfield
Technical Grade 5 George R. Henderson
Technical Grade 5 Tolliver Boyer
Technical Grade 5 Edward E. Nelson
Private First Class Russell O. Cool
Private First Class Albert Dodgen
Private First Class Johnsey P. Arnold
Private Archie Sommers
Private Louis F. Fink

PERSONNEL SECTION

Technical Sergeant Julian I. Forbes
Sergeant Colon H. Burns
Sergeant David C. Jones
Sergeant Arthur K. Skeoch

GENERAL AND MEDICAL SUPPLY SECTION

Technical Sergeant Robert P. Graves
Staff Sergeant Eskield C. Harrell
Staff Sergeant Jack W. Matson
Technical Grade 5 Kenneth L. Masters
Technical Grade 5 Tom H. Reid
Private First Class Hayden L. Wells
Private First Class Alfred Heitzman
Private First Class Richard A. Larson
Private First Class Howard I. Leonard
Private Paul E. Rakes

MOTOR MAINTENANCE SECTION

Technical Sergeant Paul H. Cooper
Sergeant Clybe R. Rylander
Technical Grade 4 Chester G. Alford
Technical Grade 4 George R. Fisk
Technical Grade 4 Thomas J. May
Technical Grade 5 Thomas L. Routon
Technical Grade 5 Helmuy A. Thiel
Private Edgar E. Hiesterman
Private Mark L. Trantham
Private Franklin A. Wilson

We can live without love;
What is love but pining?
But civilized man cannot live without dining.

HQ and HQ Detachment, 315th Medical Battalion

CAMP BARKELEY NEWS

For All Units On The Post

VOL. 2, NO. 15. CAMP BARKELEY, TEXAS FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1943

New Swimming Pool Is Being Built At Camp

Hey, Skinny, they're building a new swimming pool at Camp!

Work on the new concrete swimming pool started last week and it is expected the pool will be completed in 30 days. The pool, which will be 40 by 150 feet in size, will be three feet deep at one end and 10 feet deep at the other.

There will be diving boards, showers and dressing rooms. The pool is being constructed just east of Theater No. 1 along Avenue D.

Announcement also was made of construction of an outdoor stage for USO-Camp shows and programs in which local talent will be featured. The stage is being constructed just back of Theater No. 1. It will have a 75-foot front. It is expected the stage will be completed for the USO show, "Loop the Loop," to be presented at Camp on June 30, July 1 and 2. It is planned to have most of the USO-Camp shows outdoors this summer. Performers will use dressing rooms of Theater No. 1 during the time the shows are being presented.

An outdoor theater (Theater No. 5) is opening at Camp. The open-air, motion picture theater is located just opposite to dental clinic No. 2 and near headquarters of the 30th Med. Regt. This is in the north part of Camp. Movies will be shown each night at 8:45 o'clock. It is expected the initial show will be tonight, weather permitting. The theater has a seating capacity of 2,000. A section in the theater is being reserved for colored troops of Camp. Officers also will have a reserved section.

Pretty WAAC Hopes For No More Mix-Ups

A pretty, blonde WAAC from Bergstrom Field, Austin, spent fearful minutes and hours in Abilene Sunday while First Street USO workers tried all the methods in the book to locate her brother, an OCS-man at Camp.

Auxiliary 1st Class Anna M. Elkowitz, whose home is in New York City, and who hasn't seen her brother in "a long, long time," arrived in Abilene at 4:45 a. m. Sunday, almost five hours late. Her train was delayed. Her brother, Candidate Paul J. Elkowitz, was to meet her at midnight.

A hurried telegram by Auxiliary Elkowitz did not reach Candidate Elkowitz. He was listed officially as "on pass for the weekend to Abilene."

From 4:45 a.m. until the First Street opened the trim-looking WAAC spent mettlesome minutes. Then she sought USO aid in an attempt to locate her brother, who. It was learned through telephone calls, had had a hotel reservation for her. The hotel accommodation, however, was "lifted" when she "failed" to arrive.

After almost three more hours of telephoning, street walking and restaurant visiting (the Auxiliary assisted by a Camp "volunteer" of the same rank) Candidate Elkowitz was located.

He was in the OCS chapel attending services.

A fast ride to Abilene, however, and the two were united.

The couple spent the remainder of the day together—one that Auxiliary Elkowitz wanted culminated by a visit to Camp.

MESS MEETING TUESDAY

The film, "The Effect of Vitamin C on Wound Healing", will be shown at a mess personnel meeting Tuesday, June 1, at Theater No. 4. The film is an illustration of the necessity of vitamin reserves from adequate diets to aid in emergency conditions. A discussion will follow the movie.

First Depositor . . . . . .



S-Sgt. John H. Farmer, Sig Det. 1851st Unit, puts 75 bucks in the agency bank at Camp and wins the honor of being the first depositor of the newly-opened banking facilities. The Citizens National bank in Abilene has established the agency here. The bank opened at 10 a. m. Tuesday. Sergeant Farmer, whose home is at Paris, Texas, has been in Camp since Feb. 22, 1941. He came here as a corporal with a cadre from Fort Sam Houston. Shown taking Sergeant Farmer's deposit is Owen Ellis, assistant cashier.

Big Things Are Expected In Camp Athletic Program

On Thursday of this week, Lt. Allen B. Johnson returned from the School for Special Service, Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., full of vim and vigor, as well as a lot of "hot" ideas and ready to show his stuff. Lieutenant Johnson, prior to departure for the school, was assistant to Capt. Robert Wade, Camp Special Service Officer.

It is understood that he is to resume his former duties and, according to Captain Wade, will be designated as Camp Athletic and Recreational Director. A well-rounded program covering off-duty periods, providing for the welfare and entertainment of the men is in the making, and with Lieutenant Johnson's return, big things may be expected in the near future.

Lieutenant Johnson first came to Camp with the 45th Div. in 1941, as an enlisted man. He later attended the Army Administrative school, and was commissioned in December of 1942, and assigned to duty at this station.

Step Right Over, Boys!

Have you visited the carnival in town?

Under sponsorship of the Abilene post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Greater United Shows has opened a 10-day stand on the Camp highway. Site of the show is a few blocks west of Sayles boulevard on highway 158. It is expected the carnival will be in full swing through June 5.

Twenty rides and shows are included in the carnival.

Theater Coupon

Are you taking advantage of the opportunity to save money in going to movies at Camp?

You can cut your entertainment costs by 20 per cent with each theater coupon book you purchase. Books of 10 coupons at $1.20 now are on sale at all Camp theaters.

These books are good at any theater at any camp or military post.

Chicago War Bond Office Delivers As It Promises

War Bond delivery within a definite time period is assured subscribers to the Class B pay allotment plan for War Bonds, by the Centralized Field Offices of the Finance Department, new War Bond set-up in Chicago.

Already within the Eight Service Command, as in other service commands, thousands of officers, enlisted men and WAAC have received their bonds under the new plan that provides issuance of bonds within 15 days of the date they are paid for.

Capt. Orrin C. Auld, War Bond Officer of the Eighth Service Command, returned last week from Chicago, bringing news on the prompt delivery of bonds.

Behind confidence in the new procedure is irrefutable figures. Bonds issued and mailed in the period May 1-10 inclusive, according to the Army War Bond Office, totaled 381,818 which included a bond for every properly executed application for which bonds were due in that period. In addition, supplemental issues covering application received subsequent to May 1, 1943, totaled in excess of 80,000.

Meanwhile the enormous task of cleaning up the backlog of old bonds bought by both military and civilian personnel under the former Class A Pay Reserves plan is being prosecuted vigorously, Captain Auld found out.

"Every deposit made with the War Bond division under the Class A pay reservation plan is guaranteed in full," promised Col. Charles Lewis, FD commanding officer of the Centralized Field Offices, parent headquarters of the Army War Bond office. "Not a penny will be lost, for the back bonds will be issued though it may take several months, and will be dated as of the month they are due, thereby assuring no loss of interest to the subscriber as a result of the delay of issuance."

"SUMMERTIME" IS THEME

"Summertime" was the theme for the dance and party enjoyed by officers of the 358th Inf. last Saturday night at the regimental hall. Music was furnished by the 90th Div. orchestra.

Dogs At Camp Without Tags Will Be Killed

"Have your dog shot if you don't want him shot!"

That is the advice of M-Sgt. O. B. Sutton, who operates the dog pound in Camp.

If you have a dog at Camp or a pooch mascot "assigned" to your unit you'd better have the pet vaccinated, warned Sergeant Sutton: "All dogs in Camp will be killed upon being picked up starting June 1 unless they have tags showing they have been vaccinated."

It costs 50 cents to have the dogs vaccinated. Two tags — one for Camp and the other for Abilene—are issued. Owners of the dogs must furnish collars. If you want your hound vaccinated call the Camp prison, 456 or 895, and arrangements will be made to have your dog "shot."

Soldiers, Wives To Hear Dr. Moore

Dr. Berniece Moore, noted consultant from the Hogg Foundation, University of Texas, will make a personal appearance in Abilene June 2, 3, 4 and lecture to Army wives, nurses and at a special husband-wife conference.

Her talks, arranged through USO agencies of Abilene, cover war problems in local communities. Dr. Moore has made a special study of problems created by war conditions of today and the woman's place during the present conflict.

She also will discuss other social problems.

USO officials of Abilene have issued a blanket invitation to soldiers and their wives to attend Dr. Moore's joint discussion on Wednesday night, June 2, at 8 o'clock, at the Fifth Street USO. That morning at 10:30 o'clock, the doctor will address wives of soldiers at a special conference, scheduled at the First Street USO.

Her conference schedule:

Wednesday, June 2, Soldier's wives, First Street USO, 10:30 a. m.; Army nurses, 2:30 p. m.; Hospital Patients, 3:30 p. m. Soldiers and wives, Fifth Street USO, 8:30 p. m. June 4, USO Council staff, committees, and Abilene and Sta. Hosp. social workers, 8 p. m.

Yank Wants You As One Of Its Readers

Are you a Yank subscriber?

Yank, official soldier, written publication of the Armed Forces, is carrying out a subscription campaign in an effort to get more soldier readers. To get your copy by mail every week for 35 weeks send Yank your name and rank and a money order for $1.

Yank, the Army Weekly, will follow you anywhere. There's a change of address coupon in every issue. Address your letters to Yank, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42d St., New York City.

The magazine is published by the War Department. It is edited by enlisted personnel on behalf of the enlisted men of the armed forces and as such is their official voice.

A campaign is being carried out at pay tables of the 90th Div. at Camp next week.

Officers At Camp

Success of the International Bull Session held regularly on Tuesdays at the Camp Library has led to the establishment of an officers' section of the same. First meeting of those with discussive abilities and tendencies was held this week when a small group held forth on the subject of "Post War Plans and Planning."

Officers are invited to attend this informal meeting which will be held regularly at the Camp Library on Wednesdays at 7 p. m. each week. The form and pattern will be similar to that of the EM Bull Session with no mental holds barred in a catch-as-catch can bandying about of current topics. For further information ask at the library for details and an unwritten prospectus.

Blackstone, the Magician, To Be Here Next Week

A blue ribbon event in entertainment will take place at Camp next Thursday. Friday and Saturday when USO-Camp Shows present another of its big programs starring, the greatest magician in the world, with his company of 15 persons and other star acts.

The shows next week will be at Theater No. 1. There will be two shows daily at 6:30 and 8:30 p. m. A show will be presented at the Red Cross recreation center of Sta. Hosp. at 2:30 p. m. next Thursday.

With his large company of talented assistants, Blackstone offers the most pretentious magic show ever to be presented anywhere. Girls predominate the Blackstone show, which comprise an evening of exciting entertainment, during which ghostly seances, spirit writing and experiments in the occult occur. Audience participation in the seances and experiments play a major part of the course of the show.

Now in his thirtieth year on tour as the world's leading magical entertainer, Blackstone's show has earned the enviable title of "An American Institution." This season, the show boasts a company of 15 people and loads of astounding illusions and mysteries, such as The Girl and the Tree; The Girl and the Bush; The Water Fountain; The Enchanted Garden; The Girl in the Electric Cabinet; The Girl on the Trapeze; The Man With the Whiskers and others. Blackstone boasts that he carires no mirror with him nor does he require any trapdoors to be cut in the stages on which he performs.

The Clark Sisters, Ann, Peggy, Jean and Mary, will offer their delightful harmonies, both sweet and hot, which have entranced audiences since the sisters first appeared with Buddy Rogers and his orchestra before they were in their teens. The Clarks have appeared on Bing Crosby's radio program, with Benny Goodman and Shep Fields' orchestras, and were the featured attraction during the recent season at the McAlpin hotel, New York.

Those very funny and clever trampoline artist, Monroe and Grant, are in the Blackstone show. One of the cleverest and funniest trampoline acts in the business, Grant, Sr., has been on the big-time for 25 years and Don Monroe has succeeded his older brother, now in the service.

Jean Blanche brings to the show her twinkling toes and fast tapping dance routines which made her a featured attraction with Ted Lewis and his orchestra for several seasons. Jean comes to the USO-Camp Shows production directly from the Vinton Freedley revue, "Dancing In The Streets."

"Lopez, Step Forward— Detail Halt!"

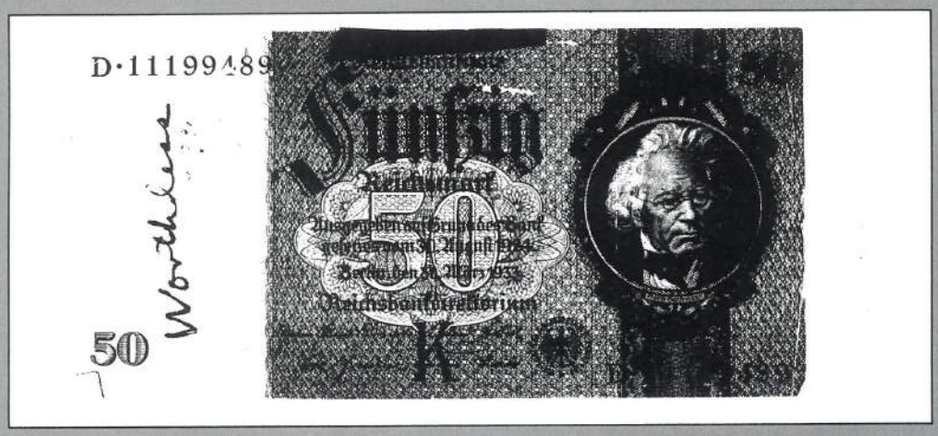
Names seem to come in pairs during the current training period for Co. B, 63d Med. Trng. Bn.

The company has 18 sets of two men each named the same names. There are four groups of three having the same names, while those who answer to Lopez total six.

It so happened one night recently that had roll call been called at guard mount, there would have been a chorus of six voices answering "here" to the name of Lopez. Filling the six guard posts at the same time were Pvts. Charles, Elias, George, Joe, Manuel and Pedro—all with the last name of Lopez.

Duplicates in the similarity of names are Adams, Alexander, Anderson, Espinoza, Heard, Hicks, Leonard, Luna, Mireles, oMore, Perez, Perry, Talamantes, Taylor, Thompson, Wells, White and Williams.

Trios with the same names include Hernandez, Jones, Ruiz and Smith.











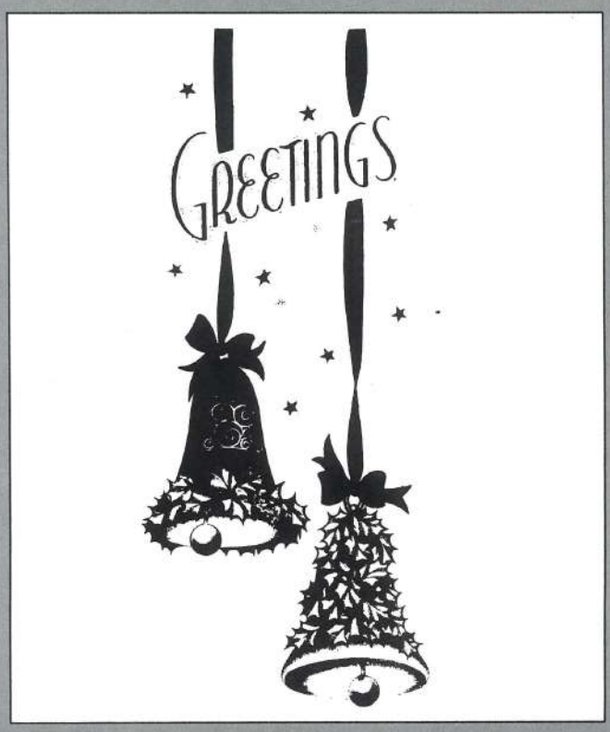
WORLD WAR II VICTORY MEDAL



DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS (ARMY)



PURPLE HEART



HEADQUARTERS and HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT

315th Medical Battalion

CAMP BARKELEY, TEXAS



SUPREME HEADQUARTERS
ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Force!

You are about to embark upon the Great Crusade, toward which we have striven these many months. The eyes of the world are upon you. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere march with you. In company with our brave Allies and brothers-in-arms on other Fronts, you will bring about the destruction of the German war machine, the elimination of Nazi tyranny over the oppressed peoples of Europe, and security for ourselves in a free world.

Your task will not be an easy one. Your enemy is well trained, well equipped and battle-hardened. He will fight savagely.

But this is the year 1944! Much has happened since the Nazi triumphs of 1940-41. The United Nations have inflicted upon the Germans great defeats, in open battle, man-to-man. Our air offensive has seriously reduced their strength in the air and their capacity to wage war on the ground. Our Home Fronts have given us an overwhelming superiority in weapons and munitions of war, and placed at our disposal great reserves of trained fighting men. The tide has turned! The free men of the world are marching together to Victory!

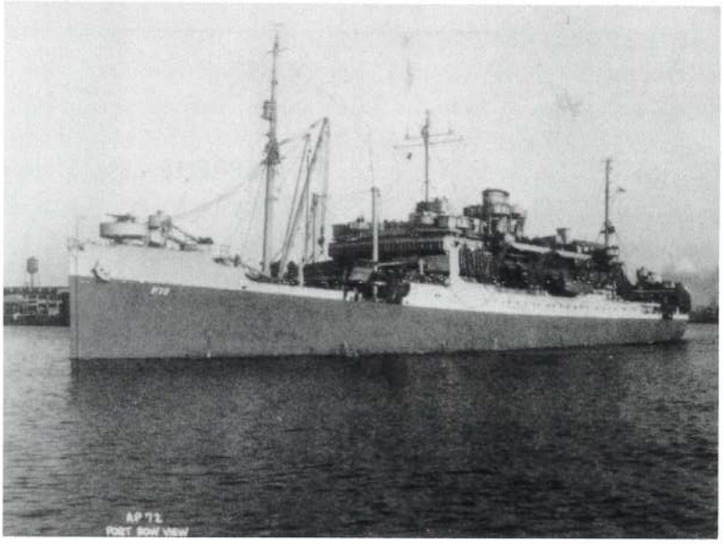
I have full confidence in your courage, devotion to duty and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full Victory!

Good Luck! And let us all beseech the blessing of Almighty God upon this great and noble undertaking.

Dwight D. Eisenhower

THE *SUSAN B. ANTHONY*

The story of the 90th Infantry Division is not complete without the story of the Susan B. Anthony and even, perhaps, a glimpse at Brig. Gen. Samuel Tankersley Williams, assistant division commander of the 90th Infantry Division at the beginning of World War II. The following is an exerpt from the book "Hanging Sam: A Military Biography of General Samuel T. Williams, From Pancho Villa to Vietnam" by Col. Harold J. "Jack" Meyer.



Brig. Gen. Samuel Tankersley Williams, United States Army, stood straight as a colonial rifle on the antiaircraft deck of the U.S. Navy transport *Susan B. Anthony*. From there, high above the bridge, he scanned the faintly visible horizon to the south that was disturbed by the clickering silhouettes of hundreds of ships of every configuration: corvettes, gunboats, destroyers, battleships, antisubmarine craft, plus LSTs and LCIs, which were easy to identify. Unseen by General Williams was the enemy-held coast of Normandy, the objective of the forces wallowing in the murky waters of the English Channel.

It was Wednesday, D-Day+1, 7 June 1944.

General Williams was the assistant division commander of the 90th Infantry Division—the "Tough 'Ombres," as it was known to its members. It was also called the T-O outfit because many of its men—the riflemen, tankers, cannoncockers, engineers, and quartermasters—were proud to be from Texas or Oklahoma. Sam shared their pride of origin, for he was a Texan, born in Denton, Texas, the son of Darwin Herbert and Ida Cessna Williams.

At the moment, he was a forty-seven-year-old one-star army general at sea off Portland, England, with the leading advance forces of the 90th. Aboard the *Anthony*, in addition to the forward combat element, were others of the 90th, such as the 2nd Battalion of the 359th Infantry Regiment, the division Signal Company, and medics, and reconnaissance units. In all, the *Susan B. Anthony* was loaded with 2,400 soldiers and officers of the division, all of whom, along with weapons and equipment, were moving toward the north shore of France—and war.

The *Susan B. Anthony*, once known as the *Santa Clara*, was launched in 1930 and served as a cruise ship for eleven years. But in 1942, the ship was refitted and commissioned for duty as a navy troop transport. Capable of carrying more than 2,500 soldiers and most of their equipment for a range of 9,000 miles with its electro-turbine engines and nineteen knots of speed, the *Anthony* could outrun the swiftest Nazi submarine. It was one-and-one-half football fields long, 63 feet wide, and comfortable in as little as 25 feet of water. Capt. Thomas A. Grey knew the ship well because he had also served as its captain when it sailed the commercial pleasure routes off California and the waters of the Pacific. The *Susan B. Anthony* was an experienced vessel with a qualified crew and skipper.

The 90th Motorized Division was activated at Camp Barkeley, Texas, in March 1942 with Maj. Gen. Henry Terrell assigned as its first World War II commander. Terrell was acclaimed as one of the best trainers in the U.S. Army and held an enviable reputation as a competent soldier and leader, but he left the 90th in January 1944 as it prepared for overseas shipment at Fort Dix, New Jersey.

Terrell's replacement was Brig. Gen. Jay W. MacKelvie who enlisted in the Army in January 1913 and was within three years the sergeant major of the 7th Calvary Regiment—a remarkable achievement for a newly enlisted soldier. He continued to advance and was commissioned in the Regular Army as a second lieutenant, artillery, in June 1917. In August he was promoted to captain. After being commissioned, MacKelvie was ordered to Camp Logan, Texas, where he joined the 78th Field Artillery. Shortly thereafter he sailed to Europe with the 28th Field Artillery and participated in the St. Mihiel offensive.

After his return to the United States, his assignments were routine, highlighted with attendance at the Army's Command and General Staff School in 1932. Four years later he graduated from the Army War College. Between the schooling years, he continued to master the science of artillery.

In February 1942 he joined the Plans Group of the War Plans Division, War Department General Staff. There, he became known to Chief of Staff General George C. Marshall who selected him to become artillery commander of the 85th Infantry Division stationed at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. In September 1943 he was further recognized as a skilled artillery officer when Marshall directed him to assume command of the XII Corps Artillery located at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

Four months later, MacKelvie became commanding general of the 90th while still wearing his single silver star. His khaki shirt collar would never sport a second one.

Sam needed no introduction to General MacKelvie because they had met in 1936 at Fort Benning, Georgia. At that time, it had been *Captain* Williams and *Major* MacKelvie. By 1944 at Fort Dix, both were brigadier generals, but MacKelvie was senior to Williams by nearly a year, so it was "General MacKelvie" and "Sam."

Sam arranged briefings for MacKelvie that touched on every unit of the division, and he personally introduced him to key personnel no matter their rank of title. Throughout the orientation, Sam underscored the status of training and emphasized those matters that General Terrell had found important, plus the findings of inspectors who had accompanied them on maneuvers in Arizona, Texas, and Louisiana. Sam also told MacKelvie of his concern about the quality of the replacements being received for the original Tough 'Ombres who were found unqualified for overseas duty.

Throughout the orientation, MacKelvie remained aloof and generally made little comment. He became known to the 90th general staff as "Oral Non."

Sam maintained a formal military posture with MacKelvie—proper, polite, and not the least familiar. MacKelvie for his part immediately began to influence the division by applying what seemed to be petty rules. Officers were instructed when and how to report to him and what uniforms to wear. He isolated himself from his staff. Officer morale in particular began to unravel when MacKelvie took charge of the 90th Infantry Division at Fort Dix.

As Sam tried to familiarize MacKelvie with the overall situation of the division, he was also preparing to depart to England to await the division's arrival. With the assistance of the 90th's chief of staff, Sam selected a group of leaders to accompany him to England, choosing officers and enlisted technicians in whom he had confidence—those whom he knew fulfilled the requirements of coordination, command, and communications that would be needed in England.

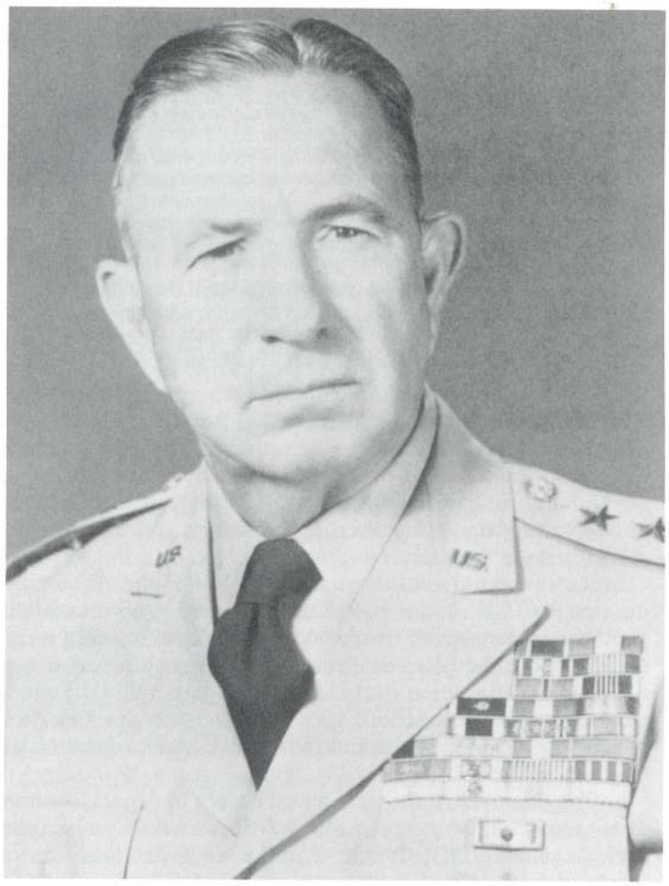
After arriving there in March 1944, Sam moved to the Birmingham area and began to establish camps for the division. The division's continued training was essential and primary to all else for Sam.

During World War II, an assistant division commander normally was expected to concern himself with the training of the division's members, but especially with the infantry soldiers. Sam later wrote that "during our stay in England, I had little opportunity to carry out this important duty." Most of Sam's attention on the arrival of the 90th was spent at VII Corps headquarters developing plans for the Tough 'Ombres' combat role. The division would contribute one regiment—the 359th—to the initial landing force. The 359th, less its Second Battalion, was attached to the 4th Infantry Division, which was scheduled to land at daybreak on Monday, June 5th.

The 359th Infantry Regiment would return to MacKelvie's control after the entire 90th was marshalled south of Utah Beach. The plan then directed the 90th, along with the Fourth Division, to move to the northwest to participate in the capture of the vital Cherbourg port as part of the VII Corps.

In a letter to his sister Ida, written January 18, 1963, Sam wrote:

> *I did not endear myself to some of my superiors because of my objections to various things that were planned or being done. I knew the German soldier from personal experience, for I had fought them at the platoon and company level. I knew that the German soldier could and would fight to the last ditch, if ordered to do so, regardless of what our higher command thought about the German Army.*
>
> *For example, the original landing plans had us (the 90th) land on the beach with the 4th and capture the port of Cherbourg, some miles to our west, in four days.*
>
> *My objections and undoubtedly the objections of others, caused the time limit to be extended to 14 days. At any rate, as it turned out, Cherbourg was not captured in 14 days; it was close to twenty and it took three (not two) divisions to do it.*



(Above) Lt. Gen. Samuel T. Williams, Ft. Sam Houston, 1955.

Cherbourg fell to the combined strength of the 4th, 9th, and the 79th Divisions on June 26th, twenty days after the first American soldier waded ashore at Utah Beach. Other planning that occupied Sam related to detailed arrangements for the on-loading of ships for crossing the English Channel, as well as the rapid off-loading of landing craft and military transports on-and-off the beach.

Sam was not satisfied with what he discovered at the transportation headquarters in London, although he managed to have additional ships assigned to the 90th plus three experienced British officers—a navy captain and two marine officers. Their attention, as well as Sam's, was given to every aspect of loading and unloading personnel and equipment. Sam later credited the British officers with much of the success of the embarkation and debarkation of the vessels, which followed a last-on first-off plan.

The *Susan B. Anthony* was completely loaded at Cardiff by midday June 3, 1944. Sam observed the final loading and, suprisingly, he offered little criticism or comment. Typically, he was looking forward to the next major activity of the operation—getting the ship unloaded with the same efficiency that characterized loading.

After boarding the *Anthony*, Sam moved to the AA deck, where he could be found during most of the voyage south to Swansea and on to mid-Channel. One senior officer said that General Williams feared seasickness and therefore purposely detached himself from the main flow of shipboard traffic. More likely, he wanted to be at the center of activity in case of air attack, although such a challenge by enemy aircraft was improbable. Yet he was aware that the *Anthony* was a lucrative target.

About the movement to Swansea, Sam wrote:

From the moment we boarded, it was pleasant. The soldiers were not crowded or uncomfortable. While the water was heavy and running with long rolls, the ship rode with smoothness. The weather was similar to what we had known in Wales. The food was outstanding for our Army menu in the Isles was not so generous with steak, butter, eggs and fresh baked bread. The soldiers, as usual, made remarks about this, "Our Last Supper." We had no sooner departed the sight of land and were in the Bristol Channel when I heard dice rolling and cards being shuffled.

Of course, we got some soldiering done. We hung cargo nets for practice in lowering ourselves to the decks of our pick-up craft. Abandon boat drills were held. I held discussions with our naval representatives to learn from their experiences what to look for when debarking troops.

The plans for the invasion called for shore landings on Monday, June 5th, but the weather in the Channel and along the coast of France delayed the adventure. The *Susan B. Anthony* and other ships of the 90th would remain at anchor until the early evening of June 5th, with D-Day scheduled for the 6th.

Sam directed unit commanders aboard the *Anthony* to take advantage of the delay by conducting additional instruction. He stressed the first priority of maintaining weapons, followed by physical training, map reading, and first aid. He also suggested that classes be again held that would teach uniform recognition, with emphasis on the American paratrooper dress as contrasted with the field gray of the German soldier.

The *Susan B. Anthony* received orders to depart Swansea at mid-evening, June 5th, along with other ships carrying 90th Division units. Twenty-four hours later, she was off Portland in the English Channel where two British destroyers joined another destroyer and two destroyer escorts, all of which were to accompany the *Anthony* to anchorage off Utah.

The news of the early-morning landings on Utah, June 6th, and elsewhere in France was heartening to the soldiers. The British Broadcasting Corporation announced at 3:00 P.M. that the airborne operations were a success; many German shore batteries had been silenced, and the British were heavily engaged near Caen. A German broadcast said the attack ranged from Le Havre in the east to Cherbourg in the west. Sam persuaded the ship's master to have the news announced a second time over the public address system.

On Wednesday, June 7th, Sam was on the bridge at first light. He talked to the young naval officer in charge, and they discussed the improvement of the weather during the movement from Portland. They also discussed depth charges that escorts had dropped the evening before. Sam was happy it had occurred, "for it helped keep the troops aware of their purpose for being here in the middle of the English Channel."

By 7:30 A.M., Sam had moved to the upper AA station. There he was joined by the division's chief of staff, Col. Robert L. Bacon; the G2, Lt. Col. James Boswell; his aide-de-camp, Lt. Carl Everett; and Dr. Robert D. Natchway of the 315th Medical Battalion. All were astounded to see the vast number of ships of every description visible in all directions. Then too, they could hear faintly the distant echo of heavy detonations coming from the south. Sam remarked, "It is not unlike the explosions we became accustomed to long ago at Barkeley."

Other officers climbed the ladder to the AA position. Although Sam had not called a meeting, he decided to make use of the time by reviewing the mission and the responsibilities of those who had gathered spontaneously.

But unseen, a German magnetic mine drifted upward from the channel's bottom and touched the *Susan B. Anthony's* port stern plates deep below her waterline. Few noticed the explosion because its deadly report was muffled by the water.

The *Anthony* was mortally stricken.

At the moment of detonation, the ship's stern was exposed well above the water level. At the same time, the ship twisted and violently shook the entire length of its underwater spine. The shuddering caused rivets below decks to be propelled in every direction, each as deadly as a fired rifle bullet. They penetrated the soldiers' combat packs, drilled holes in the galley stoves, riddled equipment of every description, and punctured the mirrors and toilets of a troop bathroom.

In an instant, the ship was lifeless, quiet, and without purpose. It had lost all power and was motionless except for a little drift and a perceptible lowering of the stern and heavily damaged upper structure. The broken and distorted mast pointed to the *Anthony's* final beach,53 fathoms below.

But as the ship went silent, General Sam Williams spoke up and took charge. Quietly and firmly he ordered:

"Bacon, get a damage report, then meet me on the bridge.

"Boswell, go below, kick ass, and get the troops topside.

"Everett, assist Colonel Boswell.

"Dr. Natchwey, take care of the wounded.

"All of you, get the troops to their abandon-ship stations.

"Move out, goddam it, we are needed on the beach."

General Williams dropped to the bridge and asked Captain Grey about the situation. Grey said he could only guess as to how long the ship would remain afloat. Williams, after a quick look to the *Anthony's* rear, passed the word for all army personnel to prepare to abandon ship.

Williams also asked Captain Grey if he would bring rescue ships alongside. Grey said that he had already taken such steps but that nearby ships had not yet recognized his signalman. In the meantime, soldiers were forming quietly as directed by their noncommissioned officers. A tug moved in and touched the *Anthony's* port side near the stern, but Grey directed it to move to the other side because he could not abandon ship off the left. The tug cast off and moved to the starboard but immediately returned to its original position. Colonel Boswell reported to General Williams that the troops were posted at their abandon-ship positions and requested permission to evacuate the soldiers near the port side. Williams told him to do so and turned to Grey, asking him if there was any way he could beach the *Anthony* near Utah. Grey said no; the vessel was settling too rapidly. Williams directed the carrying parties to search for and recover as many weapons as possible. While this was being done, he left the bridge to personally make sure that the lower decks were clear of soldiers.

In a Recommendation for Award dated June 22, 1944, Colonel Bacon wrote, "General Williams took active charge of the evacuation of all troops and, using four members of the staff for specific inspections of holds and troop compartments, he determined that all troops were taken off; first the injured, then the advance detachment, and then other troops in order of availability as craft came alongside."

On his return from the lower decks, General Williams ordered Colonel Bacon to get the advance detachment off the ship and move to the beach, acting as the detachment's acting commander and carrying out its mission. Williams said he would stay with the ship until he was sure all the men were off of it and ordered his principal officer assistants to move the soldiers still aboard to the prow, for the ship was sinking rapidly. Williams made another quick survey below decks to ensure that all soldiers were above, forward, and abandoning ship.

Dr. Natchwey reported to General Williams that there

were several casualties requiring treatment, but nothing life threatening. Later, the young medical officer wrote that his first World War II casualty was a soldier who sustained a severe gash of the right buttock—"an ignominious way," he noted, "to earn the Purple Heart for the wound was caused when the toilet on which the soldier was seated shattered as the mine exploded." Natchwey received some morphine sulphate himself to counteract the intense pain of a strained back. The doctor later said of the thirty-milligram injection that "it made scrambling down the cargo net and onto the deck of a dancing LCI a piece of cake."

By 9:45 nearly all soldiers and crew had moved to rescue vessels. After ordering the remaining soldiers to evacuate, General Williams turned to Captain Grey and told him that he was leaving. He and his aide boarded the British gunboat *Nedbrough*, where he hurried to the bridge and asked the captain to direct all boats that had picked up survivors to head for Utah Beach.

But the confusion, the noise, and the drab sight of the burning and sinking *Susan B. Anthony* distracted from General Williams' orders, and by 10:00 A.M., when the *Anthony* was gone, Williams and those with him on the *Nedbrough* stood offshore on Omaha Beach, V Corps zone. Later, they found transport to Utah.

On June 22, 1944, the commanding general of the 90th Division forwarded a Recommendation for Award letter to General Eisenhower's headquarters, recommending that General Williams be awarded the Legion of Merit. In part the letter stated, "When the U.S. Transport, *Susan B. Anthony*, struck a mine and was fatally damaged off the Carentan Peninsula, General Williams, the senior troop officer aboard, immediately took charge of the evacuation of the troops aboard the transport, and by reason of his energetic and resourceful leadership under constant danger to his own life, all the 2,400 troops aboard were safely evacuated in the one-and-one-half hours before the doomed ship sank."

But the recommendation was not favorably considered. The endorsement returning the letter to the 90th stated that although the acts described were meritorious, they were insufficient to justify the award for which they were recommended.

No further attention was given to the courage and bravery of General Williams until April 30, 1945, when Maj. Gen. Ernest N. Harmon, XXII Corps commanding general, wrote to the 90th Division that he believed General Williams' outstanding service during the sinking of the *Anthony* should be recognized. He called attention to the correspondence that had been disapproved for the Legion of Merit. General Harmon mentioned that General Marshall had personally dispatched a congratulatory message to Williams. In closing his letter, General Harmon recommended that consideration be given to awarding the Soldier's Medal to Williams, which was indeed presented to him for his leadership aboard the *Susan B. Anthony* shortly after the war ended.

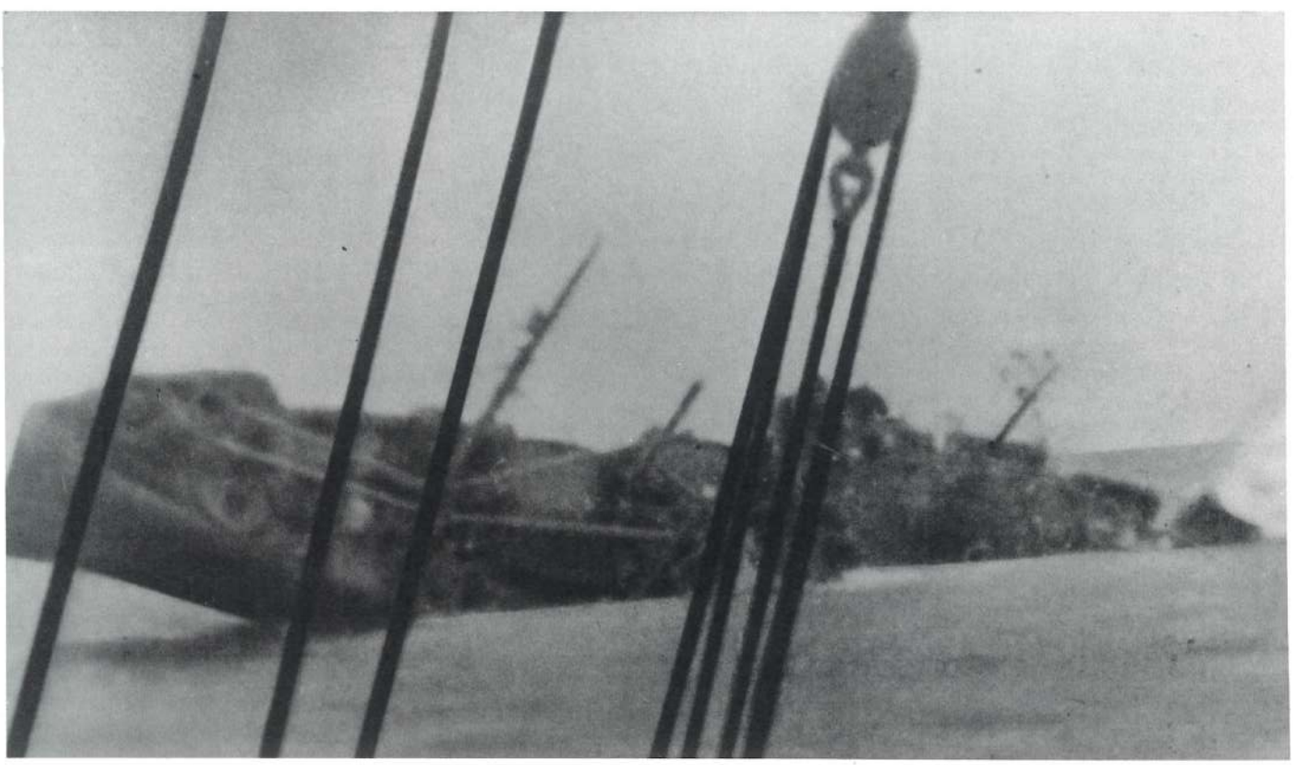
When the orders from the 90th awarding General Williams the Soldier's Medal were received, they were addressed to Col. Samuel T. Williams. The rank used to identify Sam was correct. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, First Army commanding general, had recommended to General Eisenhower that Williams be relieved as assistant division commander, 90th Infantry Division, and then reduced to the grade of colonel.

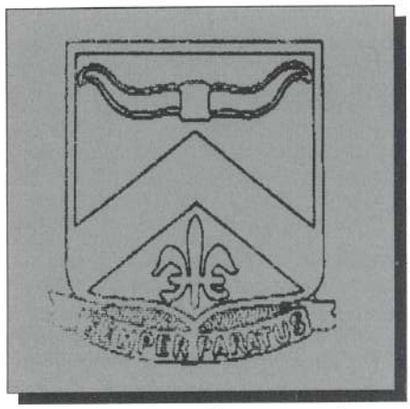
Eisenhower approved Bradley's recommendations and found General Williams' performance in combat unsatisfactory, reduced him one grade, and ordered him to leave the European theater of operations.

On August 7, 1944, exactly two months after the sinking of the *Anthony*, Colonel Williams began his journey from England to Washington, D.C.

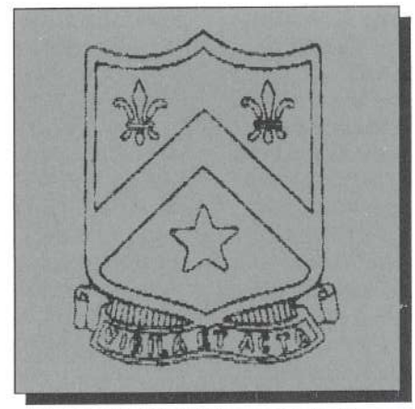
Wounded twice in battle, Williams was decorated with every army medal for valor except the Medal of Honor. He may also be the only brigadier general in recent army history to be demoted, and yet persevere to regain not only his lost star, but two additional ones as well.

Hanging Sam: A Military Biography of
General Samual T. Williams
FROM PANCHO VILLA TO VIETNAM
By Col. Harold J. "Jack" Meyer

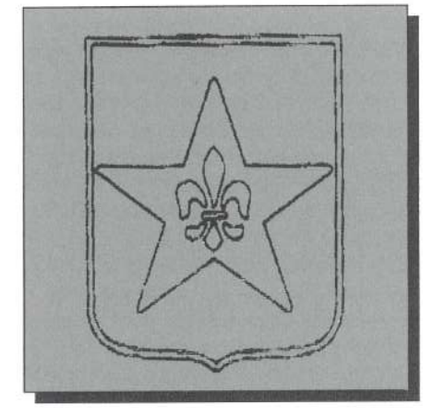




343rd Field Artillery Battalion



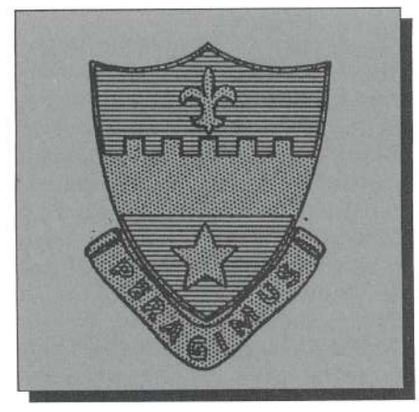
344th Field Artillery Battalion



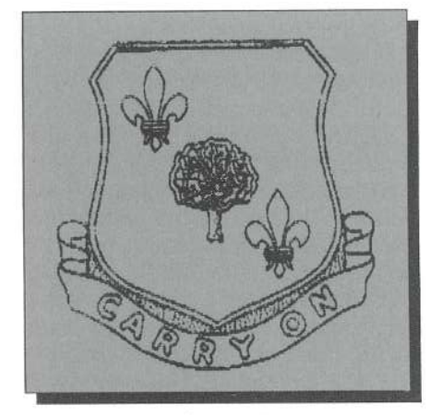
345th Field Artillery Battalion



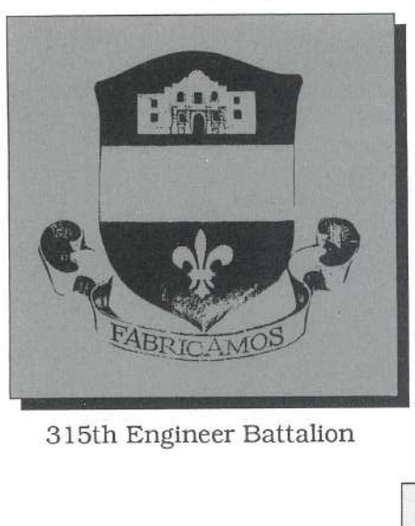
357th Infantry Regiment



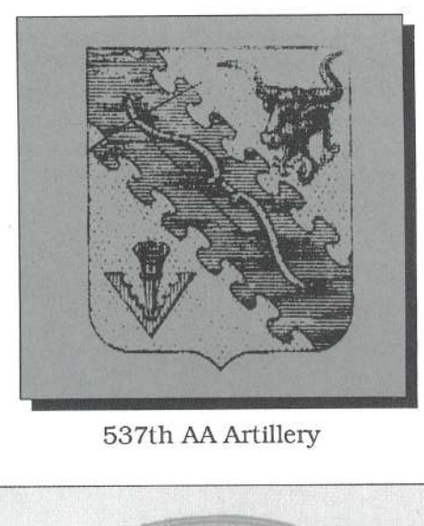
358th Infantry Regiment



359th Infantry Regiment



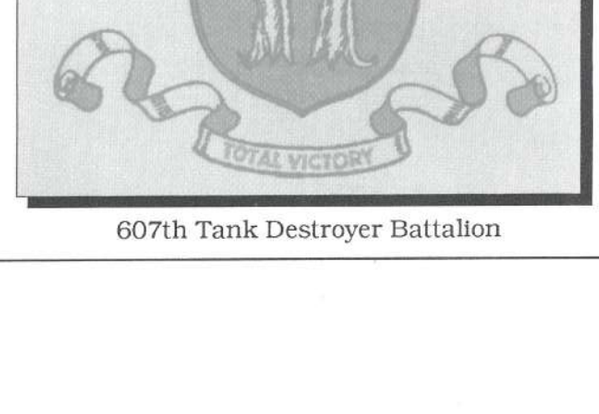
315th Engineer Battalion



537th AA Artillery



915th Field Artillery Battalion



607th Tank Destroyer Battalion

BATTALIONS AND REGIMENTS: *MEMORY SECTION*

315TH ENGINEER BATTALION



Officially born on February 25, 1942, the World War II version of the 315th Engineers received its cadre of 17 officers from the Engineer Replacement Training Center at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, and 52 men from the 6th Engineer Battalion of the 6th Division were also at Fort Wood.

The Thunderbirds (45th Division—Oklahoma National GD) had been ordered into Federal service and were already training at Barkeley. To these seasoned soldiers the thought of giving up their cantonment area for some new outfit was almost repulsive. But, gradually the shift was made; the 45th Division moved into another section of the camp, and the D Cadre of the 315th took over the area which was to be its base of training operation for a year and a half.

During World War I, the 90th Division had been what is now called a "Square Division" and the 315th Engineers were then a regiment. In the new 90th, which was of the streamlined "Triangular organization," the 315th Engineer Combat Battalion inherited the history, battle streamers, and unit insignia of its regimental predecessor. The coat of arms with the traditional red and white background of the Corps of Engineers, bore the outline of that famous shrine of Texas independence, the Alamo. Atop the shield stood a statuette of the pioneer soldier-citizen with his muzzle loader signifying the peace-time reserve status of the organization. The Spanish influence in the Southwest was reflected in the Motto "Fabricamos" (we build). And for service in France during World War I, the fleur-de-lis completed the distinctive insignia under which the 315th Engineer Battalion was activated. Unlike its predecessor of World War I, which drew its strength from Texas and Oklahoma, fillers this time came from almost every part of the Union, with probably the mid-western states the best represented.

With the Battalion CP at Mestys Zelezna Ruda, and the lettered companies with their respective combat team regiments still deeper in liberated Czechoslovakia, the combat history of the 315th Engineer Battalion ended—a history which began on the beaches of Normandy and wound through 1,000 miles of hedgerows, craters, mines, road blocks and rubble, across eleven major rivers and countless minor streams — the 315th Engineers had cleared the routes half way across Europe and stood triumphantly at last facing the Russian on the liberated sill of Bohemia.

There is little to add to the story of the 315th Engineer Battalion. On May 9, the official "V-E Day," the entire battalion assembled at Zwiesel. Then, on the 14th it moved back to Weiden where it was to renovate the Metzerkaserne. The next day, the first contingent of "highpoint" men left for the U.S. and home. Thus began the slow, then rapid, disintegration of the battalion under the redeployment plan.

Russians (liberated PWs) had moved from the Weiden cage into the barracks of the Kaserne and now the case was filled with the fallen Wehrmacht. After much haggling and many delays, the Russians were moved out and the 315th fell to the task of completely renovating this German military post. Using German PW laborers, the brick buildings were scrubbed from top to bottom. Tons of rubbish, loot, and trash were hauled to the dump and burned. Hundreds of window panes were replaced, roof tiles installed, and then the inside walls were completely repainted. Utilities were repaired, new furniture was brought in, and elaborate company kitchens were arranged in the basements of the barracks. A fine motor park was paved with brick and a complete theatre installation was constructed in an armory-type building. The Kaserne was rapidly becoming a first-class garrison post. In June, the major work was completed, and the 315th together with division headquarters, the reconnaissance troop, and the signal company moved into the Kaserne — the first installation which the battalion occupied during its three and one-half year history.

There were routine road repairs in the division zone and there were construction projects at the Weiden and Pflossenberg PW cages, but most of the work was taken over by civilians and PWs under engineer guard and supervision. And at the Kaserne, PWs and civilians took over many of the housekeeping duties for the troop.

There were retreat parades in the quadrangle, award presentation ceremonies, calisthenics at reveille, and considerable unauthorized fraternizing "after hours." For one special ceremony, the battalion, at "Present Arms," lined the street into town while General Patton rode into the Kaserne to review the troops and deliver a victory message.



But this garrison life was not to last long. In late June the trickle of redeployment became a stream and in July and August it became a torrent. All of the "old men" of the 315th were transferred to units scheduled for early return to the States and "low point" men from all over the Third Army area arrived to take their places.

Within a few months there was almost a complete turnover in personnel, and although the 315th remained in Weiden until November, its history to those who knew it best, ended in August and September 1945.

With other units of the 90th, the battalion was shipped to the States and deactivated in December 1945, and in 1947 a completely new version of the 315th Engineer Battalion was activated as a reserve unit in San Antonio, Texas.

No written history can possibly describe the invincible spirit of the men who fought and labored in the ranks of the T-O Engineer Battalion. This brief history may have described some of their deeds, it may help its members to recall other gallant actions, but no words can possibly give sufficient honor to those men who served under the red and white shield which bears the inscription — "Fabricamos."

THE 315TH MEDICAL BATTALION



90th Division medic tends wounded Nazi prisoner

A very mobile division, the 315th Medical Battalion of the 90th Division always tried to set up its headquarters as close to the fighting as possible. Often, it was only in one location just overnight, only to pack up and relocate the next day. The several companies that comprised this medical battalion spread out from headquarters being stationed with regiments even closer to front lines. Each company had a commanding officer who had the rank of captain. Over each captain was the battalion commander who had the rank of lieutenant colonel. The 315th Medical Battalion also had its own motor pool to help in the upkeep and repair of its vehicles.

The medics' job was dangerous. Medics constantly put their lives on the line to rescue the dead and wounded from the battlefield. However, the medics did not bear arms. So, for their protection, a Geneva Conference agreement was affected whereby anyone seen wearing the Geneva Red Cross on their white armband and helmet would not be fired upon. Even ambulances bore the big red cross on their rooftops so they could be seen from the air. Therefore, medics were given some measure of protection in the removal of the dead and wounded.

The role of World War II medics was vital. It was often treacherous and tiring. They were called upon to perform heroic fetes under extreme conditions. Not only did medics help wounded American soldiers, they were sometimes called upon to give aid to civilians and to POWs who came to the aid stations for help.

Often a painfully sad job, it has been recorded that American loss of life was minimized due to the organizational and heroic efforts put forth by the tremendous talent of World War II medical servicemen. The survivors and families of those who served in this great campaign for freedom are grateful to those medics who valiantly served with the 315th Medical Battalion, 90th Division.



Medics crossing the Moselle River, France. 11 Nov. 44.

THE 607TH TANK DESTROYER BATTALION

From: *Introduction to* "607th Tank Destroyer Battalion 'Battle with the Jerries'"

607th

The 607th Tank Destroyer Battalion was activated on the 15th day of December 1941 at Fort Ord, California.

Personnel for the new unit was obtained from the 7th Infantry Division Provisional Anti-Tank Battalion which, in turn, had received its personnel of 16 officers and 219 enlisted men from the following units: Battery D, 31st FA Battalion, Hq and Hq Battalion, 31st FA Battalion, 74th, 75th, and 76th FA Battalions, and the 17th, 32nd, and 53rd Infantry Regiments. Later, personnel were received from the 47th, 48th, and 57th FA Battalions.

Approximately 600 selectees from the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana were assigned in March 1942, bringing the battalion above its authorized strength. In December 1942 and January 1943, 360 selectees from Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, and West Virginia replaced the loses of the preceding nine months.

On the 15th day of December 1943, the battalion was reorganized; changing it from a self-propelled battalion to a towed battalion, Reconnaissance Company being inactivated. The battalion continued as a towed unit until November 1944, when, shortly before the battle for Metz, France, it was converted, in combat, to a self-propelled battalion equipped with M-36 destroyers. The Reconnaissance Company was again activated.

With the exception of four and one-half months training at the Tank Destroyer Center, at Camp Hood, Texas, the battalion received all of its pre-combat training in California at Sunnyvale, Hunter Liggett Military Reservation, Camp San Luis Obispo, Lost Hills, Desert Training Center, and Camp Cooke.

On the 2nd of April 1944 the battalion departed from Camp Cooke, California, for Camp Miles Standish, Taunton, Massachusetts, and on the 13th of April 1944 embarked on the *USS Wakefield*, a United States Troop Transport, for overseas duty.

Arriving in England on the 21st of April, the unit was stationed in Macclasfield, Cheshire, for one month and then proceeded to Camp Barton Stacey in southern England where it made its final preparations for the invasion, arriving on the beaches of Normandy, France, on 16th June 1944.

The 607th Tank Destroyer Battalion won battle participation credit for the following campaigns:

17 June 1944 – 24 July 1944	Normandy
25 July 1944 – 14 September 1944	Northern France
15 September 1944 – 21 March 1945	Rhineland
16 December 1944 – 25 January 1945	Ardennes
22 March 1945 – 11 May 1945	Central Europe



Planning the Task Force SUNDT

607 T.D. GIVEN AWARDS

MAJOR GENERAL MCLAIN MAKES PRESENTATIONS

Thirteen Silver Stars and three Bronze Stars were awarded personnel of the 607th Tank Destroyer Bn. yesterday by Major General Raymond S. McLain.

The presentation ... ceremony ... General ... attended ... his promotion.

Receiving Silver Stars for gallantry in action were Lt. Col. Harold J. Sweet, Lt. Richard A. Brophy, Sgt. Harold W. Scott, T/5 Homer C. Griner, T/5 Orville C. Zinn, Cpl. Orin L. Burley, Cpl. Russell L. Kirk, Pfc. P. Bonito, Pfc. Robert L. Doyle, Pfc. Harry H. Mowery, Pvt. Theodore Sokulski, Pvt. Charles L. Soldera and Pfc. Francis L. Hunsicker.

Bronze Stars ... were ... Lt. William P. ... Capt. James Gil ... Cpl. Heinz H. Gurick.

The unit, under the command of Lt. Col. ... S. Sundt, landed on the ... of France D+10 and since ... time has compiled an ... record in action against the ...



Crossing the Moselle—On to the Rhine



One of many Siegfreid pillboxes our TDs neutralized



Task Force Commanders are briefed for take-off across the Rhine

HEADQUARTERS
THIRD UNITED STATES ARMY
Office of the Commanding General APO 403

16 April 1945

SUBJECT: Commendation
THRU : Commanding General, Ninth U.S. Army, APO 339, U.S. Army
TO : Commanding General, 95th Infantry Division, APO 9, U.S. Army

1. The achievement of your division and attached units, consisting of the 607th Tank Destroyer Battalion, 778th Tank Battalion, and 547th AAA AW Battalion, in successfully completing the assigned mission in connection with the reduction and capture of the strongly fortified city of Metz by Third U.S. Army was outstanding, both in the combat skill of the individual units committed and the control and sound tactical judgment displayed by commanders of all echelons.

2. The fourteen days of continuous attack against a strong and aggressive enemy, along a 26-mile front, drove irresistibly to the heart of the city of Metz where contact was made with American forces advancing from the south. In the course of this attack you successfully (1) made four assault crossings of the Moselle River at its high flood stage, (2) penetrated the line of defending forts, reducing those necessary to accomplish the mission, and (3) greatly contributed to the destruction of an entire reinforced German division. Against these fortifications which had never before in modern times fallen by assault, in terrain favorable to the enemy, and under almost intolerable weather conditions of rain, flood, and bitter cold, your officers and men met a most searching combat test which required not only individual courage, skill, endurance, and determination, but also sound tactical judgment coupled with an insatiable desire to close with the enemy.

3. This achievement has added lustre to the glorious history of American arms, for which you and all the officers and enlisted personnel of your division and attached units, are highly commended.

G. S. PATTON, JR.,
Lieut. General, U.S. Army, Commanding

712TH TANK BATTALION

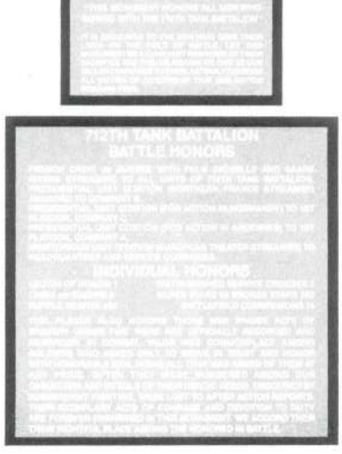
This unit was activated at Ft. Benning, Georgia, on 15 July 1942 as the 3rd Battalion, 11th Armored Regiment, 10th Armored Division. It was reorganized and re-designated 712th Tank Battalion (Separate) on 20 September 1943 and sailed from Boston, Massachusetts, for the ETO on 27 February 1944. In England the 712th was assigned to 8th Armored Group, Third U.S. Army under the command of Gen. George S. Patton.

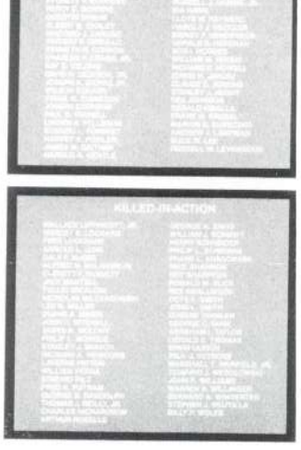
The 712th was committed to action in the Normandy (Utah Beach) Operation on 28 June 1944, assigned to support the 90th Infantry Division. Subsequently, it was attached to the 82nd Airborne Division and 8th Infantry Division. From 14 July to 7 May 1945, the 712th served as the Armored Arm for the 90th Division through five Major Campaigns. These were Normandy, Northern France, Rhineland, Ardennes-Alsace and Central Europe.

These actions involved the hedgerow fighting in Normandy, the breakthrough at Avarances, the dash to Lemans, closing the pocket at the Fallaise Gap, the 90th Division CP Battle at Mairy, the siege of Metz, the Mosselle River Crossings, the Saar River crossing at Dillengen, the relief of Bastogne, the Siegfried Line, Crossing the Rhine, the drive through Central Germany, the Merkers Salt Mine and entry into Czechoslovakia.

From 15 May to 11 September 1945, the unit performed Occupation Duty in the Amberg and Weiden Areas. It was relieved of duties and returned to the United States in October. The 712th Tank Battalion was deactivated at Camp Killmer, New Jersey, on 25 October 1945.









American tank in Saar River sector. Large wheels designed to clear safe path through enemy minefields—712th Armored Division.



Tank fires on hold-out pockets of resistance in Koditz. (15 April 1945)



Saar River sector, Germany. A tank of the 712th Tank Destroyer Battalion crosses the Saar River on a section of pontoon bridge devised and constructed by the Engineer Corps. (12 Dec. 1944)

OTHER TD UNITS OF THE 90TH



The crew of an anti-tank gun of the 807th Tank Destroyer Battalion commands a hill overlooking Wallerfanger Saarlautern, Germany. Chemical smoke covers the Saar River, just crossed by the division. (8 December 1944)



Soldiers of the 733rd Tank Destroyer Battalion answer mail call while waiting in Wallerfanger, Germany, to be ferried across the Saar River to Dillingen, on the opposite side of the river. (13 December 1944)



Members of a tank destroyer unit use the shutters of a damaged building to camouflage their gun as they set up in a position covering a road somewhere in France. This position covers the possibility of a breakthrough by German armored forces. (L-R) Sgt. Ross E. Culbaus, Pfc. William J. Pierson and Cpl. John J. Blair. (19 August 1944)





Advancing to the front lines outside Lullange, Luxembourg, are 90th Division infantrymen afoot and 6th Amored Division men in half-tracks. (22 January 1945)

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1 Dec. 1944

"THE SNIPER"

Published in GERMANY

DAILY PUBLICATION OF THE "FIGHTING 90TH"

GEN. PATTON COMMENDS 90TH RIVER CROSSING

HEADQUARTERS
THIRD UNITED STATES ARMY
Office Of The Commanding General
APO 403

12 November 1944

SUBJECT: Commendation.
TO : Commanding General 90th Division, U. S. Army.
THRU : Commanding General XX Corps, U. S. Army.

1. The capture and development of your bridgehead over the Moselle River in the vicinity of KOENIGSMACHER will ever rank as one of the epic river crossings of history.

2. Please accept for yourself and pass on to the officers and men of your valorous division my high commendation for the superior manner in which you and they performed this truly magnificent feat of arms.

G. S. PATTON, JR.,
Lieut. General, U. S. Army
Commanding



L/GEN GEORGE PATTON, JR.

1st Ind.
HEADQUARTERS XX CORPS, APO 340, U. S. Army, 28 November 1944.
TO: Commanding General, 90th Infantry Division, APO 90, U. S. Army.

1. I desire to add my personal commendation and thanks for the aggressive and skillful performance of duty that made the above commendation possible. Such devotion to duty and will to close with the enemy can only bring success on the battlefield. I am proud to have the 90th Infantry Division in the XX Corps.

WALTON H. WALKER,
Major General, United States Army
Commanding

To every member of the 90th Div. and our attached and supporting units —
Congratulations! The credit is yours.
I am proud of you. J.A. Van Fleet
G/G 90th.

HOME — EDITION

42

Patton Praises 90th Crossing

By Earl Mazo
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer.

WITH THE U.S. THIRD ARMY, Nov. 26.—Lt. Gen. George Patton, in a commendation of the 90th Division, stated that the division's crossing of the Moselle River while making the Koenigsmacker bridgehead early in the campaign for Metz was one of the greatest military operations of the war. The commendation, sent to Brig. Gen. James A. Van Fleet, commander of the 90th, stated that the crossing was made during one of the biggest Moselle floods in three decades.

During a crossing the river at one point spread over an area of three fourths of a mile but work continued by hard-pressed doughboys aided by tough combat engineers.

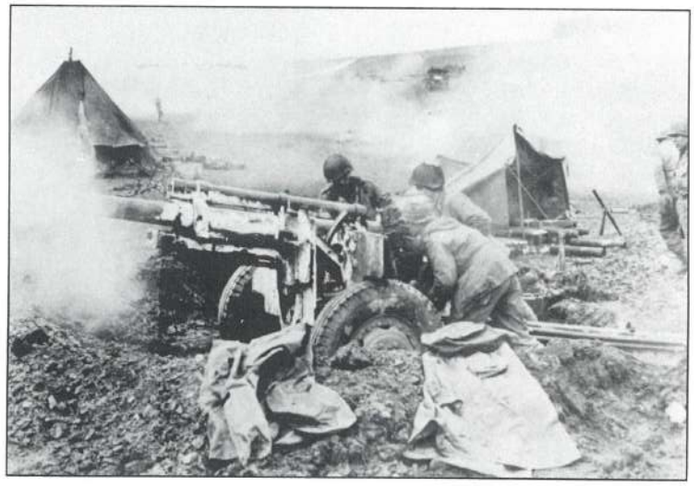
At one time approaches to the bridge were under 52 inches of water. The commendation described the crossing was made against "terrible weather and hard enemy opposition."

THE FIELD ARTILLERY

To support infantry regiments, the field artillery was deployed in approximately and strategically battle positions. There was considerable difference between the two wars; although the field pieces were much the same, and in most instances, exactly the same. Each of the three battalions, the 343rd 344th, and 345th, in the first war were supported by machine gun battalions. It was learned that this situation was not desirable, and in World War II was abandoned. In World War I there was no division artillery as such, but was used in the second war. In addition to the three field artillery battalions, a fourth battalion was used in the Second World War. It was the 915th Field Artillery Battalion.



Lt. Gerald R. Steinberg (left), who is to lead a night patrol into enemy lines, plots flight on map with Lt. Victor P. Rizzo, pilot, in an L-4 liaison plane. These men are with the 358th Infantry Regiment, 915th Field Artillery Battalion, Company E. (25 October 1944)



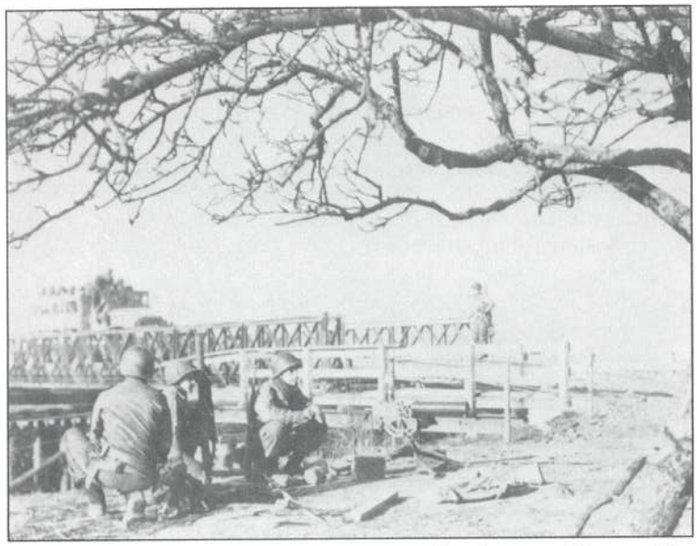
Field artillery unit of the 915th Artillery, in the town of Winterspelt, Germany, fires on the Siegfried Line defenses to the west. (7 February 1945)

THE INFANTRY REGIMENTS: *357th, 358th, and 359th*

357th



Medics of the 3rd Battalion, 357th Infantry Regiment, receive a call from the front. (L-R) Capt. Rudolph Martello, Capt. Richard C. Shaw, 1st Lt. Arthur Gerrard, Lt. Col. John H. Mason and Capt. A.V. Dominski, Medical Officer. (12 January 1945)



Men of Company A, HQ 357th Regiment, guard against possible attack by Germans near Dillengen, France. Guarding the bridge are: Pvt. Peter Jordan, Pvt. Walter E. Deal and Pvt. Nathaniel Kramer.



Checking regimental radio communication are (L-R) Lt. Milton Munch and Sgt. Tom Rusert of 357th Regiment—Lullange area, Luxembourg.

358th



Sgt. George Colby (left) and Tec/5 Kenneth Stiles, unravel a rope to break trip wires prior to setting off mine and taking cover near Aberwampach. Both men are with the Anti-Tank Mine Platoon, 358th Regiment. (21 January 1945)



Soldiers of the 358th Regiment take advantage of cover and fire on German roadblock outside Gottmannsgrun, Czechoslovakia, near Asch.



His face showing the strain of fighting, Pfc. Robert B. McDowell Jr., 358th Infantry Regiment, has just been wounded by a German tank east of Brandscheid, Germany. He is walking back to a medical aid station. (10 February 1945)



American infantrymen take advantage of the Maginot Line installations to seek cover from German small arms fire. From 358th Infantry Regiment, 90th Infantry Division: (L-R) Cpl. James N. Grontage, T.Sgt. L.B. Fields, Pfc. Willard Burrus and 1st Lt. Charles Hammock Jr. (12 September 1944)



During a lull in the advance near Wilemsbad, Germany, two men of the 90th Division, test communications. (L-R) Sgt. Robert Gore and Pvt. Harry M. Curry from Company A, 358th Regiment. (28 March 1945)



Anti-tank Company, 358th Infantry

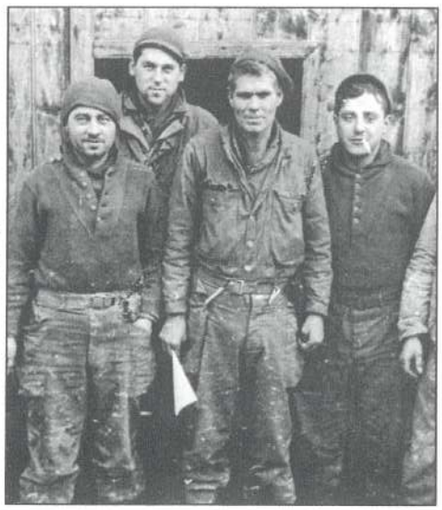
359th

Assigned to the U.S. Fourth Army Infantry Division, the 359th Infantry Regiment participated in D-Day landings June 6, 1944, and various other campaigns in Europe until V-E Day May 8, 1945.

The 359th was awarded many battle honors which included extraordinary heroism in the face of the enemy in the vicinity of Pretot, France, from July 3 to 8, 1944; August 16 and 17, 1944, in Le Bourg St. Leonard, France; and for the capture and development of the bridgehead over the Moselle River in November 1944. General George S. Patton Jr. gave a special commendation to the 359th in November 1944. Among many other honors awarded the 359th, it also received two presidential citations and was awarded the French Croix de Guerre with palm.

After the war ended, the 359th remained in the towns of Vilseck and Amberg, Germany, from May to September 1945. Their purpose was to maintain control of the general population and to display the American image of democracy and to establish peaceful and diplomatic relations in war ravaged Europe.

The 359th soldiers and officers left for the states in September 1945 and arrived home with a sensational welcome. Each man who survived the war went about the task of forgetting the war and beginning a new life with their families.



Our real fighters of the 1st Battalion, 359th (vicinity of Metz).



Exo Hq. Company early March 1945. 1st Lt. Harry Curtis, Bn. 5-2, 1st Lt. James H. McPheeters, 1st Bn., 359th.



Pfc. William Parker (left) fires a gun from a window of a building as Capt. John R. Angell directs his fire. Both are members of Company B, 359th Infantry Regiment. (Mainz, Germany, 22 March 1945)



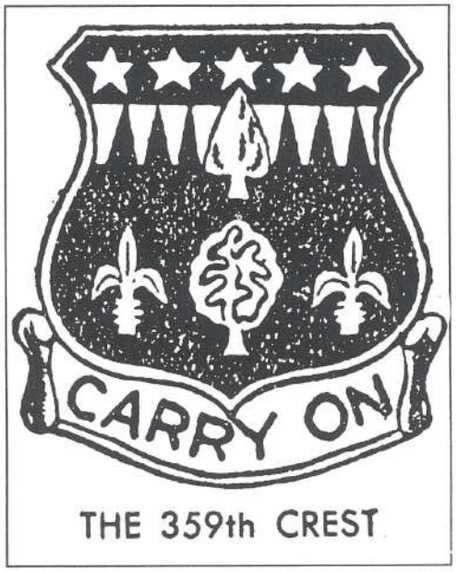
Officers of HQ and HQ Co., 1st Bn., 359th Inf. Regt. (Germany—Spring 1945). L-R: Capt. David Hickman, S-3; 1st Lt. Arthur Steinbach, S-2; 1st Lt. James McPheeters, Eyo. Hq. Co.; 1st Lt. Armand DeMaio, Leader Security Platoon; Lt. Col. John S. Fisk (Jiggs), Bn. Co., 1st Lt. William Jones, Leader Bn. Anti-Tank Platoon; 1st Lt. Sheldon Moomaw, Leader Bn. A&P Platoon; Major Al Carrick, Bn. Yo.

Key Officers of 359th Infantry Regiment at Regimental CP—Normandy. L-R: Col. Bacon, Regt. Co.; Maj. (Lt. Col.) Leroy Pond, Co. 1st Bn.; Major (Lt. Col.) Smith, Co. 3rd Bn.; Lt. Col. Don Gorton, Regt. ExO; Major Dub, Co. 2nd Bn.





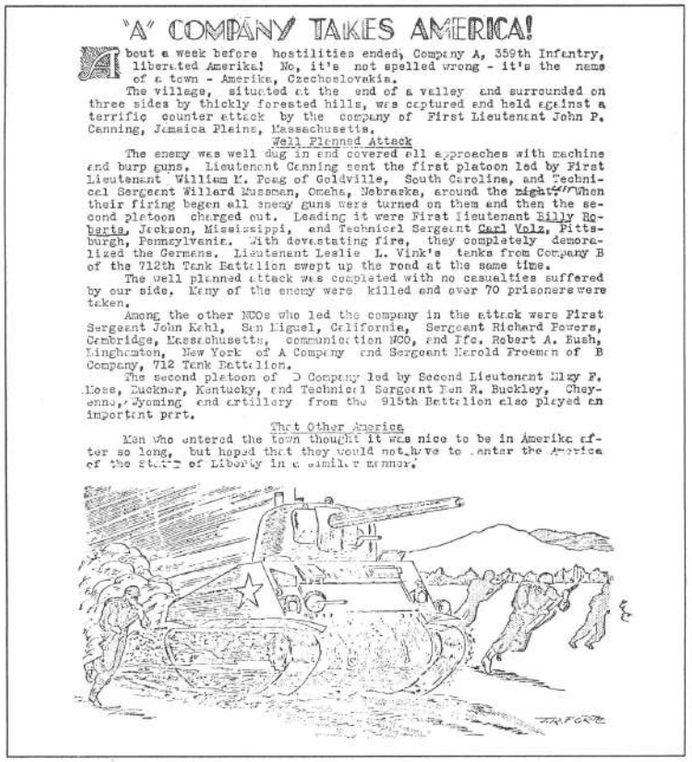
Lt. Col. John (Jiggs) Fisk, C.O. 1st Bn., 359th Inf Regt. (Pond Barracks 1945)



THE 359th CREST



Lt. Col. "Fireball" Leroy Pond when he was A Company Commander, 1st Bn., 359th Inf. Regt.



"A" COMPANY TAKES AMERICA!

About a week before hostilities ended, Company A, 359th Infantry, liberated Amerika! No, it's not spelled wrong - it's the name of a town - Amerika, Czechoslovakia.

The village, situated at the end of a valley and surrounded on three sides by thickly forested hills, was captured and held against a terrific counter attack by the company of First Lieutenant John P. Canning, Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts.

Well Planned Attack

The enemy was well dug in and covered all approaches with machine and burp guns. Lieutenant Canning sent the first platoon led by First Lieutenant William M. Poag of Goldville, South Caroline, and Technical Sergeant Willard Mussman, Omaha, Nebraska, around the right. When their firing began all enemy guns were turned on them and then the second platoon charged out. Leading it were First Lieutenant Billy Roberts, Jackson, Mississippi, and Technical Sergeant Carl Volz, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. With devastating fire, they completely demoralized the Germans. Lieutenant Leslie L. Vink's tanks from Company B of the 712th Tank Battalion swept up the road at the same time.

The well planned attack was completed with no casualties suffered by our side. Many of the enemy were killed and over 70 prisoners were taken.

Among the other NCOs who led the company in the attack were First Sergeant John Kehl, San Miguel, California, Sergeant Richard Powers, Ormbridge, Massachusetts, communication NCO, and Pfc. Robert A. Bush, Binghamton, New York of A Company and Sergeant Herold Froeman of B Company, 712 Tank Battalion.

The second platoon of D Company led by Second Lieutenant Elgy F. Rose, Buckner, Kentucky, and Technical Sergeant Dan R. Buckley, Cheyenne, Wyoming and artillery from the 915th Battalion also played an important part.

That Other America

Man who entered the town thought it was nice to be in Amerika after so long, but hoped that they would not have to enter the America of the States of Liberty in a similar manner.

90TH SIGNAL COMPANY

FROM: *D+2 TO V-E DAY 90 TH SIGNAL COMPANY OF THE 90 TH INFANTRY DIVISION*

Providing the nerve center for the 90th, Texas and Oklahoma, Infantry Division, the 90th Signal Company battered its way on a zig-zag course through more than three thousand miles of enemy-held territory from the sandy beaches of Normandy to the final victory in the wooded hills of Czechoslovakia.

The mission was completed in 318 days of combat (the other 17 days were spent resting (or moving) from D+2, June 8, 1944, to V-E Day, May 9, 1945. As the men looked back over their accomplishments, they saw they had given a hand in the liberation of four nations, France, Luxembourg, Belgium, and Czechoslovakia, and in the conquering of one, Germany. The reward was not, however, without its costs, since they had paid in arduous labor, the blood of the wounded, and with the lives of eight of their comrades.

The gigantic task completed by the company is partially illustrated by a few outstanding statistics: Approximately three quarters of a million vehicular miles were travelled by vehicles of the company, enough to go around the earth thirty times. Ninety-five command posts, an average of approximately two a week, were set up and operated and a total of 2,375 telephones were installed.

For a record in "Getting That Message Through," perhaps unparalleled, and certainly unsurpassed, more than 165,000 messages were handled through the Division Message Center without a single loss. Though no accurate figure was available on the number of miles of wire laid, 1,912-1/2 were issued to the wire section, a large portion of which was picked up and reused several times. On that same basis 16,375-1/2 miles were issued to the division, providing the network through which the wire messages flowed.

D+2 TO VE DAY

WITH THE 90TH SIGNAL CO. OF THE 90TH INFANTRY DIVISION

SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT

THE WIRES GO THROUGH

90TH SIG. CONQUERS RAGING RIVER TO INSTALL LINES

General Patton said "The feat of crossing the Moselle River by the 90th Division was an epic accomplishment in military annals." He was right. But he didn't mention some of the unsung heroes of the crossing. Had it not been for the conscientious, untiring efforts of the 90th Signal Company wire teams, the story of the crossing might have had a different ending.

On November 8th at four A.M., the Infantry jumped off in a driving rain. A wire team jumped off with them. The Moselle was running wild, overflowing its shallow banks. It was three-quarters of a mile wide and rising by the minute. It was to reach its highest flood peak in twenty-nine years. But the telephone lines had to be put in. First they had to lay traffic control lines down to the river's edge. This was necessary so the staff could keep in contact with the advance, direct operations, and control the traffic across the bridge. The line was shot out several times. The team tried laying the wire across a field. They had to string it out through barbed wire. The field was flooded and the line was soon shot out.

The Infantry crossed the river and before the bridge was completed 90th Signal Company linemen were on the other side. The first lines were taken across on assault boats and laid on the pontoon bridge. The bridge was shot out. Four times lines were strung across. Four times enemy artillery shot them out. The fifth line was broken by the fast rushing Moselle. The current was swift; small boats were too light and there was a high priority on the use of amphibious ducks. But the crew worked on.

Finally, a cable was laid across the river out of a duck and submerged. In installing another of their lines across another bridge the wire team used a new cable and ironically, the Moselle failed to blow that line out. When the bridges were finally in, one of the first vehicles across was the wire team truck ready to run the lines out to regimental command posts at the front.

During the night, when our foothold on the bridgehead was slender and there was only one telephone line in operation, the enemy counterattacked. Their objective was to drive us back into the cold waters of the Moselle. This single telephone line was used to carry the message back to staff. Batteries of artillery were brought up and their concentrated fire stemmed the enemy.

For four days and four nights these men worked. They strung and restrung wire. They repaired and rechecked their lines. They were close to the ammunition point when they accomplished their mission. Frequently they were waist deep in the cold, muddy, raging Moselle. But they had a job to do, and they did it. The river was crossed. The bridgehead was established. Communications were in. An epic accomplishmenf in military annals was performed. The unsung heroes of the 90th Signal Company wire team had just done what they had been doing daily for the past five months — their job.

The crew that accomplished this history-making job was supervised by S/Sgt Wayne E. Jones, Emporia, Kansas; and led by S/Sgt John F. McGlynn, Houston, Texas. The other members of the team were T/5 Clyde Duckworth, Blairsville, Georgia; Pfc Alfred H. McFarland, Cushing, Okla; Pvt Peter Lisakowski, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Pfc John Keefer, Kansas City, Missouri; Pvt Steve Rimski, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Pvt Claude Coker, St Louis, Okla; Pfc Frank Bridwell, Terre Haute, Indiana; and Pvt Anthony Ricci, Chicago, Illinois.



Men of HQ Co., 90th Infantry Division, take advantage of rain-swollen stream to wash their .57mm anti-tank gun in Endorf, France. (L-R) Pfc. Harold P. Reiter, Pvt. John P. Anderson, Pfc. Edward P. Martin, Pvt. Robert D. Steed. (22 November 1944)



Wilwerdange, Luxembourg. Field artillerymen attached to the 90th Division dig an emplacement for their 45-inch gun, near Wilwerdange, before firing across the German border a few miles away. 770th Field Artillery Battalion, VIII Corps. (27 January 1945)

Lt. Donald H. Olson, First U.S. Army Artillery Observation pilot for the 90th Infantry Division, checks route of flight over Rhine where Tech Sgt. Harold A. Stillings, Signal Corps Movie Cameraman, will photograph river crossings by combat troops. (14 March 1945)





PERSONAL EXPERIENCES: *Then and Now*

Experiences of one kind or another, good or bad, happy or sad, paint our memories much like an artist carefully chooses color when painting a canvas. An artist may choose somber tones that leave viewers feeling sad, or may choose brilliant colors that may produce feelings of happiness within the viewer's mind. The men of the 90th Infantry Division have painted their own word canvases on the following pages. Some of their stories are sad, often tragic; others are more humorous in spite of eminent danger. Individually they tell about the soldiers' experiences. Collectively they vividly preserve a history that impacted their lives and millions the world over.

The first meeting of the men of the 90th, both wars, was 29 June 1942 at Camp Barkeley, Abilene, Texas, where the new division spent its first year. The occasion was a one-day affair with the presentation of the colors and streamers of the first war. The division was taken to a very large parade ground and presented to the men of the first 90th and others to received the colors. During the time of the presentation, a very large, panoramic photograph (1 ft. by 6 ft.). Guests were taken to the various unit mess halls and given dinner. Many ate dinner at the unit with which they served in their war.

The second meeting, probably one battalion of infantry, as memory serves, were taken by truck to Fort Worth to participate in the Armistice Day parade. That evening the new soldiers were invited, as guests, to attend the reunion which was in progress at the Texas Hotel in Fort Worth.

It was during this first year the new division was named by common consent, the "Tough 'Ombre" Division. That name followed the 90th across Europe and remains today.

Milt Sears, *90th Infantry Division*

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The 3,000-ton British Channel steamer, *S.S. Monoway,* dropped anchor a mile off the coast of Normandy at the place called Omaha Beach early on an October 1944 morning. Debarking nets were dropped over the side of the *Monoway* and American replacement infantry men following orders began climbing down the nets and dropping into the bobbing and weaving LCI (Landing Craft Infantry). If I had missed dropping into the LCI I was gone forever. No chance of swimming or rescue wearing a uniform, boots, overcoat, and carrying a M-1 rifle and a full pack on my back.

I had made it into the LCI with a hundred other riflemen. The navy crew pulled away from the *Monoway* and made for Omaha Beach. Sunk ships from D-Day were everywhere. On shore could be seen abandoned pillboxes of the famous German "Atlantic Wall" plus the debris of that D-Day June battle. The LCI ran up on the sand, a catepillar tractor pushed sand up onto the LCI gangplank, and I walked onto the dry sand of the French beach fascinated by the shelled out French village being thankful I was not one of those who had landed June 6, 1944.

We replacements assembled and then marched inland for several kilometers. We stopped in an open field surrounded by hedgerows. We pitched out "pup" tents. We were in our first replacement depot ("Repo Depo") camp.

Eugene H. Robinson, *L Company, 358th Infantry Division*

★ ★ ★

I was asked to write an article about my personal experiences or about an experience I had in World War II while a member of the 344th Field Artillery Battalion, 90th Infantry Division.



I cannot think of anything more personal than being wounded by German artillery fire and spending three months in an American hospital in England. This happened when the division was making a river crossing of the Saar River in Germany.

In early December 1944, the 90th Division had moved up to the west bank of the Saar River. The order was to cross the swift and swollen river and capture the fortified town of Dillingen, a part of the Siegfried line. The 358th Infantry of the 90th Division, supported by the 344th Field Artillery Battalion, made a river crossing on the night of December 6, 1944. Other elements of the division made a crossing to the left of our sector. Along the west side of the river, the bank was very high and steep. The east side of the river was low and rather flat. Between the river and town of Dillingen were many pillboxes and bunkers occupied by German troops. When daylight came, the 358th Infantry troops found they had by-passed the pillboxes in the darkness and were now being fired on from both front and rear.

The pillboxes had to be knocked out, or at least silenced. We needed a larger caliber weapon than our 105mm howitzers to fire direct fire at the pillboxes. We were able to obtain a self-propelled 155mm gun to fire direct fire from across the river. The fire was very successful. Fortunately, we had wire communications with the artillery forward observers. Over the phone we could hear shouting and cheering by the 358th Infantry when a direct hit was made, especially when they saw the German Infantry "fleeing like rabbits."

Due to the great success we were having, we stayed too long in one place instead of moving after firing a few rounds. Before long, it seemed like the artillery of the entire German Army opened fire on us and knocked out the 155mm gun. This is when I was wounded. Edward A. Snider, Toledo, Ohio, got me in a jeep and took me to a battalion aid station. From there I eventually landed in the American hospital in England, where I remained for three months. I was extremely fortunate to be able to return to my unit where I took over again as the commanding officer of the 344th Artillery Battalion, 90th Division.

Merton E. Munson, *Col. U.S. Ret., 344th Field Artillery Bn.*

★ ★ ★



I was drafted at a young age, inducted into the army, trained for 13 weeks infantry basic, shipped overseas, and assigned to the 90th Division, 344th Field Artillery Battalion, somewhere in France as a replacement. After 45 years, I can only remember I was in France, and although the exact place in France does not ring any bells, some of the things that happened there are still as clear as if they happened yesterday. Being in battery service I was assigned to Sgt. John Tamagni's section, loading and unloading artillery ammo. Sergeant Tamagni, a super guy I remember well, stood guard for me.

I remember my first night in combat. After I had been in the combat zone for a few days, we were on the move in a convoy when we got strafed by a German plane. The convoy stopped, and the 50-caliber machine guns mounted on the trucks began firing at the German plane. I jumped down from the truck and started to fire at the German plane with my rifle. I doubt I hit the plane, but it was my first encounter with the enemy.

Another time, traveling across France and into Germany, we crossed the Rhine River under a smoke screen. The German air power was trying to knock out our pontoon bridge. A few German shells exploded nearby leaving the smell of gunpowder. A soldier in the truck yelled, "Poison gas!" An officer in the cab of the truck ordered everybody to put on their gas masks. I grabbed mine, put it on, and found I couldn't breath through it. I took the gas mask off expecting to die. After all the excitement died down, I discovered the waterproofing had not been removed from the canister.

Occurences like these were common. Everyday was a new day with some excitement, some good things, some bad. I did not realize it at the time, but combat with the 90th Division, 344th Field Artillery Service Battery, had an impact on my life. I am very lucky to have been associated with great men like John Tucker, John Tamagni, Floyd Hobson, Buck Goodwin, Ursuho Ortiz, Jimmy Roberts, Nick Heller, Guy Hinesley, and many, many more. Thank you fine men! Thank you 90th Division for letting me be a small part.

I was 21 when I was honorably discharged a technical sergeant with an athletic instructor's MOS number. Even though I ended up spending more time in Third Army Headquarters, I proudly wore a 90th Division patch on my uniform the day I was separated from the service.

Clyde R. Blythe, *344th Field Artillery Battalion*

★ ★ ★

The replacement depot in Nancy was an old red brick French barracks. After days of sleeping outside on the cold ground at previous Repo Depo's, it was like heaven to sleep on unheated concrete floors in the barracks. I slept fitfully. I constantly rolled from my left boney hip to my right boney hip. Morning came, we loaded into 2-1/2 ton trucks sitting on the fold-down benches.

It was a nice day as we rode through Metz and Thionville. We stopped in a long line of trucks waiting to cross a pontoon bridge over the Moselle River. We replacements were nervously joking to kill time and to keep from thinking where we were going. We were infantry men not knowing anything. Just following orders. As our trucks approached going onto the floating bridge, we GIs saw some plumes of water splash up from the Moselle. I heard a strong voice yell, "Put your helmet on soldier." I sheepishly put on my helmet and simultaneously realized that German long-range artillery was trying to destroy the bridge we were traversing.

I had arrived in the combat zone about noon November 16, 1944. The truck drove on to Metzervisse. The 50 of us debarked and stood aimlessly in the yard of a house which was the 3rd Battalion Headquarters. An hour or so later a 1st sergeant came out of the headquarters, read off some names, and said, "You're in I, K, or L Company. I was in L. We climbed into the truck again and went to a small farm village, Metzeresche. A 1st sergeant ordered us to drop our duffle bags and our full back pack, which we had carried since Fort Meade, Maryland, on the ground and to put on a combat pack. We never saw the duffle bag or full pack again.

Then, we started talking with the "Old Combat Veterans" to learn what was happening to us. Artillery shells passing overhead were calling "incoming" or "outgoing mail." Your life might depend on learning which was which. They all sounded the same to me that first afternoon in a combat zone. At dusk a U.S. tank destroyer, at the backside of the farmhouse I was loitering near with an "Old Combat Veteran," started rev-ving his engine and moving away when bang, bang, bang, bang. Four shell bursts exploded about 100 yards up the village street from us, about 20 feet in the air. I could see the yellow flashes of the bursts. I watched all with curiosity and then turned to ask the combat veteran his thoughts. He was flat on the ground. I felt stupid. That was "incoming mail." I will always remember the whistle of that "incoming mail."

The old veteran and I then went into the kitchen of the farm house. Maybe a dozen GIs were there plus the Alsace Lorraine farmer and his family. I got out my GI French language book and tried to learn French with a kid's help. *Bon Jour, Bon Soir,* etc. After a while, I noticed I was the only soldier in the kitchen. Then I realized that many Alsacians were really Nazis. I promptly excused myself and went into the barn with the other GIs. There were many shell holes in the roof. Old combat men were sleeping under the wagons and other protected spots. The only place for me was in the exposed hay loft on the hay. I slept fitfully. It was November, and it was cold even with my great coat, fatigues, ODs, and long johns on.

About sunrise Sergeant Troyak ordered us to form a single file column. I slung my M-1 over my shoulder, and the column rout step marched out of the village and into a forest. Walk, walk, walk, with no talking, just trees and trees until I noticed a GI sergeant sitting on the ground with his back against a pine tree and a bloody bandage around his head. Wow! It hit me. He was dead. What a shock. We continued trudging through the woods toward the town of Luttange. I could hear rifle and machine gun fire in the distance. German or American. I did not know.

A little later, we came out of the forest and started plodding across a large wet plowed field towards the town. I could see a machine gun pit on the edge of town with several dead German soldiers on the adjacent ground, and one of our heavy machine gun crews sitting in the emplacement. Going into town, we walked down Adolf Hitler Strasse with dead, bloated cows, their hooves in the air, on both sides of the street. We stopped at a farmhouse with an adjacent barn in the middle of town. Captain Charles R. Bryan ordered all new replacements to go into the barn and wait for him.

We 20 infantry riflemen replacements for L Company stood around a horse-drawn farm wagon in the barn. Captain Bryan, in ODs with a new-style field jacket on, stepped on the head of the wagon and said in a clear, firm voice, "You may think all American GIs are brave and disciplined, but that is not so. Some Americans are yellow cowards and run when faced with enemy fire. I don't want any of you to run. We're all here to finish this job, and you have to do your share. Now, have any of you riflemen had any medical experience?" Funner and Murphy raised their hands. The captain said, "You are now medics for L Company." Then he asked if any of us had signal school experience. Pfc. Harry Cooley, a street-wise Brooklynite, and I had gone to three days of signal school training at Camp San Luis Obispo. Cooley put up his hand. I had always heard never to volunteer in the Army. I decided to make an exception and follow Cooley's decision. That decision probably saved my life. It certainly made my combat days more pleasant. We were assigned to the headquarter's platoon (CP) as runners to the rifle platoons. The headquarter's platoon always slept warmer and were further from the front than the rifle platoons. I carried messages, mail, and supplies to the 4th and 2nd Platoons. We generally were billeted in houses rather than enduring cold nights in foxholes as did the rifle platoons. I slept better that night in Luttange than any night since landing at Omaha Beach in October. I was warm, dry, and in my mind, relatively safe. Of we four volunteers, one was killed and three returned home. L Company of the 3rd Battalion of the 358th Regiment spent three quiet days in Luttange in regimental reserve. We then went on trucks to Rettel, France, for a calm Thanksgiving dinner with turkey. The Army was very proud to be able to serve turkey to its troops.

Rettel was on the Moselle River and far enough to the rear one could not hear artillery fire. I slept warm and well. On November 23 QM trucks dropped us off in a hilly forest near the Siegfried line villages of Butzdorf and Tettingen. I and K Companies attacked through the forest into the villages. Love Company was, fortunately, held in reserve. I spent the whole day standing around in the woods while the fighting was going on ahead of us. The weather was damp, cold, and overcast. In the evening we moved up to some abandoned Jerry trenches. The CP was now in a trench. It started to rain. I tried to sleep sitting up in the mud in the

trench. I slept very little. In the late afternoon of the next day, Captain Bryan said, "Robinson, come with me." Off the two of us went through the woods.

We came out of the woods on a little hill overlooking a farm village in which several houses were burning and all the trees on the road into the town had been dynamited in the middle of the trunks such that the trees fell onto the road blocking its use for tanks and vehicles. As we came out of the cover of the woods, the captain started running. I ran also. We dodged behind trees and buildings to the blocked road then up to a large barn on the road. Several dead GIs were on the road by the barn.

The captain jumped over a corpse and ran into the barn. I saw a souvenir wristwatch on the ground by the corpse and snatched it up as I also ran into the barn. Inside the large barn must have been 60 GIs of I and K standing around. One section of the barn was an aid station where the medics were helping the wounded. I went to a quiet corner by a window to await orders. I looked at the German watch. It was broken and worthless. I threw it away. Now it was dark. A Sherman tank came and parked by my window next to the barn. I was afraid the noise of its engine would attract German artillery fire into our barn. It didn't happen. The tank turned off its engine for the night.

The next day we left the barn, walked back down the tree-blocked road, past the burned out houses and around an open field to a giant captured Jerry pillbox. Some of the CP personnel sat down on the concrete in the gun opening of the pillbox to wait. We were waiting for K Company to attack a German position over the hill from our pillbox. Soon we heard a Kraut machine gun firing with M-1 and BARs answering.

I knew K Company men were charging directly into the firing German machine gun. Soon, a wounded K Company GI came running back to our pillbox shelter. Our medics began to bandage him up when another wounded GI arrived. The Jerry machine gun stopped its rat-a-tat-tat. I hoped it was captured. It must have been. No more wounded GIs came back to us from beyond the hilltop. I was a nervous wreck thinking what I would have done if I had been one of those K Company riflemen ordered to charge into the Jerry machine guns.

Eugene H. Robinson, *L Company, 358th Infantry Regiment*

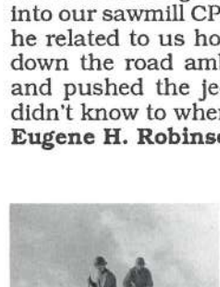
★ ★ ★

Captain Burke one morning wanted eight volunteers to go on a little combat patrol. I was "volunteered." Off we went tramping through the snow, forest and mountains. No noise, no talking, just all of us listening. After a while, Captain Burke raised his hand and stopped. We all stopped in place. We were high on the side of a steep mountain in a thick forest. Hundreds of yards down the mountain was a river and across the river was a small fire and several Kraut soldiers standing around trying to stay warm in the snow. I had no intention to fire my M-1, but I looked down the barrel sights out of curiosity. Captain Burke warned me to stop. Later he said our job was not to kill Germans but to end the war with as little loss of American life as possible. If we fired at the Jerrys they would lob mortars at the sawmill. Several GIs might have been injured or killed and our tactical position would not have improved. We got the facts and returned to the sawmill. A few days later I was "volunteered" again for another combat patrol. We filed into the snow-covered forest in a different direction. After an hour or so, the forest was thinner and we shifted into a skirmish line formation. All was very quiet as we walked. I heard a faint noise. It could have been a voice or a snapped twig. I stepped quickly behind the nearest large tree. I unslung my rifle, took off my safety. I noticed that everyone on the patrol was concealed and had protected himself just like I'd done. They had also heard the sound. We then stood for what seemed like a century in absolute silence with no movement by anyone. There were no further strange sounds. Finally, a voice in the distance said a clear unique American word. Our sergeant responded. The other combat patrol came out from their cover as did we. They were from a unit on our flank. What a relief. I'd not yet been in a hostile fire fight and I certainly did not want to be in one.

A jeep with a lieutenant, a sergeant and a private stopped at our sawmill for directions. Captain Burke accommodated them. They drove off down the road, across the old, partially blown up, stone bridge over the stream next to the sawmill and up the dirt mountain road going out of our area. A few minutes later we heard lots of "Burp" gun and Mauser rifle fire. Then it stopped. We noticed the noise but were not alarmed. Small arms fire noise is often in the background. A bit later the sergeant, wounded in the arm, ran breathlessly into our sawmill CP. The medics began to bandage him up as he related to us how a German combat patrol a half a mile down the road ambushed their jeep, killed the lieutenant, and pushed the jeep off the road and down a chasm. He didn't know to where the private escaped.

Eugene H. Robinson, *L Company, 358th Infantry Regiment*

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On December 1, 1944, my platoon was attached to a battalion of the 357th Regiment of the 90th Division. The mission was to capture the area on the west bank of the Saar River in the Dillingen area.

The town of Buren was the first objective on this attack. I took my platoon through a wooded area until we were almost to the edge of the town. Our plan was to leave the woods so we would reach the west edge of Buren at about the same time the infantry did.

As we left the trees, we went down a steep slope making quite a horrendous noise, according to the doughboys I talked to later. In perhaps a hundred yards or less, we hit the main street into Buren. I had my tank pull over on the right-hand side of the street so Sgt. Carl Pernoja could pull his tank on to the left-hand side of the street.

Soon after we reached these positions, my tank came under fire from a German anti-tank gun. The 712th "After Action Report" has the following entry for December 1, 1944: "On 1 December 1st Platoon captured the town of Buren. The platoon leader's tank was hit five times and knocked out." I know that our tank was hit twice, but I really question whether it was hit five times.

One of the early rounds hit my tank at the seam of the turret and the hull. This hit made it impossible to traverse the turret. I radioed Sergeant Pernoja to open fire on the anti-tank gun that was causing all the trouble. He had some trouble getting his driver to move into the position he wanted. In the meantime, the anti-tank gun hit the track on my tank which made it impossible to move the tank. I am not sure whether it was Sergeant Pernoja's fire or whether the anti-tank gun crew felt they had pressed their luck as far as they should, so they withdrew.

Since my tank couldn't move and the turret couldn't be traversed, there was no point in staying in the tank. I told everyone to get out and to go inside a nearby house. When I counted noses, I was one short. Henry Lochowicz, Bob Gladson, and Andy Rego had all gotten out OK. Risto Radovich, who was filling in for Calvin Bolden, was nowhere to be seen. I went up to the window of the house and hollered his name. Risto answered from inside the tank. I told him to get out of the tank and to come into the building where we were. Risto scrambled out looking pretty wild eyed. After we all got together, he explained that he had passed out when the tank was hit. When he came to there was no one around so he just stayed there until I called to him. I think this was Risto's only experience as a tank crew member.

It was getting dark so we got our bedrolls and prepared to spend the night in "our" house. The next morning I led the rest of the platoon on foot through Buren. I can recall feeling pretty foolish after we had secured the rest of the town to

find that the muzzle of my .45 pistol was full of dirt. Somewhere along the way I must have stumbled and poked my pistol into the ground.

We spent a few days in Buren while preparations were being made for the Saar River crossing.

Ray A. Griffin, *712th Tank Battalion*

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Orders came down for me to take a couple tanks down to the town of Sierck—I think. This town was a mile or two northeast of Buren. Sierck was located right down on the bank of the Saar River. It was nighttime, of course. Well, since I had quite a bit of time before we were to move out, I made a deal with Captain McLain (Dog Co. CO, 357th Infantry, 90th Division) to drive down to Sierck, pick out a CP, and also look over the route we would be taking.

I took Sgt. Carl Pernoja with me, and Captain McLain had a jeep driver to round out our crew. A doughboy outpost stopped us on the edge of Buren. I recognized the doughboy as being one of the old hard-bitten veteran footsloggers—a guy I wouldn't want to meet on the opposing side. Well, we drive on down the road—a still, spooky atmosphere prevailed. We reached Sierck without any unusual occurences. We couldn't find any of the infantry platoon who were supposed to be occupying the town. A still, deathly quiet hung over Sierck. A combat GI likes to have some noise so that he can figure what is going on. When it is too quiet you don't know what to expect. So, after we decided on places for our CPs, we lost little time deciding to return to Buren. It was so spooky and our force was so small we didn't feel entirely at ease.

This uneasy feeling must have been pretty strong in the jeep driver because we fairly flew up the road to Buren. We had all forgotten about the outpost on the edge of Buren. The outpost knew we would be coming back. However, he yelled, "Halt" in no uncertain tone of voice. Our jeep skidded to an abrupt stop. I could visualize our doughboy sighting down the barrel of his machine gun or rifle right on our jeep. We did get stopped OK. After we satisfied the doughboy as to our identity, we went on into Buren.

My tank, which had been knocked out when we took Buren, had not been replaced. I decided to join 2nd Sgt. Frank Boreses' tank crew (Gerald Henehan, William Frink, Earl Anderson, and probably Harold Travis). So, along with Sargeant Bores, we had a six-man crew. The other tank was Sgt. Carl Pernoja's (Jim Wall, F.L. Eaves, Everett Bays, and Claude Taggart or Art Lierman). We moved out with Sergeant Boreses' tank leading and Sergeant Pernoja's following. We got about half way through a minefield, which had supposedly been swept by the engineers, when there was a loud explosion. Our tank came to a quick stop. Just at the time of the explosion I saw a gun—an artillery piece—flash about a couple of miles or so across the river in "Krautland." My first impulse was to think that it had been this gun that had hit us. I called over the interphone to Frink to see if he was OK. He was. I looked around inside the turret to see if the crew was all right. I told Frink to back up. He tried but the tank wouldn't move. I then realized that we had hit a mine. I radioed Pernoja and told him to back up the hill from where we had just come. Next, I told Bores and the crew to get out and walk back up the hill. I cautioned them to stay in the tank tracks. After getting back to Buren I checked in with the infantry CP (1st Battalion 357th). I learned they had decided to move on to Sierck without our tanks. This wound up my business, so I took off for the platoon CP to get some sleep.

When I got back to the platoon, Gerald Henehan and William Frank asked me if it would be all right to go back to their tank and get their bed rolls and personal belongings before it got daylight. I said that it was all right. I figured the Kraut artillery would probably work the tank over as soon as it got light enough for them to see. They got a jeep from somebody (T.D.'s, I think) and drove back to the tank. During the time they were there their jeep set off another mine. Gerry received a wound that was to take his life a few days later. I am not exactly sure how many, but I believe there were two or three more vehicles blown up by mines near Sergeant Bores' tank as they were trying to pass the tank to get to Sierck. The Krauts had put out plastic mines. The engineers' minesweepers didn't find them when they had swept the road.

I will always wonder just whose hand had been on the wheel to guide the jeep McLain, Pernoja, and I had ridden over this road twice before so we hadn't set off at least one of the mines.

Ray A. Griffin, *712th Tank Battalion*

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I remember the night when my unit crossed the Kyll River. The first night before we waded across the river on a dam, the engineers stretched a cable across the river. The water flowing over the top of the dam was almost waist deep. It was freezing weather, and we were promised that if we waded across the dam, after we took our objective, we would immediately be taken into town and be given dry clothes. Because it was freezing, and as soon as we reached the other side of the river, our clothes had turned into a solid sheet of ice. All you would have to do would be to hit our clothes with a solid object and the ice would break off into pieces and our clothes would be just slightly damp. At this time, I was serving as a platoon leader and the point for the company.

We reached our objective, but it was about 10 A.M. the next morning before we were able to go into town and change our wet clothes. I had removed my combat boots and was getting ready to take a much needed bath, when the Germans started to come back into the city. I made a mad dash for my rifle and in doing so, I hit my right foot against a GI five-gallon water can, which caused a contusion on my right foot. Since our battalion aid station was a good distance from us, I was taken to an aid station where William M. McConahey examined my injury. He ordered me to be evacuated back to Luxembourg to a hospital just outside of Luxembourg City. I stayed there for approximately a month before recuperating enough to return to the unit.

Marion J. Jones Jr., *Company L, 357th Infantry Regiment*

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I remember it well, my first encounter with actual war. We had just moved into our assigned position about a mile from St. Mere Eglise on June 8th. Our position was a small field surrounded on all sides with hedgerows. Foxhole digging was one of the first priorities. The second night we were in this position the Luftwaffe made a call. (The Luftwaffe in this case was a "bed check Charley." That's what we called these armor-plated low-flying aircraft...they hope to draw gun firing at them.) One of our machine gunners opened fire on the plane, thus giving up our position. Within a few minutes, our position was strafed and personnel bombed for a good five minutes. When the air raid came, we all took cover in our foxholes, but Pfc. Robert Clemons was caught away from his foxhole. Clemons was the first killed in action in our unit, and he was hard to forget.

I also remember another instance which has a little humor to it. We had just moved into position in the Ardennes, I believe. Not too far off from my foxhole was Cpl. Howard Samples. It was fairly calm but all at once enemy artillery and aircraft bombs commenced hitting in our position. I heard Corporal Samples say something, but couldn't understand what he said. I hollered at him asking, "What did you say?" He replied, "I'm not talking to you." I replied, "We're the only two here, so who in the hell are you talking to?" Samples was praying, of course, which many of us did often. I told him I understood.

Sgt. Frank Heide, *344th Field Battalion Battery Service*

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On August 18, 1944, G Company, with the 2nd Battalion, 359th Infantry, occupied Le Bourg St. Leonard Infantry, just in time to be in position to fend off an attack by German

forces. The mission of the 2nd Battalion was to hold LBStL and advance on order. During the attack, G Company absorbed a number of casualties from hostile fire, including that from a nebelwerfer which virtually eliminated the weapons platoon. There were not enough men remaining in the weapons platoon to place either machine guns or mortars in position and to man them.

During the day, a major from a different unit came into LBStL and brusquely demanded an assessment of the situation. This was done including telling and pointing out to him the location of a German Panther tank which commanded the roads nearby and occasionally shelled LBStL. Notwithstanding, the major and another soldier took off down D-16 toward Chambois-Fel and in line with the tank. If it was courage he displayed, it was foolhardy courage, for it took just one round from the tank to take the lives of these two men.

Later in the day, my executive officer, 1st Lt. Eldridge N. Rice, led a patrol beyond the church to check on the major. The major and his driver were beyond help. On the return, Rice scaled the wall surrounding the church and, while sitting atop the wall, was hit by an armor piercing shell from the tank and knocked off the wall. It appeared he had been killed, but while we were arranging a patrol to pick him up, he arose and with wobbly, uncertain steps, he made his way back to our position.

When Rice returned, it was discovered he had been observing the tank from his perch on the wall, his head turned in that direction. The shell grazed his left cheek, just barely breaking the skin at his cheekbone.

It was a concussion caused by the shell that knocked him off the wall. When I put Rice in for the Purple Heart, he protested because it was such a little scratch, but I told him there was no requirement that he be killed or seriously maimed to receive the award.

G Company occupied LBStL for a couple of days. The German tank still commanded a view of all traffic in the vicinity, including the valley between its location and LBStL.

On August 19, 1944, General Weaver ordered Chambois be taken, and the task was assigned to the 2nd Battalion, 359th Infantry. The battalion moved out on D-16 on or about 1300 with G Company on the right, E Company, commanded by Capt. Ed Lienhart, on the left, and F Company in reserve. The battalion was supported by a platoon of M-10 tank destroyers.

Chambois was to become the scene of the final act in the closing of the Falaise Gap when G Company, 2nd Battalion, 90th Division of General George Patton's U.S. Third Army met the 10th Polish Dragoons spearheading for Gen. Bernard Law Montgomery's Canadian and British troops coming from the north after moving out from Caen.

Fel was entered without incident, and G Company proceeded to the Dives River where the terrain changed. The Dives River runs between Fel and Chambois. At this point, it is very narrow and can be crossed without difficulty. The terrain slopes down from Fel and, after crossing the Dives, begins to climb through apple orchards. Just before we commenced the ascent from the river, the French tanks decided to leave us. The tankers did not fancy a climb up the hill into territory about which we had no information. For the tanks to proceed up the hill would expose their lightly armored underbellies to any anti-tank or tank destroyer units in the vicinity. Tanks, when hit in the underbelly, are easily disabled. The fears of the tankers were not unfounded.

As we moved up the hill, the intensity of all kinds of fire seemed to increase. The small-arms and automatic weapon fire now appeared to be coming in greatest volume from our right flank, although this could not be determined with any accuracy. Our orders were to move up the hill, cross D-13, the road leading into Chambois from the east, and sweep the village moving from east to west, hook up with the other companies from the 2nd Battalion, and then occupy the village.

Because of the intensity and high volume of fire of all kinds, I was reluctant to cross D-13 and wheel left without first learning, if possible, what would then be in our rear. Therefore, I ordered the riflemen into a line of skirmishers and to take up positions behind a hedge which ran parallel to D-13, approximately 100 yards south of it running through an apple orchard littered with a variety of German equipment including trucks, automobiles, horse-drawn vehicles, weapons carriers, etc.

To satisfy myself that my right flank (and later rear) was protected, I proceeded alone, along a line of trees perpendicular to D-13. Upon reaching D-13, I crawled up and lay in the grass alongside the road and surveyed the scene to attempt to gauge the direction and volume of fire impacting Chambois.

After several minutes, I saw an individual wearing what appeared to be a British uniform, come from the north and walk into the middle of the road. The intensity of fire, automatic weapons, artillery, and mortars had continued unabated. I was reluctant in the extreme to leave the shelter of grass where I was lying by the side of the road and join this person who stood there, arms akimbo, viewing the road in both directions. With great trepidation, I stood up and joined him. Fortunately, his English was better than my Polish and, thus, we were able to identify ourselves to each other. He was Maj. W. Zgorzelski of the 10th Polish Dragoons who were spearheading for the Canadians who were the lead unit for the British out of Caen. Major Zgorzelski had a good sense of history for he pronounced our meeting was the first time that American and Polish soldiers had ever met on the field of battle. Neither of us appreciated at the time that this was another historic moment – the closing of the Falaise Gap, the last escape road for Von Kluge's 7th Army from the Normandy peninsula. The closing of the gap completed the encirclement of more than 50,000 Germans together with much material, guns, and tanks.

I had a notebook in my pocket which we used to memorialize our meeting by writing down our names and the names of our commanding generals. He inscribed his name and that of General Maczek of the 1st Polish Armored Division. The notes I wrote, which Major Zgorzelski kept, were filed with the regimental history of the 10th Polish Dragoons. I still have in my possession the notes Major Zgorzelski signed.

The major and I coordinated our plans, and the 10th Polish Dragoons moved off to the northeast. I returned to G Company and explained the situation to my soldiers. We then planned to leave the hedge, move through the remainder of the orchard in line of skirmishers and, upon reaching D-13, execute a wheeling movement placing one platoon on each side of D-13 and sweep the houses and other buildings lying on either side of the street. We cleared the town and reestablished contact with E Company on the west side of town. The town itself continued under heavy assault. The streets were choked with all varieties of German transport. Ammunition carriers were burning, other carriers, tanks, and equipment stood hub to hub in the street, disabled with dead and wounded horses lying or standing in the traces. Passage through the streets was difficult and dangerous.

Resistance in the east side of Chambois, as distinguished from the opposition later encountered by E Company, was relatively slight. When we had secured the town, we set up positions with E and F Companies on the southwest and northwest quadrant, and G Company on the east and southeast of the village. By this time, we knew that Chambois would be the main point of attack for Von Kluge's 7th Army in its attempt to escape. Our expectation of repeated assaults were not disappointed.

After our occupation of Chambois and establishment of defensive positions, fighting raged for several days with the brunt of the German attack directed at the positions of E and F Companies. G Company received its share. The Germans attacked with all of the fury they could bring to bear fueled by their desperation to escape. Infantry, supported by tanks and self-propelled guns, plus artillery fire

directed by the Germans from the Foret de Gouffern assaulted our positions.



During the next several days, we were subjected to repeated thrusts by the German troops which were turned back. When the fighting finally tapered off, I visited the eastern edge of Chambois on D-13. The carnage was everywhere. Tanks had been shot out, dead Germans lay about, and one German self-propelled gun was burned out with the corpses of the crew lying on the gun, so completely incinerated that there was nothing but charcoal in the forms of men. I saw, on the ground, portions of human spines which had been chewed, burned, and broken into bits by tank treads grinding on them until all that was left were pieces of vertebrae attended to by the flies. The stench of raw, smoky, pervasive death lay everywhere invading nostrils and bringing tears to one's eyes.

In my own sector, two of my men, having been relieved from duty, sought refuge in a slit trench to get some sleep. An armor piercing shell from a German tank struck both in their heads killing them instantly.

During the entire time we were in Chambois, the fighting was so fluid that many times we were cut off from our lines of supply. The Poles were cut off from theirs even more often than we were. The result, as they needed supplies, or when they had taken prisoners who must be delivered to the rear echelons, the Poles would turn their prisoners over to us, and we, in turn, would march them back with our own prisoners of whom we were taking quite a number. Many Germans were willing to surrender if given the chance, and this increased the numbers we had to process to the rear.

I established a prisoner cage in the center of Chambois for holding prisoners pending the opportunity to move them back. Since we could not spare many soldiers for guard duty, all being otherwise involved in our permitter defense, I had a machine gun mounted on the top of the wall of the cage area. Each prisoner was told to lie face down, spread eagled, and advised that any upward movement would result in a burst of machine gun fire. There were no incidents.

During a respite in fighting we were told Polish troops would bring in 1,500-2,500 prisoners, and that we were to process them to the rear. At about 0200 the next morning, I was, for the first time, asleep in a bed, one of my soldiers awakened me to tell me a Polish captain was downstairs with some German prisoners to turn over to us. Grudgingly, I went downstairs and met a Polish captain and sergeant who had been imbibing calvados, an apple brandy which packed a strong wallop. Between them, they had about 12 or 15 German prisoners. The Polish captain, gesturing freely with his pistol in his hand, said in English (the Germans appeared to be listening intently), "Captain, here are your prisoners." I replied, "I don't want them." The Polish captain told me his orders were to leave them with me. Even though I knew my orders also were to take prisoners off his hands and that I would have to accommodate him, I answered, "I still don't want them. Get them out of here." The Polish captain insisted that he still had to leave them with me. "Well, you are supposed to have 1,500 prisoners. Where are they?" I asked. "They are dead," replied the captain. "We shot them. These are all that are left." I replied, "Then why don't you shoot these, too?" Then quickly added, "No, you can't do that." The captain answered, "Oh yes we can. They shot my countrymen." He then took me by the arm and escorted me down the hall. There he said, "Captain, we can't shoot them. We are out of ammunition."

That was the clincher. I took charge of the prisoners, put them in the prisoner cage, and they were later moved out to our rear echelons.

We learned that the Polish troops had a simple formula in determining what to do with Polish nationals, a number of which had been conscripted and serving in the German army. If the Polish soldier was a private, he was issued a Polish (British) uniform and incorporated into the Polish units. If a Polish soldier was serving as a non-commissioned officer or higher rank, he was immediately shot for cooperating with the enemy.

On or about the 20th of August, my phone line was somehow patched into the artillery fire control line. A general was stationed at an observation post which commanded a view of the Foret de Gouffern and the edge of the forest from which Von Kluge's units must debauch in order to effect a breakout The Foret de Gouffern was jam-packed with German troops, tanks and equipment, seeking, among other things, protection from allied aircraft which had complete mastery of the air space. As a German column would exit the forest, they would come under observation of the U.S. general. Air strikes would disable tanks and other vehicles at intervals along the line of march, thus denying the road to following troops and forcing them to detour into the adjacent fields where some of them became bogged down. This would throw the other units into confusion in trying to leave the road and find a way around the disabled vehicles. The artillery general, who apparently had division, corps, and perhaps army artillery under his control, then adjusted the artillery fire on these confused units and would then bring concentrations of fire-for-effect on the German troops as they milled about. I remember him ordering, "Bring in the 105s; now the 155s," and, as he viewed the strikes of the shells, he would exclaim, "Beautiful! Now, fire for effect," and heavy concentrations of shells of all calibers would then fall on German troops.

During the course of the fighting, I visited this huge mound of manure in the rear of the residence we were in and proceeded to relieve myself. I committed the indiscretion of leaving my rifle in the house while I performed this chore. As I stood there, to my dismay, a German soldier carrying his rifle stood up on the other side of the pile. It was readily apparent we were not comparably armed to do battle, but it was also apparent the German's principal interest was surrendering, not fighting. I accommodated him by relieving him of his rifle, taking him prisoner, and escorting him into the house and then to the prisoner cage.



German armament was everywhere, and as the fighting tapered off, we began collecting rifles and automatic weapons, disabling them, and placing them in a large pile in the front yard. We did not want the Germans to be able to rearm themselves in the event of a change of fortunes. We also broke the stocks of the rifles, removed the bolts, and threw them away making them unusable.

After Chambois was secured and the fighting had moved on, we received orders to move to an area for a couple of days of rest, relaxation, and to incorporate replacements into our companies. At Le Pin au Haras, some kilometers distant from Chambois, the French government had maintained a horse breeding establishment. The fighting had bypassed the barns and stables, but many of the horses, some I was told were of Arabian stock, had been released and were wandering over the countryside. A number had come into the vicinity of Chambois, and it only seemed appropriate that some of the men from the Texas-Oklahoma 90th Division rode the horses to our bivouac. Half of the company proceeded by truck, but two platoons made the march on horseback. Upon reaching our destination, we released the horses, but not before our regimental surgeon, Murray Franklin, M.D., over his vigorous protestations, treated my horse for shrapnel wounds in the rump. "I am not a veterinarian," he protested. But kindness and humanity prevailed. The horses were shortly released by us as we proved on to our next objective.

Some material published concerning the action at Chambois states that G Company approached Chambois in

column formation and under a white flag. It adds that Polish troops had already taken Chambois. The statements are attributed to one Lieutenant Karcz of the 10th Polish Dragoons. The statements are untrue in every particular and do a great disservice to the memory as well as the conduct of the men in G company and others of the 2nd Battalion who fought valiantly, a number of whom were injured or lost their lives, in this action. John Keegan, an eminent historian and author of several books on the fighting in Normandy, now agrees that he should have checked his sources more carefully before perpetuating this canard in his book *Six Armies in Normandy.*

What has not disappeared from the memory of history is the fact that the action at Chambois on 19 August and thereafter effected the closing of the Falaise Gap and constituted a monumental defeat for the German Army, comparable to the defeat it suffered in Stalingrad. G Company, 2nd Battalion, 359th Infantry, 90th Division, was a significant part of those units which brought this defeat about and should be properly recognized for the role it played.

Laughlin E. Waters, *G Company, 359th Infantry Regiment*

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On January 7, 1945, we left the sawmill for Kirshnaumen, France. There L Company riflemen climbed up and onto the open air hardwood benches attached along the sides of the bed of the 2.5-ton GMC Army trucks that moved us from one fighting zone to another. All the divisional identification markings were painted out. We were anonymous. It was early in the morning of January 8, 1945. It was cold. All of us wore "long john" underwear, olive drab wool uniforms, cotton fatigues over the ODs and our wool great field coat. Our clothing was so thick it was nearly impossible to respond to "piss call" when the required stops were made by the trucks.

The trucks started north, except we didn't know it was north, on a good highway through farm country and forests. Hours went by. It was cold. Snow was now on the ground. I saw a road sign "Wiltz." I had never heard of the town. I did not know if it was in France, Germany, Belgium, or Luxembourg. I had not heard much about the "Battle of the Bulge." I did not know I was going to the Bulge. I only knew I was very cold, hungry and needed to pee. The "rear echelon" troops received the "Stars and Stripes" Army newspaper but combat troops never saw a copy until relieved from the front to "Army or divisional reserve."

Somewhere off the highway between tree farms our trucks stopped in the foot-deep snow and the Headquarters Platoon of L Company debarked its trucks and began to mill around in the snow to keep warm. One of us accidentally dug from the snow a U.S. weapons belt and halter and some GI helmets. A red keystone was painted on each helmet. Zowie! A light hit us. This equipment was abandoned by American soldiers when they were captured by some Germans. The former owners were German prisoners of war. The famous Keystone Division was the 28th Division that was one of the holding divisions of the very thin American defense line in the Ardennes Forest when General Van Rundstedt attacked on December 16, 1944. The 28th Division was decimated by the German attack. We were sitting on the evidence of their defeat. We were in the Bulge. We were between Sonlez, Luxembourg and Bras, Belgium.

L Company trudged over the snow into the forest until we came upon some Jerry foxholes. The Jerry foxholes were three or four feet deep and seven feet wide by seven feet long. Logs covered the top to protect from forest shell bursts and the cold. The Jerry foxholes were deluxe because they were dug by conscripted labor from the Nazi conquered countries. This first foxhole even had abandoned blankets in it which we used for warmth and insulation from the cold dirt. In these large foxholes four to six men slept. We slept with all our uniforms, coats and shoes on. During the night if one soldier wanted to roll from his right side to his left we all had to roll. I did not sleep well or warm. Our combined body heat thawed the logs and big drops of water rained down on us all night long.

It is hard to keep track of time without a calender and having no reference point of specific actions to register time against. In the Bulge I didn't see the sun for a week. It was cloudy with light snow. We moved from one woods and foxhole to another woods and foxhole. You could sporadically hear artillery and small arms fire in the distance.

In the woods north of Bras near Houpert, Captain Burke (actually a lieutenant who two weeks before had been a staff sergeant in charge of the 4th Platoon) kept in touch with battalion headquarters by a thin brown wire that connected our field telephone to theirs. I carried our telephone and layed the wire as we walked through the various woods. One day Captain Burke said, "Robison go back to this point and meet Colonel Spivey and bring him and his units here." I followed the brown wire back through the forests for an hour and met the colonel and his troops. We then started back to L Company. I was proud I was doing something important in the war as I followed the wire talking merrily to the colonel as we traversed the woods. Then we came to a splice in the phone wire. I didn't remember that splice. Should I go to the left or continue straight forward through the woods. I was in a quandary. I told the colonel. Then I decided to go to the left. We marched several hundred yards. The terrain didn't look right to me. I soon saw we were about to leave the woods. Coming down I remembered I had never been out of the woods. Should I tell the colonel of my doubts? Should I reverse the march of several hundred 90th Division soldiers? Should I embarrass myself? Yes. We returned to the splice and we continued on safely to L Company. I made the right choice. The other wire went to the German position I later learned.

Being a 4th Platoon runner had one great advantage. When a rifle company was in an attack the runner was not in the front. In fact, he was correctly in the back. The CP was in the rear and the weapons platoon (4th) was usually in the rear (approximately several hundred yards from the front). This gave me a view of combat some men didn't see. I learned that a GI didn't need to run back to be a coward. If a GI did not advance while others around him advanced, he in effect was avoiding combat. The usual excuse was a sore leg, jammed rifle, lost, etc., but never scared. It wasn't my job to report the malingerers. I just did my job and worried about my own fears.

The next day L Company moved to a more forward woods and a new old Jerry foxhole. This one was maybe eight by eight feet and six-feet deep with a large entrance and large logs on top. Maybe a former German command post. It was in a thick woods. We "dog face" GIs stood about in the snow moving about to keep warm, eating candy out of our K-rations, talking about girls or anything to while away the time. I was a cautious person. I stayed near the entrance to the foxhole just in case. Then "bam, bam, bam, and bam" four Jerry 88 rounds hit the trees above us and wood splinters and steel shrapnel were flying all around. I had slid with the first "bam" into the large foxhole. Then Colonel Spivey and Captain Burke came in with a half dozen others. Some were hurt. One GI was crying repeatedly for God to save his soul. The colonel asked him to be quiet and said the medics would soon be there. I curled up as small as I could at the back of the foxhole and waited until the action was over and we could all get out.

We moved from there forward to the edge of the woods and I could see over a plain where a German Nebelwaffen was firing bazooka-like rockets at a target away from us. I could see the exhaust plumes when the rockets were fired. We returned deeper into the forest for the night.

On another day, Captain Burke, an American Indian from Hominy, Oklahoma, said, "Robison, go down to this

point and wait for two TDs (tank destroyers) and show them back up here." I got to the rendezvous point where two other GIs were waiting also. It was about 8 A.M. It was cold. Snow was still on the ground. The three of us made a fire by burning K-ration boxes and twigs we could find. No TDs had come by noon. My two friends left me. I stood alone waiting. No TDs came. No one came to relieve me. Toward five in the afternoon it was getting colder and darker. Should I desert my post and go back? Would I be subject to court martial and death by firing squad? I decided to go to battalion headquarters. I wandered down the mountain to a village where headquarters was. I went into the warm house where the officers and men were lounging around. I explained why I had come down from the woods. Some officer said, "We changed our plans and forgot to let you know. Go back to the L Company CP." Boy, I was relieved.

The next day the sun came out, I could see P-47 fighters strafing something a mile away. I could see dozens of silvery B-17 bombers very high in the blue sky flying toward Germany and it didn't feel so gloomy in the woods.

Wherever we were in the woods I do not know; the company started hiking to a new place. Maybe we hiked a couple hours. We stopped in the snow near a stone cottage at the junction of two rural roads. As we sat in the snow, prisoners of war started carrying dead German soldiers from inside of the cottage and stacking them like cord wood outside. They must have stacked 20 to 30 frozen corpses. Then we realized the cottage had been a German aid station, and these were the wounded that couldn't be saved. We then got the order to start hiking again. Another memory of war etched in my brain.

In the afternoon L Company left its foxholes in the forest and marched down the mountain and out of the forest to a railroad track near the station of Schlief. The company went along the tracks to a several hundred yard-long tunnel. The Jerrys had abandoned in the tunnel their bunks and blankets. L Company looked forward to the first warm and dry nights sleep in over a week. I took off my combat boots for the first time (except to change my socks) since leaving Wallerfangen.

Early in the morning when I tried to put my boots on, I couldn't. My feet had swollen. I forced my feet into the boots and didn't lace them up. We fell out and started marching out of the tunnels up a hilly road toward the town of Niederwampach. For the first time in two years in the Army I was unable to keep up with the line of march. I kept falling further behind. My feet hurt severely. Back into woods the company went and finally stopped. I caught up with the company headquarters.

We milled around awhile, with nothing to do. Captain Burke said, "Robison, I think I've pulled a muscle in my leg from walking in the snow. Let's go down to the battalion aid station." We always walked in pairs. I often was asked to accompany the captain. Off we went through the forest. A half hour later we walked into Niederwampach. Trucks, tanks, TDs, jeeps, and soldiers were everywhere. We located the aid station in a masonry house in the middle of town. Captain Burke asked for Doc Bulger and started showing him his leg and chewing the fat about the recent fighting. I sat over in a corner and took off my boots. I looked at my feet. My toes were purple. The upper parts of my feet were red, and looked like hamburger, raw from chafing during the hike from the tunnels to the aid station. A non-com medic was sitting in the room and I asked him to look at my feet. He did. He asked Doc Bulger to look at my feet. Doc, a young doctor with black hair and a small size walrus moustache, left Captain Burke to look me over. In 15 seconds Doc said, "Soldier, you stay here tonight and take the ambulance out of here in the morning. Burke, you go back to your company." For me, the war was over if a Jerry shell didn't hit our aid station during the night. No shell hit. The ambulance was on time. I walked into the ambulance and layed down on a litter. I had a medical identification card tied to my blouse. The ambulance drove out of town and out of the combat zone. I didn't get off the litter until I arrived at the U.S. Army General Hospital in Sudsbury, England.

Eugene H. Robinson, *L Company, 358th Infantry Regiment*

★ ★ ★

On September 7, 1944, the 90th Infantry Division CP was located in a wooded area just south of Landres, France. The 90th Division Artillery and the 712th Tank Battalion were also bivouacked near the division CP.

The German High Command had become concerned with the rapid advance the U.S. Third Army had been making in the Metz, Thionville, and Luxembourg area. They ordered the 106th Panzer Brigade to move towards this area and to attack to slow up the advance of the Third Army units. To carry out this mission, the 106th was moving from Bonvillers, France, toward Mainville, France, on September 7th under the cover of darkness. Their route of advance brought them directly into the 90th Division CP area. The brigade first ran into the 90th Division Artillery. A Company of the 712th was bivouacked near the artillery. This encounter of the brigade with the division artillery and Company A of the 712th led to a couple hours of chaotic fighting. Things quieted down while both sides wanted to wait until daybreak to resume fighting.

When daylight came, heavy fighting broke out everywhere. The German vehicles had become so scattered out during the night all the companies of the 712th had a field of fire on these German vehicles. By the end of the day, the 106th Panzer Brigade no longer existed for all practical purposes.

The 1st Platoon, Company C, 712th Tank Destroyer Battalion, was involved in the fighting that took place near the 90th Division CP. The following correspondence between Gerard Bernasconi of Berne, Switzerland, and myself details in an interesting way the events involving the 1st Platoon:

April 22, 1983

Dear Monsieur,

In spite of 33 years, change does a lot of things.

For a long time I have been dreaming of contacting my liberator. I was 10 years old in September 1944. The 5th, 6th, or 7th I found myself in the woods of Landres with a Polish friend. We were taking care of the cows.

On the northeast border of the forest in the area of the Bonvillers-Landres intersection of the highway we saw your encounter with the armored German units, well camouflaged on the right side of the Bonvillers road. The big portion of the division being in the village of Mairy and surrounding area. The dispersed units were Tigers, Panthers, etc.

I saw the end of two Shermans that were in the high area of the first planting of pine trees as well as numerous explosions on the German side. Obviously very frightened by this event, we both fled, forgetting the cows, back to Landres (where I got a scolding from my mother).

We have often returned to the site of this battle. We played in the burned tanks, and at this age I had many questions among others—What became of the Americans of these two tanks?

I am taking the liberty to write to you today. I have been gone from Landres since 1948. In 1982 I learned of your trip to Lorraine and the difficulties you encountered in finding the location of your encounter. Through my sister, who lives in that area, I learned that between Landres and Xivey-Circourt some people were looking for something. She saw the heads of people in a car.

I sought out the areas you traveled. It was through the Mayor of Norroy-Le-Sec that I obtained your address.

I can affirm having seen you in action during that time. I am 49 years old and have never forgotten that time of war, and at my place I have put up a small museum U.S.— 1944-45.

It was when I saw an article in *Gazette des Uniforms*, written by Mr. Jean Bouchery, that I decided to contact you.

I hope to have revived your memories, dear sir.

I hope with all my heart to receive a reply from you for which I thank you in advance.

Receive my sincere greetings.

GERARD BERNASCONI

May 9, 1983

Cher Monsieur Bernasconi:

I am sorry that you weren't with our tour group when we visited in the Landres area about one year ago. The local people were very helpful in guiding us to the site where the battle took place. They showed us where one tank had been when it was knocked out. They didn't tell us where the second one had been. Perhaps you, as an eyewitness, could have shown us both spots. As it is, I am still not quite sure I found the place where my tank had been.

Enclosed is a picture a friend of mine took of my tank some time after the battle. You said you had played in the burned out tanks. I am wondering if you will recognize which of the two tanks is in this picture.

Also enclosed is a map of the battle area. Neither Landres of Bonvillers are shown but the surrounding towns of Mairy, Mainville, Norroy-le-Sec are. This should enable you to orient yourself. I would appreciate it if you could show on the map where the two tanks were located and return the map to me.

I will try to recall the events of this battle as best I can as it applied to my tank platoon (1st Platoon, Company C, 712th Tank Battalion) and my company (Company C, 712th Tank Battalion).

On September 6th and 7th Company C was with the 357th Regiment of the 90th Infantry Division. We were patrolling through the Argonne Forest in search of German troops and ammunition dumps. We found some ammunition dumps but no Germans.

Sometime during the afternoon of September 7th we received orders to rejoin the 712th Tank Battalion who were bivouacked just south of Landres. It seems to me that it was dark by the time we arrived at the bivouac area. Company C pulled off the road and parked our tanks in a long single row of trees. We got out our bed rolls and prepared to have a nice quiet sleep.

Not long after we had settled down a fierce battle broke out about one kilometer (more or less) away. I later learned that a German armored unit had been moving south on the Bonvillers-Mainville road. The 90th Division's artillery had bivouacked in a narrow strip of woods on the east side of this road. Several German vehicles passed the artillery bivouac before the guards determined they were the enemy. After they decided the vehicles were German the battle started. I believe one A Company tank was knocked out during this night battle. My memory tells me the fighting lasted two or three hours.

It was either during or soon after this night battle I received orders to move my platoon to the 90th Division CP which was located in the woods on top of a hill. We moved into position along the north side of a wooded area. It was still nighttime. We camouflaged the tanks with tree limbs and branches and then waited for it to be light.

When it did get light enough to see that the tanks at the bottom of the hill were indeed German (Mark V - Panthers), I had my gunner, Bob Gladson, lay our gun on the closest German tank. He fired. Our 75mm AP round bounced off the German tank. My loader, Andy Rego, reloaded, and we fired again with the same results. I believe we may have fired three or four rounds of AP ammo at this German tank. None of our rounds caused him any damage.

In the meantime, the German tank had picked up our position from the muzzle blast of our tank gun. He laid his gun on our tank and began firing. In the picture you can see a hole in the left side of my tank. After my tank was hit, it began to burn. Bob Gladson, Andy Rego, Calvin Bolden, and myself were able to get out. Henry Lockowicz, the driver couldn't get his hatch open as our tank gun was directly over his hatch. I ran around in front of the tank and yelled at Lockowicz to crawl back through the turret and get out through the tank commander's hatch. He did this. Outside of some minor cuts and bruises everyone was OK. A little while later the German tank sprayed the area with machine gun fire. By this time my crew were in some nearby foxholes so no one was hit by this machine gun fire.

Sometime after our tank was hit and started to burn, my platoon Sgt. Frank Bores came running up to the tank and crawled up on the back deck to see if anyone was still inside. The tank was burning fiercely by now. I called to Sergeant Bores, and he came over to my foxhole. We stayed in the foxhole until it was safe to get out. I later wrote up a recommendation for an award for Sergeant Bores for his action. It seemed to me it had taken a lot of courage to crawl up on a burning tank while it was still under enemy fire. The award was not approved because I hadn't shown any definite accomplishments.

A little while later there was a terrific explosion in my tank. Our supply of 75mm ammunition got hot enough to explode. The blast was strong enough to blow the right side of the tank open.

Later in the morning I was walking around the area. I ran into the Asst. Div. Commander, General Weaver (Wild Bill). There was a towed anti-tank gun nearby that had not been firing. General Weaver proposed that he and I go fire it. I don't remember if the crew returned it or the German tanks had left it or what. Anyhow, the general and I never did fire the anti-tank gun.

You have wondered what happened to the Americans who were in the two tanks that were knocked out. I can account for the crew of my tank. I will write to John Zimmer who lives in Macedon, New York. John was in the other tank and will be able to account for his crew.

Henry Lockowicz, driver, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, died February 4, 1981. Calvin Bolden, assistant driver, Birmingham, Alabama, was killed in action February 23, 1945, at Kopscheid, Germany. Robert Gladson, gunner, lives in Galesburg, Illinois. Andrew Rego, loader, lives in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. We have kept in touch over the years.

I was very glad to receive your letter. I can't really explain why knowing all the details possible about the site where I lost my first tank is important to me. All I can say is that I have always wanted to learn everything I could about this battle. Hearing from an eyewitness is almost a miracle.

You have wondered about the men who were in the two tanks. What happened to your cows? Did your mother scold you for leaving the cows or for being near this battle?

If you should happen to see Maire Paul Jeanjean of Norroy-le-Sec, tell him "Hello" for me. He was very interested in helping us when we were there last year.

RAY A. GRIFFIN, Aurora, Nebraska

On August 8, 1983, Gerard Bernasconi sent some maps showing the location of the two C Company tanks that were knocked out. He also showed where some of the German vehicles had been located.

October 21, 1983

I too must apologize for being so slow in answering your letter of August 8, 1983. First, I'd like to thank you for the maps, the account of the liberation of Landres, and your memories about the battle of September 8, 1944. It all means a lot to me.

As you may know by now, we visited with the Bernard Hoffman family while they were in Louisiana last August. I got the idea you would be visiting with them sometime after they returned to St. Maiie-aux'Chenes.

It took me quite a while to get your letter translated. I still don't have the "Liberation of Landres" translated. I do understand enough French to have a general idea, but many words are unknown so the details are missing.

Your location of the two tanks that were knocked out on the map helped me understand something that has always bothered me. I never had any memory of the second tank being knocked out, yet it happened just a short distance away from me. The map shows there were trees between my location and that of the second tank. This would explain why I never saw it.

John Zimmer tells me the crew members of the second tank were Sgt. W. W. Brown of Virginia, George Peck of Pennsylvania, Fred R. Putnam of New York, Ralph Tambaro of Illinois, and himself of New York. W.W. Brown died several years ago. Fred Putnam was KIA in the second tank. I have never visited with George Peck about this battle, but both John Zimmer and Ralph Tambaro have vivid memories of the battle.

If I ever visit France again I would very much like to meet you. Especially if this could be at the site near Landres.

RAY A. GRIFFIN

December 8, 1983

Very Dear Sir:

It's my turn to say, "How should I begin this letter?"

First, a thousand excuses for the long silence—#1 work, #2 vacation, #3 an accident.

But, I am here today.

Thank you for having answered so kindly with so many details of that period of time.

The tank in the picture was in the first fir forest. Almost on the border, between 20 and 15 meters. The front of the tank in the direction of Bonvillers-Mainville road. It's cannon points toward Bonvillers. I recall again it was impossible to open from the exterior the lid on the driver's side. The trees were fir trees with two or three of them broken off at a height of 1-1/2 meters or more on the side where the tank was blown open.

The second tank was to the south of yours in the second and smaller fir forest about 100 meters from yours, but much less damaged. The turret was pointing toward Mairy. As I recall from childhood, this tank didn't stay in that place very long because we always went to play on your tank.

I must tell you the following spring we blew up the "barbations" (Bogey Wheels) with explosives, bazooka rockets, in order to have the steel ball bearings. There were many important munition warehouses of all kinds at the edge of the roads at that time. Just like we dismantled the burned machine guns from the German tanks in order to make "Our War."

It is very true the German tanks were hidden in the little woods on the other side of the Bonvillers-Mainville road. There were several kinds of tanks, as well as other vehicles. I don't have any memory of finding any dead U.S. soldiers in the woods at Landres (the Rappe woods and St. Paul woods).

At the same period, without doubt the same day, a large battle took place all around the city of Mairy. All the red points represent German vehicles in the region of Landres, with the rest of the "Boches" destroyed either by the American planes followed by machine guns.

Remember, the maps are not from the period, but are current maps.

I have received nothing from Mr. John Zimmer.

As to the cows, it has been a long time since they grazed here. And, as for my mother, I believe it was the fact of being "par months et par vauz"—or too curious for my age.

I will see Mr. Paul Jeanjean in September. I wish with all my heart to see you and to receive you to my home some day.

I am keeping the picture of your tank which will be framed with your letters in my museum.

With all sincerity as well as my memories of you men (and the two tanks).

GERARD BERNASCONI
Case Postale 360
1233 Bernex
Suisse

In May of 1985, Gerard Bernasconi drove from Switzerland to St. Marie-aux-Chenes. At the home of the Bernard Hoffmanns, he met the 1985 tour group (John and Sylvia Zimmer, F.L. Eaves, Dr. Gilmore Eaves, A.P. and Iris Lounsberry, and Frances and Ray Griffin). F.L. Eaves, John Zimmer, Vincent Hoffmann, and Ray Griffin drove to the site of the 90th Division CP battle with Mr. Bernasconi. Mr. Bernasconi walked with the group and was able to show me the exact spot where I had lost my first tank. He also showed John Zimmer where his tank had been when it was hit.

Ray A. Griffin, *712th Tank Battalion*

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Near 3 A.M., I got up off the floor of a German farmhouse in Oberlimberg where I had just been awakened by the sergeant. I started putting on my combat pack with bandoliers and hand grenades attached. The balance of the headquarters platoon and the rifle platoons of L Company of the 358th Regiment, 90th Infantry, were preparing to attack across the flooded Saar River into the middle of the notorious Siegfried Fortified Defense line on the frontier of Hitler's Nazi Germany.

In anticipation of crossing the river in small eight-man assault rowboats into 360 degree firing enemy pill boxes, one GI had shot himself in the hand, and another "Buckhorn" shot himself in the foot in hopes of avoiding participating in the attack. I opened up a box of K-rations and popped the hard candies into my mouth then fell into line outside the billets. The line began walking down the main street of town and turned into a woods going down a steep hill to the edge of the Saar. Engineers were there with the crossing boats. I got into one with a paddle and started paddling.

All was quiet; no moon, only stars and darkness. Getting out of the boat we silently formed a skirmish line and started walking across a flood plain where a flood had recently receded and all was mud. Soon the typical sound of a diesel aircraft engine of a German plane "Bedcheck Charlie" was heard, a green flare was dropped, we all froze in place as the sky lit up and we could see the giant, silent pillboxes in the distance that we were approaching to capture. Deep, full of water, drainage ditches crossed the flood plain and we jumped over them, but I fell short and fell back into the deep water with rifle, pack, field telephone, wool uniform, fatigue uniform, rain coat and heavy boots. I knew I was gone if I didn't get out. I drove my fingers straight into the mud bank which gave me a grip to pull from the water. I caught up to the skirmich line and continued advancing onto the pillboxes which were still silent in the pre-dawn morning.

Our platoon sat down to wait for engineers to blow the door off the pillbox and stun the occupants inside when the Jerry machine gun inside began firing. I could see tracer bullets whizzing over my head as I hit the ground. A loud explosion and the machine gun ceased its rattling, our platoon stood up and continued advancing to the houses in the village of Pachten. Running from house to house, through the backyards with Jerry snipers firing at us, the guy in front was hit in the foot, a M-1 bullet whizzed by my head and Donelson, just a dozen feet behind, was hit and floundering like a headless chicken. Crying, Donelson was helped by the medic "Murphy" and I ran to the front part of the house to look for Jerrys across the street. Fortunately, Donelson had only a flesh wound and the Jerry sniper with a GI M-1 rifle was captured in the basement of the house we were occupying.

The German sniper, an ex-German Airforce man was captured, and taunted by his GI captors, then sent back to the battalion prisoner cage. Dawn broke and the German artillery began laying down a barrage on the Saar River. But I was across and the shells, ours and theirs, flew innocently over our heads but annihilated the GIs trying to ferry across the Saar and construct a bridge to get supplies to us. We needed tanks, artillery and ammo badly to keep us from being pushed back into the river.

Eugene H. Robinson, *L Company, 358th Infantry Division*

★ ★ ★



Captain Bryan moved the command post (CP) of L Company up the street to a cellar under a corner grocery store in the middle of Pachten. It looked across a railroad freight switching yard towards a Siegfried line concrete pillbox about 500 yards away. I could see enemy soldiers occasionally walking into and out of the pillbox. It was too far away for us to shoot at the Germans. Maybe once a day the Jerry pillbox would rake our building aimlessly with machine gun fire. The CP was kept here for over a week. Captain Bryan was promoted out of combat to battalion headquarters. Captain Hutchinson replaced Bryan for a few days. Then he was hit in the thigh by a piece of shrapnel. Captain Underwood replaced Hutchinson. Captain Underwood did not inspire confidence in the troops. In carrying messages to the 2nd and 4th Platoons I listened to them gripe to each other. I heard one soldier say, "Underwood will get us all killed in the next attack." I just kept doing my job. I was sent to where I met some guys from the 357th Regiment. I mentioned our new Captain Underwood. They said they knew him from Normandy where he was wounded in the leg. These 357th men said it was self-inflicted. Nothing is more devastating to morale in combat than to have a commanding officer whose courage and wisdom you doubt. I decided to say nothing to my buddies back at L Company for fear it would ruin morale. Also, it might not have been true or it might have been a different Captain Underwood. I kept my mouth shut. A few days later Captain Underwood was replaced by Lieutenant Carraway. I don't know if Underwood was wounded, transferred or had a nervous breakdown. I just know he was gone and I was greatly relieved.

While we were in the cellar CP in Pachten we could hear the fire of small arms and artillery going on every day. As the artillery shells flew overhead they would make a sound like clap-clap-clap-clap. That was a safe sound. When a shell came whistling in faster and louder you looked for cover very quickly. Some of the shells were short rounds from our guns. In the attic of a shelled out two-story house up the street from our CP cellar, I had found some excellent homemade strawberry jam. It was delicious on K-ration crackers. Each day I would sneak over to the house and have some jam. I selfishly didn't tell my headquarters platoon buddies because the jam would have been gone in a minute. One afternoon I was again walking to my strawberry jam house when I noticed an American "short" artillery shell had recently fallen onto its roof and into the "schrank" that held my jam. I was broken hearted. The jam was totally destroyed. I guess I was lucky I wasn't there when the "short" shell hit.

On our advance to our cellar CP the company had bypassed one 360 degree firing Jerry pillbox. Battalion had decided to wait until the Jerrys got hungry and would give up without a fight. Whenever we walked around Pachten we had to avoid the streets over which that particular pillbox had a field of fire. I was walking near one of the forbidden streets when I saw eight Jerrys lined up in the street with several GIs guarding them. They had just surrendered out of the pillbox. They had put their equipment on the ground in front of them. I helped myself to a German army knife and two compasses as souvenirs and continued on my way.

Despite the intense German shelling of the Saar River, our 90th engineers were able to ferry four Sherman tanks to our side of the river. One Sherman tank parked across the street from our cellar CP with its cannon aimed up a long street to where a bridge crossed over the RR tracks from the Kraut position to our position. One morning I was walking up the middle of the street that our tank was protecting, at the far end of the street, about 300 yards away, I saw a tank starting to cross the street on which I was walking. I noticed the bogey wheels were larger than I'd seen before, the cannon was longer and there were some soldiers crouched around the tank as it moved into the intersection. Wham! It hit me it was a German Tiger tank attacking into the house where our 3rd platoon was positioned. Bam! Bam! A giant whistle of "out going mail" went about four feet over my head. Our Sherman was firing at the Tiger. They had figured out what I had figured out. I ducked down and ran fifty yards back to the cellar CP to tell them what I had seen. They said for me to relax. The captain was on the field telephone to Lieutenant Hill, the 3rd Platoon leader, and knew the situation. Later that day, the Tiger retreated back across the RR bridge with its squad. Several German soldiers were killed in their attack.

L Company Command Post in Pachten was sometimes a boring place. We were waiting for other regiments, other battalions or other companies to knock out more pillboxes and to take more of the city of Dillingen. To kill time we talked, walked around the "safe" streets of Pachten and looked at the Krauts across the RR tracks. One new guy in the CP had gotten from a PW a very nice Walthers P-38 9mm German non-commissioned officer's pistol. I thought it was the perfect souvenir. I secretly coveted that pistol. Anyway, this new guy was sitting on the stairway inside the CP house looking across the RR tracks when the Jerry pillbox raked our building with machine gun bullets. One bullet went through the transom window over the house door and hit the guy with the P-38 pistol. The medics bandaged him up, put him on a litter and I was designated as one of the four litter bearers to carry him down to the battalion aid station at the other end of Pachten by the river. We put his souvenir pistol on his stomach as we carried him along. He was unconscious. All the time we were walking I kept thinking to myself how I could get that pistol. Finally, not knowing if he'd live or die, I decided it would be unethical for me to take it. The next day I learned from First Sergeant Troyak that he had died. Some medic now had a great souvenir.

The soft life in the Pachten cellar CP was bound to come to an end. The captain announced that L would attack in the morning across the RR tracks and into Dillingen. The Headquarters Platoon was lucky. It was never at the front point of an attack. It was always a few hundred yards to the rear. We got up before dawn, put on our bandoliers, grenades, pistol belt, pack and waited outside the CP for orders. We started rout step up the street past the jam house, past where I saw the Jerry tank and onto the bridge the tank came over a few days before. I could hear Jerry and U.S. small arms fire up ahead. Artillery was, as usual, flying overhead. We crossed over the bridge onto a street going to the downtown of Dillingen. Some GI said that the Krauts had retreated during the night and L was meeting only light delaying action fighting. Some Germans were hiding in the cellars and they would come out with white flags to surrender as the GIs approached. I was waiting on the porch of a house when a wild-eyed GI, who I did not know, ran up to me with a pair of German binoculars in his hand. I instantly wanted them as a souvenir. He was very excited. He seemed to think the Germans were going to counter attack. A common rumor was that if a GI was captured carrying German souvenirs the Jerrys would shoot him on the spot. This guy was nervous about his binoculars. He asked me if I had anything to trade for them. I reached into my fatigue pants pockets and pulled out my German knife and two compasses. He took a compass, gave me the binoculars and continued running down the street. I mailed the binoculars home to Los Angeles the first chance I had.

The captain selected a new CP near the downtown of Dillingen. All the city buildings were brick rubble. Our tanks bulldozed the bricks to the side of the street so our jeeps could drive through town. We were near a bank building. Some soldiers blew open the vault in the bank to see what was inside. Nothing was inside, but out on the street in front of the bank were hundreds of postage stamps from some citizen's stamp collection. I picked up the stamps in the street and mailed them to Los Angeles, where they went into my collection.

The date was near December 20, 1944, the Battle of

the Bulge was not going well for the Americans. The 90th Division had captured dozens of enemy pillboxes in the Siegfried line. We had fought through nearly all of the German defenses in Dillingen. But, the 90th Division was needed elsewhere. Around midnight L Company and the 358th Regiment began an orderly retreat from Dillingen. Wearing and carrying all our equipment we walked in pitch dark through Dillingen down to the Saar River. Our engineers had constructed a narrow floating foot bridge of maybe 18 inches width with a handrail made of cable about 30 inches up from the walkway. A white fluorescent line was painted down the middle of the boardwalk of the floating foot bridge. It was pitch black. The bridge boards were wet and slippery. The bridge jiggled constantly from the dozens of GIs marching its several hundred foot length. If you slipped off the bridge you were drowned. There was no way for me to swim or for my buddies to save me. I kept my eyes on my feet, held the cable handrail firmly and was extremely relieved when I stepped on the opposite shore. We marched into the town of Wallerfangen.

Wallerfangen was a spa town on the Saar River in Deutschland and was the home of Franz Von Papen, formerly a foreign ambassador for Nazi Germany. The 358th was to regroup here after abandoning its assault on the Siegfried line in Dillingen and Pachten.

Lieutenant Carraway billeted the CP in a house on the main street of town. It was about 3 A.M. and we all hit the sack. The next day Lieutenant Carraway said, "Robison, come with me." We started walking up the street to somewhere. The street was full of army trucks, recon cars, jeeps, and the paraphernalia of war. I was big-eyed looking at the relatively undamaged German resort town when Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Four Jerry 88 rounds brightly exploded in the air about 100 yards up the street from where we were walking. They exploded in the air so the shrapnel from the bursts would hit all the GIs in the area. I ran into a doorway ten feet away and Lieutenant Carraway ran into an adjacent doorway. We waited a few minutes for more shelling. When none came we came out from our cover and continued our journey. As we again walked along, the lieutenant reached into his field jacket pocket for his cigarettes. The package had been ripped in half by a piece of shrapnel. His jacket pocket had a giant slash across it. Survival in combat is often times pure luck.

Eugene H. Robinson, *L Company, 358th Infantry Division*

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Again L Company was on Quartermaster trucks going somewhere. The somewhere was an old sawmill in a forest on an Outpost Line of Resistance along the Saar River in the vicinity of Merzig.

I lived in the sawmill from December 23, 1944, to January 6, 1945. The trucks left us off far from the sawmill. We marched for hours through the snow in a pine forest. As we marched along through the forest I carried a reel of telephone wire which I layed out as we walked. From the L Company CP in the sawmill the company platoons were strung out for several miles over to the village of Budingen along a mountain ridge overlooking the Saar. Our telephone was our best contact with the rest of the battalion. Sargeant Cortese and I had the job of keeping the telephone wire repaired. Without the phone L Company felt isolated and abandoned.

The minute the phone went dead two GIs in the headquarters Platoon had to go out into the snow covered forest looking for the break in the wire. The line break could be due to a Jerry combat patrol cutting the line or a mortar shell hitting the line. One day the line went dead and a buddy and I slung our M-1 rifles over our shoulders and started walking along the line. A mile or so from our sawmill CP we found where the wire had been cut with wirecutters. Around the cut were pointed toe boot prints which we knew were German. The GI boot print had a round toe. The next question was which way the Jerry patrol was going. Into our lines or back to theirs. Wow! They were going into our lines. I was worried. We spliced the cut and started back to our sawmill. We walked very quietly listening carefully for any strange sound or voices. We were much relieved to get back to the CP without bumping into those Jerrys.

Every day the Jerrys would lob some 80 millimeter mortar rounds near our sawmill. The room the CP occupied had one large window to the outside. We all sat on the floor, usually leaning our backs against the wall. None of the experienced combat men sat against the wall opposite the window. We tried to get a place on the wall with the windows. Why? Because the shrapnel from the mortar attack outside our building could fly through the window and hit a guy sitting against the opposite wall. New GI replacements were unaware of this danger.

In the working area of the sawmill some soldiers had hung a hog they had butchered off of a rafter. When a soldier wanted a piece of fresh meat he'd go and cut off a piece with his bayonet. The sawmill work area had large openings to the outside. Anyhow, a replacement GI from South Carolina was helping himself to some ham when four mortar shells exploded outside. A piece of shrapnel hit the South Carolinian in the back. He came into the CP room and the Medic Bob Funner began to give him aid. He had what looked to me like a small cut which did not bleed in the middle of his back. Funner phoned to battalion to send out an ambulance jeep. It took hours to get to our remote location in the mountains. I talked to the wounded soldier about his wife and family and that he would be going home soon. The jeep arrived, they put the litter on the jeep and also a litter with a dead GI who had been hit by shrapnel in the forehead while sitting in a perimeter outpost foxhole. The dead GI had been on that litter outside the sawmill most of the day and it disturbed me very much. I didn't want to look at him, but I did. The jeep left. A few days later I learned that the South Carolinian had died. He had been in combat for one day.

L Company had arrived at the sawmill CP two days before Christmas 1944. The Medic Murphy and I thought we ought to have a Christmas tree. Out into the forest we went until we found the right size pine tree. We brought it back to company headquarters and decorated it with some German Christmas ornaments that had been "liberated." We didn't exchange gifts. We just broke the monotony of combat with a little Yuletide color.

Eugene H. Robinson, *L Company, 358th Infantry Division*

★ ★ ★



Almost 45 years have passed since Christmas of 1944 when the U.S. Army was in the midst of the biggest war our nation was ever in. Yet, I remember....I remember....

Memories of Christmas dinner with turkey and all the trimmings– sentries asking questions...fearful of German spies in American uniforms– champagne and wine with Christmas food– snow and ice– the infantry in Deutschland, the artillery in France in support– the little stream running through the small town, not quite blocked by the ice– how snow had fallen on our camouflaged gun nets just a few hours after occupying the positions– the newly arrived division fresh from the States that had moved into our exact positions using 90th Division markings in an effort to deceive Jerry. Of the midnight reconnaissance through Luxembourg to a little town perched on a hillside too crowded for one field artillery battalion, yet to be occupied by two battalions. The Battle of the Bulge and claims that 200 yards gained in a day was good– how our 90th Division made over a mile and a half on the first day. I recall the horrors of the "Bulge," but tame in relived memories of the fighting in Normandy's hedgerows; tame in comparison to that first long, long day back in June. On that day a shell landed over the hedgerow killing soldiers

in a ditch. There were moments which seemed like hours while I lay under a jeep "sweating" out the barrage. There are memories of the infantry lieutenant's expression, and what he said, and my jeep driver's wild look, and his feeble joke about wooden bullets striking his canteen. Who can forget the delirious welcome of the French in Le Mans, and the staid expression of the stoic Normans who were fearful the Americans would be thrown back into the English Channel. There was the young French girl who lost a leg from a German artillery shell while she was milking her cow. There was the sad case of an infantry captain, a replacement officer, who became a "battle fatigue" case before participating in any front line fighting. I recall seeing German POWs being marched to prisoner of war enclosures, and who merrily asked for American cigarettes by brand name.

Combat leaves an indelible imprint in my mind. The passage of time blurs some memories, but others will never disappear. Take the case of Tom Lasher, a field artillery forward observer, who was struck by a hang bomb from a U.S. airplane in Normandy. One of some unfortunate accidents that are an inevitable part of warfare. There was the case of the field artillery forward observer assigned to the air liasion section of division artillery as an air observer. His plane was shot down by German anti-aircraft fire as I drove along a road wondering who was in the plane. Little did I know he was Lt. Sol Bauer of A Battery, 344th Field Artillery, and I was his battery commander.

One of the lighter moments I recall was the time when I was leading A Battery, 344th Field Artillery Battalion, into position. First Sgt. Leslie A. Gilbert had made a reconnaissance of a position near a forest for the howitzers. Upon arriving, we were greeted by Gilbert and his soldiers who had accepted the surrender of a German army band. These enemy soldiers had waited for the American infantry to pass and were eager to surrender to us.

Before the war, I worked for an oil refinery in the office keeping books. When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, I had been sleeping when the announcement came on the radio that afternoon. I knew we were at war, and soon I would be donning the uniform of second lieutenant in the artillery. During the war, I was, for a while, a combat liasion officer with the 1st Battalion, 358th Infantry. Later, I was the battery commander of A Battery, 344th Field Artillery Battalion, which job I had at war's end.

Following World War II, I was integrated into the regular Army. In 1963, I retired as a lieutenant colonel.

I received my education at Texas A&M and Trinity University of San Antonio, Texas, where I obtained a masters degree in economics. For several years I taught economics, history, and government at San Antonio College and Brackenridge High School. In 1980, I retired from school teaching. Since then, I have devoted my time to traveling, church work, and lots of golf. Life has been good.

Roy E. Smith, *Lieutenant Colonel, U.S. Army Retired, 344th Field Artillery Battalion*

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We had a buddy in our platoon by the name of Hoppes who was known to be a loner. He had few friends, but was well respected. In early February 1944, we saw him approach a house near Hollnick, Germany. This house was being used as an observation post and was heavily protected by a platoon of soldiers.

B Company had been halted by artillery and mortar fire directed from that house. Hoppes assaulted the house using his machine gun. He was under intense enemy fire. Our platoon afforded him some coverage, and Hoppes was able to approach the house safely. During the action, Hoppes took 23 prisoners. The surrender of the observation post made it possible for Company B to proceed to its objective. Hoppes subsequently received the Distinguished Service Cross for heroism.

Bernard L. Turner, *Company B, 359th Infantry Regiment*

"Men, you are going to France." These words rang out loud and clear early Saturday morning, May 27, 1944, in a huge tent in the southern part of England. We, Company B, 359th Infantry Regiment (about 200 soldiers), assigned to the U.S. 4th Infantry Division, were assembled while an officer on a raised platform next to a multi-colored map briefed us about D-Day landings at Utah Beach.

Company B would be one of the many companies of infantry troops that would be wading ashore that day from H-hour on. H-hour would be 6 A.M. Also, Utah Beach would be one of the five landing beaches during the invasion. The invasion area stretched 50 to 60 miles along the Normandy French coast.

The officer pointed to the map and indicated Company B would go ashore H-hour plus 180 minutes, or 9 A.M. (not the day); the 14-inch seawall; the higher ground; the beach itself; the inundated area; the causeways; the first objective; the password. Further, we would be issued French invasion money; more live ammo, and be restricted to the area until time to move out. Finally, he stated church services would be held in a tent in another part of the restricted area. I attended church services the next morning—the tent was overflowing with soldiers—we all knew the same thing—be closer to the Good Lord for comfort, protection, and courage to keep going for the reality of the war was near.

The next few days we soldiers spent our time in the restricted area doing calisthenics, playing softball, sending censored letters back home, and eating well-prepared food. There was no more "horseplaying" and very little kidding displayed among the soldiers. Much attention was given to the cleaning and caring of our weapons and equipment.

Early Saturday morning, June 3, 1944, we were ordered to gear up and move out by trucks to the seaport of Plymouth, England. After reaching the city, we dismounted and double filed down the long hill to the harbor. Military newsreel cameras were grinding away. We boarded LCI (landing craft infantry) #326 and later sailed down the coast with other ships, our barrage balloon flying above. Later, around sundown, the ship pulled into a small harbor, and we stayed June 4th and 5th because General Eisenhower decided to delay the invasion because of bad weather over the invasion coast. Most of the soldier boys printed the names of their home states on the back of their field jackets—mine was Virginia. The next day was D-Day, June 6, 1944—the first day of combat.

Warren R. Lloyd, *Company B, 359th Infantry Regiment*

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Excerpt of a letter written by George Henderson, Hq., 315th Medical Battalion, July 23, 1944—the Catholic Chaplain, Fr. Victor J. Dossogne, stays with our headquarters most of the time. He is a very interesting person, a native of Namur, Belgium, and was chaplain in the Belgian Army. He escaped when the Germans took over Belgium, rode a bicycle the length of France to Spain, where he took a boat for England and then to the U.S. He taught in the U.S. and then joined the U.S. Army and our division just before we left England. He speaks Belgian (Flemish), French, German, Russian, English, Spanish, and I don't know what else.

The chaplain brought in an amusing story the other day: He was holding mass on the front lines for the field artillery, so he set up his altar, the soldiers fired their guns, and gathered for mass. Since they had to fire the guns at definite intervals, they would fire, gather for mass, and when it came time to fire again, Chaplain Dossogne would stop mass and wait while the boys left to fire their guns and return and then continue with the mass. They had to leave about three times in all. So you see how we live war, eat war, sleep war, and even worship in war.

George Henderson, *315th Medical Battalion*

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July 25-August 4, 1944—my first taste of combat began with an operation which later came to be rated as one of the more spectacular actions of the war. This was the "Big Picture." A terrific aerial bombardment of the German lines

on the St. Lo-Periers road. The bombardment was the signal for the beginning of the Allied big push to break out of the Normandy Peninsula in France.

I very vividly recall watching wave after wave of bombers fly over as I was sitting on the top of my tank. The first planes over the German lines received some "ack-ack." Several of the four-engine bombers were hit. I remember counting the parachutes that opened up after one of the big planes went out of control and started falling to the ground. The planes were far enough away from where I was that I could hardly make out the figures of the men under the chutes. You could easily see the white material of the parachutes.



Any attempt to describe what 2,000 plus planes looks like is a hopeless undertaking. The first thing that attracts one's attention is the roar of the many motors. Then, as the first flights, squadrons, or whatever the Air Force word is, appear and pass by, one sees there is no end of the flight as far as one can see. It was an awe inspiring sight. The big planes do not appear to be moving very fast. The fact that they hold rigidly to their formations gives one the impression of seeing some giant machine in operation.

I can only imagine what it must have seemed like to the Krauts who were to be on the receiving end of this colossal bombing operation. For someone new to combat, like myself, it was impossible to feel some sympathy for the poor devils who were th objects of all this attention.

After the bombing, the main effort was to be to the southeast with General Patton's newly activated 3rd Army to lead after the initial breakthrough had been accomplished. The British were to apply pressure at Caen and St. Lo. Outside of the normal snafus, such as bombing our own troops (General McNair was killed), this action by the Air Force was highly successful.

The Third Army drove southeast until it had passed Avaranches a short distance. Then, one part of the Army turned west with the mission of capturing the Brest Peninsula and its seaports. The other part of the 3rd Army turned east with Le Mans as their objective.

Le Mans was an important communication center for the Wehrmacht. Le Mans was taken August 8, 1944. After Le Mans was captured some units turned north. Other units continued on to the east. The units going to the north were part of a pinchers movement which later became known as the "Falaise Gap."

Ray A. Griffin, *Company C, 712th Tank Battalion*

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In February 1944 a tub of Texas sand was flown to Fort Dix, New Jersey, to be used in presenting a Texas flag to the 90th (Texas-Oklahoma) Division. Three Texas officers of Company C, 359th Infantry Regiment, obtained a small portion of this "hallowed ground" which they carried in aspirin boxes. In many a bar in New York City, Trenton, New Jersey, and in English pubs these boxes were ceremoniously placed on the bar where the Texans asked for silence while they paid homage to and toasted this "sacred soil." Any Yankee or Limee who failed to show proper respect was severely repremanded. All ceremonies ended with the three officers taking a solemn oath to "never surrender Texas soil."

On the LCI June 4, 1944, this trio made a pact pledging that if any of the three were killed the survivors would go and see his parents and family. The hardest ordeal of the war for Lieutenant Marshall was to go to the loved ones of Lieutenant Stanford and Lieutenant Parker and relate how both had fallen in battle—the small boxes of Texas soil in their shirt pockets over their hearts.

Les Howard, *Company C, 359th Infantry Regiment*

Everyone who was in combat in Normandy during the early days of the invasion remembers how treacherous and frustrating the hedgerows were to our forward progress.

One afternoon we were moving supplies to Company G, 359th Infantry Regiment, through the hedgerows while keeping our eyes and thoughts on the hedgerows. Second Lt. Ralph T. New was riding on the hood of our jeep; myself and Cpl. Robert R. Rodgers were in the vehicle. Two other soldiers were on the jeep trailor.

We were moving along feeling very confident and not too concerned about the road, when suddenly we hit a burrowed delayed anti-tank mine! The jeep was not damaged, but the three of us were stunned. The trailor was completely demolished because it took the brunt of the mine, and the two soldiers were gravely injured. We all remember the war in Europe was always full of surprises.

Paul E. Nelson, *Company G, 359th Infantry Regiment*

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I was standing on the deck of a liberty ship watching the last bubbles of a sister liberty ship loaded with men and battle gear disappear underwater. The ship had hit a mine and sank in ninety seconds—I think a total loss of men and gear.

Captain Kruse walked up to me and told me he had a job for me. The captain handed me a map and said, "Memorize this map. I am sending you and three men ahead of the outfit. This map will tell you where you are to be at midnight." I was given a truck, three men, a few cans of water, and boxes of rations.

As darkness set in we boarded a LCM and headed for shore. My map directed me up a road which dead ended on the beach. I was to turn right; almost immediately on my left would be a wooden gate. I was to open the gate, go straight across the field—*do not go into the woods on either side of the field.* I soon found out why. We were halfway across the field when mortar and/or 88 fire riddled the woods from either side. When we reached the far side of the field, we would find a hedgerow with another hedgerow on the other side forming an upside down T; on the right-hand side we would find an abandoned 88 gun emplacement. We were to stay here until Captain Kruse contacted us.

The gray dawn found me setting on top of a pile of shell crates. Corporal Townley told me I had better get down on the ground, or I would get my back end shot off. I told him if the Krauts wanted me, they would already have had me. If they knew we were there, they were wondering the same thing I was: what in the hell are we doing there?

We saw no one until about 9 A.M. I saw an infantry captain and radio operator coming from the same direction we had come. The captain approached and asked what we were doing up there. I spoke to him and showed him my map. He said I was in the right place. The captain told us they had lost contact with the infantry and were up here looking for them. Now I really began to talk to myself trying to figure out why I was up there. Captain Kruse came up about noon and took us back to our outfit. To this day I have not found out what it was all about.

Floyd Hobson, *90th Infantry Division*

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It was in Normandy, France, almost sundown late one evening. Attacking German positions at base of Hill 122/Mont Castre. Wounded by shrapnel in the lower part of my left leg from a mortar shell burst. Apply tourniquet and struggle back to line of departure—a dirt road. First aid medic injects morphine with a dull needle, quickly dresses wound, and ties a broken tree limb to leg from hip to ankle to maintain tension. Buddy Joe Macajewski of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, helps me back of lines toward battalion aid station—hobbling along on one leg with left arm around his neck—perhaps more scared than hurting.

Later, we came upon an old house in the woods. Two men were attending a pot hung over a fire in the front yard. They men appeared to be middle-aged and in civilian dress.

They see us, and in a minute or so, one of them comes toward us with a cup of hot liquid urging me to drink it. I refuse. With hand motions I insist he drink first. (In a combat zone you have to be very careful who to trust.) He does, then hands the cup to me. I downed the rest of it. It turned out to be a hot toddy of French Calvados, and it perked me up! Thanked him, and we went on. We picked up a little speed and found the battalion aid station. Said goodbye to Joe Mack—was placed on a stretcher-bearer on a jeep and taken to a large hospital tent about 20 miles behind the front lines. Operated on two days later and sent to a general hospital back in England.

I returned to the 90th Division front lines in February 1945—Siegfried line located in Rhineland part of Germany. (It was difficult to return to the front knowing what to expect!) We captured the city of Mainz; crossed the Rhine River on pontoon bridges; captured Frankfort, Germany; and "blitzed" the rest of the way across Germany into Czechoslovakia with General Patton's Third Army tanks till the war ended May 8, 1945.

Warren R. Lloyd, *Company B, 359th Infantry Regiment*

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January 28, 1945—Orders for me (1st Platoon, Company C, 712th Tank Battalion) to join Baker Company, 1st Battalion, 357th Regiment, 90th Infantry Division, were received during the last part of January 1945. The mission was to attack a small town which was located on the north and east side of the small country of Luxembourg. A day or two before there had been some pretty sharp clashes with the Krauts along a "trunk road" (highway to me) which ran generally north and south just west of the little town we were to attack. I expect the German High Command called this a delaying action because they didn't reinforce their troops in this area. After we had whittled them down to a point where they couldn't fight effectively anymore, the Germans left melted away leaving sort of a vacuum. The next step was to fill this vacuum by occupying the area between this "trunk road" and the Siegfried line, a short distance to the east. Our part of the "Big Picture" was to capture the little town of Lieler.

On the way to make contact with the 1st Battalion CP, I moved the platoon up to the highway, and then we pulled off into a small wooded area. I learned from some of the doughboys the battalion CP was about half a mile down the highway. So, I hiked down the road and found the CP in a group of buildings at a road junction. As I was going down this road, I noticed several Teller land mines which the Krauts had laid out. They hadn't made any attempt to hide them; the mines were just laying on top of the snow and ice. At the battalion CP I contacted the CO of Baker Company, and we agreed on a spot in a patch of woods about a half a mile from our objective as a place to meet prior to "jump off" time for our attack.

I returned to the platoon and told them to get ready to move out, cautioning all the drivers and tank commanders about the mines I had seen. After we passed the mines, the thought struck me that if the Krauts had played it smart by hiding one or two of the mines under the snow, we might not have been quite so lucky. When I had been walking along where the mines were I had felt pretty sure all we needed to do was to miss the ones that could be seen. So, that is the way we played it. A hunch doesn't seem to be a very sound basis for making a decision where your own life as well as the lives of several other men were involved. I had done it before and would do it again.

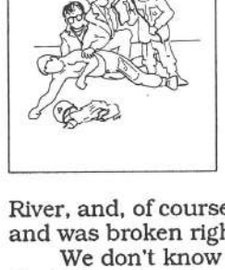
In the woods at our "jumping off" spot we worked out the final plans for moving into Lieler. The doughboys were to move out first and then when they got fairly close to the town, we were to move out so we all hit the edge of town at the same time. Fortunately, a heavy snow was falling at the time so the open area we had to cross was pretty effectively screened from any potential Kraut artillery observers. I listened to the infantry platoon leader and the company commander as they talked on their radios while the assault platoon was advancing. When the platoon leader told the company commander he had reached a certain point, we moved out. As it turned out, we went smashing and sliding into town via gardens, alleys, and narrow side streets. There weren't any fighting Germans in the town so, in a very short time, the houses were all searched and the mission was considered successfully completed.

As soon as possible, after the town was cleared, I began to look over the houses to get an idea where to make my CP. Our part of the defense of the town was to guard the two roads which lead out of the town in the general direction of the Siegfried line. I split the platoon and left 2nd Sgt. Frank Bores and Sgt. Frank Kurtis to guard one road. I took my tank and Sgt. Forrest Owen to set up in position to guard the other road. There was a pretty good looking house near our corner so I investigated it in order to learn more about it. The civilians—three Luxembourg people—a man, wife, and daughter—seemed to be more than eager to have us share their house. There were two rooms these people didn't use for anything in particular so that decided it.

At the time, I had been looking at the place the family had just finished eating a meal. My eye caught a scrap or two of uneaten waffles. They really looked good to me. An idea immediately began buzzing in the back of my head. After a short council with the men (Jim Gattis, Calvin Bolden, May Guidi, Clarence McLesky, Forrest Owen, Art Mencer, Harry Miller, Karl Friend, and Kenneth Jurgensen), we decided to high pressure the family into a little trading. We would trade some of our rations for a meal of waffles. Karl Friend, who spoke a little German, negotiated the transaction. I don't remember what we gave them, but we got our meal of waffles. After the snow stopped falling, I looked over the terrain to the east of town. A mile or so away I could see a pillbox that was part of the Siegfried line. It was close enough so every now and then we could see a Kraut GI moving around. Anyhow, to me, waffles under those conditions seemed to be quite a deal.

Ray A. Griffin, *Company C, 712th Tank Battalion*

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Here's a story of a litter squad known as the "Lucky Five." Characters are: Sgt. Paul D. Sharpe, leader of this famous squad; Pfc. Joseph Scavis; Pfc. Sigmund Wisniervski; Pfc. George R. Wade; and Pfc. Douglas Malm, jeep driver for the squad and credited for naming the squad.

We've all been over here since D-2 with the exception of Joseph Scavis, who joined the outfit July 20th, the day before the island battle at Seave River, and, of course, he arrived in time to get a real workout and was broken right in.

We don't know how other medical sections operate and don't give a hoot, but we have a system that is as good as any and probably will top most of them...due to the fact we questioned others of their operations in action.

Well, anyway, here's the way we operate. When our battalion is called into action, the battalion CP and battalion aid station are in the rear somewhere. That's where Sgt. Paul D. Sharpe's Litter Squad goes into action. We follow the companies to a certain extent, then when word is given of a casualty, instead of having to call back to the battalion aid station, which would take three times as much time, we are already there. The casualties are immediately rushed to the aid station, but the jeep driver, the litter squad itself, stays forward for any other action which may develop. We have been known to have been from seven to ten miles ahead of the battalion aid station itself at times.

Up until September 1944, we were without MAC officers, and at this time we were presented with two. Later, we lost one who was transferred to the 3rd Battalion Aid Station. First Lt. Leroy Schauder, MAC, who remained with us,

proved himself very valuable to us, especially to the "Lucky Five." When a forward litter squad is called for, the "Lucky Five" is accompanied by Lt. Leroy Schauder.

How well the "Lucky Five" remembers the Moselle River crossing and an incident which occurred after the crossing. We were set up in a cement factory at the time a call came through for a litter squad man at one of our companies. "Lucky Five" went into action, Lt. Leroy Schauder leading us. The jeep was driven over rough terrain, which by the way, had not been cleared of mines, and finally had to back track and go by foot another way. We contacted the company and carried the casualty at least two miles, during which Lieutenant Schauder gave us a hand in carrying the casualty. All this time the enemy was laying in an artillery barrage.

Another incident the "Lucky Five" will always remember was the counter-attack at Destroff. We had been sent forward the night before to the forward OP to accompany the troops that had just taken the town. We reported to the major who directed us to a room upstairs. At daybreak the Germans counter-attacked. We found ourselves surrounded. Looking out of the window, we could see half tracks directly in front of the building which was being fired upon point blank. Also, enemy tanks were approaching not over 300 yards away. We won't go into any more details of the episode that followed, but anyway, the "Lucky Five Incorporated" are here to tell about it.

Anonymous, *315th Medical Battalion Unit*

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If I had to go to war tomorrow and could have any driver I wanted, Raymond Brown would be it. God rest his soul.

My job requited me to be on the road from the front back to QM seven days a week. A good driver was a must. Ray Brown was that driver. Earned a Purple Heart the first few days of combat, *afraid of nothing.* A great guy.

We were having trouble taking Dillingers. Gen. George Patton was on the way up to kick the seat of our pants. It was mid-November, mud axil deep. Ray Brown, Jimmie Roberts, and Andy Wilcox, and I were headed back to QM. I saw two jeeps coming toward us, and a man standing up in the front jeep holding in the windshield—a very familiar figure. Thirty caliber machines were on both jeeps. I told Ray Brown he had better pull over or he would put the jeeps in the ditch. Brown said, "To hell with the jeeps, this big truck gives me the right of way." About this time the stars across the front of the lead jeep became visible. A startled look came over Brown's face. He grabbed the steering wheel, half stood up, and said, "God all mighty, General Patton!" And, you know, the nice fellow that Brown was, he let George have the middle of the road. When General Patton passed us he laughed. We exchanged salutes, and he went merrily on his way. It took a while, but we too went on our way.

Floyd Hobson, *90th Infantry Division*

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On or about August 1, 1944, a task force under Colonel Clarke raced south from Periers, after the breakout from Normandy, toward St. Hilaire de Harcourt, with orders to seize and hold the bridge(s) over the Salune River. I was medical officer assigned to the task force. Our trip south, along with the seacoast, was marked by sporadic strafing, but no organized resistance. At the Salune River bridge there was a brief fire fight. Among the casualties was a French civilian male who I loaded into my jeep and proceeded to the rear to an established aid station. We reached a crossroad, very near the river, where a major stopped our vehicle and angrily ordered me to report to the general. Transporting civilians in our vehicles was forbidden. The general in this case was Gen. George C. Patton, who had just taken command of the Third Army, to which the 90th was now assigned. At that point, the major noticed the Frenchman in my jeep was wounded, and that I was a medical officer, which made everything "legal," and my orders to report to General Patton were rescinded. I remember seeing Patton that day and marveled that the general was so close to the enemy at the end of the long salient extending back to the Normandy beachhead.

Richard B. Eisenberg, *M.C., Company B, 315th Medical Bn.*

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It was mid-March 1944 when Company B of the 359th Infantry Regiment found itself on the shores of the Moselle River. Our company was being bombarded by German rockets ("Screaming Meemies"). The shelling was intense and widespread.

My squad, the 1st Squad, 2nd Platoon of B Company, was dug in overlooking the river and the shear cliffs beyond. My buddy Tscherpel was in my foxhole, and we were both awaiting the attack that, hopefully, would carry us across the river. Suddenly, we were aware of casualties, and I was asked to help bring a stretcher-borne soldier up the hill to the medics. I was surprised to find I was carrying Captain Wetzell, our company commander. His head appeared to be laid open. He was unconscious. During the difficult climb I passed Sgt. Percy King who gave me a hand with the stretcher.

Upon reaching the medic station on top of the climb, I saw to it the captain was attended to, and then I asked the medics to treat a significant boil on the back of my heel. While they lanced it, the medics took my temperature and found I had a 104 degree fever. I was then transported by ambulance back to Luxembourg City, treated for yellow jaundice, and returned to my squad two weeks later. By then we were across the Rhine.

Bernard L. Turner, *Company B, 359th Infantry Regiment*

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Landing at Utah Beach on June 7, 1944, was a harrowing experience as the dead from the previous day (D-Day) were still floating on the water and lying on the beach. Although this was a sight I will never be able to forget, there were some lighter moments.

I was the driver of a two and one-half ton truck and trailer. My responsibility was to pick up ammunition at the beach each night for transport to the front lines. At Avranches, Normandy, Frank Gray (machine gunner on truck and ammunition handler) and I were in a traffic jam after picking up our ammunition, and we were waiting for it to clear up. An alarm was sounded due to heavy smoke and fear of a gas attack. Men were scrambling everywhere, trying to find gas masks they were supposed to have with them at all times, but which many had left in their vehicles. It was very dark and difficult to see because we were hiding in a gully between the hedgerows and electric wires were falling. During one of the flare drops I was able to see Frank, who had been tapping me on the shoulder throughout the alarm. He looked like he was ready to explode behind his mask. We discovered he had failed to remove the tape, which was used to prevent water from entering the filter, from the bottom of the gas mask. Frank began breathing much easier after the tape was removed!

Frank Gray and I were also together in Metz, France, near the Germany-Luxembourg border in December 1944. Donald Stockard and Frank took a three-fourths ton weapons carrier, went into Germany, where they found and killed a hog for our holiday meal. They brought the hog back and butchered it; however, the butcher ground the whole hog, including the lean meat, into extremely spicy sausage. We spent Christmas day in the basement of a French family's house where we shared their cognac and our fried sausage for dinner.

Woody Miller, *90th Infantry Division*

★ ★ ★

My buddy Yee and I approached a house east of the Rhine River in early April where we were put under fire by several machine guns located in that house. We crawled to a stone fence and returned rapid fire at the puffs of smoke coming from the machine gun emplacements. Fortunately, this action was seen by the rest of our platoon on the hillside. They

provided covering fire for us, and we were able to rejoin our platoon in safety. I was treated for concussion of my eardrum by Doc Brown and permitted to continue with the company.
Bernard L. Turner, *Company B, 359th Infantry Regiment*

★ ★ ★

From the Moselle River to the Rhine River 12th-13th March 1945, the 90th Division, in rapid pursuit of the retreating enemy, captured the city of Mainz and the drawing up of division forces on the Rhine River, preparatory to making a crossing of the Rhine River in trace of the 5th Division at Dexheim. Darmstadt fell to the elements of the 4th Armored Division and the 90th. In the matter of a few days the enemy resistance was mopped up to the main road east of Frankfort.

The 90th crossed the main road on March 28, 1945. The 90th was poised to continue its history-making mission of slicing Germany in two parts.

The division's long-range objective was changed from Dresden to Prague, and it turned southeast as the 4th Armored Division continued its advance east, through the backbone of the famous Thuringian Forest. Hof fell on the 15th, and three days later patrols crossed the Czechoslovakian border vicinity of Cheb; Germany had been split by the 90th Division. I was in the first patrol to cross into Czechoslovakia.
Robert C. Pyle, *90th Infantry Division*

★ ★ ★

The time was late November 1944 and, along with many other American soldiers in southern England, we were preparing to return to France by way of ship across the English Channel.

At Southampton, England, we boarded a liberty ship and, after a four-to-five hour crossing, we arrived at the Port of Le Harve, France. After debarkation, we were surprised to have the honor of boarding the famous French 40 and 8 boxcars. In World War I they were noted for their popularity of transporting 40 soldiers and eight horses (a very tight fit). This time 30 of us soldiers were assigned to each boxcar for the two-day/night trip to Estampes, France, a town about 30 miles south of Paris. The U.S. Army had a replacement depot there.

Riding these boxcars was far from comfortable—with 30 GIs the conditions were crowded—each night we slept sitting on the floor with our backs to the side of the walls—no lying down—no room. I wondered how in the world could 40 soldiers have traveled and slept in these close quarters during World War I. Food included the famous K-rations—no hot meals! The riding itself wasn't comfortable—we were tough infantry soldiers and not used to luxurious living.

The train pulled into Estampes on the third day. Thanksgiving 1944—the best food—better quarters, etc. I met a soldier buddy, and we decided to go to Paris that night—train and metro (subway in Paris) travel was free to us soldiers. The first night in Paris is another story—later.

It would be two months later before I would get the opportunity to ride the boxcars again to the front or near Metz, France, in early February 1945.

How could I ever forget the thrill of riding the French 40 and 8 boxcars!
Warren R. Lloyd, *Company B, 359th Infantry Regiment*

★ ★ ★

I being of Battery B, 344th Field Artillery Regiment, as assistant battery agent and attached with headquarters battery, I am well acquainted with most of these events mentioned in this article from the *Fort Worth Star Telegram* of its date, October 12, 1944:

90TH DIVISION HELPING TO UPSET
NAZI MASTER PLAN

Somewhere in France—An example of what Hitler didn't include in his master plan is the 90th Division—one of the infantry elements in the touchdown drive of General Eisenhower.

Credited with the audacious end run from Periers to Mayenne and Le Mans that trapped the unsuspecting ranks of the vaunted German 7th Army, the 90th to date has captured more than 17,000 prisoners and has destroyed 400 tanks. The number of German dead accounted for by the division is roughly estimated at 20,000 which is a sufficient number to fill a small stadium for an afternoon game.

In the vicinity of Chambois, hot spot in the Falaise Gap corner, the division knocked out 308 tanks, 248 self-propelled guns, 164 artillery pieces, 3,270 vehicles of assorted types and 764 horsedrawn wagons, motorcycles and nebelwerfers. The artillery kissed its numerous targets with vengeance. For in the pocket were the same arrogant goose-steppers who had populated the hellish hedgerows of Normandy.

GENERAL IS FIGHTER

The division is a hard-hitting unit from the top man down to the unknown ammunition carriers. Top man is Brig. Gen. Raymond S. McLain, president of a trust company in Oklahoma City. The general invests the energies of his men in the great undertaking of combat just as carefully as he handles the finances of his clients. He's strictly a front-line soldier who delights in tangling with the enemy whenever the occasion demands.

Driving with the forward elements of his command in one particular thrust through enemy lines, the general extricated himself from a tight corner by turning his jeep machine gun on five belligerent Germans, who discovered themselves outranked and outfought. In another phase of the same battle, the general ran into a pocket of German resistance, was forced to expand 50 rounds of ammunition, and played a major role in the liquidation of the opposition.

The Berlin strategists didn't reckon with trigger squeezing American generals and guys from the plains and the hills who delight in launching touchdown drives from their own two-yard line.

The capture of some of the 17,000 prisoners effected by 90th Division personnel is a story in itself.

The 90th Division is only one infantry element in the phantom armies of General Eisenhower which storm the last remaining ramparts of the Fortress Europa.

Like many other crack American divisions, the 90th has been awarded hundreds of decorations for gallantry in action.

With my duty as such mentioned, I had the opportunity to see the aftermath of a lot of what is recorded in other published reports of the Chambois and Falaise Gap. I also witnessed a low flying German Hinkle One-Eleven medium bomber followed by an American C-47 under a low ceiling of about 800 to 1,000 feet of cloud sky, both approaching our area from the east. They, not being identified soon enough to be fired on, circled, came back over their first approach when a 40mm AAA gun targeted the portside motor. It tore up shortly afterwards hitting a hedgerow. The two planes were loaded with tank ammo contained in parachute metal baskets to be dropped where they were needed by the surrounded (Krauts). The C-47 was a captured plane restored by bits and pieces for flight, and it was shot down some six or eight miles south of our location.
Ralph Schlup, *Company B, 349th Field Artillery Regiment*

★ ★ ★

It was cloudy and cool on a day probably about the first of April. The 1st Platoon of Company F, 2nd Battalion, 358th Regiment, had just reached our objective about mid-afternoon. The objective, a small town, was taken and secured. There was still plenty of time before dark to liberate the chickens of the town. Chickens were not too plentiful, but one of our guys came up with a *big old* rabbit. Right away the butchering process got underway, and the rest of us fanned out in search of other ingredients for a stew. Well, a lot of things showed up—potatoes, carrots, dry noodles, and even macaroni. The chances for having K-rations that evening were fading fast. Someone found a big cast-iron kettle with



three short legs on the bottom, a bail, and lid.

Fine. We got into a house with a big cook stove; soon we had a good fire going, and the stew was getting hot. The smell of the stew cooking was driving everyone crazy, and it ought to be done about the right time for dinner. The cooks began sampling to see if it was done, but each time the report was the same, "still too tough." That old rabbit was really old, probably had great-great-great-grandchildren.

At that time the bomb shell hit. We got orders to "jump off." Orders came down for us to take another objective, another town. Those people up there where the big decisions are made ought to be held responsible for this, but weren't to be outdone.

Now, you front-line guys all remember the wire carriers. There would be two of them with a stick between them and a spool of wire that reeled out as they advanced. That was so we could have communications with the high command in the rear that made decisions that spoil rabbit stew.

Well, that's how our rabbit stew went into battle. Two of our guys, carrying a stick between them, ran the stick through the bail of the cast-iron kettle; carrying the stew was a sight which can never be forgotten.

Our second objective was taken and secured; another house with a stove was found, and the stew continued to cook. The cooks continued to sample the stew into the night. Finally, the rabbit was done, but you could hardly call it "stew." Maybe rabbit "slurry" would be a better name because it had stewed so long all the ingredients had pretty well liquified, but that sure didn't hurt the taste any. There were no dinner K-rations that night.

C.E. McDaniel and F.W. Good, *Company F, 358th Regiment, 2nd Battalion*

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The 358th Infantry took Hof on April 15, 1945. In the 3rd Battalion area were several whiskey warehouses, and some of their contents were liberated before a guard was posted. The city was also crowded with refugees.

Things were getting out of control, so I moved the battalion to a small town east of Hof. I set a fast pace for two hours before taking a break. During this break a Kraut plane flying very low came down the valley. Everyone started shooting, and the plane ran into the side of a hill and exploded. We checked it out, but there was very little left of the pilot.

Colonel Bealke phoned that night that three reporters were at regiment wanting to go to Czechoslovakia. I agreed to escort them to the border. The escort turned into a task force consisting of the 3rd Battalion, S-2 Section; I Company, 358th Infantry; two tanks; two TDs; 344th Field Artillery, S-2 Section; and 358th I and R Platoons, covered by a 344th Field Artillery plane.

Lieutenant Rudes, 3rd Battalion, S-2, crossed the border at 0955. The plane landed shortly afterward. We put up a sign that the Pioneer Platoon had painted during the night. Reporters and everyone with a camera took pictures.

We spotted a company of Krauts preparing to attack. We were scheduled to head south in the morning, so we withdrew. The pilot started his plane, it took off by itself and crashed; our only casualty. The armor checked the Krauts.

C.B. Bryan, *358th Infantry*

★ ★ ★

During late January 1944, the 2nd Platoon, B Company, 359th Infantry, moved into position on a hilltop near St. Vith, Belgium. Almost the entire company was made up of replacements, myself included. A week earlier we had disembarked from the drop trains and had marched through the snows on up and down mountains for several days to reach the 90th Division and be assigned to our companies. We were extraordinarily tired and had spent the past several days in intense fire fights. It was now evening.

The sky was sparkling clear with stars and full moon. The temperature was freezing. My foxhole was near the edge of a mountain ridge. The entire mountain was snow covered and bare except for the foxhole, a few branches, and a ski lodge where our platoon was resting. My buddy Yee and I had just relieved two others in the foxhole. We were told to keep our eyes open for German mountain troops expected to advance on our position.

I was sitting with my knees jutting under my chin. I wore two sets of clothing and my shoepacs were torn and leaking. In preparation for a potential skirmish, I had my bandoliers and cartridge belt easily available. Two grenades were attached to my lapels and two others easily within reach laying on the snow. My M-1 rested between my legs, and my cheek and helmet touched the barrel as I sat bent over. An icy trickle of moisture was evident on the wool scarf where my breath met the scarf around the lower part of my face. Water vapor rose like fog clouding my eyeglasses. A sense of fear developed within me due to my inability to see properly. The lenses had become coated with a thin layer of translucent ice. At the same time I heard sounds coming from the cliff below me. My knees attempted to hold the stock of my rifle; my gloved hands tried to rub off the ice. The rifle slipped and clanged on my helmet creating greater fear as my mind's eye pictured the oncoming soldiers climbing the cliff and approaching my foxhole. My head pivoted wildly from side to side to see if anything was in sight. My eyes were wide open as I tried using them to cover every inch of ground. I could feel my heart beating and my hands shaking.

My body became perfectly still as I sensed the soft pad of footsteps behind me. Short clicking sounds of gunfire was heard immediately below me, and the thought of enemy infiltration occurred inside me with a growing sense of panic. Mental pictures of approaching Germans flooded my mind. The innards of my lower abdomen and pelvic area were shaking. No sense of heat or cold was apparent; just fear.

I extended my body out from the foxhole so I had the greatest availability of sight and hearing; yet, I kept my body virtually motionless. I whipped my body to the side of my foxhole and turned to face the oncoming footsteps. To my surprise, there was nothing there. Perhaps the sound I took to be footsteps was caused by snow falling from the trees above. I dropped silently back into my foxhole, my body a pool of sweat, and waited for my relief to come.

Bernard L. Turner, *Company B, 359th Infantry Regiment*

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Most clearly recalled are the very first days and nights of close combat in the hedgerow country of Normandy. Days were long, very long, and nights all too short. The Germans stubbornly defended every field with mortar, machine gun fire, and 88mm guns of the Tiger tanks. Our infantry losses were severe. Two, three, and sometimes more attacks were planned and executed daily, often with little or no success because Jerry always put up stiff resistance. Rain, mud, and cold added to our woes. Infantry replacements from the States arrived nightly to be assigned to units and the very next morning some of the soldiers became casualties; either dead or wounded. After what seemed an eternity, the division broke out of Normandy and began the "rat race" of pursuit of the German forces across France. We chased them back through the Maginot line into the Siegfried line of Germany. The enemy fought fiercely and skillfully in their retreat, and both sides suffered casualties.

Combat is not without its lighter moments. While still tragic in its consequences, seeing French farmers trying to care for their farm animals and do needed chores during the intermittent artillery and mortar firing seemed at the time so ludicrous. Sometimes, the French people tossed apples into our jeeps as we made the "rat race" from Normandy across the French countryside. The apples sometimes caused inju-

ries to the soldiers unless they dodged the friendly apples. The French stood by the roadside with apples, flowers, and an occasional bottle of wine or cognac, or "white lightening" as it was popularly called. Some of the stuff was so bad it lead to blindness. This was especially true of potato alcohol, a favorite of the German soldier.

The Normans who were allowed by the Nazis to remain in their homes were for the most part politically reliable. They were not very friendly to the Americans at first for the Germans had convinced them we would be defeated and kicked back into the English Channel. It was gratifying to discover not all French folks were so cold and aloof as the Normans. For as we advanced farther into France, we found many to be effusive and, on the whole, rather friendly. We were glad we were able to liberate them.

Some of us recall being shelled by enemy artillery fire only to be surprised not all rounds exploded. They were duds. Slave workers back in German factories had filled some shells with sawdust. These were close calls indeed. Always etched in my memory will be the sight of a low flying American artillery spotter plane being shot down. Artillery liasion planes were frequently sent aloft to spot targets, and, even when there were no targets located, just keeping the airplanes up kept Jerry mortar and artillery quiet, for the enemy quickly learned these unarmed light planes could cause death and destruction.

Who can ever forget the eerie experience of slowly driving through the night from dusk to dawn in dense fog and snow to help rescue troops of the surrounded 101st Airborne Division in Bastogne; the "Battle of the Bulge." We moved artillery all night in order to go into position to support men of the 358th Infantry.

In one battle, that of Marie, France, I recall being in a basement of a house and looking out into the street. I fired my 45 caliber pistol at close range and hit a German in the street. He fell, and during a lull in the fighting an infantryman rushed over and took my souvenir. I wanted the German's pistol. It seems a German task force had been on a deep reconnaissance behind American lines and were desperately attempting to return home. But men of the 1st Battalion, 358th Infantry, stopped them. During that particular battle I was the field artillery liasion officer.

Towards the very close of the war in May 1945 our division moved into Czechoslovakia and, in the last battle, fought against some German officer candidates. These men did not surrender until after putting up stiff resistance. Some days before this battle, our battery arrived at a location where we intended to emplace howitzers for firing. First Sergeant Gilbert and a reconnaissance detail from our battery were awaiting our arrival. We were surprised to see Gilbert holding several POWs. It seems these men were members of a German band and were hiding in the nearby woods until American infantrymen passed and the artillery arrived. They were armed only with musical instruments!

And what a welcome sight it was to see pillowcases and parts of bedsheets flying the white flag of surrender from upstairs windows in German homes. They did not want their towns destroyed. Fire and smoke could be seen for miles ahead from village to village as artillery and airplanes bombed ahead of advancing troops. Some German towns had avoided battle by flying the white flags of surrender. Only in towns where the Volkstrum prevented white flags did resistance continue to the bitter end in a war already hopelessly lost. How comical in appearance and, in a way pathetic, were the old men and young boys of the Volkstrum wearing ill-fitting uniforms, many obviously too large for their small bodies.

Roy E. Smith, *Battery A, 344th Field Artillery Battalion*

★ ★ ★



He manned a light machine gun on 20 August 1944, near Chambois, France, a key point in the encirclement which created the Falaise pocket. During an enemy counterattack, his position was menaced by a strong force of tanks and infantry. His fire forced the infantry to withdraw, but an artillery shell knocked out his gun and wounded him in the right thigh. Securing a bazooka, he and another man stalked the tanks and forced them to retire to a wooded section. In the lull which followed, Sergeant Hawk reorganized two machine gun squads and, in the face of intense enemy fire, directed the assembly of one workable weapon from two damaged guns. When another enemy assault developed, he was forced to pull back from the pressure of spearheading armor. Two of our tank destroyers were brought up. Their shots were ineffective because of the terrain until Sergeant Hawk, despite his wound, boldly climbed to an exposed position on a knoll where, unmoved by fusillades from the enemy, he became a human aiming stake for the destroyers. Realizing his shouted fire directions could not be heard above the noise of battle, he ran back to the destroyers through a concentration of bullets and shrapnel to correct the range. He returned to his exposed position, repeating his performance until two of the tanks were knocked out and a third driven off. Still at great risk, he continued to direct the destroyers' fire into the Germans' wooded position until the enemy came out and surrendered. Sergeant Hawk's fearless initiative and heroic conduct, even while suffering from a painful wound, was in large measure responsible for crushing two desperate attempts of the enemy to escape from the Falaise pocket and for taking more than 500 prisoners.

Today John Hawk resides in Bermerton, Washington. He is the only living recipient of the Congressional Medal of Honor from the 90th Infantry Division, World War I and World War II.

John Hawk, *Company E, 359th Infantry Division*

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When I was in Europe during the war, I wrote my folks as often as I could. Our little local paper printed one of my letters toward the end of the war. My parents saved it:

Dear Mom, Dad, and all,

Well, here are a few lines to let you know I'm ok. Hope this finds you all in the best of health and all happy.

Well, how are all the things back there? Fine, I hope. How are things at the ranch? Dad, when Frills has her colt I want you to write and tell me all about it and how they get along. I sure hope she has better luck than last time. I know it is quite a while yet, but I'm awfully interested.

I sent some more "stuff" home the other day. I sent a camera which is slightly broken, but I'll fix it when I get back. I also sent a telescope sight from a sniper's rifle, and some knives. I had to bend the handle on one knife to get it in the box, but I'll fix that.

I was one of the first ten GIs into Czechoslovakia. We volunteered for it and rode the first tank in. We freed a lot of British soldiers and some French soldiers too. Were they glad to see us. Some of them had been there five years. The *Stars and Stripes* man was with us and he gave it a big write up. There was also a man from *World News.*

I'm sending a clipping out of our paper on our company. It happened quite sometime ago so it is all right to send it. If you heard it or read it let me know and if it made the papers send me a clipping as we are all anxious to see how they wrote it up.

That was a day I'll always remember—that was a fight! Forty machine guns were on the hill, so we call it "machine gun hill," which is no lie. I still don't know how we did it. The "SS" are fanatics. They like to die for Hitler—well, we granted a lot of their wishes that day.

I received letters from Floyd and Hazel a few days ago. Hazel said, "If you get a chance, you can get one of the Jerrys for me," so I told her I'd sure try.

Also got a letter from Lucille with a note from Arliss, and I've answered them too.

Dear folks, there isn't much to write about except that we are moving quickly and I hope we keep right on going that way.

I don't see how it can last much longer and if it weren't for the "SS" it would be over now. But they make the rest fight, and when we get them we hate their guts and don't care whether we take them alive or not.

Mom, I have two artillery officers from the 344th that know Leo's uncle, Cpl. Elvin Morse. I haven't seen him yet but hope to soon.

Well, I must close for this time, so for now loads of love to all of you.

Your son and brother, Darrell

Darrell D. Petty, *90th Infantry Division*

★ ★ ★

On November 11, 1981, Veterans Day, a tribute to Rollin Barnard of Denver, Colorado, was made by the U.S. League of Savings Associations for his contributions to that industry and to our gallant efforts in Europe during World War II. The *Army Times* newspaper carried the following article about the event:

At 11 A.M. November 11, Veterans Day, Rollin Barnard of Denver, Colorado, stepped down as president of the U.S. League of Savings Associations at the group's convention in New York. His successor, Roy Green of Jacksonville, Florida, called for a moment of silence in tribute to veterans, and on the screen behind the speaker's platform appeared a scene from World War II.

The main tribute was to Barnard, who won two Bronze Stars and two Purple Hearts as an infantry platoon leader with the 358th Infantry Division in France and Germany. After the slide show, several of Barnard's World War II comrades appeared, presenting to him a book containing photographs from his wartime experiences.

Rollin Barnard, *358th Infantry Regiment*

★ ★ ★

My orders were to report for induction at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, on March 5, 1942, where I remained for four weeks. Gottlieb Swing, my uncle, passed through the same center and headed for the 90th Division at Camp Barkeley, Texas. A few days later I was sent to the same division. Upon arrival, I was placed in the anti-tank company, 357th Regiment. That afternoon I went to the PX and ordered a coke. Someone next to me ordered one in the same manner, and, sure enough, it was my uncle! We were in the same company, same squad number, except he the 3rd Platoon and I the 2nd; and our tents faced each other. Small world!

In August 1942, we separated as I was sent on cadre to the 104th Division in Oregon and later the 65th Division in Mississippi. Gottlieb remained with the 90th and landed in Normandy. Later, he was wounded, sent to England to recuperate, and was reassigned to a rifle company in the 90th. My division, the 65th, landed in France in January 1945, and shortly thereafter I received word from home that Gottlieb had been wounded during the Battle of the Bulge and had died on January 14, 1945. No one knew what had happened. Anytime I saw a 90th soldier I would ask what his unit was.

The war ended and just a few days before boarding a ship for home at Marseilles, France, I saw a sergeant from the 90th, so I asked him the usual question. He was from the same company as Gottlieb and was his sergeant as well. The sergeant told me what had happened as follows:

Gottlieb's platoon was trying to take a mill which was a German CP. Two ravines led up to it, and Gottlieb was the point man leading a squad up one of them. He was hit on the side of the face by machine gun fire, and Gottlieb fell there in the snow. Whenever they tried to reach him the men were driven back by small arms fire. Finally the mill was taken, and Gottlieb, who was unconscious, was brought in there. A doctor, who had been taken prisoner, then covered Gottlieb's head, including his eyes, with bandages and said he wouldn't live until morning if he didn't get hospital care. It was impossible to get a jeep in until morning when the area had then been cleared. Meanwhile, Gottlieb had regained consciousness, and his first words were, "How are the boys?" They answered, "Fine," but really half of them were lost. Those remaining now had hopes Gottlieb would live, but he died two days later in the hospital.

Once again, it's a small world! I hope our nation will remember and appreciate the sacrifices made by Gottlieb Swing and others like him.

Norman C. Nelson, *357th Regiment, 65th Infantry Division (originally assigned to the 90th Infantry Division)*

★ ★ ★

It was December 1944 and we were holding position around Metz at the time. The engineers had found a stream and had set up a shower for the troops. The first warm water we had had since we hit the beaches other than what we could heat in our helmets when it was safe to build a fire. I must say we had the BEST officers in our battalion, Lt. Col. Leroy Pond, DSM (deceased), commanding. Anyway, our lieutenant asked us all to tell him the best reason we should go back some 30km to get a shower. Mine was that it was my birthday, December 15, 1944; and Jimmy Cook and I were on our way. We got clean uniforms, and they felt funny—we had been in the same ones since we had left Wales. We got clean socks and fresh chow from supply most of the time, but we had the same uniforms on we'd hit the beaches in. I guess we stunk, all of us. Couldn't tell; we all smelled alike. Of the 22 guys in my section there is just me and some other guys still around. Jimmy got leave, short straw draw, and I never saw him again. There was Birnnie Pike, Johnny Mayo, and others I would like to hear from if they're still around.

I wish that they all made it. I know some didn't; I saw them there and had to go on. We all had a job to finish.

General Patton talked to me twice. Once he told me, "Shave that crop of shit off your chin, soldier." "Yes, sir," I replied. Another time, I was making a splice in a wire line in a mortar hole, and Patton said, "Keep up the good work, we need to know where those bastards are." I was on a forward OP at the time.

Dale P. English, *1st Battalion, 359th Infantry Regiment, Signal Section*

★ ★ ★

This is John Bryson's article which appeared in *The Sniper's* Special Sunday Edition. The article was called "The 90th on the Air." This is Bryson's script in full:

This is John Bryson with Patton's Third Army. A soldier's loyalty is divided among his regiment, division, and army. By far, the greatest portion goes to his division. War is an art all of its own, and it takes time, work, and above all, esprit de corp to make a crack division.

The spirit of the corps is almost indefinable, but it manifests itself when you see the men engage the enemy.

The 90th Division is that kind of an outfit, and I chose to talk about them because a good many people regard the 90th as the typical Patton Division. I have never seen them in action that they don't amaze me with their know-how and forward drive. This is General Patton's Infantry at its best.

A SEASONED FOOTBALL TEAM

It was my privilege to go into Czechoslovakia with a reconnaissance patrol of this division. The word "patrol" means boys from every state in the union—kids covered with bullet clips *looking* formidable but *acting* exactly like a seasoned football team. The mood of a fighting man alters quickly according to the situation.

The order to move ahead saw the men jump on tanks and trucks. They did it easily, with an air of nonchalance and informality. I could see then why German prisoners often said, "Americans take war as a sport." The Germans had

made the natural mistake in thinking that because an army was humorous, it was also incompetent.

Within range of German small arms fire, the men leaped from the trucks and immediately loped into the open, there was no confusion, no bravado, and advanced towards the dug-in Germans.

This was the other side of the American fighting men. In this mood there is no more dangerous soldier in the world.

The tanks and TDs fanned out while the commander looked over the battlefield with binoculars. A crisp order started the first firing.

Twenty minutes later, the Germans surrendered.

The 90th Division has been over in Europe since D-Day-plus-2. They helped close the Falaise Gap, breached the Siegfried line twice, crossed the Moselle twice, and played a big part in the Bastogne Bulge.

A mixture of scared veterans and green kinds blending into irrepressible force that continually moves in close.

I'll never forget the sight of those doughs walking fast across a German field, firing from the hip. That thin line of khaki had something magnificent that said, "Germany, you are the enemy, and we are coming to root you out of your holes."

This is John Bryson with the Third Army somewhere in Germany returning to you to the Blue Network newsroom in New York.

John Bryson, *90th Infantry Division*

★ ★ ★

As regimental surgeon of the 359th Infantry, I took pride in my medics' performance throughout the Normandy D-Day invasion. Infantrymen feel a sense of protection having their rifles and shovels and knowing that medics are nearby. The medical aid men and litter bearers had no rifles, nor time to consider their own safety. Their own protection was the red cross they wore on their helmets and arm bands.

Because I found the German soldier respected the red cross worn by front-line medics, I insisted my men wear that protective symbol. My division surgeon informed me General Patton disapproved of my men wearing their red crosses because it was not "soldierly," and if I allowed them to do so I could be court-martialed. He certainly couldn't call us "yellow bellied cowards" (a favorite Patton phrase) since my medic unit was one of the most decorated units in the division. My reply to the threat of a possible court-martial was some profane cussing, and the guarantee that if I ever met General Patton face to face, I would have the last word in any argument with him. I thought such a meeting was highly unlikely.

Several weeks later, I volunteered for the difficult task of setting up an aid station across the swollen Moselle River. Upon successful completion of the mission, I was promised a commendation. Sure enough, "Old Blood and Guts" showed up one day. Instead of giving me a commendation, Patton proceeded to bawl me out because I was using German prisoners to help out in evacuating the wounded since we were shorthanded. He bellowed at me, "You stupid son of a bitch! Don't you know the Geneva Convention?" (Prisoners couldn't be used within seven miles of the front line.) Seething, I looked him straight in the eye and said, "Yes, sir!"

After the war I was able to truthfully claim that in an argument with General Patton, I had the last word.

Murray Franklin, *359th Infantry Regiment*

★ ★ ★

My most memorable experience occurred near the middle of January when my outfit was moving foward, and we stopped on the edge of a high hill overlooking enemy positions. We began to dig in to wait for our next move. Everyone began to break ground for their foxhole. I told my companion to begin digging. I would seek shelter elsewhere because the trench would only hold one of us if the enemy started to send us their messages. Well, no sooner did I leave when everything came at us. I couldn't find shelter anywhere during this barrage, but I did find a foxhole with two men lying down. There was no room for me, and all I could do was stand on top of them and crouch down low. It didn't last too long until a shell had my name on it. I was hit, lost part of my hand. A medic moved me back and gave me morphine. Even after being hit, it was a question if I would survive due to the heavy shelling. I was then moved back by ambulance and treated, taken to Verdun, and sent on to a hospital in England, and then home. If these two men are still alive and they remember this incident, I would like to see them again.

Ted Karter, *359th Infantry Regiment*

★ ★ ★

I have had several conflicting stories concerning the treasures that were found at Merker. I have a little different version from what has been told. I had my men in the house in which the child was born. There may have been mid-wives there, but it is my understanding our medical officer, Captain Dominski, attended the woman who gave birth to the child, and, because of his kindness and concern for her, she is the one who is supposed to have told us about the gold and art treasures stored in the salt mine. So, all of the men in my company started looking for ways to get into the salt mines to find the treasures. If my memory serves me correctly, the mine shaft was sealed with a piece of quarter-inch steel, welded with an electrical welding torch, and we were unable to find an entrance down into the mine. There was a young potato farmer from Mobile, Alabama, by the name of Peoples, and the two of us went down through the ventilators which provided fresh air for the mine shaft. There were wooden ladders in a circled fashion around the mine shaft. I was told by the engineers of the mine it was an escape route in case the elevator was not in operation. It took us about half a day to get to the bottom of the mine, and when we finally reached the bottom, we were surprised at what we found. There were rooms about 100 feet by 100 feet in size hewed out in the mines and fluorescent lights all over the place. And, there were paved runways equivalent to a four-lane highway. It was surprising to us how they accomplished such a task that deep down in the earth. In some of the hewed-out rooms there was lumber nailed together with straw on the lumber which looked like beds where the slave labor slept.

Then we came to a place which looked like an office. We took a regular dirt pick and pried the lock off the door. Inside this office was a number of blueprints. We decided to take the blueprints with us for we felt they would be good military intelligence material, and they might tell us where the gold was stored. We stuffed the blueprints inside our shirts to keep them from getting wet; as around the mine shaft there was a continuance of water seeping around the mine shaft, which also dropped on us while making our descent and return. When we finally reached the surface, it was beginning to get dark. For some reason, the men were looking for the two of us and weren't able to find us and were concerned about our whereabouts. After they saw what we had found, they were certainly elated over what we had returned to them. There was a lieutenant in the company by the name of Israel. It was my understanding he was a German Jew who had migrated to the United States and joined our Army. He was well educated and spoke very fluent German. We turned the blueprints over to him, and he was elated about the contents. It is my understanding that it was blueprints about the treasures that were stored in the salt mines. It gave detailed information and a complete inventory as to what was stored in the salt mines. This information was sent back that very night to division headquarters. It is my understanding the next morning General Patton, General Bradley, and General Eisenhower were there to inspect the findings. Peoples and I were supposed to have been cited for our courage in taking such an unnecessary risk on our lives in going down into the salt mines in the way in which we did. I talked with one of the German engineers who worked and

operated the mine. He could not believe we went down into the mine like we did.

Marion Jones Jr., *Company L, 357th Infantry Battalion*

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I was a member of the 712th Tank Battalion, 90th Infantry Division, when on July 10, 1944, I lead two tank companies of the 712th into the rainy hedgerows of northern France. We were tough young men up against Hitler's best. In fact, these tough young men of Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr.'s newly formed Third Army, in their "iron coffins," were about to be pitted against a determined force of elite German SS paratroops.

We had just taken a strategic hill, about 15 miles inland from Omaha Beach, and had moved down the other side against little resistance when we found ourselves in a killer crossfire from a pair of German anti-tank guns.

My Sherman tank was hit a glancing blow on the turret, so I ordered a change of direction and turned my lead tank into the line of fire from the second German gun. I radioed the location of the attack to other tanks when suddenly all I saw was the flash of a muzzle, and I was standing in the middle of hell.

The German shell had pierced my tank's armor and hit a rack of 75mm ammunition. On its way to the other side, the shell struck my right foot. Flames shot up some 15 feet into the air. All I could think about was to get out of the tank before fire reached the gasoline.

I managed to jerk my gunner up from below and push him to safety through the open turret. But, when I tried getting out of the burning tank, I realized something was wrong with me. I finally got out of my crippled tank, and the six remaining tanks and I pushed through a rain of gunfire to the protection of a nearby hedgerow a safe distance from the four burning tanks we'd left behind. In the shelter of the hedgerow, I became aware of the extent of my injuries...a shattered right foot (which I eventually lost) and severe burns to my face and hands. A driver helped attach a belt to my leg, got me somewhat comfortable, and we began the long, seemingly endless wait for help.

By nightfall, the Germans returned to claim the marshy field and base of high ground my company and I had fought for earlier. It was darker than the bottom of a well on a cloudy night, and we could hear German voices nearby. We tried to stay hidden.

Suddenly, a figure crept through the hedgerow and confronted my gunner and I and a seriously wounded infantryman we had carried in with us. It was a young German medic, who without saying a word, and while all of us watched, rolled my shirt sleeves back from my burned hands, exposing my watch and silver identification bracelet. I did not know what to expect. The German medic looked at me, took my burned hands in his, and began wrapping them in bandages. Finger by finger the medic wrapped my raw hands. Then, just as the young German medic had arrived, he crawled away through the hedgerow into the blackness of the night.

The next day, however, the battle shifted once more, and fate dealt me another strange blow. While still waiting for medical aid, the American artillery began shelling the marshy field in an effort to drive off the Germans. The attack succeeded—but not until an errant shell exploded near our hiding place. Shell fragments hit my other leg.

Finally, on the morning of July 12, an American infantry platoon broke through and discovered us. The infantryman had died of his wounds during the night, but my gunner and I were removed and taken to a hospital. It was here doctors told me the emergency treatment given me by the unknown German medic had saved my hands.

Cpt. Jim Flowers, *712th Tank Battalion*

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In late July 1944, the mammoth U.S.-British air bombardment of the St. Periers portion of the Paris to Cherburg Highway in Normandy broke the German line. I was then a lieutenant colonel in a colonel's job as regimental commander of the 358th Infantry Regiment, 90th Division. My orders were to form a "Task Force Clarke" to move by foot and motors, break through the German-held area for 50 miles and capture and hold St. Hilaire de Harcourt near Avranches, a key rail and highway center located on the far side of the Salune River. The troops assigned were: 3rd Battalion, 358th Infantry; a battery of 344th Field Artillery Battalion; a company of tanks; a company of tank destroyers; a company of engineers; and a medical detachment, all 90th Division troops.

We formed up late that afternoon, moved out promptly and on time along a paved road and soon entered a huge forest. During the long night, which was inky black and scarey, we captured several staff cars. When the fog lifted the next morning, I saw, to my surprise, the world-famous beautiful Cathedral of Mont Saint Michel perched on a steep and rocky promontory in the Atlantic Ocean but just offshore.

When we came in view of the town of St. Hilaire de Harcourt, I ordered the 3rd Battalion to send forward a company to cross the bridge and attack the town. K Company—"Kraut Killers" we called them—moved out and, shortly came under heavy fire from artillery in the town. Captain Holland with great coolness moved his company to the side and moved on to his objective.

Lieutenant Bealke, commander 3rd Battalion, 358th Infantry Battalion and I, infantry regimental commander at the head of the main body of troops, led them into town. I had our tank and tank destroyers units circle around the town and attack it from the rear. The 344th Artillery Battery fired in support of our attack. We quickly captured St. Hilaire de Harcourt.

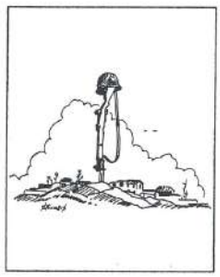
A few days later Major General McLain, commanding general of the 90th Division, decorated various officers and men, including Captain Holland, Lieutenant Colonel Bealke, and me with the Silver Star Medal for gallantry in action.

In one of the staff cars we shot up during that night march was found a large quantity of money in French francs. Apparently, this was to pay the troops in one of the German Army divisions in that area. I was never able to get 90th Division Headquarters to accept this money despite several efforts to do so.

We finally decided to spend it buying meat, fresh vegetables, and fruit from the native French farmers. This food we used to celebrate battle victories when time and opportunities permitted. It was a great morale builder for the troops! We always had plenty of GI food, of course; this was sort of "party."

Christian H. Clarke, *358th Infantry Regiment*

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The war ended for Company L, 357th, on May 9, 1947, and the only problems we were having at this time, was a little sniper fire. I was so afraid I would get killed after the war was over, that I would not leave the building I was in, not even to go eat chow.

After the 14th, 15th, or 16th day of May 1945, the company runner came to the house where I was staying and said the company commander, Ralph Merrick, wanted to see me; that Merrick was going to send me home. It gave me such a shock I could not believe it. I thought the company runner was joking with me. But, I left the building and reported to Ralph who said the sweetest words I had ever heard. Merrick said, "Jones, you have the highest number of points of any man in the company, the oldest in the time of service, and you have an outstanding military record. You are the first man to be picked to return to the States. I hope that when you return to the States you will give the home folks a good representation of what the military stands for." Merrick instructed me

to meet the company jeep down at the Maypole, that had been put on display for the Mayday celebration. And, you can better believe I was there at the appointed place and time to make my departure. The next morning at five o'clock, I headed for regimental headquarters to catch a convoy taking us to Nuremberg, Germany. Colonel Mason gave us a little pep talk on our departure. Then we were sent over to Major Dominski for a physical examination to see if we were physically able to return home.

After arriving in Nuremberg, Germany, we were issued new uniforms, which included the new Eisenhower jacket, and we were issued all of our military decorations. We were given close order drills every day, brushing up for our garrison performance and getting ready for a dress parade down Fifth Avenue in New York. It was really an army reunion for me for most all of the old sergeants and officers in the regular Army who I had served with at Fort Benning, Georgia, were there. We had a little meeting that afternoon, and we appointed a committee to go and beg off from the planned parade down Fifth Avenue. Our argument was we were mostly regular Army personnel, and that our enlistments were up, and that time had been extended the duration and six months.

The upper brass listened to our pleas, and we were loaded on the train to those 40 by 8 boxcars, which is either 40 men or eight horses, and started our long journey for LaHarve, France. I departed from LaHarve, France, on June 2, and arrived in the United States June 11, 1945. We arrived at Boston, Massachusetts, and were detained for several hours from debarking from our boats. As we were going into the harbor, a German U-boat surfaced and asked the United States Government to give him permission to surrender and to bring his U-boat into the harbor. The German said he had been operating in this area all during the war and had sunk many of our ships in the North Atlantic. He was really and truly a Nazi because he displayed his arrogancy and a superior attitude. I was sent from Boston, Massachusetts, that very same night to Fort McPherson in Atlanta, Georgia, to be discharged. I was discharged on the 22nd day of June 1945.

Marion J. Jones Jr., *L Company, 357th Infantry Regiment*

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V-E DAY IN EUROPE

Monday, May 8, 1945—We—troops in General Patton's Third Army—were in the country of Czechoslovakia that morning and supposedly headed for the capitol city of Prague. We had been making huge gains or advances every day since crossing the Rhine River and taking Frankfort in March—10 to 30 miles a day for tanks and infantry troops was common those days—German troops gave up in scores. Town after town, village after village, were taken with hardly any strain—German people hung out white sheets on window sills—anywhere—as a sign of surrender—they wanted to be friendly and wanted some assurance we wouldn't harm them. DPs or displaced persons (people from other countries who had been brought to Germany and forced to work on farms, factories, etc.) were freed by us—some joined our ranks—others were placed in camps. We could tell the difference when we crossed the Czech border—the natives were extremely friendly.

That Monday morning we started out in a long convoy—tanks leading, trucks, jeeps, etc. I rode on the right front fender of a truck with my gun, just in case I had to dismount quickly. We proceeded for about 15 miles and stopped in a small village. We milled around there talking and mingling with the natives for about two hours. At last, the good news came: word came down to the CO that hostilities had ceased. Germany had surrendered—no more war or fighting—PRAISE THE LORD! We stayed a week in Czechoslovakia and returned to Germany.

Warren R. Lloyd, *Company B, 359th Infantry Regiment*

An open letter to all my friends in the 344th FA BN—Louise and I would like to thank you for the many Christmas wishes we received at Christmas time. I did not send any this year because Lou and I and our grandson, Matt, age 11, left for Germany just before Christmas.

Our daughter, Linda, lives in Baiertal, Germany. Baiertal is located just south of Wiesloch, which is about 10 miles from Heidelberg. Linda married a German man, Peter Elsasser. Linda and Peter have three children: Kim, age 7; Kelly, age 5; and our newest granddaughter Emely, born November 27, 1988. They live in the same town, Baiertal, that my wife's parents left over 65 years ago. This trip was about our seventh one. To make a long story short, as I now visit and have dinner with my wife's relatives, and sit with men who 45 years ago were my enemies, we all feel sad upon departing. It just does not make sense, does it? Thank God this is the way it is and should be! I could tell you so many stories about our trips over to Germany, but I'll save them for our reunion in St. Paul.

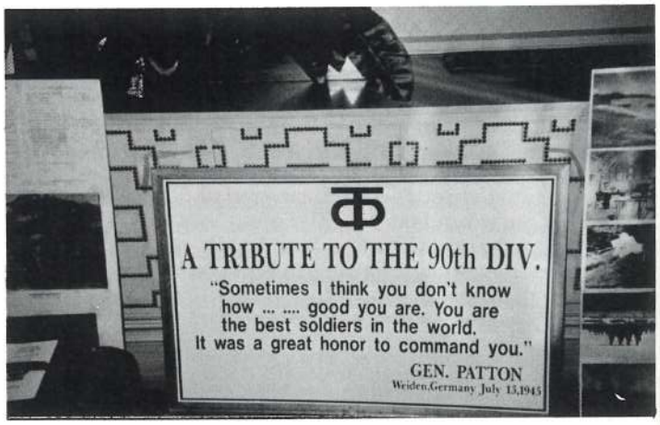
One story I must tell you—my grandson Matt and I went to visit a car and war museum in Sinsheim, not far from my daughter's home. This museum was fantastic! It consisted of three large buildings housing all military exhibits from World War II, with equipment from the USA, England, France, Germany, Belgium and more. These were actual life-size exhibits with figures of men in their country's battle dress, tanks, guns, even our 105s and long Toms. Fighter planes hung from the rafters: Folkers, Commandos, Spitfires, Curtis Hawks, Belair Acorbas and many others. As I walked around these dazzling displays, I came across an exhibit case with insignias from all the armies and divisions. How proud I was, for in the top row, third patch in, was our patch, the T-O. I will bring pictures to the next reunion. If you are ever in Sinsheim, stop by and visit this museum.

On past trips, I've gone back to where we were stationed after the war: Maxhutte, West Germany, outside of Regensburg and Berglangfeld. I also visited the area where the 90th crossed the Rhine River. It was a pleasant trip for me. I have pictures from Maxhutte where headquarters of the 344th spent our time of occupation waiting for our orders to return home.

I also visited the area down the hill by the old steel plant where service battery had the motor pool. I remember this hill in particular because I put a jeep halfway down it, into the trees and got stuck. Good old service battery got me out of that mess! I was returning late one evening after returning some dispatches to Weiden, if my memory serves me correctly, and it was late. To all of you guys from headquarters battery—remember the schoolhouse, which was home, and the large open field in front of the schoolhouse on which we had retreat parades every night? Well, now on the field are built some very nice homes. I remember because I was bugler at the same time (sorry, guys). I have pictures of me standing in the same place 45 years apart.

Mel Schmidt, *344th Field Artillery*

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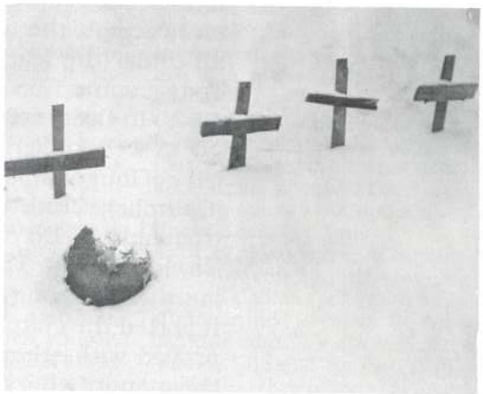
Infantry pass through the town of Mayenne, France. They camped a little north of the town as they expected an artillery and air attack. They re-entered the same day as the Jerries failed to live up to their expectations. Damage was caused by U.S. airplanes. (6 August 1944)



Bailey Bridge is constructed across River Our as engineers of Third Army push roadway along abandoned railway to move supplies to front. (13 February 1945)



Mortar crew firing high explosive shells toward German fortified position near Halstroff. In background smoke rises from one hit already placed on the fort. (3 December 1944)





Pfc. Lawrence Hoyle with his Browning automatic rifle and Pvt. Andrew Fachak, right, take shelter behind a blasted wall and keep a sharp for enemy snipers, near Maizeres Les Metz, France. (1 November 1944)



Capt. Ferdinand A. Lucontone, near Bruville, France, checks the identity papers of a French citizen. (1 November 44)

CHAPLAINS

Chaplains have played a big role in America's history and her participation in battle. As early as 1775 chaplains were present at the Battle of Concord Bridge and Lexington Green.

On July 29, 1775, the Continental Congress gave legislative authorization for an organized chaplaincy, and World War I gave birth to the United States Army Chaplaincy as an organization. Prior to World War I, chaplains served without complete denominational endorsement or supervision and did not have clearly defined military status.

In ceremonies at The United States Army Chaplain Center and School, Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, July 29, 1986, the Chaplain Corps officially became part of the U.S. Army Regimental System.

WORLD WAR II

In 1940, at the beginning of World War II, there were 383 chaplains representing every major religious denomination, ethnic background, and race. At the war's end in 1945, there were some 10,000 chaplains all under the leadership of Chaplain (Major General) William Arnold. Today, some 1,587 plus chaplains are on active duty and approximately 1,500 in the reserves and national guard.

A well-known event in army chaplain history is, perhaps, the ministry of four chaplains – Alexander D. Goode (Jewish); John P. Washington (Catholic); Clark V. Poling and George Fox (Protestants) – aboard the troopship *SS Dorchester*, which was enroute to Greenland from St. John, Newfoundland. The troopship was torpedoed and sank. The four chaplains were among the 678 of 904 passengers aboard. Surviving witnesses reported the chaplains gave their life jackets and gloves to enlisted men, prayed with others, and spoke words of encouragement finally forcing the men into life boats.

The 90th Infantry Division has a proud history of its chaplaincy. Often these men of faith risked their lives in the face of mortar fire, heavy bombings and intolerable weather conditions to help the wounded and tend the sick. They offered prayers for the dead and dying– both civilians and enlisted men. They offered themselves, night or day. to give the men of the 90th spiritual strength during times of great chaos, stress, and need.

Today the 90th Infantry Division pays tribute to the chaplains who stood with us, who soothed our spirits, who inspired us to continue on in our great fight when our spirits were weak.

It's with deep gratitude and a true sense of humility we dedicate this section to you.

BRINGING UP FATHER: *DIARY OF A WWII CHAPLAIN*

Rev. Donald J. Murphy, 357th Infantry Regiment

Following is a portion of an actual diary kept daily by Rev. Donald J. Murphy from the beach in Normandy to the end of the war in Czecho-Slovakia. Included here are selected time periods and related events from March 1944 until Chaplain Murphy's return to the US in December 1945. Side trips and other personal experiences have been omitted due to space limitations. The three numbers sometimes found preceding some mass listings refer to the number at mass, confession, and Holy Communion in that order.

MARCH 1944

Staging Area:
Camp Kilmer,
New Jersey

The order of the day is medical readiness with typhus shots, security lectures, impregnated clothing, the film, "Abandoning Ship," and then the practice of going over the side of a mock-up ship, *The Rock and Rye*, by a rope cargo net.

On Sunday we had three masses with attendance 150, 70, and 80 – a low number since most of the men are in New York for their last leave. The chapel is cold, but I thought it best to talk on the great Catholic soldier of WWI, Joyce Kilmer, after whom the camp is named. A convert to the faith, Kilmer was a poet of the first order and the author of the great poem, *Trees*.

March 22, Wednesday – We had breakfast at 4:00A.M. and got in trucks to take us to the ferry. When we got off the Brooklyn pier our ship, *Dominion Monarch*, was waiting. As we walked up the gangplank, a couple of bands on the dock were playing "East Side, West Side" and then "My Wild Irish Rose." But since our 90th Infantry originally was based in Texas and Oklahoma, and most of the men were from the Southwest, they would have preferred "Deep in the Heart of Texas."

We were all loaded down with winter clothing, overcoats, steel helmets, and, for most officers, a valet pack. We were in a single file. I had my mass kit in my right hand and my bedding in my left as I approached the narrow gangplank. As I gingerly picked my way over the yawning space between the dock and the ship (there was no railing), I fell flat. My chin hit the plank, the mass kit was dangling in my right hand, my bedding roll in my left. I could not get up. Finally, an alert soldier from the ship and another from the dock helped me to my feet. But I thought to myself, "What a helluva beginning."

March 23, The Next Morning – I found I am the only Catholic chaplain on this troop ship. The ship left New York about 6:30A.M. There will be two meals, one at 9A.M. and another at 6:30P.M. The whole 357th Reg. of the 90th Infantry Division is on board – about 3,000 men, I am told. The sea is very rough. We find we are in the middle of a large convoy; a flat-top is directly ahead of us and about six or eight transports. Men are sleeping in hammocks, and we are surely crowded. Special Service Officer, Captain McNamara, is my roommate; he announced the time of my masses and religious services over the PA system. We have three masses – 7; 10:15; and 11:00. About 700 men attended. Daily mass is announced for each day at 8:15A.M. Protestant services are held on C deck, where one of the two Protestant chaplains, Groves, had 713. I had confessions all day after mass and from 1 to 3P.M. and after supper from 7:30 to 8:30P.M. After a steak dinner, I gave out about a hundred New Testaments and 500 rosary kits. Watches are now set ahead one hour.

EUROPE:

ENGLAND AND FRANCE

March 24, Friday – The third day out, we have a lecture by a British officer; many confessions and a rough sea break the monotony. Tuesday the sea was so rough, you could not stand up. The weather is beastly. More confessions and MAIL CALL. Another lecture by the British colonel.

March 25, Sunday – The second Sunday on the water finds us with three masses and about 700 men in attendance. They say we will be in Liverpool on Tuesday. Some ships from the convoy have left and have gone to Glasgow. We are in two files now, evidently passing through a narrow channel.

April 4, Tuesday – We "cross the bar" this morning if the fog recedes. Three meals of K-rations are issued, but we expect to have lunch on the ship before we go ashore. We are glad to get rid of our "wings" (life preservers). It seems we are tied up to a floating dock in the Mersey River. After supper the winches begin unloading all the freight from the hold. One of the two Protestant chaplains, Chaplain Glen, and I will leave the ship at 5 o'clock tomorrow morning, and we will go to the same area. Chaplain Groves, will not be located near us. We are told we will be located near Birmingham. British General, Sir Arthur Corey, spoke to all the officers at 4P.M. He welcomed us saying, "You are not fighting our war, or winning our war!" We had a talk on VD by a security officer.

April 5, Wednesday – We were up at 4:45A.M. and ready to go at 5A.M. We finally left the ship and were on the train at 6:15A.M. We went through beautiful country till we came to a small town, Arley, at 11:00. We went to Kinlet Hall in a jeep. It is on the grounds of a large ancestral estate where we are to pitch our tents and live for the time being. Probably the most outstanding point about the estate is the very old chapel. I presume the chapel was built around 1090, since the whole property was part of the gifts William the Conqueror gave his loyal Normans after they took Britain in 1054. I visited this chapel this afternoon. The door was unlocked, and I found that it was Anglican.

April 6, Thursday -- Since this is HOLY THURSDAY, I would have my first mass on British soil. My mass was in the chapel at 5P.M. It was a momentous occasion, since there had been no Catholic mass there since the 16th century. There were only three present: Captain Boccaccio, the medic; Captain Houlihan; and my new assistant, Corporal McKenna. After supper, we went though the whole of Kinlet Hall, from cellar to roof. Built in 1729 it was a typical Georgian home. It is used to house a school for blind boys during the war emergency.

April 7, GOOD FRIDAY – Reveille at 6:30A.M. Took a 5-mile hike in full battle gear in the afternoon. At 7P.M. services in the chapel. Many officers stayed after the service to take a look around the chapel, including our commanding officer, Colonel Sheehy.

April 9, EASTER SUNDAY -- It is misty and rainy, but we had a good turn-out at the 11th century chapel on the Childe Estate. (400-50-5). After mass I took off in the jeep for Gatacre for mass at 11:00A.M. for the 1st Bn. There were still about 55 waiting for the mass. It was raining heavily. There were no chairs under the tent. What a contrast to earlier mass at Kinlet – ancient beauty in architecture and comfort! We headed back to Kinlet for another mass at 5P.M. in the chapel. In the evening I went to see the vicar at his home and kept him away from the pub until 9P.M.

April 10, Monday – This morning I wrote seven letters to families of men who asked me to write to their relatives. Another regiment, 358th of the 90th Division, has arrived in England. It took them *twenty* days to cross! The sky is crisscrossed with gliders and C-47s. It is raining; small mass. Went to bed early. Sent in my report for March to the chaplain's office.

April 11, Tuesday –Our 90th Division Hqs. is in Selly Oak, a suburb of Birmingham.

April 13, Thursday – Another hike. Went to the hospital, 52nd Field Hospital, near Kidderminster with Chaplain Glenn. Visited some sick GIs.

April 14, Friday – To Gatacre by way of Kidderminster. Stopped at Father Morgan's for confession and the convent to pick up some laundry. Went to the Red Cross. Four at mass.

April 15, Saturday – Worked on history of Kinlet which I will give to the men. They are all interested in knowing all about it. Gave a sex morality talk at 11:00 and stressed Honor, Love, and Duty.

April 17, Monday – To Birmingham in a convoy in the evening. General Collins spoke both in the afternoon and evening. He felt a "fighting spirit" as a result of the "morale." He said the men should realize that their officers are expert in knowledge of their weapons and that each officer is interested in each individual soldier!

April 21, Friday – No mass today. Went to Birmingham by convoy at 4:45. General Bradley spoke to all the troops. He gave us the story of a Sergeant Mochs who had captured 7 Germans and marched them out of an Italian house. Then, Mochs went back and arched 3 more out. He was made a 2nd lieutenant on the spot!

April 24, Monday – Took over the softball league this morning. Hiked two hours with Cannon Co. Went to Birmingham in the afternoon to Burns and Oates. We now have our own jeep. Jeep number is 2D 34 04 18 5.

April 27, Thursday – To the hospital again; saw 35 men. Stopped again at Kidderminster and saw Father Morgan and the assistant, Father McCabe. I was back in time for mass at 6P.M.

April 28, Friday – In bed with a temperature.

May 4, Thursday — Having a hard time with the stove in my tent. The wind blew the pipe down. It is quite cold. Had mass in the tent and rosary at Kinlet Chapel with Sergeant Hayes and Sergeant Hassett in attendance. The days are getting longer.

May 7, Sunday — Masses at 8:15 and 9:15 at the Kinlet Chapel at Gatacre at 11:00. Stopped at Harvington Hall in jeep after mass. This is a landmark house owned by the Diocese of Birmingham. It has many places where priests were able to hide during the penal days of Queen Elizabeth and Cromwell.

May 8, Monday — No mass today. Was called by Colonel Sheehy to give an escorted tour of the Kinlet Chapel to top brass: Four Star General Hodges! I had been working on the history of Kinlet Hall from material the vicar had given me. I was giving out these short synopses to the men; evidently Colonel Sheehy thought I should give the same thing in person to the general.

May 9, Tuesday — This morning I gave 15 pounds, 11 shillings, and 9 pence to the vicar: a gesture of gratitude for his letting us use the beautiful chapel. We will be moving shortly. I asked the GIs to show their gratitude by contributing to a fund for him. I know things are tough here. The vicar accepted the money which amounted to about 60 dollars. I was awakened about 10:00P.M. by an officer lurching into my pup tent. He flashed his light and discovered he was not in his own tent, but that he was in my tent — the chaplain's tent. He had had a good amount of beer, but said that the vicar was a "great guy!" The vicar was at the Eagle and Serpent, the pub, and had treated all the men in the joint! "He surely was generous, paying for all the drinks himself!" (Sixty bucks?)

May 11, Thursday — We moved out on a problem in the Wye Forest with the battalion.

May 12, Friday — We are preparing to leave here, and we are marking and packing everything. Our stuff we will not be able to take into combat is being addressed to the "Effects Quartermaster."

May 13, Saturday — We all hopped trucks and jeeps and left Kinlet Hall early. We came through Worcester with a very fine cathedral, passed the Tintern Abbey ruins. We were about the last in the convoy and, of course, driving on the left of the road. Enroute, Corporal McKenna, my jeep driver, became sleepy, and it was a job keeping him awake. Arrived at the race course near Bournemouth at 2P.M. No mass.

May 15, Monday — Chaplains Glenn and Grove, the two Protestant haplains with the 357th Infantry Reg., and I have makeshift offices in part of race course with the Red Cross. Mass at 5P.M. (35-1-8). We had rosrary in an abandoned room. Sergeant Hassett brought a crowd of 11.

May 17, Wednesday — Went to Newport for papers for the office. Mass at 5:30. We have a new colonel. Sheehy is sent to division. I talked on the subject: "If your number comes up," and "I have all the major voice."

May 22, Monday — Hiked with the 3rd Bn. McKenna is working on waterproofing of the jeep. Went to Sedbury and the Red Cross Donut Dugout. Mass (25-20-2). Rosary-6.

May 23, Tuesday — Mass (25-2-12). Everyone got a crown cut haircut — one-eighth of an inch. Went to Bulwark in the evening for confessions, had tea there and figured out a way to cover Bulwark.

May 30, Tuesday — Co. G at mass for their special blessing (35-18-16). Rosary at 9P.M. in the straw-littered store room under the race course stand 15. We were given our impregnated shoes tonight. Went into Cos. M and L for calisthenics.

May 31, Wednesday — Co. G received Holy Communion in a body today. I took a picture of them. Brought more of my surplus clothes to Father Ryan.

June 1, Thursday — Mass at 6A.M. (80-0-35). Sedbury at 8 where I baptized Charles Bruce and Ed Kranicki. Father Ryan gave me some baptismal water.

June 4, Sunday — Up at 3:30A.M. Packed in darkness. Left the only towel I had. Went by train to Cardiff and to the ship, *Explorer*, around 9A.M. Pack is very heavy. Mass on deck at 3P.M. Terrific wind caused a lot of trouble (250-1-15). Rosary at 9:30. This is the anniversary of my ordination — 7th.

June 6, Monday — Still on board the *Explorer*. We still have two meals; 7:45 and 4:45. Mass at noon in enlisted men's mess hall (60-1-12). Rosary on boat deck increased to 20. We are parked in the channel of Bristol Harbor, I guess, near Swampsea. By radio we hear the Allies have taken Rome without a battle. We are all taking seasick pills.

June 6, Tuesday, der TAG — At breakfast the radio said our troops are landing along the channel in French ports; they did not say which. We are sitting tight, waiting for our turn. The day drags by. We have mass at 3P.M. We announced it on the ship's PA system; had a good crowd (230-35-20). We are anchored all day.

June 7, Wednesday — Still in the channel. The radio at breakfast gave us news that no one knew whether we were heading for Le-Havre or Cherbourg. Mass in the mess hall at 3:30 (230-100-50). Rosary on deck at 8:30P.M. Everyone was in bed by 9P.M. No one undressed. We are alerted twice during the night but nothing came of it. We are *moving* in total darkness.

June 8, Thursday — After moving all night, we have now reached the shores of Normandy at 6A.M. Barrage balloons all over the skies; no enemy airplanes around; we sit like sitting ducks waiting for our turn to go over the net. Finally about 3:30P.M. we go over the net, hit the water, and wade through it about up to our waists. As we hit the beach, we left our life belts there and moved rapidly toward a road that said, "Ste. Mere Eglise." We headed for the interior, walking about six miles. Our specified place for rendezvous was "out" because the ship carrying the 1st Bn. of 359, that was supposed to have taken it, had hit a mine and sunk. Chaplains Grove and Glenn were on the beach, but also moved away from that area as fast as they could. About midnight we hiked through the small village of Ste. Mere Eglise. There was no life visible. Doors of houses hung open; we passed the church; church clock struck the hour of midnight. So we kept moving until we found our place in a field next to our field artillery: their shells were going out regularly. (I thought they were coming in!)

June 9, Friday — These fields amounted to a marshalling area for our regiment. Normandy is a French farming country. It actually smells of milk. We see little French boys of nine and 10 smoking. My jeep and driver arrive in the morning. They had some trouble leaving their boat. They were told to move fast into the water with their vehicles, and to make sure they had their proper trailer. When I asked Corporal McKenna how he made out, he replied the trailer he had brought had no trouble coming on the shore. However, someone else got my trailer, hit a depression in the sand, and the trailer filled with water. Everything of value was in that trailer and had to be discarded. The only thing not covered with salt water was the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help! My breviaries, however, had to be buried right there in the field, and what little was able to be dried out, we saved. About midnight we started out for our first meeting with the enemy. Outside Ste. Mere Eglise we headed for Amfreville, walking. The enemy was already shelling a small bridge over a river. We had to run to get over it without getting hit. This was our "baptism of fire." An old farmhouse, whose walls had been hit by small arms fire, was made into our aid station. Men from the 82nd Airborne were all over. We are relieving them. Bodies of German soldiers and dead livestock are all around. Of course, we greet the dawn with hope.

June 10, Saturday — We are fighting to get Amfreville. Later, we moved to a hospital in Amfreville, near the Mairie City Hall. As we moved along single file on the side of the road, German snipers in trees were taking shots at us. It seemed to me incomprehensible we did not stop and get them out of the trees, but no, we plodded on expecting they would die a natural death — because they would be our prisoners, if we kept pushing on. The terrain was something new. On each side of the road we found high embankments, actually earthen fences made up not only of dirt, but brambles, shrubs, and trees that made a complete screen — something the enemy could use for cover. We were walking targets. Many of the fields were marked "minen" (mines), signs probably put there by the Germans to scare us. At any rate, we finally divided into two groups and went into fields on each side of the road. General McKelvie stood by the road as we went forward. The fields were not more than 100 yards square, but the sad part of it was that each was bordered on four sides by these high fences of dirt and shrubs. In French we found the word for them— *Bocage*.

One of the primary rules of the infantry is never to bunch up; but, we not only bunched up on each side of the road, but seemed to forget all our training. That was the signal, it seemed, for the German 88s to open up on us. Evidently, some of the snipers in the trees could signal the artillery just where to drop their shells, and we were subjected to a barrage. They had machine guns and mortars as well. All hell broke loose. Since we were pinned down, the first thought of the men was to get out of that field and get to a better place. So, they began to go over the nearest ditches to the rear. In this hectic situation, and in complete darkness, no officer called out for the men to stand. All were bunching up and going through an opening in the *rear* of the earthen fence.

It seemed to me that if we ran back all the way to the beach, there would be no farther place to go, so it would be best to make a stand right here. Somebody had to do something. So I crossed over the hole in the fence (Bocage), and, as the men clambered through the hole for safety, I shouted, "Here is where we stand." The men recognized any order. It was pitch darkness, and any officer could have given such an order. The men obeyed at once. "We are standing here — at this spot!"

The retreat halted, and we stood there during the rest of the night. At dawn, word came we would push forward across more fields and meet the enemy. We had many casualties.

June 11, Sunday — As we moved forward, I stayed with the troops, but finally went back to the aid station where two medical officers were helping bind up the wounded. The floor of the farmhouse was flowing with blood. Many French farmers had taken refuge in the house, too. One brave woman was making butter by shaking a pitcher filled with cream. She stood there placidly, shaking it with a cloth stuffed on the top. They said the Germans had taken all their flour. For the first time since we landed, I slept on the ground outside the farmhouse.

June 14, Wednesday — Amfreville

is taken, so the aid station moves into a building with a large red cross on the roof. It had been used as a hospital by the Germans.

June 16, Friday -- We are moving from Amfreville to Gourbesville which has just been taken. We are trying to break out of the Cotentin Peninsula, where the Germans are trying to bottle us up. A rest day is called at noon. Since it is also my birthday, I searched for a place to celebrate mass. The only place was a stable. We now have a new colonel, Colonel Barth, who told us he hoped we would soon take Cherbourg and that would simplify our supply lines.

June 17, Saturday — Rest day, so we have mass again in the stable at 10A.M. Some of the men sleep in the village houses. Last night we were dismayed to hear the houses were being looted by our men to the tune of all the silver spoons, a camera, and bicycles! I was the last one to catch up with our column as it moved out of town. I tried to help the villagers. Slept in the field.

June 18, Sunday — We are moving forward. We moved to Gourbeville and Orglandes. The churches were very familiar— a Norman type of architecture. We all got into our vehicles and rode in the darkening evening through St. Saveur le Vicomte a road junction near Neuville de Beaumont. We dug in and stayed in a trench all night. Lieutenant Sheeran took 66 prisoners in the town. First, five came out of the house, and then, when he called to the others to surrender, they came out "like nickles from a slot machine."

June 19, Monday — The aid station is now located on the road in the large farmhouse of M. Veuve Flambard, La Land de Haut, St. Saveur de Pierrepont, Manche. A load of refugees was in the house, so the stable became our aid station. We are having quite a good many casualties.

June 20, Tuesday — Captain McConahy is transferred from the aid station, and Captain Boccaccio has come to take his place. The enemy is using a lot of tanks here; we are pinned down.

June 25, Sunday — Mass in the church at 10 o'clock. I was returned a letter I had mailed while in England. In it I had told a chaplain friend I was in an area with lots of cows and horses. The letter had been opened and read. I was told I was giving away military secrets!!!

June 26, Monday — Rained all day, seems quiet. We had a duck dinner in the evening — a gift of the house — Dominski, Boccaccio, Paul Renault, the cook, Phil Pfaff, Leo Brobst, Tony, and I. Word is that Cherbourg has been taken by our troops. It is D-Plus-20.

June 27, Tuesday — Went back to Ste. Mere Eglise with Tony Ferraro, the driver to see personnel. We met some of the 101st AB there. VIII Corps includes 82nd, 101st, and 90th.

June 29-30, Thursday-Friday — Went to regiment for mail, and we all left Madame Beuve's house. Arrived at rest area about 3:30P.M. Again had to dig slit trenches. It was raining all day. All the regiment battalions are here. Had mass at 5P.M. (75-0-0). Rosary in K Co. (63) under a tree.

July 1, Saturday — Breakfast with Colonel Kildea, our battalion commander, a Catholic from Texas. Took my first bath out of a helmet. We are ordered to move out at 5P.M., so had mass for 2nd Bn., at 3P.M. 1st. Bn. has mass at 4. Chaplain Grove came by and said he expects to be the div. chaplain since Captain Higgenbothan got cold feet when we were taking off from Cardiff. We moved to relieve 358th Reg. Dug in. Rained all night.

July 3, Monday — It is rumored the 101st has returned to England. We had a second D-Day; a great barrage of shelling. We pulled out of the field near Appeville. It rained all night; my foxhole is full of water. Tony F. handed me a ration for breakfast. One of our recon men shot his best friend accidentally and killed him.

July 4, Tuesday — Near Pretot. Patton is supposed to arrive at Cherbourg today.

July 5, Wednesday — Our men are moving forward. We have taken St. Jores and moved in about 6:00. Got May and June reports out.

July 6, Thursday — Many casualties today in St. Jores. It seems the Germans are making a stand against us so we will be bottled up in this peninsula. The town here is completely demolished.

July 7, Friday — Wrote some letters. A shell fell in the road about 7P.M. Shrapnel came and made a dent on Dominski's jeep. The same shell cut my jeep into ribbons. Cos. I and L are reported to be cut off by the enemy.

July 8, Saturday — Co. I surrendered last night. Co. L is still cut off. K is fighting with E Co. Colonel Kildea is being relieved. There are concrete pillboxes on high ground that are taking a terrific toll on our men. Captain Graff heard Lieutenant Martin with I Co. cry over the radio making a plea for bazooka shells. They have no ammunition! When the ammo was being brought to him, the men were sprayed with machine gun fire and had to give up. Germans are counter-attacking through the gap between L and G Cos.

July 9, Sunday, St. Jores — Co. L is now gone too! What is left of our 3rd Bn. is now joined to the 1st Bn. Lieutenant DeRoun, a Cajun, was still holding out. Had mass in a stable next to the house at 9:30.

July 10, Monday — Co. K still holding. Captain Allen given a majority by VOCO.

July 11, Tuesday — Captain Allen is killed by a shell as he was standing in an observer post with Lieutenant Lowe.

July 12, Wednesday — Moved to Beau Coudray, the place we are fighting for. We set up temporarily in home of a Captain Simon. The whole town is shot. Many of the enemy dead are along the way.

July 13, Thursday — Buried a Frenchman in the cemetery today. He had been dead a couple of days.

July 14, Friday - Late in the afternoon we moved up a dirt road near Gorges. Set up in a big, double house the Germans had recently left in a dirty condition.

July 16, Sunday — Mass in orchard at 10A.M. (257-15-18). I had to mention something about the "liberating" of stuff from people's homes, as well as from dead bodies. One GI had wrist watches from his wrist to his elbow. Mass at Grove's, 1st Bn. at 3P.M. Small group at 2nd Bn. and Hqs. at 5P.M. Santenay.

July 17, Monday — We moved to a place near an island we have to take. We have relieved the 2nd Bn. near Nay.

July 18, Tuesday — The 2nd Bn. is in a rest period. Hassett was wounded. Felicetti was killed. Hayes is now 1st Sergeant of Co. G. (107-18-5).

July 19, Wednesday — Mass early in the morning at 2nd Bn. Went to Bricquebec after telling Major Domreys about Lieutenant Shaughnessy who is getting over a case of nerves. I decided to go back to the Trappist Monastery (Notre Dame de Grace) near Cherbourg at Bricquebec. There are a lot of refuges here, mostly older people with some religious.

July 22, Saturday — We are still near Nay outside Periers.

July 23, Sunday — Mass at 2nd Bn., still in a rest period, at 3P.M. Went to 1st Bn. for mass at 5P.M. (76-8-5). Grove came back with me. He said Chaplains Esser and Stoller had evacuated 16 wounded from the island by using a Red Cross flag. German officers told them that the German medics carry guns to protect the wounded. The Russians, they say, kill the wounded. Eighteen Germans had carried litters for them. Our planes strafed them, and they jumped into holes. We had a big stew a la Dominski for supper.

July 24, Monday — Morning mass in the schoolhouse opposite at 8:30. Many dive bombers are hitting the island. At 9:15 a German shell hit the roof of the house where CP is. Major Oliver, who had just arrived as a replacement, and with whom I was talking in the house before the fireplace not ten minutes before, was killed. Waldo, Beard, and four others were wounded and evacuated. Colonel Mason and Watson in the same room, escaped unhurt. There was a great concussion — I could feel it when I was across the street in the schoolhouse. Most of the artillery shells that are coming in are large — 105s. One hit in the field near the house. Everyone is jittery.

July 25, Tuesday — Still here trying to keep the island. Mass at noon. Men from Lieutenant Geigle's outfit came to mass. We are in the midst of a great drive — about 3,000 of our planes are overhead.

July 27, Thursday — Am writing letters to relatives of boys who have paid the price. Co. K and I are now surrounded by Germans. I went with some litter bearers to K Co. Their plight was something. They had no ammo, no communications, no artillery observer. The whole Co. K with Captain Henry in charge are about wild. This is at La Fossarie.

July 28, Friday — We walked all day on and off. Germans in full retreat by car. Some mines in the road blew up two vehicles. We finally stopped at a little village near La Suaverie.

July 31, Monday — Taking care of special troops. Mass at 7P.M. People returning to their homes now. Some are carrying their clothes and bedding in wheelbarrows. Some are on bicycles, and some are driving cows before them, or leading a horse or a donkey. There is fresh meat in many of the companies. "The cows did not know the password"

August 1, Tuesday — Still at a rest period. Acquired a green parachute, American, today. I first had to wash out all the blood from it because it was used by our men to bind the wounds of a German motorcyclist who lost his way, entered our camp, and was wounded. I can use this nylon parachute for a set of vestments — which will be a good camouflage. USO show tonight. We must leave this area tonight.

August 2, Wednesday — Moving since 3:30A.M. in a long convoy at top speed through dark roads, and no lights. We are moving out of the Cotentin Peninsula. Arrived near a place not far from Martigny about 3P.M. Found a small house for the aid station. Convoys moving all day long. We saw Patton at one point standing on a jeep urging the troops to keep moving. We were almost bumper to bumper heading straight for Paris — then the German border. The Germans are fleeing before us. The people are overjoyed. The Germans did not leave until Monday night, and we are here Wednesday. One German officer, almost dead, was treated in the aid station. Had mass under the trees.

August 5, Saturday — Up at 5A.M. and off on foot in a column toward town of Mayenne. We seem to be using a shuttle system, one battalion or regiment leap frogs another. The country is beautiful; the people are still overjoyed and line the road with flowers. Even though we are no longer in Normandy, many houses have shrines of the BVM on the outside of the house, or over the main door. Houses are old and are made of stone. Our patrols in the next town have told us they have 3,000 enemy there, and mines are all over the roads. The Germans had an observation tower in

the church and were using two other towers so they could control the whole countryside. When we got in, the enemy had cleared out just two hours before! The people were delirious with joy. Flags of all kinds are hanging out the windows; some even had American flags.

August 6, Sunday — We are in Garron. Had mass at 8 in St. Martin's Church here. Great crowds are going to mass. Left at 11 for Mayenne and St. Suzanne. I Co. took little town of Chevers. K Co. patrol went farther ahead, got caught. Lieutenant Geigle was killed.

August 7, Monday — We pulled out in the morning and headed for LeMans. Trucks and more trucks are crowding the roads. Even though it was raining, people still line the roads.

August 8, Tuesday — Moving forward constantly in convoy. It was pitch black. The 90th is in LeMans.

August 9, Wednesday - On the road to LeMans. Along the road are pieces of German tanks and equipment knocked out by our artillery. We entered LeMans.

August 20, Sunday — Up at 6, moved toward Argentan. Germans still in the town. Our troops are evidently closing a trap in which the Germans are caught. Three of their generals have surrendered. I typed Dominski's report of "Task Force Weaver," written up to apply for a presidential citation. Mass at 5P.M. This place is called "Carnage Valley." Six thousand Germans surrendered. The German convoy, stretched out for three miles trying to escape, was caught by our planes and are decimated; the dead are piled high.

August 21, Monday — I was really wet this morning. It rained during the night. It was a cold, cold bath tub. The 358th was moving out when we came in. They had 100 wounded German prisoners in the aid station yesterday. The Catholic refugees here seem to be very good.

August 23, Wednesday — Grove called. Mass at 9 (287-45-20). There are piles of German tanks and artillery knocked out here. Started out for Alecon again; met Dossognes and Kerns at Wilson's. Chaplain Esser had his finger damaged trying to defuse a shell and has been hospitalized. He now wants to return to his regiment. Raining.

August 24, Thursday — Though I planned to go to 358 and have mass, it was changed in favor of a formation and decorations were given out by the general. When I stood before him, he pinned the Bronze Star on my shirt and said, "This is what makes religion pay over here!" Colonel Mason and a private received the Silver Star. About 45 received the Bronze Star. Later, I headed for Le Mans. Sister Edith at the Little Sisters of the Poor will try to make a decent set of vestments out of the remaining pieces of the parachute.

August 25, Friday — Mass at 2nd Bn. on the 2nd floor of the city hall, LeMeillieur. Nine trucks brought men (102-21-8). Mass at 11 for 3rd Bn. Wrote condolence letters. Have about 40 or 50 to write. Grove stopped in to show his new major leaves. Glenn is going to get the Bronze Star.

August 26, Saturday — We are getting ready to move out toward Fontainebleu and are getting new clothes. We covered about 165 miles today. C-47s are in the sky all day. Arrived in the woods outside Fontainebleu about 10P.M.

August 27, Sunday — Mass in woods (202-25-21). After breakfast, we rode all day, crossing the Seine on a pontoon bridge outside Fontainebleu.

August 31, Thursday — Mass announced for 10A.M. (127-15-5). Men responded to the prayers led by McKenna in English. Moved on to Carmicy for mass at night for regiment headquarters and 1st Bn. This is a grand old church. The sanctuary goes back to the 11th century and the nave to the 10th.

September 1, Friday — Mass at Pontavert. Breakfast at Father Lefevre's for McKenna and me. I got caught on the end of the convoy. We marched all day over a fine road near Rheims. We passed several American cemeteries from WWI. The Germans had moved out Wednesday. Fields near Rheims were pockmarked from shell holes from WWI.

September 2, Saturday — Raining and getting colder. Mass in an old French fort underground (103-8-10) for 1st Bn. at 9A.M. Went to 358th through the rain. I moved on to next town — Warmeriville. It was a new church. A band was playing outside, and a big crowd inside. A lot of 358 men were the, 2nd Bn., so I announced I would hear confessions. The mass was impressive. The people kept crying, "Nous sommes libere" — "We are set free." They said there were at least 500,000 civil prisoners in Germany and 1,600,000 military prisoners as well. There was a parade after mass. The flags led the parade, the American flag on the right, with the French. We then all marched to a WWI memorial. About 12 or 15 children put flowers on the monument. A man spoke; then a girl of 12 and a boy of 10 read the names of the WWI war dead. After each name, the boy said, "Brave and noble soldier." At the conclusion, they all sang the Marseillaise. We left about 4P.M., headed for Rheims. We visited the National cathedral of France and loved it.

September 3, Sunday — Thought we might have a convoy to Rheims and mass in the cathedral, but were turned down by the regiment; no gas. Had mass in Berru for the three battalions in town. The church is very old — 11th century, but in good condition. It seems the whole town has been rebuilt since WWI. Had K-rations in front of the church after mass. Moved over to 358 for mass in the evening. Chaplain Stoller gave us our supper. Chaplain Hamilton said he had used Catholic churches for Protestant services! This is forbidden. He said the pastor of the church stood by his side and hummed the tunes of his hymns. Hamilton did not enter the sanctuary, he said. We got a little gas from him and ambled into Rheims. Met Lieutenant Dyer entering the city too. He suggested we stay at the "Lion d'Or." I got a private room and slept between clean sheets! There is a lot of rank around — especially the 90th Div. Corps — yet the whole place is "off limits."

September 4, Monday — Mass in the Cathedral of Rheims at the side alter of the Rieta. Took the tour of the cathedral at 2P.M. after eating with Gordon, McKenna, and Nowack. Most of the reconstruction work was paid for by John D. Rockefeller, a plaque after WWI stated. Saw General Devine and Chaplain Dossogne taking the same tour. I bought a lot of things for the guys who were not allowed to come to town — mostly postcards, about 200.

September 5, Tuesday — Set out for Berra in a driving rain toward Verdun. Went though Argonne Forest which still showed signs of the bombing of WWI. Trenches are still visible.

September 6, Wednesday — Raining. We had mass in the church there. Around the church on the inside the people had made a silver chain of the silver strips of paper our planes drop to confuse radar signals.

September 7, Thursday — Leave Muiville and walk all day over rough terrain. Came to Neuchef, the first village with German street names and signs on the stores. Went on through it to Mance. At LaVenture one of our medics was killed on a recon jeep. We pulled out at night and entered Avril by a back road, a town the Germans had just left. We are in a school for boys. Our 1st Bn. zeroed in on the church steeple and made it topple!

September 8, Friday — Lieutenant Sheeran has my trailer attached to his jeep since McKenna is still away. I could not celebrate mass — my mass kit is in my trailer, and I could not locate Sheeran. Rained all day.

September 9, Saturday — Mass in church. Good crowd (210-250-30). Lunch with M. L'Abbe. It was a real repast. Had general services at 4P.M. in the first floor of the CP. Another haircut by Boccaccio.

September 10, Sunday — Mass in church at 9 (180-11-20). I suggested a collection for the church badly damaged by the tank destroyers. The men were very generous. Our unit walked out at 6P.M. through Neufchef and across fields into Hyingen. Again, we came in by a surprise route. We are in the part of Lorraine that was German before WWI. There are 21 cases of dynamite outside. The souvenir hunters had a field day.

September 11, Monday — An upstairs room had some clothes of the Hitler Youth. The men confiscated them. Lieutenant Gallo got a swastika. Mass at noon. A young priest is cure here. All the people are bilingual. One Indian GI shot 3 Jerries at the hip, but was shot himself when he raised his M-I. We moved out about 6P.M. I am riding in the ambulance lying down since I have no jeep and the trailer is being pulled by an officer.

September 12, Tuesday — It was an intense darkness last night as we moved out. In the early morning we moved into the town of Uckange. We set up in a German post office near the railroad bridge over the Moselle. The Germans were just driven out of here by K Co. McKenna returned in the evening with the vestments and the alb. I was sure he was captured since he set out without a map, gas, rations, or permission! We went through Paris and Carentan, all the way back to Normandy. The railroad bridge was blown up by the Germans as they retreated.

September 14, Thursday — At 1:30A.M. everyone got up to move. It was raining, but we set out anyway in convoy about 4A.M. It was still dark, and, since our driver could not see in the darkness, the jeep ran into an anti-tank gun twice. At daylight we left the assembly area and rode through many mining towns along the Moselle, all with German names. The people were happy to see us. We went past Domrach toward Metz. At night we relieved the 7th Armored in an attack on a German fort in very rough country. 1st Bn. is there. We slept in two tents outside in a quarry — McKenna and Robertson; Boccaccio and I were bunk mates. News is that 12th Corps is in Germany at Trier already. There are a great many Italian workmen here.

September 15, Friday — A 105 artillery shell came in the quarry during the night where we were sleeping in dog tents. It hit the opposite stone wall of the quarry which blunted its nose, so it did not go off — otherwise we all would have been hit! It landed very placidly in front of my jeep.

September 17, Sunday — Mass in the nearby village of Malincourt at 9. The church is very clean (tres propre). My muddy shoes did not help much. The pastor's shoes are shining. There is no organ, but the choir sang a fine Gregorian Mass. A crypt under the church dates back to the 11th Century. Still raining. We moved out of the quarry up to a warehouse where 1st Bn. had been. Everything is mud, mud, and more mud! We are held down here trying to take Mizeres les Metz specifically.

September 21, Thursday — Mass at Co. A at 10A.M. outside, no rain. Met a couple of tank men, saw the inside and took a couple of snaps. Chaplain Grove came in and said, "No more condolence letters!" Send them through channels with a note of what you know about the event!

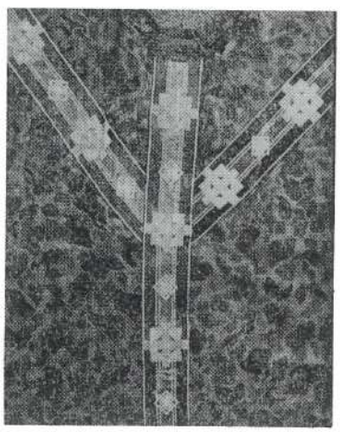
September 25, Monday — Raining and muddy. Went to 2nd Bn.; Glenn's at Rombach. Mass at 5P.M. This is a large town. The church is a little modernistic. Shells on Saturday broke some of the windows. On my way back I stopped at 282 Field Artillery for supper. They have no chaplain, so I will help them out. Got some mail. Maloney got a broken ankle. Lieutenant Durbin is wounded here. He is a good officer; he preferred to be wounded rather than one of his men. His knee will probably be stiff.

September 28, Thursday — Little sick to my stomach. No mass. Went to Malincourt later. Margureta, his cook, did a good job fixing my chasuble. Also stopped at Piervillers. Chaplain Lewis is still in Paris!

October 4, Wednesday — Took 10 Jewish boys to Doncourt in two jeeps for religious services. Talked with Grove and Wilson about letters.

October 5, Thursday — Solemn mass at 10A.M. at Piervillers, the closing day of the *Forty Hours*.

October 6, Friday — Sending negatives in to be printed. Mass in I Co. at 4 in the CP (130-5-6). Stayed for supper. Kimball is in charge. Captain Dominski got the Silver Star. He is proud of it. Refugees are living on upper floors of warehouse where we live. One GI was cleaning his rifle, and it went off. The bullet went through the ceiling and grazed the head of a small infant who was being bathed by his mother in the room above. "All hell broke loose."



October 8, Sunday — Mass at Malincourt at 9 (82-10-10). Went to Piervillers at 11:15. This is the first time the men saw my vestments made form the green parachute.

October 13, Friday — Mass in a new school in Rombas at 4P.M. The attic is the only place available. Had supper with Glenn, Major Warden and Kocour. Glenn says Lewis is on the pan for staying so long in Paris! Kocour took me over to another town for a blanket jacket.

October 16, Monday — Mass again in the Rombas attic for 1st Bn. The story is Chaplain Lewis is gone!!! "He met a girl friend in Paris" (not sick — just sick of the army). Chaplain Spraggins is in his place!! Met Chaplain Sedoti. Chaplain Dossognes had some fine rosaries that he buys. He is going on retreat! He has all conveniences!

October 21, Saturday — No mass. Traveled around getting wet. People are being evacuated from the nearby town of Marange. You feel sorry for them. Some are returning to their homes. There are a lot of displaced persons around.

October 29, Sunday — Attack at long last on Maizeres by 1st and 3rd Bns. *We finally took it!* Colonel Barth and Major Henry were wounded. Hanks, litter-bearer, was killed. Mass at Piervillers at 11:15 (32-10-15). Dinner with Father Conrad and a religious of the Camillus Order. Mass at the Usine at 4P.M. (60-10-10). Goron took pictures of the mass.

October 31, Monday — No mass. Left the Usine at 10 o'clock. Set up in Amniville in an old school. McKenna and I set out for clearing station. Finally located Dossogne, Sedoti, and Kerns in the cure's office. Planned trip to Rheims with them. When we got back to the jeep, we found kids had stolen coffee, etc., from the jeep.

November 1, Wednesday — Grande Masse Amniville at 10:15. When I returned, I found our convoy had left, so I had to travel with the regiment. Went through Rosalange, Mayeux, Avril, Briey-Bazailles. The last town we were in was deserted. All Soul's Day. Everyone was in church for vespers. They came out and filed to the cemetery. It was sad. The people stood by their family graves for the family prayers before leaving. The church bell was tolling all the time.

November 2, Thursday — Yesterday afternoon I took some Jewish boys over to a service we arranged for them. There was no Jewish chaplain, so one of the boys conducted it himself. When we were getting assembled, the men were standing around with their helmets and coats on. I said, "Well, let's get our helmets off and get set." Some of them looked at me surprised and one said, "Didn't you know we wear our helmets at our services?" Mass at Bazailles at 11 (126-25-20). After dinner, mass for 2nd Bn. in Boismont in a dark church. I announced the mass personally in the place where the troops were. It was a Russian worker's prison came. Went on to Mersy le Bas where regiment is. Went to see Captain Kimball of I Co. One GI got in my trailer and drank a bottle of ink! He says he *thought* it was wine!!

November 6, Monday — To clearing station. Paid Dossagnes for rosaries. Sedoti is there. We went to Piervillers through a short route by Hagondange, but an area still under observation by the enemy. The Bishop of Metz was there Sunday for the Patronal Feast. Went on to Malincourt. Rosary in church. Show at night, crowded. Stood on tiptoe. "Mission in Britany." Good.

November 7, Tuesday — Moving. Could not go to Trier for chaplains' meeting. Everyone was up for morning hike at 4A.M. (Bazaille), a punishment hike, since some had talked on the hike yesterday. Met Lieutenant Beard, just back from the hospital. He is not in charge of Hq. Co.

November 8, Wednesday — Stayed in town rest of the day getting ready to cross the Moselle River.

November 9, Thursday — At 3:30A.M. 358 and 359 crossed Moselle by boats, met little opposition, and moved inland. The Germans did not expect a crossing by our troops at this point. It is raining, and the river is rising. The pontoon bridge was found to be impossible. Shelling was too heavy. The river is rising all the time and flowing over its banks; 357 had to go to the place where 359 crossed. Smoke screens did little good; the wind blew smoke in every direction. Dominski and I wanted to go over at Malling with 359, but our CP said, "NO!" They felt the other side was too crowded there. Captain Bray, S-2, after giving an orientation talk at Baz. on how to cross rivers, got shot himself through the hand; had to be evacuated.

November 10, Friday — At 2:30P.M. Dominski and I, Sergeant Brobst, and a couple of others were driven up to 359's crossing. We then got into a motor boat and in no time were on the other side. We got a little wet wading to the boat for the river is still rising. We walked to a cement factory along some railroad tracks, going through the town of Koenigsmacher for the first time. The cement factory basement is were the wounded are. Only a few wounded have been evacuated. Dominski went to the CP where he was decorated with the Combat Infantryman's Badge! I stayed all night. There were no blankets, little water, little rations. The men are hungry. Some wounded German prisoners were there as well.

November 11, Saturday — In the early morning some boats tried to evacuate the wounded, so we got litter bearers busy. It was foggy, but no shells, thank God. Engineers brought the boats in pretty close to shore. The aid station is established in town, the other side of a central statue. We are in the midst of pillboxes, and our men are all held down by firing from a fort. K Co. lost men in a creek — drowned. Parts of M Co. are still pinned down.

November 12, Sunday — No mass. Helped evacuate wounded. Mud is very deep with all the rain. The carrying party is worn out. Few rations are getting over. Jeeps are getting stuck in the mud. It is still raining. A part of the fort has been opened near at hand for an aid station, so I slept there with Vosburg and Bernay. One jeep turned over trying to get out of the mud. One man was wounded by a shot of shrapnel in this stomach area. His intestines began coming out through the slit in his stomach. He was sitting on the floor against the wall, and looking down, seeing his intestines there in his lap, he said, "Boy, I never knew I had so much guts!"

November 13, Monday — Another fort taken by our men. Took Colonel Ward back to Loenigsmacher as a casualty. A German lieutenant and 12 soldiers surrendered to one of our sergeants who had given himself some misplaced lieutenant's bars!

November 14, Tuesday — McKenna arrived across the bridge at Cattenon. We moved back to Fort #2. Set up aid station in what was the original French aid station. It surely looks well-built and expensive. There are no lights, and we are underground. The three battalions have their CPs in the fort — the Maginot line!

November 15, Wednesday — First and 2nd Bns. moved their aid stations into the fort. We still have a lot of casualties, but they are being evacuated more readily. Our troops are also moving forward.

November 17, Friday — Moved out of fort to a German garrison spot outside Vickering. McKenna got a piece of a shell in his buttocks and is awarded the Purple Heart!

November 18, Saturday — Leaving Vickering. Started out in a big motor convoy. Saw Scanlon, 551 C Battery, riding on a truck as we were pulling out. We are evidently going to push on as fast as we can to get to the other side of Metz. Metz has never been taken by an attack directly. The only way to get it is to use the pincer movement which we are doing — cutting it off. We are not pushing south and east, in a rather slow ride. We were 12 hours enroute. Tanks had a hard time because of the obstructions. Mason is on the forward group. Tony Ferraro's jeep and trailer turned completely over; ours went into a ditch. Finally reached Pitlange after midnight.

November 21, Tuesday — Mass at 11:00 in a concentration camp. Saw Lieutenant Schoch in the afternoon. He says letters of condolence will be written and sent out in all cases! Grove pays us a visit.

November 22, Wednesday — Went to see Glenn with Spraggins. Glenn thinks we need an order to write condolence letters. Wrote up story of Sergeant Mudd for "Stars and Stripes."

November 23, Thursday — THANKSGIVING - Mass in Hestroff at 10:00 (146-25-28). Had another mass at 11:15 for 3rd Bn. Dinner with I Co. to the rear of us — dinner was cold — turkey and all the fixings! Mason, Shaw, and Zigler came in later for dinner. Had a box from Mrs. Barrett, Brooklyn. The priest in Hestroff, Mohner, gave me some "Vin Blanche" which we had during the dinner.

November 25, Saturday — Still in farmhouse. Roads are still clogged. Made a date to have a funeral for a five-year old girl killed by a shell.
November 26, Sunday — Moved the trailer early into Colmen and then set out for Bibische. They are shelling the road, and McKenna and I had a close call. Major Rossow told us to go fast. The Jerries evidently had observation on the road. We finally made it. The dead 5-year old girl had been taken to an American hospital where she died. After mass, we went out in freezing weather to the burial plot at the side of the church. I said prayers in French, boys carried the cross. The box was lowered on ropes into the open grave. After I finished, all the mourners filed past the box and used the aspersorium to bless the casket with holy water. The mother, of course, was inconsolable.

We were set up in a store the Jerries had used as an aid station. Furweiler, the first town in Germany, is now under attack. One lieutenant was killed by a mine. He had Holy Communion on Thanksgiving. The 2nd Bn. is moving in, so we moved out.



November 27, Monday — I received the Silver Star from General Van Fleet. I went after a wounded GI whom everyone thought was dead. He wasn't. We were under observation from the enemy. I was first in the group. Healy and Captain Rennes were among those receiving it. Went down to see Cure Remigy. He had been battered by some drunken GIs looking for wine.
November 28, Tuesday — Went down to Cattenam Rest Camp with Chaplain Spraggins. Went to bed in bunks.

December 2, Saturday — Wrote more condolence letters. Heavy shells are falling all over. You can tell when they are coming in, for a whistle precedes their coming. They call them "Whistling Meemies."
December 3, Sunday — On the move again out of Guerfangen. Told MPs replacing us to get more food for civilians. Approaching the Weid River to cross in an approach to the Saar. Set up in Siensdorf-Buren. Many tank traps along the way. We are motorized throughout. Went to 2nd Bn. at Gros Hemmersdorf for mass at 2P.M. (163-25-31). First mass in German. It was in a new church with rather bizarre decorations. After mass talked to Lieutenant Bergen who was evacuated after the Billig Fort for battle exhaustion. He is OK now.
December 5, Tuesday — Mass for K Co. at 11:00. New officers there. Lowe is back from hospital, Halpin and Franklin too. L Co. at 3P.M. Went to a cave on the side of the hill outside the town. Found 937 people in the cave! Two priests (one looks like Pius XII) are with the people. Horses, cows, and goats, as well as chickens, are in various parts of the cave. The cave is divided into compartments with partitions and doors to pass through from one part to the next. Families are there with their beds and mattresses; older people are in the beds. The "kitchen" has a vent so they do their cooking. It had been a gypsum mine; then was used for growing mushrooms. Some families had carbide lamps. The women had materials for cooking and baking. Shells were falling regularly outside; we could not go out for awhile. One fell directly in front of the opening of the cave. They are all there going on *three weeks*. Our MP was there for the people's protection as well as to keep them inside. The priest kept saying "Imperium" (power). Hitler's desire for power is the root of the present trouble!
December 6, Wednesday — We crossed the Saar. We were up at 5:30, but spent most of the day at Ipsback waiting. First and 2nd Bns. crossed first. Not much opposition at that time. We crossed about 10P.M. The engineers had row boats for us, and we were about ten in a boat. There was some artillery shelling, but we kept going. In the darkness when we came to some land, we got out of the boat, which went back for another load. But, we did not know we were on an island instead of the shore! I was the only officer — a rope around my waist — I started out from different sides to see how near the shore would be. When I went into deep water, I knew that was not the side. Finally, I discovered the shore, and we all made it. Landing on shore, we had to walk on the sloping side of railroad tracks toward a group of buildings. The flat ground had pillboxes with Germans in them. We could not walk on the top of the railroad track either, because they might see our profiles. We actually walked around two pillboxes with Germans in them. They were captured later. The pillboxes were not more than a foot above the ground, and they were not always round. The surprising thing is that we "lost" seven medics between Buren and the edge of the Saar! They vanished. Finally, we reached a housing complex called Pachten about 11 o'clock. This apartment house complex was completely empty, so we set up in one of the first floor rooms.
December 7, Thursday — We had to stay up till 3 o'clock trying to dry our clothes. Two men from the HQ wire section drowned as we crossed. With their heavy coils of wire they got into the prow of the boat, and it went down. Lieutenant McD. swam to safety. We are marooned here. We have no way of receiving help from the other side of the Saar because there is no bridge. Rations will be dropped in by plane. We are getting many German prisoners because we took them by surprise. There is no road on the opposite side of the river, so they did not think that we would cross there. We actually cannot move out of the building where we are. If we do, we are hit by snipers. There is a pillbox in the back yard. We have no rations. The tough part is that our wounded cannot be evacuated because the artillery fire is constant, day and night!
December 9, Saturday — We have at least 250 German prisoners here in various cellars. There is no food or water for us, and much less for them. A shell hit the room where some of the prisoners were and killed nine of them as well as on MP, Hahn, a good kid.
December 10, Sunday — Situation is still tough. We are still taking prisoners, and there are many casualties. A German tank came up and decided to level all the houses where we are hold out! Other aid stations are also in the area, piled high with sick and wounded, as well as prisoners. There are five aid stations in the court yard. Three belong to 357 and 359. I spoke to a young, wounded German lieutenant who believed that Hitler gave them prosperity. He called me a "Pastor Politisch" when I spoke against Hitler.
December 11, Monday — Lieutenant Vosburgh, MAC, tried to return across the Saar. He went down to the river with a Red Cross flag over his shoulder. He wanted to get to a railroad bridge, but could not make it without wading, so he took off his clothes and, in shirt and shorts, he tried to get to the bridge. Realizing he could not make it even with a rope, he turned around and started back. He got hit by machine gun fire and was evacuated in some clothes found around. We have found a spring to get water, but we cannot use it during the day. A German sniper keeps guard over it. At night it is OK.
December 12, Tuesday — We are surrounded by Germans, but our army surrounds the outer perimeter, so it is a question of who guards whom? Lieutenant Shereran was evacuated. Mason went to regiment. Bns. 1 and 2 ordered back from their forward position. We now have our own tanks on this side of the river. Reg. 358 has part of the town of Dillingen. Chaplain Spraggins evacuated himself for battle fatigue! I found him sitting on a bed with a tag on his uniform he had made out himself. I suppose he could not take the bombardment. One of our enlisted men, Arnold Levine, took a bazooka and stopped a German tank. He knocked out that tank, got a battlefield promotion to sergeant and was evacuated for a wound!
December 13, Wednesday — Colonel George arrived at our beleagured spot. The 359th also entered the area to help us. We are now taking a lot of pillboxes. Litters for wounded are going back at night across the river in boats. TDs and tanks are here too. One time the hawser guiding the ferry broke with the tank on it. The tank was stranded on its ferry for a whole day.
December 14, Thursday — Captain Kimball and 14 men were captured in a pillbox they were occupying. Lieutenant Lowe was also taken. The Germans don't give up. They return to the pillboxes. The best thing to do is empty the pillbox and blow it up.
December 15, Friday — Since the Germans had the pillbox in our back yard, the word came down from Mason to "take it." Word came at 3A.M. Lieutenant Presanti had the job. He took three satchel charges of Composition C. The first two fuses were wet, so Sergeant Macy took up a third and made sure it would go off. They put the charge against the door of the pillbox without being seen and set it off. Lieutenant Presanti did not want to go in the pillbox later. There were about 20 dead Germans, whose bodies were spilled all over. A pillbox in I Co. area was surrounded at the same time by Germans, but the men there with Lieutenant Burchfield would not surrender. They stayed inside for two days, repaired a German machine gun and used it to keep the Germans away. Finally, one of them, a sergeant, volunteered to steal through the Germans and get help. He said he would fire three shots if he got through. He went alone, contacted K Co., fired the three shots, and directed fire on the enemy position. He then had our artillery raised so the 17 men could get out.
December 17, Sunday — Lieutenant Vosburg returns. He did not need to be hospitalized for his wound. Boccaccio is going over to the aid stations for the "Task Force Thompson." They are taking the place of 1st Bn. The whole battalion is pretty well licked.
December 18, Monday — Two Christmas boxes arrive. Some guys are still eating the heifer shot earlier this week. Road up to Pachten is now open for vehicles.
December 20, Wednesday — Boats are still crossing at night. No movement during the day. Sergeant Doolin was promoted to 2nd lieutenant.
December 21, Thursday — Leave Pachten at night. We had only one casualty; we crossed as soon as it was dark. A foot bridge was thrown across. The enemy threw up only

one flare. Our entire force is being withdrawn. All the buildings, cellars, and block houses where we were, are being blown up. We returned to the town of Buren. One Polish litter-bearer, who always "faded" when there was danger (as at river crossings), turned up on the safe side of the river alive and well! He had been in a cellar with the engineers the whole time we were over. The engineers were sitting tight and gave him their rations!

December 22, Friday — We expect to move out at once. Went up to see the priests and people in the cave. To my surprise, they were all still there, barely existing! This must be at least six weeks they are there. They have lice, are dirty, and are inconsolable. I dug up some left-over rations and took them there. We pulled out at noon. It is getting colder. We reached the next town we will occupy, Oudrenne, about five.

December 23, Saturday — We are now living in a rectory with the pastor and his housekeeper. It is not a bit destroyed. Dominski, Boccaccio, Lynch, and I are in a small room with three beds. Had mass at 11A.M. in the church. Our Christmas packages have accumulated and have been given out. Went to 1st Bn. and 2nd to see about mass for tomorrow. Everything is quiet here — no shells.

December 25, Monday — CHRISTMAS — Mass "at dawn." After this mass, I came to another town where mass had been announced for 10 o'clock. The pastor there was dead. This was a Grande Masse, more pretentious than the others, had a big pipe organ and an organ loft. Before mass our men sang a couple of verses of "Adeste Fideles." The next stop was at 2P.M. in yet another town. Here an artillery chaplain and I worked out an arrangement whereby Sunday and Monday masses alternated between us — one heard confessions before and during and after the mass. Finally arrived back at my own unit for last mass at 4:00. Talked with Major DuPuy. We are being sent north to hold back the Germans at the Battle of the Bulge. He said our line is being held, but a pocket with 101st Airborne men at Bastogne has to be relieved. They are surrounded. We are supposed to go to the training center at Vickring for mass, so out we go. We got the right password and had to use it many times — they are surely guarding the bridges over the Moselle. Finally arrived at Vickring and Captain Hoye's about 3:30A.M. Candles were lighted throughout the church. I celebrated mass at dawn for Christmas. Returned with Hoye for awhile; then to Mammertin for mass at 10 o'clock. The priest here is dead. Regiment is there. Cold. I spoke from the pulpit. I am sure my simple prayer that another year would find us all home and at peace was easily understood. Had a turkey sandwich at Hq. Co. and went to Laumensfeld where Father P. had his mass at 4P.M. I heard confessions for all the men, artillery, and infantry. From there, we set out for Oudrenne for mass at 4. Had a good crowd there, but in almost total darkness. Spent a quiet evening with the many Christmas boxes that had come.

December 26, Tuesday — Wrote some letters. Rested. Took time out to see the new men coming in. "Replacements," they used to be called, but now they are called "reinforcements." Mass at 9A.M. After a cup of coffee, we set out for Diedenhofen (Thionville). Crossed the bridge at Thionville, and from a passing priest got word of a convent to do my alter linens. Traveled on through Uckange, Magondange, Mizeres to Metz. Saw the old cathedral, now very shabby and dirty — saw Father Shea's name on a door at the 45th Evac. Hospital, so we went into see him. I was visiting some of the wounded there. A Major Costigan from New York was also there. Met a nurse named McCarthy from Auburn. Visited more patients.

December 30, Saturday — Chaplain Glenn evacuated with an eye infection. Grove is taking over his services tomorrow and Monday. Quite a bit of excitement in the aid station last night; the men found some wine in a house and took too much. "I'm now second in command." Red Bear, 3:30A.M.

December 31, Sunday — Mass at 9A.M. at Oudrenne (278-20-10). Went to Monneren afterward for mass at 11 (52-23-1). Drove to Humeninfeld for mass at 2P.M. (267-22-28). McKenna and I had dinner with Father Podlowski. Captain Rennes, G Co., is in the same house. It is snowing again as we headed back to Oudrene.

1945

January 1, Monday — NEW YEARS DAY — Mass at 11A.M. in Oudrenne (150-28-20). Mass at Lumenfeld at 2P.M. with confessions. Mass at Hauck Sierck at 3:30P.M. Grove got out in time for me to get in.

January 5, Saturday — On the road! Mme. Poitier cried when we said goodbye. It was cold leaving. I wore the knitted cap Irene Dunn had sent to any GI. That was under my helmet. The windshield was down on the jeep, and the wind was very cold. We headed for Thionville, crossed the Moselle, and headed for Luxembourg. We arrived in the town of Begonville about 7P.M. The whole battalion is in town. Father Bieres, (Dubuque), Chaplain, 35th Infantry Division, was already there. The service company of his regiment was in town too. The Luxembourg priests living in the rectory were Father Lorang, the Cure, and a friend priest, a refugee from Bastogne. They told me I could stay the night if I didn't mind sleeping on the floor. It was better than the cold school basement!

January 8, Monday — 26th Division is also moving in. We are just a few miles from Bastogne.

January 9, Tuesday — Left for Collecting Co. Father Wolfe thinks I should be back there. I felt bad seeing the aid station with Dominski setting out on foot without me. When I got to Collecting Co., Captain Layton was also ready to move, so after supper at 4P.M. McKenna and I pulled out in a driving snow storm to return to our own unit. The snow made it difficult to see, so McKenna hit a tree on the left side of the road ... wrecked the radiator of the jeep, and we had to get out and walk and leave the jeep there!

January 10, Wednesday — Set out in another jeep for Boulaide where we thought the aid station was now. We are in the midst of mountains and hairpin turns. It would be very beautiful if it were not so congested with military vehicles. Wayside crosses are on the road. Found the aid station at Bavigne.

January 12, Friday — Our battalion is in reserve, and we have had very few casualties — mostly frostbitten feet. We hear we have taken about 2,000 prisoners. White vehicles are moving the wounded, etc., over the snowy terrain.

January 13, Saturday — Aid station moved from Bavigne to Doncols, closer to the front. Moving through towns Henlange and Tarchamps, terribly battered towns with roofs off, cattle dead, enemy equipment abandoned. There are loads of divisions here and loads of equipment.

Janury 16, Tuesday — Other battalions have pulled out. We are now attached to 358. Made trip to see 1st and 2nd Bns. They are in Boulaide and Boschleiten. Arranged for masses for tomorrow.

January 17, Wednesday — Went to Wolverland and bought a set of Mechlin breviaries — $25. Returned by way of Begonville. Father Lorang is in difficulty with a GI over wine. The GI said he was going to hit the house with artillery. The Chaplain, Father Bierle, had left in the morning, and since the men were still there, they decided to use strong-arm sactics to get wine from father. It was good that I came.

January 18, Thursday — Mass at Boschleiten at 10:30. Went over to Begonville to get a map and found Father Lorang had *all* his alter wine stolen by the same GI yesterday. Father Lorang does not like American soldiers as a result! They threatened the people for drink!

January 19, Friday — Set out for Bastogne in a severe snow storm. It got worse as we went along. Stopped at Begonville to get warm. When the sky cleared, we went on the 18 miles to Bastogne. Saw many 17th Airborne vehicles there, but heard the 101st had moved out 10 days before. Bastogne was hit badly and showed the result of the siege. "We're surrounded, the poor bastards," is quoted.

Januray 21, Sunday — Set out from Sonn-Lez about 10 for Bastogne. Came first with Dominski ahead of the convoy. Set up in the same section as headquarter kitchen. Went around to a cloistered convent next door. The sisters were in the cellar. The chapel had been destroyed completely. In the kitchen I saw a priest getting ready for mass for 10 or 12 artillery men. It was Father John Hayes, Rochester, NY. I returned after his mass, and we went to see a priest friend of his outside Bastogne at Marsi.

January 22, Tuesday — Asselborn — Cold ride from Bastogne. The convoy stopped frequently starting at 7:15 and arriving at 11. The town is overcrowded. 6th Armored men are all over. Schock is back from a week's schooling in Paris. The church here is modernized, and not too badly hit. The alter is dated 1705.

January 25, Thursday — To Collecting Co. because I thought there would be a lot of wounded coming in. Their artillery evidently supports three divisions — 60th, 90th, and 26th — all on the line.

January 26, Saturday — Moving again. Covered 33 miles yesterday and 32 so far today. We are close to the 4th Armored. Many French prisoners are on the road walking, heading home, also Russians and Poles. K Co. got machine-gunned after leaving a barn that obscured their view of an enemy tank. Mass in a cold, shelled-out church. 1st Bn. of 358 came into town, their Chaplain, Hamilton, says Esser cannot celebrate mass publicly. This seems ridiculous to me. Shaw, now a major. Warden and Helberstadt went to Paris.

January 29, Monday — Mass at 10 in the church for the 5 people I buried yesterday. It was so cold the water froze as it hit the chalice; the water in the cruet froze too. We hear the Russians are within 100 miles of Berlin.

February 9, Friday — K Co. is in a pillbox. The GI outpost fell asleep, and Jerries captured all of them including Lieutenants Franklin and Osborne. Heard today Lieutenant Burchfield of I Co. and Sergeant Prohauskas are both killed. A German tank overran our position. Three of our tanks were knocked out. The pillboxes are really death traps. You are helpless when you are in them.

GERMANY

Today I went quite a distance in my jeep. The roads are very muddy; it was no fun traveling. I returned to the sisters in Luxembourg who had been doing my laundry for my al-

ter. My alb needed some mending on one arm, but they had no thread. A young sister showed me a box of "MentholDiopane" – or something like that. It had been left by our soldiers, and she wondered if it could be used as medicine. When I read the directions, I discovered it was the army remedy for exterminating lice in clothing. They all had a good laugh.

March 8, Thursday —Radio this morning says the 11th Armored is at the Rhine near Coblenz, having gone through a breach made by the 90th. We expect to pull out in a task force heading that way. Mason is not back from London yet, so it will be called "Task Force DuPuy." Sorry, Mason is back – it will not be DuPuy but Mason's.

March 9, Friday — Up at 4:30, ate at 5. McKenna had a flat tire, but after fixing it, we were able to start with the convoy at 6:30. Went though more of the beautiful Eifel Mountains. We found prisoners coming up the road waving a white flag. Many are walking toward the rear with their hands up, nobody guarding them. There seems to be a wholesale surrender of troops. We hear the 3rd Army and the 1st Army have met, surrounding six German divisions. The bridge over the Rhine is still intact. Three tank divisions have already gone over it, we hear, meeting only light resistance. We stopped finally at Mayen, a town of about 25,000. It has been severely bombed because it is a rail center feeding the Bulge. That was January 1. 11th Armored is ahead of us. The usual amount of looting is still going on. High hats and canes seem to be popular.

March 10, Saturday — Went to CP and talked with Warden. We expect to be here all day. First and 2nd Bns. are here, also regiment. Mass in the hospital anteroom at 2P.M. (48-25-20). Mass at 1st Bn. at 3:30 in a bar room. Visited an orphanage and a hospital. Had supper with 2nd Bn. with K-rations. Nado was good (even mince pie)! Saw the chapel and hall for tomorrow's services.

March 12, Monday — We were to move at noon, but at 10:00 I got a call from Chaplain Stoller that 358 could have mass. Finally got to Langenfeld at noon. The church is on a high hill and can be seen from a distance. Had lunch at 358 CP. Saw the pastor who was wearing a frock coat. He has his family living in the rectory. His church was big and in perfect repair. Eight of the church bells had been taken by the Nazis. Mass (190). Then went on to 3rd Bn. in town (90-40-20). After supper with Chaplain Stoller, McKenna and I set out on a good road to Mayen. We noticed one large schloss that seemed to guard the valley. Got to Mayen, picked up Woody and the trailer, and went on to Kalt, arriving there about 7P.M. All civilians have been put into two houses in this beautiful town. There are white flags on every building.

March 13, Tuesday — We are poised for another river crossing – tonight. We expect to cross the Moselle and outflank Coblenz. Chapel was filled to overflowing. Everyone is getting set for the crossing. We all got three boxes of K-rations, gas mask, musette bag, and blanket. Went with Tony Dominski and Major Warden to Lof on the banks of the river. We passed along a Way of the Cross to Lof – 11 stations in a narrow, twisting gorge. Total darkness except for luminous tape on vehicles.

March 14, Wednesday — At 2A.M. our companies moved across the river in assault boats. We were with the CP group and crossed about 4A.M. It was completely quiet except for some German burp guns. The river seemed quite wide. After crossing, we set up in a house. K Company had already met some of the enemy in the next town, Alken. In the morning we saw a large fine castle directly above us. The house we are in is quite new with running water, electricity, even a bath tub. There is, of course, no electricity now. It is a grand sunny day; the castle has been hit by artillery and was burning all the afternoon.



March 16, Friday – McKenna went to pick up the church linen. On returning he said the 109th Evac. Hospital has thrown all the children out of the college (hospital), and the sisters, priests, and 400 kids are packed in a small house on the property. After lunch we got ready to leave and pulled out at 4P.M. We moved slowly over a mountain to Hirschwiesen and found a house where the 1st Bn. men were eating fried chicken and drinking French wine!

March 17, Saturday — Moved out at 3:30P.M. to Buckholz. 1st Bn. moved into another town without opposition. Civilians are rounded up and put in a part of the town that is pretty badly shot. Mass at 3P.M. in a small church. Supper at Cannon Co.

March 18, Sunday — Mass here at 9 (90-30-15). Went to next village for mass for 2nd Bn. Returned to find that our outfit had already moved out. Dead horses and artillery pieces are littered along the road. Caught up with the aid station in Emmelshausen where they are set up in a big hotel. Some men from the 712th and 713th were there too. Returned through Laudert where regiment is. This is the town they say Eisenhower's grandparents came from. Our CP is in a sort of lodge, a large house in the midst of a park. Played the piano awhile. Zigler is back, now S-3; Klein is S-1; Macy W-4, and Beard S-1.

March 19, Monday — We are supposed to be in division reserve, but expect to move out any minute. Loaded into trucks and arrived in a new town at 3P.M. There is no Catholic church in this town; they are all evangelishes – all Protestant. Went back to town where 1st Bn. is and had mass at 4P.M. There were two churches in that town. Major Brown came back from the hospital and Dominski returned. Many freed Poles are around; we are told that when the Americans arrived, the Poles celebrated by taking everything of value, whatever they could lay their hands on, glass, linen, etc. They felt they had it coming to them. That may be true, but I don't see how they could carry so much when they were returning to Poland on foot!

March 20, Tuesday — Up at 5; moved out at 6 toward Mainz. Big guns are on the move. Some are marked "Luke the Snoop," and "Larry the Looter." My jeep is marked "Nach Berlin." Set up in a Catholic home. Some GIs, here before us, had cut out the face of the husband from a family portrait because he was in German uniform! A German civilian told me that when we take the Ruhr, Hitler will not be able to continue. He doubted if the war would last more than 3 months.

March 22, Thursday — Went to the next town where I Co. is. We are within one town of taking Mainz. We could see the Rhine from the church – it seems wider than the Moselle.

March 23, Friday — To take care of money orders, I went back to the APO at Pzartenheim. Stopped at 15th Ordinance. They wanted mass at 2P.M. Had lunch with Captain Garrity. Getting back to Bodenheim, I found our outfit had left. Kids had ransacked my trailer which our unit left unprotected. We finally found which way they had gone and started after them – going on the wrong side of the road, passing convoy after convoy until we reached the Rhine, now a pontoon bridge over it! We are overseas one year to the day today! Ferries, pushed by LCTs brought our troops over the river; some walked, but we passed them all. We crossed on the pontoon bridge near Oppenheim, south of Mainz. After crossing, we went along the road toward the first town, Leeheim. There we found the 357th CP. The enemy was busy shelling all the area and were making the crossing difficult. One shell hit the street and killed 10 men from K Co. The aid station moved into an old house, but because it was too near the center of town, we moved out right away. We have the first sign of air activity – some strafing.

March 24, Saturday — During the night the 4th Armored crossed and pushed ahead of us. Also, last night, Germans retook the town where our 2nd Bn. was and captured the aid station including Boccaccio and Glenn! Only Vosburg got away. Five others hid in the attic and were not taken. A stork is nesting quietly on the top of a chimney here – he doesn't mind the shelling. Dominski's jeep was hit directly last night. No one was in it. Everything, including Dominski's chest of pistols was destroyed. Moved out to the next town Wilfilsheim, about 6P.M. and set up in a house belonging to a Protestant minister. We are told he had been a Nazi captain.

March 25, Sunday — Last night a German plane strafed the whole town here. A 20mm slug came through the roof and landed 3 feet from the cot where McKenna was sleeping– it stuck in the floor. Sixth Armored Div. is now coming over the bridge, pushing ahead. We expect to cross the Main River and cut off Frankfort. Boccaccio and Glenn were recaptured today. They are back with the 2nd Bn.

March 30, Friday — We covered 33 miles today. It is Good Friday, but we cannot have any services.

March 31, Saturday — Covered 32 miles; arrived at Nieder Joppa. I met a Gemeindeschwester today, a Protestant sister. She wears a small white bonnet and a cross in front. She lives in a house by herself and visits the sick of the town. She noticed the cross on my helmet and asked me in German if I had a Bible. I told her "yes," that I was Catholic. Then, she patted my hand and said, "Jesus Christ Versteht." (Jesus Christ understands!)

April 1, Sunday — EASTER SUNDAY - On the road all day. Mass at Neider Joppa at 11 (97-26-5). Mass at 1st Bn. near Salma (145-63-5). Returned to 2nd Bn. for mass at 4 (20-5). The last was in a PW cage – a hay loft. The kitchen here is jammed with only one stove to heat up K-rations.

April 2, Monday — Up at 5:30 and moving forward all day. An old farmer wished us Godspeed in German. They surely have religion. At one spot we waited five hours until a bridge was finished – fixed to be useable. A Nazi school teacher had blown up one arch. Eggs with Captain McLain in a kitchen of the CP. Pulled out in a light rain.

April 3, Tuesday — We crossed the Werra River on foot – it was quite wide, and we marched on into town. Got an hour's sleep before moving out again. We are now riding on the outside of tanks – at least to the next town, Kerka-an-die-Werra. The present house is replete with oriental rugs, silver tea sets. McKenna and the jeep followed us about 5.

April 7, Saturday — Went over to 2nd Bn. at Stalingart – through a forest. *Gold* has been found in the

salt mines! It is one of the greatest stories of the 90th! Bars of gold are secreted in the mines together with priceless paintings, etc. Civilians were suspicious when they had seen so many vehicles going there. Mass at 4P.M., but nobody showed up. The place was too hard to find. Awards are being given out here. Returned to 3rd Bn. and received my check for 234 marks. The mark is valued at about 10 cents.

April 8, Sunday — 1st Bn. is at Merka, the larger salt mine. We had mass there (53-26-5). The shafts here go down about 1800 feet. We had to clean the place for mass since the area had been used the night before for a show. Mass at 10:30 for 3rd Bn. (140-40-10). We were ready to move out at noon, but word came that we were to remain here and guard the mine. 2nd Bn. is guarding Div. Hq. at Zell-Mehlin about 40 miles forward. Took a bath!

April 11, Wednesday — Mass for Italian prisoners at 11 (235-162-0). An Italian captain was clicking his heels before mass. They sang two hymns in Italian, loudly and with feeling. Three Russian prisoners were among them. The Russians also wanted to receive Holy Communion, but the Italians raised such a holler I was forced to skip them! They left. Later, I went over to a field train to set up for mass tomorrow.

April 13, Friday — Went to 1st Bn. and then to C Co. for mass. Three officers were there. Lieutenant Looring commands the company. *Roosevelt died yesterday.* Second Bn. is 80 miles ahead of us. Americans are now 30 miles from Czech border! Received a buckskin air jacket (German) lined with fur. Ball game — I Co. vs. K Co.

April 14, Saturday — To B Co. for mass at 10:30. It was in the dining room of a house near the MINE SHAFT. Lieutenant Coakley has the platoon guarding the paintings and gold. Also met the 128th AAA at 7P.M. Confessions at Dorndorf. Mass (120-75-45). They have not had a Catholic chaplain. Coffee with Captain Freuer in their CP. Came back driving with all head lights on! They plan to unload the mine tonight. The gold is so heavy a trailer can only have one layer of gold in it. The springs would break. They put the trailers on the elevators, and bring the gold to the surface.

April 15, Sunday — Mass at 11, 1st Bn. (120-65-15), in the field hospital at Merkers. Some of the 12th Corps were there. Mass at 1 o'clock at our place, 3rd Bn. (140-70-25). Some AA boys were there too. Movie follwed at 1. Set out for division rear, 30 miles forward at Meiningen. Mass there at 4P.M.; Wilson was waiting (71-25-25). Had an organist so we had "Holy God" at the end. Had supper and spoke with Lieutenant Colonel Cooper, finance, for awhile. Drove back through deserted villages.

April 16, Monday — Mass at 35th Evac. Hospital at Bad Salzungen at 9A.M.; my first outside mass. Goetz was the server. The tall carved wood crucifix on the jeep looked very good. The convoy had left at 9, so after 2 flats and engine trouble, I finally caught up with the, 116 miles forward, outside Lobenstein around 5P.M. Went through Soule. 34th Evac. Hospital is there. Shea is now with the 6th Armored Div. at Ullersreuth.

April 17, Tuesday — Moved to border of Czecho-Slovakia. Rumor has it we may not move into Czecho-Slovakia because of a deal made by Roosevelt with Stalin. CP is in a 4-floored mansion. Colonel Mason spoke to us and said all German weapons must be turned in. He also said Ryder heard from General Bradley that the 90th is one of the 10 divisions not going to the CBI! He says we have a huge number of combat days. All leaves are to be tripled.

MOVE TO CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

April 18, Wednesday — Moved out about 10 o'clock. Passed through many road blocks, which had not been completed by the Germans, so we merely went around them, even hit the autobahn for a stretch. Arrived in Schwarzenback about 5P.M. Poles, Italians, and French released from service are running wild, breaking into bakeries, etc.

April 19, Thursday — Pulled out about 10:30. Stopped off at a couple of places; noticed some people heading for the woods, thinking that we were going to occupy their homes. Arrived at Wunsiedel late at night.

April 20, Friday — Went over to the MPs and picked up a luger. Many are coming in because Mason had told all the Germans to bring in their arms. No receipt is given for cameras, etc. — a real scandal. Visited a large Catholic church here. The priest wanted to know my age, how long I was ordained, how long in the army, was I forced into the army, etc. He was 42 and looked younger than I. He decided that it was "die krieg" that made me so aged! They said Konnersreuth was not far away, and the people there had a good opinion of Therese Neumann. Moved out in the evening; came to Fuchsmuhle where many American prisoners had been held. Some looked pretty thin. Klass was very upset. He said, "Father Murphy, I want to talk with you." As usual, he indicated the whole German people are Jewish persecutors!

April 21, Saturday — There are two hospitals and a rectory across the way, and a big church next door. Since we are in Bavaria now, all the people are Catholic. All hate the SS as being "Gottlose" (Godless). Moved out through Premenreuth. McKenna went back to Marktredwitz for the linen. E Co. moved into town. GIs tore down a white flag and stamped on it. I suppose they wanted to show how much they hated all Germans! Went to Windisch-eschenback and set up in the house of a dentist. CP is in a large house next door. K is pulling his usual stuff.

April 22, Sunday — Went to mass in the church in Windisch-eschenbach. There was a mixed choir; a bell on the basket alerted the people that it was coming. Moved out to Stornstein near Neustadt. Aid station in a little house — church on the hill. Had mass there at 11:30 (12-11-2). Mass in Neustadt for 2nd Bn. at 3:30P.M. (155-25-3). This church is large and very old. Set out for Konnersreuth with Captain Kocour after our mass. Entering the town of Konnersreuth, we found it had been hit by artillery fire and even the front of the Neumann house had been hit — by our fire. In approaching the church, we went to the rectory to find out where the Neumann house was, and were told it fronted on the square. Around the rear of the Neumann house, we ran across a group of people. I moved away from them, and toward a heavy-set woman standing nearby. She had on a black dress and a white kerchief over he head. I asked her in German, "You are the mother of Therese Neumann, yes?" And extending out her hands, she smiled, showed me the backs of her hands, and said, "No, I am Therese Neumann." So we talked for awhile. Then Father Naber, Therese, Captain Kocour, McKenna, and I walked over to the rectory which also fronted the square.

I was impressed with the simplicity, health, and joy of this woman. Father Naber informed us he had been in Konnersreuth for 26 years. We met Therese's mother and father, who seemed to be honest, hard-working people. The scabs on the back of Therese's hands were quite square. They do not bleed except during Lent. The GI interpreter turned out to the from the 90th Division paper, *The Sniper.* Back in the rectory, Father Naber showed us the various cloths Therese had used during the previous Lent and Good Friday. Therese said she knew nothing about the pictures taken during her ecstasy, and she left the room when he showed us the different linens. On one linen piece, the blood marks were clearly marked like a circle — it had been on her head. They were in the form of a U, not a complete circle. There was a white jacket with blood on one side. Therese evidently wore this over her night clothes. I asked Father Naber about the eating and drinking, and he replied, "Nicht essen, nicht trinken." No eating and no drinking. The town of Konnersreuth had been taken by our troops on Saturday. Parts of the house were still smoking, and people who had taken refuge in the fallout shelters were returning to their homes.

April 23, Monday — Mass at 7:30 in Neustadt in honor of the Feast of St. George in the Church of St. George. I baptized a GI named George Bernie Jr. The pastor acted as sponsor. Yesterday, while at Konnersreuth, I returned to receive word from the pastor that while we were at mass on Sunday, GIs had looted the rectory! They took the only radio in town; the only way the people had of keeping abreast of the news! The pastor had praised our GIs for the way they assisted at mass, so I had no recourse but to say, "It must have been the Evangelisch GIs because all the Catholic GIs were at mass! It made little difference to him.

April 30, Monday — Sherran is back. Left Kotzing at 7:30. Arrived at Weiden.

May 1, Tuesday — Went back to Kotzing. Grove came in the afternoon. He is in Cham with the 315th Med. Bn. He said Dossogne worked with newly liberated American prisoners using a German typewriter. Rumors of peace.

May 2, Wednesday — Word is out that Hitler is dead. Admiral Doenitz has taken command. 1st Bn. is moving, so no mass in Kotzing as planned. In the afternoon we moved to Neukirchen on the Czech border — as usual, over a mountain.

May 4, Friday — We pulled out at 8 in the morning to make room for the 2nd Div., 1st Army, Indian Head, which is taking over the sector. We set out in a convoy for Arnbruck, the other side of Kotzing. Arrived at Armbruck at noon. Aid station is in a cock-roachy house, but the only one available. The clubmobile is here. Everyone is saying, "The war is over." We expect to go back to garrison procedures, saluting, etc. The war in Italy is finished with surrender. We expect to hear the same thing here momentarily; went up to see the priest after supper. In town the first girl to put out a white flag was shot at four times by the SS!

May 5, Saturday — The word today is that all northern Europe, Denmark, and Norway (Germans there) have surrendered. Up at 5:30. Moved out at 7 to another sector of the front in Czecho-Slovakia. 2nd Cavalry (Armored) ran into some German OCS boys whom they captured and two recons as well. We are definitely no longer in reserve. We moved 50 miles into CS through Zwissel, pouring rain. At one spot we were obliged to walk on foot. The Germans here have not given up. We had nine casualties, six from I Co., including a very fine Catholic sergeant. These die-hard Nazis made the people take down their white flags. One of them separated himself from the others and surrendered. Colonel Mason captured a couple of German aviators; they landed their plane near us, having taken off from Berlin — their homes.

May 6, Sunday — 1st Bn. Aid Station is moving in here. We are to go with the motor pool and started out about 10 o'clock for Dolej. The rain has caused a lot of mud, the road is in terrible shape. Again, the rumor is the war is over.

May 7, Monday — Started out at 8A.M. Walked about 13 miles with I Co. Met many released prisoners, including some from the 82nd, 89th, and 90th Div. About noon, word came from regiment not to take any more prisoners, but to send them back to bring in their companies or units. It looked then as if it were all over. PEACE! The Czech villages have not only white flags out, but the red, white, and blue of their own country now. There seems to be an entirely new feeling here compared to what we have found across the border in Germany and in Sudetenland.

The people are overjoyed. They have bouquets of evergreens with crepe paper streamers, these they throw in our direction. One man put two hard boiled eggs in my hand still dripping wet from the water from the pan. As we walked along, we picked up something to say in Czech to make them feel good. "Di mersi ve stalka?" Could bring eggs—I got 10! About 4 o'clock, the radio announced that the war was over, but not to be declared officially until tomorrow. Mass for C Co. in a tiny chapel at 7P.M. The priest said three Czech bishops had been put out of office by the Gestapo. Moved into the next town where there were more troops, A and Hq. Co. The church was locked because the Gestapo had sent the pastor away!

May 8, Tuesday — Mass at 1st Bn. at 9. The name of the town is Strybern-Hory. There are lots of tanks around. (135-65-15). Before mass we rang the bell, and all the people came so we had put them in the gallery of the church. There were only a few pews, but three galleries. Came back to 3rd Bn; had mass in a field by the side of the aid station (72-35-5). Stayed there for supper. I had general services later with Kruger. This is the official V-E Day. The GIs are in their glory again. Non-fraternization rules are off, and they are talking and dancing with everyone. The Maypole is gathering attention in every town. I had to tell the men that the regular rules for fasting are now again in force. There is no more Communion as Viaticum — with the "no fast" privilege.

May 9, Wednesday — Recon group leaving for an area to occupy in Germany. Decided to go over to 2nd Bn. as early as possible. Had mass there — in a small church. Reg. is there too. Had first meal with regiment — no brass around. Kocour and I talked about the war. Mass at 3P.M. for all the companies. 1st Bn. is in a fine house owned by some count. He has 1,000 acres, and the Red Czechs wanted to kill him; they have been after him, his wife, and children. The house is greatly run down. Someone said he had 64 servants! Saw a movie later, "Seven Days Ashore" in Strybern-Hory.

May 10, Thursday - ASCENSION THURSDAY — No mass. Expected to move all afternoon — on one hour alert. Russians are pushing the last remnant of the Germans toward us. The Germans do not want to be prisoners of the Russians. They know it means slave labor. The order stands that our troops must not take prisoners! Leave them for the Russians!!!!

May 11, Friday — All division chaplains had a meeting in Souci. CZ General Ernest told us the morale must be kept up while we are waiting to go home. Major Wilson says we are to occupy a factory area in Windisch-eschenbach. Visited the priest here. He showed me where he hid his tires and car battery — down on ropes in the outside latrine! It is getting very warm. Mass at 5 (32-11-5).

May 12, Saturday — Word now is that all with 84 points will go home at once.



May 13, Sunday — Mass at L and M Cos. area at 9A.M. (146-5-10)—had some civilians also by the side of a stream. The sun was shining and made it a fine picture. Went to Strybrne-Hory for mass at 11 for 1st Bn. (167-0-10). Many Czechs there. It is Mother's Day. The Czechs have built arches over various roads entering towns welcoming us. Returned to 2nd Bn. for mass at 4P.M. There are many German civilians living in the school where M Co. is. The church here goes back to 1300; in it there is a plaque of a Baron who died in 1635. A bas relief is on the wall where he is buried. This is the dirtiest church we have been in, neglected from disuse.

May 14, Monday — Still in Ustaled. Set out for 15th Ord. Father Dossognes was at QM and said he thinks he is slated for CBI. On returning, found that Ferraro leaves for home tomorrow, and we all leave here.

May 15, Tuesday — Left Ustalec, CS at 6:30A.M. and rode about 110 miles to Windisch-eschenbach. We are getting set up in a china factory. The whole 3rd Bn. is expected to occupy here. Opened mail and wrote letters in my own office for the first time since I left Fort Dix!

May 18, Friday — Office is taking shape. The flags are standing upright, and the crucifix is on the wall. Worked on letters all day. Saw Mosher at 1P.M. and found that I hold only 66 points. "Do you wish to remain in the army during the present emergency?" "Yes."

May 28, Monday — Set out for Regensburg with McKenna about 8 o'clock. Again, it is a rainy day and very cold. We got there about 11 and went to see Mr. Pustet who sold me two sets of very fine Breves, one, 1943. I also bought a Missal with the American insert.

May 29, Tuesday — Getting ready for Memorial Day. Expect to make an invocation at the ceremony. Picked up a silk United States Flag at the TDs. Mass at 1st Bn. in Waldsassen. Picked up some cold supper there too and returned home.

May 30, Wednesday - Memorial Day service in the morning. It was very sunny for a change. Mason, Warden, and I were on the platform. It was a good program. The men were seated on a slope where they sang two verses of the *Star Spangled Banner.* Trumpets echoed Taps from three different points. Mason spoke and that finished it. There were about 1400! Mass at 2nd Bn. at 7P.M. Rain came down in buckets. The church is ready for the procession tomorrow. Evergreen boughs and flowers are all through the church for *Forty Hours Devotion.* Went riding when I returned to town. Mason and Reimer were also at the stables, going out.

May 31, Thursday - Grove came in the morning about 10:30. Glenn and Kruger were here, too, staying for lunch. We do not have much food these days, so it was rather hard on Pete, the mess sergeant. In the afternoon we went to Flossenburg to bury 18 "atrocity" cases who had been stripped of their clothing by Nazis and buried in one grave. The U.S. made civilians dig them up and rebury them in coffins. Then came a great funeral: band, choir, about everyone in town, four pallbearers in high hats, flowers. Left there about 3:30 and sped to the TDs in Tirsch for mass at 4:30. As usual, no one was there. All were busy. The mass at 8 was crowded in Windy — *Forty Hours.*

Children carried lighted candles in a procession. I was afraid of a fire, but none resulted. The choir sang a mass by Mozart, very long, and not too good. A band was playing in the highest gallery. It was *Forty Hours* — laymen carried the canopy during the procession, as well as the sides of the celebrant's cape. Girls' societies followed the Blessed Sacrament. It was raining so there was no procession outside. The streets and houses had all been decorated for this occasion.

UNITED STATES

December 8, Saturday - Mass announced yesterday for one hour before breakfast, and another one hour after breakfast at 7:30. So I had a good crowd at the 6:30 mass (50-35). At the 8:30 mass there were 27-11. Tom King was so good as to lead both masses with the dialogue mass. We passed Nantucket at 10:30, one have hour ahead of schedule. Everyone is dressed in his best, and the bags are all packed, ship cleaned. Reception boat in channel with a 10-piece band which played as it ran alongside us. It had a great banner on it, "Welcome Home, Well Done," and about 8 or 10 American flags. It was a colorful picture. Coming past Brooklyn and Coney Island we came to Staten Island and went ashore on Pier 15 at 2P.M.

It seemed good to see the trucks and cars all looking normal, not bombed or blasted. The Red Cross took care of us with milk, coffee, doughnuts, etc., and at 4P.M. we crossed by ferry to Jersey City, passing the Statue of Liberty just as she turned on her light and flood lights. We could see the lights of New York and the Battery very plainly. We took the Pennsylvania train to Camp Kilmer at one o'clock; it seemed good to be on an American train again. It was big, strong, substantial, and FAST. On all sides we could see peace and prosperity!

December 9, Sunday - Busy with being processed in the morning; baggage, inspections, weapons, etc. I had mass in Chapel at 4P.M. Father Kamler, Buffalo, is there; place is clean and well kept. He introduced me to two Jesuits, Tierney and Lewis, who are waiting around to be assigned some place. Lewis expects to go to Newfoundland for a month. They expect to have to wait four months before being separated. Called George Eagarnd, C.J. Saw the "Bells of St. Mary's." Also called John and Eddie.

December 10, Monday - We leave Fort Dix at 3P.M.

THANKS BE TO GOD!!!
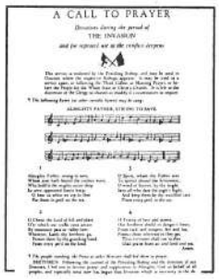
Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail,
They mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our maker, defender, redeemer and friend.

—Breviary Hymn

SOLDIER OF GOD



Chaplain Victor J. Dossogne, Catholic Chaplain of the Divisional Artillery has seen his birthplace, Belgium, conquered and then helped to free it as a member of the liberating American Armies. The Chaplain was with the Belgium Army when the Germans over-ran the country. When France and Belgium both capitulated to the Germans, the Father made his escape out of occupied territory. He bicycled to Southern France and then crossed the border into Spain. There he boarded a vessel to South America and shortly afterward was admitted into the United States. Chaplain Dossogne joined the army 26 Dec. 1943. He has been with the 90th since May of 1944. On Sept. 9, 1944 he received his Captaincy. (Sniper Photo).
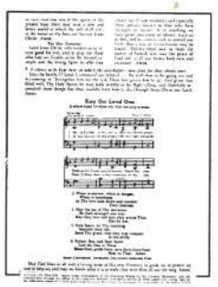


A CALL TO PRAYER

Devotions during the period of
THE INVASION
and for separate use in the respective services







THE CREATOR

Lord, make me always grateful,
For things both great and small.
And may we always realize,
That you have made us all.

The mighty firmament on high;
The earth, the birds, the flowers.
Music, love, laughter and beauties,
Of nature to brighten our shining hours.

Yes, Lord, make me grateful,
For the things thou didst bestow
To all the world to Love and appreciate
For all ungrateful mortals here below.

Pfc Allen D. Brady Co "H" 359th

THE Cannoneers POST

WEEKLY PUBLICATION OF THE 90 TH DIVISION ARTILLERY

COL. C. A. PYLE
Commanding

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Pfc P. RUBENSTEIN . . . . . Editor
T/3 D. JUDD . . . . . 343d FA Bn
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Pfc BOWERS . . . . . 345th FA Bn
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T/4 L. MEANS . . . . . 915th FA Bn
Pfc R. BECHTSCHKE . . . . . 344th FA Bn
Pfc REISDORF . . . . . 344th FA Bn
Pfc M. PLEASANTS . . . . . Div Arty Hq
Associate Editors
Printed in Amberg, Germany

Vol. 1 No 7 August 18, 1945

Fox Hole Pastors

Five members of the 915th's Bible Class and two other EM from the Bn are earnestly planning to enter Christian service after they have been discharged from the army.

Sgt Joseph B. Snead of Cloudcroft, N. M., a farmer in civilian life and now in the ammo section of Sv Btry, plans to study at the Moody Bible Institute in preparation for life-long Christian service; while Pfc LeRoy Plock of the same battery, also a farmer before the war, intends to organize Bible study groups as well as resume his pre-war job in Fairmont, Neb.

Cpl Gale Anderson of Ellisville, Miss., who is a cook in Hq Btry, desires to continue his studies at the Baptist College for the ministry. Another cook in Hq Btry, T/5 Orbra White, is seriously considering foreign missionary work. Orbra is from Scottown, Ohio.

T/5 Howard Benson of the medics intends to do greatly needed ministerial work. A pre-law student in Minneapolis before being drafted, Howard now wants to finish school at St. Olaf College, and then Luther's Theological Seminary. Cpl Oliver Carlson, formerly of Sv Btry but now with the 9th Division, also felt called to enter the ministry.

Two other corporals from Hq Btry that plan Christian service include Cpl Walter Abrams and T/5 Harold Clark. Cpl Abrams, a sales supervisor for the Coca Cola Co. of N. Y. before entry into the army and now a liaison scout, plans to work with Christian young people's groups. Cpl Clark's aim is to reach under-priviledged children for Christ.

(Chaplain's comment: I consider each of these men worth their weight in gold, and have the utmost confidence, that they will do all in their power, relying upon the Grace of God, to bring to pass the Kingdom of God in the hearts of humanity!

* FEATURE PAGE *

† Chaplain's Corner †

Today, the 15th of August, as I write this, is a great day; the great day, indeed, that we have been expecting so long. The war is over today, over! You know the meaning of this; no more battles to fight, no wounded, no dead. This awful war is of the past, and now is only a horrible page in history. Over, means to you that there's a real hope for return to a normal and peaceful life. You will once again start whatever you'd been forced to interrupt, when you were called to the army some years ago. You will resume your plans. Or you will just start out for the first time and make plans. This day is like commencement after you've completed school. Over, means to you what is not true for those, alas, who did not see this day. They also spoke of this day with hope, as though they were sure to be here. They are not with us. They paid with their lives, that we might see this day. Let us be grateful to them and keep their memories alive in our hearts. Over, means to you to also be grateful to God. Even if you didn't think while in combat, that anything could happen to you, you still weren't sure of being alive today. How could you know you'd be sure to return home when you left the United States, or when you landed on the beach. For when you fought your way across France and Germany? Even if you didn't pray as you should have, perhaps you are still in this world because of the prayers of your folks and of unknown friends. So let us be thankful to God. Let us express our feelings as Children of God and come to church Sunday. Why not start a new life on the right way? Life will be rich and successful from now on because you have been kept alive and because you have the benefit of years of experience in which the hardships have proved you the value of a moral life. Let us get together and make this Sunday a Thanksgiving Victory Sunday.

Chaplain Victor J. Dossogne.

Religious Services

Sun., August 19

Protestant

Div Arty Hq	0845	in Theater
915	0945	in School
343	1145	in Church
344	1330	in Church
343	1900	in Class Room

Catholic

Div Arty Hq, and 915th	0815	in Fronberg Local Church
344	1100	in Church
343	1100	in Church
343, Div Hq,	Spl Troops	Weiden 1600 St Joseph's Church

* * *

BIBLE CLASS

The 915 th Bible Class will meet nightly at 1930. Everyone is invited to attend.



unday ermon

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God". Isa. 41:10

A Christian army officer was crossing the ocean with his family when a great storm arose. Although the other passengers were filled with terror, he was calm. His wife, in her consternation, scolded him. Said she, "If you are not concerned for yourself, you should be concerned about me and the children". He made no reply. Soon after this, however, he came to her with a stern countenance, drawing a sword and pointing it at her heart. She looked into his face with a smile, not showing the least trace of alarm. "Why", said he, "are you unafraid with a drawn sword at your breast?" "Because", she replied, "the sword is in the hands of one who loves me". "And would you have me", he asked, "to be afraid of the tempest when I know it to be in the hands of my heavenly Father who loves me?"

There are two groups of circumstances in life. The first group is composed of those things over which we can exercise at least some degree of control; the second, those things over which we can not exercise control. One of the most common reactions to the circumstances of this latter group is to become fearful and over-anxious. This fearfulness may range all the way from a vague sort of dread which saps one's energy and paralyzes his efforts to actual panic itself.

There is a happy thought in the above scripture quotation and from the experience of the army officer which illustrates its truth. We do not need to fear as we face the inevitable tempests of life, whatever may be their form. The answer to fear is faith in God and the consequent assurance that God is with us. We ought to remember always that in all of life's trying situations "we can trust the One Who died for us".

CHAPLAIN CHARLES T. THOMPSON
SP. TRPS.

EASTER SUNDAY

"This is the day which the Lord has made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it—a day of Joy—a day of Victory."

These words have been the song of those who believe in the Word of God. For over nineteen centuries they have been repeated in all sanctuaries as a hymn of Thanksgiving by those who have seen in the Cross a Sign of Salvation and who believe in God's promise: "Come to Me all you who suffer, and I will console you."

Truly, the many millions of people who have suffered the indescribable horrors of war and who, in bitter anguish, cried aloud to God for aid, know full well the meaning of true consolation, as the first rays of the dawn of Peace glimmer on the horizon.

For you men of the 90th Division, this Easter is a day of Joy. In the hedgerows of Normandy, in Eastern France and in the Battles of the Westwall you suffered much. You too, cried to God as your only Hope, and hearing, He has now led you to the threshold of victory. Your Faith is being rewarded; a realization of your hope is apparent and your expectations are near fulfillment.

[illegible] offering your trials to God in union with His Son's sufferings on earth, and in atonement for sin, you can obtain a great reward.

As Christ triumphed on that first Easter, so now is He permitting you a temporal victory. Great as it will be in its completion yet far greater will be your everlasting glory in Heaven when God will crown your unstinting, unselfish sacrifices with the Unperishable Laurel Wreath of Victory.

VICTOR J. DOSSOGNE,
Ch (Capt.) US ARMY,
90th Division Artillery

(Published in the Easter Sunday ed of THE SNIPER, daily publication of the 90th Inf Div. 1 April 45. Germany.)

LOCATIONS OF AFO 90 1944-45

1	Audouville La Hubert	8 Jun	
2	Fresville	16-[illegible] Jun	
3	Chef Du Pont	20 Jun-5 Jul	
4	Beuzville	5 Jul-7 Jul	
5	Pont L'Abbe	7-21 Jul	
6	St.Jores	21-28 Jul	
7	Georges	28-29 Jul	
8	Periers	29 Jul-2 Aug	
9	Avranches	2 Aug-3 Aug	
10	La Marcelliere	3-5 Aug	
11	Landivy	5-7 Aug	
12	La Bacanniere	7-10 Aug	
13	Le Mans W	10-11 Aug	
14	Le Mans N	11-14 Aug	
15	Alencon	14-15 Aug	
16	Sees	15-16 Aug	
17	Recloses	16-18 Aug	
18	Nangis	18-19 Aug	
19	Montmirail	29-31 Aug	
20	Trigny	31 Aug-7 Sep	
21	Etain	7-10 Sep	
22	Mancieulles	10-12 Sep	
23	Fontoy	12-15 Sep	
24	Briey	15 Sep-2 Nov	
25	Landres	2 Nov-8Nov	
26	Hettange Grande	8-14 Nov	
27	Cattenom	14 Nov-5 Dec	
28	Veckring	5-20 Dec	
29	Cattenom	20-Dec-15 Jan	
30	Arsdorf Lux	15 Jan-21 Jan	
31	Hollange Belgium	21-25 Jan	
32	Wardin	25-27 Jan	
33	Allerborn Lux	27-30 Jan	
34	Asselborn	30 Jan-11 Feb	
35	Steinbrucke Bel	11Feb-5 Mar	
36	Habshied Ger	5-10 Mar	
37	Mullenbach	10-13 Mar	
38	Berrsheim	13-18 Mar	
39	Bickenbach	18-20 Mar	
40	Siebersbach	20-22 Mar	
41	Sprendlingen	22-22 Mar	
42	Jugenheim	22-27 Mar	
43	Worfelden	27-29 Mar	
44	Hochstadt	29 Mar-1 Apr	
45	Herbstein	1-3 Apr	
46	Sorga	3-5 Apr	
47	Vacha	5-8 Apr	
48	Herges-Hallenberg	8-12 Apr	
49	Stutzenbach	12-13 Apr	
50	Grafenthal	13-15 Apr	
51	Ebersdorf	15-16 "	
52	Blankenberg	16-19 "	
53	Schwarzenbach	19-22 "	
54	Marktredwitz	22-24 "	
55	Windischeishenbach	24-26 "	
56	Chammunster	26-Apr-7 May	
57	Eisenstein	7-15 May	
58	Weiden	15 May-1 Dec	

Submitted By
Grant Hansen
Postal Officer
90 Inf Div
May '44- Dec '45

LIST OF DIVISION CPs
DURING COMBAT FROM APTER-
ACTION REPORT

1.	Loutres, France	8 Jun 1944
2.	Vic Ste Mere Eglise, France	10 June 1944
3.	Guetteville, France	12 Jun 1944
4.	Amfreville, France	16 Jun 1944
5.	Orglandes, France	18 Jun 1944
6.	Cretteville, France	20 Jun 1944
7.	Beuzeville La Bastille, France	23 Jun 1944
8.	Chateau Francquetot, France	2 Jul 1944
9.	Ste Suzanne, France	6 Jul 1944
10.	Le Plessis, France	14 Jul 1944
11.	La Valaissere, France	16 Jul 1944
12.	Periers (north of),France	28 Jul 1944
13.	Chateau Perron, Periers, France	28 Jul 1944
14.	le Gd Chemin, France	2 Aug 1944
15.	Landivy, France	5 Aug 1944
16.	Vautorte, France	6 Aug 1944
17.	Chappelle Le Rainson, France	7 Aug 1944
18.	Chassille, France	8 Aug 1944
19.	Le Mans, France	9 Aug 1944
20.	Ballon, France	11 Aug 1944
21.	Alencon, France	12 Aug 1944
22.	Sees, France	15 Aug 1944
23.	Nonant le Pin, France	18 Aug 1944
24.	Foret de Fontainebleau, France	26 Aug 1944
25.	La Croix-En-Brie, France	27 Aug 1944
26.	Viels-Maison, France	28 Aug 1944
27.	Savigny sur Ardre, France	29 Aug 1944
28.	Brimont, France	30 Aug 1944
29.	Etain, France	6 Sep 1944
30.	Landres, France	7 Sep 1944
31.	Higny, France	8 Sep 1944
32.	Anoux, France	8 Sep 1944
33.	Trieux, France	10 Sep 1944
34.	Angevilliers, France	12 Sep 1944
35.	Batilly, France	14 Sep 1944
36.	Doncourt, France	25 Sep 1944
37.	Piennes, France	2 Nov 1944
38.	Cattenom, France (Cattenom Barracks)	8 Nov 1944
39.	Koenigsmacker, France	14 Nov 1944
40.	Elzange, France	17 Nov 1944
41.	Aboncourt, France	18 Nov 1944
42.	Veckring Barracks, France	22 Nov 1944
43.	Halstroff, France	27 Nov 1944
44.	Kerprich Hemmersdorf, Germany	3 Dec 1944
45.	Veckring Barracks, France	22 Dec 1944
46.	Rambrouch, Luxembourg	7 Jan 1945
47.	Bonnal, Luxembourg	8 Jan 1945
48.	Harlange, Luxembourg	13 Jan 1945
49.	Wardin, Belgium	22 Jan 1945
50.	Hamiville, Luxembourg	23 Jan 1945

Division Command Posts
Continued
Page -2-

51.	Asselborn, Luxembourg	27 Jan 1945
52.	Wilderwange, Luxembourg	30 Jan 1945
53.	Burg Reuland, Belgium	5 Feb 1945
54.	Winterspelt, Germany	8 Feb 1945
55.	Pronsfeld, Germany	3 Mar 1945
56.	Schonecken, Germany	4 Mar 1945
57.	Kopp, Germany	6 Mar 1945
58.	Kirchweiler, Germany	8 Mar 1945
59.	Kelberg, Germany	9 Mar 1945
60.	Polch, Germany	12 Mar 1945
61.	Munstermaifeld, Germany	15 Mar 1945
62.	Beulich, Germany	16 Mar 1945
63.	Kisselbach, Germany	18 Mar 1945
64.	Windesheim, Germany	19 Mar 1945
65.	Sprendlingen, Germany	20 Mar 1945
66.	Nieder Saulheim, Germany	21 Mar 1945
67.	Kongernheim, Germany	23 Mar 1945
68.	Dornheim, Germany	25 Mar 1945
69.	Grafenhousen, Germany	25 Mar 1945
70.	Sprendlingen, Germany	26 Mar 1945
71.	Heusenstamm, Germany	27 Mar 1945
72.	Wachenbuchen, Germany	29 Mar 1945
73.	Steinberg, Germany	30 Mar 1945
74.	Herbstein, Germany	31 Mar 1945
75.	Bernhausen, Germany	31 Mar 1945
76.	Freidwald, Germany	2 Apr 1945
77.	Kieselbach, Germany	4 Apr 1945
78.	Bad Salzungen, Germany	6 Apr 1945
79.	Zella Mehlis, Germany	8 Apr 1945
80.	Stutzerbach, Germany	11 Apr 1945
81.	Gross Breitenbach, Germany	12 Apr 1945
82.	Ober Weissbach, Germany	13 Apr 1945
83.	Probstzella, Germany	13 Apr 1945
84.	Lobenstein, Germany	14 Apr 1945
85.	Hirschberg, Germany	16 Apr 1945
86.	Hof, Germany	19 Apr 1945
87.	Kirchenlamitz, Germany	19 Apr 1945
88.	Wunsiedel, Germany	20 Apr 1945
89.	Wiesau, Germany	22 Apr 1945
90.	Neustadt, Germany	23 Apr 1945
91.	Leuchtenberg, Germany	24 Apr 1945
92.	Oberviechtach, Germany	26 Apr 1945
93.	Cham, Germany	27 Apr 1945
94.	Zwiesel, Germany	5 May 1945
95.	Susice, Bohemia, Czechoslovakia	7 May 1945
96.	Weiden, Germany	15 May 1945
97.	Metzerkaserne, Weiden, Germany	15 Jun 1945

POEMS

Normandy

Dust and smoke curled lazily
From what was once a town.
Hens scratched, pecked brazenly
Among the dead upon the ground.

One foot stuck out of debris;
The rest could not be seen,
Another sprawled heavily,
Mouth open, unshaved, unclean.

A stretcher bore a burden
He groaned deep misery,
Eyes to heaven turned,
Closed, life less the mystery.

Shell dust covered the green,
Craters everywhere grinned.
Many were those unseen
In the hell of hells, pinned.

Marching feet came and passed.
Vehicles, guns, men in streams.
Silent, grim, strong to the last,
Never-ending, so it seemed.

A child in cry was hushed
While its mother sought some food,
Her foot in manure slushed,
Her baby all but nude.

An old woman watched our boys,
Tearfully freed with her land.
A child waved a broken toy,
A ribbon lay in a hand.

A loose brick fell to the ground,
An old man turned in fright.
An enemy plane was downed.
More men marched on to fight.

Dust and smoke curled lazily
From what was once a town.
Hens scratched, pecked brazenly
Among the dead upon the grond.

Van

Rhyme - No Reason

BUGLE BOY

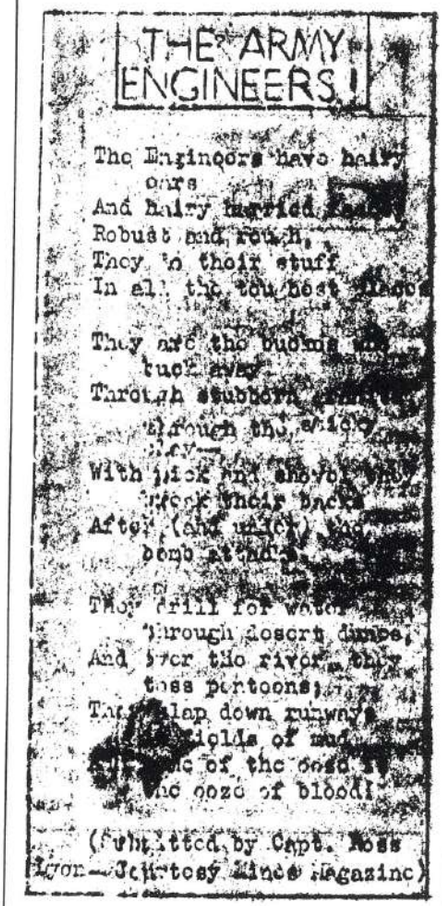
Bugle Boy, Bugle Boy, why blow
that horn
While GI's are asleep so early in the
morn?

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

You look at me with loving eyes
That seem to say "I do".
You are refreshing as the skies
And brings out my love for you.
Your simple stance and lovely curves,
Bring excstacy to my heart.
And as I look again, I swerve.
I know we cannot part.
I must admit I love you dear
And will always be your lover.
But alas and alack, my dear
Too bad you're just a magazine
cover.

(From 90th Div Artillery POST)

* *



Rhyme -- No Reason

Reveille

Between the dark and the daylight
When dawn is beginning to be,
There comes an end to my slumber
Known as reveille.

Lucky Privates

Mauldin has his Joe
To let off excess steam
And I can forget this life
In a nice escapist dream.

But where go men like Ike
When there's griping to be done?
The Generals have the stars
But the Privates have the fun.

The Red Cross Girl

My first choice for gal appeal
Is the charmer in the Clubmobile.

Contemplation.

I'm thankful for-being alive —
And points that total eighty-five
But fear haunts me every time.

I check the meter in my rhyme.
What sounds like Allen Poe to me
Is often some dear reader's misery.

This poem was dedicated to David Hensley, who was killed in action over France, January 1, 1945.

The Purple Heart

— Robert Schuller

Yes, it is only an emblem,
But it means more than ever I can tell.
This emblem mens that he was heroic,
This emblem means that he went through Hell.

Heroic, because he fought for freedom.
He fought for you and for me.
And he'll keep on fighting, with countless others
Until the final day of victory.

Hell. Because his blood stained the battlefield,
In hot, in cold, in rain and mud.
He didn't give up because he, a soldier,
Fought like a soldier should.

What does he have? Not very much
To show for his gallantry,
But when the final Judgment Day comes,
I know where he'll be.

He'll be in front of the Father above,
And when asked what he has for proof,
He'll stand at attention, as proud as can be,
And repeat in the deepest of truth.

"Oh, Protector, Oh, God,
I have only this 'Purple Heart'
To show for proof that I, an American,
Tried to be a real soldier from the start".

The Heavenly Father shall raise his hand,
And say in all honesty,
"You *are* a real soldier, my son,
You deserve to be free."

A COMBAT SOLDIER OF WW II

by James W. Hale

A soldier in battle, I remember the fray.
It's clear in my memory to this very day.

I slept in the snow and on hard, stoney soil
My bed was a foxhole dug with backbreaking toil.

I had no warm bath, and no fresh, clean clothes
During those months that I lived in the cold.

A foxhole of water with mud knee-deep
Was my substitute for a bed and clean sheets.

I traveled over ridges and through valleys low.
I crossed over rivers and crawled through grassy plateaus.

Through enemy lines of fortification
I fought my way onward with no vacation.

There were guns; there were tanks; there were automobiles
That lay alongside the men who were killed.

Rifles and cartridge belts, helmets and shells
Also were scattered down blood-spattered trails.

My memory still pictures one frightening scene
As if it were a movie on the television screen.

The edge of the woods near the French-Germany border
Was covered with horses that died from the mortar.

A thud on my soldier– it dropped to the ground.
I had a hole in my collar from an eight millimeter round.

I wished for a shelter for a very thick shield
To safely protect me from the fast flying steel.

I think of the soldiers with whom I did roam
That died in the battles and never came home.

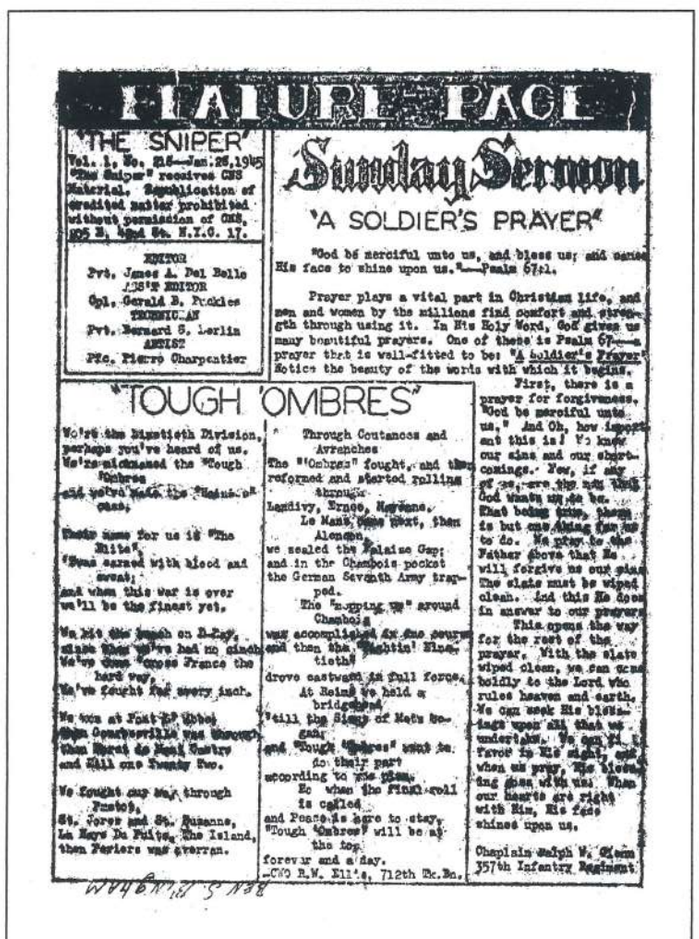
I often feel sad and sometimes alone
To think of those buddies that I have known.

The wounds of my buddies, and the death of my pals
Greatly affected the company's morale.

General Earnest, General Patton, and General Eisenhower
Rushed us forward and forward until victory was ours.

The war was then over, and I bid adieu
To friends who returned to the homes that they knew.

I still can remember the places I stayed,
The battles I fought, and the friends that I made.



FEATURE PAGE

"THE SNIPER"
Vol. 1, No. 216—Jan. 25, 1945
"The Sniper" receives CNS Material. Republication of credited matter prohibited without permission of CNS, NOS B, 42nd Div. N.Y.C. 17.

EDITOR
Pvt. James A. Del Bello
ASS'T EDITOR
Cpl. Gerald B. Pickles
TECHNICIAN
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ARTIST
Pfc. Pierre Charpentier

Sunday Sermon

"A SOLDIER'S PRAYER"

"God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us."—Psalm 67:1.

Prayer plays a vital part in Christian life, and men and women by the millions find comfort and strength through using it. In His Holy Word, God gives us many beautiful prayers. One of these is Psalm 67—a prayer that is well-fitted to be: "A Soldier's Prayer." Notice the beauty of the words with which it begins.

First, there is a prayer for forgiveness. "God be merciful unto us." And Oh, how important this is! We know our sins and our shortcomings. Now, if any of us are not right with God we want us to be. That being true, there is but one thing for us to do. We pray to the Father above that He will forgive us our sins. The slate must be wiped clean. And this He does in answer to our prayers.

This opens the way for the rest of the prayer. With the slate wiped clean, we can come boldly to the Lord who rules heaven and earth. We can seek His blessings upon all that we undertake. We can ask His favor in His sight, and when we pray, His blessing does fall upon us. When our hearts are right with Him, His face shines upon us.

Chaplain Ralph W. Odom
357th Infantry Regiment

"TOUGH 'OMBRES"

We're the Ninetieth Division, perhaps you've heard of us. We're nicknamed the "Tough 'Ombres" and we've made the Germans pay.

Some name for us is "The Hills". We're armed with blood and sweat; and when this war is over we'll be the finest yet.

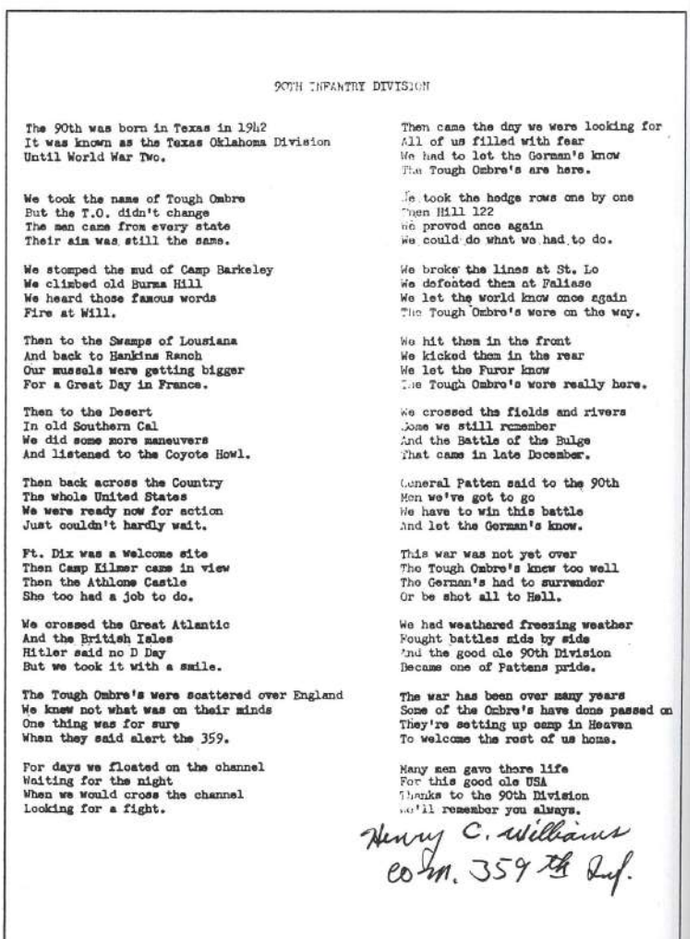
We hit the beach on D-Day, since then we've had no climb. We've come across France the hard way, We've fought for every inch.

We won at Pont-D'Ouve, then Carentan we threw. Then Hurat de Mont Castre and Hill one Twenty Two.

We fought our way through Periers, St. Lo and St. Suzanne, La Haye Du Puits, the Island, then Periers was overran.

Through Coutances and Avranches
The "Ombres" fought, and then reformed and started rolling through
Landivy, Ernee, Mayenne, Le Mans, then next, then Alencon.
We sealed the Falaise Gap; and in the Chambois pocket the German Seventh Army trapped.
The "mopping up" around Chambois was accomplished in due course and then the "Fightin' Ninetieth" drove eastward in full force.
At Reims we held a bridgehead
Till the Siege of Metz began; and "Tough 'Ombres" went to do their part according to the plan.
So when the Final roll is called and Peace is here to stay, "Tough 'Ombres" will be at the top forever and a day.

—CWO R.W. Kittle, 712th Ord. Bn.



90TH INFANTRY DIVISION

The 90th was born in Texas in 1942
It was known as the Texas Oklahoma Division
Until World War Two.

We took the name of Tough Ombre
But the T.O. didn't change
The men came from every state
Their aim was still the same.

We stomped the mud of Camp Barkeley
We climbed old Burma Hill
We heard those famous words
Fire at Will.

Then to the Swamps of Louisiana
And back to Hankins Ranch
Our muscels were getting bigger
For a Great Day in France.

Then to the Desert
In old Southern Cal
We did some more maneuvers
And listened to the Coyote Howl.

Then back across the Country
The whole United States
We were ready now for action
Just couldn't hardly wait.

Ft. Dix was a welcome site
Then Camp Kilmer came in view
Then the Athlone Castle
She too had a job to do.

We crossed the Great Atlantic
And the British Isles
Hitler said no D Day
But we took it with a smile.

The Tough Ombre's were scattered over England
We knew not what was on their minds
One thing was for sure
When they said alert the 359.

For days we floated on the channel
Waiting for the night
When we would cross the channel
Looking for a fight.

Then came the day we were looking for
All of us filled with fear
We had to let the German's know
The Tough Ombre's are here.

We took the hedge rows one by one
Then Hill 122
We proved once again
We could do what we had to do.

We broke the lines at St. Lo
We defeated them at Falaise
We let the world know once again
The Tough Ombre's were on the way.

We hit them in the front
We kicked them in the rear
We let the Furor know
The Tough Ombre's were really here.

We crossed the fields and rivers
Some we still remember
And the Battle of the Bulge
That came in late December.

General Patten said to the 90th
Men we've got to go
We have to win this battle
And let the German's know.

This war was not yet over
The Tough Ombre's knew too well
The German's had to surrender
Or be shot all to Hell.

We had weathered freezing weather
Fought battles side by side
And the good ole 90th Division
Became one of Pattens pride.

The war has been over many years
Some of the Ombre's have done passed on
They're setting up camp in Heaven
To welcome the rest of us home.

Many men gave there life
For this good ole USA
Thanks to the 90th Division
We'll remember you always.

Henry C. Williams
Co M. 359th Inf.

From Shame to Fame "SAD SACK" HEROES OF THE 90TH



The "Tough Ombres" fouled up so badly at Normandy they were almost disbanded. But, given one last chance, they became the best in the ETO

☐ The battered old sergeant shook his head disgustedly. "Lordy, oh Lordy, what a Sad Sack outfit this is," he said. Veteran of a hundred brawls and a dozen disciplinary actions, he pointed his rifle at the sky and squinted through the breech. The small cluster of riflemen gathered around him on the deck of the troopship waited for him to continue. ■ "Just look at our history," the old soldier went on. "We're jinxed. First we lose half our officers and noncoms without a shot being fired. Just about the time they got themselves straightened out, the Army steps in and takes most of them as cadre for a new division. When we're practically on the boat for England they take our general away from us. And this

/ BY BOOTON HERNDON

here boat is the final straw. Here we are, a bunch of fighting men heading for France on D-Day on a tub called the *Susan B. Anthony!"*

The sergeant released the bolt on his rifle with a click. "You can count on one thing," he said. "Things are gonna get worse before they get better."

The old soldier had called it exactly. At that moment a German shell hit, and a geyser of water shot up beside the ship. "We're hit! We're hit!" the cry went up. The non-coms, who kept their heads, moved quickly about the decks, assembling and calming their men. Finally it was determined that nobody had been killed. But the *Susan B. Anthony* was sinking, and they had to abandon ship in a hurry.

In the meantime, other elements of this same division were going in to the Normandy beachhead under fire. The battle plan called for them to hit the beach, regroup and push off in two days. Then, urgent requests for reinforcements were received from units fighting on the beachhead, so the green division was thrown into the attack that very day. As enemy machine-gun fire swept the beach and shells from the German 88s exploded about them, the white-faced GIs milled about, dazed and bewildered, their officers and non-coms not doing much better. They clustered in small groups all up and down the beachhead, not knowing which way to go or what to do. The fight for the beachhead was raging, and they were supposed to participate, but how? And where?

That was the way the U.S. 90th Infantry Division entered combat on D-Day, 1944. It was an inauspicious beginning, and, as the old soldier had said, the worst was yet to come.

Other divisions, before and since, have failed in their early missions, yet have come back to fight with gallantry. However, no other American division in World War II sank so low, then came back to achieve so much as a fighting unit as the 90th Division.

In that first month headquarters almost decided to disband the division and use its men as replacements. Yet six months later, General Patton praised it for carrying out "the greatest military feat of the war," and the unit became his choice for the most spectacular campaigns.

The 90th had seen action in the closing days of World War I and had been re-activated on March 23, 1942, at Camp Barkeley, Texas. And though the "T" and "O" in the division's insignia actually stood for "Texas and Oklahoma," the GIs of World War II said the letters stood for "Tough 'Ombres."

The division trained together and went through maneuvers together. Then, just about when the men were blending into a fighting unit, a large group of its officers and non-coms were transferred as cadre for a new division.

Just before it sailed overseas, its commander, Major General Henry Terrill Jr., was made a corps commander. Brigadier General Jay W. McKelvie, assistant division commander, took over. McKelvie, who had worked his way up through the ranks from private, was a graduate of the Army War College and the Command and General Staff School. Although he had commanded for only ten days when the division arrived in Europe, the top brass decided to give him a chance.



In the fighting for the Saar-Moselle Triangle during March 1945, men of Company L, 357th Infantry, pile into boats to storm Nazi positions across Moselle River.

That chance came too soon. On D-Day, when the 4th Division ran into more resistance than was expected, two battalions of the 90th were sent in to help them. It was the first time the division had been split up, and a catastrophic lack of communications and coordination resulted. Many of the officers were as confused as their men. In the nerve-shattering noise of battle, they forgot the most basic rule of all, and huddled together. Thus, when an exploding mortar or 88 shell hit one man, it frequently hit ten or more. The casualty rate was enormous.

On that first day something happened that might shake even the most seasoned veteran. A regimental commander, a full colonel, was standing up straight, giving orders, when suddenly there was the whine and burst of an 88 and the colonel stood there headless. His officers and men gazed in horror as the decapitated figure remained upright for a second or two before it collapsed.

Though as a whole the units of the 90th were ineffective, there were individual heroes that first day of fighting. PFC Samuel C. Maples, his BAR in his arms, was manning an outpost when he saw men in strange uniforms running furtively toward him. For a moment Maples' jaw dropped. He was the first man of the 90th even to see a live German, and he saw a whole patrol.

His astonishment didn't last long. He raised his BAR, aimed it and pulled the trigger. The first shot from a 90th Division weapon rang out in Normandy. Two of the four-man Nazi patrol dropped, killed instantly. A third fell wounded, and crawled away. The fourth stuck up his hands and shouted, "Kamerad!" In a matter of seconds the 90th Division had killed, wounded and captured its first Germans.

On D-plus-3, General McKelvie received orders for a division mission. The 82nd Airborne Division had fought up to the Merederet River and was due for a rest. The 90th was to pass through the 82nd, cross the river and continue the attack. To the troops of the 90th

that day, Merederet River spelled murder. Across the river, and in the hedgerow country beyond it, the German 91st Infantry Division resisted with professional ferocity.

This was the French *bocage* country, one pasture after another, each separated by a hedgerow, with a drainage ditch on either side. The Germans made the fullest use of that terrain. In the first hedgerow on the other side of the river, the Germans stationed riflemen and machine-gunners. In the next would be mortars, and in the third, 88s, sited for direct fire. That pattern continued for miles. This way, as the men of the 90th attacked across the first open field, fire from all three hedgerows poured down upon them. Off to a bad start in the first place, attacking units were demoralized by fear and confusion, still huddling together, making it easy for the Germans to kill them. And when division artillery began to drop short rounds in supporting fire missions, near chaos resulted. The tired paratroopers of the 82nd, who had been fighting since the night before D-Day, had to come back to the lines to help the 90th hold its sector.

Replacements, officers and riflemen, were rushed up to the front. Frequently men had no officers to lead them, and officers had no unit to lead. Take Second Lieutenant Charles D. McConville. When he was sent up to the front on June 12 as a replacement platoon leader, he found his platoon had only 12 men. They had been through hell and looked it.

"New men are on the way," the gaunt-eyed battalion commander told him. At that moment the replacements were marching up the road together—men whose total, army service was exactly 17 weeks. A German patrol circled around behind the American lines and fired into the close-packed troops. Many men died before they even joined the unit.

Units which were nearly up to strength had the majority of their men in replacements. McConville's platoon now numbered 34 men, of whom 22 were replacements, men who had been in the army only four months.

Green troops, green officers. In these situations it's the medics who work. First Lieutenant Anthony A. Febbraro, a medical officer, joined his unit at the same time as McConville, and found



Winter warfare: Near Doncols, Luxembourg, BAR-man Pvt. Bill Birthold, 357th Infantry Regiment, takes five in the snow before his regiment moves on over ridge. (Jan 45)

the battalion taking heavy casualties from mortar and artillery fire. Seriously wounded men were being brought back to the battalion aid station, where Febbraro and his medics were doing all they couldto save them.

After a short but bloody fight, Mayenne, plus its bridge and hundreds of prisoners, fell to Task Force Weaver.

The next day, at Le Mans, it was a repeat performance. Again Barth encircled the bridge, again Task Force Weaver's forces crashed through a vastly superior German force, and again they took a city complete with a large garrison and a bridge.

While the 90th had been roaring across France, the Germans had mounted a strong counteroffensive to the rear. Under personal orders from Adolf Hitler, the entire German 7th Army, including several fresh Panzer divisions, attacked, intending to slice through and cut off the American spearheads. Patton ordered the 90th to swing around and hit the enemy's flank from the south. The division was to fight through to make contact with the British and Canadians coming down from the north, thus sealing off the entire German Army.

As the Americans squeezed the gap closer and closer, the Germans discovered one escape route still open, at the small town of Chambois. As they began to pour through, Patton sent in the Tough 'Ombres of the 90th to slam the door. The 90th pushed the Germans back and plugged the gap. In the heavy fighting new heroes appeared.

Sergeant Aubrey M. Rayburn, in his tank destroyer, defied heavy small-arms, mortar and artillery fire, to hold his position. His TD knocked out five enemy tanks, shot up one self-propelled gun and mowed down scores of German infantry.

Sergeant John B. Hawk was manning a light machine gun when German tanks and infantry surged forward in an attempt to overrun his position. Hawk drove the enemy foot soldiers back, but an artillery shell knocked out the gun and wounded Hawk. Next a trio of German tanks rumbled up to Hawk's position. He ran back to his company headquarters, grabbed a bazooka from a fellow soldier's hands and returned to his forward outpost. His bazooka fire was so deadly that the German tanks broke off the attack.

Immediately after the tanks left, enemy infantry attacked again. Hawk assembled two machine-gun squads and organized them in a tight defense. While small-arms fire whined around him and German mortar shells fell all around, he calmly took the parts of his shot-up machine gun, combined it with another, and produced one workable gun. The full impact of the enemy assault struck just as he finished the assembly.

"Well, let's see if she works," Hawk said casually, and directed a burst at the charging grey-green uniforms. They went down as though they had hit a trip wire. Another wave came forward only to go down the same way. The German force, infantry and tanks, pulled back into a small grove to regroup and change the attack plan.

Now two tank destroyers of the 90th came up, and Hawk told them to fire into the woods. But their field of vision was bad, and if they moved to a better firing position, they would be in the open. Hawk solved the problem by running to the top of a small knoll overlooking both tank destroyers and the German-held woods, and shouted back instructions to the two TDs. When his voice couldn't carry over the sound of battle, he ran back through a hail of bullets and arranged a set of signals with the TD crews. Twice more Hawk ran up to his observation post and returned to direct their fire. When two German tanks were knocked out, a third hastily withdrew. Hawk continued directing the tank destroyer fire until a white flag was stuck out from behind a tree. When Hawk called off the fire, 500 Germans walked out of the woods with their hands up.

While Hawk and Rayburn were blazing away, the fleeing Germans completely encircled an entire regiment of the 90th. Lieutenant Joseph R. Durbin was directed to fight his way through at the head of a relief force. As he advanced, his force encountered several small groups of fleeing Germans, who immediately surrendered. Moving beyond a crossroads, Durbin's force was suddenly struck by a full Panzer unit. A large French chateau stood at the juncture of the roads, and Durbin and his men dashed into its walled-in enclosure and turned it into a small fort. Soon he was completely surrounded, and the Germans demanded that he surrender.

"Surrender, hell," Durbin said. "I've got a hundred and fifty prisoners of my own!"

Durbin's force held out for three days, tying up the entire German column behind the Panzer unit that had surrounded them. This stand enabled another 90th unit not only to relieve Durbin's force but to make the surrounding German unit surrender.

During all this fighting, the division artillery had a field day. First Lieutenant William R. Matthews, piloting a Cub observer plane, kept flying through small-arms fire, picking out prime targets for the big guns, and radioing back their positions. On one occasion, when the enemy brought up machine guns to support an infantry attack, Matthews stayed right over them until his artillery broke it up. Then he flew over a whole enemy column. So accurate was his spotting that 27 vehicles were destroyed and many Germans killed. The next day another column came down the road, and Matthews, again under small-arms fire, called back a fire mission. The resulting fire knocked out 21 vehicles. Again the Germans tried to break through. This time Matthews brought about a direct hit on an ammunition truck, which blew up, killing a dozen Germans with it. One tank and 31 vehicles were also left burning.

Still the Germans attacked. Matthews kept sending back the coordinates of one troop concentration after another, resulting in a devastating toll of dead and wounded Germans. Now the Germans began shooting at Matthews with an 88, and although his plane looked as though it was falling to pieces, he kept on flying. In three days, Matthews spent 35 hours in the air.



Infantrymen of the 358th Regiment seek Nazis out in the woodland cover near Klenec, Czechoslovakia (30 Apr 45)

Finally the ring was closed, and the Germans surrendered. They had lost well over 100,000 men in that one desperate counterattack. The 90th exulted in their record; it had taken more than 12,000 prisoners and killed almost that many. But in Chambois the stench of decaying and burned human flesh was a sickening end to their victory.

The 90th was now Patton's most prized infantry division. He sent it racing across France, advancing scores of miles in a day. With the Germans on the run, the whole Third Army was eating up the miles with negligible casualties. It was that way clear across France to the Moselle River and the fortress of Metz. There the Third Army ran out of fuel and had to dig in, giving the Germans a chance to regroup.

That's where they were on November 9. The division was under a new commander, Major General James A. Van Fleet, General McLain having been given command of a corps. The 90th was handpicked by Patton to complete a most difficult job; to cross the swollen Moselle River, batter its way through the mighty outer defenses of Metz and link up with the 5th Division (which had already crossed the Moselle) in a wide sweep around the city from the south.

Normally the Moselle is a placid and lovely stream, but at jump-off time, the 90th found that heavy autumn rains had turned it into a raging torrent fully a half-mile wide. The first wave went over in assault boats. There was heroism even before enemy fire was heard, when some of the boats turned over in the treacherous current—but every man was rescued. The advance elements fought their way ashore, and started deepening the beachhead through a maze of pillboxes and fortified positions.

But no force can continue to fight without reinforcements, ammunition and supplies, and the swollen Moselle could not be bridged. Engineers were working waist-deep in the chilly water, trying to get their pontoons in place. But time and again the turbulent water would snap cables like threads. Thus one platoon after another was laboriously ferried across in assault boats—at a painfully slow pace. Motor launches were brought up to help, especially to evacuate the wounded.

Then, at dawn, the Germans mounted a heavy counterattack, hitting Company H of the 358th Regiment the hardest. Technical Sergeant Forest E. Everhart was commanding a platoon of that company and before his men knew what was happening, German tanks and infantry penetrated their left flank. Everhart had only one machine gun in that area. Though he was not at the point of attack when it started, he ran 400 yards to join in it, taking command and organizing the defense. After an hour of fierce fighting, only Everhart and one gunner were left, but they kept firing at the advancing Germans until they halted, whereupon Everhart charged, killing at least 30 of the enemy.

The surviving Germans withdrew, but circled around to come up on Everhart's right. The sergeant recrossed the fire-swept ground and began firing the abandoned machine gun in that sector. As his gunner swept the area, Everhart got another handful of grenades, and once again moved forward alone, throwing the hand grenades wherever he found clusters of Germans. He wound up stopping the second enemy advance cold and killing at least 20 more Germans. For his actions he was later awarded the Medal of Honor.

The strongest, most invincible position in the bastion of Metz was Fort Koenigsmacher, located in the outer defenses a few miles from the city proper. This fort was a stronghold of concrete and steel built down inside

the natural fortification of a hill. Although it was protected by lines of fire from surrounding fortifications, Captain Edward J. Blake and his company fought up to the very top of it. Germans moved in behind them in the night, until the company found itself surrounded—with Germans underneath, too. Light aircraft kept them supplied and for 72 hours the company held that forward position. Finally General Van Fleet got a message through that they could retreat. But Captain Blake sent back word: "This fort is ours. I can't ask the men to leave here now. They're more determined than I to finish the job."

Fortunately, the end of Fort Koenigsmacher was near. Ducking and dodging through a hail of bullets, a job made more difficult and more dangerous by the five-gallon can of gasoline he was carrying, Second Lieutenant Rex J. Ross charged up the hill to a steel-barred ventilator and poured the gasoline through the grating. Then Ross dropped a white phosphorus grenade after the gas. The hill belched forth flame and smoke. Two men now joined Ross with satchel charges and these, too, went down the shaft, followed by awesome explosions. Minutes later, 300 Germans marched out with their hands clasped on top of their helmets. Examination of Fort Koenigsmacher proved it to have eight-foot-thick walls of sheet steel and concrete.

In the meantime engineers had finally built a bridge across the swollen river. On the fifth day the Division moved its armor across, along with more ammunition. The 90th was now down to 50 percent of its fighting strength, yet it kept driving. And on the 11th day it joined forces with the 5th Division, surrounding Metz completely.

When Patton heard the news, he was speechless. Then he said, "This is the greatest military achievement of the war."

But the 90th kept doing the impossible. On December 6 its men crossed another flooded river, the Saar. Again bridge cables snapped like strings, but still two regiments got across and without hope of supplies, cracked the Siegfried Line and pushed into the town of Dilingen, engaging in heavy house-to-house fighting. Working feverishly at the river crossing, the engineers finally put together three methods of crossing: a few assault boats, one hand-operated ferry and one footbridge. Assault elements of the 90th used all three to get across. Then came one of the most astounding orders of the war.

The 90th, having breached the Saar and penetrated the vaunted German defenses, was to pull out in the dead of night and fall back, leaving only a skeleton radio net to fool the eavesdropping Germans. So secret was the retreat that all men were ordered to take off the 90th Division patches.

What was the reason for this secret retreat? The 90th had become such a crack outfit that even the German General staff knew it. Captured German documents said, "Prisoners identified as belonging to the 90th Division will be immediately taken to regimental G-3." The Germans felt that movements of the 90th would tip them off to overall American strategy.

While the 90th had been fighting at Metz, the Battle of the Bulge was on. German forces had struck powerfully at the thinly held American lines in Belgium, and the Allied high command had ordered all unengaged forces to drop everything and help out. The mission of the 90th was to attack northward into the enemy's exposed flank.

Under cover of darkness, in near zero temperatures, the 90th pulled back across the Saar. Each vehicle had to be winched on board the ferry, then be winched off. Proceeding over the narrow, ice-covered roads, bucking frigid winter winds, the division moved 100 miles north to Luxembourg, and opened a full-scale attack.

Now the 90th Division was not only a superior fighting outfit, but its men were cocky and confident. For example, when a patrol composed of Staff Sergeant Richard M. McDonald and PFCs LaVerne W. Miller and Daniel W. Blue came across an anti-tank ditch leading into the German lines, they followed it into the German positions. Each time the Germans challenged them they answered back in what they hoped would pass for German, then carefully marked the location of the challenge on a crude, hand-drawn map.

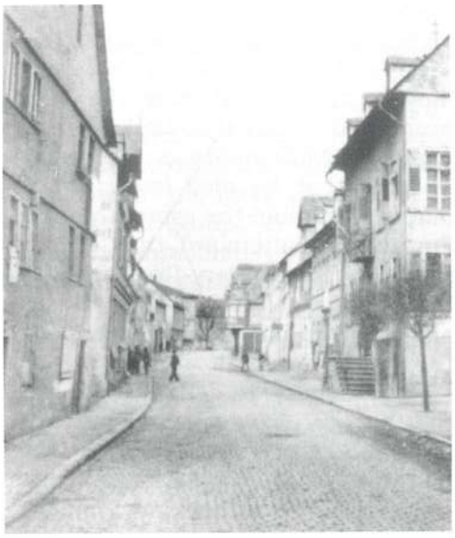
Now, with the gaps in the line well defined, they went a full three miles deeper into enemy territory, carefully mapping every enemy position they saw. At dusk on that sub-zero day, they started back. By now, the group numbered 20, for they had taken 17 prisoners. McDonald was wounded so severely that he died later, but he managed to hold the group together. For two days afterward, the Germans were hit by artillery-fire missions, mortar barrages and infantry attacks, all with such pin-point accuracy that they had a demoralizing effect.

After helping to deflate the Bulge, the 90th returned to the Saar River and the Siegfried Line. It began to slug its way forward. Now German villages were turning on their own soldiers, driving them out into the woods and meeting the advancing Americans with white flags. Up ahead, the German Army was fleeing in a panic, bumper to bumper, and again the artillery men had a field day as the spotter planes radioed in positions of enemy convoys. At the large Rhine city of Mainz, the division expected trouble, but as six battalions were closing in on the city if surrendered.

Now the 90th Division began slashing its way across France. Because of security restrictions, the people at home had no idea where it was, until Germany surrendered, and Allied Headquarters revealed that the 90th had cut Germany in half, winding up in Czechoslovakia.

The 90th Division had wiped out the stigma of Normandy. From D-Day to V-E Day, this one division took 83,437 prisoners of war—the equivalent of six German divisions—and killed tens of thousands more. Its own casualties were 3,871 dead and over 21,000 wounded and missing. A total of 35,000 replacements came into the division. Thus more than 50,000 men served in it.

And this division, which had come so close to the disgrace of being broken up for replacements, won awards and decorations by the barrelful. Two of its men—Sergeant Hawk and Technical Sergeant Everhart—won the Medal of Honor. Other decorations included 78 Distinguished Service Crosses, six Legion of Merit awards, four Distinguished Flying Crosses and 1311 Silver Stars. From shame to fame—no other division with such a bad beginning went so far and fast toward combat greatness.



Nastatten



In Wieden, Germany – 1945



The devastation of war



90th Infrantrymen in captured German trench during battle in Seigfried Line



American Red Cross Center in Cherbourg, France, opened in July 1944—the first center for American soldiers in Europe



The French cheering as Americans roll through



607th Crossing the Saale River at Saalfeld



THIS is only the beginning of the heroic story of the 90th Infantry Division in World War II. I wish that we could tell you all of it—thousands of words more of the details of the triumphs and the trials, but that will have to wait until after victory. Even in this short account, there is so much for the Tough 'Ombres of the 90th to be proud of, and I am proud with them. I am new to the division, having assumed command on 17 October 1944, after the events related here, but I know well the 90th's record. Let's carry it on and build it higher and higher until everyone of us can say proudly at the end: "That's the way it was. I was there with the 90th."

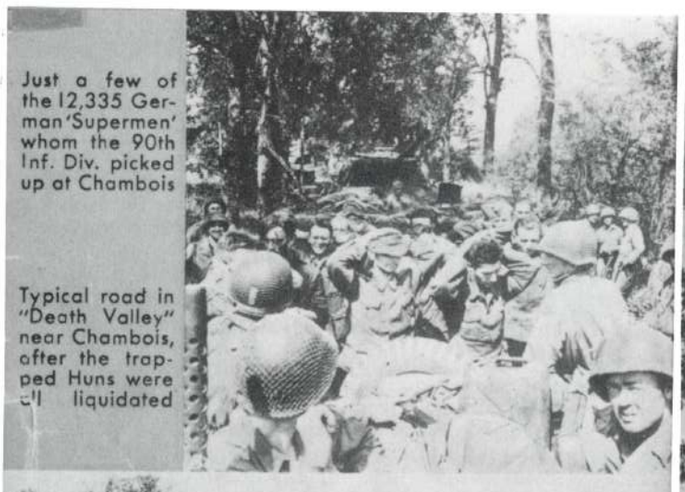
J. A Van Fleet

Major General, Commanding

The Story Of The 90th Infantry Division

"BLOOD-RED FOR TOUGH 'OMBRES"

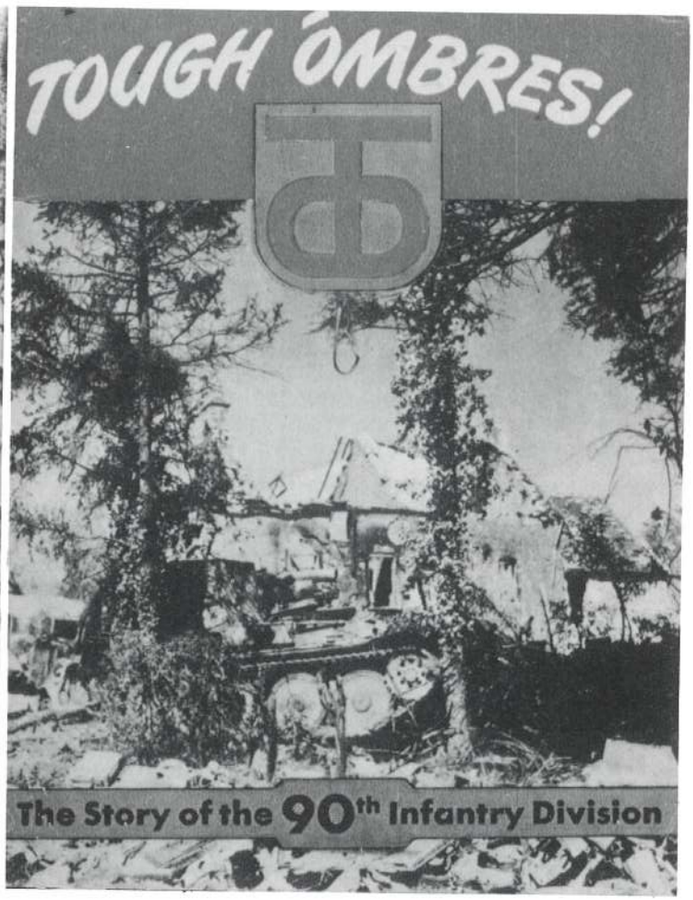
WHEN the 90th Infantry Division landed on D-Day, the blood-red T-O insignia meant Texas and Oklahoma. Today the T-O stands for "Tough 'Ombres." The men who wear that patch fought for fifty-three consecutive days. They landed among the first, took the staggering blows of the prepared German might and came back with even more decisive blows of their own to sweep across France and onto Hitler's front porch.



Just a few of the 12,335 German 'Supermen' whom the 90th Inf. Div. picked up at Chambois



Typical road in "Death Valley" near Chambois, after the trapped Huns were all liquidated



D-Day and D-plus-1 were the beginning. When the troopship *Susan B. Anthony* struck a mine and sank, the 2nd Bn, 359th Inf and Co C, 315th Engr Bn, waded ashore without a loss—except for their weapons. When the 4th Inf Div needed reserves, the 1st and 3rd Bns, 359th Inf, plunged through water and artillery to back them up. When a German patrol spied on the assembly area near St Martin de Varreville, Pfc Samuel C. Maples of Stella, Mo, Co A, 359th, killed the division's first two Krauts.

The 'Ombres were tough and stayed tough. They had to be tough to plough through the hedgerow defenses of Normandy in the famous dash to the important rail junction of Le Mans, and to form part of the Falaise pocket at Chambois that brought terrible disaster to a frantically fleeing Nazi.



They had a sense of humor, too. When B Btry, 915th FA Bn, hurled its 50,000th round at the enemy from the same gun that had fired the first, stencilled on the shell was "To Adolf with love from T-O."

the town but they clung to the edges. The 357th crossed the river causeway at La Fiere through a murderous artillery and mortar barrage.



The first day of fighting netted one and a half miles. Odds had heavily favored the Krauts. Hedgerows were hardpacked, root-filled walls of earth four or five feet high, overgrown with thick hedges and trees. Ditches lined the earthen walls, and the enemy was entrenched in well-prepared positions. The terrain was well known to the occupying Germans.

Automatic weapons and small arms were in the first row. Mortars held the second. Eighty-eights backed them up. Flanking hedgerows concealed more automatic weapons and mortars dug in under brush and covered with logs and dirt.

When our troops ventured into a field, machine guns opened deadly crossfire, followed by mortars peppering the area. Those lucky enough to get back to the hedgerows' protection were harassed by 88's zeroed in on the trees above them.

Our own artillery's forward observers often were unable to see beyond the next hedgerow and had to fire blind. Observers in trees were targets not only for the enemy but for our own troops wary of snipers. Once, Capt Donald B. Hutchens of Oregon, then commanding Co B, 359th, climbed a tree to direct fire only to fall when enemy shrapnel snapped the limb. Undaunted, he shinnied up the tree again and resumed his fire direction.

T-O FOR TEXAS AND OKLAHOMA

THE letters T-O of the insignia actually stand for Texas and Oklahoma, being a carryover from World War 1, when the 90th, made up of men from these states, fought at St Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne. The Tough 'Ombres of this war hail from everywhere in America.

The division was reactivated at Camp Barkeley, Tex, Mar 25, 1942 and after training there went to the Louisiana and California-Arizona Maneuver Areas before sailing for England on Mar 23, 1944.

With the division assembled near Turqueville, and its first CP in France at Loutres, Brig. Gen. Jay W. MacKelvie, Battle Creek, Mich, (then CG) received warning orders. The division would attack across the Merderet River, through the 82nd Airborne Div.

Early morning June 10, the 'Ombres moved to attack and to deepen the VII Corps bridgehead established earlier by the 82nd Airborne Div, aided by a devastating barrage laid by the 90th's own 345th FA Bn.

The 357th Inf struck out on one flank for Gourbesville while the 358th Inf steered for Pont l'Abbe (Etienville). The bulk of the 359th and B Btry, 915th FA Bn, was still with the 4th Div.

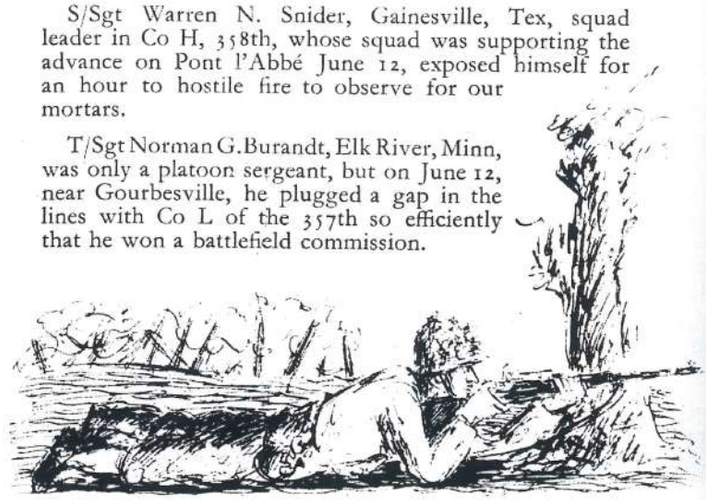
The 358th crossed the Merderet River and brushed aside heavy enemy resistance before Pont l'Abbe. A strong German counterattack repelled them from

COURAGE CREATES HEROES

IT was this determination to win that produced heroes by the score.

S/Sgt Warren N. Snider, Gainesville, Tex, squad leader in Co H, 358th, whose squad was supporting the advance on Pont l'Abbé June 12, exposed himself for an hour to hostile fire to observe for our mortars.

T/Sgt Norman G. Burandt, Elk River, Minn, was only a platoon sergeant, but on June 12, near Gourbesville, he plugged a gap in the lines with Co L of the 357th so efficiently that he won a battlefield commission.



and keyed the entire southward drive to break out of the hedgerow country.



The 90th found itself smashing against fresh, fanatical paratroopers and SS men. The jumpoff, July 3, was a line from Baupte, northeast past Pont Auny to the east edge of Pretot. The division faced southwest.

The first day, the 359th, on the west, advanced through Pretot for roughly 2000 yards despite savage machine gun, artillery, mortar fire and mines.

The 358th, in the east sector, chalked up 2000 yards to St Jores. By 1410, one platoon of the 1st Bn battered its way into the town. Enemy tanks smashed them back. The 3rd Bn maneuvered wide past the east flank to present such a threat that by 1930 the 1st Bn, having crashed through St Jores, pressed on to Les Belles Croix. Enemy self-propelled guns delayed the advance, but Les Belles Croix fell to the tanks of the 712th Tank Bn, fresh from the beaches. (The attached 712th became a blood-brother of the 90th in the Mont Castre campaign and since then has fought as part of the division.)

The 358th fought off a counter-attack as the battle continued, July 4, and by the end of the day had pushed on to La Butte. The 359th in the meantime had swung down to the St Jores—Le Fry road. Then it gained Ste Suzanne, was driven out in the morning, plunged in again that afternoon.

Back in the east the 357th had entered the battle on July 5 to relieve part of the 358th. The outfit was stopped cold outside of Beau Coudray in a day-long battle but continued to trade blows there for six bitter days. Constant battering only loosened the hinges but diverted German attention to the east so that the lock on the west was picked and the portal was forced open slowly in a southeastern swing pivoted on Beau Coudray.

"J" CO PUT TO BATTLE TEST

This sector was comparatively quiet, but on July 10 boiled up again. A provisional "J" Co of 120 cooks, mechanics and headquarters specialists had been organized and put up front to prevent enemy infiltration. But the enemy still kept Beau Coudray. The 357th's 2nd Bn finally flanked the town from the west on July 11 and the Germans withdrew that night. The 2nd Bn snatched Le Plessis without opposition the following day and the 1st and 3rd Bns moved through Beau Coudray.

The door finally had swung wide and the hinges now had torn loose.

While the 357th was tied up at Beau Coudray, the rest of the division had moved around to the north of the forêt. But 1st Bn, 359th, hit the west nose of the hill on July 6 and the punch caught the Germans off balance because they had expected the main effort from the east. Bypassed by the 1st, however, the retreating Nazis greeted the 3rd Bn, 359th, driving up on the left, with enough artillery to halt them and surround both battalions. Ten counterattaeks were repulsed in twenty-four hours. At one time the situation was eased only by artillery directed on the enemy by the 1st Bn CO, Lt. Col. (then Capt.) Leroy R. Pond, Fayetteville, Ark.

Ammunition was low. The men were surrounded for thirty hours. Each round fired had to spell death for a Hun. Relief finally arrived when the 2nd Bn, 358th, plus eight tanks, knifed through the enemy wedge at 1830, July 7.

The 2nd Bn, 359th, and 1st Bn, 358th, had moved



into the eastern edge of the forest July 6 while the 3rd Bn of the 358th, having moved south from Lithaire to the crest, occupied Hill 122, July 8. Thus a line across the entire heights was established.

One result of the battle was a two-day haul of 430 PWs.

Meanwhile, the division's right flank was open. The enemy, driven out of La Haye du Puits by the advancing 79th Div, was infiltrating eastward. Another "J" Co was activated from 359th cooks and mechanics to protect the right flank.

The 315th Engr Bn again was brought into play as infantry assuming a defensive position July 7-8 atop the hill, where for three grim days it held fast under heavy enemy pressure.

MENACED BY NATURE AND NAZIS

The 90th continued its mission July 10. If Hill 122 had been bad, the fight down the south side through the forest was just as bad, perhaps worse. German paratroopers, almost invisible in camouflage clothing, were young, strong, fanatically determined and skilled in individual combat. Direction and contact were difficult to maintain. Undergrowth and murky weather limited visibility to twenty-five yards, more often to only five.

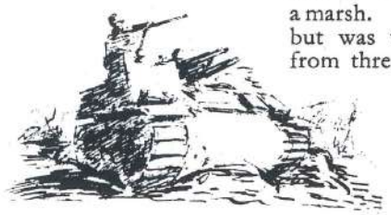
The 3rd Bn, 358th, took the center sector, flanked on

the left by the 2nd Bn and on the right by the 3rd Bn of the 359th.

The advance hit fierce resistance. When Co I was pinned down by a Nazi nest behind a twenty-five foot hill, Pfc William L. Smiley of Centertown, Ky, scaled the obstacle and fired point blank into the enemy. Pfc Theodore Wagner of San Antonio, Tex, followed his example and lobbed several grenades. Pfc Wagner then urged the Germans to surrender. Eight did, the other nine were found dead.

Lt. Col. Jacob W. Bealke of Sullivan, Mo, and his command group of eight followed Co L. While Co I was occupied, the group was attacked by a squad of Germans that had emerged from the west and behind Co L's assault platoon. Beaten off by small arms fire, the enemy hit again from the west and the rear but this time was routed by another platoon of Co L.

Four tanks thrashed through the thickets and hacked out the trail by which wounded were evacuated. Later in the battle two tanks were knocked out by the enemy, and a third immobilized by a marsh. Co K thrust forward but was thrown back by fire from three sides.



On July 11 rifle companies of the 358th's 3rd Bn shifted to the right and with the aid of the flanking 359th drove the Germans out of the forest.



The division halted on July 14 along the Sèves River facing south toward the enemy's strong position on the Island of Sèves.

To the 90th fell the task of eliminating this obstacle. The 1st and 2nd Bns, 358th, punched across the hip-deep river in bitter fighting, but were so hard hit by superior German forces that retreat was the only practical move. Most were able to scramble back but four officers and 200 men were captured. The island was lost and the 358th resumed its old defensive position north of the river.

Chaplains Joseph Esser of Cleveland, Minn, and Edgar Stohler, of Ipava, Ill, accompanied by 12 litter bearers, later retrieved 16 wounded.

T-O JOINS FIRST ARMY DRIVE

The First U S Army began its great drive to eliminate the enemy from the lower stretches of the peninsula, July 26.

The day before, the American Air Force had blasted the enemy at St Lo. The 90th, sitting morosely on the Sèves licking its wounds, perked up as clouds of bombers roared over.

On July 26, the division, attacking with VIII Corps, bypassed Sèves Island by sending the 357th to the left. The 359th attacked due south, while the 358th continued to face the island.

Heavy resistance was encountered during the first day, and only small progress was made. The advance of the VII Corps on the left was so rapid that the enemy realized the danger of entrapment and hastily withdrew. The division's units raced ahead to overtake the enemy rear guard south of the town of Perriers, overrun by the 90th during the day.

Small isolated groups of Germans were quickly eliminated by July 28, and the town of St Sauveur de Lendelin, 10 miles south of the Sèves, was occupied. By nightfall, the 90th had reached its objective—the newly captured sector of the 1st Inf Div of VII Corps, which lay across the front of the 90th's path south. In the preceding three days the 90th had covered 10 miles. Compared to the deadly slow fighting experienced previously this was blitzkrieg movement, and it was indicative of better things to come.

From July 28 to Aug 1, the division remained in the vicinity of St Sauveur and for the first time in the 53 days since D-Day was completely out of contact with the enemy.

The rest period was utilized for reorganization and training. Here on July 30, Brig. Gen. (now Maj. Gen.) Raymond S. McLain, Oklahoma City, Okla, a veteran of the Sicilian and Italian campaigns took command. Brig. Gen. William G. Weaver, Louisville, Ky, became assistant division commander the same day.

HITTING THE ROAD AGAIN

THE 90th passed to control of the newly arrived XV Corps of the Third U S Army on Aug 1 and prepared to hit the road again. The division's mission, to move south and seize the bridges over the Selune River near St Hilaire du Harcouet, resulted in the organization of two special task forces, one under Lt. Col. George B. Randolph, Birmingham, Ala, (commanding the 712th Tank Bn), the other under Lt. Col. Clarke (commanding the 358th).

Task Force Randolph moved Aug 2 on the Perriers-Coutances-Avranches road, screening Task Force Clarke in the manner of advance cavalry and sweeping aside negligible resistance. Task Force Clarke followed immediately.

At the end of the 50-mile motor march to St Hilaire, Col. Clarke, finding the main highway bridge across the Selune west of the city intact, seized the high ground overlooking it. Racing across the bridge, two platoons of Co K met enemy small arms and machinegun fire but fought their way into town, followed by the rest of Task Force Clarke and other division elements.

Task Force Clarke pursued the enemy south to Lou-



Maj. Gen. E. M. Landrum directs the battle from a cellar CP



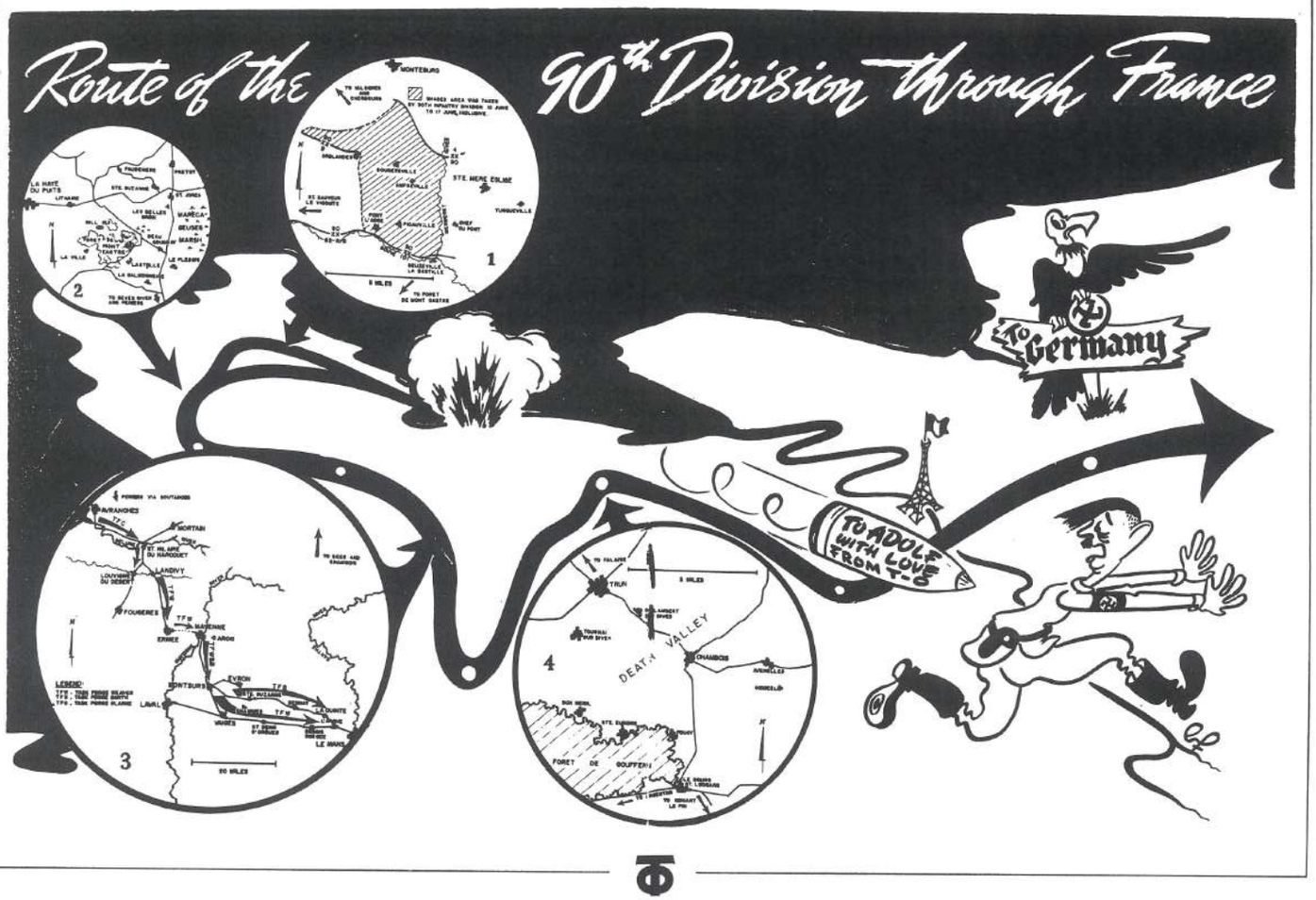
The 315th Engineer Bn built this bridge over the Selune



A captured German mortar defends Hill 122, July 7—10



Company CP inside a typical Normandy hedgerow jungle





vigne du Desert, taking it Aug 3. Patrols streamed into the town of Landivy.

XV Corps was ordered Aug 4 to move on Le Mans, an important railroad center 73 airline miles southeast. The 90th was ordered to seize the bridge and city of Mayenne 45 miles away. Relieved there by the 1st Div, it was then to swing southeast to the Laval-Le Mans highway and advance to Le Mans. The 79th Div was to capture Laval and push forward on the 90th's right, entering Le Mans from the southwest.

ARMOR SPEARHEADS THE ADVANCE

For its part in this bold stroke, the 90th organized another task force—strong in armor—under the command of Gen. Weaver to spearhead the advance. From this force was made up Sub-Task Force Randolph, which started Aug 5, followed by the remainder of Task Force Weaver. The force poured through Landivy and Ernee. It seemed strange to be rolling along at 20 miles an hour in enemy territory where before every yard had been contested. The men's spirits rose, especially when the French, recovering from their surprise, lined the streets to pelt them with flowers and hand out cider during pauses of the 12-mile column.

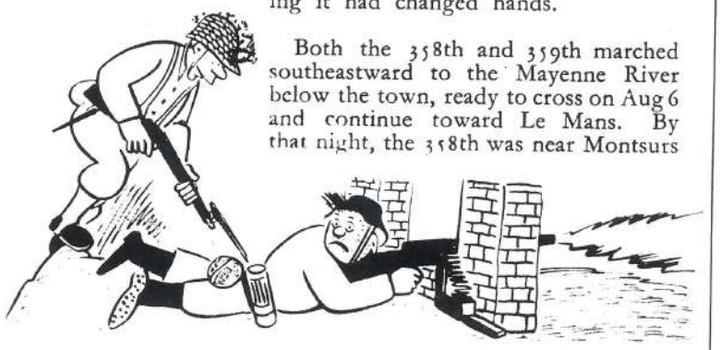
By noon the head of the column hit the first appreciable resistance two miles east of Mayenne. While the 90th Rcn Trp scouted, a hard hitting force of the 357th's Co B, plus ten medium tanks, punched ahead. Learning that Mayenne was held in force, it was decided to envelop the town to the south with the 357th's 2nd and 3rd Bns while the advance 1st Bn moved straight ahead to seize the only undestroyed bridge across the Mayenne River.

Col. G. B. Barth, Washington, DC, commanding the 357th, soon located a likely crossing south of the town. A skiff and a larger but leaky old boat were found. A torn-down fence provided oars. Col. Barth took the first boat over, then with an engineer rowed back for the second load. Co I crossed first. Rubber boats arrived and the crossing of the two battalions was completed by 2030 hours.



Meantime, the 1st Bn under Maj. Edward S. Hamilton, Washington, DC, pushed forward so rapidly that it was able to storm the bridge and prevent its destruction by the Germans, who had mined it with eight 500-pound airplane bombs. Our artillery hit a caisson of ammunition on the German side. A terrific explosion resulted, and a pall of smoke blanketed the bridge. Maj. Hamilton called off the artillery and B Co rushed the bridge. The battalion had the town mopped up by 2030, while the other two battalions took positions for all around defense.

A hundred prisoners were taken, including some bewildered Germans who came into the town, not knowing it had changed hands.



Both the 358th and 359th marched southeastward to the Mayenne River below the town, ready to cross on Aug 6 and continue toward Le Mans. By that night, the 358th was near Montsurs and the 359th near Vaiges, paralleling Task Force Weaver's route.

Gen. McLain now split Task Force Weaver into two columns, one under Gen. Weaver and one under Col. Barth, to set a trap for the Krauts. He sent them on toward Le Mans Aug 6. The two forces were to rejoin at L'Arche to form a pocket to catch the Germans swept before them.

At Aron, five miles out of Mayenne, early Aug 6, Task Force Weaver hit a strong enemy force attacking to recapture Mayenne. A fierce engagement continued the rest of the day. Leaving the enemy to the 1st Div, Gen. Weaver withdrew under cover of darkness to seek a more satisfactory route. He reversed his column, heading south to Vaiges to hit the main Laval-Le Mans highway.

At Vaiges he found the 359th Inf, commanded by Col. Robert L. Bacon, Columbia, SC, grappling with the enemy east of the town. With speed paramount, Gen. Weaver hurried around the 359th's left flank. At Chemmes, however, sharp resistance again was encountered. The enemy was driven out of that town, but clung to a position on the flank of the route eastward. Gen. Weaver again reversed under cover of darkness and returned to Vaiges where the main highway to Le Mans now lay open, the 359th having eliminated the enemy there.

Task Force Weaver sped on, quickly reducing successive points of resistance with the aid of artillery and highly effective air support put on targets by radio.

Just before dark, Aug 8, Task Force Weaver joined Col. Barth who had arrived at L'Arche after a brilliant dash through the enemy. Col. Barth left Mayenne at 1500, Aug 6. Ripping two minor pockets of resistance, he advanced swiftly through Montsurs and stopped for the night at Ste Suzanne. Maj. Hamilton, his 1st Bn and the tanks dashed on to Viviers. At 2200, Col. Barth was notified that the enemy had reoccupied Montsurs and cut off the remainder of his column. Soon after, the Germans began preparing an attack on Ste Suzanne. Maj. Hamilton was recalled from Viviers just in time for his tanks to scatter the German's formation.

Much of the opposition was knocked out by air support and artillery fire prior to the approach of the task force. An infantry attack was required just east of Joue en Charnie, and the Tough 'Ombres carried it through successfully. The accompanying artillery was continually firing with one or two batteries, while the others dashed forward to set up new positions.

The air support was highly effective, constant cover being maintained by four to twelve P-47 fighter-bombers, which were kept on the target by radio. All along the road were evidences of the air accuracy -- bombed out tanks and wrecked vehicles. So rapid was the advance that enemy vehicles were found pulled up alongside the road with their motors still running.

The Kraut drivers had dashed off the road to avoid the murderous hail of artillery and came back to their vehicles just in time to meet the rapidly advancing infantry.

Tough 'Ombres Fight On To Metz

ARTILLERY SOCKS TANKS

At 0900 came word that the remainder of the column had cleared the enemy from Montsurs, and at 1000 the delayed battalion arrived at Ste Suzanne. About 1300, as the advance was ready to continue, 15 German tanks lumbered out of a wooded hilltop and thundered towards Ste Suzanne into the fire of the 345th FA, which drove them back.

Assured by Lt. Col. Frank W. Norris, Austin, Tex, commanding the 345th, that his artillery would keep the tanks at bay, Col. Barth decided to push on. The column stopped for a night at La Quinto, six miles short of Le Mans, after brushing aside small delaying groups.

The advance continued Aug 8. At L'Arche, the column met a German anti-aircraft battery trying to escape. First Lt. Charles H. Lombardi, Ozone Park, NY, firing the lead tank's 75, destroyed 15 tanks in about two minutes. Tankriding infantrymen killed more than half of the 60 Germans. Progress into the city was slowed by four German gun emplacements and the need to coordinate with the 79th Div approaching on the right. But our troops entered the city at 0030, Aug 9, to find the 79th in control of half of it, having entered from the southwest.

Back at L'Arche, the 358th locked with the rear of Col. Barth's column, forming a solid barrier to trap the Germans fleeing northeast from Weaver.

Gen. McLain now directed Col. Clarke to cross the Sarthe River to the north of Le Mans and sever the main highways. The enemy, trying to flee, was killed or captured. The rest of the combat units took up positions, Aug 9, north and east of Le Mans, ready for the next phase—the "Chambois Shambles."

The McLain Machine in its seven-day dash from St Sauveur de Lendelin had marched a total of 146 miles, fought three hard engagements and numerous skirmishes and taken 2054 prisoners. Many Germans were killed. Large numbers of tanks, armored and other vehicles were either captured or destroyed. The 90th's casualties were light.



The division moved north from Le Mans Aug 11, following the 2nd French Armd Div. In the first three days it consolidated the French gains, mopped up the Forêt d'Ecouves between Alençon and Sees without major incident, bagged 1329 prisoners.



On Aug 15 the 359th took over a system of road blocks, from Le Bourg St Leonard on the west to Le Merlerault on the east. The 358th held the Nonant Le Pin road north of Sees, while the 357th remained behind to maintain the Alençon bridgehead.

The great Falaise pocket, sewed up on the south and east by the capture of Le Mans and the subsequent swing north, was closed only by fire. No firm line of troops sealed the mouth of the trap in northwest France. Until the shooting was over, there remained an escape gap through the valley where the little village of Chambois is located. So much fire was poured into the bottleneck that a large part of the proud German Seventh Army was annihilated in its struggle to withdraw.

The 90th Div alone took 12,335 prisoners and killed an estimated 8000 from Aug 16 to 22. In addition, 308 German tanks, 248 self-propelled guns, 164 artillery pieces, 3270 motor vehicles, 649 horse-drawn vehicles, and 13 motorcycles were destroyed.

The big fight started Aug 16 in the Le Bourg St Leonard sector, which the 90th had taken the day before. Co A, 359th, holding Le Bourg, was hit by a vastly

superior force of German infantry which drove the company partly from the town. It later developed that 1100 remaining Nazis of the proud SS Panzer Division Das Reich were beginning the enemy's desperate efforts to keep open their escape route.



Co A regained its ground by 1513. A platoon of tanks of the 712th arrived to reinforce the garrison. At 1700 German tanks and infantry lashed out again.

"WILD BILL" WHOOPS IT UP

This see-saw continued until the next day when Gen. Weaver arrived. He was everywhere, rallying the men and the tanks and living up to his nickname of "Wild Bill." The town was secured at 2300, Aug 17, after having changed hands twice completely and having been partially lost twice.

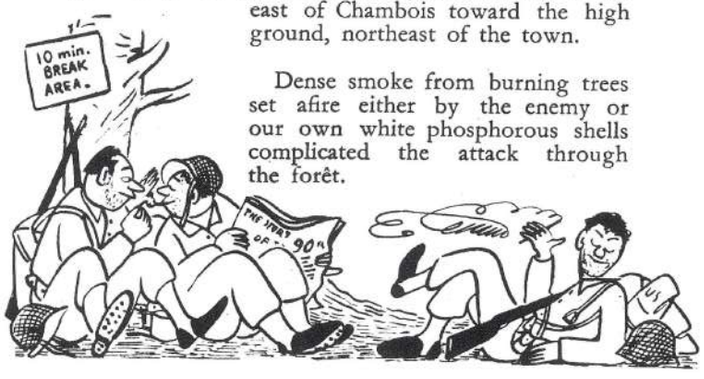
The 2nd Bn, 359th, relieved the 1st in the town after midnight and sat tight all day Aug 18 while our artillery ground up the Germans trying to slip through the Falaise gap.

Meanwhile, Aug 17, the 90th had passed to control of V Corps of the First U S Army. V Corps planned to take a line northeast from Argentan to the high ground northeast of Chambois while the British closed in from Falaise.

The 358th Inf was brought up to attack through the Forêt de Gouffern to the west of the 359th, heading for Chambois. The 357th was in reserve.

This attack began Aug 18 with the 2nd Bn, 359th, driving for Chambois and the 359th's 1st and 3rd Bns heading for Fougy to block roads west of Chambois.

The 1st and 2nd Bns of the 358th pierced the Forêt de Gouffern to seize Ste Eugenie and Bon Menil on the north edge of the woods. The 3rd Bn of the 358th, supported by the 3rd Bn of the 357th, moved to the east of Chambois toward the high ground, northeast of the town.



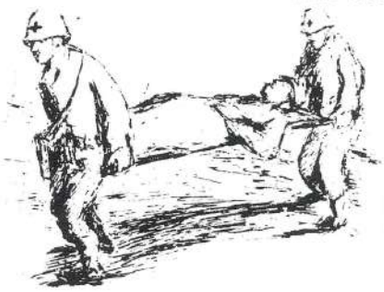
Dense smoke from burning trees set afire either by the enemy or our own white phosphorous shells complicated the attack through the forêt.

After a sharp skirmish at the edge of the forest the 1st Bn got underway again at 1500, Aug 18, accompanied by two platoons of the 712th's tanks. There was little opposition until the column reached a point three quarters of the way through the forest. Here anti-tank guns opened fire and knocked out the leading tank, halting the entire column.

The enemy laid down an artillery concentration at this point, and the remaining tanks were ordered to back out of the deadly fire. The 1st Bn withdrew with the tanks, and until the next morning the Krauts held possession of this small part of the forest.

On Aug 19 Ste Eugenie was taken over by the 2nd Bn after the 1st Bn swung over to Bon Menil. There, early on Aug 20, "The Balcony of Death" was completed.

The 2nd Bn, 357th Inf, patrolled the woods to the west and made contact with the 80th Inf Div in the vicinity of Argentan.



There was a sharp tussle at the southern edge of Chambois Aug 19, but the 2nd Bn, 359th wrested control before midnight, nabbing 1000 prisoners. Chambois' ruin was indescribable, the result of our constant artillery pounding.



The night was full of suspense, with our occupying force outnumbered by the 1000 prisoners, frequent outbursts of small arms fire, and two German tanks careening wildly through the town chased by our bazooka men. One tank was destroyed by a bazooka fired at a range of 15 feet by S/Sgt John J. Czekovsky of Westfield, Mass. The other tank escaped.

"BALCONY OF DEATH"

During Aug 20, the 90th sat on a "Balcony of Death" extending from Bon Menil through Chambois, pouring death into the Germans running the murderous gauntlet. The frantic enemy was initiated by the guns of the 358th at Ste Eugenie-Bon Menil, pummeled by the 359th at Chambois, mauled by the 3rd Bn of the 358th northeast of the town.

The Tough 'Ombres first made contact with another of their Allies, the Poles, when Co L, 359th Inf, which had reached a position west of Chambois and was

blocking the road from Trun, was passed through by reconnaissance elements of a Polish armored brigade. This brigade had been cut off by the Germans, and for several days was supplied by the 90th and by the air forces.

If the infantry is Queen of Battle, then artillery is King. And Chambois, which afforded perfect observation, was a dish fit for any king. Our artillery chewed up and swallowed the three-mile valley. Frequently, during the afternoon of Aug 20, firing ceased to permit wholesale surrender of Germans.

First Lt. William R. Matthews of Lawton, Okla, one of the air liaison pilots for the 344th F A Bn, was credited with starting a new motto for the division artillery. When he had spotted one target and fire was a trifle slow in coming, Matthews howled into his radio microphone, " Quit computin' and start shootin ! "

The 344th's story was duplicated by the division's other artillery battalions—343rd, 345th, and 915th. Five battalions of corps artillery also added to the cacophony of death, as did the temporarily attached 773rd TD Bn, towed guns of the 607th TD Bn, and tanks of the 712th. (Like the 712th, the 607th is considered a blood-brother of the 90th through long association.) Another relative is the 537th AA Bn, which has enjoyed a comparatively quiet time with the division owing to the Luftwaffe's reticence.

On Aug 21 after an unsuccessful attempt by the Luftwaffe to drop supplies, the operation simmered down to a mop-up. On that day and the following, the 90th enjoyed a rest in the ruins. The following day it was relieved by a British division.

GALLANT JOB DONE BY MEDICS

THE story of Chambois wouldn't be complete without mention of the gallant job done by the 315th Med Bn—not only in caring for our own wounded but for record-breaking numbers of enemy wounded as well. On Aug 21 alone, the battalion evacuated 698 injured German "Supermen."

Behind the lines other division units — 90th MP Platoon, 90th Sig Co, 790th Ord Co, and 90th QM Co—all played their parts well.

The success at Chambois, coupled with the striking Le Mans campaign, won for Gen. McLain the command of a corps. He was succeeded as commander of the 90th by Brig. Gen. J. A. Van Fleet of Bartow, Fla, on Oct 17, who was promoted to Maj. Gen. in December 1944.

After Chambois, the division rested near Nonant le Pin until Aug 26 when it passed to control of XX Corps and began a long drive eastward, arriving outside Reims Aug 30. It occupied the Reims bridgehead until Sept 6 when it thrust east to participate in the siege of Metz.

Here, preparing to advance on Metz, the 90th found that it had caught up with its own history. In World War I the division had fought through St Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne and at war's end was furthermost of the Allied forces—at the gates of Metz.

Now, in late October 1944, the Tough 'Ombres, confident, battle-tested successors of the Texas-Oklahoma, found themselves at these same gates. But this time they weren't stopping. This time Metz was not to be the finish line. Metz would be the starting post for the 90th's race to Berlin.



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This is one of a series of G.I. Stories of the Ground, Air and Service Forces in the European Theater of Operations, to be issued by the Stars and Stripes, a publication of the Information and Education Division, Special and Information Services, ETOUSA... Maj. Gen. J. A. Van Fleet lent his cooperation to the preparation of the pamphlet, and basic material was supplied to the editors by his personnel.

Passed by Censor For Mailing Home.

Name .....

Date Enlisted .....

Attached to 90th .....

Training .....

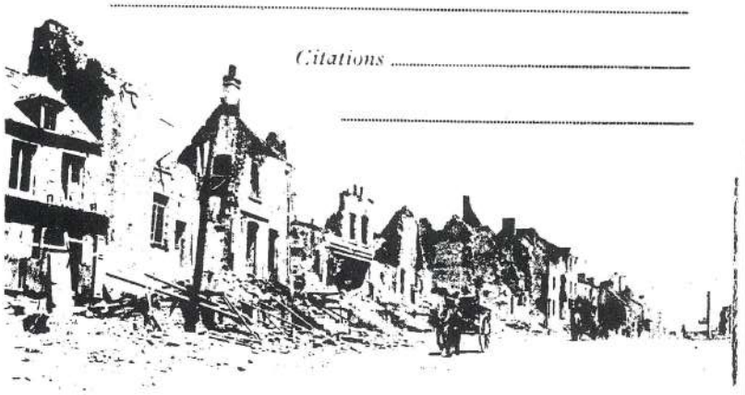
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THE BEGINNING OF THE END

MERKERS' SALT MINE REVEALS HIDDEN CACHE

THE BEGINNING OF THE END — APRIL 1945

The following is an excerpt from "Tanks for the Memories" by Ray A. Griffin, Company C, 712th Tank Battalion, 90th Infantry Division. Ray was part of the detail that uncovered a large stash of gold and works of art in a salt mine in Merkers, Germany.

During the last part of World War II the action in Germany would best be described as "fluid." The advance or assault units advanced steadily and rapidly after the Rhine River had been crossed. As far as the individual units were concerned, the action could be compared to that of stretching a rubber band. The headquarters of a unit stayed in one area until the assault units had moved so far away, or had stretched the rubber band as far as it would go. Then the headquarters would move forward with a rush to an area near the forward units. Then the procedure would be repeated.

On one of these moves we, "C" Co., 712th Tank Battalion, landed in a town named Merkers in April 1945. The 357th Regiment of the 90th Division, to which we were attached, were also in Merkers. Our billeting party had gone ahead and borrowed, rented, leased, or whatever you wish to call it, two or three houses in the part of town assigned to us. Our move into Merkers was a routine affair in the beginning. However, it soon developed that we were in a town that the Nazis had picked as a likely spot to "stash" away 100 tons of gold in a salt mine. There was also some currency of different nations (including the U.S.), silverware, and valuable works of art. This was to be a place of safekeeping. The story has it that our medics were giving some medical attention to some German civilians, one of whom was a woman about to have a baby. The civilians in turn gave the GIs the information about the gold. I have never definitely known how we got hold of the information. I do know the information was correct because I saw the gold, art, and other valuables.

Since this was the first fortune the Third Army had discovered, the "Brass" were caught with their drawers down to the extent that the "juicy, soft" job of guarding the mine was given to the 357th Regiment instead of some rear echelon commando outfit. The 712th was attached to the 357th so we became part of the salt mine task force. The two weeks that followed were without a doubt the most pleasant combat duty ever performed by our or any other unit. We were in comfortable quarters— we had regular and hot meals — we got clean clothes— there was no training and guard duty was at a minimum. All in all, it amounted to a nice rest period.

The high brass— Eisenhower, Bradley, and Patton— stopped by for a quick look: I suppose that it was they who came up with the plan for disposing of the gold. Anyhow, orders eventually came to move the gold to Frankford, on the Mainz, Germany.

During the salt mine guarding interlude two important events occurred for me: I saw some movies of my family, and I found out that I was to be given a chance for a 45-day leave to the U.S.

The movies were a duplicate set of pictures, mostly of Ray Jr. I had been carrying for some time. I hadn't been able to locate a projector. I told all of my men to be strictly on the alert while doing their routine looting, which was customary whenever we moved into a new area, to locate an 8mm projector for me. They spotted several 16mm projectors but had not come upon an 8mm. During our stay in Merkers, I got wind there was an 8mm projector, but there wasn't a rewind reel. Not to be stopped by such a small item, I decided to run the film out on the floor. So, we ran the films, each 50 feet long, and let the chips fall where they would. I don't know how many times the films were shown. Several times for me, and then I showed them to the men of the company two or three times. It was a short furlough for us as we could see some good American scenes — cars, houses, trees and so forth. To me it was a great deal more because it was my son, my wife, and my sister who were in the movies. I had been receiving snapshots regularly from home, but it took the movies to make me realize the great changes that had taken place in Ray Jr. since the time I saw him last (approximately 1-1/2 years). Being able to see my family, who were 6,000 miles away, in action through movies, while I was right in the middle of a shooting war struck me as being slightly incongruous.

As we stayed guarding the gold, the war moved ahead of us. We had the novel experience of having our battalion headquarters pass by and go on quite some distance ahead of us. This made it necessary for us to go "forward" for our supplies, mail, and other things. Even a field hospital moved into a nearby area. I had the chance to talk to some of the nurses. Talking to any

The publisher would like to express their thanks to Ray Griffin and his widow for letting us include his eye-witness account of "Merkers' Salt Mine"

female comes as a fairly rare experience to a combat GI, so finding some American girls was doubly so.

The plan for moving the gold from the mine in Merkers to Frankford called for a lot of checking and double checking. Officers from SHAEF made an inventory so that they knew what was down in the mine. After this they were ready to start taking the gold from the mine to the ground level. There it was to be loaded into big GI semis. Men and officers of the 357th and Company C were detailed to do the physical moving. I caught the night shift. It seems like I went down into the mine about 1900 (7:00 P.M.).

We were taken down about 1,500 feet, more or less, on an elevator. There were two elevators similar to freight elevators in big stores or garages. The elevator shaft was pretty damp and wet, but after we reached the bottom and moved out into the passageways it seemed quite dry. From the elevator shaft it was perhaps 300-400 yards to the room where the gold was stored. I never noticed whether the passageway was cut through salt or not. It seems like they were not or there would have been any point in making them in the first place. Anyhow, the "room" had been formed by mining the salt. I would guess the room was 30-40 feet wide and 50-60 feet long.

Most of the gold was in bullion or bars. The bars were in heavy double canvas bags. The bars were about 1-1/2 feet long and four or five inches square. A person really gets a surprise the first time he tries to lift one of these bars. On the first one I tried, I actually thought it was nailed down. GIs working in pairs carried the bars from the store room to the passage way. Here the bars were put into a jeep trailer. At the door there was a SHAEF officer who counted the bars that were put into each trailer. The SHAEF officer also recorded the number which had been put in each bag. After the trailer had all it could carry—it didn't take very many bars to make a load—the checking officer had the officer-in-charge of the jeep sign a piece of paper which made him responsible for that load of gold. The jeep then pulled the trailer to the elevator shaft. The trailer was unhitched from the jeep, put on the elevator, and taken to the ground level. Here another SHAEF officer checked the load of gold as it was transferred to the big GI truck. If he got the same number as the officer who had checked the load out of the storeroom, the officer in charge of the trailer was relieved of his responsibility for that load. That was the job I had. I have often wondered what would have happened if I would have been short one or two bars of gold. It would have taken a long time to pay for a bar on a 1st lieutenant's pay. I expect that I made four or five trips during the night. I estimated each load was worth about $500,000. That would mean I had $2,000,000 in my possession during the night. (These estimates were made when gold was $32.00 an ounce.)

Some of the gold was in coins. This was loaded after the bullion had been loaded. While unloading a trailer into the trucks, some GI had managed to break one of the canvas bags open. I asked the British officer, who was checking the gold from the trailer to the trucks, if I could have a gold coin for a souvenir. He said I couldn't. All I got out of being around all that gold was losing a night's sleep.

It is doubtful if I'd have slept much anyway, because just before I left to go down into the mine, word came to the company CP to select two enlisted men and one officer for possible selection on a 45-day rest, recuperation, and rehabilitation leave program in the U.S. I knew as far as the company was concerned that I'd be the officer. I didn't know how I stood in the battalion since there was only one officer quota for the battalion. To find out it was necessary to go to the battalion personnel section the next day at Meiningen, Germany. So spending the night riding herd on $2,000,000. worth of gold was probably as good a way of passing the time as any. After mess the next morning, I loaded my personal belongings into the company jeep. The other men, 2nd Sgt. Frank Bores (my platoon sergeant) and Sgt. Randall Pratt, went along as the enlisted men candidates. When we got to Miningen we found that Sergeant Bores and I were the lucky ones. Sergeant Pratt had to go back to the company. I am sure it must have been a long dreary ride for him.

After learning we were to go home, Bores and I were attached to the Battalion Personnel Section. It was to take a day or two for the necessary orders to be cut and the rest of the "lucky" men (from the other companies of the 712th and from the three regiments of the 90th) to be brought together. (The other 712th men chosen for this furlough were: Sgt. Gunther W. Jahnke, Company B, Sgt. William Siggins, Company B; Tech. 4 Robert Anderson, Company A, and Cpl. William A. Holt, Company D.) The next day I happened to be killing some time outside when I saw my company pass through Meiningen on their way back to the front. My feelings, which had become pretty calloused, were pretty deeply stirred as I stood there watching them pass me by. I had gone through a lot with these men. I felt quite guilty about leaving them. I know that they all envied me, but I guess they felt I had earned the trip home. They all shouted and hollered their best wishes as they rode on down the street.



Members of the 90th Division, U.S. Third Army, under the direction of Col. Bernard Bernstein, advisor to Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Forces, discovered Reichbank wealth, SS loot, museum paintings removed from Berlin, in the salt mine valut at Merkers, Germany. Here an American GI removes a case of historic engravings from the vault (April 15, 1945)

— GERMANY' TREASURE CACHE —

The Kaiseroder mine in Merkers contained over 30 miles of shafts and many more valuables were found to exist in other galleries:

- Sculpture - large and important works of the Italian Renaissance from the Kaiser Friedrich Museum and Ancient Greek and Egyptian sculptures looted from Northern Europe.
- Paintings - over 1,214 crates of priceless artwork by Raphael, Rembrant, Van Dyck, Durer, Renoir and particularly the famous work of Italian artists from the XIV to the XVI century.
- Textiles - one hundred forty rolls of Oriental carpets.
- Museum Collections - Greek vases, pottery, porcelain, and many works of Egyptain antiquity.
- Miscellaneous -
  - Two million valuable books from the State Library in Berlin.
  - Music, books and costumes of the Prussian State Opera.
  - 40,000 bottles of liquor belonging to Ministry of Propaganda, Dr. Joseph Goebbels.
  - Multiple City Archives and Geneology records.
  - Patent records - hundreds of tons that contained blueprints and specifications for Luftwaffen material and ammunition. These were plans for rockets, jet fighters, and heat-seeking missiles. This in particular, made the patent records as potentially valuable as the gold.

The main vault contained the following treasure:

		1945 Dollar Equivalent
Gold and Silver		$ 241,113,302.00
- Gold Bars	3,267,928.488 ounces	
- Gold Coins	3,568,780.346 ounces	
Currency		
- German Reichsmarks	2,759,560,000.00	275,956,000.00
- French Francs	98,000,000.00	1,960,000.00
- Belgian Francs	3,500,000.00	80,500.00
- Norwegian Kroner	4,460,000.00	669,000.00
- Czech Kroner	100,000.00	1,500.00
- Croation Kuna	500,000.00	3,000.00
- Italian Lira	2,000,000.00	20,000.00
- Hungarian Pengops	1,000,000.00	2,500.00
		$ 519,805,802.00

Miscellaneous

- 207 boxes, parcels and suitcases of thousands of gold and silver dental crowns, bridges, plates, silver tableware, watch cases, eyeglass spectacles, gold wedding rings, pearls and precious stones.

...riceless Art Treasure Collection Taken from Prussian Mine Shaft

Siegen, Germany (INS)—The world's most priceless collection of art treasures, looted from Europe's shrines and museums, was removed Wednesday from the crumbling walls of a murky mine shaft near this Prussian city.

Paintings by Rubens, Rembrandt, Holbein and van Gogh glistened in the beams of GI flashlights.

The aged curator of the Aachen Museum and his wife led Yanks down a two hundred yard corridor into the crude dungeon which for more than four years had hidden the cultural heritage of humanity.

To this shelter the Nazis brought the treasures of France, Belgium and Luxembourg.

Among the masters whose paintings are beyond price lay the solid gold diamond-patterned sarcophogus from the dome of Cologne Cathedral. Near the delicately-carved doors of Cologne's and Aachen's Cathedrals was a relic holding the bones of Charlemagne and the legendary conqueror's crown and scepter.

There was a case holding the original scores of Beethoven.

Reich's 'Gold Room' Blasted Open, Yanks Start Tally of Fabulous Hoard

Compiled from Cable Dispatches

American Third Army engi...ers Sunday blasted a hole ...rough a thick brick wall and exposed Hitler's fabulous hoard of gold and money cached in a salt mine at Merkers, Germany, as a Nazi official indicated the remaining third of the Reich's treasure is stored in another salt mine in an area already overrun by United States forces.

More than four thousand bags of gold bullion were counted in the Merkers mine, a total of 50 tons. Each bag was worth 14 thousand dollars and weighed 25 pounds.

Dr. Werner Rave, curator of the German State Museum and an assistant director of Berlin's National Art Galleries, said two-thirds of the Reich's national treasures were in the cave, and disclosed that the remainder is in another cave in captured territory.

It was impossible to determine definitely Sunday whether there was more or less gold than the one hundred-plus tons that Dr. Werner Vieck of the Reichsbank said were in the cache—but there were some indications that there was more. Each ton is worth one million dollars.

Third Army officers began an inventory of the treasure which will require days to complete.

Correspondent Edward D. ...' of the Associated Press ...d 4,050 bags of 25-pound ...ld bars, each bar about the size ...f an ordinary building brick. In the gold room, piled in orderly rows, he said, were 2,180 bags of coins and five rows of reichsmarks in 150 boxes each containing 175 thousand marks.

United Press Correspondent Reynolds Packard declared it was "like something out of childhood days when you imagine so hard you can almost visualize the pirate's treasure you read about."

To get to the chamber it was necessary to descend in a 15-man double-decker elevator operated by German civilian mine employes.

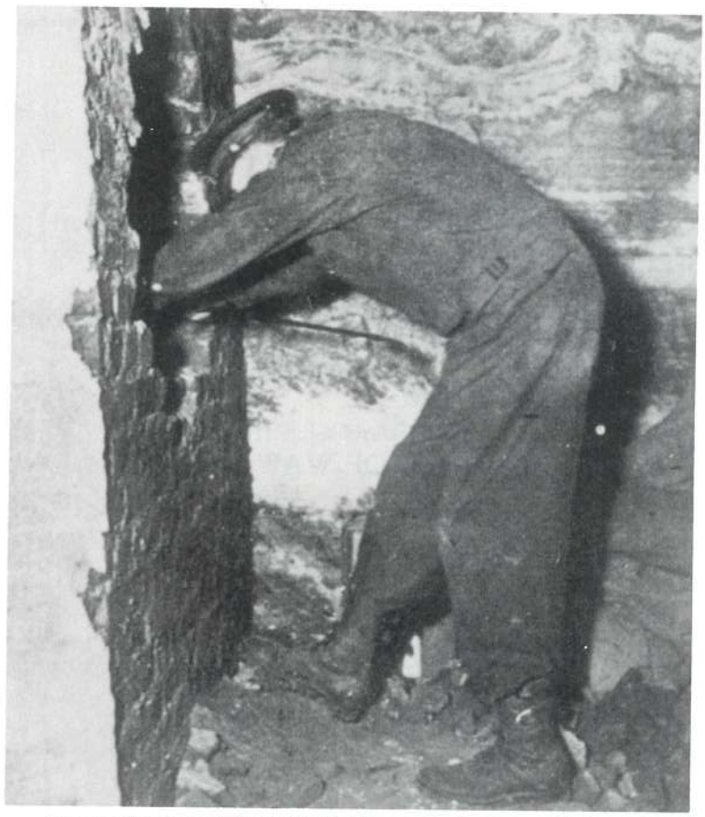
While a colonel went about poking bags with a walking stick, the pop-eyed engineers looked on in amazement. "There's gold aplenty in this here mine," quipped Corp. Joseph Aldrige, Columbus, O.

Herr Rave said he came from Berlin to Merkers with the art treasures without Army guards, to avoid arousing curiosity. He said the paintings, sculpture and etchings all were crated and numbered and that he was not sure what works were here. He said definitely, however, that a Titian Venus was among them.

Dr. Vieck observed that "gold means nothing to us since we cannot use it in foreign exchange."

It was evident the gold did not mean much to American soldiers.

"You can't eat gold," said Lieut. Col. William Depuy, Sioux Falls, S. D., commander whose men were guarding the salt mine. "Now, if this were eggs it would be something different—the GI's would go for that."



General Ben Lear looks over Merkers salt mine and gold deposit

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Infantrymen of 90th Division in position on Autobahn near Gottsmannsgrun, under artillery fire. *Photo by Signal Corps T/4 Jas A. Ryan*



Starving American soldiers released from Nazi prison camp. Part of a group of American soldiers taken prisoner by the Germans in the Battle of the Bulge, 63 emaciated inmates of a German Hospital received medical care from U.S. Army Medical Corps men after their release by Third U.S. Army troops in the German town of Fuchsmuhl. When found by men of the 357th Infantry Regiment the hospitalized men were too weak to walk.

PRISONER OF WAR REPORT

6 June 1944 — 9 May 1945

MONTH	OFFICERS	ENLISTED MEN	TOTAL
1944			
June	15	952	967
July	33	1217	1250
August	360	15732	5092
September	26	1820	1846
October	1	3741	3742
November	40	2604	2644
December	13	6741	6754
1945			
January	28	4060	4088
February	51	2964	3015
March	360	13219	13579
April	499	14443	14942
May	500	14018	14518
TOTAL	1926	81511	83437

ENEMY MATERIAL DESTROYED OR CAPTURED

Tanks, All Types	501
Self Propelled Guns	195
Artillery Pieces, All Types	1228
Vehicles, All Types	5572
Locomotives	82
Airplanes	134
Steamboats	3
Ammunition Dumps	32
Ordnance Depot, Complete	1
Ration Dump	2
Supply Train	1
German Garrison, Complete	1
Ammunition Rehabilitation Plant	1

With approximately 1,000,000 rounds artillery ammunition, all calibers and large numbers of aerial bombs.

Large numbers Small Arms

Machine Guns, Mortars, Individual

Equipment, Food and Medical Stores

AWARDS AND DECORATIONS

MEDAL OF HONOR	DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS	LEGION OF MERIT	DISTINGUISHED FYING CROSS	SILVER STAR	SODIER'S MEDAL	BRONZE STAR HEROIC	BRONZE STAR MERIT	AIR MEDAL
2	78	6	4	1311	40	3526	1531	115

Attached Units

7				82		433	256	

	*KIA		*DOW		*DOI		*SWA		*SIA		*LWA		*LIA		*MIA		TOTAL	
1944	O	EM	O	EM	O	EM	O	EM	O	EM	O	EM	O	EM	O	EM	O	EM
June	34	351	1	22	0	0	59	1,033	4	29	45	730	1	76	6	74	150	2,315
July	68	909	12	146	1	5	54	1,076	0	14	147	2,222	10	187	18	629	310	5,188
Aug.	25	251	7	84	0	1	22	385	2	21	17	360	0	95	20	406	93	1,559
Sept.	9	147	2	44	0	1	27	397	0	10	16	272	3	93	1	69	58	1,033
Oct.	5	80	2	18	0	0	10	162	0	6	4	178	0	40	1	60	22	544
Nov.	22	287	1	36	6	2	22	346	0	4	43	874	8	171	12	289	108	2,004
Dec.	9	194	1	35	0	0	15	207	0	5	37	665	8	150	16	424	86	1,680
1945																		
Jan.	12	258	2	49	0	0	18	415	11	676	43	693	13	242	7	248	106	2,581
Feb.	16	245	1	28	0	1	13	296	0	65	22	629	1	186	7	188	60	1,638
Mar.	9	236	1	25	0	0	14	145	1	4	17	330	1	57	3	131	46	929
April	7	121	1	12	0	0	9	14	0	4	13	316	2	252	1	40	33	659
May	0	45	0	1	0	1	0	25	0	0	5	60	0	11	1	14	6	157
Total	216	3,124	31	500	7	11	263	4,602	18	838	409	7,287	47	1,360	93	2,567	1,078	20,293

*KIA - - - Killed in Action
DOW - - - Died of Wounds
DOI - - - Died of Injuries
SWA - - - Seriously Wounded in Action
LWA - - - Seriously Injured in Action
SIA - - - Lightly Wounded in Action
LIA - - - Lightly Injured in Action
MIA - - - Missing in Action

CASUALTIES

6 June 1944 — 9 May 1945

CASUALTY BREAKDOWN

8 June 1944 — 9 May 1945

TOTAL NUMBER TREATED BY ALL MEDICAL UNITS

25,988

NON-BATTLE INJURIES	MISCELLANEOUS DISEASES AND INJURIES	TOTAL NUMBERS OF BATTLE WOUNDS
976	9936	15,076

RESPIRATORY	TRENCH FOOT
2046	1201

MINES AND BOOBY TRAPS	SMALL ARMS	SHELL AND MORTAR	BAYONET	HAND GRENADES	BOMB FRAGMENT	BATTLE EXHAUSTION	BATTLE INJURY
131	3121	8060	13	51	95	1830	1770



Luxembourg
21 January 1945

Dear Sonnie and Dennie,
Thinking of you all the time.
Enjoyed your letter sonnie.
Am very happy that you have both been so good lately.
Mammy says you are both getting so big she can't carry you any more. You must be eating up all the groceries mammy brings home now.
Give mammy some good hugs and kisses for me.

Your Dada









Some facts about Motorliner KUNGSHOLM of SWEDISH AMERICAN LINE

Class: Lloyd + 100 A 1.
Displacement: 26400 tons.
Gross: 20067 tons.
Length: 608 feet.
Beam: 78 feet.
Draught: 29 feet.
Built by: Blohm & Voss, Hamburg.
Completed: November 24, 1928.
Machinery: Burmeister & Wain, Copenhagen.
Auxiliary Engines: Götaverken & ASEA, Sweden.
Interior decoration: Carl Bergsten, Sweden, and Swedish craftsmen.

Particulars on Engines

Main Motors

2 double acting 4 cycle B.W. type direct reverible.
Each motor: 8 cylinders.
Bore: 33 inches.
Stroke: 60 inches.
R.P.M.: 100.
I.H.P.: 9000 each.
Fuel consumption per day 22000 gallons (1 ton = 7 bbls. à 42 gallons).

Auxiliary Motors

3 Diesel Generators total 3000 H.P., 1400 K.W.
3 Air compressors, 3 stage single acting, driven by 4 cyl. Diesel motors, capacity 1900 c.b.f. free air per minute each. Compressed air system used for manoeuvring and fuel injection.
Windlass winches, steering gear, water pumps, refrigeration system, ventilating, and stoves all electrical. About 1000 electric motors,including portable fans
Lighting system includes 8000 contact points.













OFFICIAL PROGRAM

90TH INFANTRY DIVISION
-32-
TOUGH 'OMBRES

VS.

94TH INFANTRY DIVISION
-0-
PILGRIMS

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1945
SADLER FIELD
AMBERG, GERMANY
2 P. M.

PROGRAM
PREPARED BY
PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICE
90TH INFANTRY DIVISION

JAMES GARNER
708 KANUGA RD
WPB 7LG 33701

MAJOR GENERAL HERBERT L. EARNEST
Commanding General, 90th Infantry Division

MAJOR GENERAL ALLISON J. BARNETT
Commanding General, 94th Infantry Division

ATHLETIC OFFICERS

Captain Thomas Dye	90th Inf. Div.
Captain Bobbit	94th Inf. Div.

COACHING STAFFS

90th Inf. Div.

Sgt. Alger Conner	Head Coach
Lt. Gordon Jung	Ass't. Coach
Capt. Robert C. Parkin	Team Physician

94th Inf. Div.

Capt. Bill Callaway	Head Coach
Lt. Vassie Albanese	Ass't. Coach
Lt. Frederic Baetsch	Ass't. Coach

OFFICIALS

Cpl. J. A. Bernard	90th Inf. Div.
Sgt. M. Blaski	90th Inf. Div.
Lt. Quinlan	94th Inf. Div.
Cpl. Posada	94th Inf. Div.

Welcome Pilgrims . . . .

Each and every Tough 'Ombre welcomes the Pilgrims of the 94th Division to the 90th Division area. As Third Army comrades in battle we've learned to respect your fighting ability. You come here today with that same reputation on the gridiron. We're looking forward to a hard-fought game.

We extend to you every courtesy and hospitality possible. Ask a Tough 'Ombre . . . . he'll help you.

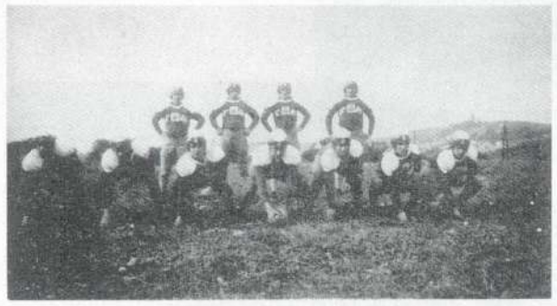
Good Luck

PROBABLE STARTING LINE-UPS

No.	90ths	Wt.	Pos.	Wt.	94ths	No.
1	STOCKEY	205	L-E-R	210	MULLIGAN	21
5	HOUSE	210	L-T-R	208	MARENGER	14
11	GILLESPIE	195	L-G-R	215	FEIN	19
14	CRAFTON	220	C	215	EMERY, F.	34
10	BISHOP	192	R-G-L	215	MALONEY, (C)	9
6	KARMAZIN	205	R-T-L	240	EMEVY, V.	12
2	DE WALD	190	R-E-L	215	NEWONGER	10
16	WEADLEY	174	QB	185	HOLLISTER	21
23	WALTON	169	L-H-R	185	CONE	22
19	LEPRE	174	R-H-L	198	POSANZ	18
25	BOHNOFF	174	FB	187	BURKE	8

These lineups are subject to change due to injury or late developments

TOUGH 'OMBRES STARTING LINE-UP



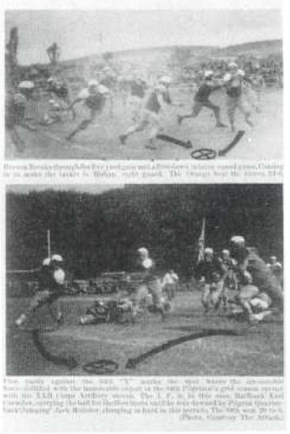
LEPRE (RH) WEADLEY (QB) WALTON (LH) BOHNOFF (FB)
23 16 19 25
DeWALD (RE) KARMAZIN (RT) BISHOP (RG) CRAFTON (C) GILLESPIE (LG) HOUSE (LT) STOCKEY (LE)
2 6 10 14 11 5 1





— TEAM ROSTER —
TOUGH 'OMBRES

No.	Name	Rank	Pos.	Unit	Weight	Home Town
(1)	STOCKEY, Leo	Pfc.	E	357	205	Pittsburgh, Penna.
(2)	DE WALD, Jacob	Lt.	E	357	190	Kingston, Penna.
(5)	JUNG, Gordon	Lt.	E	189	180	Cincinnati, Ohio
(9)	JONES, Avery	S/Sgt	E	358	183	Cliffside, N. C.
(5)	HOUSE, Harold	Pfc.	T	90thRecon 180		Pontiac, Mich.
(6)	KARMAZIN, Andrew	Pfc.	T	357	205	Lewis, Penna.
(7)	HARTMAN, James	Cpl.	T	359 ✓	205	Cincinnati, Ohio
(8)	CUNNINGHAM, Wayne	Pfc.	T	359 ✓	198	Rich Square, N. C.
(9)	MELNIKOFF, Walter	Pfc.	T	358	208	Chicago, Illinois
(10)	BISHOP, Joe	Lt.	G	358	192	Hobart, Michigan
(11)	GILLESPIE, Frank	Pfc.	G	90 Sig Co	195	Middletown, Conn.
(12)	WITKOWSKI, Bruno	Pfc.	G	343 FA	178	Middletown, Conn.
(13)	BUTLER, Correl	Lt.	G	359 ✓	170	Brownwood, Texas
(14)	CRAFTON, James	Lt.	C	359 ✓	220	Little Rock, Ark.
(15)	HEIZER, Ken	Pfc.	C	359 ✓	196	Colorado Springs, Colo
(16)	WEADLEY, Wm.	Sgt.	B	915 FA	174	Lansing, Michigan
(17)	DAVIS, Wm. B.	Lt.	B	358	185	Chicago, Illinois
(18)	FORNARI, Peter	S/Sgt	B	362	185	Detroit, Michigan
(19)	LEPRE, Thomas	Sgt.	B	915 FA	174	Bellville, New Jersey
(20)	TIERNEY, David	Lt.	B	357	198	New York, New York
(21)	O'LEE, William	Pfc.	B	90 Sig Co	197	Flushing, New York
(22)	TALLIA, Douglas	Cpl.	B	357	168	Garfield, New Jersey
(23)	WALTON, Harry C.	Lt.	B	359 ✓	169	Roanoke, Virginia
(24)	HUERSER, James	Pfc.	B	90 Sig Co	187	Cleveland, Ohio
(25)	BOHNOFF, MIKE	Pfc.	B	90 Sig Co	174	Fort Wayne, Indiana
(26)	MUZYK, Anthony	Pfc.	T	357	195	Bridgeport, Conn.
(27)	HOUTS, Harold	Pfc.	B	344 FA	183	Salem, Ohio
(28)	HANLON, John B.	Pfc.	C	359 ✓	195	Interlaken, New Jersey
(29)	ZIEBELL, Robt	Sgt.	B	359 ✓	183	Los Angeles, Calif.
(30)	FLYNN, John W.	Pfc.	G	358 ✓	179	Kansas City, Mo.
(31)	GUERIN, David	Pfc.	G	359 ✓	177	Worcester, Mass
(32)	DORE, Wm. J.	Sgt.	C	359 ✓	195	Manning, Michigan
(33)	HERUTKA, John	Pfc.	C	357 ✓	175	Chicago, Illinois
(34)	MICHELS, James	Pvt.	E	359	183	San Francisco, Calif.
(35)	FOOTLIK, Seymour	Pfc.	G	357	198	Chicago, Illinois









— TEAM ROSTER —
PILGRIMS

No.	Name	Rank	Pos.	Unit	Weight	Home Town
( )	BRANNIGAN, Jack	Pfc.	E	302	190	Chicago, Illinois
( )	BURKE, Bob	Lt.	B	328	187	Evanston, Illinois
( )	CAREY, Dubbs	Sgt.	T	302	193	Marysville, Calif.
( )	CHIC-TINET, Tom	Sgt.	G	301	190	Stoughton, Mass
( )	COZE, Bob	Lt.	B	301	185	Janesville, Wisc.
( )	CROSS, Tony	Pfc.	B	302	194	Orange, N. J.
( )	DOWGIEWICZ, Ed	Sgt.	E	301	175	Webster, Mass
( )	EMERY, Frank	Cpl.	C	784 Ord	215	Bilo, Mo.
( )	EMERY, Vince	Pfc.	T	784 Ord	240	Milo, Mo.
( )	FEIN, Murray	Sgt.	G	376	215	Riverdale, N. Y.
( )	FLECK, Bill	Pfc.	B	374	190	Harrell, Ky.
( )	GOBBLE, ELLIS	Cpl.	T	302	196	Meadowview, Va
( )	GRAHAM, Bob	Pfc.	B	301	195	River Forest, Ill.
( )	HANSEN, Norvel	Pfc.	E	302	190	Logan, Utah
( )	HOLLISTER, John	Sgt.	E	301	185	Cincinnati, Ohio
( )	HOLMES, Thurston	Pfc.	G	376	190	Wheeling, W. Va.
( )	HOWARD, Harry	Pfc.	G	94 MP	230	Boston, Mass.
( )	HUPPAKER, Jim	Sgt.	E	94Recon	190	New Berlin, Ill.
( )	LUBBE, John	S/Sgt	E	376	190	New York, N. Y.
( )	MARTIN, Jack	S/Sgt	C	301	190	Atlanta, Ga.
( )	MC LAUGHLIN, Bob	Pfc.	T	376	180	Youngstown, Ohio
( )	MULLIGAN, Bob	Pfc.	E	301	210	Uniontown, Penna.
( )	NEWTON, Vernon	Cpl.	T	324	195	Alabama, Calif.
( )	NEWONGER, Glen	Sgt.	E	94 MP	215	Jackson, Mo.
( )	PALADINI, Ray	Cpl.	B	302 HD	165	San Leandro, Calif.
( )	POSANZ, Don	Pfc.	B	301	198	Wakarusa, Ind.
( )	REGAN, Tommy	Lt.	C	919 FA	192	Union City, New Jersey
( )	SELLEY, Royal	Cpl.	B	919 FA	160	Flint, Mich.
( )	SPRAGG, Jim	Pfc.	G	376	207	Washington, Penna.
( )	VORHEES, Jack	Pfc.	E	376	185	Lorain, Ohio
( )	WEAVER, Paul	Pfc.	E	301	190	Coldwater, Mich.



For latest sports results, news, and features, read The Snipes . . . now appearing in a daily sheet from

The Teams' Systems

Conner's Single Wing Attack
Vs.
Albanese's "Q-T"

The 90th will employ the Notre Dame system, coming out of the huddle and shifting from the "T" to a single wing. The shift is seldom to the left. Coach Conner calls his offense "a strong wing with side attack." Look for plenty of quick opening plays and trap blocks by those 'Ombres. Any spectator who has seen Cornell's zone trap methods so favorably developed under the Snavely regime will notice the similarity in the 90th's trap plays.

The quarterback and wing back are the blockers in the backfield. Once in a while they carry the ball on reverses and you will see other bits of deception out here this afternoon. The system is dependent on hard straight ground smashes but there is a pretty effective passing attack worked out, based on logical defensive reactions and characterized by the flooding of defensive areas with eligible receivers.

The 94th "Pilgrims" come to Amberg with an emimous array of promotions. They are strongly touted as one of the top notch teams in the E.T. and they stand as shown to five favorites in the books against the Tough 'Ombres. Lt. Vinie Albanese, former Syracuse All-American has originated the Q-T system which is a jump off from Clair Bee's T-formation, with a little mixture of the Clark Shaughnessy "T". It is working out perfectly for the 94th, with Bob Cox carrying the offensive burden at halfback. Watch for deception all afternoon in the shape of full spinners, half spinners, naked reverses, double reverses and some more new plays the board of strategy has thought up for this contest.

"TOUGH 'OMBRE" GRID SCHEDULE
(TENTATIVE)

Oct. 2nd	94th-32	90th Inf. Div.	0 Amberg
Oct. 7th		XXII Corps	Mannheim
Oct. 13th		4th Armd. Div.	Landshut
Oct. 28th		90th Inf. Div.	Amberg
Oct. 27th		4th Armd. Div.	Amberg
Nov. 3rd		XXII Corps	Amberg
Nov. 10th		Open Date	
Nov. 18th		9th Inf. Div.	Amberg



JACOB DOWALD
END

After The Game
Always

Drive Safely

Your Life's At Stake
Control The Brake !!

This May Be Your Lucky Number

DURING THE HALF THREE WINNING NUMBERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED OVER THE PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM. HOLD ON TO YOUR PROGRAM

FIRST PRIZE	30 Packs of Cigarettes
SECOND PRIZE	20 Packs of Cigarettes
THIRD PRIZE	10 Packs of Cigarettes

NUMBER 02824

OBERT WEAR WRITES FROM EUROPE

If 90th Is 'Rodeo Division' It May Be Because of Gladewater Captain

BY ROBERT WEAR,
r-Telegram's Own Correspond-
ent in the European Theater.

WITH 90TH DIVISION INSIDE
'GFRIED LINE, Germany, (By
)—There is a strong chance
the 90th Division fighting in
war will be written down as
"Rodeo Division"—and if the
from states other than Texas
Oklahoma in the outfit don't
it, they can blame Capt. Carl
rott of Gladewater, Texas.

Buzz," as the blond East Texan
known among fellow officers,
one of the organizers of the
rompiu rodeo given in Nor-
dy last summer to help relieve
tension after such battles as
t of the Foret de Mopt Castre
the Falaise Gap.

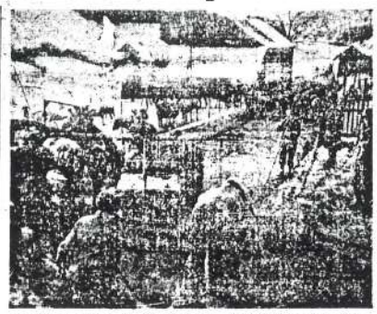
Everett had to turn to more
dly business again at the Mo-
e River crossing, and in the
les at Metz and the Saar River
sing.

Everett was awarded the
s medal for his quick and ef-
ive work in evacuating the
after the transport Susan B.
nony struck mines and sank
Utah Beach, France, last June
ot a man was lost. He has
recommended for another
ration which has not yet been
erred.

ter Christmas, though, right
he midst of a drive against
eral von Rundstedt's forces
had encircled Bastogne,
and an opportunity to mix a
pleasure with the grim busi-
of war.

ll the farmers had run off
left their cattle—and there
were on the highways—in
way," he explained.

pt. Jerry Alexander of Nacog-
es interrupted the tale there
ote that "Buzz stopped fight-
Krauts to bulldog a steer—
we haven't figured out yet



TRAIL DRIVE, WEST FRONT—Infantrymen of 90th Division round up cattle in Harlange, Luxembourg. Jeep is carrying a German to a rear area prison enclosure. (Signal Corps Photo).

which was downed first, Buzz or the steer."

Everett also wanted to make it plain that "my time was unofficial—it wouldn't go in rodeo circles."

The discussion led up to the fact that after the fall of Germany, Captain Everett would like to follow the historic example of another Gladewater citizen, Jack Yates, now an oil field pipe and supply dealer, who produced a rodeo at Reims attended by General Pershing and other Allied dignitaries of that day.

"I want to put on a real, sure-enough big rodeo—preferably in Berlin, but I don't care where," Buzz explained, "and I want the 90th Division to invite General Eisenhower and General Patton and any others of the big fellows who'll come."

There shouldn't be any difficulty in obtaining performers, he insisted, "because there are so many Texas and Oklahoma cowhands in this outfit," and he insisted he could find enough suitable livestock, "if I have to scour all across France to find it."

Next day Maj. Pete Smith of Muskogee, former Oklahoma University football star, gave a warm second to Captain Everett's idea.

"I'm for it—whole hog or nothing," he said, "and I've told Buzz that I'll help arrange for a place to hold the rodeo if he can get the livestock—but of course there's the little matter of getting to Berlin first."

Neither he nor Captain Everett has any doubt that the men of the 90th will be among the first arrivals in Berlin.

SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT

GI's HOLD ROUND-UP

SWITCH FROM KRAUTS TO COWS IN BIG LUXEMBOURG DRIVE

[illegible] bunch of [illegible] over ranged the Texas-Oklahoma [illegible]. But this wasn't Texas or Oklahoma and cattle this time, place in Luxembourg, and 90th Division GI's did the rounding up.

It all came about because the feeding of too many cows, horses, pigs, sheep, chickens, cats, dogs and rabbits became too difficult a problem to solve by busy GI's occupied with the grim business of war.

So Capt. John Garrett, of the Military Government section, organized a GI roundup.

The roundup force, small at first, was composed of MPs and other GIs led by MP Sgt. Alfred Gand and MP Sgt. Ted Curtis, who demonstrated their fine art of "doggerdin'" and "butt pumpin'" as the longhorns scattered in all directions, crashing into doorways, vehicles, sides of barns and buildings.

The "big push" towards a large centrally located corral was ably helped along by such real bronco-busters as Pfc. John Sullivan, Pvt James L. Sullivan and Pfc. Ray Lawler, whose previous ranch experience in Stillwater, Oklahoma came in handy as the stubborn cows and other livestock were headed into the enclosure.

Pvt. Carl Everett, of the J-Bar ranch in Brockenridge, Texas, heard the bellowing of the cattle from the distance and came a-runnin'.

The men drive which corralled about [illegible] cattle and a few sheep, horses, and assorted other stock was materially aided by the efforts of T/Sgt Tom Watson, Corporal Erwin Klundt, Pfc Jerry Zimmerman and Pfc Clarence Oldham.

In addition, army trucks were used to evacuate some 200 squealing hogs that were safely delivered to pens elsewhere.

SURPRISE V

Pfc Itzchock Goraschensky, headquarters guard for the 358th [illegible] up with a start one morning and found himself all alone in a room full of [illegible] stories.

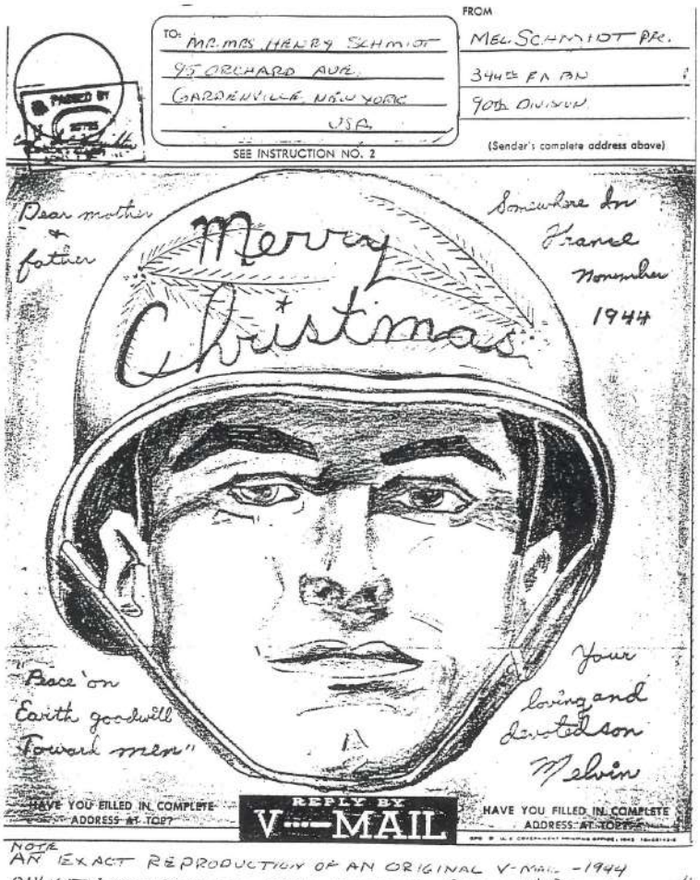
In his own brand of Germ[illegible] he managed to utter several [illegible] words that the h[illegible]

The Jerry has [illegible] their intentions were [illegible] evil and to prove it, turned [illegible] a knife.

When Pfc Goraschensky stopped shaking and investigated, he found that the PW corpse had moved into the area and had used Goraschburg's sleeping quarters.

MALE CALL by Milton Caniff — KIPLING DIDN'T KNOW AMERICAN SOLDIERS





NOTE
AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF AN ORIGINAL V-MAIL -1944
ONLY THE ADDRESS HAS BEEN CHANGED—(47 YRS)" REMEMBER"

SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT

"END RUNS" FOOL NAZIS

RAZZLE-DAZZLE FOOTBALL TACTICS ASTOUND ENEMY

By GENE CURRIVAN
(New York Times)

WITH THE THIRD ARMY, 16 Jan.--Executing a neat end run involving a three mile forced march over snowy hills, elements of the 90th Division yesterday by-passed a strong enemy position and dashed madly into the strategic road junction of Neiderwampach, five miles east of Bastogne. The Jerries in the town were so frightened surprised, and confused that they gave up in droves.

The total number taken was 362, including some parachute troops who had met the 90th once before during the battle of Foret de Mont Castre in Normandy last July. Back in those days, however, men were of tougher fiber and better morale.

Among the current lot were 59 artillerymen who were fighting with rifles and 80 infantrymen who had nothing but pistols. Most of them had no further desire to fight—especially against the wiliamen of the 90th whose unorthodox manner of battle threw them completely off balance. The Americans had been reported repulsed by the town's outer defenses a mile southeastward. The report had hardly reached the town when these same Americans came storming over the open plains whooping like Indians and firing as they ran. 'Twas all very disconcerting and not according to the book. This was the second time in five days that the 90th had outgeneraled and outmaneuvered the Germans in this sector. It was this outfit that took the strategic cross-roads above Doncols, closing the pocket east of Bastogne and trapping hundreds of Germans after a swift advance that was quoted impossible.

By now the Germans must be wondering what manner of men are these troops. They knew the 90th was south of them but they also know that there was only one passable road leading townward and this was covered by artillery, mortars and small arms all hidden in woods. Lt. Colonel Jacob W. Bealke of Booneville, Mo., commander of the 358th Infantry regiment tried to pass the woods but there was too much in it for comfort. He decided there would be no future in attempting this particular northwest passage.

Instead he decided to send two companies under Lt. Eugene H. Amory of New York City and Lt. Edward M. Gormley of Hazelton, Pa., around the left end to try for a sweep westward through the vicinity of Wardin. This way was treacherous. There had been no reconnaissance and there were no roads but he thought the chance was worth taking. He sent his men on a three mile forced march through snow and ice on a trek that took them two hours. At two p.m. they were on the far side of the hill with nothing between them and the town but a broad open expanse of white snow. Here they waited while Colonel Bealke called for a heavy artillery barrage on the town. While this was going on he called for a barrage of smoke mortars on a German artillery position beyond the town. This worked so well that the enemy couldn't get observation and therefore couldn't fire. At four p.m. our artillery ceased and this was the signal for one of the wildest dashes of the campaign.

The end run tactics gave considerable satisfaction to the division's commander, Major Gen. James A. Van Fleet, who used to be a football coach.

IST OF A SERIES

This article by Mr. Currivan, which has already appeared in print in the States, is the first of a series by outstanding war correspondents. Beginning tomorrow, THE SNIPER will publish one each day.

These feature stories, all of which will appear in hundreds of newspapers back home, bring into the public limelight typical 90th Division actions.

Carry On
Vol.1 No.125 NEW YEAR'S SUPPLEMENT 1 JANUARY 1945
This Can Be Mailed Home

For over six months now, past milestone after milestone, the 359th Infantry has "carried on" through France and on into Germany.

REMEMBER—

BY CARL JENKINS, WOJG

how the First and Third Battalions and Regimental Headquarters were the first of the 90th Division ashore, landing the afternoon of D-day, 6 June, attached to the Fourth Infantry Division? The two battalions did a job of mopping up and making reconnaissance in force for the Fourth until released back to the 90th late 10 June. Remember how the Second Battalion came in on 7 June, after having the transport, Susan B. Anthony, blown out from under it by a mine a few miles off the coast?

how the regiment made its first attack with the 90th on 12 June, driving northwest from the vicinity of Picauville toward Orglandes? Remember how tough was the Hedgerow Headache and how slow was the going? How the 79th Infantry Division passed through us on the way to Cherbourg, on 19 June?

how we then faced south and hopped off around Pretot 3 July on the big drive that led into the bitter battle of Hill 122 and the Foret de Mont Castre? How the battle raged until we finally took the hill 6 July and then pushed on to the Seves River after withstanding four days of the worst kind of counterattacks? How the Kitchen Commandos came into being 8 July to protect the right flank on "the hill?"

how we sat along the Seves, rotating out of the line to get clean clothes and a bath, until 26 July when we pushed over the river and on beyond shell-wrecked Perriers to St. Sauveur de Lendelin?

the first "rest period", 29 July to 1 August, when we were entirely out of contact with the enemy for the first time since D-day - 52 days?

the long trek to Le Lons when we marched on the south flank of the division, cleaning out pockets of resistance? The joyous welcome of the French when we marched through their towns? The move north from Le Lons behind the Second French Armored Division?

Chambois - where the First Battalion fought in and out of Le Beurg St. Leonard 16 and 17 August; where the Second Battalion took Chambois 19 August and contacted the Poles, and where the Third Battalion held the left flank while the German Seventh Army was slaughtered?

the fast-moving days that took us across France, missing Paris, and catching the enemy again around Lendres?

the long, weary days of the siege of Metz?

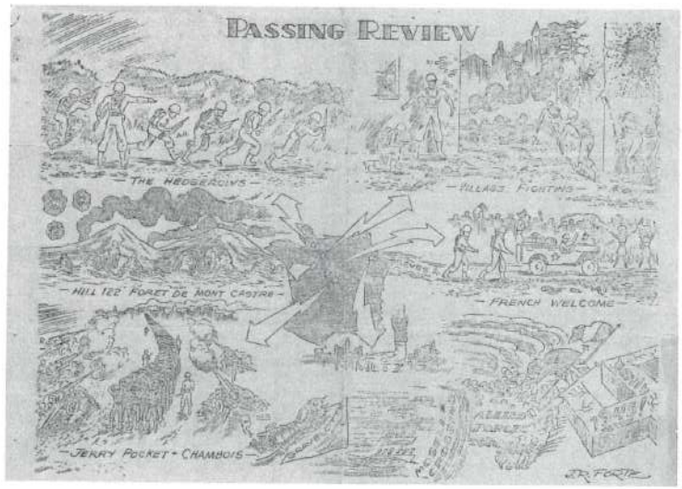
the crossing of the flooded Moselle 9 November and the closing of the Metz pincers at Conde Northen 18 November?

the march on into Germany, when the first troops crossed the border to take our first German town, Oberesch, on 25 November?

And remember, now, the battle at the Saar?

This is the story of 359 - in the year, 1944.





MISAPPROPRIATION OF BRAVERY

(Anonymous)

A general complaint, in print and in conversation, is, that all the men, deserving medals, do not receive them. And on the other hand, there is the complaint that many, who do receive decorations, do not deserve them. Both statements are unquestionably true. To the man who, in spite of his tireless sacrifice, has received no decoration, the one who has won his smaller decoration (seldom more than a Silver Star) the hard way, knows only too well how much "bunk" many of the "Göring-chested" really represent.

To him, it is a definate misappropriation of bravery. How impossible it is for any one man to accumulate, in so short a time, so much credit for meritorious service, or bravery "beyond the call of duty", while others unjustly return home" empty handed".

And when there is "a ration" of medals, the supply too often runs out before reaching its proven owner. As one tired soldier remarked, "This misappropriation of bravery is the most scoundrelous thing I have ever seen". But there's always ample respect for the man who's won his decoration (not the fistfull!) the just and hard way. How many, who have meritoriously carried on with a tough, brave, job (often "beyond the call of duty") will go home empty handed, and unheralded? This misappropriation of bravery, beiter known to some as a mercenary transaction, has devalued, and deglorified the decoration to "5 points" only. There's nothing wrong with the War Dept's intentions to properly reward the deserving, but, who **is** the War Dept, and who is there to see that the intentions of the War Department are complied with? Let this thorn of discontent be removed, and you'll see a resurgeance of spirit in the brave, American fighting man.

War Doesn't Stop Artist

BUFFALO EVENING NEWS PAPER - 1944



This charcoal sketch was done by an Army hospital overseas.

WNY Soldier Does Sketching While in Hospital

PFC. MELVIN W. SCHMIDT, 20, of 95 Orchard Pl., Gardenville, art student and scenic designer before he was inducted, has been perfecting his skill while laid up with an attack of pneumonia in an Army Convalescent Hospital.

"I made one sketch," Pfc. Schmidt wrote his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Schmidt, "but a Red Cross nurse begged it from me. Later I learned that she had placed it in an exhibition of soldier art in Paris." The Gardenville soldier has made several mural-like sketches for the walls of his hospital ward—"to help cheer the place up a bit."



Pfc. Schmidt

Pfc. Schmidt graduated from East Aurora High School, where he studied under Carlo Nesta, art instructor, and was art editor of the year book his senior year. He also made scenery for school plays and drew posters for school events. He states that he hopes to go to college after the war and plans a commercial art career. He was a Boy Scout and the first Cassenovia Scout to win a merit badge.

Now to the Normandy Saga Add Deeds of 90th Infantry Division

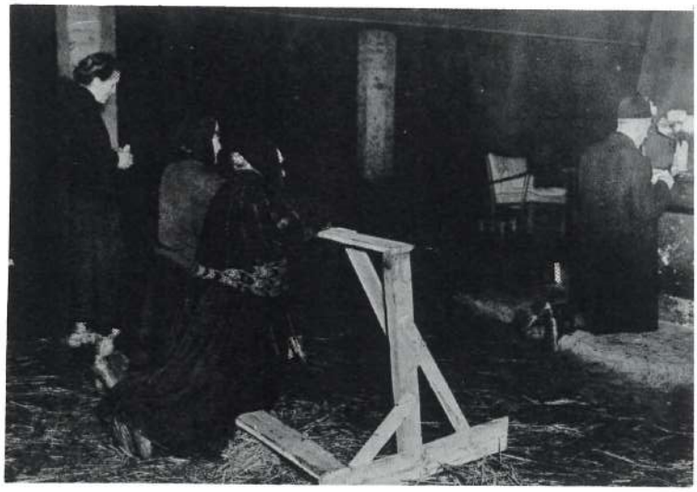
...90th INF. DIV., July 18 — The Army lifted the veil of secrecy today from the 90th Division, 65 days after one of its regiments landed on H-Hour with the Fourth Division and 45 days after the entire division was here ready for action.

For security reasons the story of what the 90th did in the Cherbourg campaign and the later drive to the south, has never been made public. . . .

The 90th, veteran of World War I, passed through the hedgerows of the 82nd Airborne Division's D-plus-Four and established itself generally along the Merderet River where the 82nd had established a small bridgehead. The enemy was established along a main line of resistance extending from Chanteveille to Point F. Abbe. Elements of the 90th advanced... posts. By June 12 the division had broken the German's south arm flank at Point F. Abbe and three days later it pushed through on the northern sector.

With their flank broken, the enemy forces split to the north and south, and as the 9th Division drove on to the western coast of the peninsula the 90th blocked the German elements attempting to escape from the north. During the drive for Cherbourg, the 90th consolidated its positions and prepared for the attack south.

The new attack commenced on July 8, and after three days fighting units of the 90th cleared out the Foret de Mont Castre while another unit captured the town of Beau Coudray. The day the 90th took Hill 122 (Foret de Mont Castre) it repulsed 18 counterattacks, one of which was made in battalion strength. ...



15 Sept 1944 — "THE SNIPER" — Published in FRANCE

BRITISH ENTER GERMANY

WAR ROUND-UP

THE RUSSIAN BALTIC fleet has captured the Estonian naval base of Baltiski, escape valve for a trapped German force... RUSSIAN AIRCRAFT set fire more German [illegible] yesterday...ALLIED TROOPS IN ITALY are through the Gothic Line and [illegible] extreme [illegible]. The Fifth Army is within 15 miles of Bologna... British forces, across the Marecchia river, are pushing on beyond Rimini... [illegible] yesterday by hundreds of American aircraft from Italy...A STRONG RAF FORCE, Saturday night, attacked an industrial area near Dusseldorf, Muenster and Bochum. Twenty-two planes are missing. AMERICAN AIRPLANES HAVE again attacked Jap shipping in Manila Bay in the Philippines...ALLIED FORCES IN BURMA report heavy fighting 50 miles down the [illegible] railway near [illegible]...ALLIED AIRCRAFT IN HEAVY [illegible] were seen leaving British bases early today for [illegible] targets probably in the [illegible] region..

CIRCULATE THE "SNIPER."

TROOPS PENETRATION IS REPORTED NEAR TOWN OF NIJMEGEN

London, [illegible] Sept:- The British 2nd Army, fighting against stubborn German opposition in the vicinity of Nijmegen in [illegible] Holland have crossed the German border in that area, according to a dispatch released by BBC.

The British [illegible] pushing into German territory, [illegible] of the patrol [illegible] inasmuch as the radio [illegible] did not elaborate further other than describing the [illegible].

AIRBORNE TROOPS [illegible]

In the [illegible] fighting, British forces have opened a narrow corridor through from the city to American and British airborne troops across the river. Supplies, chiefly ammunition and food, are getting through to the [illegible] and reinforcements are successfully arriving in critical sectors.

The corridor, [illegible] through enemy lines, is under fire but the Nijmegen bridgehead has been sufficiently fortified to [illegible] of troops and supplies. At one end of the corridor, in the vicinity of Eindhoven, the breach is 20 miles wide.

American [illegible] British airborne troops [illegible] battling along the Holland-German border [illegible] approximately 300 miles from Berlin.

CANADIANS [illegible]

Canadian forces, attacking on a 30-mile front in Belgium have [illegible] 10 miles beyond the [illegible] canal and have thrown a bridgehead across the next canal further to the north.

YANKS HOLD LINE

From Luxembourg to the Swiss frontier, American First and Third Armies continued to improve positions all along the German frontier. Numerous enemy counter attacks have been repulsed in all sectors during the past several days.

LATE BULLETIN!!!

Washington:- In the bombing of the Japanese base of Cavite in the Philippines the Japs lost 100 vessels and 300 planes. American losses were estimated at 11 aircraft.

WE WANT NEWS...of you, your unit, your friends. Send in your items to this paper in care of Division Hq. G-2.

FEATURE PAGE

DIV. MEN HEADLINED

NEW CLAIMANTS AS 90TH FIRST IN GERMANY

Three new claimants put forth their bid as the first 90th Division personnel to set foot on German soil. The three "I-C" invaders are Lt. Col. Alvin Schoppe, Lt. [illegible] and T/5 John [illegible].

On an observation mission with the Fifth Armored Division in its assault on the Siegfried Line, the two officers and their driver entered the German town of Walendorf on Sept. 16th.

A cold reception by the civilian population was accorded the trio, Colonel Schoppe reported.

COMPETITION

The above claim was made subsequent to a report by S/Sgt [illegible] F. Scheidenhein and Pvt. Valentine Buckreman of the 359th Inf. I and R platoon that they had been on the border first for the 90th. The 359th pioneers said they had trod German soil prior to Sept 16.

In an effort to determine the proper claimants to the "invasion honors" the "Sniper" is interested in confirmation of the 359th claim.

Do unto others as you would like others to do unto you. [illegible] the "Sniper" on.

90TH DIV. "WILD MEN OF MAYHEM" FEATURED IN AP RELEASE

Somewhere in France, 25 Sept:- An [illegible] Associated Press news story, featured on the front page of the Minneapolis Star-Journal, told a story of 90th Division [illegible] recently under the headline:

3 YANKS, 50 NAZIS MEET
RESULT: 25 DEAD GERMANS

The story, written by Ed Ball of the AP follows:

"A three man team known as the "Wild Men of Mayhem"---Lt. Claude Lovett of Dumas, Texas, ranchery Sgt. Jake Parton, Seattle, Wash., horse trader, and Cpl. Nick D. Dolan, former from near Minneapolis--have won special distinction in recent battle.

"Rounding a curve in a jeep this trio ran into a bunch of 50 German bicyclists.

"With one jeep-mounted 50 caliber gun they hit [illegible] 25 Germans and captured 25.

"It was easy picking," Lovett drawled as he slouched against a [illegible] three captured German pistols, his own service automatic and a tommy gun."

Another dispatch from the same front quoted Maj. William Dupuy of Lake Preston, S. Dak. as saying:

"Our tanks raced through brush, flushed the hiding [illegible] and I saw some of them running after tanks [illegible]."

THANKS

The "Sniper" will continue publication thanks to Sgt. Ralph L. Erickson and Pfc. John [illegible] of the 358th Inf. Liaison group. They delivered 81 German typewriter ribbons.

COMPLAINT DEPT.

The following letter was recently received by the city desk:

"Dear Sniper:-

Have just read your Sept. 9 issue and the account of the tank battle. I would just like to ask where Co. A, 358th Inf. was, or have you heard?"

The letter, signed by Pvt. Clarence Kemp and eight worthy contemporaries [illegible] an excellent story.

Co. A. Lets have it.

Pass "The Sniper" on.

Hopi Indian Goes on 4-Day Hunt To Find Nazi Who Shot His Buddy

Stalks Sniper for Two Days Without Success Spends Two More Days With Armor Before Deciding to Rejoin Unit.

By JOSEPH DRISCOLL
A Special Correspondent of the Post-Dispatch.
(Copyright, 1944.)

WITH GEN. PATTON'S ARMY, Dec. 3 (Delayed).—Carl (Chief) Chukima, 28-year-old Indian from the Oraibi Reservation near Flagstaff, Ariz., has just returned from a four-day hunting trip.

A sniper had wounded one of the chief's American friends and Chukima, a private in Company B, 315th Engineers, of the Ninetieth Division, appointed himself a one-man war party to avenge the attack.

Capt. Clarence Symes of Lubbock, Tex., the commander, was about to list Chukima as missing in action on the unit's morning report on the day the Indian stoically resumed his place on the engineer road gang.

"He comes and goes," explained Capt. Symes. "It's a very difficult on occasion."

The last time Capt. Symes saw Chukima was in the German town of Butzdorf, which the 358th Infantry and the Engineers were attempting to clean up. A sniper winged a man standing next to the chief as the two were leaving a house.

"It started making me mad," explained the stone-faced Hopi. "I go house—one from one. That evening I still in town looking for sniper. Next day I stay. In afternoon I keep looking for sniper, but no find. I ask boy and he say infantry have pulled out and that evening I joined the tanks."

Chukima decided to fight the war for a while with the armor and stayed two days with the Tenth Armored Division, doing outpost duty and a guard trick.

"After three days," continued the Hopi, "I ask boys where infantry is. I told one tank going out of town I go with him. I hitch-hike to where I find Ninetieth Division M. P. He tell me where headquarters are. I come back."

Chukima pulled two white feathers from his pocket.

"I wear them in helmet," he explained, "but I nearly lose them in tank so put them in pocket. One feather is to keep me strong. Other to take care of Ninetieth Division."

The Hopi tribe had sat up all night conducting ceremonial rites over the feathers before presenting them to their warrior.

Back in Roima the chief took a couple of days to track down a group of Germans estimated to have been 18 in number. The trail ended in a house in a small village, where one of the residents told him the enemy had changed clothes and disappeared.

Chukima has the stamina of a well-oiled machine. When he was 18 years old he ran 60 miles one day, carrying his ceremonial mask and costume, to join his tribesmen in a traditional Hopi dance to ask the gods for rain.

Chief Misses Tribe.

"The Ninetieth Division's chief likes his work but he misses his tribe.

"Would like to see friends," Chukima mumbled wishfully. "No talk my language for long time."

Before sunrise every morning "Chief" Chukima quietly sows a few grains of crushed corn into the French soil as a petition to the maize goddess to look with favor on the activities of the Ninetieth Division. It has worked like a charm, for the Ninetieth has fought its way all across France and is still going strong at the German frontier.

SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT

WAR SCRIBES LAUD 90TH

CORRESPONDENTS PRAISE DIV. EFFICIENCY

BY ROELIF LOVELAND OF THE CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER:-I could tell you that in the fall, France is as it was 26 years ago that I saw GIs standing this morning with their feet literally in the fire in order to get them warm. That is the way we used to do, and it was tough on the leather.

I could tell you that in the barns where some of the lucky boys are billeted there seem to have been no improvements in the last 26 years. The same manure piles live in close proximity to the homes.

90TH IS CRACK DIVISION

This morning, I went down to the famous Fighting 90th Division and dug up some Clevelanders and Ohioans outside Cleveland. It should be a matter of pride to those at home to know that so many of our lads belong to this outfit, which will surely go down in history as one of the crack American Divisions.

It has caught hell but it has always given better than it received.

Among those I chatted with today are 1st Lt. Robert W.Landies, S/Sgt. Peter C.Stamatis, Cpl.Gerald F.Webber, Sgt. George H.Johnson, Pfc Norman W. Walser, Pvt.Richard T.Calabrese, 1st Sgt. William W. Stanifer, Tec Sgt.Leonard J.Szczepkowski, Pvt.Woodrow Wilson Brookbank, and Pvt. Theodore Ojala.

THE WOLF — by Sansone



"Stop staring—'n' get me a towel!"

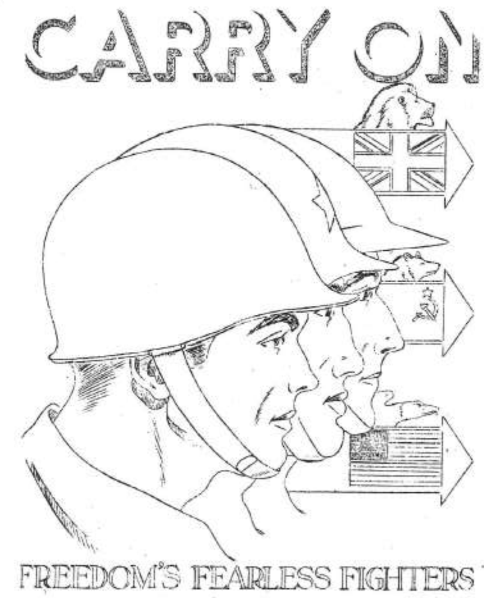
SPEED CARRIED 90TH TO MANY VICTORIES SAYS CHICAGO REPORTER

BY ROBERT C CROMIE OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE:-This resume of the activities of the crack 90th Division in the last three weeks (early September) will give you a good idea of why the American drive toward the German border has progressed with such fantastic speed.

The 90th has marched more than 200 miles in the three weeks, much of that distance on foot. It has captured more than 17,000 prisoners and destroyed more than 5,000 field pieces, enemy tanks and other vehicles.

In a message congratulating his men on their fine record, an officer said it demonstrated that swift movement, added to flanking tactics and fire superiority, confuses the enemy, hampers his use of mortars and artillery and makes him a comparatively easy victim for the Yanks.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONT.13 Nov:-Mrs.Harmon Kinnick has a class of 3 pupils in a school here. All 3 are her grandchildren.



SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT

MONT CASTRE BATTLE MOST DRAMATIC OF NORMANDY

BY [illegible] OF THE WASHINGTON STAR:- The Foret de Mont Castre was destined to be the scene for nearly a week of one of the most stubborn and costliest battles of American history by all odds the most dramatic of the Normandy campaign. It was the Belleau Wood of this war to date—in some respects a super Belleau Wood.

The battles of 1918 were mild in comparison. The men of 1918 couldn't have taken the punishment of that black Gethsemane of horror and death. Any one of half a dozen of 90th Division exploits in that battle would have constituted one of the great news stories of the last war. But "Lost Battalions" and "Sgt. Yorks" are so common here in Normandy that they get only passing notice.

SUPPLIES LIQUIDATED

It is hard to exaggerate the difficulties of fighting in this forest. There are no paths, no clearings except some cut away by the Germans for fields of fire.

When the 90th was finished in the Foret truckloads of dead Germans were carried out of the woods for two days.

SECOND EDITION

You are reading the Sniper censored for mailing.

90TH "COWBOYS" HAD RODEO

BY HAL BOYLE OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS:- Artillerymen of the 90th Infantry Divisions thrilled French peasants with the first old-fashioned rodeo ever held in Normandy. There were no ten-gallon hats, but the bad crowd audience whooped it up in the best tradition of the Wild West and there were spills enough to satisfy everyone including the wreckiest [illegible].

90TH DIVISION BAND SAVES LIVES

BY DONALD GRANT OF THE DES MOINES REGISTER:- They sent the piccolo player up the road under shellfire while the drummer made futile in a cowshed. The saxophone player holds a Silver Star for bravery, won bandaging a leg of a wounded soldier.

That, in brief, is a report on the 90th Division band as I found it in the front line the other day.

The boys, who used to blare out "Stars And Stripes Forever" are litter bearers now. Two of them have been decorated for bravery. Out of fifty-six members of the division band, nine have been battle casualties.

The band boys have never been out of artillery range and often have travelled back and forth under shellfire to return the wounded to first aid stations.

MALE CALL by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates" — THE FLAVOR LASTED AND LASTED



Monday, December 18, 1944

Doughboy Unit, Trapped in Ice-Crusted Foxholes 10 Days, Mows Down Germans

Lufkin Major's Force Chalks Up Enviable Record in Fight.

By Associated Press.

[illegible] Dillingen, Germany, Dec. 17 (Delayed).—From ice-crusted foxholes a column of doughboys has written in blood and fire the United States 90th Division's most stirring episode since D-Day.

For 10 days and nights they fought, cut off most of the time from supplies and reinforcements. For five days of these days each lived on a small bar of chocolate daily. They were counterattacked 30 times—a record for so narrow a sector on the United States Third Army front.

When their ammunition ran low, they "borrowed" from the enemy and went right on killing and wounding Germans.

All this was accomplished by the men of Maj. Gen. James A. Van Fleet's Texas-Oklahoma Division, fighting on the Germans' own terms in one of the Siegfried Line's thickest pillbox belts.

Even Cooks Join Fighting.

"That place up there is carpeted with dead Krauts," said Maj. William Dupuy of Sioux Falls, S. D., a soft-voiced slender officer in his late twenties who commands the 357th Infantry's First Battalion. "Even our cooks joined the party and disposed of four pillboxes."

"Two days after crossing the Saar River in assault boats the Germans began hitting us," Dupuy added. "They kept it up for five days and then came in behind us in the woods. During that time we got one carrying party through. It was led by Corp. Stanley [illegible] of Northampton, Mass. [illegible] we made contact with a company commanded by Capt. B. F. Adams of Little Rock, Ark., but they were in no better shape than we were."

"I have never seen the Germans so aggressive," said Capt. John M. McLean, Los Angeles. "But they lacked the finesse our boys had and we simply mowed them down. Once they came over standing up and yelling 'Heil Hitler.' Again they came with their guns at port arms. I can't explain that one."

One-Man Roundup.

A one-man roundup was carried out by Pvt. (first class) Kenneth Felger of Van Wert, Ohio. His exploit was related by Captain McLean, who said:

"[illegible] Felger worked his way [illegible] German pillbox and [illegible]

Yanks "Borrow" German Munitions as Own Runs Low.

a hand grenade into an opening. Five Germans inside yelled 'kamerad.' Felger went inside. Germans up the line sent a couple of men down to investigate why this pillbox was not firing. Felger invited them in and disarmed them.

"They sent five more investigators and finally caught on to what was happening," McLean continued. "Without knowing the general picture, Felger ushered his prisoners—two officers, two sergeants and 18 enlisted men—to the river and took them across."

Lt. Col. Jacob Bealke, Jr., commander of the 358th Infantry, sent one tank-supported battalion under Maj. James Spivey, Lufkin, Texas, into an attack inside Dillingen and Spivey's outfit rolled up the following score at a cost of one man wounded:

Fifty Germans killed, 87 taken prisoner and 10 pillboxes, one tank and one 75-mm. gun captured.

Paraphrasing Prime Minister Churchill's now famous phrase, Lt. Col. Frederick Loomis of Salt Lake City, the 358th's executive officer, [illegible] directed the Saar crossing, [illegible] "Never did so few do so [illegible] many in so little time."

SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT

TELLS OF 90TH'S DOUBLE-CROSSING OF SAAR RIVER

The 90th's double-crossing of the Saar river, believed to be, paradoxically enough, the largest held bridgehead without a bridge ever achieved during the American Army's campaign through France, has been cut down in feature form for U. S. release.

Every phase of the 90th's heroic struggle against the river is covered and the following paragraphs reveal the intensity of the fighting encountered in the 90th's crossing:

"The fanaticism of the Wehrmacht was inculcated within the Nazi individual.

"One German advanced on a command post, was drawn under arm and was killed. While the attention of the American defenders was diverted elsewhere for a moment, a wounded Nazi leaped from a nearby woods, reached the weapon and escaped to his lines 100 yards away.

"At an adjacent company headquarters situated in a house, a GI, thinking he heard a noise outside, fired blindly into the darkness. Upon investigation in the morning, the Yank personnel found a dead German, fingers clutching a grenade, sprawled across the door steps.

"Prisoners were herded into groups for the long ride back to the PW cage which was located on the opposite banks of the Saar. But there were difficulties. Priority on ferry transportation was given to armor and supplies. On the seventh day, following a particularly heavy counterattack, seventy-five prisoners were temporarily held in a house until transportation could be cleared. A sudden Nazi barrage ripped the building to pieces and the entire PW "take" was killed in the action. The 90th Division lost one MP.

DEAD GERMANS EVERYWHERE

"In the fields the German dead was heaped everywhere.

"It was the worst carnage since the Chambois slaughter in the Falaise Gap," said Lt. Col. James O. Boswell.

1st Lt. Robert Nugent, told how one company [illegible] temporarily to an [illegible] hillside to obtain better fields of fire which had been partially obstructed by the fallen Nazis.

One two-hour truce was called to enable the Germans to pick up their dead in an area of less than 100 square yards in which more than one hundred of the enemy lay in grotesque pattern.

"They stormed us like maniacs," said Capt. John M. McLean, "and we mowed them down for what they were."

Sgt. Raymond Crawford killed six in one morning from a sniper's position.

"When I got a bead on 'em," he surprised, "I had 'em."

S/Sgt Richard E. Larsen, in observing the results of his unit's mortar fire on the enemy had his radio shot away. While planning his next move, his rifle was knocked from his hands by a German grenade. Angered by the assault, Larsen rushed back to his forward lines for another rifle and American grenades. Regaining his original observation post, he launched a one-man "hate" campaign, killed six Nazis and wounded several others.

Down on the river banks, the Saar was forever enveloped in the white fog of an opaque smoke generated by a record number of nearly 3000 smoke pots set in operation by the 161st Smoke Generator Co. The negro troops, working 18 hours per day, consumed 146,410 gallons of fog oil to screen an area of five kilometers along a vital sector of the river.

"I believe the action represented the biggest tactical smoke operation ever attempted by the U. S. Army," said Lt Col Alvin L. Schoppe, 90th Division Chemical Warfare Officer.

Capt. Charles D. Underwood and Capt. Ira L. Plosch, together with Colonel Schoppe, supervised the creation of the long rolling white curtain that blanketed the river basin at the crossing point.

Between counterattacks, the Germans turned to psychological warfare. Out of the woods came the catchy strains of American popular music.

"It was terrific," described Pvt. Lawrence C. Stephens, "when the music played, all the guys grabbed one another and we danced to Heinie music in Heinie houses. Between records, when Jerry started to broadcast propaganda, we turned loose with everything we had--including machine-guns--and couldn't hear a word he said."

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12 Nov. 1944 — "THE SNIPER" — Published in FRANCE

NAZI SUPPLY LINE CUT

WAR ROUND-UP

A LARGE TASK FORCE of American Super-Fortresses, yesterday, attacked an aircraft factory on the Japanese home island of Kyushu...PRIME MINISTER WINSTON CHURCHILL AND Anthony Eden attended yesterday's Armistice Day celebration in Paris. Mr. Churchill also completed a two hour conference with Gen. DeGaulle...THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT HAS been formally invited to take a permanent place on the European Advisory Commission... IN ITALY, the 8th Army is moving steadily closer to Bologna...[illegible] reported over [illegible] England during the night.

VITAL METZ LINK SEVERED BY THIRD ARMY

London, 12 Nov. One of the main railway lines, linking the fortress of Metz with major supply depots in the Reich, has been severed by elements of the Third U.S. Army. The action is the first of an expected series of efforts to cut off the Metz garrison from Germany and thereby reduce the supply of essential war materials.

[illegible] DIVISION [illegible]

According to a [illegible] broadcast early today, SHAEF has announced that six infantry divisions and two armored units of the Third Army are now engaged in assault on the German positions. Named as offensive units are the 90th INFANTRY DIVISION, the 5th, 26th, 35th, 80th and 95 Infantry divisions; and the 4th and 6th armored divisions.

AIR [illegible]

While [illegible] elements scored moderate advances in the new area, American and British heavy bombers made daylight attacks on synthetic oil plants in the Ruhr Valley yesterday. During the night, RAF bombers ripped at targets in Northwestern and Western Germany.

U.S. aircraft also continued support operations yesterday of Third Army forces on the advanced side of the [illegible] River.

ENTIRE JAPANESE CONVOY WIPED OUT NEAR LEYTE

Pearl Harbor, 12 Nov. A Japanese convoy bound for Leyte Island with infantry reinforcements, was chopped to pieces by American carrier-borne planes yesterday. It was the second Jap attempt within a week to rush replacements to the critical Jap positions on Leyte.

The American [illegible] destroyers and four transports. The exact location of the attack was not divulged.

In a statement from the Philippines, yesterday, General MacArthur said that the Japanese are bending every effort towards building a strong defense line in the Ormoc corridor on Leyte.

The island of Leyte is strategically located in the heart of the Philippines.

RUSSIANS [illegible]

On the Eastern Front, Soviet columns in Hungary, refreshed and reequipped following a three-day respite, resumed their assault on the city of Budapest and reported progress. Southern elements are now within five miles of the capital.

In an attempt to smash the new Russian thrust, German forces launched counterattacks which were repulsed.

[illegible]

London, 12 Nov. New Allied moves in northern Burma are seriously threatening Japanese positions at Bhamo.

The Sniper 90th

★NORMANDY★NORTHERN FRANCE★RHINELAND★ARDENNES★CENTRAL EUROPE

VOL. II , NO. 52 WEIDEN, Germany WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1945

CG's CORNER

Help One Another

By MAJ. GEN. HERBERT L. EARNEST
(COMMANDING GENERAL 90th INF.DIV.)

The radio states that Japan has accepted the Allied Peace Terms.

How will that affect us?

Frankly, at this time, I do not know. If word is received of any change in status you will be promptly informed.

There will be a tendency to "let down" — to say, "Ah what the hell." YOUR ADDITIONAL JOB IS TO COMBAT THAT FEELING. The remainder of your service will be a test in SELF-CONTROL. It can be acquired. Good solid SELF-CONTROL is the sign of a strong character. I urge you men to help each other. Do not permit one another to get into a jam.

There will, of necessity, be restrictions. Regulations will continue in force. This is essential in any form of life — whether it be an individual, or a group. The good of the whole is the aim.

The soldiers of this division, as individuals and as members of units, have EARNED enviable records. As fighting men, as fighting units — as disciplined and courteous men, as disciplined and courteous units — as well trained men, as well trained units — as soldierly appearing men, as soldierly appearing units, this Division has been top flight.

Following several extracts are chosen from letters received by the Division Commander. These extracts show the high esteem in which this division is held.

General Eisenhower writes: "Without exception these officers (NOTE: Senior commanders under whom the 90th Division has served) consider the 90th one of the really top-flight divisions that the American Army has sent to this war."

General Patton wrote after his last inspection:— "I hope that you will accept my sincere congratulations on the very magnificent state of discipline, training, and soldierly appearance which I today noticed in your division. I am honest in saying that I have never seen anything finer. The whole performance was superior."

General Eddy when relinquishing command of the XII Corps on account of sickness wrote:— "Before I leave, I want you to know how deeply grateful I am for the magnificent performance of the 90th Div'sion in X X X. It was a great sat sfact'on for us of the XII Corps to greet a veteran division of your caliber. From the moment you joined us in our dash into central Germany, it became quickly evident that xxxx your staff (was) experienced, and your troops courageous. In our rapid advance to the northeast and again to the southeast, you were conspicuously a division which knew its business, X X X"

The very fine things which have been said and written about individuals and the 90th as a whole were sincere. You men have contributed to the reputation of the T-O. Soldiers back in the States write that the T-O is held in universal respect and admiration. We will keep the 90th a top flight division for just ONE reason — THE MEMBERS OF THE 90TH WANT TO KEEP IT GOOD. Why? Because they made its reputation and we all have pride in belonging to a fine organization.

To men who have come from other divisions and units, we say that we are happy to have you share with us our pride in the division — If at times we brag a bit please don't hold it against us — rather absorb the good and join us in WANTING to keep it good.

A word of warning to all — we can not live on past performances (we take pride in them — brag a little now and then but don't be a bore) but must strive to maintain our good record, by being smart, properly and cleanly dressed, courteous, well disciplined and well behaved.

HELP ONE ANOTHER thereby helping yourself and your unit.

PEACE

Washington, Aug 15:— Japan surrendered unconditionally to the Allies last night. The momentous announcement reached Europe at 0160 Wednesday morning and was immediately relayed to all forces in the ETO.

President Truman gave out the dramatic report after a day which saw numerous reports circulating through the press and radio. Calling a press conference late Tuesday night the Chief Executive told newsmen that the enemy had accepted the Potsdam terms completely. However, at this early hour full details as to the actual surrender are not available. One pertinent fact, however, is the revelation that immediate steps will be taken to rescue the long imprisoned Americans who have been in Jap concentration camps since the early weeks of the struggle. This effort seems to be a matter of paramount interest to Allied authorities.

The announcement found most of the GI world asleep. Although Americans were eating their late meal when the President gave the official word, most GI's on the Pacific battlefront and in Europe were either in bed or moving under the silence necessary to military operations.

GI's INTERVIEWED ONE MINUTE AFTER SURRENDER NEWS

The SNIPER office remained opened throughout late Tuesday night and early Wednesday morning. When the flash finally came over radio Station AFN MUNICH a reporter raced down to the Div M.P. Detachment and cornered the first men available. Here are their comments:

T/3 Paul D. Fields, 315 Med. Detachment, Gainesville, Texas — "Thank God that it is finally over. Still can't believe it but it must be true. Even the announcer seems to have gone completely happy!"

Sgt. Henry Ramsey, Div. M. P. 's, Steamville, Texas — "After we have been fighting so long it's pretty hard to realize that it's finally over. When this thing started I really didn't believe that it would last as long"

Pfc Charles Heath, Div. M. P. 's, Portland, Oregon — "Glad it's over. I'm happiest for those men in the Pacific. They've stopped dying".

Pfc. Walter H. Bele, Taylor Texas — "Awfully glad it's over. Thanks for telling me the good news".

Late Flashes

General Douglas Mac Arthur has been named as Allied Commander in Chief. In this role he will sign the formal surrender and also direct the occupation of Japan. Senator May, Chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee said last night that he would ask for immediate cessation of the draft.

Japan's Emperor, speaking to his subjects over the national radio, told them that the reason for his country's surrender was the deadly atomic bomb. He said that it would be impossible to continue the struggle against it.

Recessional

RUDYARD KIPLING

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word —
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

LET'S MAINTAIN OUR GOOD REPUTATION!

(An Editorial)

In an adjoining column, Maj Gen Earnest has set down in writing today, what all of us know but which we are apt to either ignore or forget at times; namely, that the 90th Division has a great reputation and that ALL of us really want to keep it.

We believe that Maj Gen Earnest's wise words are of sufficient importance to warrant a special printed issue of "THE SNIPER" for today's edition. Enough copies are being printed to each man in the division and we make the further suggestion that every one mail a copy of this issue home.

The commendations of Gen Eisenhower, Gen Eddy, and Gen Patton are lasting memorials to the 90th's fighting qualities and to you, personally, for the part you played in its amazing combat career. In the years to come you and your loved ones will look back with pride on the words of these great men because you helped write them.

Let's keep these words alive NOW. Conduct yourself—in your wife, your mother, or sweetheart would want you to: as a good American soldier, as a gentleman, as a credit to them, your division, and YOURSELF.

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D

BRIG. GEN. EARNEST'S VICTORY MESSAGE

SUBJECT : Commendation.

TO : All officers and men, assigned and attached, 90th Infantry Division.

1. You officers and men of the 90th Division have played a brilliant part in the great military operations which have crushed Germany. You began landing on D-Day, and on V-E Day you were still in contact with the enemy. Throughout your eleven months on the continent you have been continuously in combat except for three periods of not more then one week each. You have made the 90th one of the outstanding divisions of the American Army.

2. You have met and overcome the best troops of Germany. You have taken over 80,000 prisoners and captured or destroyed over 500 enemy tanks. You have fought through water, snow and bitter cold. You have been given difficult missions, but no obstacle that man or nature could present has stopped you. Our country is proud of you and I am proud to be one of you.

HERBERT L. EARNEST,
Brigadier General, U. S. Army,
Commanding.



Russian guards at entrance to Russian zone.



Non-fraternization policy doesn't apply here!...Pfc. Jack Foster, New Jersey, finds it pleasant to talk with these girls in Czechoslovakia after three months in Germany. Photo by Signal Corps T/4 James A. Ryan



After the War—the *spoils of war.* Capt. Harry Smith is driving Carl Everett.



Contact between 90th Division and Russian forces was first made in vicinity of Hortice, Czechoslovakia, by a patrol led by Capt. David Hickman, S-3, 1st Bn., 359th Inf. Regt. (10 May 45)

24 Hours With Maj. Gen. Earnest

Maj Gen Earnest is one of the busiest men in the 90th Division. On this page, a "SNAFU" photographer has recorded a typical day in the life of the Commanding General. Beginning with a morning chat at the 90th Div Commander entered at his desk preparatory to examining his calendar of the day's activities, we follow him as he makes one of his many numerous rounds of inspection. Maj Gen Earnest is widely known for the deep interest he manifests towards the men he commands.



During his inspection of the 712th Tank Bn., Maj. Gen. Earnest stands at the entrance of the Unit's PX and looks over the displayed articles in hallway.



Maj. Gen. Earnest at his desk in his office at the Division CP, in Feldkamp Barracks in Conway.



Maj. Gen. Earnest looks at some fire fighting apparatus of the 712th Tank Bn., in Amberg.



T/5 Kenneth F. Bennett, (left), Pepe, Texas, the composer of the Division song "Have comes the 90th" presents a copy of it to Maj. Gen. Earnest, in the General's office at Feldkamp Barracks.



At a railroad station in the town of Nahburg, Germany, Maj. Gen. Earnest, inspects the contents of a box of food prepared by the American Red Cross for Transient Displaced persons. Capt. F. Garrett, center, Dallas, Texas, holds the box as Lt. Col. William I. Bussell, left, Washington, D.C., looks on during the inspection. Three Officers represented the 90th Div MG Detachment.



In the kitchen of the 712th Tank Bn., Maj. Gen. Earnest questions S/Sgt. Peter Kerlegyk, the Mess Sgt. concerning the operation of the kitchen. Lt Col. V. Lodovsky (center) the Bn. CO, follows the conversation.

CARRY ON

"the world's most dangerous newspaper"

Vol. 2 No. 5 — Pond Barracks, Amberg, Germany — Friday 17 August 1945

Colonel Bell Urges
Study To Speed Time

V-Day has arrived at last. The air is full of rumors. Some people believe we will go home earlier, others feel we may not go when we are scheduled, but later. In any case let us not forget those men who have earned the right to return early. The men who have earned 85 points or more are entitled to this privilege.

I have been asked my opinion and it is this. It is not based on any information from higher headquarters, but I feel we will not be here longer than now scheduled. I base this on the fact that the shipping that was to be used to send troops to the Pacific will now carry those troops to the States. The round trip time will be much shorter making this shipping available sooner than expected. As far as I know we will continue our present program with emphasis on keeping well, occupying our minds with hobbies, athletics, I & E program, and a minimum amount of military training of possibly not more than two or three hours daily. My advice to each and everyone of you is to keep busy doing something. Time will pass faster. Take advantage of the courses offered by I & E. I will do everything in my power to see that you get as much entertainment as possible.

You are the most fortunate troops in the 90th Division with respect to living conditions. Keep up the high standards you have maintained to date. I know you are justly proud of your of your barracks and living conditions.

Do your duty as soldiers until you become civilians. This is the only way to be happy and return to civilian life proud of your outfit and proud that you have done your duty well.

(Signed) Colonel Raymond E. Bell

Distinguished Service Cross Awarded To T/Sgt. Prosser

For taking command of his battalion when the C O had been wounded, T/Sgt Barney Prosser of Childress, Texas and 1 Lt. has been awarded the nation's second highest medal, the Distinguished Service Cross.

Near Le Fey, France, when all the officers of the company had been lost, Prosser took command, although he was only a private, and exhibited brilliant leadership in establishing a coordinated defense that held desperate enemy attacks. When the battalion commander became a casualty, Prosser assumed the further responsibility, employing troops along the entire battalion front to repulse intensified enemy assaults, and finally led the men to their objective.

His main object right at the present is to get back to his friends in Texas. He says that he joined the Army to do a job and now that it is done has no intention of becoming a Regular Army man.

When interviewed in his room at the company's Grafenwöhr barracks, Sgt Prosser was reticent, showing reluctance to speak of his deeds on the line. The men in the company, however, rate their shy sergeant, "equine any men in the Division when it comes to soldiering."

Drivers Cautioned To Obey Speed Rules

Drivers have been cautioned to adhere to speed limits and to observe all traffic signs in a warning issued by Second Lieutenant Joseph P. Shirley, Traffic Control Officer.

Maximum speeds for vehicles of 9/4 tons or less is 40 miles per hour, and 35 miles per hour if pulling a trailer. Vehicles between 2½ to 4 tons must not exceed 28 miles an hour, while larger trucks and tracked vehicles must maintain speeds below 20 miles per hour.

Army School Quotas Given Regiment

Quotas for enrollment in an army vocational school at Wanton, England, have been alloted the regiment. A quota of one for each of 17 courses, which will take eight weeks beginning on September 5, has been announced by First Lieutenant Meyer Carr, Regimental I & E Officer. Men selected for the courses will be chosen on the basis of their past experience and civilian occupations.

The courses are as follows: aircraft and engine repair, auto mechanics, cabinet making, carpentry, electrical trades, heavy equipment operator, heavy equipment maintenance, aircraft maintenance, instrument repair, machine shop practice, mechanical refrigeration, painting and decorating, plumbing and brazing, radio repair, welding, drafting, and surveying.

Two Armored Group Men Receive Bronze Stars

Presentation of the Bronze Star to Sgt Edgar A. Allen of Orway, Ohio, and Cpl Manor Schneider of Columbus, Tex. was made recently to the two 6th Armored men at a formal ceremony. The medals were awarded for meritorious services.

Japanese Capitulation Hailed With Prayers Of Thanksgiving

The warring government of Japan breathed its last in the early hours of last Wednesday morning and agreed to the terms of the Potsdam conference. For the first time in 14 years, the nations of the world, large and small were at peace with one another.

Japan's surrender, coming at a time when her empire had all but disappeared, and her shores were threatened with invasion by the greatest combined armies known to history as well as the obliterating power of the atomic bomb, saved the nation from what might have amounted to total annihilation.

Less than a week after the first bomb had been dropped and Russia had entered the war, the Japanese cried for peace, expressing the desire to surrender unconditionally as long as Emperor Hirohito retained his position. For two days the world waited as the Allied nation debated, and then agreed to allow the Emperor to remain under the jurisdiction of an allied commander.

Weigh Peace Terms

For two more days the Japanese cabinet weighed the terms against the might arrayed against them. Meanwhile American ships and planes mercilessly sporadic attacks, although Red Army troops continued in a mad dash across Manchuria. On Monday, RAF, fleet and Army planes struck lightning, giving warning of things to come if the surrender were not accepted. Tuesday, the Japanese radio announced the the terms as set down by the Potsdam conference were accepted, and in all the countries of the world, men cheered the passing of the most destructive war known to history.

With the arrival of the long-awaited peace, the men of the American Army immediately

Continued on page 4

While the United Nations celebrated, the final announcement of Japan's capitulation Wednesday found the men of Combat Team 359 engaged in routine tasks. Training, unit schools classes, and the various company, battalion and regimental offices as they had from V-E Day.

The only departure from routine was the announcement of special victory services held in battalion chapels. Prayers of Thanksgiving and for continued peace were offered during Catholic services Wednesday in commemoration of the Feast of the Assumption, which was a holy day of obligation.

Any festive mood or holiday spirit among the men was precluded by the usual garrison routine, a drizzly-gloom day and the anti-climactic surrender of Japan. It was probably the latter which dampened any spontaneous enthusiasm. For four days groups had been huddled around radios in company dayrooms listening to news broadcasts for the momentarily expected agreement to surrender terms. As the Japanese proclamation the groups dwindled and only a few were listening when the official surrender announcement was made at 0400 here.

Surrender Expected

Since the intervention of Russia and the bombing of Japanese cities with the atom bomb became known last week, there was little doubt among the men that peace was imminent. The most common expression since last weekend has been, "When do we go home?"

In commenting on the announcement of peace, Chaplain Jasper C. Menagas declared, "Sincere thanks should be offered to God by everyone for the return of peace to the world and we should also pray to God for divine wisdom for the leaders in formulating plans for lasting world peace."

Future Undecided

No official statements could be obtained regarding the effect of the surrender on future training or any accelerated redeployment or discharge program. However, it was stated there would probably be some announcements in the near future relating to a greatly expanded recreational and educational program.

It is expected that the benefits of the educational program, especially admittance to trade and vocational schools, will be made available to a great many more men than formerly. Expansion of the unit school classes is also expected as soon as information relating to the regrouping of future troops down from higher headquarters.

V-Day Holiday

Today has been declared a holiday for the armed forces in the ETO by USFET for the celebration of V-Day. All men have been given the day off with the exception of those required for essential duties.

Songstress Gaylor And McIntyre Band Win Ovations

Another top-notch band was welcomed at Pond Barracks Sunday in the form of Hal McIntyre and his Victor Recording Orchestra. Presented by USO and special Service, the orchestra featuring songstress Ruth Gaylor, vocalist Frankie Lester, and saxophonist and singer Johnny Turnbull, drew a huge ovation after each number from the crowd of appreciative GIs.

Although Hal and his band have appeared in numerous spotlight engagements including Carnegie Pictures, the Earnshaw Radio Program, and the Coca Cola Spotlight Bands program, the outstanding honor that the band has received was to be chosen to play for the President's Birthday Ball last year in Washington.

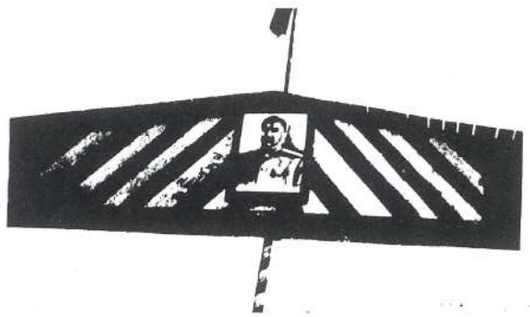
Songstress Ruth Gaylor of Brooklyn, formerly with Teddy Powell and the late Sonny Dorgan, starred in the program with her renditions of "The Man I Love", and "I'm in the Mood for Love."

Sharing the honors with Miss Gaylor, crooner Frankie Lester drew an ovation from the audience with his version of "Night and Day". Frankie has also sung with Tommy Dorsey

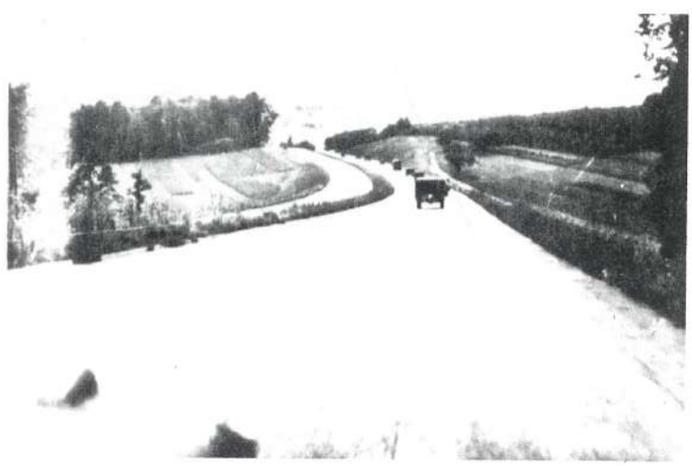
Name Band at Pond Barracks



Hal McIntyre and his Victor Recording Orchestra entertaining GIs in the gymnasium at Pond Barracks. Songstress Ruth Gaylor, at the left, was the featured singer.



Arch over highway at entrance to Russian Zone. Stalin's picture prominently displayed.



First leg of journey for home by truck and jeep convoy.

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D

FRIDAY 11 May 1945

The Sniper

DAILY PUBLICATION OF THE "FIGHTING 90TH"

Published in USFCH.

90TH MEETS RUSSIANS!

BENES RETURNS

Dr. Eduard Benes, president of Czechoslovakia, returned to Prague yesterday afternoon from London to find that part of his country is still very much in the war.

Red Army troops on Czech soil were battling fanatical German troops still ignoring the German surrender. A few hours after the Czech leader's arrival, German planes bombed an Allied concentration camp northeast of Prague for the second day running.

Official explanation of the German resistance is that the Nazi units involved are trying to infiltrate the American lines in order to give themselves up to the Western Allies. They have been told that they must wait and surrender to the Russians.

Dr. Benes and his cabinet received a great welcome from Prague's million inhabitants, lining streets decked with Czech and Russian flags.

Henlein, notorious Sudetenland leader, surrendered yesterday.

ALL 3 REGIMENTS MAKE CONTACT

Czechoslovakia, 11 May:--Preliminary contact with our Russian ally was made by all three regiments of the 90th Division yesterday.

Capt. David Hickman, of Dallas, Texas, 1st Bn. S-3 of the 359th Inf. Regt., accompanied by Lt James H. McPheeters, of Santa Monica, Calif., and Lt John P. Canning, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., encountered three Russian members of a tank battalion fixing a flat tire on a side car at 3:30 yesterday afternoon in the vicinity of Mortice.

Other members of the 359th party included: S/Sgt C. H. Grimes, Breckenridge, Tex., Cpl A. J. Babinecu, Fitchburg, Mass., Pfc W. J. Kolmer, Jr., Malden, Mass., Pfc Budd A. Silvers, Toledo, Ohio, of 1st Bn Hq Co.; Capt. S. Bovico, Philadelphia, Penna., Sgt G. Marten, Long Branch, N. Y., Cpl Salvatore Belli, New Bedford, Mass., T/5 C. Parrish, McRae, Ga., Cpl R. Boon, Astoria, N. Y., of 1st Bn Med. Det.; 1st Sgt S. E. Kahl, San Miguel, Calif., Pfc J. J. Tomasco, Bridgeport, Conn., Pfc. J. F. Sowden, Houston, Texas, and Pvt Russell Elmis, L.A., Calif., of the 1st Bn's Co "A".

Lt Stephan E. Vosburgh, a member of the Medical Administration Corps, assigned to the 357th Inf. Regt., reported contacting a number of Russian troops about 15 miles beyond the 2nd Bn. positions yesterday.

Snappy salutes greeted Capt Charles P Parrish, of Parris, Fla., commanding the 358th Regiment's Co "I" when the 1st members of the Russian Third Ukranian Army late yesterday.

All three regimental reports mentioned joyous Russian greetings received.

WAR--ROUND-UP

THE COST OF THE WAR on all fronts to the American nation so far, according to Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, is 275 billion dollars...THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, has placed the Queen Mary, the Queen Elizabeth, and the Aquitania at the disposal of the U. S. Navy for transporting American troops from here to the Pacific...3,000,000 American troops are to withdrawn from Europe in the next nine months...MOST COMBAT troops are to go via the United States to the Far East: most service units are to go there direct...UNITS OF THE Third Army linked up with Russian troops at Amstetden in Austria...21,000 German troops have surrendered to Marshal Vasilievsky's forces in the small pocket along the Baltic coast east of Danzig...MOSCOW HAS created a new decoration--the Order of the Patriotic War against Germany, 1941 -- 1945.

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D

FEATURE PAGE

DOUGHS CAPTURE PLANE

NAZI CREW STEALS GAS; SURRENDERS TO 357TH INF.

Add another rare accomplishment to the outstanding record of "Mason's Maulers", the famed 357th Infantry Regiment: capture of a German transport while still in mid-air!

The Ripley tale began when regimental and battalion reconnaissance parties, led by Lt Col John E. Mason, of Los Angeles, Calif., 357th CO, set out on a mission preliminary to a contemplated attack.

The party included Lt Col Wm. S. DeFuy, 1st battalion commander, of Brookings, S. D.; Lt Col Jack Ward, 2nd battalion CO, of Moscow, Idaho; Major Merritt Warden, 3rd battalion commander, of Helena, Mont.; Capt James W. Hoerner, 1st Bn S-3, of Fort Wayne, Indiana; Lt Archie L. Todd, 2nd Bn S-3, of Anderson, S. C.; Capt Max Rocour, regt'l. S-3, of Andale, Kansas; Lt Wm. F. Cashler, Assit. S-3 of St. Petersburg, Fla.; and Capt Alfred P. Ziegler, 3rd Bn S-3, of Dayton, Ohio.

Rounding a curve at the edge of the Czechoslovakian border a huge plane, thought to be a C-47, hove into view. It approached at tree top level and, as it roared over, Nazi markings were plainly visible. Its crew fired white flares as it flew by, circled once and returned, nose pointed straight towards the puzzled Americans who scattered like quail, believing they were about to be strafed.

Capt Charles B. Smith, Jr., of Oranao, Maine, Co "E" commander, opened up with a .50 caliber machine gun. The plane circled one more time, then made a belly-landing 75 yards away.

Out tumbled an officer and three enlisted men, all waving white flags. The officer explained that they had stolen gasoline in order to give up. "We wanted to surrender to the Americans", he said.

LEAVES CHANGE COLOR

Lt Col Charles B. Bryan, commander of the 358th infantry regiment's 3rd battalion, received his silver leaves recently, effective April 28.

Lt Col Bryan joined the unit as a captain last July and commanded Co "I". His excellent work resulted in his promotion to the rank of major. Last February, he assumed command of the 3rd battalion, a post he has held ever since. The officer was previously assigned to the 17th Inf. Regt., Wash. DC.

THIS WAS GERMANY BEFORE WORLD WAR II



This was Germany on Sept. 1, 1939, the day the Nazi hosts marched across the Polish border to lunge the world into the bloodiest war in all history. A great part of Europe was to fall before Germany's surrender on May 8, 1945.

A Busy General Makes The Rounds (SEE PAGE 4)

The Sniper 90th

★NORMANDY★NORTHERN FRANCE★RHINELAND★ARDENNES★CENTRAL EUROPE

VOL II, NO. 44 WEIDEN, GERMANY TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1945

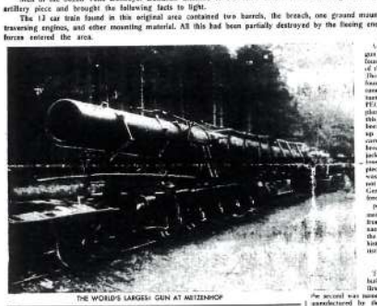
FIND WORLD'S BIGGEST GUN AT METZENHOF

ALTNEUHAUS, GERMANY, AUGUST 7:- The discovery of one of two huge German 32 inch siege guns was made recently by an American Sergeant from a Signal Battalion of the 90th (Texas and Oklahoma) Infantry Division, while on a routine reconnaissance and inspection trip.

Final resting place for what is known to be the largest gun in the world was on a rail siding in a deeply wooded section near the Bavarian town of METZENHOF.

Men of the 562nd Tank Destroyer Battalion attached to the same division ran a thorough investigation of this gigantic artillery piece and brought the following facts to light.

The 12 car train found in this original area contained two barrels, the breech, one ground mount, two elevating and traversing engines, and other mounting material. All this had been partially destroyed by the fleeing enemy as the American forces entered the area.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST GUN AT METZENHOF

As inspection parts of the gun will remained to be found a search was made of the rail line to the south. The rest of the guns was found hidden in a railroad tunnel near VORRA, situated in the famous PEGNITZ VALLEY. Allied planes had so crippled this rail line that it had been impossible to bring up the remaining 11 rail cars that contained the breech block, the recoil jacket, the holding trunnions and the other ground piece. This same material was found intact and had not been destroyed by the Germans before they were forced to retreat.

Prisoner of War information and data collected from the Third Army Intelligence-Intelligence reveals the use of this piece, its history, and its vital statistics.

Two Guns Built

Two such siege guns were built by the Germans. The first was named DORA and the second was named GUSTAV. They were manufactured by the KRUPP WORKS in ESSEN. These pieces cannot be identified by name, but both have been found. The second was discovered in Russian held territory and was hastily destroyed by Nazi Artillery men to prevent its falling into the hands of the Russians. It is definitely known that these guns were used in the great battle for SEVASTAPOL on the Eastern front, especially against the port fortifications. It is believed that these guns were never fired on the Western front.

Made on railroad guns the complete equipment was carried on a twenty-four car train hauled by two specially built Diesel Locomotives. It was possible to fire these weapons only from a prepared rail position consisting of two parallel tracks and two branch-tracks. The two specially built 40 wheel rail cars 70 feet long are placed side by side on these two parallel tracks and the 115 foot ground mounts on these same cars are then coupled together. Large cranes operating from the

(Continued On Page 8)

CG'S CORNER

IT WAS MY GOOD FORTUNE TO BE PRESENT AT THE DEDICATION OF A NEW CHAPEL AT CRAINVOUDRAIE ON SUNDAY MORNING. MUCH TIME AND LABOR WAS PUT INTO THIS CHAPEL BY CHAPLAIN THURSLEBY AND THE 3RD BN. ENGRS.

IT IS WELL TO NOTE THAT ALL UNITS HAVE THEIR CHAPELS. ALL DURING THE TRYING TOUGH JOBS WILL IN SOME RESPECTS EVEN BETTER THAN EVER. THEY WOULD BE SPLENDID IF YOU WOULD RECALL MORE VIVIDLY YOUR EARLY YOUTH AND GIVE THE CHAPLAINS AN OPPORTUNITY TO CONVINCE YOU THAT THEY HAVE SOMETHING WORTH WHILE. I SAID ONCE BEFORE THAT GOING TO CHURCH IS AN ADVENTURE. I MEAN IT. THE CHAPLAIN WILL MAKE IT INTERESTING FOR YOU. UNFORTUNATELY, WE STILL HAVE SOME MEMBERS OF THE COMMAND WHO INSIST ON DOING SOME-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)

90TH ON AIR WED. AUG. 22

A "Tough-Omber" exploit, called by Gen Patton the "outstanding" air achievement, will be presented in dramatized form over radio station AFN, Munich, Wednesday, 22 Aug at 1815 (6:15 PM).

No man who actually participated in the action or has heard it from divisional veterans will ever forget the first crossing of the Moselle, the storming of Fort Koenigsmacker, and the placing of a pincers around the gigantic fort of Metz. Each move in the drive were also told by correspondents of this heroic fight, as they accompanied and reported accounts. The action occurred at a time when the Allies were pressing the drive against Fortress Germany and the successful results enabled our strategists to force their plans to succeed for the future shattering of the Reich's Western defenses.

According to 1st Lt. W. Schabacker the P.R.O. the narrative will be the feature of the weekly program "Salute of the Fair". Material for the broadcast was prepared by 1st Lt. Joe L. Abrams, Division Historical Officer Names of men and the units participating in the action will be mentioned in the story.

Lt Abrams is also exciting 13 min. by turning your barrack radio dial to Station AFN Munich, 1210 K, on Wednesday, Aug. 22.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME!

The many doughs who have been staying up late to pass on to their grandchildren and children will have to dig deep into the old memory bag before they can come up with one to compare with the story being held in reserve by Pfc. Erling Pederson of the 359's 1st Bn Hq Co.

While on a recent trip to Frankfurt to pick up the regimental grist and speak periods according to a story in "Carry On" Pederson was riding through one of the city's streets along with a S/Sgt. from DIFET. The two were talking about Pederson's hometown, Chicago. Suddenly the sergeant stopped the conversation short with the now treasured exclamation, "Here comes the President!"

Although a little shaken, both men came up with a snappy salute. The President, riding in another jeep, promptly returned it. Pederson's driver, too busy at the wheel to watch his passengers' performance did the most last thing. He pulled in the ride, turned about and, you guessed it! shook the hand of the man who indeed President Truman on German soil.

MINISTRELS WANTED

Joe Roush has accumulated a fine array of endorsers and scenery for a minstrel show. He is seeking more TUBS talkmen to put the performance over.

The Sniper 90th

★NORMANDY★NORTHERN FRANCE★RHINELAND★ARDENNES★CENTRAL EUROPE

VOL II, NO. 55 WEIDEN, GERMANY FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1945

V-J HOLIDAY TODAY

CG'S CORNER

THURSDAY AT OBERVIECHTACH. THE 1ST BN. 358 DISPLAYED THEIR TRAINING WARES. THEY SHOWED WHAT WE HAVE ALL BEEN TALKING ABOUT. FIRE POWER -- AND MORE FIRE POWER. THE PROBLEM WAS WELL CONCEIVED AND BRILLIANTLY EXECUTED. NICE WORK.

WE WANT TO DEVELOP SHOWS IN OUR RQTS AND BNS. SO THAT WE CAN PASS THEM AROUND THE CIRCUIT. AMATEUR THEATRICALS ARE A LOT OF FUN FOR BOTH PERFORMERS AND SPECTATORS.

THE SOLDIER WHO OBEYS ORDERS DOESN'T GET IN JAMS. IF YOU ARE IN HOT WATER IT IS USUALLY YOUR OWN FAULT. TAKE INVENTORY OF YOURSELF! BE HONEST WHEN YOU DO IT.

ARE YOU ONE OF THE BEST SOLDIERS IN YOUR OUTFIT? NO? WELL GET ON THE BALL. DON'T LET OTHERS BEAT YOUR TIME THAT WAY.

AND NOW JAPAN!

The job of occupying Japan will offer many new problems to the United States and other nations assigned to the task. And still, there is a possibility that control of the Nipponese will also present, in a lesser degree, some of the obstacles that we have discovered in Germany.

One of the primary considerations is the economic status of the Japs. Where we have come to realize that the Reich must be helped in its rebuilding of transportation system and lines of distribution, the Asiatic picture will be different. Japan's transport facilities have not been destroyed in a manner approaching the destruction wrought upon the Nazis. Then too, the smaller islands of Japan



...SNAILS NO MORE

do not demand extensive coverage as do the comparitively sprawling lands of the European country.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)

Shades Of Texas! Camp Barkeley Reborn Here

The SNIPER'S roving reporter and cameraman have covered some interesting stories during the past month, but none of the yarns will reach the interest point of our recent trip to Gmunden, home of the 1st Bn. 359 Regt's. The area is called Fort Barkeley. And this is only part of the story.

When the 90th left the original Camp Barkeley, Texas, a thoughtful GI, shoveled up some good Texas soil and placed it in a wooden container. The box has accompanied the Tough-Ombres through their months of combat. Lately the transported earth has strelled in Hq Co. Day Hq, supply room under the watchful eye of Sgt Robert Halvorson who is from Minneapolis, Minnesota.

When a member of the SNIPER staff



FORT BARKELEY ENTRANCE

suggested that someone be sent down to photograph the Fort Barkeley entrance as a feature of interest to men who were stationed at the Texas training center another sensiner hollered through with, "Why don't you take along the Lone Star scarf? We did. The pictures above resulted.

First thing we had to dig up were two men from Texas. The 3rd Bn's Commanding Officer, Major Orrin C. Talbott who hails from McCamey and T Sgt Barney Prosser, Arfg 1st Sgt, "T" Co. same town and Major Talbott said that he is really from California, but wife being a native of the big state. Then the T/Sgt said that he would like to have us hurry as he wanted to get back to his company. It was here that Major Talbott



MAJ. TALBOTT, T/SGT. PROSSER

SPEED UP ETO DISCHARGES

Washington, 17 Aug:-- During the remaining months of the year, as many soldiers will be discharged from the ETO as shipping facilities will permit, it was announced here yesterday. However, it may take up to 30 days to effect a reversal of present procedure. Officers and enlisted men in military installation will be replaced by civilians wherever possible.

Day Off To Mark End Of Pacific War

HEADQUARTERS, 90th INF DIV, WEIDEN, GERMANY, 17 Aug: Members of the command will get all that Third Army men enjoy in celebrating VJ Day.

A message from Gen George S. Patton, Third Army Commander, marking Sunday, 19 Aug. 17, as a holiday is quoted: "The Thunder Division shares the Victory. 17 August 1945 must be a holiday as to whether or not a soldier's signed pass. All but essential duties and functions will be suspended on that date".

400 Forts Pound Japan In Last Giant Air Raid

Washington, Aug. Allied land, sea and air operations against Japan continue

DSC PRESENTED SGT. J. F. BAKER

For his outstanding heroism in action against the enemy in Germany, Sergeant James F. Baker, then Private First Class, of Cabezon, Iowa, was recently awarded the Distinguished Service cross by Major General Herbert L. Earnest, Commanding General of the 90th Infantry Division.

It was a cold night in January when the attack on Wallendorf was ordered. During the assault, Sgt. Baker's platoon leader was wounded and evacuated to the rear. Taking up the situation within a few seconds, Sgt Baker immediately, in spite of Pfc. Hoyt Scott's and himself to collect the platoon members. He then reorganized the men, and under heavy enemy automatic fire. Knowing that there would be many casualties among his men unless the deadly machine-gun was knocked out, he led the platoon and swept forward at once. After easily advancing about fifty yards under the direct enemy fire, Sgt. Baker rushed up to one of the automatic shot several rifle grenades into the enemy's deadly machine-gun nest. Then, leaping to his feet, he charged the gun position and captured the remainder of the gun crew. His heroic action in the face of enemy fire secured the other 90th Div. reinforcements in an initially push started.

Sgt. Baker's skillful leadership, outstanding personal bravery and devotion to his men exemplify the best traditions of the military service.

YOUR PHOTOS ARE STILL ACCEPTABLE

Photos for the "Sniper's" American Section on Parade series are still being accepted. For best effects we recommend black and white photos only. Colored photographs are hard to reproduce. Please enclose a self-addressed envelope with each one to insure its return. All but essential duties and functions will be suspended on that date".

AMERICAN SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE -

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK "THE SNIPER" WILL PUBLISH THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF PICTURES OF AMERICAN SWEETHEARTS-- YOUR WIFE, MOTHER, SISTER, OR GIRL FRIEND. THIS IS NOT A BEAUTY CONTEST AND NO PRIZES WILL BE OFFERED. LET YOUR LOVED ONES BACK HOME KNOW YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT THEM. SEND THOSE PHOTOS IN NOW. WE GUARANTEE TO SEND THEM BACK. BE SURE TO ENCLOSE FULL NAME AND HOME TOWN OF EACH SWEETHEART ENTERED AS WELL AS YOUR NAME, RANK, SERIAL NO. AND UNIT.

PLAN 90TH SHOW TO TOUR ETO

A directive from Maj General Earnest has set into organization a plan for posting the best entertainment talent in the 90th Div. organization before local and, perhaps, for the two best acts from each divisional unit being selected and co-ordinated into a first-class show.

Actually, what the program will mean is a hand-some entertainment on talent before selecting the finalists who will be attached to the all-star cast every unit will have had a chance to demonstrate their ability and thereby be accorded opportunities to appear in the future. Not only will those men tread the boardwards of their own companies and battalions but their abilities should earn them reputations and applause in other towns along the 90th's next route.

All men, regardless of rank, can fill an urgent need for fresh and blood entertainment by participating in the preliminary try-outs.

LIBRARY IN NAMSHEIM

A newly established library of 5000+ literary is located directly across from the enlisted Men's Club in Namsheim. Many good books are available.

WEDNESDAY
9 May
1945

The Swiper

V - E
EDITION

DAILY PUBLICATION OF THE "FIGHTING 90TH"

GERMANY SURRENDERS

WASHINGTON, 9 MAY:-GERMANY'S UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER TO THE ALLIED POWERS WENT INTO EFFECT AT ONE MINUTE PAST MIDNIGHT LAST NIGHT. PRESIDENT TRUMAN MADE THE HISTORIC ANNOUNCEMENT OFFICIALLY PROCLAIMING TODAY, WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, AS V-E DAY IN A RADIO ADDRESS TO THE NATION AT 3 P.M. YESTERDAY AFTERNOON. SIMULTANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS WERE MADE BY PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL IN LONDON.

The President's announcement confirmed reports which had been current for two days.

It is now revealed officially that the unconditional surrender terms were signed at Gen. Eisenhower's headquarters in a schoolhouse at Rheims. Gen Gustav Jodl, German Chief of Staff, accepted the terms imposed on his defeated nation by the Allies, and said that Germany would carry them out to the full. They are to be confirmed and ratified in Berlin today.

Marshal Stalin made no announcement, explained by the continued fighting on the Eastern Front.

In proclaiming victory in Europe, President Truman told the nation: "Our victory is but half won. I only wish that Franklin Delano Roosevelt had lived to witness it".

PRAGUE FALLS!

London, 9 May:-The Germans in Prague have surrendered.

Following Czech radio reports that the Germans were having "one last wild fling" and were "behaving like devils" some units began surrendering. Others were said to have fired on a hospital housing their own wounded, using women and children as screens for their tanks.

Dresden was captured yesterday by the Russians.

FINIS

In his broadcast to the German people announcing the unconditional surrender, Doenitz said: "We must face facts squarely. The foundation on which the German Reich was built has collapsed."

90TH PLAYS BIG ROLE IN VICTORY

The 90th Division, which landed troops in Normandy on D-Day, has played a major role in the defeat of Germany.

From the beaches of Normandy, across France and through Germany, the 90th has been in contact with the enemy 318 days, capturing 83,000 prisoners, destroying 700 German tanks and TDs; as well as thousands of other enemy vehicles.

From the position of an unknown in the military sun, it has risen to its present high reputation as one of Gen. George S. Patton's crack divisions in the Third Army.

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS
ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE:

The task which we set ourselves is finished, and the time has come for me to relinquish Combined Command.

In the name of the United States and the British Commonwealth, from whom my authority is derived, I should like to convey to you the gratitude and admiration of our two nations for the manner in which you have responded to every demand that has been made upon you. At times, conditions have been hard and the tasks to be performed arduous. No praise is too high for the manner in which you have surmounted every obstacle.

I should like, also, to add my own personal word of thanks to each one of you for the part you have played, and the contribution you have made to our joint victory.

Now that you are about to pass to other spheres of activity, I say Good-bye to you and wish you Good Luck and God-Speed.

Dwight D. Eisenhower

40 YEARS AND ONWARD

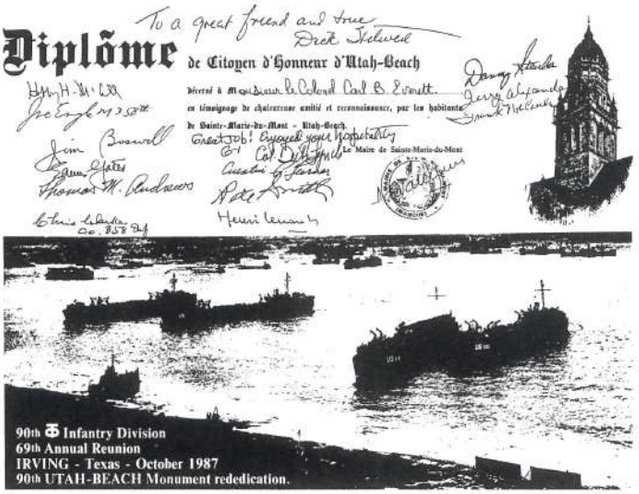
PERIER CELEBRATION









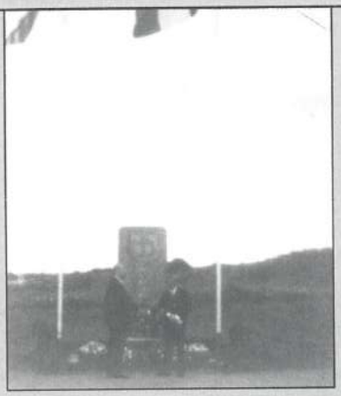


69th Annual Reunion Citation



The General and his staff
L-R Standing: Col. Richard Lynch, Brig. Gen. James Boswell, Gen. Richard Stilwell and Col.Tom Andrews. Seated: Gen. James A. Van Fleet

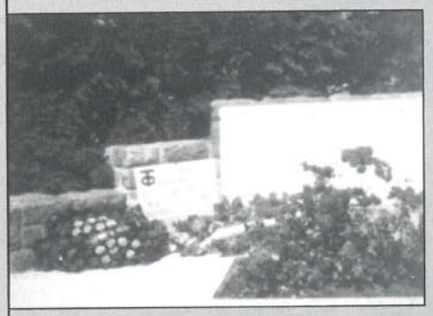
LET US REMEMBER



90th Infantry Division Monument
Normandy Beach (1971)
L-R: Don Kitzman and Michel de Vallavieille, Mayor Ste. Marie-du-mont



Luxembourg American Military Cemetery
Gen. George S. Patton's Burial Place



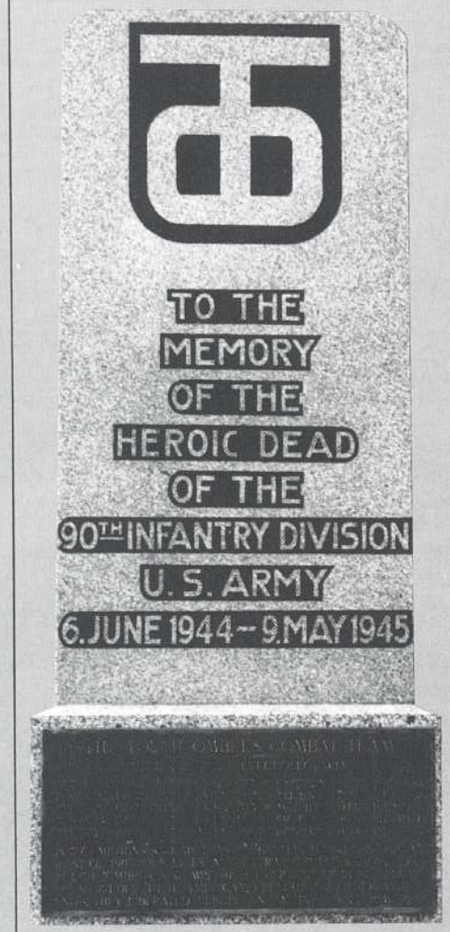
90th Infantry Division Monument
Periers, France



Dragon's Teeth Along Siegfried Line



Why *La Pointe du Huc* was so named







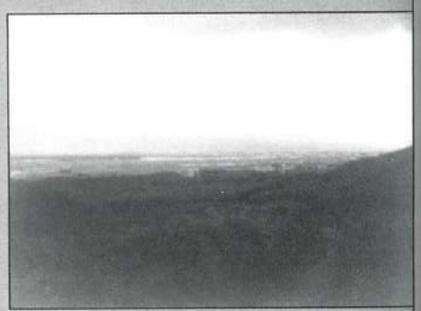
Bill Aalvey, Don Kitzman and Floyd Hopson at General Patton's gravesite



Crossing of the Moselle River today

Cliff at La Pointe du Huc—Omaha Beach

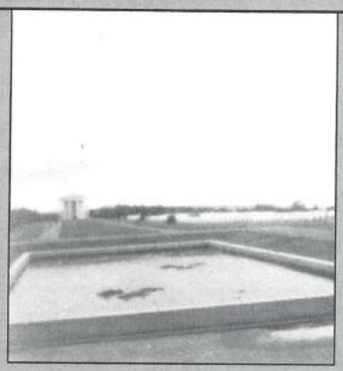




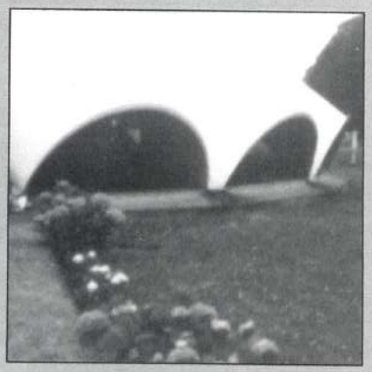
Omaha Beach today



A formidable pillbox
La Pointe du Huc



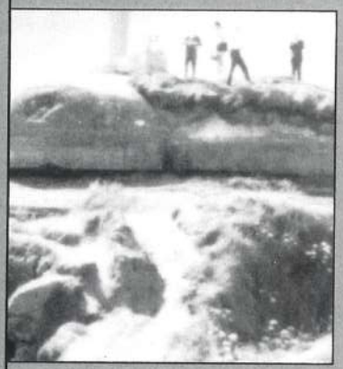
View of American Military
Cemetery, Omaha Beach



Paratrooper Museum in vicinity of
Ste. Lo



Dedication of 90th Memorial Monument
Normandy Beach



Top-side view of pillbox



Signing of Peace Treaty



View of monuments from
Normandy Beach



Sign of building where Peace Treaty
was signed

The ever-present manure pile...
present even today

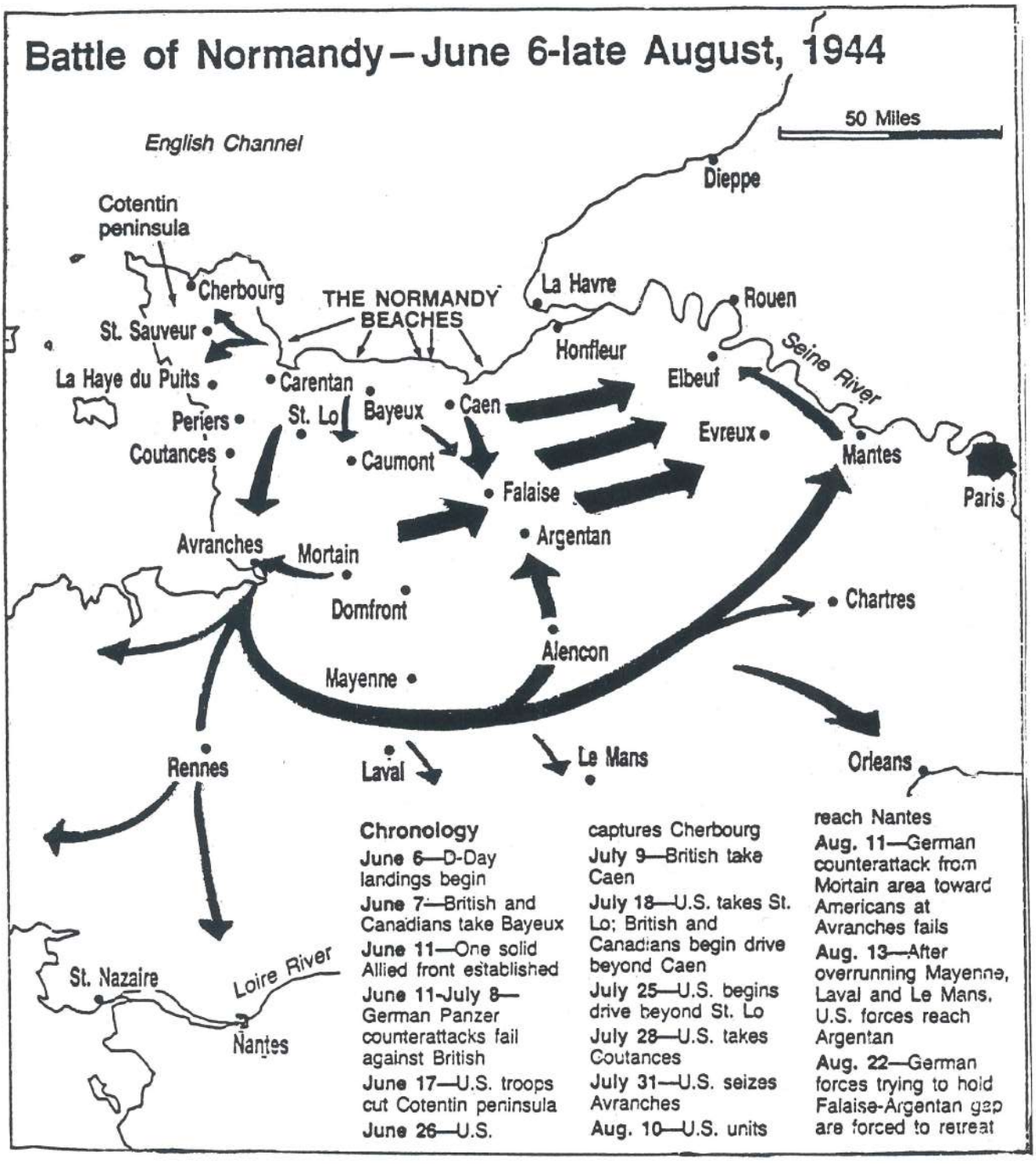




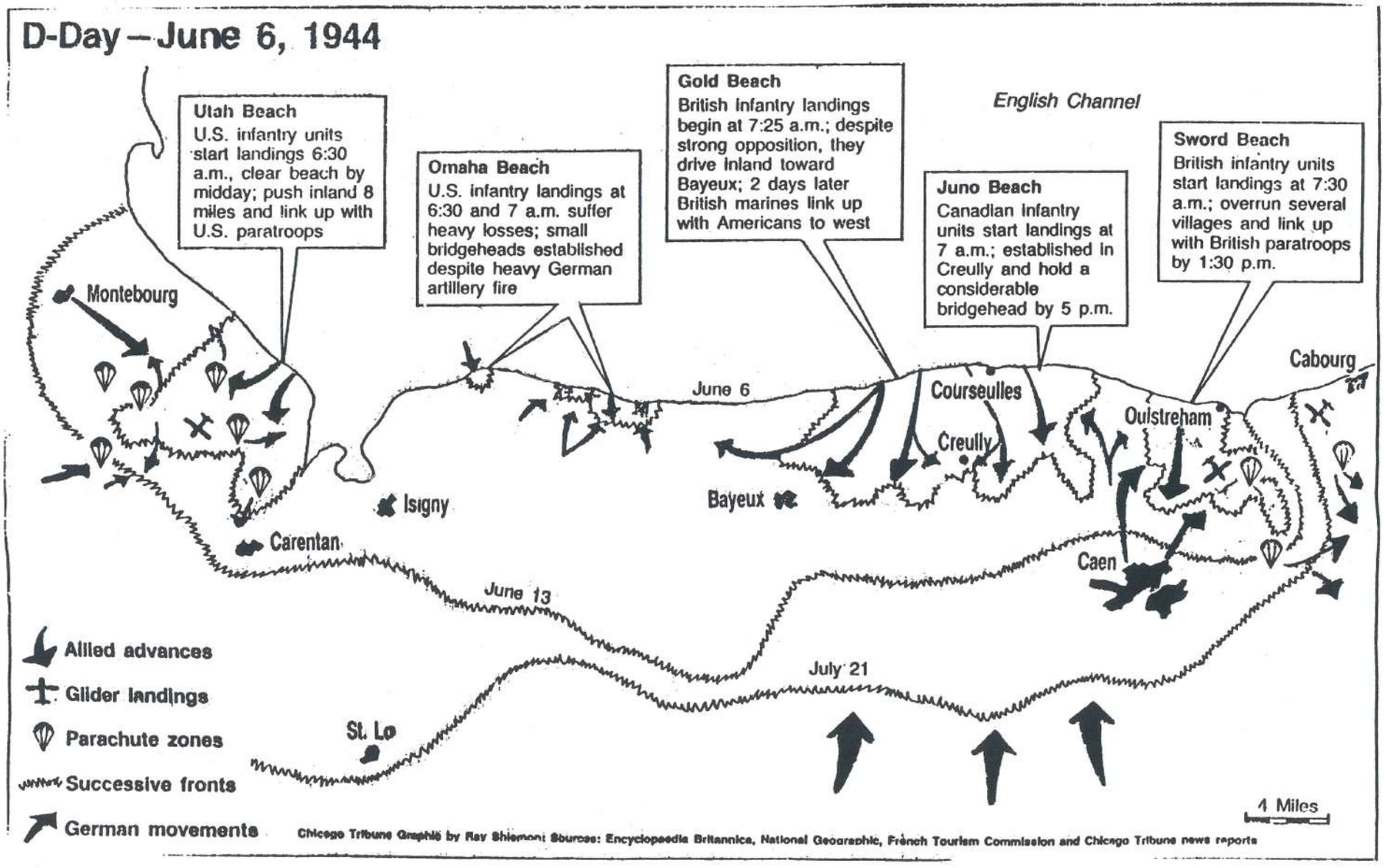
Road signs familiar to all of us

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF WWII

Chicago Tribune Wednesday, June 6, 1984



Chicago Tribune Wednesday, June 6, 1984



The 90th U.S. Army Reserve Command has inherited a "heritage of honor" from its predecessor, the 90th Infantry Division. 90th ARCOM members continue to add to an illustrious history by serving our country with duty and honor in the defense of liberty and our national security.

The 90th ARCOM is proud of the history of its brave predecessor, the 90th Infantry Division, and its actions and accomplishments during World Wars I and II.

"Every objective was taken; not an inch of territory was yielded to the enemy. The 90th is one of the very best divisions sent over here." These were the words of Gen. John J. Pershing when he paid this high tribute to the 90th Infantry Division and its contribution to the United States' efforts in Europe during the World War I.

The 90th Division was reactivated, this time in the Army Reserve, on August 4, 1947, less than two years after the end of its active Army service. Elements of the division were located throughout Texas.

After spending its first year organizing and recruiting, the 90th began its yearly trek to Army installations for annual training in 1949 when it trained at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas.

Brig. Gen. Arthur P. Watson commanded the Reserve division from 1947 until March 1948, when he was succeeded by Maj. Gen. James E. Rudder. Maj. Gen. Robert H. Travis took command in October 1963 and remained in that post until the division was deactivated in December 1965.

The 90th U.S. Army Reserve Command (ARCOM) was established December 13, 1967, by Fourth U.S. Army General Order No. 90. It was initially designated as the U.S. Army Reserve Command, Fort Sam Houston. However, it formally became the 90th ARCOM on February 9, 1968, by Fourth U.S. Army General Order No. 25.

When the 90th ARCOM was established, it was designated custodian of historic memorabilia and heraldic items of its predecessor, the 90th Infantry Division.

Among the historic items entrusted to the 90th ARCOM were the division colors with eight campaign streamers earned in two world wars. Additionally, the command was authorized to wear the 90th Infantry Division's shoulder patch.

The 90th ARCOM red on green shoulder patch is historic and was designed during World War I when most of the men in the 90th Infantry Division were from Texas and Oklahoma. The "T-O" came to symbolize the "Tough 'Ombres." Then, when the division became part of the Army Reserve in 1947 and consisted solely of Texans, a new nickname was added, "Texas' Own." The 90th ARCOM today continues to use the popular "Tough 'Ombres" nickname.

Shortly after the 90th ARCOM was activated in December 1967, 18 units were likewise activated and assigned to the 90th ARCOM. These units included the 402nd Personnel Service Company in Austin, Texas, with a detachment in San Antonio. The company has since relocated to San Antonio. Among other units activated were four judge advocate general detachments located in several cities to include Lake Charles, Louisiana, and Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Also included in the first group of units were military police platoons in Fort Worth and Huntsville, Texas; the 90th Military History Detachment in San Antonio; a transportation platoon in Galveston, Texas, and an adjutant general detachment in Texarkana, Texas. Eight of these original units have been deactivated or reassigned to other commands.

During the two years after its activation, general orders published by higher headquarters, Fourth U.S. Army, flowed into the 90th ARCOM on a regular basis. These general orders activated units, reorganized others, transferred some from one location to another or discontinued/deactivated others.

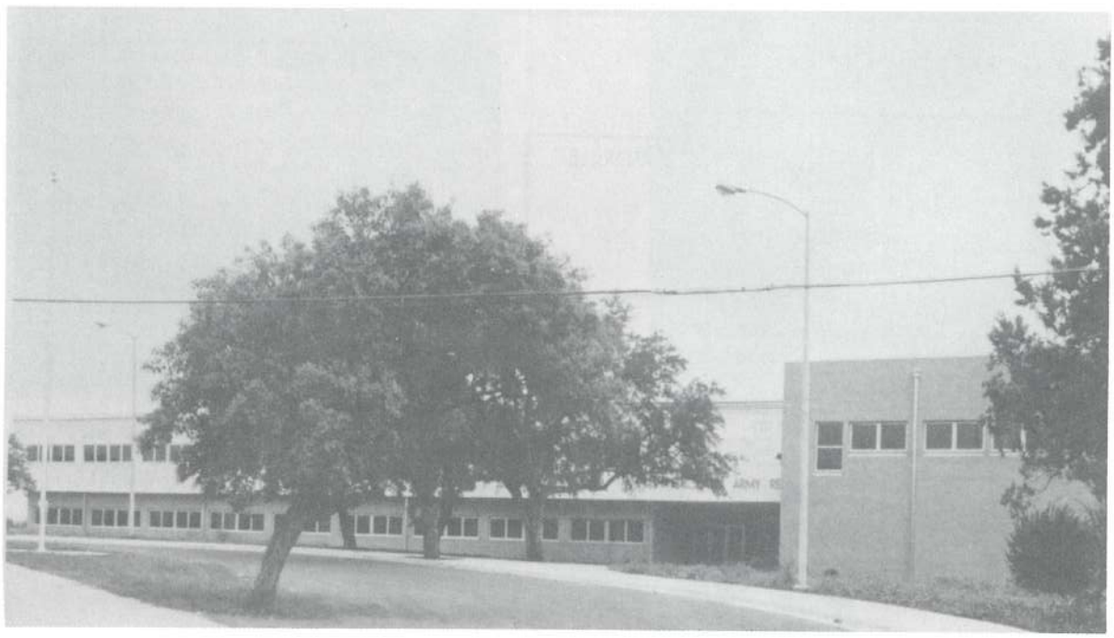
When the 90th ARCOM was activated, more than 60 percent of the personnel who joined it had served with the 90th Infantry Division. The first 90th ARCOM commander, the late Maj. Gen. Robert H. Travis, was the last commander of the 90th Infantry Division.

General Travis retired in 1971 and was succeeded as 90th ARCOM commander by Maj. Gen. Warren E. Myers who had been assistant commander of the 90th Infantry Division. He retired in 1977 and was followed by Maj. Gen. Robert L. Lane, who commanded until

his retirement in August 1981. Maj. Gen. Robert G. Ownby served as the 90th ARCOM's fourth commander until January 1984. Maj. Gen. Elvin J. Schofield has served as the 90th ARCOM's fifth commander since then.

In its early development, the 90th ARCOM consisted of slightly less than 4,000 personnel. A realignment of command geographical limits increased the strength to almost 5,000; however, strength dropped by a thousand when New Mexico was eliminated from the 90th ARCOM control in 1973.

Under the reorganization of Fifth U.S. Army in October 1984, the 90th ARCOM reacquired units in New Mexico, and acquired units in Texas that were part of the 377th Theater Army Area Command (TAACOM). The addition of these units brought the 90th ARCOM's authorized strength to over 8,000 and increased the number of units to 105. This growth established the 90th ARCOM as the largest MUSARC (Major United States Army Reserve Command) in the Fifth U.S. Army with regard to authorized strength and geographic size (Texas and New Mexico).



The 90th ARCOM's growth is tied to its mission.

Today, the 90th ARCOM's mission has become increasingly important to the security of the nation with more emphasis and responsibilities being placed on the U.S. Army Reserve by the Department of the Army. The 90th ARCOM's overall mission is to ensure its subordinate units achieve and maintain the required mobilization readiness postures necessary for their roles in the national defense of the United States.

The 90th ARCOM headquarters is located on the Dodd Field area of Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio, Texas. The headquarters and ten subordinate units have occupied the modern 800-member training center since October 1981.

The 90th ARCOM commands troop program units of varying sizes and missions to include an assault helicopter company, an infantry platoon, psychological operations companies, military police, military intelligence, judge advocate general, adjutant general, transportation, maintenance, ordinance, quartermaster, chemical, petroleum pipeline battalions, supply and service, personnel services, Army Security Agency units, military history, public affairs, civil affairs, USAR schools, engineer and finance units.

The 90th ARCOM also has what is known as reinforcement training units. These include mobilization designee detachments. Members attend training meetings for participation points only and in some cases hold MOBDES assignments with other headquarters and agencies.

The 90th ARCOM is also responsible for several area maintenance support activities, equipment concentration sites and aviation support facilities throughout Texas.

Just as the 90th ARCOM has subordinate units, the command itself is subordinate to higher headquarters in the chain of command that extends to the Department of the Army.

The 90th ARCOM's intermediate headquarters is Fifth U.S. Army at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, which is one of five continental U.S. Army commands and has an area of responsibility covering eight states ranging from the Great Plains to the Gulf of Mexico.

U.S. Forces Command (FORSCOM) at Fort McPherson, Georgia, is the next higher command and is responsible for unit readiness of all Army deployable

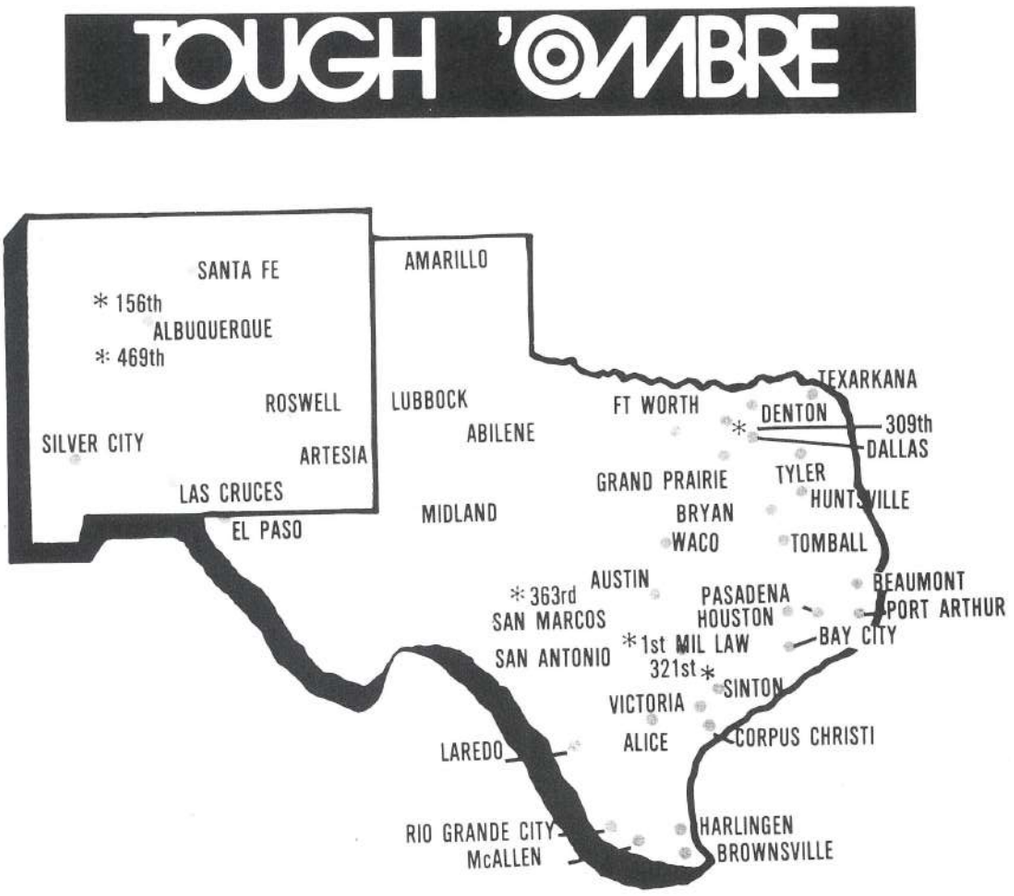
combat and supporting forces. FORSCOM commands strategic Army forces and USAR units in the continental United States, Puerto Rico and the U.S. Virgin Islands.

The 90th ARCOM headquarters is organized functionally by directorates which replaced the G-type staff operation late in 1978.

The 90th ARCOM is commanded by a major general and is authorized a brigadier general deputy. A chief of staff, having the rank of colonel, oversees the principal staff composed of deputy chiefs of staff for personnel, training, operations, logistics and resource management. The commander's personal or special staff includes the chaplain, inspector general, staff judge advocate, public affairs officer, surgeon, engineer, headquarters commandant and information management office. The strength management division (formerly the strength management office) has been realigned under the deputy chief of staff for personnel.

To accomplish its mission of ensuring that its subordinate units attain and maintain required readiness postures, 90th ARCOM officers and enlisted personnel conduct staff assistance visits.

Prior to reorganization, many of the 90th ARCOM units were grouped under three area commands. Commanded by Army Reserve colonels, these area commands serve as intermediate commands between the smaller units and the 90th ARCOM headquarters. In October 1984, these area commands increased to six.



LOCATION OF 90TH ARCOM UNITS

*—Area Commands

On the following pages appear photographs reflecting the 90th's "Heritage of Honor."

90th ARCOM COMMANDERS



Maj. Gen. Robert H. Travis



Maj. Gen. Warren E. Myers



Maj. Gen. Robert L. Lane
August 1977 – 1981



Maj. Gen. Robert G. Owenby
August 1981 – January 1984



Maj. Gen. Elvin J. Schofield
January 1984 – Present

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

It is in a spirit of gratitude that the editorial staff for the *Tough ' Ombres— Men of the Fighting 90th* extends a sincere thanks to each division member who contributed to the creation of this commemorative history. The staff also wishes to acknowledge the following publications that provided historical information and photographs included in this book:

A History of the 90th Division in World War II — 6 June 1944 to 9 May 1945

A Heritage of Honor — A 90th U.S. Army Reserve Command History

The Story of the 315th Engineer Battalion

90th Division Summary of Operations in the World War

History of the 90th Division by Maj. George Wythe

Patton's Desert Training Center

Veteran's Diary of World War II — France & Germany 1944-1945

Saga Magazine

Hanging Sam: A Military Biography of General Samuel T. Williams, From Pancho Villa to Vietnam

"To men who live in freedom
there is nothing in life so valuable as freedom...
not even life itself."

— Dwight D. Eisenhower

"TOUGH 'OMBRES"
PERSONAL STORIES

A.W. ADAMS



A.W. Adams

I was born in Utica, New York, on June 27, 1914, where I lived until I was inducted into the service. I reported to the induction center at Camp Upton on Long Island. From there I was sent to Fort Belvoir, Virginia, where I was assigned to the Army Engineer Corps. Then I was transferred to the Infantry and sent overseas to be assigned to the 90th Division. When I was sent to a separation center for discharge, they rated people by their Spec. numbers—I was told I could qualify to be a walrus hunter.

After returning from the Army, I went back doing construction work. In 1956 I started my own company specializing in commercial and industrial roofing. Since 1950 my wife, Eirwen, and I have been living in Marcy, New York. We have two children; a daughter, who is a teacher, and a son, who is a geologist. ***I Company, 358th Regiment***

CLAY A. ADAMS

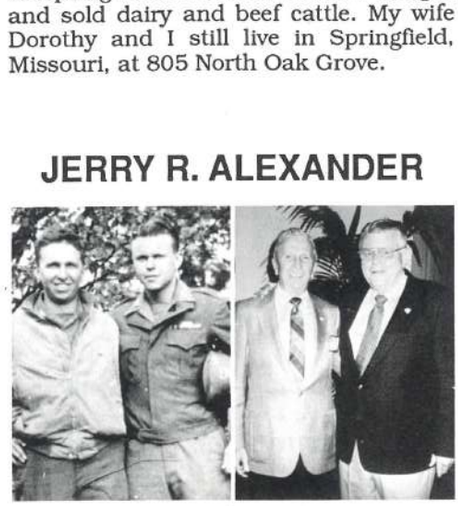


Clay A. Adams

I went into the service in 1941. My first division I was sent to was the Sixth at Fort Leonard Wood. After a short time there I was sent to Fort Benning after receiving my commission. We activated the 92nd Division, a colored division. I was with the 92nd for little over a year at Fort Huachua on the Mexican border. Then I was assigned 250 replacements to take overseas. We arrived in England about three months before D-Day. On July 21 I joined the 90th Division. I was sent to C Company 358. My platoon sergeant was Hoyt Steele and my company commander was Judge Moore. On July 22 the first and second battalions of 358 had to cross the Seves River where we met the Germans. After heavy fighting for two days, our battalion commander, Col. Seeger, sent Sgt. Steele and myself back across the river for some tanks. It was too late—the Germans had our troops surrounded. I was the only officer in C Company and about thirty men to get back across the river. My first day of combat was hell.

After the war I went back to the farm in Springfield, Missouri, where I bought and sold dairy and beef cattle. My wife Dorothy and I still live in Springfield, Missouri, at 805 North Oak Grove.

JERRY R. ALEXANDER



Left: Jerry Alexander (left) with Carl Everett in Cham, Germany, April 30, 1945
Right: Jerry Alexander (left) with Carl Everett at Reunion in Kansas City, September 26, 1986

I was born in Deadwood, Texas, Panola County, on August 4, 1918. My parents were William J. Alexander and Elizabeth LaGrone Alexander and I was the seventh of nine children. We moved to Nacogdoches, Texas, when I was 6 years old. I attended public schools in Nacogdoches and also attended Stephen F. Austin University.

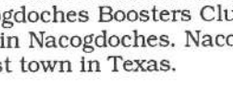
I entered military service in 1941, received commission from Fort Benning, Georgia, in 1942 and was assigned to the 90th Infantry Division. I was Division Headquarters company commander during World War II. I was responsible for supplying personnel for operation and protection of both Division Headquarters Forward and Rear Echelons during European Operation. We moved Forward Division Command Post 95 times during the war.

I married Gwen Ligon of Shreveport, Louisiana, in 1943. We had two children: a son, Jerry Lynn Alexander, and a daughter, Becky Leigh Alexander. Both have families. Gwen passed away in 1966.

I married Lois Davidson in 1976. Lois' husband Col. George H. Davidson passed away in 1967. They had a son, George H. Davidson IV, and a daughter, Pamela Davidson. Her son has family.

Lois and I have six grandchildren and live in Nacogdoches where we are active in the First Christian Church. I am president and managing broker of The Alamo Realty, Inc. since selling a wholesale business in 1972. I was active in the wholesale business with two brothers for 24 years. I am a Rotarian and member of the Nacogdoches Boosters Club, the oldest club in Nacogdoches. Nacogdoches is the oldest town in Texas.

MORRIS H. ANDREWS



Morris H. Andrews

A feeling of despair well remembered... Standing at the rail of a troopship in the English Channel, the order came that we were to unload and prepare for landing. The vehicles in the hull of the ship were quickly swung over the side of the troopship into the LST.

We started for the shore. All equipment with engines were waterproofed to allow us to land in approximately 4 feet of water. However, a weapons carrier in front of me stopped and could go no further. I was directed to the left of the stalled vehicle. I noticed immediately that the water just ahead was very dark. When I reached the dark water, the jeep went head first into a shell hole. All that I could see was part of the spare tire protruding from the water.

Our three days emergency rations, family pictures, and all personal belongings were gone. With a feeling of total desperation, I started swimming for the shore when a Naval craft came by and picked me out of the water and took me aboard the landing craft. When the wheels of the craft touched bottom, I once again went overboard and was able to walk to dry land.

The exploding shells, small arms fire, and the big guns firing from the ships in the channel created within me a type of perverted fear. Death seemed eminent. It was all around us—dead G.I.s, dead Germans, paratroopers with cut throats hanging from trees, and gliders smashed with dead bodies of our forces torn to bits. When darkness came, we had moved from the hills of the beach to a point where we were forced to stop. It seemed that all hell had broken loose. Small arms fire along with machine gun fire, and mortars along with the German 88mm were exploding.

My friend decided to dig in with a shovel that he had found, but I decided to go

back to the beach and start again the next morning. I never saw my friend again. As I started down a very narrow dirt road, a jeep pulled up and a Colonel asked if I wanted a ride. I then asked if he knew where Uranium 4 was located. He answered "Oh, hell, yes. They're just down the next road on our right." I walked about one quarter of a mile and was halted by a very familiar voice, that of Capt. Frank J. Stanek, one of the finest commanding officers of the 90th. My feeling of despair vanished, for I was united with my company commander and with the fellows with which I had trained.

From that place just outside St. Mére-Eglise, France, we went on to share many experiences; some good, some not so good, and some horrible. But it was for the love of country and for the Stars and Stripes of this, our nation, that we were willing to give our lives for the freedom we now enjoy and share. ***G.M. Company, Uranium 4***

THOMAS M. ANDREWS

I was graduated from the University of Chicago in 1934 with a B.S. degree and a second lieutenant's commission. I married Ruth T. Andrews in 1933.

As a first lieutenant, I was ordered to active duty on January 14, 1942, and was sent to Fort Sill. I was one of ninety field artillery officers sent from Fort Sill to the 90th Infantry Division on March 5, 1942.

I was assigned to Service Battery, 345th Field Artillery Battalion, as motor officer. I was made Battalion S-4 and Service Battery commander when Capt. Eric Peach was made S-3. Lt. Col. Barragan, commanding officer of the 345th, was made Division Artillery executive. I was transferred to Division Artillery as S-4. Sometime after the Louisiana maneuvers, I was transferred to Division Headquarters as assistant G-4 under Lt. Col. Gus Dittmar. Gus Dittmar was made chief of staff in January 1944 and I was promoted to G-4. I served in this capacity until May 1945 when I was promoted to chief of staff of the Division by Maj. Gen. Herbert L. Earnest.

I served in this capacity until I had a chance to return home on points at the end of July 1945. I had three children at home so I had lots of points. After the war, I went to Catalina Island for two years as an employee of the Wrigley Family. I returned to Algonquin, Illinois, in 1948 and bought a hardware store.

HAROLD LINDSEY "LIN" ARISON JR.

I was born September 9, 1919, in Uniontown, Pennsylvania. Following graduation from Penn State (Music Ed) in 1941 and the Army Music School at Fort McNair in 1942, I was assigned to the 90th, first as bandmaster of the 357th Infantry Regiment and later as division bandmaster. Prior to D-Day, all musical instruments were stored in England and the bandsmen became medics or were assigned other non-music related duties.



"Lin" Arison Jr.

We participated in the Utah Beach landing and all division campaigns. After WWII, I enjoyed such unique assignments as conductor, Special Services Orchestra of the ETO; assistant bandmaster at USMA, West Point, and music advisor to the Republic of China in Taiwan. In 1963 I was appointed a Foreign Service officer and served with USIA in Indonesia, Vietnam and Washington, D.C. (VOA) until retirement in 1972. Since, as a consultant, I spent several years in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, as Administrator with UOP, Inc.

Just before "teaming-up" with the 90th, I "teamed-up" with Janie, a hometown gal, and she camp-followed to Camp Barkeley, a child-bride at age 18. We have a son and a daughter. Son, HLA III, graduated from West Point in 1973. He's married (no offspring to date) and is presently with Ford Aerospace in Newport Beach, California. Daughter, Mary Jane, a Marymount University grad, is married and lives with her husband and two lovely children (one of each) in Reston, Virginia.

HENRY A. ARNHOLD



Henry A. Arnhold

I was born November 5, 1924, in Lincoln County, Winfield, Missouri. My parents were Harry H. and Clara Louise Filsinger Arnhold. I have resided at the same address all my life.

I attended the Winfield Public Schools all twelve years. I assisted my father in farming and the dairy business until I went into the Army in August 1944. I received my basic training at Fort McClellan, Alabama. Immediately after receiving the training, I was shipped overseas in January 1945. Upon arrival, I joined up with M Company, 359th Infantry, as a machine gunner in Belgium in the Battle of the Bulge. I remained with this company until October 1945 when I was transferred into the Military Government Regiment, at which time I was stationed in Laufen, Germany, in Bavaria. I remained at this place until May 1946 when I was shipped home to Fort Levenworth, Kansas, where I was discharged on June 27, 1946.

I was married on April 22, 1954, to Vera D. Raney of Troy, Missouri. We attend the Old Alexandria United Methodist Church where we are both very active.

I was employed by the General Motors Division of St. Louis, Missouri. I retired after 30 years on January 31, 1979. I was an inspector of the Corvette Division upon my retirement.

BASIL C. BABEY



Basil C. Babey

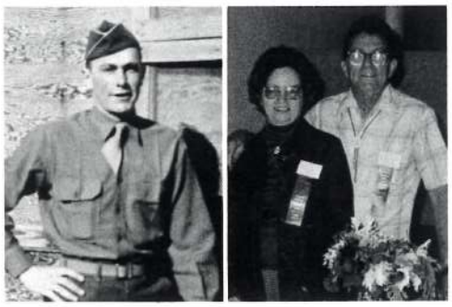
I was born in Rochester, New York, in 1915. When I was five years old my family moved back to the Ukraine after World War I. I lived and went to school there until I was fourteen. My family decided living in the United States was better and moved back here to stay.

I was drafted in December 1943 and entered the service on New Years Day. New Years Eve found me on K.P. doing pots and pans. I was in the 357th Infantry, Company H. Basic training was three months in Camp Blanding, Florida, and then shipment overseas. I saw action in France and Luxembourg. On November 12 I was hit by a mortar shell that sent me into the hospital for ten months.

After I was discharged and sent home I went to work for Eastman Kodak Company. My job there was a combination of public relations and executive driver. In my work I was fortunate to meet many prominent and famous people such as, Bob Hope, the Ozzie and Harriet Nelson family, Janet Gaynor, Carol Burnett, Ed Sullivan, and Walt Disney. I also met important business people like the chairman of the board of General Motors,

chairman of the board of General Electric and many others. My job was more pleasure than work. I retired after thirty-seven years and have been enjoying my retirement in a house along Lake Ontario. I spend a lot of my time in church activities and traveling.

EUGENE S. BAKER



Eugene S. Baker

I entered the service in October 1942 and was assigned to the 915th Field Artillery Battalion. I was discharged from Ft. Sam Houston December 5, 1945.

I re-entered service in the reserves 1946–1951. I served in the National Guard 1961–1978. I served in Texas State Guard Honorary Reserve from 1978–1988 and I retired as master sergeant after 28 years.

NORMAN C. BARNES



Norman C. Barnes

I was born in Buffalo, New York, on August 14, 1912. Later, my family moved to Chicago, Illinois, then to the town of Peoria, Illinois, where I now live. I attended high school, but upon graduation, the Depression was still on; therefore I was unable to attend college.

I married Mary Louise Mead on December 2, 1933. We have two wonderful girls and three grandchildren. We recently celebrated our 56th wedding anniversary.

I was inducted into the service on December 3, 1943, and was later sent overseas, assigned to the Third Army, 90th Division, 357th Battalion, A Company. I was wounded and spent quite a few weeks in the hospital. I later rejoined the outfit, until I was discharged from service on October 23, 1945.

When I was released from the hospital, I rejoined the outfit which was then stationed at the "Salt Mines." Gen. George Patton, Gen. Earnest and Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower came to visit the Salt Mines.

Upon my discharge, I received my old job back, later accepted employment with a utility company and retired in 1973. My wife and I have traveled quite a bit and still travel a little. We have a vegetable garden, plant flowers, and have a hobby of raising African violets and a few other flowers during the winter months.

CLARENCE F. BEAM

Clarence Beam was born on April 20, 1918, in Lake City, Colorado, where he grew up and attended school. He went to business college in Grand Junction, Colorado.

He went into the service at Camp Barkeley, Texas, on March 15, 1942. The humid Louisiana swamps and heat of the Mojave Desert helped prepare him for what was to come.



Clarence F. Beam

England was the first stop after leaving the United States, then on to the beaches of Normandy for D-Day. Those that survived that landing were never boys again. The push continued on into Germany with fatigue being so great that sleep, on occasion, brought such oblivion that Clarence awoke to find trees completely blown away that had been there the night before.

One gratifying occasion happened while marching through France. A young girl ran out and pressed a letter and crucifix into his hand. The letter was expressing the great gratitude of the French people for their liberation from the Germans by the arrival of the Americans and English. Clarence served as a T-4 with the 359th Regimental Headquarters Company all through the moving battles that ended in Czechoslovakia in May 1945.

After being discharged from the service on October 22, 1945, he went to work in service and installation of L.P. Gas appliances from which he retired in 1983.

He married Esther Milligan on June 4, 1946. They were blessed with three children: Kenny, Lynda, and Scott. At the time of his death on October 31, 1988, he was the proud grandfather of Jeffrey, Kelly, Stephen and Brigitta.

EDWIN JOSEPH BEDNARZ



Edwin Joseph Bednarz

We made D-Day, H-hour on June 6. This stays in the back of my mind all the time. I was a rifle man and later became a cannoneer when they started a cannon company. We were right next to or behind the rifle men for extra fire power. I was a truck driver along with a cannoneer. I was the number one truck with the number one cannon, or Howitzer.

Before we left England for the beachhead, we had to waterproof the engines and gas tanks. They loaded us all onto a barge and took us as far as they could. When they reached their limit, they dropped us off, trucks and all, in the water, which was up to my waist while driving a 1 1/2 ton Dodge truck. Once we were in the water, we had to go full throttle in four-wheel drive. The officer in charge reversed trucks #1 through #6. The whole #6 crew was killed and the truck totaled.

When we finally arrived at the beachhead, Gen. Patton called on our division to cut off Hitler's supply line. When we reached this goal, it more or less ended the war.

To any of the other men left out of the 359th Cannon Company, 90th Infantry Division, I would really like to hear from you. You can write to me at P.O. Box 273, Floresville, Texas 78114. All letters I receive I will respond to. I also hope to be in Oklahoma City for the next convention and see some of you there.

WARREN C. BEHR



Warren C. Behr

I joined the 90th Division in Camp Barkeley, Texas, in November 1942. Basic training, maneuvers in Louisiana and

Granite Mountain and many bivouacs later, the Army decided that I was a soldier. The wire section in Headquarters Battery, 345th Field Artillery Battalion, was my first assignment, and then Sgt. King told me one day that I was transferred to Fire Direction Center as B Battery computer.

In Chicago I had never fired a rifle, but in Camp Barkeley I learned to fire the carbine and finally received the Marksman Medal. With two stripes on my sleeve, I was shipped to Fort Dix and Camp Kilmer. Will any of us forget the chow on the good ship *Athlone Castle!*

Our next stop was Liverpool and then Camp Davenport near Wolverhampton, but my most memorable moments were (1) when we hit Utah Beach with the battle raging, (2) when a Kraut plane dropped a 250-pound bomb on us in the rendezvous on the third day, (3) the long march to Bastogne, and (4) the Victory Parade in Neunburg vorm Wald, Germany.



Warren and Ruth Behr, 40th Wedding Party, 1987

Upon return to the United States, I married Ruth Collins and the two of us returned to the University of Illinois, and in three years, I received my law degree. We had two children before I left college and after that we had seven more; six boys and three girls.

Ruth and I are both retired now and are looking forward to seeing a lot of our country in our motorhome.

CECIL BERG



Cecil Berg

We loaded on a ship at New York harbor and as we pulled out, the Statue of Liberty was left behind and the distance grew between us.

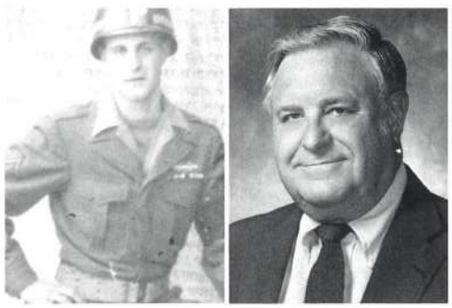
Our ship was a British grain transport freighter operated by a British crew in peace time; for us it was part of a convoy. The food was poor quality consisting of moldy baking powder biscuits and hot dogs. Many of the troops became sea sick. We had hammocks in the hold below to lie on. I personally slipped up on deck which helped me resist sea sickness. We also ran out of fresh water and resorted to salt water. It took eight days to arrive at Liverpool, England.

We went by truck to a railway station and continued by rail to Wales. We camped out in a lord's yard for over a month waiting for D-Day. We trained and went on many maneuvers and marches. With D-Day approaching, we headed to Normandy, France, crossing the channel on Liberty Ship, Susan B. Anthony. While nearing Normandy our Liberty Ship hit a mine and began to burn and sink. They started unloading the troops. I was on the left lower side and we loaded into small boats. The higher right side loaded onto bigger ships. The small tug I was in was taken to a landing craft. This craft took us to Normandy landing. Susan B. Anthony was gone.

During the Normandy Invasion I was critically wounded. After a lengthy hospitalization, I was sent to the front lines and was wounded in the Germany Campaign.

Presently my wife Frieda and I live on a farm near Stanton, North Dakota. We have three children and four grandchildren.

HENRY C. BERNHARDT



Henry C. Bernhardt

I was born August 22, 1925, in Salisbury, North Carolina. I graduated from Boyden High School in June 1943 and was drafted that September.

After Antitank Basic Training at Camp Blanding, Florida, I shipped to England and landed in Normandy on Utah Beach on July 14, 1944, walking 17 miles to the 90th Replacement Depot. I was assigned to M Company of the 357th Regiment as a bazooka man with the mortar platoon. (John Thomas from Ada, Oklahoma, was my number two man!)

In September near Reims, I was transferred to the 90th Military Police and was assigned to a four-man civil control squad. Julius Bauder of Tyndall, South Dakota, taught me German; with a name like "Bernhardt," they thought I was an interpreter and I didn't want to change their minds.

I remember some of the guys in my outfit—John Nosbusch from MN; Sgt. Arch Doughty, Sheriff in Clinton, Louisiana (visited twice); John DeHann of MI; and Bill Naylor from Salt Lake City, to name but a few.

I remember ending the war in Susice, Czech., meeting the Russians and the actual start of the "Iron Curtain." I came back to Weiden for occupation duty where at first, there were 16 MPs for a town of 80,000 people.

I left Germany with the Division in November 1945 and shipped out of Marseilles on the USS *Mariposa* landing in Hampton Roads, Virginia, and was discharged at Fort Bragg in time for New Year's 1945.

Back home, I graduated from Catawba College in Salisbury (1950) and managed the family hardware store. For 13 years, I fronted my own dance band; and in 1960 became executive vice president of the Salisbury-Rowan Merchants Association. In 1967 I was named director of development at Catawba College; and in 1981 established my own consulting firm, Institutional Development Associates (IDA).

In 1958 I married the prettiest girl in the world (still is) and we have four children; three have graduated from UNC-Chapel Hill and one from Appalachian State University. One son is a textile executive, one is becoming an Episcopal minister, one is a town manager; and my daughter is a banker who will marry a young doctor this spring. My sons, like myself, are all Eagle Scouts, and my daughter has the equivalent in the Girl Scouts.

FRANK W. BERNSCHEIN



Frank W. Bernschein

I was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on July 12, 1921. I have lived in this area all my life. I built B-26 bombers at Glenn L. Martin from 1939 to 1944.

I was inducted on July 30, 1944, shipped to Fort McClellan, Alabama, for infantry basic training. I was shipped overseas in January 1945 as a replacement and was assigned to C Company, 359th Infantry Regiment, 90th Division. I participated in the capture of Mainz,

Germany. Near there we crossed the Rhine River.

We joined up with the 4th Armored for a "beeline" campaign through Central Europe into Czechoslovakia, where we were at war's end. I was in occupation in Amberg, Bavaria, until October 1945. I was transferred to the 1st Division when the 90th demobilized.

I spent the next six months at the War Crimes Trial in Nuremberg. I was shipped home to the U.S. in March 1946 and discharged with twenty months service. I rejoined my wife and two children whom I had not seen for eighteen months.

I was decorated with the Bronze Star, Combat Infantry Badge, ETO medal with two campaigns and two river crossings. I held the rank of private first class.

I am retired. My wife Julia and I have been married forty-eight years. We have four children and eight grandchildren.

My experience in the service with the 90th Division was the greatest of my life and I have never regretted it. I would like to hear from any buddies C Company, 359th. You can write to me at 411 Orchard Road, Glen Burnie, Maryland 21061.

JAMES A. BIGGAR

I was born May 20, 1911, in Center, Texas, and graduated from Adamson High School in Dallas in 1932.

I joined the Army and the 90th Division on 'day one' at Camp Barkeley, Abilene, Texas, March 25, 1942. I was with Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, 359th Infantry, from Utah Beach, Normandy, to the Moselle River.



James A. Biggar

I returned home in time to make the 90th Division Reunion at Fort Worth, Texas, in November 1946. I have made reunions each year except the one in New York City and two others that I remember.

It was my honor to serve as president of the association in 1970 at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. I was fortunate to have Leslie F. Howard as my reunion chairman there to make it a great success.

I married Gladys E. Walker in 1947 and we live in Dallas. I worked at the post office from 1947 until I retired in 1978.

BEN S. BINGHAM



Ben S. Bingham



Sgts. Ben Bingham (center) and Alton (Shorty) Bingham (right) and Cpl. Arbie Colwell (left) of communications "our favorite battery barber"

I was born in Kenifick, Oklahoma, and moved to Texas at age two. I joined the Army in 1942 and trained at Camp Barkeley.

After landing at Utah Beach, and while fighting through France, a displaced child six to eight years old named Jacqueline wandered into our section. She stayed with my section until we got her relocated several days later. While being resupplied and licking our wounds in preparation to reverse the bulge in Belgium, I was fortunate to have a visit from my brother "Shorty" who was camped nearby.

After discharge, I did custom combining, raised horses, and some ranching. I went to work for Boeing Aircraft in Seattle, Washington, in 1966 and came back to L.T.V. in Fort Worth in 1968. I worked at Seven Seas Amusement Park as water quality control superintendent through 1975. I worked at Liquid Paper Corp. (Gillette Co.) responsible for heating and air-conditioning, and humidity control until retirement in 1983.

I married Ima Jo Martin in 1942 and we had two children, Benny and Judy. Ima Jo died in 1973. I married Bobbie Shuford in 1985. After our retirement we bought our present home in Wylie, Texas.

LEON BIXBY



Leon Bixby

I was born the second child in a family of 18. At the present time there are 11 of us still living. As a young boy I can still recall the Great Depression and all the hard times we had. I left home in my teens to work on a farm for $1.00 a day. My second job was in a shoe factory earning 40¢ an hour. At this time Uncle Sam decided to point his proverbial finger at me saying "I want you." (He got me!) We left on a train in Binghamton, New York, heading for Fort Niagara, New York. Later we were put on a train that held many troops, and no one knew where we were heading. We soon discovered that we were in Camp Barkeley, Texas. I was in the 90th Division, C Battery, 345th Field Artillery.

After my hitch was up I came home to work again in the factory. I was discharged from the 90th Division. As I was doing some mechanics and welding on the side I decided to leave my factory job. In 1966 I had to quit welding to have eye surgery for cataracts. I then got a job at the local school as a bus mechanic. This was a civil service job. I attended several technical schools and was awarded a certificate as a master mechanic and doctor of motors. I retired from the New York State school job in 1983. I now run a greenhouse (summers) as a hobby. We sell vegetables, and flowers. It is hard work, but you meet a lot of people. I also raise a lot of my own vegetables, flowers and blueberries. I enjoy deer hunting, fishing, and being retired. I have the time to enjoy these things.

I have been married to my wife, Eleanor, for 48 years. We have a son, Jerry, and a daughter, Vanessa. Each one has two children, giving us four grandchildren. I am looking forward and hoping to see some pictures of my old Army buddies, and maybe getting some letters letting me know how everyone is. If anyone would like to write me my address is: Box 46 R.D. 1, Chenango Forks, New York 13746.

WILLARD BLEVINS

I joined the 90th in Normandy during hedgerow fighting. Lt. MacDonald had lost his complete platoon at this time. He told us we would be on the front lines that night. I felt myself turn grey with fear. On July 26 the break through out of Nor-

mandy. On this day I was hit by a tree burst from 88 or artillery and was flown back to England to the hospital.

I rejoined my company in the Metz area and we went on into Germany and made the Sarr River Crossing and through the pillbox fortifications with a lot of losses.



Willard Blevins

At this time we received orders to withdraw back across the Sarr River due to the mass German offensive. Late December our squads were down to half strength.

We did get in replacements who were not all infantry trained men. We did some fast organizing and headed into the Battle of the Bulge. I was up for rotation at this time due to seniority in the outfit, but paper work was too slow coming through and we moved on.

We had a great company commander, George Young, who had come all the way.

March 15 near the Rhine, we had orders to enter a smal town. Glen Hagadorn and John Harness were my lead men and gave me the signal to advance the squad. The Germans let us all get into buildings and then opened fire with bazookies through the walls. So this got me for the second time and back to the states where I spent months in hospitals.

The 90th Division was a great outfit to be in. I'm proud to have been a little part of it.

PAUL J. BOEHM

I served in Europe with Company A, First Battalion, 358th Regiment. I've been married 47 years to my wife, Elizabeth. We have two sons and one daughter and ten grandchildren. I retired in 1979 after many years as owner and operator of a nursery and greenhouse in Kansas City, Missouri. I have kept in touch with a few buddies and enjoy their friendship.

JAMES O. BOSWELL

I was born in the Philippine Islands where my father was aide to General Pershing. I grew up in Georgia and Washington, D.C., and attended Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire, and graduated from U.S. Military Academy (West Point) in 1933. I served four years at Ft. Benning, Georgia, and was a Russian language student at Columbia University (NYC). I received a M.A. from Harvard in 1941.



James O. Boswell

From 1941–1943 I served as assistant military attache for the U.S. Embassy in the USSR. In November I came back to the United States and joined the 90th Division at Ft. Dix, New Jersey.

I was assistant chief of staff-G2 (intelligence) Division Headquarters through England, Normandy, etc., right through VE Day in Bodjovice in Czechoslovakia.

In occupation I was commanding officer of the 358th Infantry at Naburg and finally chief of staff, 90th Division, in Weiden, Germany.

In October 1945 I went back to the Pentagon and then CIA. I was assigned to the 3rd Infantry Division at Ft. Benning in 1950. I went to Japan as executive officer, 7th Infantry Regiment, for two months and then to North Korea. After we got kicked out of Ham Hung to Pusan, I became regimental commanding officer of the 7th Infantry from January to October 1951.

Again I went back to the Pentagon in Psychological Warfare Division, U.S. Army (ugh!) but I got out of that by going to National War College. In 1954 to 1956 I was chief of staff of the Joint U.S. Military Advisory Group in Athens, Greece. Next, I got shanghaid to Columbia, South Carolina, as chief, South Carolina Military District. Back to the Pentagon for the last time and from colonel to brigadier general. Finally, I was sent to London where I was military attache, U.S. Embassy, in 1960-1961. I retired in 1961 and have been living in California since then.

ERNEST C. BOTTS

Ernest Botts was born in McGeHee, Arkansas, on July 10, 1919, and lived there until he was inducted into the Army (March 24, 1942 through November 1, 1945). He was assigned to the Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, 359th Infantry, Antitank Regiment, 90th Division. He participated in the Normandy, Northern France, Rhineland, Ardennes, Central Europe Campaigns and was awarded six Bronze Stars and Good Conduct Medals. He decided to make the Army his career and the next 17 years of reenlistments had him stationed in Germany.

He was assigned to A Company, 40th Tank Battalion, 1946 through 1954, and was awarded the National Defense Service Medal and Good Conduct Medal AR600-65. 1955 through 1959: assigned to D Company, 3rd Battalion, 2nd Tng. Regiment, and then transferred to 33rd Armored, 1st Medical Tank Battalion, B Company, and was awarded Good Conduct Medals– 1st Clasp with 2 Loops and 2nd Clasp with 3 Loops. 1959 through 1963: assigned to A Company, 2nd Mtb., 37th Armored, then transferred 67th Armored, 2nd Medical Tank Battalion, and awarded Good Conduct Medal with 4 Bronze Loops.



Ernest C. Botts

In 1963 he retired after 20 years of service and moved to Kentucky and became a guard at the state prison.

He was called from retired reserves. 1968 through 1971: assigned to C Company, 2nd Battalion, 34th Armored Division, Sixth Army; then transferred to 101st Airborne in Vietnam and was awarded Vietnam Service Medal with 2 Bronze Service Stars, Vietnam Campaign Medal with 60 Device, Bronze Star Medal and Army Commendation Medal. He had the distinction of being the oldest man ever to go through jungle training and making it.

He retired again with 23 years of service. In 1972 he moved to Bell Gardens, California. He was employed at Angelus Sanitary Can Co. as a welder. He retired from there in 1985.

After a lingering illness he passed away May 27, 1989. He is survived by his wife Mary, stepchildren Michael Swiger and D'Ann Swiger Wallace, son-in-law Christopher Wallace and granddaughter Heather Wallace.

ERNEST H. BOWDEN

I entered service July 6, 1942, and trained in South Carolina. I was assigned to Company A, 359th of the 90th Infantry Division. I landed on Utah Beach on June 6, 1944. I went from there on through breakthrough, St. Louis Metz, and the crossing of the Mozelle on November 9.

I was sent to a hospital in the states but returned to army of occupation and

served with the 279th station hospital in Berlin, Germany. Date of separation was February 21, 1949.



Ernest H. Bowden

I had the name of "eight-ball of Company A." This saved me many times when we would come back from patrol and had not been given that day's password. I'd call out "Ernest Bowden, the eight-ball of Company A." No questions asked after that.

RAYMOND F. BRINKMAN

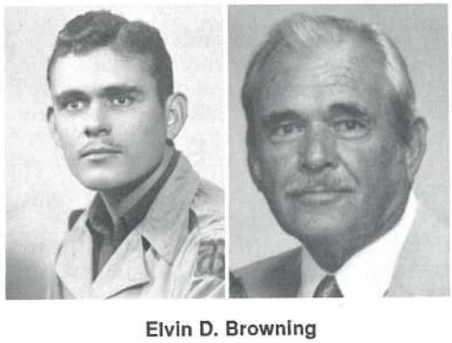


Raymond F. Brinkman

I was in the 357th Infantry Regiment. I was discharged July 2, 1946. I now reside at 2127 Pococen Dr., Coraopolis, Pa.

I was married in March 1949 to Elaine. We have three children and six grandchildren. I retired in 1983 from Homestead Industries after 40 years of service.

ELVIN D. BROWNING



Elvin D. Browning

I enlisted in the regular Army on September 3, 1936. I was assigned to A Battery, First Field Artillery, at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. In 1939 the First Field Artillery became a part of the 6th Infantry Division in Columbia, South Carolina. In 1941 the 6th Infantry Division was stationed at Fort Leonardwood, Missouri.

In February 1942 I was selected as a member of the cadre to the 90th Infantry Division to be activated at Camp Barkeley, Texas, and was assigned to A Battery, 343rd Field Artillery, as a section chief of a 105mm Howitzer section.

In August 1942 I was transferred to Service Battery and promoted to first sergeant. Later in 1942 I was transferred back to A Battery, 343rd Field Artillery, and remained in this unit till the war ended in 1945.

When the war ended I had enough points to return to the states where I reenlisted and remained in the Army.

I would like to say that the officers and men of the 343rd were the most loyal and dedicated I was associated with during my twenty-three and one half years in the service.

I had a tour of duty in Korea in 1952. In June 1960 I retired from the military.

In regards to my family, I married Chesta Lee Walker on December 31, 1941. We have four children and four grandchildren. On November 25, 1980, she passed away with cancer.

C.B. BRYAN

I received ROTC training at Clemson College and was commissioned second lieutenant, Infantry Reserve, in 1940. I was ordered to active duty in 1942. I was assigned to 176th Infantry as a company line officer, stationed in Washington, D.C. and Fort Benning, Georgia.

In 1944 I was assigned to Replacement Pool and ordered to ETO and to the 90th Division. On July 16, 1944, I was assigned to L Company, 358th Infantry as commanding officer. I took part in Normandy, Northern France and Ardennes Campaigns, Falaise Gap, Moselle and Saar River crossings, and Butzdort and Tettingen incident. I was a rifle company commander for over five months in combat, and collected the D.S.C., two Silver Stars, two Purple Hearts, and the Croix de Guerre.

I was assigned to Battalion Headquarters as executive officer on December 19, 1944. I took part in the Central Europe Campaign. I was promoted to 3rd Battalion commanding officer on February 18, 1945, and took part in Rhineland Campaign. I was transferred to the 99th Division for travel to U.S.A., then Inactive Reserve and eventually an Honorable Discharge.

In August 1944 L Company was moving through a small French village. I stopped in front of a house to check on the men as they walked by. A little boy came out and stood on the top step. He gave the Nazi salute and said "Heil Hitler." We were at first surprised, but when a long arm reached out and jerked him inside we all laughed. Before the company finished passing he came back out. He raised his arm up and said "Vive les Americans." Everyone cheered and threw him some chewing gum.

ACY W. BUCKNER

I was born May 25, 1920. I was inducted August 5, 1944, at Fort Harrison, Indiana. I took training at Camp Blanding, Florida. Continental service was five months and eight days. My foreign service was 1 year, 1 month, 21 days. I departed for foreign (EAME theater) service from Fort Meade, Maryland, on January 8, 1945. I arrived at La Harve, France, on January 14, 1945.

After foreign service I arrived back at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, on February 28, 1946. I was separated March 3, 1946, at Camp Atterbury, Indiana. I served in National Guard at Franklin, Indiana, before entering service.

I served in Rhineland on the front lines and was sent back to the hospital. Afterwards, I served in 2069th Quartermaster Truck Company as dispatcher. I handled all requests for transportation in the company. I was selected driver and made out trip tickets. I handled all work sheets on repair and maintenance.

I returned to Arvin Automotive Industries after my discharge. I retired August 26, 1983, after 42 years with the company.

RICHARD H. BULGER



Richard H. Bulger

I was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on May 17, 1916. I attended Pittsburgh Public Schools, the University of Pittsburgh undergraduate school and the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine, receiving an Doctor of Medicine degree in 1941. I interned at Western Pennsylvania Hospital in Pittsburgh from July 1941 to June 1942.

I reported for duty at the Medical Field Service School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in October 1942. In November 1942 I reported for duty to the 90th Division at Camp Barkeley, Texas, and was assigned

to the 358th Infantry. I served as a battalion surgeon, mainly with the 3rd Battalion, until a week before the war's end at which time I was made assistant regimental surgeon.

I returned to the United States in November 1945 and established a general practice in New Enterprise, Pennsylvania, in February 1946. I continued practice until January 1984 at which time I semi-retired.

I married Theresa De Fabio in June 1942. We have four children: Richard Jr., graduate of Penn State University is an engineer; Jane, an RN, has a B.S. in nursing and an M.S. in public management and is now a manager of Patient Care Systems at Western Pennsylvania Hospital; Robert is a graduate of West Point and is now a hospital administrator in Jeaneatte, Pennsylvania; and Donald is a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine and is practicing in Claysburg, Pennsylvania.

FRANK A. BULZACCHELLI

De Ja Vu...It was late September– early October of 1944. Elements of the 2nd Battalion were in a rest area for a well-deserved rest. While there, we received replacements to fill our ranks, which were depleted as our comrades were killed or wounded. We were in constant training on methods of attacking a large fortress such as Fortress Metz, which lay before us.



Frank A. Bulzacchelli

Finally we were ordered back to the front. We received orders to take the town of Maizieres-les-Metz. The night before going on line, as I slept a restless sleep, I had a dream. In my dream I boarded the troop carrier. The next morning, as I climbed aboard the troop carrier, I looked across the road and to my right I saw three G.I.'s from another regiment that had entered camp. One G.I. was playing a guitar and the other two were singing along. This scene was exactly the scene in my dream.

As I looked back across the road at those three G.I.'s a cold shiver came over me. I now recalled other elements of my dream. Scenes of intense fighting and hand-to-hand combat, and that I was killed during this fighting.

After we began the assault on Maizieres, I put this all out of my mind. We were so busy, so much was going on-street fighting, taking the town, building by building, inch by inch-it was such a struggle but it had to be taken.

I was not there to see the fall of Maizieres-les-Metz. Some German caught me advancing from one doorway to another during the street fighting and put a bullet in my leg.

This dream came back to me while in an aid station on a stretcher waiting to be evacuated to a field hospital. A sigh of relief came over me since I was not killed; my dream was wrong, I was only wounded, and would live to fight another day.

I will have been married forty years on January 14, 1991, to my wife, Marie. We have two children, Paul and Patricia, and four grandchildren.

DALE BUMPUS

I was born on June 22, 1926, in Coshocton County, Ohio, a farm boy and the youngest of four children. In May 1944 I graduated from Warsaw High School. My older brother and sister were already in the Army. My sister, Bonnie, was an Army nurse and my brother, Arthur, was in the 78th Infantry Division. At 18 I registered and volunteered for the draft.

On my way to Columbus, Ohio, to be inducted, I met Gerald W. Brown from Coshocton, Ohio. We went to Camp Croft, South Carolina, and trained together. We shipped overseas and joined as replacements, 2nd Platoon, K Company, 357th Infantry Regiment. We were "fox hole" buddies until the war ended. We remained close friends until his death on July 3, 1989.



Left: Dale Bumpus (right) with Gerald Brown
Right: Dale and Wilma Bumpus

The picture is of Gerald Brown and myself, taken about May 1, 1945. We were very hungry after the fight so we "liberated" some chickens from a farmer in the building behind us and prepared them for frying. Before we could cook them, our squad leader came to tell us we had a road block and machine gun nest to clean out. We left the best cook we had behind to fry the chicken. He was the only casualty that night; he spilled hot grease on his arm.

The beautiful lady in the other picture with me is my wife, Wilma. We've been married forty-one years and have three children: William, Kathy and Connie.

I have always been very proud to have served with the 90th Infantry Division.

KENNY BYERS

I entered the Army in March 1942 at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and joined the 90th Infantry Division at Camp Barkeley, Texas, April 1942.

I served as a radio operator with the 90th Signal Company and was on special assignment with 358th Infantry Regiment from D-Day-plus-2 at Utah Beach until March 20, 1943, in Germany. I then returned to the 90th Division headquarters and was with the N.C.S. (Net Control Station) until the end of the war and discharged at Jefferson Barracks, having earned 5 Battle Stars for the 5 campaigns.

I married and have 5 children. I am now retired after 31 years with Western Indiana Railroad Company and live in Burbank, Illinois.

CLEGG CAFFERY



Clegg Caffery



712th Tank Bn. Officers, Amberg Germany, after WWII before going back to the USA

I received my B.S. degree and ROTC Commission from Louisiana State University in 1938. I had a year's active duty at Fort Sam Houston then went back to LSU for graduate work.

On August 10, 1940, I reported to Fort Benning to the 94th Antitank Battalion.

During this time I played lots of tennis at the officers club and got to know Gen. Paul Newgarden and Gen. John Wood. I asked for and received a transfer to Gen. Newgarden's 10th Armored Division. In July 1942 I was assigned to the 2nd Battalion, 11th Cavalry, commanded by Maj. Tom Chamberlain.

On September 23, 1943, I was cadred to the 712th Tank Battalion, and became the S-3 officer, later the executive officer. On July 3, 1944, we were attached to the 90th Infantry Division in the hedgerows of Normandy. The following days, weeks and months made history, as we became one of Gen. Patton's famed Third Army Divisions.

After the war I returned to Louisiana and resumed my life on the sugarcane farm that I left years before. I was on the Soil and Water Conservation District Board of Supervisors. I helped to build and was the first president of Belleview Golf and Country Club. Later on I became a bank director of the First Commercial Bank. I am on the board of commissioners of the sixty-bed Franklin Foundation Hospital.

I married Ann Boyd West of New Orleans. We have three children; Clegg, Ann, and Margaret. People who have enriched my life are so many, and I'm eternally grateful to each one of them.

WILLIAM E. CALLAHAN



William E. Callahan

I was born in April 2, 1923 in Elmora, Cambria County, Pennsylvania. I worked in Cleveland, Ohio, before the war.

I was inducted into the Army March 17, 1943, at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania, and had my basic training with the 78th division at Camp Butner, North Carolina. I went overseas and was a replacement on July 15, 1944, with Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, 359th Infantry, 90th Division, and was there until leaving them at Amberg, Germany.

I was discharged on December 3, 1945, as a staff sergeant. I married Martha Pollack on May 5, 1947, and we had four children. We lived in Pennsylvania until 1950 and then moved to Michigan. We presently live in Northville and I am retired from Conveyor Engineering Company where I worked for 31 years.

EDWIN L. CALVIN

I was born November 12, 1917, in Fulton, Callaway County, Missouri, to parents Littie Carson and Mattie Alice Calvin. My preschool childhood was on the farm near Reform, Missouri. Education: grades 1-5 in Mexico, Missouri; grade 6 at Broadway School, Sedalia, Missouri; grades 7-12 at Smith Cotton High School; graduated 1932.

Employment: usher-foreman Uptown Theatre in Sedalia, Missouri, 1936-39; assistant manager Bowling Green, Kentucky, Princess Theatre 1939-1941; accepted appointment CAF-1 clerk-checker, Kansas City Quartermaster Depot.

Received "Greetings from Uncle Sam" January 1942. Inducted into U.S. Army March 23, 1942, Jefferson Barracks Induction Station. Assignment for basic training: Battery B, 915th Field Artillery Battalion, Division Artillery, 90th Infantry Division. Arrived March 26, 1942. Basic training completed. First duty assignment, assistant battery clerk.



Edwin L. Calvin

Promotions: private 1, C1, June 6, 1942; corporal, August 1, 1942; sergeant, August 15, 1942; tech. sergeant, September 9, 1942. Discharged tech. sergeant, ASN 37138734, December 17, 1942, to accept appointment as WOJG ASN W-2119272, December 18, 1942.

I was duty assignment personnel officer, 915th Field Artillery Battalion, from December 18, 1942, at Camp Barkeley, Texas; Arizona-California Desert Training Center 1944. En-trained January 1944 for Fort Dix, New Jersey, preparation for overseas assignment.

I embarked NYPOE aboard *HMT Athlone Castle* on March 23, 1944 and I embarked on April 5, 1944, Liverpool, England. Pre-invasion training April and May 1944. Departed in charge of 915th Field Artillery Battalion, Residual Group for Bournemouth, England, when Division moved into POE. Embarked *LST* June 17, 1944, Portsmouth, England for Utah Beach, France. Disembarked *LST* Utah Beach June 18, 1944. Beach master advised encampment overnight Utah Beach rendevous point to meet 915th Field Artillery Battalion still in hands of Germans.

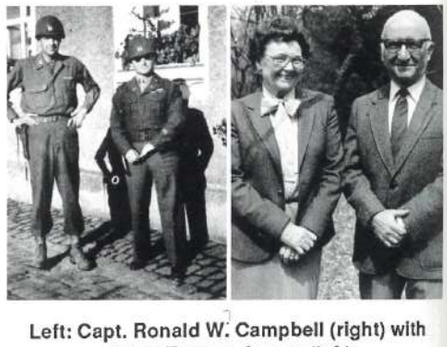
Overseas Service: France, Belgium, Germany June 18, 1944, to November 28, 1945. France November 28, 1945, to December 12, 1945. Awaiting shipment to USA. Departed Marseilles, France, aboard USS *Blue Ridge Victory* for NY-POE, December 13, 1945 arrived December 25, 1945. Dock strike delayed unloading.

We arrived at Camp Shanks POE midnight December 25, 1945. Served turkey dinner with trimmings—never has food tasted so good. Departed Camp Shanks December 27, 1945, for Separation Center Jefferson Barracks. Arrived December 29, 1945. Departed December 31, 1945, and placed on leave until March 6, 1946. Arrived Kansas City, Missouri, on New Year's Eve.

I returned to work Kansas City Quartermaster Depot March 7, 1946. Spent next ten years with various U.S. Army agencies; Army Effects Bureau, Army Graves Distribution Center, Kansas City Records Center. Transferred to General Services Administration in 1955. Transferred U.S. Labor Department in 1962. Reassigned regional office Occupational Safety and Health Administration June 6, 1971 as regional management officer.

Retired January 3, 1973, with 32 years of government service. Married Jewell Frances Dobbs October 12, 1947. We currently live in retirement home, John Knox Village, 615 B NW Lilac Place, Lee's Summit, Missouri 64081

RONALD W. CAMPBELL



Left: Capt. Ronald W. Campbell (right) with Capt. Eugene Amory (left)
Right: Ronald and Theda Campbell

I joined the 90th at Camp Barkeley from O.C.S. and was assigned as platoon leader to C Company, 358th Infantry Regiment, shortly before desert maneuvers. Early in the Normandy Invasion, I spent time in a hospital in England. Upon returning to duty I was assigned to B Company as company commander.

Typically as a division, we suffered from inexperience and poor leadership by the higher command in the early days. Later the citizen soldiers learned how to fight and officer leadership vastly improved. Generals McLain and Van Fleet were outstanding division commanders. The soldiers in the ranks including the noncomms lead by the company officers and capable battalion and regimental staffs plus the valuable supporting units were

what made the 90th Division to quote General Patton "one of the greatest divisions that ever fought."

The division that campaigned in the Mosselle-Sarre River engagements, for example, was vastly different from the one that waded ashore in the Normandy Invasion. I am grateful for the efforts of all who served in the 90th Division, especially for those who gave their all-their lives-and for the lasting friendships I have enjoyed.

I remained in the Army Reserves after the war and retired as a lieutenant colonel after twenty-five years of service.

After attending graduate school, I served 43 years as a faculty member and administrator at Kansas State University. My wife and I have three daughters, all of whom are school teachers and who have provided us with five grandchildren.

RALPH F. CANNON



Ralph F. Cannon

I was born on January 16, 1920, in Lincoln County, near Foley, Missouri. My parents were J. Floyd and Elizabeth Elston Cannon. I grew up on a farm my great-grandfather homesteaded in the early 1800s. My grade school years were spent in a one room rural school. I graduated in 1937 from Winfield High School in a class of seventeen.

I was inducted into the Army in August of 1944. I received my basic training at Fort McClellan, Alabama. Immediately after my training, I was shipped overseas in January 1945. Upon arrival, I was assigned to M Company, 359th Infantry, as a machine gunner in Belgium. I remained with M Company until October 1945. At that time I was transferred into military government. I was stationed in Wasserburg and Erding, both in Bavaria. I remained there until May 1946, when I was shipped home. I received my discharge on June 27, 1946, at Fort Leavenworth, KS.

I was married on April 18, 1953, to Stella A. Mueller at Hermann, Missouri. I have two daughters and one son. I have farmed all my life. I also worked twenty-four years at Cuivre River State Park in Troy, Missouri. I retired from there in May 1982. My address is Route 1, Winfield, Missouri 63389.

ARTHUR B. CARLAN

See Page 206

ELMER J. CARPENTER



S/Sgt. Elmer J. Carpenter standing at gate of German concentration camp (1945)

I was born in Calis, Ohio, on February 28, 1918. I lived there until I was inducted into the Army on October 28, 1941.

I was sent to Fort Eustis, Virginia, for my basic training. From there I was assigned to the 71st Coast Artillery in Washington, D.C. I served with the 71st until it was disbanded in 1944. Then I was given six weeks advance Infantry training at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, and shipped overseas. I joined the 90th Infantry Division in France and was assigned to K Company, 357 Regiment, 90th Infantry Division. I was with them until the war ended. We were near Prague, Czechoslovakia, when the fighting stopped.

After I returned home from my service in the Army, I moved to Mt. Vernon, Ohio, where I worked as a photo engraver for 33 years. I retired in 1982. My wife Gerry and I now live at Knox Lake near Fredericktown, Ohio. Cheryl, our only child, is a registered nurse and lives in Columbus, Ohio.

EUGENE J. CARPENTER



Eugene J. Carpenter

I was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, on September 22, 1913. Later I moved to Minneapolis, Minnesota, where I lived until I was inducted into the Army at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, in March 1942. From there I was shipped to Camp Barkeley, Texas, to the 90th Division. I was assigned to Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, 358th Infantry as battalion transportation sergeant. I remained with the 90th Division until the end of World War II. Then I was assigned to C Company, 69th Armored Infantry Battalion. After returning to the U.S., I was discharged at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, on October 31, 1945.

Shortly afterwards, I returned to the wholesale produce business as a purchasing agent. I am now retired, a widower for eight years. I live on Prior Lake in the State of Minnesota. I have two sons, two daughters, and ten grandchildren.

WILLIS CARPENTER



Willis Carpenter

In 1943 I was drafted from Goshen, Indiana, to train in the 75th Infantry Division at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. I was captured in July in Normandy as a replacement for B Company, 358th Regiment, 90th Infantry Division, and taken to Muhlberg. From September through December 1944, I worked in the harvest fields around Erdeborne, then taken by boxcar to Zietz to chop mortar from bricks at the Olympic pool. We caught a jack rabbit that had been trapped inside the pool and were allowed to cook it with some 'borrowed' vegetables, in a nearby building.

After American troops came through Zietz on April 11, 1945, we moved to a staging area. When P-47s straffed and bombed it soon after we arrived, a hundred POWs hid in, then escaped from the basement of the burning building. Then we walked to a brick-paved courtyard the size of a football field, with buildings all around the perimeter, enclosed in a 12-foot high fence. From here Bob Cournoyer, "Kelly" and I escaped after Russian POWs saw troop movement on the horizon from their third floor window. After finding the American tank convoy, we returned with them to the camp. Frightened guards swung the big gates open wide as our tanks came charging through! After Gotha, and the 217th Hospital in France, I returned to Boston on the USS *Heritage*.

Bob and I are still looking for "Kelly," a short, stocky paratrooper in the 82nd Airborne, thought to be from Florida.

LUTHER C. CARROLL

I was a replacement gunner at Metz, France, in December 1944. I was a marksman, and awarded three Battle

Stars at Ardennes, Rhineland and Central Europe.

When we were fighting in the Turgian Forest, a rifleman beside me got his rifle shot out of his hand. He said, "They got my rifle, Carroll." He gave me ammunition, and I shot Germans while holding the barrel of my machine gun. I didn't have time to set up the tripod. Afterwards I found our leader, Lt. King, who had received a bullet through his pea jacket without injury, and told him all our squad was lost, except the ammo bearer and me. We regrouped and I became squad leader. As the battle ensued, a rifleman two steps ahead got his head shot off by an anti-tank weapon.





Luther C. Carroll
At right Luther Carroll (right) with Lt. King

I could only make it to the west wall where there were pillboxes made of concrete (the Siegfried Line)...my feet were frozen. They carried me first by stretcher, then by jeep to the sixth convalescent hospital in Metz. They discovered I had prostrate trouble also. When I could walk again I was sent back to the front line.

We crossed the Rhine, and took Berchtesgaden. In Czechoslovakia, Eisenhower ordered Patton's Third Army to wait on the Russians. While we waited, we celebrated victory by throwing grenades into a deep stream, killing fish and frying them.

WILLARD CARTER





Willard Carter

I was born February 22, 1916, on a farm south of Jennings, Kansas. I grew up in the Jennings community and was inducted into the Army on March 25, 1942, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. I was sent to Camp Barkeley at Abilene, Texas, for basic training. I was a jeep driver for the company commander of H Company, 359th Infantry Regiment.

On June 6, 1943, I married Naomi Carlton in Jennings. After desert training in California, we were sent to Fort Dix, New Jersey, and from there to Liverpool, England. After some training in England we made the invasion in France at Utah Beach. On V-E Day we were in Kolinec, Czechoslovakia. After serving a short time in occupation I was sent home with the 802nd Tank Destroyer Battalion and discharged at Camp Chaffee at Fort Smith, Ark.

On returning home, I bought back into the oil business, selling Conoco products and Propane bulk service. We have four children: Lawrence, David, Margaret and Daniel, and we have thirteen grandchildren we really enjoy.

WILLIAM CARTER



William Carter



Willard Carter (left) and William Carter

I was born February 22, 1916, on a farm south of Jennings, Kansas. I grew up in the Jennings community and was inducted into the Army on April 1, 1942, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. We were sent to Camp Barkeley, Texas, for training. I became a jeep driver for the executive officer of H Company, 359th Regiment.

I had a furlough in June 1943 and married Rachel Carlton in Jennings. After desert training in California the fall of 1943 we were shipped to Fort Dix, New Jersey, and from there overseas. We were in England for about six weeks and then the Utah Beach invasion. Those hedgerows were something that I'll never forget and no matter how much training a fellow had, it would never have him prepared for his first taste of combat.

Our morale was low when we were pulled back from across the Saar River and sent to the Battle of the Bulge. I was sent to the hospital on March 19, 1945, with hepatitis. I made it back to the company on June 6, 1945. I was sent to an armored division for the trip back to the States and was discharged from Camp Chaffee, Arkansas.

I came home to Jennings where I have been a partner in Home Oil & Gas Co., a Conoco petroleum bulk delivery service. Rachel and I have four children; Ann, Allan, Kenneth and Jane. We also have 11 grandchildren that we are very proud of.

DONALD G. CASSTEVENS





Donald G. Casstevens

I was born in Boonville, North Carolina, on June 30, 1925. I was one of nine children, son of Thomas and Bessie Casstevens. I lived on a farm and I worked on the farm until I volunteered to go into the Army.

I was inducted into the Army on September 18, 1943. I took basic training to be a medic in Camp Barkeley, Texas. Then I went overseas in May 1944. In July 1944 I was assigned to the 90th Infantry Division, 357th Medical Department, where I served as litter bearer (picked up wounded), and company aid man with the F Company, and gave first aid to the wounded. I was in four major battles and campaigns, and was awarded the Purple Heart, Bronze Star Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters, and Combat Medical Badge. I was discharged in October 1945.

After I was discharged, I went back to high school and graduated in 1947. I then married Hazel Marie Hutchens of Boonville, and we later had one daughter, Renee. I worked for Krispy Kreme Doughnut Corporation in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, for twenty-nine years. In May of 1981, I suffered a heart attack, but was able to go back to work until I retired in June 1987.

Our daughter is now married and has a one-year-old daughter of her own named Kayla. Since my wife is also retired, we are

babysitting our granddaughter and are really enjoying her. We now live in Yadkinville, N.C., Route 2, Box 201, 27055.

LIBERT CHIRUMBOLE



Libert Chirumbole

I was born and raised in a little industrial town called Carnegie, Pa., which is about seven miles southwest of Pittsburgh.

I was inducted into the Army on December 7, 1942, and subsequently was sent to the 90th Infantry Division right before Christmas 1942. I was assigned to Division Headquarters Company first as a motor pool dispatcher and later as a personnel clerk. I served most of my time in the Army as a personnel clerk. The highest grade I achieved was corporal.

During the war in Europe I spent almost all my time in the Rear Echelon of the 90th so I can truly say I fought the war with my typewriter but we did have a few first hand combat experiences. Right after D-Day on June 30 I was sent with an officer to pay the troops in the Forward Echelon. While we were sitting at a table disbursing the money, we came under 88mm artillery fire. Those 88mm were deadly and scary. While back in the Rear Echelon in August 1944 we were subjected to a heavy aerial bombardment. One 500-pound bomb landed about thirty paces from me.

In civilian life I worked twenty years in private industry mostly as a salesman and thirty years for the federal government. I retired in 1983.

L.Z. CHISM



L.Z. Chism

I am the wife of L.Z. Chism and live in Mt. Pleasant, Texas. L.Z. passed away on February 7, 1989. He was in Company D of the 90th Division. We married on August 8, 1943. We have two girls and three grandchildren and one great-granddaughter. One of our grandsons is in the service and is stationed in Egypt.

I would like to include part of a letter from my husband's Army officer after I wrote him about L.Z.'s death: "He was one of the machine gun platoons during our training in Texas and the desert in California, and in combat in France and Germany. He was a good soldier and a fine young man." That was from Liford Gibson, Mason, Georgia. *Mrs. L.Z. (Leona) Chism*

CHRISTIAN H. CLARKE

I was born in Richmond, Virginia, on February 3, 1905. My forbearers came to Virginia from England, Scotland, and Wales, the earliest arriving in 1671. My forbearers and relatives fought in the American Revolution, The War of 1812, in the Confederate Army from 1861 to 1865, and in World War I and World War II. My son served in Berlin, as a GI, when the wall went up in 1961.

I am a graduate of the University of Georgia, West Point 1930, the Army's Command and General Staff College, the Armed Forces Staff College, and the National War College, later serving on the staff and faculty there.

I was commissioned in the infantry and served on active duty over thirty-eight years in all grades, from second lieutenant through major general. I served on many Army posts in the United States. I served in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor, in Argentina and Paraguay as the military attache in the U.S. Embassy, and later again as such in Mexico. I have had troop command and high staff level roles in the U.S., Europe, and Korea since WWII. I retired in 1963.

I was a captain S-3, 358th Infantry, on the original cadre to help start the 90th Division, and served in training in all grades from captain to colonel in that regiment, and as commanding officer of 2nd Battalion, 358th, in the Normandy invasion, rising to regimental commander on D-Day-plus-5.

I have been awarded twelve U.S. decorations. In 1939 I married Florence Adele Hollis of Eagle Pass, Texas, and we live in Austin, Texas.

KENNETH H. CLOUSE

I was born on May 19, 1919, in Higgensville, Missouri. I was inducted into the Army in February 1941 at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. I was assigned to the 6th Infantry at Fort Frances E. Warren in Wyoming. In 1942 the division was sent to Fort Lenordwood, Missouri. I joined a cadre to Camp Barkeley, Texas, in 1942 to reactivate the 90th Division. I was platoon sergeant of F Company, 357th Infantry Regiment. We participated on maneuvers in Louisiana and California.



Kenneth H. Clouse

In February 1942 I married Mickey Chesser in Abilene, Texas. In December 1943 the division was sent to Fort Dix, New Jersey. The division sailed to England in March 1944. We landed in Normandy, on Utah Beach on June 8. I was wounded on June 10, shrapnel embedded in my right shoulder blade. I returned to duty on July 15. There were many casualties in the company.

We went on attack on October 7 near Maizières-lès-Metz, near the "Slag Dup." This slag is well known by many men. I was hit this morning by mortar shell fragments to the head. I had emergency surgery in Verdun. Seventeen men were killed at this time. I regained consciousness in a hospital in England on October 21. I was returned to the States and sent to McCloskey Hospital in Temple, Texas. I was discharged in June 1945.

I have lived in Alpine, Texas, since that time and am now retired from the Texas Highway Department. We have four sons.

ELZA E. COFFEY



Elza E. Coffey

I was born near Canton, Oklahoma, July 24, 1925. I attended Canton schools until being drafted into the Army November 3, 1943. After basic training at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, I was sent to Europe.

After moving through the replacement depots, I was assigned to G Company, 358th Infantry, 90th Division. I was wounded July 24, 1944, during the battle for the Seves Island. I was sent to England to 110th General Hospital to re-

cover. Later I went to a convalescent hospital in North England. From there I returned to the 90th Division during the Battle of the Bulge.

I remained with the division until after V-E Day and, not having enough points to return home with the division, I was assigned to the 94th Division in Czechoslovakia. From there I returned home and was discharged January 6, 1946.

I finished high school and worked at construction work until going to work for Santa Fe Railroad. During this time I remained in the Army reserves.

On September 10, 1950, I was recalled to active duty. After a short refresher course at Fort Hood, Texas, I was sent to Korea where I was assigned to the 1st Cavalry Division. I was with the 1st Cavalry until being wounded in action October 9, 1951.

I recuperated in Japan and returned home and to the reserves December 31, 1951. I returned to my railroad job and later worked for a gypsum company and grain company, along with farming. In 1962 I went to work at the U.S. Postal Service in Canton, Oklahoma. I am now retired and live near Canton, Oklahoma.

ALVIN M. COHEN



Alvin M. Cohen

I was born in Utica, New York, on October 1, 1925. Later, my family moved to Albany, New York.

I entered the Army on August 3, 1944, at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and was sent to Camp Robinson, Arkansas, for infantry basic training. Upon completion, I was shipped overseas as a replacement and assigned to M Company, 359th Infantry.

I was with the 90th until I was sent home. At that time I was transferred to the 1st Infantry Division, M Company, 26th Regiment, at the Nuremberg War Trials. I was discharged on July 4, 1946.

I returned to Albany, New York, as a salesman and buyer for a wholesale sporting goods company where I am still employed.

In 1960 I enlisted in the New York State Guard as an enlisted man and was commissioned a second lieutenant in 1965. After twenty years of service, I went on the reserve list with the rank of lieutenant colonel.

My wife, Jean, and I reside in Albany, New York, and have one son, Larry, who is married and has four children. Larry is a Marine Corp veteran.

NATHAN COHEN

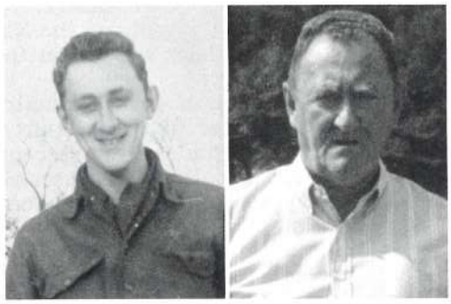
I was born August 26, 1919. I served with the 71st Division and was transferred later to the 90th Division and went into the Normandy Beach-Head. I was in the 358th and was captured at Seves Island on or about July 23, 1944. They took me by boxcar to Stalag 12-A and then to 12-B (Muhlberg).

I give checker exhibitions to disabled veterans, senior citizens and other organizations. I was cited by the senior citizens writer of the Associated Press.

Although wounded and with shrapnel in my legs, I was told I would never run again, but I competed in the Boston Marathon road races and the Lawrence to Salisbray runs and over 100 other road races.

I am a retired mail clerk and live at 128 Park Avenue, Portland, Maine.

GEORGE COLBY



George Colby

I was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, and inducted from there to Camp Blanding, Florida, for seventeen weeks of basic training. In November 1943 I left Boston for England via Ireland. I arrived at Liverpool and debarked for a number of training camps. I left for France and arrived at Utah Beach and joined the 90th Division. Our first action was at Hill 122 with G Company, 358th. I was wounded in the town of Gorges near St. Lo on July 22 and evacuated to a general hospital in Bristol, England. I received a purple heart while there. I left on October 24 for France and arrived at Omaha Beach again.

I joined the 90th Division and 358 Infantry Anti-Tank Company, Mines Platoon, near Forts, Driant, Nancy, etc. We crossed the Moselle River at Battle of Fort Koenigsmacher where we lost four men. Our platoon was attached to G Company to blow up pillboxes at Dillingen. The company commander was killed and the chaplain was wounded. Three pillboxes were blown up and secured, but two tiger tanks came up and leveled their guns at the pillbox doors. Two of us escaped by going back across the railroad tracks zigzagging 50 cal. machine guns, after which the tanks leveled the empty boxcars thinking we were in them.

In April our outfit was one that liberated the concentration camp at Flossenberg near the Czech border. We went into Czechoslovakia on April 18 and then ended up in Schwarzenfeld near Regensberg. We were occupied there until leaving from Marseille to the United States. I was discharged on December 29, 1945. I retired from postal service as a letter carrier for forty years. I am now living in Lake Worth, Florida.

ALFRED B. COPT



Alfred B. Copt

I was inducted into the Army in March 1942 and was shipped to Camp Barkeley, Texas. I was put into the Medical Detachment, 359th Infantry, and went through all of the Barkeley training as well as the Louisiana and California maneuvers.

For the Normandy Invasion, we left Cardiff, England, on June 1, 1944. I was on the ill fated *Susan B. Anthony* when it struck a mine twelve miles from Normandy and sunk. Contrary to reports that all got off safely, I was right beside a soldier who was crushed by a steel I-beam that crashed through the ceiling. The lights went out and it was dark in the hold except for the hole made by the I-beam. One end of the beam was still sticking up on the deck above. I tried to pull the I-beam off of the injured soldier, but could not move it. I crawled up the I-beam and could hear cries and pleading for help from below. As soon as I got up, they announced to abandon ship immediately. Other ships came close and we had to jump from ship to ship. I wound up on a British destroyer. I think we landed about 11a.m.

To make the story short, after twenty-seven days of combat, I was wounded on Hill 122, near La Haye Du Puits. I was hit by a mortar shrapnel that passed through my hip, then through my small intestines, and stopped in my ribs on my other side.

I got married in 1946. I have a wife and three children. I worked for the Soo Line Railroad for 17 years as a telegrapher, and then for the local school district for 19 years. We are retired.

ROBERT COURNOYER

I entered the service on October 26, 1943, and trained at Camp Croft, South Carolina. I went overseas in March and landed in Glascow, England. Our division was given advanced combat training in Southwest England. From there we landed at Utah Beach, France. We took part in the battle of Foret de Monte Castre and Hill 122, the battle in the town of Gorges, and then to the Island of Witches on Seves River, where we received heavy casualties.



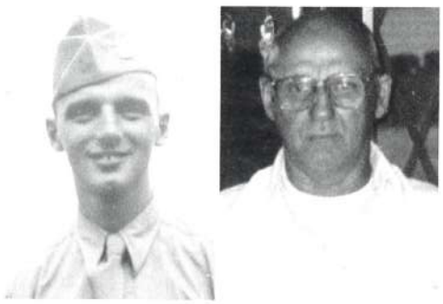
Robert Cournoyer

It was here we were taken prisoners on July 23, 1944–April 15, 1945. I was in Stalag 12D and 4B and sent out on work commando near Czechoslovakia border working in sugar beet fields, potato fields and sugar factory until the end of harvest. We then went to the city of Zeitz working on sewer lines, bomb damage, and chipping mortar from bricks to repair bread ovens.

The Germans marched us further inland from the Allied lines. Willis Carpenter, a soldier named Kelly and myself made our escape from a hole in the roof and made American lines. From there we were sent to 217 General Hospital in Paris—Lucky Strike—and home. I spent three months in Tilton General Hospital, New Jersey, and was discharged on October 31, 1945.

I was married in 1948 and the father of four sons and two daughters. Forty-four years were spent working at the U.S. Postal Service, retiring in 1984 as postmaster in Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

ORBIN DAVID CROCKETT

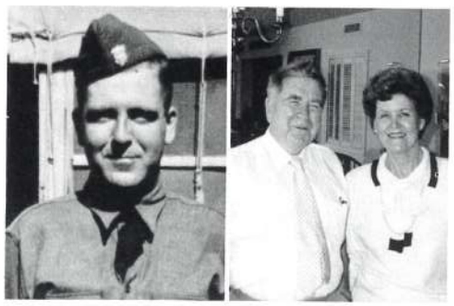


Orbin David Crockett

I was born on July 1, 1917. I entered the service in March 1942 and was in the 90th Division, 2nd Batallion, Headquarters Company, 359th Infantry. I was discharged in March 1944.

I was stationed at Abilene, Texas, for awhile. I was on desert maneuvers in California. I was discharged at Fort Dix, New Jersey, because of my parents' deaths. I had to go home and raise my dad's family. There were three young children left. I am married now and have one son and a daughter. My occupation is farming.

JACK A. CROSBY



Jack A. Crosby
At right Jack and Joyce Crosby

I was drafted into the Army on April 1, 1942, and sent to Camp Barkeley with the 90th Division. We trained at Barkeley and went to the Louisiana maneuvers and on to the desert maneuvers in California. On January 1, 1944, I went to Fort Dix in New Jersey.

I was sent then to England in March 1944 to a town named Beautley, just outside of Kidderminister. From there I went to the invasion of France on D-Day, June 6, 1944. I made it to St. Mary Eglese, then I was wounded June 17 from a tree burst. I was operated on just behind the front lines and they saved my leg which they thought I might lose.

I laid on the beach for six days because of the storm. Then I was sent back to England to the hospital in Bristol. They put me in a body cast and sent me to Ashburn General in McKinney, Texas. From there I was sent to the Army-Navy Hospital in Hot Springs.

I was discharged November 27, 1945. I came back to Ardmore and went into the car business with my father and brother.

In 1948 I married Joyce Bull. We have two children. Our daughter, Karen, is married to Brad Hoover and lives in Dallas where he is vice-president with Trammell Crow Company. They have one daughter. Our son, Ronnie, married Ann Van Eaton and lives in Ardmore. He has a chain of lumber yards. They have two daughters and two sons.

We sold our Chrysler dealership in 1980 and I have been investing in real estate and other investments since.

EDWIN S. CROSS

I was born in Suffolk, Virginia, on January 14, 1913. I was the youngest of four children of Hardy Blackwell and Margaret Smith Cross, who moved to Suffolk from Gates County, North Carolina, in 1907. I graduated from Suffolk High School and completed a course in accounting at Norfolk Business College.



Edwin S. Cross

I was inducted into the Army May 8, 1941, at Fort Lee, Virginia, then assigned to the 29th Infantry Division at Fort Meade, Maryland. I went to OCS (Class No. 82) Fort Benning, Georgia, in July 1942 and graduated in October 1942.

I was assigned to the 103rd Infantry Division, Camp Claibourne, Louisiana. The division was later moved to Camp Howse, Texas. I was married in Dallas, Texas, January 1944.

I left the 103rd Division with the rank of captain to join a replacement group at Camp Shanks, New York, POE and arrived in England in March 1944. I landed in Normandy, France in June 1944 and was given command of A Company, 357th Infantry Regiment, 90th Division, and was wounded July 5 near St. Lô, France. I was evacuated to England, then sent to Woodrow Wilson Hospital in Staunton, Virginia. After two years in hospitals I was given a disability retirement from Walter Reed Hospital in October 1947. Although my tenure of service with the 90th Division was very brief, it has given me many good friends and many, many unforgettable memories.

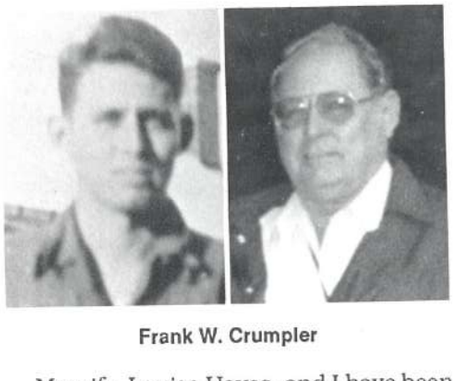
I have resided in Newport News, Virginia, since October 1947. I was in real estate and also worked as a real estate appraiser for the Veterans Administration and others. I retired in January 1987 at age 74 and I am enjoying it immensely.

FRANK W. CRUMPLER

I was born on July 31, 1923, in Smithfield, Virginia. I was the youngest of two children, son of George M. and Fannie S. Crumpler. I graduated from Smithfield High School in 1940 and attended New-

port News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company Apprentice School until drafted in the U.S. Army in December 1943.

I took basic training at Camp Blanding, Florida, and was shipped out of Camp Shanks, New York to England. I landed in France shortly after D-Day and was assigned to the 90th Division, G Company, 358th Infantry Division. I was with the 90th until March 15, 1945, when I was wounded when we were one day from the Rhine River. I returned home through the hospital as a sergeant and received a medical discharge in June 1945.



Frank W. Crumpler

My wife, Louise Hayes, and I have been married 46 years and for 28 years I operated a small plumbing and heating business in Suffolk, Virginia, where I now live. I retired in 1985 and I am a firm believer in occupying my time with hunting and fishing.

JOHN F. DECAIRE SR.



John F. Decaire Sr.

I entered the U.S. Army in 1940 and joined the 359th Infantry in 1943. I served in the European theater and left the outfit in Amberg, Germany, in September 1945. I made the Army my career and retired as a command sergeant major.

I was married in 1947 and have five children, three boys and two girls. We have six grandchildren. We spend our winters in Florida and summers in North Grafton, Massachusetts.

I would like to hear from some of the Headquarters Company, 359th personnel. My addresses are 35 Airport Road, North Grafton, Massachusetts, 01536, and 273 Nautilus Way, Treasure Island, Florida, 33706.

ALBERT W. DICK



Albert W. Dick

I was born on December 24, 1910, in Sterling, Colorado. I was the oldest of nine children, three brothers and five sisters, and raised on a farm in northeastern Colorado.

I attended rural schools, finishing at Padroni, a small school northeast of Sterling. I, subsequently, went into the family farm business full time until my induction into military service on March 23, 1942.

After induction into the Army, at Fort Logan, Colorado, I was sent to Camp Barkeley, Texas, for training with the 90th Infantry Division. Assigned to the 344th Field Artillery Battalion, I moved with the 90th to England and many areas in Europe. Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes and Rhineland were familiar names as we traversed Europe. I left the 344th to return home and was discharged October 22, 1945.

I went back into farming after discharge and, on February 10, 1951, married the former Wilma Deinert Meloney. She was the beautiful, widowed mother of two lovely daughters, Clara and Velda. I continued to farm until 1960 when I retired from farming to work for Logan County Hospital, in Sterling. I have since retired from that job but still work part-time for Logan County, Colorado.

My family, through Clara and Velda, has expanded to include six grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. We, including Wilma and I, are presently all healthy, happy, and thankful for the 90th and any other elements that served to ensure our nation's freedom and enhance our way of life.

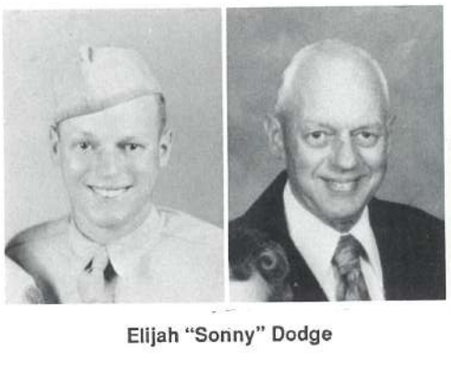
VICTOR S. DI LEO

Victor S. Di Leo was born in Port Chester, New York, on May 11, 1909. He graduated from Boston College and continued his studies at the University of Naples, Italy, receiving a degree in medicine in 1939.

On February 22, 1941, he was married to Mae Elizabeth Hynes of Clifton, New Jersey. He was a practicing physician at St. Mary's Hospital in Orange, New Jersey, when he entered the Army in September, 1943, serving as a battalion surgeon. During the battle in Dillingen, Germany, Capt. Di Leo traversed open area under intense enemy fire to go to the aid of lying near enemy lines. For this he was awarded the Bronze Star on April 26, 1944. He later received the Oak-Leaf Cluster, and served in the Army until January 1946.

In 1962 he became head of anesthesiology at St. Mary's Hospital, Orange, New Jersey, where he practiced until retirement. Dr. Di Leo died on October 26, 1978. He is survived by his wife, Mae Di Leo; his daughter, Mary Ann Codey; and his son, Michael.

ELIJAH L. "SONNY" DODGE



Elijah "Sonny" Dodge

Elijah Dodge was born on December 11, 1917, in Fremont, Nebraska. Later, his family moved to Casper, Wyoming. He moved to Thermopolis, Wyoming, in 1940 and was inducted into the Army on April 1, 1942, and served with M Company, 358th Infantry, 90th Division. He trained at Camp Barkeley, Texas, and served overseas in Europe. He was discharged in October 1945.

"Sonny" owned and operated the Wigwam Bakery in Thermopolis, until ill health forced his retirement in 1976. During his retirement, Sonny and Wilma traveled the West and Midwest in their motor home visiting places they had dreamed of going. Sonny loved working in his yard, around the house, and reminiscing about his Army days.

He married Wilma Murphy in Thermopolis in 1941. His daughter, Sandra Lynn, her husband, Phillip Kerr, and daughter, Leslie, live in Laramie, Wyoming. A grandson, Shawn Kerr, is currently in the U.S. Navy.

E.L. "Sonny" Dodge passed away on July 14, 1988, at the VA Hospital in Cheyenne, Wyoming, and is fondly remembered and missed by his family.

JOSEPH DOMEBO

Joseph Domebo was born in Anadarko, Oklahoma, on December 25, 1917. He attended St. Patrick Indian Mission and Riverside Indian School, both in Anadarko. He was drafted into the U.S. Army on November 24, 1943.

After completing basic training at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, he was ordered to the European Theatre of Operations (ETO) and assigned to G Company, 358th Infantry, 90th Division. He remained with the 90th Division throughout the re-

mainder of the war and was returned to Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, for separation on September 28, 1945.



Joseph Domebo

He participated in the Battle of Normandy, Rhineland, Ardennes and the Central Europe and Northern France Campaigns. His awards include the European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal with one Silver Service Star, the Good Conduct Medal, and the Bronze Star Medal.

After separation from the Army, we worked as a cabinetmaker for various contractors and for a short period of time he was the pastor of the Methodist Church in Stecker, Oklahoma.

Joe remarried in 1968, and moved to Talihina, Oklahoma. There, illness forced him into an early retirement. He passed away on December 28, 1975. *Mrs. Ethel Domebo Anderson*

PARNELL DONOHUE



Parnell Donohue



(L-R) Capt. Hago Pyes, Capt. Chisholm, Lt. Parnell Donohue and Lt. Bill Flynn (358th Infantry)

Parnell Donohue, former South Dakota Attorney General, died May 25, 1990. He was an avid Democrat and was said to have been quite a party builder.

Parnell went into the service in 1942 and won five battle stars. He was discharged in 1946. He and Dorothy Melicek married on June 18, 1949.

Parnell was the Gregory County States Attorney, South Dakota Attorney General from 1958 to 1960, an assistant U.S. Attorney, and had a private law practice in Bonesteel from 1960 to 1962. They moved to Sioux Falls in 1962 and served as the Veterans' Attorney in 1968.

He is survived by his wife, Dorothy; three daughters, Mary Sue Donohue, Margaret Bruggeman, Maureen Donohue, and two grandchildren.

VICTOR J. DOSSOGNE, S.J.

I was born in Couvin, Belgium, August 27, 1900. On my birthday, 1914, Uhlands entered city and occupied Belgium four years.

I entered the Jesuit Novitiates November 19, 1919. In 1924 I went in Belgium Army. August 24, 1931, ordained in Louvain, Belgium; 1934 got doctorate of philosophy in Louvain. I studied at the Sorbonne and Vienna. From 1936 I taught philosophy and history at Notre-Dame De la Paix, Namur, until May 10, 1940. Germans entered Belgium. I escaped to south of France; returned to Belgium. September I escaped on bicycle from Brussels to Marseilles. December 26, entered Spain. I arrived in the United States January 29; taught three years at Loyola University, New Orleans. November 29, 1943, commissioned as chaplain U.S. Army. May 1, 1944—American citizenship.

I arrived in Liverpool May 15, 1944. May 20 I became chaplain in 90th Division Artillery. June 6 I landed in Normandy, St. Mère-Eglise. I crossed France, Fontainbleau, Verdun. On January 1, 1945, I was at Bastogne. March 25, I crossed the Rhine (Oppeinheim), and finished the war in Suzuki, Czechoslovakia.

I returned to the United States on May 1, 1946, and spent a few months at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, then Trieste, Italy, for two years; then two years in Nurnberg. In 1950 I was in El Paso, Texas, at William Beaumont Hospital. In 1951 and 1952 in Bremerhaven; 1953, Frankfurt; 1954-1957, Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Discharged as lieutenant colonel, 1958. In 1958 I served as missionary in Honduras. For 20 years I taught philosophy, history, languages at Trinidad, Colorado State College.

I lost my sight in 1981, except for peripheral vision, to Macula Degeneration and am legally blind. At Denver's Regis college I help the sick and old people, and I am working on my memoirs. I teach languages, where I wait for the call by the Lord.

GEORGE T. DOYLE

I was born on May 11, 1925, in Cleveland, Ohio. I entered the service on September 23, 1943. I received my basic training at Camp Van Dorn in Mississippi, with the 63rd Division. After basic, I joined the 90th Infantry at Fort Dix, New Jersey. From Fort Dix we went to Camp Kilmer. We arrived in the United Kingdom on Good Friday of 1944.



George Doyle, holding photo taken during war

We were stationed near Devonshire, Wales, for six or seven weeks before going to the English coast to wait for the invasion. On June 4 we boarded the *LCI* and sailed to Utah Beach. We landed at 10:00 a.m. At that time the first and third battalions of the 359th Infantry were attached to the 4th Infantry Division. Being in A Company, 359th, I landed on D-Day as a private first class. On Hill 122 I received my first Purple Heart and my sergeant stripes. As our division history points out, the battle of Hill 122 was a great victory for us as green troops against the well seasoned 15th Parachute Regiment.

I stayed with my company until February 6, 1945, when, at Prum, Germany, I was wounded twice. I returned to an English hospital and later to the U.S. I was discharged on February 16, 1946, from Newton D. Baker Army Hospital, one year and ten days later.

I married Catherine Dalton in 1949, and we now have five children and four grandchildren. I am retired after 46 years in the printing trade.

RALPH E. DUMFORD

I was born April 18, 1925, the third son of nine children to Harry A. and Jennie (Adams) Dumford, in Dayton, Ohio. We moved to Bellbrook, Ohio, in 1928.

I was inducted into the U.S. Army on August 14, 1943, behind my two brothers, who were already in the service. I was sent to Camp Blanding, Florida, for Army Infantry Basic Training. I was awarded Expert Medal for the .30-caliber M-1 rifle, and Marksman Medal for the

.30-caliber machine gun, .30-caliber carbine and .45-caliber pistol.



Ralph E. Dumford

I left the United States for Europe on June 15, 1944. I joined D Company, 359th Regiment, 90th Infantry Division on July 6, 1944, in the hedgerows of France, one month after D-Day of Normandy, France. We fought in the Battles of Normandy, Northern France Rhineland, Ardennes Central Europe and the Battle of the Bulge.

I was wounded while in Czechoslovakia and received the Purple Heart. I was also awarded the Good Conduct Medal, Distinguished Unit Badge, Service Medal with five Bronze Stars, Victory Medal, Expert Infantry Badge and Combat Infantry Badge. I received an Honorable Discharge from the Army December 15, 1945, at Indiantown Gap Military Reserve, Pa.

I returned to Bellbrook, Ohio, to finish high school and received my diploma in June 1946. I married Betty J. Shaw, my "high school sweetheart" who waited for me, on December 14, 1946. We have four wonderful children and 12 grandchildren. I drove a wholesale milk truck before retiring in 1988.

ROBERT C. DU PUIS



Robert Du Puis (left) with John "Jiggs" Fisk

I was born at Tacoma, Washington, nearby where my father was stationed at Fort Lewis in the latter stages of World War I. I grew up in Pendleton, Oregon. There, orphaned at an early age, and the eldest of siblings Lenore, Edward and Donna Jean, with much assistance from the Mother Superior and Catholic nuns at St. Joseph Academy, we all attended that school, studied music and graduated.

I was drafted into the Army in November 1941, the same year that Congress extended Selective Service for one year by a majority of one vote. I attained sergeant grade, was commissioned at Fort Benning, Georgia, in early 1943, and joined the 90th on maneuvers in Louisiana, as a platoon leader in G Company, 2nd Battalion, 359th Infantry Regiment, before the 90th's return to Camp Barkeley, Texas.



(L-R) Col. Bacon, Lt. Col. Pond, Lt. Col. Smith, Lt. Col. Gorton, Major Boers and Lt. Du Puis

I landed on Utah Beach in Normandy on D-Day with the 1st and 3rd Battalions of the 359th Regiment, as S-2 liaison for the 2nd Battalion. I was to learn that my battalion was forced to evacuate our ship off-shore due to enemy action. However, most members got ashore safely, were reequipped and rearmed, and headed across France under the command of Lt. Col. Donald Gorton, of Tecumseh, Nebraska.

Wounded three times in that trip across Europe, and twice evacuated, I was commanding captain K Company, 359th, when we met the Russians at Keatovy, Czechoslovakia. I returned to the States in late 1945 wearing the Combat Infantry Badges, and ribbons indicating awards of the Bronze Star with three Oak Leaf Clusters and V-Device, and Purple Heart with two Oak Leaf Clusters. I was to later serve towns in Korea, Japan and Thailand.

I retired (lieutenant colonel) on December 31, 1961, after being for 2-1/2 years chief, Department of Army Military Management Team, Central United States.

Subsequently I was special projects officer; chief of Inquiries Division and assistant director of liaison at OCHAMPUS (Office for the Civilian Health and Medical Program for the Uniformed Services) in Denver, Colorado, when retired and their families first became eligible for CHAMPUS in 1967. Later, I was for five years manager of CHAMPUS Liaison for the CHAMPUS contractor in California.

Having declined the opportunity in 1974 for the GS-14 position of assistant director, CHAMPUS Policy, office of the Principal Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense, Pentagon, in 1975 I was considered for the position of first civilian director, OCHAMPUS. However, successful attainment of that position not to be, partially due to sudden onset of my first organic illness. Recovering from that illness and back in working shape, I was for 12 years taxpayer service representative for the Internal Revenue Service in the Denver District and retired from Civil Service effective April 30, 1990.

I and my wife of 45 years, Jerry, an excellent homemaker and mother, reside on our comfortable condominium in Denver, Colorado. Her son and my step-son, James Tipton, CLU, reside in Houston, Texas. Our daughter Robyn DuPuis resides in San Francisco, California.

JOHN BURTON EDMONDS



John Burton Edmonds in 1945 and in 1965 with Col. Fales, who prompted him to "stand up straight and look like a soldier"

I went to Camp Barkeley in December 1942 to take my basic training with the 90th Infantry Division. There I was assigned to Lt. William's platoon of World War I. He was a brigadier general with the 90th Division in World War II. Later he retired as a lieutenant general. That was the first platoon of I Company, 359th Infantry. On D-Day I was the first scout of that platoon which headed the march order of that day. I was wounded three times and stayed with the platoon as a sergeant until the Rhine River.

After returning home from the war, I bought a general merchandise store which I operated for 43 years.

It would be ungrateful of me not to mention the following soldiers who contributed so much to this effort: Frank McCabe (Kan.), John Gilstrap (Kan.), Barney Prosser (Tex.), Ashley Deans (N.C.), D-Angelas (Col.), Joe Taylor (N.M.), Bruce Lytle (S.D.), Jasper Aaser (N.D.), Gilbert Schmidt (Tex.), Ham (Ark.), Carl Rash (Mo.), Hayes (N. Mex.), Chalmer Kutz (Mo.), C.O. Reg. Col. Clark K. Fales and many more.

I married Norma Lawson in 1942. We both attended the college of William and Mary. There I was on the track team, football, and basketball teams for three years.

ARLO VINTON EDWARDS

I was born, reared and educated in Atwood, Kansas, in Rawlins County. Margaret and I were married during my fur-

lough in January 1944, just before I went across. We are now retired and live in Colby, Kansas. We still own our farm-ranch operation.



Arlo Vinton Edwards

I left Atwood with a bus load of men from Rawlins County. Ironically, all twenty-seven of us made it through the war and returned physically fit. Our long term of training was strenuous. War is horrible!... sadness of losing our friends, and it created hardships worldwide. It boggles the mind to think that we could endure so much through all kinds of bad weather without enough sleep, dirt, injuries, hard work, and in the same dirty clothes endlessly.

The 1st and 3rd Battalions landed on Utah Beach, Normandy, on D-Day, June 6, 1944. I was one of them! When we reached the trees, we saw many 101st Airborne hanging with their parachutes. At Hill 122, I was injured, shot, but fought through all five of the big battles, then awarded medals of honor.

I am proud to have served and been a part of the 90th Division Headquarters of World War II. To me, those of us "buddies" that were through it all, were as close as people get. My experiences could be summed up this way: *close friends, constant fatigue, and extreme fear.*

I am proud to be a hero of WWII.

RICHARD B. EISENBERG



Richard B. Eisenberg, M.D.

I was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, on August 30, 1916, and was educated in the Erie public schools. I attended the University of Pennsylvania and graduated with an AB degree in 1938, and from the medical school in 1942. After internship I entered the Army at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, in July 1943 and joined the 90th Infantry at Fort Dix in March 1944.

After the war I served a pathology residency at the University of Pennsylvania and became the chief of pathology at St. Vincent Hospital in Erie, Pennsylvania, in 1949 serving there until I semi-retired in 1983.

I married Mina Berenstain in 1943. We have a son living in Hawaii, a daughter in California, and another daughter living in Jerusalem at this time. We have three grandchildren.

I enjoy sailing on Lake Erie, skiing and motorhoming, in between stints of medical (pathology) practice in area hospitals.

EMIL EISENHAUER



Emil Eisenhauer

I was born on August 23, 1914, grew up on a farm and went to a country school. I did my own repair work on car and tractor motors and this is what gave me the break of getting the chance of being first mechanic of C Battery, 345th Field Artillery.

I was friends to all, and more so to the prime mover drivers. Four of us have gotten together about every year since.

I was nicknamed Ike or was called Four Star by most of C Battery. I was one of the lucky ones, going the entire time of combat with the 90th Division.

LEWIS M. ELLIS

I was a rifleman sent as a replacement to Company K, 359th Infantry Regiment, 90th Infantry Division, of General Patton's Third Army.

I joined them during the Battle of the Bulge and it was so cold and miserable that I don't know how we survived.

I owe my life to all those others in the outfit; Staff Sgt. Hartfile, Buck Sgt. John Kelly, Sgt. Williams, David W. Ellis, Padoe, Madar, Sledge, Monihan, just to name a few.

My memory fails to recall others, but I do remember those cold nights and days of mud and snow, and when we hit the Seigfreid Line. We were facing German SS troops, Tiger Royal Tanks, plus everthing they had to throw at us. We survived, but I don't know how. We lost several men in that fight.

We finally got the Jerrys moving in retreat and just kept pushing until we drove them out of Germany into Czechoslovakia.

Our last day of combat was hell. I came close to getting my head shot off while pinned down in a ditch. I tried to raise my head up behind a tree to see where they were shooting from. They saw my head and just about shot the tree off just above my helmet, then they fired mortars all over us.

Dark came and we were relieved by a new division fresh from the states. We were hauled back about thirty miles on the convoy that had brought up our relief.

Before daylight a messenger came and said we had to get back up there, that the German 11th Panzer Division wanted to surrender. But they would not surrender to the new division. They wanted to surrender to the 90th Division who had been fighting them all the way across Europe.

They had us dig in a intervals across a valley still before daylight. When daylight came there were convoys of Germans looking over the tops of the hills at us from several directions. I wasn't sure until about mid morning just who had surrendered to who. I sure was glad to learn that it was really over

RICHARD K. ELWELL



Richard K. Elwell

I was born in Toledo, Ohio, December, 1919, and entered the military service November 1942; assigned to the 89th Infantry Division. He graduated from Fort Benning, Georgia, Infantry School November 9, 1943. I was assigned to the 90th Infantry Division while we were on maneuvers in the Mojave Desert in California, as ammunition and pioneer platoon leader, Headquarters Company, 3rd Battalion, 358th Infantry. I went overseas with the Division to England, and participated in the landing at Utah Beach, France, June 8, 1944.

Subsequently I served as battalion S-4 and was the battalion S-3 operations officer when I was wounded January 20, 1945, at Neiderwampach, Belgium, during the Battle of the Bulge. After recovering from my wounds, I was assigned as

motor officer and rehabilitation officer, 82nd General Hospital stationed at Sossons, France, and later assigned as rehabilitation officer, 825 Convalescent Center, when the war ended in Japan.

During my service, I was decorated with the Presidential Unit Citation (Action-Hill #122), Silver Star, three Bronze Stars and the Purple Heart.

I was active in the Army Reserve, retiring with the rank of major. Returning to civilian life, I made my career with Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., retiring in 1979 as executive vice-president of Kelly/Springfield Tire Co., subsidiary of Goodyear.

My wife, Mildred, and I have been married forty-eight years, and live in a condominium at Granger Lake, Medina, Ohio. We have two sons, their wives, and four grandchildren all living within 60 miles of us.

DALE ENGLISH

I enlisted in the Army on December 28, 1939, at the age of eighteen years and thirteen days and was honorably discharged at the separation center, Indiantown Gap Mil. Res., Pennsylvania, on September 3, 1945, Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, 359th Infantry, 90th Infantry Division.

The above out of the way, I would like to contribute a short story to the 90th Division Commemorative Book. This has nothing to do with the gore of war; I would like to forget all that, but still at times after 45 years it still hits a soft spot in my tummy and I become depressed.

I was in Headquarters Company, 359th Infantry Battalion, 90th Infantry Division, on one fine day in Wales, England, when they told us that we were off on an adventure; pack your full field gear and be ready to move out. The date I cannot remember, June 1944. They put us on transports and we went to the yards somewhere on the coast, who knows as all the signs were down, no names of towns anywhere. Anyway, we were loaded on LCI's and sat, you know, hurry up and wait.

We next were in the English Channel going east I guess and then on the morning of June 6, 1944, at about 0730 we unloaded into Higgens boats and after that it was in the cold water and the beach... Far out, guys.

JEAN-PAUL ESPINOSA

At the beginning of the war I had been a foot soldier and was wounded at Ardennes and taken prisoner by the Germans. From my hospital bed I escaped into Belgium and later made my way back home to Paris.

Because I spoke English, I soon was contacted by a friend who asked me to hide an American for a night. Soon I was part of the French underground transporting downed English and American pilots back to allied-controlled territory.



(L-R) Lt. Jean-Paul Espinosa, Lt. Larry Lampo, Capt. Hugo Pyes and Corp. Hollingsworth. Taken near Mairy after the "Little" Fracas.

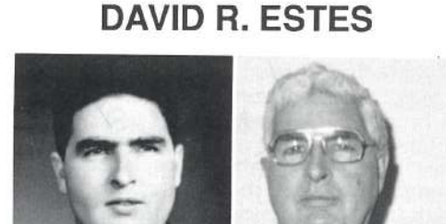


Jean-Paul Espinosa, right, and William Falvey remember their days together

After I was attached to the 90th Infantry, I would slip behind German lines to check on their positions and gather intelligence information from French citizens.

The war ended for me when William Falvey, who was a regimental intelligence officer with the 358th Infantry, 90th Division, sent me into Germany to monitor the retreat of German troops. Standing in a field talking with countrymen, I was injured seriously by machine gun fire from a German aircraft.

DAVID R. ESTES



David R. Estes

I was born March 18, 1926, in Mattawamkeag, Maine. I was inducted into the Army in August 1944 and took basic training at Fort Knox, Kentucky. From there I was sent to England and France where I was assigned to A Company of the 773rd Tank Destroyer Battalion. I received the Purple Heart and Bronze Star for action near Neider Olm, Germany, on March 20, 1945. I was sent back to England to recuperate and was still in the hospital when the war ended. I returned to the 773rd Tank Destroyers and did border-guard duty on the Germany/Czechoslovakia border. I also did guard duty with war dogs in the Nuremberg area.

I was discharged in July 1946. I obtained a B.S. degree at the University of Maine, then worked 29 years for the Railroad Perishable Inspection Agency and 8 years with Conrail. I am now retired and living with my wife, Audrey, in Camp Hill, Pennsylvania. We have three daughters and two grandsons.

HERBERT T. ETTALA



Herbert Ettala

Herbert Ettala was born in Connecticut on January 14, 1918. He was one of two surviving children born in the United States to Finnish immigrant farmers. This had special meaning for an entire new generation of Americans.

As a young boy, the family moved from Connecticut to Bay Ridge, New York. There he graduated from public school and met his future wife, Gertrude Jokela. Before entering college, he was inducted into the Army in 1941. While in the service, he married in 1942. During his time in France, he was awarded the Bronze Star for meritorious service by Maj. Gen. Van Fleet in December 1944.

After his discharge from the Army in 1945, he returned to college. Working during the day as an accountant, he attended school in the evening to obtain his degree. Early in the 1950s he received his C.P.A.

In 1956, he moved his family to East Northport, Long Island. He had two children, Kathleen and Jeffrey. Unfortunately, Jeffrey only lived for a short time. Shortly after his son's death, Herbert died on May 29, 1965. He is survived by his wife and daughter.

His daughter will never forget his accounts of World War II, and the heroic efforts by the men of the 90th Infantry Division. It is for this, and his two beautiful grandchildren, Erika and Mike, who never personally met him, that we remember.

Although my father has been deceased now for 25 years, I will never forget any of his account of World War II. They have left me with lasting impressions filled with pride and honor for the men of the 90th Infantry Division.

I am certain my father would have been very pleased to be a part of this special edition. I know his grandchildren will feel proud of their grandfather, and the sacrifices his generation made for our country.

— Kathleen L. (Ettala) Watters

POLEY EVANS

I was born on March 24, 1912, in Ashland, Louisiana. There were 10 children; four girls and six boys. My father had 10 sons and sons-in-law in service in World War II.



Poley Evans

I received my B.S. degree and second lieutenant's commission from L.S.U. and went into the service in 1940, to Francis E. Warren in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Then I went to Camp Roberts, California, then Camp Barkeley, Texas, to form the 90th Division. I was with the K Company, 359th Infantry. We maneuvered in Louisiana against the 77th Division. Then to desert maneuvers in Arizona and California; then to Fort Dix, New Jersey, to ship out for Europe in March 1944.

On June 6, 1944, we entered H-hour-plus-8 along with the 1st Battalion of 359th Infantry in the D-Day invasion. On November 11, I was wounded. Capt. Baushausen, Capt. Newswanger, Sgt. Schutzfield, and a lot of good NCO and men were killed. We were at Oberlemnit, Germany, on April 14, 1945. After sending all six men home who entered on D-Day with me, I returned to the States. There were twenty-six officers who passed through K Company from D-Day to my departure in April. Two battles which stand out in my mind were the Falaise Gap and the taking of Mainz, Germany.

I returned to civilian life in February 1946 and attended optometry college in Chicago. I practiced optometry in Shreveport and Jonesboro for over thirty-five years, retiring in 1985. I married June Pitzer of Oklahoma City on June 6, 1943, and had two children: Cheryl Baker of Houston, Texas, and Stephen Evans, deceased.

Our heroes were not as fortunate as we who are writing our biographies.

CARL "BUZZ' EVERETT

I was called to active duty in March 1942 and after a short course at Fort Benning, Georgia, was reassigned to my old regiment, 359th Infantry. Service there included Rifle Company, Anti-Tank Company, Commando Platoon, and 3rd Battalion Headquarters.



The 359th Infantry Chapel, Camp Barkeley, Texas, at Jim and Chris Lepine's wedding in 1943; followed by best man Lt. and Mrs. "Babe" Rice. Honor Guard from lower left clockwise: Lts. Jim Kellond, Hobby McCall, "Mac" McCann, Ed Linehart, Willie Weeks and Carl Everett



Headquarters Company, 90th Division—St. Louis, Mo. 1988. (L-R) Elmer Gonitzke, Jerry Alexander, Carl Everett and Frank McCauley



Middleburg, Virginia—1990. (L-R) Col. Frank Gilchrist, C.O. 315th Engr. Bn.; Ed Hamilton, C.O. 1st Bn, 357th Infantry; Lt. Gen. Orwin Talbott, C.O. G Company and 3rd Bn., 359th Infantry; Gen. Richard G. Stilwell, G-3 90th Division; and Carl Everett, Asst. G-3 90th Division

In Janary 1943 I was assigned to 90th Headquarters Company, and then to 90th Headquarters as aide de camp to Brigadier General Samuel T. Williams. This assignment gave me a view of all the division and its personnel. Being an aide to General Williams was one of the more enlightening experiences of my life. When General Williams left the division, I was assigned to the 90th Recon troop, just before the break through out of Normandy, and was ordered back to Headquarters 90th G3 Section as one of the assistants in operations. Soldiering with Richard G. Stilwell was a great learning experience.

Like all who served, I have many memories. They are highlighted by thoughts of the sinking of the *Susan B. Anthony* in the invasion, the assault on Gourbesville, Hill #122, Seves River, the breakout and run to Le Mons and close the gap at Chambois, the drive across Franch, being wounded, returning in time for the Sarr Crossing, then to the bitter cold of the bulge, our drive into the heartland of Germany and over to Czechoslovakia. All this service was with the greatest military unit ever. No unit ever had better "esprit de corps", before, then or now. The bond of comradery between the men is unmatched; blood kin or any kind of relationship won't touch it.

The leaders I served under, Clarke Fales, Sam Williams, and Richard G. Stilwell, were a tremendous inspiration, and 46 years later still are. Making life-long friends in each unit shows how strong that bond is.

May we never forget those who paid the supreme price, and may God bless the men of the 90th wherever you are.

WILLIAM J. FALVEY



William J. "Major Bill" Falvey



Bill and Betty Falvey. Photo taken in memory of the 90th Division Reunion in October 1982 by Bill and Eleanor Chisholm

I was born in November 1914 in Gary, Indiana. The family moved several times in northern Indiana and ended up in

Knox, Indiana, in 1921. I was graduated from Knox High School in 1932. In the summer of 1931 I was 16 years old and attended the Citizens Military Training Camp (CMTC) at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana. One of my first jobs was that of a mule leader in a machine gun company.

After four summers of CMTC I was commissioned a reserve second lieutenant. Betty Wagner and I were married in 1937 and when I was called into service on the day after Pearl Harbor in 1941. We had 2-1/2 children.

I first served in G Company of the 358th Infantry as a second lieutenant platoon leader and after one year was promoted to first lieutenant and given the job of second battalion S-2. On the desert in California in 1943 I was made Regimental S-2 and promoted to captain. I was promoted to major during the Battle at Hill 122 in July of 1944 and remained in that very interesting job of Regimental S-2 throughout the war. I was discharged with 148 Points in December of 1945.

After the war, I went back into the men's clothing business and became president of a chain of 23 stores. In 1989 I am still in the men's clothing business with two stores and am still working full time at age 75. Betty and I have attended most of the Army reunions since the war and I have made seven trips back to Europe with various 90th Division Tour Groups.I am very proud of having been a part of the 90th Infantry Division.

HAROLD E. FLINT



Harold E. Flint

Harold E. Flint was born in Fargo, North Dakota, on March 21, 1912. He graduated from Fargo High School in 1931. He was employed by WLS Radio and Prairie Farmer Magazine in Chicago, Illinois. He went through infantry training at Camp Blanding, Florida, in 1944 and joined Company K, 3rd Battalion, 358th Infantry Regiment in Normandy. On the night of June 16, 1944, he was wounded in action near Les Sablons, Normandy, and on July 4, 1944, he was assigned to 188th General Hospital in Cirencester, England, and discharged as Tech on January 4, 1946.

He married Sylvia Wester on March 24, 1940, in Minneapolis, Minnesota. He founded and developed Harold E. Flint and Associates in Fargo, which became Premier Advertising Agency in North Dakota. His clients included some of the area's leading businesses and industries. He was noted as a leading political consultant to congressmen and senators, and was active in many civic endeavors including Greater North Dakota Association. He was a supporter of veterans' activities and highly respected for his creativity, compassion, honesty and integrity. He died on September 26, 1985, and is survived by Sylvia, two sons and a daughter, William B. Flint, James B. Flint, Mrs. Dale (Nancy) Amundson, a brother, Glenn W. Flint, and eight grandchildren.

— Glenn W. Flint

CHARLES MICHAEL FLYNN



Charles M. Flynn (extreme right) with Army buddies from North Dakota at Camp Barkeley in Abilene, Texas.

I was born in Canada in 1918 to John and Sarah Flynn, the second of eight children. My parents sent me to Ekelson, North Dakota, to attend high school and live with relatives.

After graduation, I was working with my uncle when I was drafted into the United States Army and inducted March 30, 1942, at Fort Snelling, Minnesota.

I trained at Camp Barkeley, attended radio school at Fort Benning, Georgia, and then shipped out, landing on Normandy on D-Day.

My battles and campaigns were Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland and Central Europe. We met the Russian Army in Pilson, Czechoslovakia, as the war ended.

One of our most trying times during the war was when we moved in on the south side of the Bulge, where we suffered heavy casualties.

My decorations and citations include World War II Victory Medal, American Theater Ribbon, European African Middle Eastern Theater Ribbon with five bronze service stars, Good Conduct Medal, and France Arrowhead.

I returned to the United States and was discharged at Fort Knox, Kentucky, on October 25, 1945.

I hired out with the Northern Pacific Railroad in December 1945 and retired as a dispatcher after thirty-five years, then the Burlington Northern.

I was married in North Dakota in 1946. I have nine children. Today I live in retirement at 1300 Buchanan St. N.E., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

JOE N. FOSTER



Joe N. Foster

I was born in Columbus, North Carolina, on August 12, 1922. I was inducted into the Army on November 15, 1942. I was sent to Camp Barkeley, Texas, where I was assigned to the L Company, 359th Infantry, 90th Division. I stayed with the 359th all the way to Walling, Germany, where I was captured. I was a Prisoner of War for seven months. I was discharged on November 15, 1945.

I have lived in Lynn, North Carolina, since that time with my wife Ruth. We have three children. I worked with the North Carolina Forest Service until I retired.

ERNIE FOUDRAY



Ernie Foundray

I was born in Blackwell, Oklahoma, on December 7, 1916, and graduated from Blackwell High School. I was one of a family of nine half-sisters and brothers, and my full sister currently lives in Beaumont, Texas. My parents were Edward and Lula Foudray, who were pioneers in settling the Oklahoma Territory. My father rode in the Cherokee Strip, which opened the Territory to settlers, and which just celebrated its centennial.

I entered the service on February 27, 1936, in Oklahoma City at age 20, and I served with the 20th Infantry, 6th Division, in Cheyenne, Wyoming. I was transferred to the 90th Division at Fort

Lenardwood, Missouri, then sent to form a cadre at Camp Barkeley, Texas.

I shipped out for England from Fort Dix, New Jersey, to participate in World War II. I was a first sergeant in the European Theater and entered the war at Omaha Beach. I was in Czechoslovakia when I was demobilized. Having served for two years with no furlough and having a family, I was high point man and among the first to come home on the point system. While in Europe I was awarded the Bronze Star and six Battle Stars.

I was married to Zina Laird of Hayes Center, Nebraska, in 1941. I have one son and two daughters, ten grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. Since 1945 we lived in Lincoln, Nebraska, and I worked as a printing pressman until 1972. I worked at the University of Nebraska until I retired in 1981 when we moved to our lake property at South Bend, Nebraska, which is our current home. We now have a beautiful life in the country where we watch birds, listen to music, are Big Red football fans, and enjoy our church.

EDDIE L. FRANKLIN



Eddie L. Franklin

I was born in Missouri, November 22, 1914. I graduated high school in Hardin, Missouri, 1933, and entered the Army in May 1943.

I basiced in Field Artillery at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and assigned cadre there. I became Infantry via OCS at Benning on November 11, 1944, and was assigned for a few days at Fort McClellan, Alabama, IRTC. I was shipped to ETO and assigned to 90th Division, Charley Company, 359th, joining outfit just outside Metz, France, in January 1945. I remained with 90th through Siegfried Line near village of Habschied, Germany. I was hospitalized in First General, Paris, France, and ultimately reassigned (CONAD).

During ETO tour, earned combat Infantry badge and took part in three campaigns, Ardennes, Rhineland and Central Europe.

I rotated through Port of Le Havre to Zi in July 1946. I left active duty at Fort Sheridan and commissioned reserve first lieutenant and later joined 406th Infantry, 102th Infantry Division. I resigned reserve commission in 1952.

I migrated to Homer, Alaska via Alcan Highway in July 1950 accompanied by wife, Mary, and sons, Gordon and Stephen. I remained in Alaska 21 years until May 1971. I retired to Missouri Ozarks in 1971 to raise beef cattle and operated small wood working shop and currently reside in Dallas County, City of Buffalo, Missouri.

MURRAY FRANKLIN



Murray Franklin

I entered the service in March 1942, at Camp Barkeley, Texas, as regimental surgeon, 359th Infantry Regiment, 90th Division. I trained with the medical detachment and participated in Texas, Louisiana, and California desert maneuvers. From April to June 1944, I was stationed in England prior to the Normandy invasion. I participated in the D-Day Normandy invasion at Utah Beach while the 359th Infantry Regiment was temporarily attached to the 4th Infantry Division. My medical detachment performed in a superior manner and was one of the most decorated units in the Army.

I was wounded twice in Normandy and hospitalized in England for a month. After recuperating, I returned to the 359th Regiment and was with the division from the Falaise Gap Battle to the Battle of Metz. Later, on the way to Bastogne with Gen. Patton's troops, I was wounded again and evacuated back to England. I was returned to the United States and hospitalized at Crile General Hospital, and at the end of the war was discharged from the service at Camp Lawton, Georgia, where I received a final promotion to lieutenant colonel. I was awarded the following decorations: Silver Star, Bronze Star with Cluster, Purple Heart with Cluster, Croix de Guerre, Medical Combat Badge, and Invasion Arrowhead.

JAMES E. GARNER

I was born in Kennett, Missouri, on January 27, 1922, and moved to Cape Girardeau, Missouri, in 1924. I lived in Cape for eighteen years and attended school. I became employed by a produce company, driving a truck and delivering produce to most of the forty-eight states. I then moved to St. Louis, Missouri, in the late 1930s and had various jobs.

I was inducted into the service on December 18, 1942, and stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.



James E. Garner

I received basic training at Camp Barkeley, Texas, and joined the Service Company, 359th Infantry during the Louisiana maneuvers. I returned to Camp Barkeley and went on to the California desert maneuvers. From California I went to Fort Dix, New Jersey, as a dispatcher in the Motor Pool. I was then sent overseas with the division on the ship *Athalone Castle*. While stationed in England I hauled supplies to the port of departation. I then landed in Franch as a kitchen driver for I Company 359 and was made transportation corporal for the 3rd Battalion, which I continued throughout the war.

After the war's end I was in Pond Barracks, Amberg, Germany, and was in a jeep accident and returned to the states and was separated from the service at O'Reilly General Hospital in Springfield, Missouri, on February 12, 1946, and returned to St. Louis, Missouri.

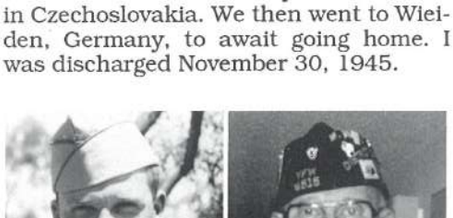
I was married in 1947 to a beautiful woman and had three lovely daughters. I became manager of a ladies sportswear manufacturer.

In 1960 I moved my family to West Palm Beach, Florida, where I currently reside. I retired from the building industry in 1984. My wife and I have seven grandchildren and are very proud of them.

RICHARD E. GARNER JR.

I was born October 8, 1921, in Springfield, Illinois, and graduated Springfield High in 1939. My family moved to Chicago in September 1939. I was the youngest census taker in 1940. I worked at Republic Drill and Tool Company until I was inducted into the Army November 6, 1942. I arrived at Camp Barkeley, Texas, November 11, 1942. I received basic training, and spent two months in jungle maneuvers in Louisiana in 1943. I spent three months in desert maneuvers in Mojave Desert in California in 1943, and had shore landings training in En-

gland, March-May 1944. I walked ashore in Normandy Beach, France (Utah-Uncle-Red), June 1944. I was wounded three times: Normandy Beach, Dillingen, Germany, and Pronsfeld, Germany. When World War II ended in May 1945 we were in Czechoslovakia. We then went to Wieiden, Germany, to await going home. I was discharged November 30, 1945.



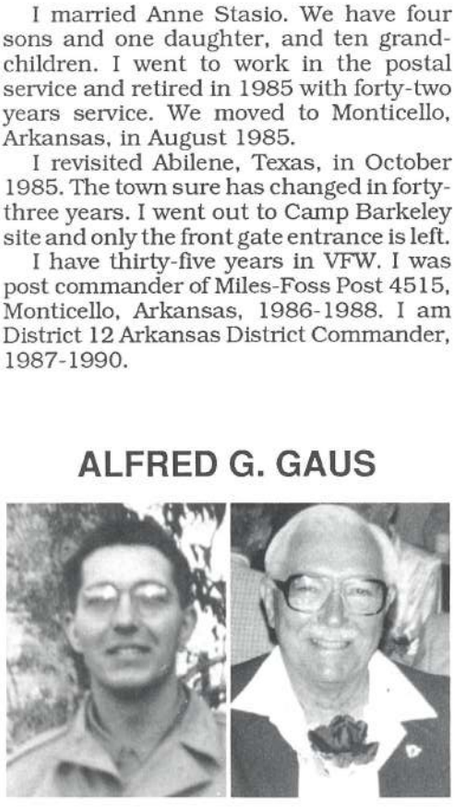
Richard E. Garner Jr.

I married Anne Stasio. We have four sons and one daughter, and ten grandchildren. I went to work in the postal service and retired in 1985 with forty-two years service. We moved to Monticello, Arkansas, in August 1985.

I revisited Abilene, Texas, in October 1985. The town sure has changed in forty-three years. I went out to Camp Barkeley site and only the front gate entrance is left.

I have thirty-five years in VFW. I was post commander of Miles-Foss Post 4515, Monticello, Arkansas, 1986-1988. I am District 12 Arkansas District Commander, 1987-1990.

ALFRED G. GAUS



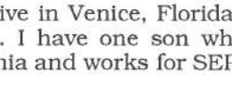
Alfred G. Gaus

I was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on February 11, 1919. I was inducted into the Army at Fort George G. Meade in Maryland on August 17, 1943. From there I was shipped to Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi, to the 63rd Infantry Division. After basic training I volunteered for combat. I was shipped to the 90th Division, M Company, 358th.

I was discharged at Frankfurt, Germany, on November 17, 1945. I worked on the Nuremburg War Crimes Trials as office manager. After the original trials I transferred to Vienna, Austria, where I set up schools in Vienna, Salzburg, and Linz, Austria, for American children of G.I.'s in Europe. After one year there I came home to Philadelphia where I worked in the traffic department of the Reading Railroad, where I retired in 1980.

I now live in Venice, Florida, with my wife, Ann. I have one son who lives in Philadelphia and works for SEPTA.

JOHN W. GAY



John W. Gay

I was born December 12, 1919, and raised in the hills of Osage County, Oklahoma. I grew up experiencing cattle ranching, farming to breaking horses. Since there were eight boys and one girl in the family, Uncle Sam called on six of us to serve in the armed forces. I took the Oath at Tulsa, picked up my gear in Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and then located at Camp Barkeley, Texas. And I have a few choice cuss words for the guy that issued me the M-1 Rifle with the pitted bore, in case I should ever meet him again. But maybe I should thank him instead, since all of that extra duty made a better soldier out of me.

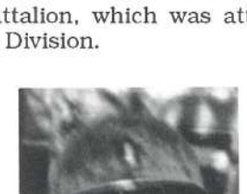
I was assigned to the 81mm Mortar Platoon of M Company, 357th Regiment. Some time later a commando unit was formed and I was transferred over for commando training. After a few months it was decided we would be attached to Headquarters Company, 357th as an I & R platoon of which I remained for the rest of my Army career.

I have seen some real exciting adventures abroad with the 90th which I was very proud to have served. After spending 11 months and 22 days on the front lines, I consider myself a lucky man to be back living in the U.S.A. and no battle scars to show for it.

After knocking around a number of states and working at a good many jobs, I finally retired from General Telephone Company of Michigan and am now living in St. Johns, Michigan.

JAMES L. GIFFORD

My first 21 years were spent in Gloversville, New York. I left Union College to enter the Army for one year in September 1941; then came Pearl Harbor. We landed in England in the spring of 1944 and then with the invasion of Normandy was assigned as a lieutenant to the 712th Tank Battalion, which was attached to the 90th Division.



James L. Gifford

We participated in the breakout and the Falaise Gap engagement. When the cease fire came at 2:00 p.m., a sea of men surrendered to us, passing by our tanks enroute to the rear, most were exhausted and many were wounded. The valley was a carnage of a destroyed Army. Since we were the 90th own tank battalion we participated in all of its engagements.

On January 9, 1945, while in the lead tank approaching Bastogne, I received a bullet in the head. A bazooka struck the tank, but the crew survived. I asked to leave the hospital and returned to the 712th. We finished the war in Europe and met the Russians in Czechoslovakia. I volunteered to go to the Pacific and was transferred to the 8th Armored Group; and while awaiting shipment in La Havre the Bomb fell and the war was over.

I departed the service as a captain and came home with my two Silver Stars, two Bronze Stars, three Purple Hearts, Croix de Guerre and the 90th Battle Stars, and some very treasured memories.

I returned to Union College and Columbia and New York Law School. I am now practicing in Yonkers and Westchester County, New York. I was married to Gertrude Geraghty of Yonkers in 1960 and who passed away in 1973.

R. GLEN GILES



R. Glen Giles

After basic training in Camp Roberts, California, I joined the Service Battery,

343rd Field Artillery, 90th Division, in the California desert. From there, we went to Fort Dix, New Jersey. We left New York in March 1944 for England.

We spent several months in England preparing for the invasion. I will always remember crossing the English Channel and watching the battleships shelling the shore where we would land on Utah Beach. Being from Utah, landing at Utah Beach seemed to be an unspoken good omen for me.

I remember fighting in the hedgerows of France, and watching a dog fight, when a bullet struck my truck within an inch of my head.

The first Christmas in Germany was one that will always be remembered. The house we were staying in had Christmas ornaments. Someone in the group came up with a Christmas tree which was decorated on Christmas Day. We had a turkey dinner with all the trimmings.

Being a truck driver, I remember the night drives we had; going back for ammunition sometimes hundreds of miles. When things were moving fast, sometimes we were driving day and night.

On the way to the Battle of the Bulge, I will always remember how pretty Luxembourg and Belgium were. They are places I would like to revisit.

At one point, we were hauling the infantry on our trucks200 miles ahead of the division in a spearhead. We pulled into a field for the night and got out of our trucks, when about 50 Germans came out of the hedgerows and surrendered. They had enough weapons to wipe us out. We were a very lucky bunch of men.

We were in Prague, Czechoslovakia, when the war ended. We served in the Army of Occupation in Weiden, Germany and Bavaria. I landed in West Virginia and later discharged at Fort Douglas, Utah.

NORMAN GLADEN



Norman Gladen

I was born in Laporte, Minnesota, on March 15, 1916, and attended rural grade school and high school in Laport. I was a logger and lumberman until I received my greeting from our local draft board. Two bus loads of us left Park Rapids, Minnesota, in April 1942, to the induction center of Fort Snelling. Most of this group went into the 90th Division. I was the only one of this group to go into B Company, 315th Engineers. B Company was my home away from home until the war's end in Europe.

The day the war ended we had a company formation. All of us who had been with the company in the Normandy landing were asked to raise our hands. There were sixty hands raised. Then we were asked who had been with the company all the way. Only twenty-five hands were raised and I was one of them. An engineer company had a table of organization of about 170 men, I believe.

Along with many of my comrades, I was transferred to the 16th Armored Division for the journey home in September 1945. After my discharge, I returned to my lumbering which was confined to the northern one-third of Minnesota.

I am now retired. In the past, I have been a director of the Minnesota Timber Producers Association, the Stony River Lumber Company, and the Land of Lakes Wood Preserving Company.

I was very fortunate in World War II and Dame Fortune has smiled on me in the business world.

ERNEST GLAUSER JR.



Ernest Glauser Jr.
Left: Having the Bronze Star pinned on jacket by Gen. Earnest



ENLISTED MEN OF G-3 SECTION
(L-R) *Front Row:* M/Sgt. Pershing G. Edele, T/4 William Pacelli, Sgt. Calder P. Howard, S/Sgt. Wendell H. Black; *Back Row:* T/4 Norvel C. Burney, M/Sgt. Ernie Glauser Jr., Sgt. Francis Fraunfelter, Sgt. William P. O'Donnel

I was born in Bern, Switzerland, on February 21, 1920. When I was one year old, my family and I emigrated to the United States, where we lived in St. Joseph, Missouri, and that area until March 21, 1942. At that time, I was inducted into the Army and sent to the 90th Infantry Division, which was being organized at Camp Barkeley, Texas, where I was among the first group of arrivals at "tent city." After a short period as company clerk, Service Company, 359th Infantry, I was transferred to the G-3 Section, 90th Division Headquarters, where I was promoted to master sergeant in 1943.

The remaining time of active duty was in the G-3 office under Gen. Richard Stilwell who was G-3 then. It was an honor and pleasure to work with this outstanding officer and NCOs such as Master Sgt. Pershing Edele and others. It was an exciting and interesting tour of duty. I received the Bronze Star for Meritorious Service and the French Croix de Guerre. On October 21, 1945, I was discharged from active duty, but served twenty years in the active Reserves.

On January 12, 1944, I was married to Betty Lang. We had been married forty-five years when Betty died of a heart attack in 1989. We have one son, Greg, and two granddaughters, Hillary and Emily, who live in St. Joseph, Missouri.

Upon my discharge, I became employed by the Burlington Northern Railroad in the marketing and sales department, with whom I was promoted in 1966 to Kansas City, to the position of grain sales agent, retiring in 1981 after thirty-one years of service.

I visited my native Switzerland in 1945 before returning from overseas, and Betty and I visited my many relatives in Switzerland in 1976 and 1983.

HAROLD R. GOODWIN



Harold R. Goodwin

I was born in Tilman County, southwest of Frederick, Oklahoma on January 22, 1917. World War II became a reality for me on December 7, 1941, as I was listening to the car radio on my way to my girl friend's home for our date. I had already received my "greetings" from Uncle Sam, so I knew my induction would be very soon!

I left on a bus with nineteen others for Fort Sill, Oklahoma, for our physicals on

January 15, 1942. From Frederick, Oklahoma, on January 16, I went by train to Camp Roberts, California, for eight weeks of basic training.

On completion I was sent to Abilene, Texas, where the 90th Division was being formed. I left for Fort Dix, New Jersey, in January 1944. That same week I went home on my last furlough in the United States.

On March 22, 1944, I boarded the SS *John Erkison* for England. I landed in Liverpool, England, on April 9. The first week of June 1944 I left England for the France D-Day Invasion on Utah Beach. A few days later I returned to the beach for supplies and replacements, as my duty of battery supply sergeant. As we crossed a small bridge, the Germans blew up the end we had just crossed with their 88mm.

The 90th Division was assigned to Gen. Patton's Third Army about two weeks after the Invasion, which took us through France, Luxembourg, Belgium, Germany and Czechoslovakia.

I was discharged at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, October 30, 1945, and went to Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where I married Lucille Sell, who had waited for me, four years service time. I worked as a salesman until my retirement. I have the high honor and distinct pleasure to serve as president of the 90th Division Association for 1990. Our reunion will be in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

WILFRED FRANCIS GRANT

Wilfred Francis Grant was born September 14, 1909, in Berlin Crossroads, Ohio, to Willard and Mary E. Kissison Grant, and received his education which consisted of eight grades also at the crossroads village.

On June 30, 1936, he married Hazel Faye Merrill of Wellston, Ohio, who was the daughter of Motley J. and Mary E. Scurlock Merrill. Wilfred was nicknamed "Bundy" at an early age because he lit the pipe of an old colored man by the same name.

He followed occupations such as teamster, miner, construction worker, and bartender. At his retirement he was employed by the Wellston American Legion as bartender and janitor. He and his wife have five grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Mr. Grant's daughter, Jean Mahley, and his son, Sidney Grant, both live in Wellston.

Mr. Grant entered service in Columbus, Ohio, on December 15, 1942, and was discharged as a private on July 23, 1943, at San Luis Obispo, California.

At this time his health is very poor. His hearing is gone and after double cataract surgery he can only see straight ahead. Still he manages to read a little and watch sports and the news on television. Bad habits? Too numerous to mention. *Hazel F. Grant, his wife*

WILLIAM ANGUS GREEN

William entered the Army on March 12, 1942, and trained at Camp Barkeley in Texas. He was in the 358th Infantry with the 90th Division. He landed with them on Omaha Beach on June 6, 1944. He was hit by machine gun on June 16, 1944, and lost his right leg above the knee.



William Angus Green



William Green and friends at Camp Barkeley

William and I (Viola Wade Green) were married March 31, 1945. We bought forty-eight acres of land just two miles from where William was born and raised. We have one son and two grandchildren.

William worked for the state hospital for ten years and fifteen years for Texas Aluminum in Terrell.

We raised cows and chickens and he made a garden.

William passed away with cancer on October 14, 1984, and is at rest just one mile from our home. *Mrs. William A. Green*

JOSEPH J. GREKO

I was with the 357th Regiment, M Company, 90th Division, Mortar Squad. The infantry was prevented from advancing by a well fortified farm house. There were open fields all around the house and the infantry was being murdered trying to take the house so they could advance.

The infantry asked for help from the mortar platoon and the platoon leader asked for our squad to blow the house. We had to get within range of the house to be effective.

Number one and two gunners had to crawl and pull our equipment to get within range with bullets flying around us; the enemy was trying to stop us from using the mortars. We set up the mortars, laying on the ground and discharging two light rounds to get the range, then we fired four heavy rounds which has a delayed fuse, and the house was blown up. I received the Bronze Star for this action.

When the 90th was called to help fight the enemy in the Bulge, I was wounded on January 24, 1945, by shrapnel in the left arm. I spent six months in hospitals in England, New York, and Cambridge, Ohio.

I am married to a lovely woman for 44 years on May 4, 1990, and I retired from General Motors in 1981.

RAY A. GRIFFIN

Ray A. Griffin was born on November 6, 1915, at the home of his Grandmother Garrett on the Kansas-Nebraska border near Naponee, Nebraska. At the age of sixteen he graduated from Naponee High School. In June 1941 he graduated from the University of Nebraska College of Agriculture and was also commissioned as second lieutenant in the Army infantry.

He was married to Frances M Danek in Lincoln, Nebraska, on September 14, 1941. He reported to active duty at Brownwood, Texas, in early October. He was assigned to the 760th Tank Battalion. Later a cadre from the 760th-the 746th Tank Battalion-was activated and he was sent to Camp Rucker, Alabama. Our oldest son, Ray Jr., was born there on July 13, 1943. Ray was by now a first lieutenant.

In January 1944 Ray was sent overseas as a replacement. He landed in France shortly after the invasion and was assigned to C Company of the 712th Tank Battalion. He served as a platoon leader and tank commander. He had four tanks shot out from under him and although he did receive the Purple Heart, he was not seriously injured. He also earned the Bronze Star with three oak leaf clusters. He was enroute home for forty-five days leave when the war ended in Europe.

He is the father of four children: three sons and one daughter. Ray Jr. was killed fourteen years ago. Our daughter, her husband and two children live here, as does our eldest remaining son, his wife and two children. Our youngest son lives in Grand Island with his wife and two children.

The family has lived in Aurora since July 1962. Ray feels the greatest honor of his life was having the square in the tiny town of Leiler, Luxembourg, named for him in a public ceremony in September 1986. His tanks had liberated the town during the war. *Frances M. Griffin*

KERMIT D. GRIFFITH



Kermit D. Griffith

I was born in the small community of Webster Springs, West Virginia, on May 6, 1926.

I entered the Army in 1944 and after completing my basic infantry training, I was immediately assigned to the 358th Infantry Regiment of the 90th Infantry Division with whom I served in combat until the end of the war.

After the war, I worked in a machine shop for a local lumber company and in 1952 I went to Ohio. I retired in 1986 as a master mechanic for a major tractor company. I came back to the mountains where I was born and raised.

I married the former June Settle of Richards, Virginia, in 1956. She passed away several years ago. We had two daughters and I now have four grandchildren.

I remarried in 1987 to the former Mary Lee Cool of Webster Springs. We currently reside here.

GLEN E. HAGADORN



Glen E. Hagadorn

I was born at Tecumseh, Michigan, in 1923. I entered military service in June 1943 and was shipped overseas to England in March 1944. I crossed to France shortly after D-Day with Third Army Signal Depot Company. I volunteered for infantry duty in November 1944, and was assigned to 90th Infantry Division, 357th Regiment, F Company, 2nd Squad as a rifleman, and was a T-5 at that time.

I participated in all applicable campaigns throughout the balance of the war, including The Bulge, Siegfried Line, breakthrough toward Rhine, crossing of Moselle, moving up and crossing Rhine near Oppenheim, crossing of Main near Hanau, across Germany and south into Bavaria, into Czechoslovakia at Eisenstein and to Susice at war's end. Occupation duties were in Windischenbach, Bavaria, later in Weiden with 90th Signal Company. I returned to United States for discharge December 1945.

I remember a few names: the squad leader was Willard Blevins, who was wounded after crossing of Moselle; the platoon leader was a Melvin Factor, a lawyer from New York; the first scout was a "Harkness" from Indiana; and I was second scout. We had large turnovers of personnel by war's end. I was fortunate and except for arthritis in the knees, I came through unscathed. At the end of the war, names that come to mind were: Chalmer Russell from Tennessee, Woodie Fullenlove from Philadelphia and a man named "Hardy." Also in the company was Lorrin Jedele from Saline, Michigan.

I attended business college in Ypsilanti, but later enlisted and made the Army a career. I retired in October 1974 as a CW-4 here in Colorado Springs after 30 years service. The last 22 years were in Army Air Defense Units stateside and in Germany.

After retiring I worked for Raytheon for three years in Teheran, Iran, and came back and settled here in Colorado Springs in January 1978. During my career I married in Berlin, Germany, and have two daughters and four grandchildren. At present I am treasurer of the Pikes Peak Genealogical Society and a member of the ROA.

JAMES WALTER HALE



James W. Hale

I was born on April 6, 1926, in Bledsoe County, Tennessee, to William Franklin and Rena Hale, one of nine children. I attended a rural elementary school and two years at Bledsoe County High School before being drafted into the Army in August 1944.

After seventeen weeks of Infantry Replacement Training at Camp Blanding, Florida, I joined the 90th Infantry Division, G Company, 357th Regiment, in Luxembourg, during the Battle of the Bulge. I served with the 90th for the duration of the war. When the division came home, I was reassigned to the 1st Infantry Division for a year of occupation in Germany, where I guarded the war criminals during the Nuremberg Trials.

After returning home in 1946, I finished high school. I then graduated from the University of Tennessee with a B.S. degree in mechanical engineering, and received an ROTC commission to second lieutenant in the combat engineers.

In September 1951 I was called to active duty training at the engineer school at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, and had additional training at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. I served in the Korean War from April 1952 to January 1953, in the Combat Engineers of the 2nd Infantry Division. I was awarded a Bronze Star in both World War II and the Korean War.

I retired in February 1988 after being employed for thirty-seven years as a mechanical engineer at the Arnold Engineering Development Center, a U.S. Air Force Base, near Tullahoma, Tennessee.

I married Alice West of Manchester, Tennessee, in 1953, and we have two children and two grandchildren.

JOHNNY HAROLD HALE



Johnny Harold Hale

I was inducted into the Army in August 1944 and took basic training at Camp Blanding, Florida. I went overseas and was on the front line about the middle of December 1944. I was in G Company, 2nd Battalion, 357th. I fought with an M-1 rifle into Czechoslovakia. I was sent back to Germany. The 90th Division busted up. I was assigned to First Army and guarded German war criminals at Nuremberg Prison. I returned home and was discharged in June 1946.

I went into the construction business clearing land, bulldozing ponds and lakes. I married an English woman on September 18, 1948. We raised four daughters and two sons. My eldest son and myself now operate a portable rock crusher.

RAYMOND S. HALL

I was born on January 14, 1922, near California, Missouri. I attended a one-room school with one teacher for my first 8 grades, then graduated from Latham

High School. After graduation, as the only child, I decided to work on the family farm.



Raymond S. Hall

I was inducted into the Army at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on December 28, 1942. From there I was sent to Camp Barkeley, Texas, and was assigned to the 90th Division, 315th Engineers Combat Battalion. As a late arrival to the Division, I had a short basic training at Camp Barkeley and rejoined the 90th, already participating in the Louisiana maneuvers. After the maneuvers, I was assigned to B Company, 3rd Platoon, which I remained in throughout the war. When the war was over in Europe I was in Czechoslovakia. After my discharge on December 7, 1945, I returned to general farming of feed grain, hogs and beef cattle.

I married Mildred Schoenthal on February 14,1960, and we have one daughter, Sue Ann, who is employed by the State of Missouri Office of Administration. I attend a local Baptist Church where I have performed in several different capacities including Sunday School Director.

During my farming career I have served on numerous boards of directors including a statewide farm cooperative board, an ASCS county committee and others. I retired from farming in 1988 but still serve on the MFA Oil Company State Board of Directors and on a local bank board. Although retired, I still own the farm which my grandfather purchased 110 years ago. I have been fortunate to travel to various locations in the past few years, including a trip to Europe to commemorate the 40th anniversary of D-Day.

JAMES HAND III

I served with the 2nd Battalion, 357th Infantry, from January 2, 1943, until I was discharged on January 1, 1946. I was originally a second lieutenant with one of the rifle companies until I attended motor maintenance school at Fort Benning in the summer of 1943. I then served as the motor maintenance officer of the 2nd Battalion for the balance of my time in the service.

ALVIN G. HANSON

I came to Camp Barkeley, Texas, the last part of March 1942 and was assigned to Service Company and was with the same company until the end. I was discharged on September 21, 1945, at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, was immediately employed by International Harvester Company, and was with them for twenty-three years. I worked six years for a private trucking company and the last fifteen years I have been teaching diesel mechanics at the technical college. We raised five daughters and all are now married and we have twelve granchildren.

Wife Ione and I now have a Southwind motor home and use it a lot for traveling and going up to northern Minnesota and Canada for fishing. You can't beat spending your children's inheritance.

We have attended many 90th reunions and have always met someone new everytime we go.

The coffee pot is usually on at 311 E. 7th Street, Albert Lea, Minnesota, 56007.

ERNEST H. HANSON



Ernest H. Hanson

I was inducted on March 26, 1942, at Fort Snelling, and arrived at Camp Barkeley on April 2. I was assigned to E Company, 358th Infantry. I got discharged on December 3, 1945, and I took it easy for a while.

In 1946 I did a few odd jobs and then in April 1947 went to work for a grocery store, and in 1949 I left that job. On August 1, 1949, I got a job at a hardware store. They also had a funeral home. I was there until the spring of 1955.

I got married on June 25, 1953. I have a lovely wife. We have no children. She was a teacher and worked in a department store. We moved to Fargo, North Dakota, in June 1955. I got a job driving for Dayle Checker Cab. In March 1979 I had two strokes and high blood pressure, and I was put in intensive care for three days. I spent thirteen days in the hospital. The doctor put me on Social Security disability. I take it easy now. I am 69 years old.

ORVAL P. "SPIKE" HANSON

I was born on a cattle ranch in the western foothills of the Missouri River on June 6, 1915, in Gregory County, South Dakota. I went through the 8th grade in a one-room schoolhouse. I graduated from high school in Burke, South Dakota, in 1933. After the war, I took a year of agriculture.

The rest of 1933 I trained some of the last bunch of wild horses in Gregory County. In 1934 most of the cattle in the area was sold to the government as there was no feed on account of the drought for several years. I hitchhiked around several states doing odd jobs– into Mexico and Canada. I spent most of the summer driving new cars from Detroit to Seattle, Washington. I went to Spokane, Washington, and got a job as bartender in a large dine and dance establishment and joined the Teamsters Union. I worked there for four years, saw the war coming, so I went back home to South Dakota.

In mid-March I took my physical in Camp Crook, Nebraska. I was shipped to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where I was sworn in on April 1, 1942. Then I went to Camp Barkeley, Texas, where I was assigned to the 345th Field Artillery Battalion of the 90th Division, which had just been reactivated. I was with the 345th until the war was over. At that time I was in Pilsen, Czechoslovakia. I was discharged in mid-November 1945, at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin.

Shortly after arriving home, my dad passed away and I purchased the place. My mother left to live in the Twin Cities, Minnesota, where my three sisters lived in Edina, Minnesota. I immediately started a band of quarter horses. I had five trainers for over twenty years.



Orval and Ethel Hanson—both WWII Veterans

I married in 1948 to Ethel McKenzie, a former member of the armed services. We have four children. All now have families, ten grandchildren. They are all doing well. All had a college and university education. One grandson has been in the service for two years. One girl, Dee, is listed in the *International Book of Who's Who in Colleges and Universities.*

In 1970, on Memorial Day, we had a ten-room house burn down. There went all my relics from the war. I sold that place and put in all new buildings in a very scenic area on our summer pasture land; buildings for five hundred head of cows, steel yards, and a training arena for my son to train quarter horses. I went to a quarter horse show in Stamford, Texas, while in the Army. I decided I liked

what I saw at one of the very first shows in 1942 or 1943.

For the past fourteen years we have hosted youth groups from several states. One group from Peru, Illinois, has been here fourteen years in a row for ten days of vacation. We are in a big game area and host the same hunters from the cities each year, including the pilot of the Enola Gay from World War II.

GREGOR HANSSEN

I entered the service in March 1942 and was sent to Camp Barkeley, Texas. I was attached to part of the 90th Division, Service Company, 357th Infantry, and stayed with Service Company, 357th Infantry all through the war. We landed in Normandy on D-Day plus two, and spent seven days on the front line; there was a shortage of men. I returned home to North Dakota in October 1945.



Gregor Hanssen during service and with Loretta in 1986

I started farming in 1946 and was married to Loretta Behm also in 1946. We have a grain, stock, and also a small dairy farm on which we still live two miles north of Niagara.

We were blessed with two children. They are both married and we have five grandchildren. We are active members of St. Andrew Lutheran Church.

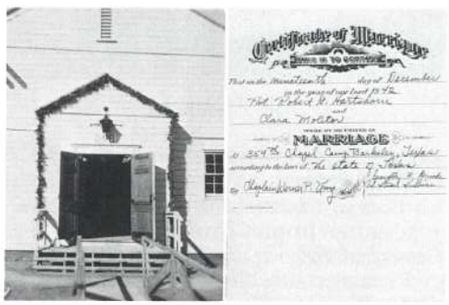
ROBERT G. HARTSHORN



Robert G. Hartshorn

I grew up in the Chicago area and attended Roosevelt Military Academy, where I met my life long buddy, Stuart Sullivan. We enlisted on November 6, 1942, and went to the 90th at Camp Barkeley, Texas.

With special permission from H Company, 359th, Capt. Larson, I married Clare Molitor from West Chicago on December 19, 1942. Chaplain Werner P. Krug officiated at the 359th chapel. Lt. Martin Langer gave the bride away, and Sullivan was best man. Attendants were Sgt. Krause, Cpl. Lahodney, Tom Erwin, Ben LaTour, Carmichael, DeForest, Ragen, Conyack, Wilkerson, and others from H Company, 359th. Wedding gifts were all from the Post Exchange. The honeymoon was a weekend pass in Abilene, Texas.



359th Infantry Chapel at Camp Barkeley and Marriage Certificate (1942)

Next came Louisiana maneuvers, desert training, and finally Fort Dix. Overseas, Sullivan was wounded and rescued by medic Tom Erwin. Tom risked his life for Sullivan. We were all very close. Sullivan and I returned to West Chicago in 1945. I was best man at his wedding.

I was recalled as an infantry retread during the Korean conflict.

My son Larry was born in December 1944. My son Scott was born in 1952, and we moved to Florida in 1957. I invented a motorized drain valve, and am now the owner of Depend-O-Drain Inc., a manufacturing business with sales in the U.S. and Europe. In 1986 I lost my wife, Clare, after 44 wonderful years of struggle and success. I married Eunice LaFlam, a high school English teacher, in 1987. My older son died in 1988, leaving me with two grandchildren, Lawrence II and Kimberly.

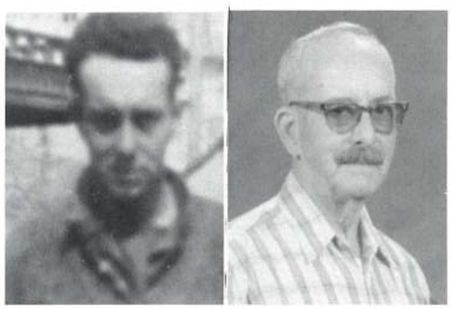
During business trips to Europe, Eunice and I have traced my route throughout the war. We have repeatedly enjoyed Henri and Jenete Levaufre's hospitality in Pêrriers, France. We see my buddy Sullivan and other friends at the memorable 90th reunions. We are at home in Bradenton, Florida.

EDWARD J. HARTY

I was drafted to Army in April 1943 at Folcroft, Delaware County, Pennsylvania. I received basic training at Camp Grant, Illinois. After basic training I was assigned to 166th Infantry Regiment at Fort Barrancas, Pensacola, Florida. We had a unit move to Camp Shelby, Mississippi, then another unit move to Fort Hood, Texas. We did field problem exercises with the Tank Destroyer School at Fort Hood.

I was transferred to 358th Regiment, 90th Infantry Division at Fort Dix, New Jersey, in March 1944. I sailed from New York on troopship *John Ericsson* and landed at Liverpool, England, on Easter Sunday morning. We prepared for Normandy at Bewdley, England. We sailed from Cardiff, South Wales, on June 4 and landed on Normandy on D-Day-plus-2, June 8, 1944. We crossed France, Belgium, Germany and on into Czechoslovakia where we ended up on V-E Day. I stayed with the 358th all the way, with one minor wound on April 1, 1945.

I was discharged on January 5, 1946, and reenlisted January 25, 1946, for duty at Brooke Medical Center, Motor Branch, Fort Sam Houston, Texas. I was admitted to Brooke General Hospital at Fort Sam on April 2, 1947, and after a long haul to include major surgery was able to return to duty on June 2, 1948. I stayed in the Army with assignments to include artillery, transportation and ordnance.



Edward J. Harty

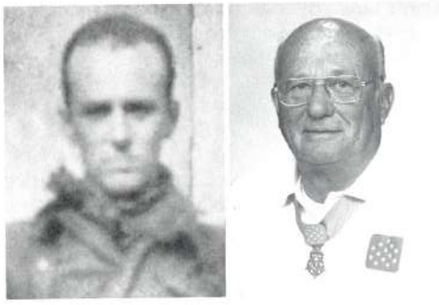
1951-1953: first sergeant—operations sergeant 514th Truck Company at Uijongbu, Korea. 1953-1954: operations sergeant Transportation Branch, Alaska General Depot, Fort Richardson, Alaska. 1954-1956: battalion motor sergeant, 51st AAA Battalion, Media, Pennsylvania. 1956-1959: first sergeant—shop foreman, 557th Ordnance Company, Assachaffenburg, Germany. 1959-1963: shop foreman, Transportation Branch, Brooke Medical Center, Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

On May 1, 1963, I retired with 20 years service in grade E-7. I thank God every day for taking care of me to let me live to retire. After retirement I went to work for Texas Department of Corrections on a prison farm at Tennessee Colony, Texas. I stayed with TDC 17 years, and retired again on May 1,1982.

In 1948, after discharge from Brooke Hospital, I met and married Thelma Pierce. We were two happy people when we could be together until Thelma passed away on November 10, 1985.

I will be 70 on June 12, 1990, and now after selling my cows and all my pasture land, I am alone at home with my lawn to mow at Route 1, Box 13, Montalba, Texas 75853, 214-549-2678.

JOHN D. HAWK



John D. Hawk

I was born May 30, 1924, in San Francisco, California. I moved with my family to Washington at about one year of age. I lived in Tacoma and Seattle before moving to Bainbridge Island about 1931. I received most of my schooling there except for a brief return to San Francisco and Yakima about 1935. I graduated from Bainbridge High School in 1943 and joined the Army (drafted) in August 1943, Fort Lewis, Washington.

I was shipped overseas July 1944 and assigned to E Company, 359th Infantry Regiment, 90th Infantry Division, Third Army. I served as machine gunner until December 12, 1944, when I received a fourth Purple Heart and was out of action. After hospitalization, I worked for 17th Base Post Office in Paris until rotated home through the point system for rest and recuperation furlough in April 1945.

I arrived home in Bremerton on May 10, 1945, 20 days before my 21st birthday. I received word of award of Medal of Honor in early June. Action had occurred in August 1944. Medal presentation (arranged through Sen. Warren G. Magnuson) was held at State Capital in Olympia on June 21, 1945, with President Harry S. Truman making the presentation on capital steps.

On June 18, 1948, I married the former Natalene Crandall of Bremerton. I attended Bainbridge High School for a post graduate year 1945-46. Thereafter, I attended the University of Washington and Olympic Junior College (Bremerton). I graduated in 1952 with a B.S. in biology and Standard General teaching credentials. I later received principals credentials from the University of Washington.

I was hired as elementary teacher by Central Kitsap School District, Silverdale, Washington, in 1952. I taught 5th and 6th grades at Tracyton Elementary School until 1958. I transferred to Brownsville Elementary School as teaching principal for nine years before becoming full-time principal. I transferred to Woodlands Elementary School in 1981 and retired in 1983.

Mrs. Hawk died November 13, 1985. We had three children: David (died 1956), Marilyn (Mrs. David Harrelson), and Mark, both of whom reside in Seattle.

I have resided in Bremerton since 1946, moving to my present home in 1952. My hobbies (too many): woodworking, gardening, fishing and cooking.

RILEY A. HAYES



Riley A. Hayes

Riley A. Hayes was born on April 6, 1918, in the Appalachian Mountains of Virginia. Son of Jason L. and Virgie Hayes, I graduated from Christopher Gist High School of Pound, Virginia, in May 1937.

I married Reeble Powers on April 17, 1942. We have five children: four daughters and one son, and eight grandchildren.

I worked in the lumber industry four years. In January 1942 I changed to the coal industry, working thirty-eight years as an electrical repairman for Consolidation Coal Company and Beth-Energy Coal Company before retirement. I have been a member of United Mine Workers of America for forty-eight years.

I entered the U.S. Army on December 5, 1942, going to Camp Lee, Virginia, on December 22, 1942. I entered Camp Barkeley, Texas, on January 1, 1943, for basic training. After basic I joined Company C, 359th Infantry, 90th Division, staying with them through the European war.

I landed D-Day, June 6, 1944, on Utah Beach in France. I was hit by shrapnel from an 88mm shell in July 5, 1944, at the foot of Hill #122 and was hospitalized in England until rejoining my Company C on January 18, 1945, in the Battle of the Bulge. I was hit again by shrapnel on February 21, 1945, near the town of Habschied, Germany.

It was back to England in a hospital until May 8, 1945, V-E Day. I returned to Company C in Amberg, Germany, until October before coming to the states for discharge on October 20, 1945.

FRANK E. HEIDE

I was born on August 6, 1918, in Lafayette, California, in Happy Valley. There were four brothers; I was the only one who served in the service during World War II.

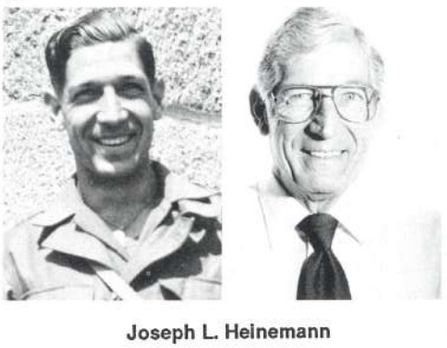
I was drafted on January 2, 1942, and sent to the Presidio at Monterey, California. From there I was sent to Camp Roberts, thence to Camp Barkeley, Texas, where I joined Service Battery, 344th Field Artillery Battalion, 90th Infantry Division. I served with the 344th Field Artillery all through the entire war with the rank of sergeant. I was discharged on October 22, 1945, at Camp Beale, California.

I married my wife, Awilda Skow, in Trenton, New Jersey, on February 26, 1944. We have one son, Lance. He is a graduate civil engineer from the University of Nevada. We have only one grandson who is sixteen years old.

I am retired from the City of Napa Public Works Department, where I worked for thirty-two years, serving in the engineering and superintendent of streets. I retired on August 1, 1977, as superintendent.

JOSEPH L. HEINEMANN

I was born on September 19, 1919, in Marshall, Texas. I moved to Fort Worth, Texas, in 1939 and went to work for Texas and Pacific Railroad. I was inducted into the Army at Camp Wolters, Texas, and shipped to Camp Barkeley, Texas, for training. In March 1942, I was assigned to the 790th Ordnance Company until my discharge in October 1945.



Joseph L. Heinemann

I returned to my job as a machinist with Texas and Pacific Railroad until I was laid off in 1949. I then went to work for Magnolia Petroleum Company in September 1949, and retired from Mobil Oil Corporation as a senior plant operator in January 1982.

I married my wife, June Groves, in 1941 in Denton, Texas. We have a son and daughter and six grandchildren. We all live in Midland, Texas.

WESLEY O. "BUD" HELM

I was a replacement in Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, 359th Regiment; some of us were to join the 90th shortly after D-Day, but as the situation developed—the breakthrough after the St. Lo bombing and Patton's drive—we never caught up until into France a ways. I was a sergeant at the time (squad leader) and ended up as technical sergeant (platoon sergeant). I left the outfit in Sulzbach-Rosenberg rather early due to the point

OLIVER N. HIBBELER



Oliver N. Hibbeler

Oliver N. Hibbeler was born in south St. Louis, Missouri, on April 24, 1906. He attended St. Louis University for both high school and college, graduating from the University's dental school in 1924. Dr. Hibbeler then set up a practice in Old Monroe, Missouri, in 1926.

He married Edna Huelsmann on October 26, 1929. They had eight children: Oliver Jr., Walter, Jerry, Dottie, Susan, Glennon, Mary and Phillip. They were also able to share their Golden Wedding Anniversary just shortly before Edna's death on August 23, 1981.

The following is an excerpt from a letter dated December 24, 1944, from Maj. Gen. Van Fleet regarding the *Award of Bronze Star*. "Oliver N. Hibbeler, Captain Dental Corps., 90th Division Artillery— For heroic achievement on 8 September 1944 in the vicinity of Borvillers, France. During an enemy attack...without regard for his personal safety, despite intense enemy fire of all caliber, remained at the Aid Station, treated casualties and supervised the evacuation of the wounded. His courageous action was greatly instrumental in saving the lives of three men and effecting the speedy recovery of seven others..."

Doc, or Hibb, as he is often referred to, was an important part of starting the VFW in O'Fallon, Missouri, and was very active in it until recent health problems. Doc Hibbeler is now retired and currently lives in O'Fallon.

GLENN MARR HICKEY

I was born in Bellingham, Washington, April 30, 1920. My family has lived and farmed in the same county since 1887. My grandfather was a homesteader.

I was inducted at Fort Lewis, Washington, on January 9, 1942, and sent to Camp Roberts, California, on January 13 for training. In March we were sent to Camp Barkeley, Texas, as the first recruits for the 90th Infantry Division.

I married Rosa Lee Harvey of Abilene, Texas. We have three sons and one daughter, three grandsons and three granddaughters, and one great-granddaughter. We are very proud of them all.

It was an honor to have served my country with as fine a division as the 90th. I served as corporal truck driver in the 344th Field Artillery Battallion.

JOHN DAVIS HIGHTOWER



John Davis Hightower

My husband, John D. Hightower, died in January 1988 but I am sure he would want all his buddies from the 90th to know a little about our lives after the war.

John worked over thirty years for and retired from Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company in Atlanta. We had two children, John Jr. and Martha, who have given us a total of six grandchildren. we have been very lucky in that our children and grandchildren are all healthy, productive, and successful people.

John did not talk a lot about the war years, but occasionally would relate an anecdote or story when the family was gathered. One story I specifically remember is about John directing his section to round up a flock of sheep. Evidently John had the "cowboys" or "sheepboys," Harold Harvey, Lawrence Schrade, Luther Parks, Jesus Valencia, and Alvin Calloway rounding up and corralling misplaced sheep in the middle of the night. This must have been some event since it made the 359th newspaper.

HAROLD D. HILL



Harold D. Hill

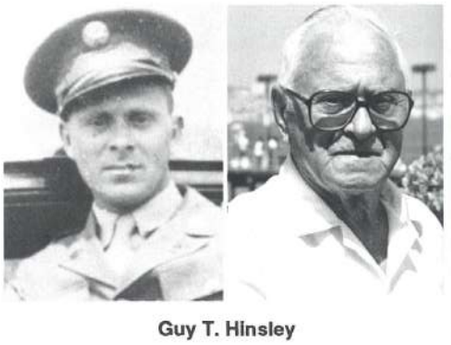
I was born in Marysville, Ohio, August 18, 1925. I attended 12 years of school, graduating from Magnetic Springs, Ohio. I was born on a dairy farm and drafted after graduating from high school in 1943. I was inducted into the Army at Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 11, 1943.

I was sent to Camp Croft, South Carolina, for basic infantry training. From there I went to England and on to France where I became a member of F Company, 358th Infantry, 90th Division, and went into action just before Seves Island. I received wounds while crossing the Moselle River November 9, 1944, which led to my discharge from Percy Jones Hospital Center at Fort Custer, Michigan.

I married Leila Rausch in 1947 and we are members of St. Johns Lutheran Church, Marysville, Ohio. I am a member of the Legion and 40 & 8, also a life member in the DAV and VFW. After discharge I became a pilot, commercial and instrument rated—this has been my life hobby.

Leila and I attended the 40th anniversary of D-Day in 1944, going with the 90th tour. After over 40 years in the Ready-mix concrete business I have retired as of January 1, 1990.

GUY T. HINSLEY



Guy T. Hinsley

I was born November 25, 1910, near Lockesburg, Arkansas, into a family of seven brothers and one sister. I lived on the same farm for over thirty years. I married Margaret Lou Carter in Dallas, Texas, on November 17, 1947. I am the father of two daughters with two grandsons and two granddaughters.

I was drafted into the Army in February 1942. My entire military career was spent with the 90th Infantry Division, Service Battery, 344th Field Artillery. I was discharged in October 1945 in St. Louis, Missouri.

There were many exciting and lonely times but one of the loneliest was when we crossed into Germany. I was taken off my truck and told to wait for the maintenance truck; no further instructions were given. After waiting what seemed like hours, I flagged a maintenance truck down but it was an infantry truck. They carried me to their unit and showed me a foxhole with blankets where I could spend the night. The next morning I awoke cold, hungry, and alone. The infantry had departed. Without knowing where I was going, I struck out on my own. Crossing over a road to a high plank fence several yards beyond, I sat down and went to sleep. I was awakened by a noise directly in front of me. It was our ammunition train. One truck had a flat and they were changing it. They were on their way to get ammunition and I

pany, 358th Infantry, as a member of the wire section. After communications school I became chief switchboard operator, and later wire chief while on occupation duty.

I was discharged in October 1945. I married Margaret Langhorst a week later. Our courtship had consisted of a few furloughs and beaucoup correspondence, mostly V-Mail. I returned to Western Electric, where my time was counted as time worked; and retired in 1978 with over 41 years. In that time Margaret and I produced two fine children: a girl and a boy, who in turn have provided us with three grandchildren. Our son and son-in-law served together in the Navy.

My wife and I live presently in Sappington, Missouri, which is just outside St. Louis. We built the house in 1948 and have added to it through the years. It was in the country in 1948, but now we are surrounded by homes.

We went to Europe for the 40th Anniversary of D-Day in 1984, and were greatly moved by the way we were received in Normandy—a tremendous experience.

BYRON L. HOLLEY

About five weeks into Normandy our battalion was firing on Hill #122. I had taken one of my truck driver's turn at guard duty at midnight. Enemy fire was raking back and forth across our position. I was sitting on the end of my foxhole under an apple tree.

I had heard a story as a child that if an artillery gun goes off and it sounds like you are in the end of the barrel, you better move fast. I heard that sound and fell back into my foxhole. Seconds later a shell exploded six feet from the end of my foxhole, covering me with dirt and leaves and apples from the tree. If I had not remembered that tale, I might not be here today.

I was in the service for three years, nine and one half months, and discharged at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, on October 21, 1945. I married Jane Alsup at Blackwell, Texas, on September 3, 1947. We have two children, a daughter, Debra, and a son, Bruce. We also have two granddaughters, and one grandson.

I have lived in Texas all but six years (in Arkansas) and retired as a welder at age 65 in 1981.

GORDON F. HONTZ

My most memorable period in combat was in November 1944, when our squad of six men (down from full strength since September) was given an assignment to blow off the hinges of a pillbox in the Maginot Line (which should have been Engineer's).

The squad leader and assistant were to cover. The third man who carried two forty-pound satchels of composition C was to place them on the right side of these 4x10 foot iron doors' hinges. I, as fourth man, was to set my two satchels of explosives on the left side. We were shielded by a ten-foot-high embankment. The first three men; Summerfield, Sedar (who should have been in the hospital with pneumonia), and Meyer proceeded toward the pillbox.

I was just about to follow them when the fifth man, Bernard Jacobs, pulled me back and said, "Wait a minute," (thereby saving my life). Almost instantaneously they opened fire from inside with a captured American machine gun and killed all three men in front of me. Our platoon sergeant was on top of the bank and told us to save ourselves and helped us crawl up this embankment.

The next day a T-D gun was brought up and blasted the pillbox open. In a little while the occupants surrendered. There were twenty Russians (who said the Germans took off through the underground tunnels), four horses, an artillery piece, many machine guns and lots of rifles and ammunition.

HERBERT H. HOUSE

I was born in Reform, Alabama, in Pickens County on January 8, 1925, to Lizzie and Adam J. House. I was one of eight children; five boys and three girls. The brothers, Leewood, Adolph, A.J. and Raymond were all in service and A.J. lost his life on D-Day 1944. I have lived here all my life except the time in service.



Herbert H. House during service and at right receiving service awards from Oliver Lipsey (left), Veterans Affairs Officer—40 years late

I was inducted into the Army at Fort McClellan, Alabama, in June 1944. From there I went to Fort McPherson, Georgia, then to Camp Blanding, Florida, to train for sixteen weeks for combat replacement. In November I was shipped to Fort Meade, Maryland, where I was assigned to overseas combat. I left camp Kilmer, New Jersey, for ETO. I landed in Le Harve, France, and went on to Leige, Belgium. After a brief stay, I joined the 90th Infantry Division, Third Army under Patton in Metz. We occupied several villages next to Saar River. I went from there to Germany, where I was wounded, and returned to the States.

I was discharged and married Alree Propst. We have two children: Linda, who is married to Jeff Kyles and they have a daughter, Leah; and a son, Herbert A. House, married to Debbie Pate. They have a son, William Adam. I retired from the Coco-Cola Co. and am enjoying life in Reform, Alabama.

WALTER E. HOVLAND

I was born in Wellsburg, North Dakota, September 10, 1910. I grew up and lived there working for the Great Northern Railroad until called into military service March 1942. I was inducted at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, and sent from there to Camp Barkeley, Texas, and assigned to the 90th Infantry Division, service in A Company, 358th Infantry. I later transferred to Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, 358th Infantry.



Walter E. Hovland

I landed on Normandy Beach on D-Day and worked inland through France, Germany, Luxembourg and into Czechoslovakia. I spent a total of 11 months in combat until the welcome word came of Victory in Europe.

After my discharge on October 21, 1945, from Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, I returned to Great Northern Railroad as section foreman at Grace City, North Dakota, and advanced to general foreman while there. I was then transferred to Sandstone, Minnesota, as roadmaster for Burlington Northern Railroad. I spent a total or 44 years with the railroad before retiring in April 1975.

I was married in 1943 to Clara Spicher, a teacher from Minot, North Dakota. We were blessed with two children. Our son, John, married to Belinda Hofer from Huron, South Dakota, lives with his family in Overland Park, Kansas, where he is director of rail for Burlington Northern Railroad.

Our daughter, Jo, married to Wayne Schafer, supervisory investigator for the Federal Food and Drug Administration, is a registered nurse working at Immanuel Medical Center in Omaha, Nebraska. We have four grandchildren, Amy and Allison Schafer and John and Lindsey Hovland.

J.M. HOWARD JR.



J.M. Howard Jr.

It is a long way from the little town of Holliday, Texas, where I was born on June 13, 1916, to the beaches of Normandy. The years in between were spent growing up as an average American kid, in the "rough-and-tumble" atmosphere of an oil field "boomtown," where my father was a drilling contractor. After high school graduation, I attended Texas A&M and also Texas Tech. In the late 1930s I went to Longview and began working as an apprentice electrician.

I was working on construction of the Galveston Naval Base when I received my "greetings" from Uncle Sam. I was sent to Camp Barkeley, Texas, where I became a part of the 90th Division. I served with A Company, 315th Engineers, from Barkeley to the Saar River. From basic training at Barkeley to desert training in California; from Fort Dix, New Jersey, to the shores of England; from Utah Beach in Normandy and across France, the 90th carried on. Through hedgerows and sniper fire, we fought the German army, liberating French villages and towns, but paying a price with many fallen comrades of our own.

In December 1944 I was returned to an Army hospital in France, and eventually on to Brooke Convalescent Hospital in San Antonio, where I was discharged from service in June 1945. I then went to Houston and resumed work in the electrical trade.

I met and married my present wife in 1955 in Nacogdoches. Upon my retirement in 1978, we returned to the "piney woods" of East Texas, where we now reside, enjoying time with our two children and five grandchildren.

I consider it an honor to have served with the 90th Division. Men from different towns, different states, and different walks of life came together to fight, bleed, and die as one. We are proud of our country, proud to be Americans, and proud to be the "Tough 'Ombres" of the 90th Division!

LESLIE HOWARD

I entered service March 18, 1942, at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and served with the 90th Division until 1945. During this time I moved with the Division through Europe and into Germany.



Les Howard

I was discharged at McClosky General Hospital on September 7, 1945, and on June 8, 1946. I married Beatrice Jones and we raised one son.

I was with the Air Force Civil Service at Tinker Air Force Base for 25 years and 9 months before my retirement in May 1972.

I am still active in the 90th Division Association and live in Shawnee, Okla.

HALBERT A. HUDSON JR.



Halbert A. Hudson Jr.

I was born in Orange, Virginia, on December 20, 1923. As my father was a railway executive, I grew up in Charlotte, Greensboro, and Asheville, North Carolina; Chester, South Carolina; Alexandria, Virginia; and Cincinnati, Ohio.

I was a student and ROTC cadet at the University of Cincinnati when the ROTC Cadet Corps was called to active duty in April 1943. I was assigned to Coast Artillery Corps, Antiaircraft, at Fort Eustis, Virginia, and Camp Stewart, Georgia. In 1944 I attended OCS at Fort Benning, Georgia, graduating in November 1944. Thence I was assigned to IRTC at Camp Wheeler, Georgia.

In January 1945 I was transferred to Europe and assigned to I Company, 357th Infantry Regiment, 90th Infantry Division. I was wounded in action in February 1945. After hospitals in Belgium, France and England, I returned to the U.S.A. at Oliver General Hospital in Augusta, Georgia. In November 1945 I was returned to duty at IRTC Camp Croft, South Carolina, and Camp Robinson, Arkansas. In May 1946 I returned to inactive status. I then returned to the University of Cincinnati and graduated in mechanical engineering in 1949.

I married Dorothy Keilholz of Cincinnati, Ohio, in August 1945. We have two children; Janis in Los Angeles, California, and Paul in Naperville, Illinois, and two grandchildren.

My work career was spent with the Proctor and Gamble Company in manufacturing and engineering management in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Green Bay, Wisconsin. I retired in 1983 and remain in Green Bay, Wisconsin.

HAROLD HUGHES



Harold Hughes

A resident of Richmond, Virginia, Harold was drafted into the U.S. Army in December 1942. He took his basic training at Camp Barkeley, Texas, joining the 90th Division, Company C, 359th Infantry, in Louisiana and he stayed with Company C during most of the war. Landing on Utah Beach with Company C on D-Day, Harold saw action in all campaigns in France and Germany, and wound up in Czechoslovakia at the end of the war. Harold's most memorable recollection of the war is spending three days and nights, with no food or water, in a foxhole on a hill from which he could still see Utah Beach. He recalls that his companion in the foxhole was a younger fellow whose nerves were shot and whose rifle barrel was full of dirt!

Harold married his wife, the former Bessie J. Mays, in December 1948 and they have three children, a daughter and two sons, and one much doted upon granddaughter.

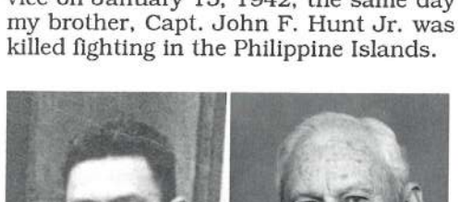
Harold is proud of the fact that each of his children is a college graduate. After twenty years working as a machinist in box manufacturing, Harold retired in 1987. Today he spends his mornings walking for exercise or playing golf and his afternoons "gallavanting" with one or more of his similarly retired brothers. Just wait 'til his wife retires!

ORION K. HUNT

I was born in Mammoth Spring, Arkansas, on March 8, 1917, to John and Iuka Hunt, who had three other children, John, Jr., Woody and Joe. Our family moved to

Oklahoma during the early "oil boom" days in the Seminole area.

When World War II was declared, my father and I were in the grocery business in the oil field. I entered the military service on January 15, 1942, the same day my brother, Capt. John F. Hunt Jr. was killed fighting in the Philippine Islands.



Orion K. Hunt

After basic training in the states with the 90th Infantry Division, I was sent with the division to Europe as a scout for the 343rd Field Artillery Battalion, 90th Infantry Division, to take part in the Normandy invasion in France.

I received the Bronze Arrowhead for being with the first group making the landing on Utah Beach, the Silver Service Star for five major battles: Normandy, Rhineland, Ardennes, Northern France and Central Europe. I also received the Croix de Guerre, Avec Etoile de Bronze from the French Government, and the Purple Heart for wounds received the first day in Germany near the Siegfried Line at the Saar River.

I am now retired from Civil Service and enjoying a lot of fishing. My prayer is that God be with us and give us peace in the world until His Son, the Prince of Peace, returns, and that God richly bless us all.

CURTIS IVEY

During the Third Army drive across France, when the 90th was in the vicinity of the Falaise Gap, all members of the Third Army received a letter from Gen. Eisenhower. The letter encouraged everyone to make every effort to destroy the German army. I got the impression from the letter that Gen. Eisenhower was of the opinion that we could bring the war to a swift conclusion.

At the time, the Third Army had the Germans completely disorganized, and was advancing twenty to thirty miles daily with little opposition. I think military minds would support the opinion that the Third Army could put enough pressure on the Germans so that a combined effort by the allies would defeat Germany.

Gen. Montgomery, who was stalled in the canals in Holland, could see that the war might end with Gen. Patton getting the credit. He convinced Gen. Eisenhower to take the fuel from the Third Army, end their advance, and permit him to try a poorly planned operation that required him to advance fifty, cross five bridges in forty eight hours. Not only was the plan flayed, the Germans learned it. Trooper's landing sites were ringed by Germans. The operation was a fiasco, costing thousands of lives and, in my opinion, extended the war several months. I think this operation should be investigated and those responsible called to account. *Curt*

ABRAHAM "ABE" JAMAIL

A real soldier! Abraham "Abe" Jamail was a dedicated, fearless and loyal soldier of Company G, 359th Infantry Division.

On July 4, 1944, Jamail single-handedly killed six soldiers in a German gun nest and captured another 23, allowing Company G to advance in Normandy. He was severely injured in one leg which continued to bother him until his death on July 3, 1988.

Jamail was known as "Houston's Most Decorated Hero of WWII." His survivors include his wife Frances, brother John; and three daughters: Sandra, Nelson, Janice Garvis and Karen Holm.

— S/Sgt. Paul E. Nelson

THOMAS S. JAMIESON

I was born October 25, 1923, at Phoenix, Arizona, the son of Stephen A. Jamieson and Sarah C. Johnson. My father's family were from New Brunswick, Canada, and were Loyalists from the Revolutionary War that had originally lived in New Haven, Connecticut and on the island of Manhattan, New York. My mother's family trace their roots back to the early Pennsylvania Dutch. Our family moved to Southern California in 1925 and settled in Pasadena, California, where I grew up.



Thomas S. Jamieson

I joined the Army in December 1942 and was first assigned to the Tank Destroyer branch taking basic training at Camp Hood, Texas. Subsequently I qualified for and attended T.D. O.C.S. and was commissioned a second lieutenant on September 3, 1943. When the T.D.s were reduced in strength in 1944 I was transferred to the Infantry branch and was at the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia, when the 90th hit the beach on D-Day.

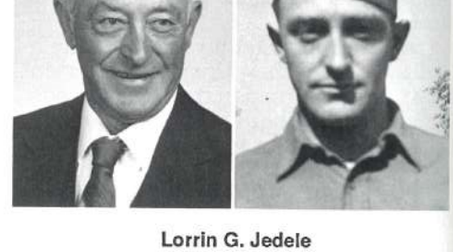
Five days after the Bulge broke I received a War Department telegram ordering me to report to Fort Meade for processing for overseas deployment. I joined the 90th in Luxembourg at the end of the Bulge and was assigned to G Company, 359th Infantry.

I was one of the last casualties of the Division when I was wounded on May 2, 1945, in Czechoslovakia. I assumed command of G Company shortly after the war was over and was the last officer to command the company that had served in combat with the unit. In October 1945 I transferred to the 4th Armored Division and commanded B Troop, 25th Mech. Cav. Rcn. Squadron. I was separated from the service September 4, 1946, with the rank of captain.

In civilian life I worked for the State of California for 32 years doing special criminal investigations. I retired from the State in November 1984 and since then have taught some in a local high school and have also taken some courses at a nearby community college. I have been active in antique automobile restoration and in photography.

In 1950 I married June Carol Yundt, a native of Chicago, and we have three sons. Robert, the oldest, is an architect in Los Angeles. John is a manufacturer's sales representative. He and his family live on Camino Island, Washington. Scott, the youngest, and his wife live in Santa Barbara, California. June and I have lived in San Diego, California, since 1975, and we plan to remain here as retirees.

LORRIN G. JEDELE



Lorrin G. Jedele

At age 25 I was drafted into the Army on April 29, 1941, from my farm home, being the oldest of four boys. I was born on December 17, 1915, in Saline, Miss. After basic training at Camp Davis, North Carolina, I served the next three years in the anti-aircraft at Washington D.C., Norfolk, Virginia, and Seattle, Washington.

The anti-aircraft was discontinued. I was transferred to infantry training at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. In October 1944 the 42nd Rainbow Division I had

been training with sailed from the New York harbor to Marseilles, France.

A week after we arrived and were transported to Strassbourg, Germany, I was transferred into the 357th Regiment of the 90th Division and followed orders to move into the Battle of the Bulge. I was interpreter many times and also spearheaded. I was hospitalized in Reims, France, with pneumonia. We walked mostly or rode on tanks across Germany and reached Suscice, Czechoslovakia, at the time of Germany's surrender.

We were transported by rail to Camp Lucky Strike, near Paris, France, and had to wait three weeks for a boat strike to end. I was discharged on October 29, 1945, and rejoined my wife, Helen, and four-month-old daughter in Saline on November 1.

We have two daughters and a son who spent four years in the Air Force with a year in Thailand. I bought a fifty-acre farm near Saline, and also did carpenter work to support my family. I retired from carpentry in 1983.

DONALD W. JOHNSON

I was a staff sergeant with D Company, 358th Infantry, being a mess sergeant for seventeen months. I landed on Utah Beach on January 8, 1944, as a forward observer. We did not meet much resistance until we moved inland; we lost many men at the island and Hill 122. I was a squad leader and a section sergeant with D Company. We were at the Falaise Gap, and the surrender of the German's 7th Army; also the holding position north of Metz. We were on the attack through the Dragons Teeth, where I was severely wounded and Lt. Goltz was killed. I spent fourteen months in hospitals at 97th General in England, Winter General in Topeka, Kansas, and Colorado Springs. I was discharged in December 1945 being 100 percent disabled.

On my return home, I became a police officer in Robbinsdale, serving as a patrolman, juvenile officer, and investigator. After serving thirty-five years in police work, I retired in 1973 and spend time at home, and our cabin at Clearwater Lake. My wife, Leona, and I have been married forty-four years and have three children, a boy and two girls. We are fortunate to have nine grandchildren, who we do enjoy so much. I would enjoy hearing from anyone who would remember me. You can write to me at 4109 Mildren Place, Robbinsdale, Minnesota 55422.

ORVILLE M. JOHNSON

I was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, on December 18, 1924. My father Arvid came from Sweden and my mother Anna from Norway. After graduating from high school in January 1943 I started engineering classes at the University of Minnesota, but in September was drafted and sent to 17 weeks of infantry basic training at Camp Wolters, Texas. In April 1944 I was shipped to an infantry replacement camp near Chard in Southern England to wait for the invasion of France.



Orville M. Johnson

The invasion started on the morning of June 6 and six days later we were trucked to a dock area in Southampton that was packed with replacements. During the night we were shipped to the beachhead in Normandy. On June 14 we were sent to the front and I joined the 90th Division as a rifleman in the 359th Regiment. The division was then fighting in hedgerows and orchards in the general vicinity of St. Mere Eglise. My time with the 90th ended in the afternoon of July 3 when many in our platoon were hit by German 88mm artillery fire.

The next four months were spent in hospitals and a recuperation area in England. In November I was sent back to Le Mans, France, in a rear echelon job with the 15th Replacement Depot.

After the war I finished school and worked for 3M as a mechanical engineer. My wife, Verna, and I have three daughters; we're now retired and live in St. Paul.

MARION J. JONES



Marion J. Jones Jr.
At left with Mary, holding Gary, and Steve

I was born November 21, 1919, in Lincoln Parrish, Louisiana. Following graduation from Junction City High School in Arkansas, I entered military service at Barksdale Field, Louisiana, November 30, 1939. I completed basic training at Fort Benning, Georgia, and was transferred to The Infantry School in 1940 where I became a member of Gen. Omar Bradley's Infantry School staff.

I was promoted to sergeant in the Regular Army after 13 months and was graduated from Fort Bennings's Officer Candidate School in 1944. I was assigned to the 63rd Division at Camp Van Dorn, Miss., and was shipped overseas with that unit in 1944. In December 1944 I was assigned to Company L, 357th Infantry Regiment, which was part of Gen. George S. Patton's Third Army.

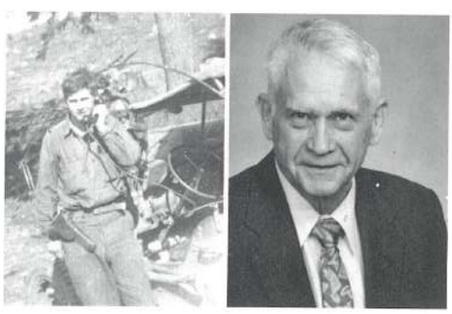
I attended Louisiana Technical University from 1949 to 1954, following assignment with the Fourth Army at Red River Arsenal in Texarkana, Texas. I entered the mobile home business and rose in prominence to president of the Yuchi Trailer Park, Yuchi Mobile Homes, Inc., and Marquette Mobile Homes, Inc. of Mobile, Alabama. In 1982 I retired from the mobile home business after 30 years.

I and the former Mary Nell Whitman, to whom I have been married for 49 years, have five children: George Steve Jones, Marion Gary Jones, Denna M. Jones, Glenna Kay Jones Coulter, and Margy Nell Jones Alft. We reside in Phenix City, Alabama, where I have been active in civic, community and political affairs.

PATRICK D. JOYCE

Staff Sgt. Patrick Joyce was waiting for the news of the birth of our first child! He was at the front when the letter dated after November 3, 1944, (the due date) arrived. He sat under a blanket, which was securely held by his buddies. By flashlight he eagerly read our letters which repeatedly said "the baby" this, "the baby" that. Towards the end of his mother-in-law's letter it said, "She has black hair." He knew he had a daughter. She was named Mary after his mother.

DANIEL STEWART JUDD



Daniel S. Judd

I was born in West Asheville, North Carolina, March 6, 1924, the son of Oscar John and Mabel Moyers Judd. I married Norvelle Shipman on December 8, 1946. We have three children: Dan Jr. (Vietnam

War veteran, now in sales), Mary Margaret (corporate executive) and Oscar Herbert (captain, field artillery).

I entered the U.S. Army at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, on February 16, 1943. I joined the 90th at Fort Dix as a replacement in early 1944 and was assigned to the 343rd Field Artillery Battalion, A Battery. I participated in the European campaigns and was in Czechoslovakia when the war ended. Duties: gun section, fire director, and forward observer crew. Decorations: Victory Medal, American Theater Campaign Medal, EAMET Campaign Medal with 5 Bronze Service Stars and 1 Bronze Arrowhead, Bronze Star.

Work: family business; instructor, Asheville-Buncombe Technical College; district director 1960 census; accounting practice in West Asheville. In 1968 I joined Columbia College, Columbia, South Carolina, as their accountant; and in 1973 opened a finance and management consulting firm in Irmo, South Carolina, where I still work part time.

Served as: member of Buncombe County (NC) and North Carolina State Boards of Elections; master of West Asheville (NC) Masonic Lodge; president of the West Asheville (NC) and the Seven Oaks (SC) Lions Clubs (38 years perfect attendance); chairman 12th District (NC) Republican Committee.

Member: South Carolina Tax Council (former President); NSPA and NAA, accounting organizations; Methodist Church-Administrative Board (have also served as lay speaker, Sunday School teacher, Finance and Audit Committees); Irmo Advisory Board of FUN Bank. Director Lexington County (SC) Health Services District. Listed in *Who's Who in Finance and Industry.*

MELVIN KAHN



Melvin Kahn

I was born on January 8, 1925, in New York City. Shortly thereafter, my family moved to Jersey City, New Jersey, just across from the Hudson River.

I remember how it all started. Before the war, passing over our neighborhood was the Hindenberg, on its way to Lakehurst, New Jersey. Thinking back, I remember sitting on the floor next to our majestic radio, my ear glued to the championship game being played on the polo grounds in the Bronx, between the New York Giants and the Washington Redskins. My mother was sitting in her chair reading a book. Then an announcement came over the radio: "Wild Bill Donovan report back to headquarters." Pearl Harbor had just been bombed. I asked my mother, "Where is Pearl Harbor?" She answered, "It's somewhere in the Pacific."

On May 31, 1943, I was inducted into the Army at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and missed my graduation day. From there, I was shipped to Camp Campbell, Kentucky, to the 20th Armored Division, C Company, 70th Armored Infantry Battalion for basic training.

When D-Day approached, we were in Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. Later, by ferry they shipped us over to New York to board our troopship for England. We disembarked at Liverpool. About two weeks later we were issued rifles and ammunition to zero in our rifles. We then boarded our troopship to France from Southampton, to Omaha Beach, until we finally joined the 90th.

My baptism of fire came at Seves Isle. I was wounded in my right thigh and was sent to our aid station to have my wound patched up. After that, I was returned to my company by a runner. I never received my first Purple Heart. The chaplain at the aid station said they had none left.

Then came the breakthrough. From our position we watched as our bombers pulverized the German front. The German army fell back. In closing the Argentan Falaise Gap, I was wounded again. At this time it was the end of combat for me. I received my Purple Heart while I was in England recuperating from my wounds. I was shipped back to the States. That ended combat for me with the 90th Division.

After the war ended, I went back to school to study under the GI Bill and became a design draftsman. I have worked for various engineering companies in the New York area. I am now in the U.S. Postal Service Maintenance Division, working on mail processing equipment. I was married and we raised two children, Lisa and Eric.

THADDEUS D. KARTER



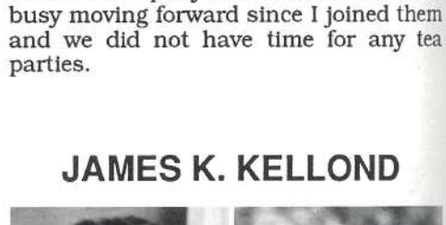
Thaddeus D. Karter

Thaddeus D. (Ted) Karter was assigned to L Company, 359th Infantry Regiment, 90th Division. I lived in New Jersey most of my life. My wife, Mary, and six children are all living which consist of one boy and five girls.

I was with many units during the war which began with the 5th Armored Division at Camp Cooke California.

Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, was our port of embarkation. My troop's ship was a liberty ship named the Warren E. Black, the voyage took fourteen days, and we landed at Marseille, France. From there we moved toward Germany. I finally became a 90th Division member, L Company, 359th Regiment, and became a sixty millimeter gunner. The 90th Division at this time was involved in quite a lot of action from December into January 1945. I must have had more lives than a cat because of the many close calls I had. I did not get to know too many of the men with the company because our outfit was busy moving forward since I joined them and we did not have time for any tea parties.

JAMES K. KELLOND



James K. Kellond

Since I was born, raised and educated in Kentucky, I classify myself as a typical "True Kentuckian." I was born in a small town, my first two years of school was in a two-classroom school environment. However, after that period, we moved to Louisville, Kentucky, and I was there enrolled in a more sophisticated school system. In high school I took the classical courses and participated in the usual activities. These included football, literary association, sports editor of the school periodical and year book, etc. After high school I went directly to the University of Kentucky. Although I did earn all of my college expenses, I did participate in most all of the social and intermural athletic activities. In addition to my degree in business and economics I received a commission in the Infantry.

After Pearl Harbor, I was called to active duty and was eventually sent to M Company, 359th Infantry, 90th Division. After training, I went to England, thence to Normandy on D-Day morning as S-1, 3rd Battalion. After almost two months of combat I was seriously wounded, sent to

England and after partial recovery, back to the United States.

My head and chest required many operations over a two-year period. Later I was able to return to a business career and eventually designed and directed a complex computer system for a large bank from which I am retired as vice president of operations. My wife, Dean, and I are enjoying a daughter, a son, a daughter-in-law and a granddaughter.

H.R. KENYON

My combat experience was with the 357th Infantry Regiment and I was with Cannon Company. After landing in Normandy, our first objective was to capture the towns of Amfreville, Goubersville and Orglands. The regiment was to cross the Meredret River. The battle was very fierce and both of these Norman towns fell on June 14 and 15.

The casualties in the company so far were light, but our executive officer, Lt. Killough, was killed and Sgt. Turner was hit with shrapnel. The first platoon was nearly trapped by enemy action, but managed to escape.

The company then took up a defensive position at Portbail and Consville, and Cannon Company supported the regiment by firing many rounds at enemy positions. We kept the enemy from breaking through as they were attempting to relieve Cherbourgh.

The next heavy action took place at Beau Coudray. We received small arms fire and sustained casualties while manning the guns. The Germans were fiercely contesting every foot of ground. When we were on the outskirts of Pêrriers, we experienced counter battery fire for the first time. I was in charge of the second section and every man in my section was either killed or wounded.

Pvt. Manfredi was killed and Cpl. Hueple, Cpl. Guadagnola and Pvt. Kanwischer were wounded. I, too, was wounded and I saw Cpl. Hueple and Pvt. Kanwischer in the aid station as they got there before me. From there I was sent to the evacuation hospital, and then I was sent back to England to a general hospital where I remained for about four months.

I am proud that I was able to accompany the 90th Division when they landed in Normandy, and participated in the invasion. At that time I had no idea that we were making history. I will never forget the men of the 90th Division and the men that I was in combat with. Nothing that I have done since can equal that experience.

I want to dedicate this brief history of Cannon Company, 357th Infantry Regiment, that fought from Utah Beach to Czechoslovakia, to Capt. Merritt N. Warden and to Lt. Smedley and all the other officers and men that I served with. Their sacrifice will never be forgotten.

RICHARD W. KERRIGAN



Richard W. Kerrigan

I was born January 26, 1919, in Massillon, Ohio, one of eight children and son of William and Eva Kerrigan. Two of my brothers, Jack and Paul, also served in World War II. I graduated from Washington High School (home of the Massillon Tigers); Paul Brown was head coach at that time.

My induction in the Army at Columbus, Ohio, was November 30, 1942. I went to basic training at Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi. I participated in maneuvers in Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. I left for overseas from Camp Maxey, Texas, April 1944. I landed in Scotland and from there went to England, six days after D-Day as an infantry replacement.

I was assigned to front lines June 16, 1944, B Company. The beachhead was five miles deep. I took part in five major battles; Normandy, Northern France, Rhineland, Ardennes and Central Europe. I was wounded July 1944, later received the Purple Heart, then returned to action. While crossing the Moselle River our battalion commander, Lt. Col. Pond, was fatally wounded. At St. Leonard our company commanding officer, Capt. Hutchinson, was killed. I was in Czechoslovakia when the war ended. Post-war I was assigned as an interpreter at Vilseck.

I returned to the United States October 31, 1945. I married Theresa Collins in June 1946. We have one son, Thomas, who served in Germany 1968-1969. He is married to Judy Poole Kerrigan and we have three lovely grandchildren.

I retired from Eaton Corp. (a machine operator) April 1, 1982, with 30 years service after working a total of 42 years. We presently live in Canton, Ohio. We enjoy retirement and travel. Best wishes to all in the 90th Division.

MATT KESELEY

I was born March 23, 1919, at Stevenson Location, Hibbing, Minnesota. I attended school in Hibbing, School District 701, the most beautiful school in the world. I worked for two years in the iron mines and forty years for the school as head superintendent and head custodian.

I was drafted March 28, 1942, inducted at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, and discharged October 30, 1945, Camp McCoy, Wisconsin. I came home with the 10th Armored. I was shipped to Camp Barkeley, Texas, 90th Division, A Company, 315th Medical Battalion. I was wounded January 12, 1945, and hospitalized in England until April 5, 1945. I feel fairly well now after nine years of retirement.

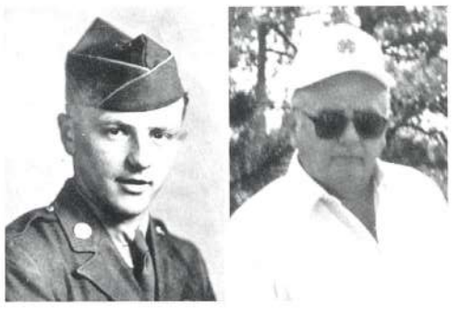


Matt Keseley

I want to mention my T.O. buddies that have passed away. Sgt. Bill Heino, Headquarters Company, 315th Engineers; Sgt. Robert Matteson, A Company, 359th Infantry (from Stevenson); and also Pfc. Dommic Provinzino, Nashwauk, Minnesota. He was in my squad and with me when I was wounded. When our barge landed, Utah Beach, France, the medics were in back of the barge. We were in water to our chins, and had to inflate rubber tubes to hold us up and save medical supplies—the tide came in. Moving up front in medic jeep, we stopped at a road block, and gave the password. We thought they were Americans, but later we found out they were Germans in American uniforms. All hell broke out! Pfc. H. Jugalwaski, a buddy next to me, was wounded in leg. My worst experience: wounded at Battle of the Bulge.

To all 90th Division buddies—*good luck*, and let the Lord keep you well. Say a prayer for your buddies that are left over there. (ETO)

WILLIAM J. KIMMEL



William J. Kimmel

I was born May 25, 1924, in Pine Grove, Pennsylvania. I graduated from high school in 1942 and was drafted into service in May 1943.

I went overseas to England, then to France and got into the machine gun section of M Company, 357 Regiment, about ten days before the breakout of Normandy. I remember fighting in the Hedge Rows, the Falaise Gap and the rush across France. Our section did a lot of motorized patrolling ahead of the battalion during August and had many a close call. We ran into an "88" on September 7 and lost quite a few of our men. I was wounded at this time and spent the next six weeks in a hospital.

I came back in the middle of October and we were attacking outside of Metz, France. We were later relieved and got a few days break, after which we crossed the Moselle River at Konigsmacken. It was rough going for all three regiments for awhile until we got help from our armor. I remember Sgt. Mudd and myself talking an officer and his men out of a Maginot Line Fort.

I am Pennsylvania Dutch and had taken German language in school. It came in handy. I was wounded a second time on November 27, 1944, and spent the next sixteen months in hospitals. I was discharged in March 1946. I am married with two children and six grandchildren.

HARRY MILLER KING



Harry Miller King

Harry King was born in Waucoma, Iowa, in 1917. He was inducted into service in March 1942 at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. He trained at Camp Barkeley, Texas. Harry crossed the ocean on the Dominion Monarch in March 1944. He served as a medic during the war in Normandy, Northern France, Rhineland, Ardennes, and Central Europe, as a private first class. Harry received the Good Conduct Medal, Bronze Service Award and Bronze Star.

He was discharged in October 1945 from Camp McCoy, Wisconsin. He re-entered service in the Korean War from November 1950-August 1951 as a corporal. Harry returned to Wyndmere, North Dakota, to farm and work at Melroe-Clark Equipment. He married Gloria Kuemper and had five children and eleven grandchildren.

Harry retired in 1980 and moved into Wyndmere and resides at 518 5th St., Wyndmere, North Dakota, 58081.

PERCIVAL R. KING



Percival R. King

I entered the Army at Camp Croft, Georgia, in 1944. I trained at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, and shipped out in December 1944 aboard the *Isle de France*. I remember a lot of the men were seasick. I soon learned that if I ate only dry crackers, I wouldn't be sick. We were transferred to landing barges to cross the English Channel to Lattavre. From there we went by rail in boxcars, then by truck to the front.

I entered as a private, of course, and did get a battlefield commission so I was a sergeant at the end of the war. I received a Silver Star, a Combat Infantry Badge, and a Good Conduct Medal. The Silver Star was for action near Mainz, Germany, where we were pinned down by small arms and machine gun fire. My squad and I were able to circle around the building and take 13 of the 14 Germans prisoners.

When the war ended we were in Czechoslovakia. There we issued supplies to the Germans until the Russians took over that area. We went then to Amberg, Germany, where we were to train for the war in the South Pacific. The war there was over before we were ready, thankfully! We worked with the Displaced Persons Camp at Amberg, processing Polish people to go home.

If I remember correctly the division was disbanded at that time. I was transferred first to a headquarters company, then to an infantry company. I was slated to go to England in an NCO swap and didn't want to, so I reenlisted, asking for duty in Alaska. I was sent to a supply base on Shemya, later to Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. I was discharged from there on December 10, 1947.

I returned first to Bryson City, North Carolina, but the next year came to Forestville, Maryland, to work on a dairy farm. In 1950 we moved to western Maryland and were able to buy a farm of my own. My first wife and I raised one son, David. She passed away in 1976.

Over the years I operated a dairy farm and worked a town job, too, mostly as a welder at Fairchild Aircraft in nearby Hagerstown, Maryland. I retired from the town job in 1984, and from the dairying, too. I remarried in 1978 and we live on a small (45 acres) farm where I keep 15 beef cows and operate a 400-head feeder hog barn. I am looking forward to the book in the hope that we can find some of you and visit.

BURTON L. KIRTLEY JR.



Burton Kirtley Jr.

Burton Kirtley Jr. entered the service in March 1942 at Camp Wolters, Texas, and was assigned to Camp Barkeley, Texas, where the newly reactivated 90th Division was being trained. He joined M Company of the 359th Regiment, which had as its motto "Carry On," and which came to be known as the "Spearhead Regiment." He was separated from the service on June 14, 1945. He died on May 8, 1990 (V-E Day), in Graham, Texas.

Staff Sgt. Kirtley landed on Utah Beach on D-Day. He participated in the initial attack on Hill 122 and helped hold it against the SS men and paratroopers until the 358th came to their assistance. He stayed with his regiment until the night they crossed the Rhine River.

Kirtley was wounded twice, but was hospitalized only once, on November 29, 1944. Thus he received only one Purple Heart, as well as two Bronze Stars and the EAME Campaign Medal with 5 Bronze Stars. Of all his decorations, he was proudest of his Combat Infantry Badge.

On August 5, 1946, Burton Kirtley married Margie Mason in Paris, Texas. She survives him.

Though he belonged to many organizations, the ones most significant to him were the 90th Division Association, Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, American Legion, Disabled American Veterans (Life Member), and the National Association of Postmasters of the United States.

Kirtley was born on January 23, 1921, in Graham, Texas, and lived out his life there. After World War II he entered the oil drilling business and in 1959 he was appointed postmaster of Graham. He retired from that position in 1982. *Margie Kirtley*

GERALD KISHMAN

On February 6, 1945, at 4 a.m. Company B, 359th Infantry Regiment, started moving to the Siegfried Line, I was crawling along a ditch. It just started to break daylight. I looked to my left to see who

was crawling beside me. To my surprise, it was a German soldier with his rifle. He must have been asleep at his guard post.

I captured him and turned him over to our squad leader, Sgt. George Miller from Waconia, Minnesota. Sgt. Miller spoke fluent German. He questioned him and found out his commanding officer's name.

When we got to the first pillbox, Sgt. Miller called to the Germans inside and told them he was the German officer and for them to surrender because the Americans were going to blow it up. They all came out with their hands up.



Gerald Kishman and fellow Legioneers on Memorial Day



Gerald Kishman (left) and Walter Kowaleski with an ex-German soldier "our cook" in the middle. We were guarding poison gas stored in forest by Germany

Sgt. Miller was a real soldier. He helped me survive and many more soldiers, too.

I was wounded a few days later, was treated at an Army hospital, and a short time later I was back on the front line.

I now live back in Michigan. I am Sergeant at Arms, and a past commander at American Legion Post #376, Marne, Michigan.

GENE KLEINDL

On Tuesday, July 18, 1944, before "Seves Island Attack," regiment medics used a farm for an aid station. Tim McCoy and I were put on guard duty, according to my diary. Using the German Burb Gun, we decided to fire it for effect.



Gene Kleindl

It was a familiar sound as the Germans used it often. Believing there were Germans in the area, search squads were sent out. Fortunately we were not located! Later we mentioned the incident to the medics. This did leave a "mystery" for Regiment Headquarters and others. We hit Normandy D-Day+2. I was wounded once, but stayed with the medics until the end of the war. My brother, Cliff, was in C Company.

LAWRENCE EDWARD KLUTTS



Lawrence Edward Klutts

Lawrence served his country during World War II with the 344th Service Battery unit of the 90th Division, Texas-Oklahoma Regiment. He was drafted into the Army while he lived in LaCenter, Kentucky, Ballard County. He acquired his skill as an auto mechanic from his father who jointly owned a garage in Paducah, Kentucky, McCrackin County.

After his discharge from the Army he worked ten years at Twelfth Street Garage in Paducah. He worked fifteen years in the service department for Caskey Pontiac Company in Paducah.

In 1970 he went to work at Illinois Central Gulf Railroad as a machinest. In 1984 he took his retirement from the railroad after suffering his first heart attack. He worked part time after retirement as a substitute teacher in auto mechanics at West Kentucky State Vocational School.

Lawrence and Mary Alice Gordon were married in 1955. They raised a foster daughter who gave them five grandchildren: Vanessa, Phyllis, Rachael, Joshua, and Jacob Snow. Lawrence's greatest joy in his life was his work—working on cars.

His greatest thrill was getting to attend the reunions with his buddies after forty years. He accepted Christ as Savior and was a member of Trinity Baptist Church in Paducah, Kentucky. After suffering two heart attacks and a light stroke, he passed away on June 30, 1989.

— *Mary Alice Klutts, widow*

OTTWIN L. KNEUPPER



Ottwin Kneupper
At left he is holding a war souvenir at a captured German hospital in 1945

I was born in January 1911 in Bexar County, Texas. I was a farm boy in Converse, Tex. I am the son of Otto and Teresa Kneupper, both of New Braunfels, Tex.

I attended a one-room school in Converse through the 8th grade. At 16 I became a carpenter and worked in the construction field in San Antonio. I also worked as a farmer and rancher.

I was drafted at age 37 and was inducted into the Army at old Dodd Field at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. I joined the 90th Infantry Division for basic training at Camp Barkeley, Texas. I stayed with the 90th Division from basic training through the end of the war.

This included participating in the Normandy invasion, the Falaise Gap, the Siege of Metz, the Battle of the Bulge and the occupation of Czechoslovakia. I served with the 90th Division in the Army of Occupation in Germany. I mustered out of the Army at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, in 1946.

I married the former Doris Uecker of San Antonio in 1946 and we've been married 42 years in June. Our children include a son, Ottwin Jr., and a daughter, Diana. Currently I am retired, but still raise cattle on my Wilson County, Texas, farm.

GEORGE REH KOUBA

(1920–1986)

George Reh Kouba was inducted into the Army while living in Hazel Park, Michigan, on October 21, 1942. He served proudly until discharged on November 14, 1945. A member of Company D, 359th

Infantry, his specialty was heavy mortar. He participated in the invasion of Normandy, France, on D-Day and travelled through Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland, and Central Europe. Writing home, he would say, "I guess I am zigging and zagging in the proper sequences."



George Kouba (left) on top of sandpile at the Koolinwerke and at right with Frank Carioto (left)

George was very fond of his Army buddies and would sometimes relate an experience shared during World War II. A few of these tales come to mind: *How about that place with the fork in the road?* While reconnoitering with a group of soldiers during a period of radio surveillance, a few of the men returned to camp. Later they contacted the companions who continued to advance. They had to be careful about what they said, so when asked their location the reply was, "We took the fork in the road where the dead pig lay."

Another time George and company came upon an abandoned French village. While searching the houses they discovered a wine cellar. This was just was the doctor ordered to a thirsty G.I. Wine in straw baskets; some tumbling onto stairs as the crew toted them out. Along came a commanding officer. Drawing a large circle on the ground around the soldiers, he proclaimed, "Any man who cannot make it out of this circle in one half hour will be court martialed!" George made it out...just barely.

And who recalls that young soldier who seemed to be a walking supply shop? Need cigarettes or stationary? A frying pan? George was amazed at what this guy managed to keep on hand.

Along with Henry Kalisek and Harry W. Harvey, George was assigned to occupational duty after the war in Hirschau, Germany. A favorite pastime there was arguing the merits of German vs. American soldiers with the locals.

George retired as assistant postmaster from the Hazel Park Post Office in 1975.

This article is respectfully submitted by his wife, son and daughter.

EDWARD J. KOWAL

Edward J. Kowal was born on June 15, 1917, in Coventry, Rhode Island, and died on June 5, 1988, in Pinella Park, Florida.

His father was John Kowal and his mother's name was Gertrude. He had seven brothers and three sisters. His schooling was in the Coventry Grammar School.



Edward J. Kowal

From school he went into a CCC Camp in western Massachusetts. He went into the service on October 13, 1942, and was discharged on October 19, 1945. On October 18 he married me, Lois Koehler Kowal, which lasted for forty years. Of that marriage came a daughter, now thirty-seven, and a son, now forty, who is a father of a boy and girl. He was blessed and we were blessed for having him for a husband, father and grandfather.

In 1979 he retired his job as foreman of the finishing room at Amerbelle Corporation. We moved to Florida where he spent nine years in the sun he loved.

After retirement we got to make the reunions. The camaraderie of the reunions was so great it was almost unbelievable and very sad at closing. Those that haven't been should make the attempt.

I can't write the part you really want but I've given you bits and pieces of the rest of his life. If he had it to write, he would probably just put his birth and 90th Division, 344th Headquarters, and that's all! But he'd still want to be with them. It was part of his life until his death. *Lois M. Kowal*

WILLIAM L. KRAPER



William L. Kraper

I was born in Massac County, Illinois, on April 19, 1915, to William and Lou Kraper. The youngest of four boys, I graduated from elementary school. I completed only two years of high school, then went to work as a truck driver for the next ten years. In October 1939, I met and married Leota Hanle of Karnak, Illinois.

In September 1943 I was inducted into the Army, 63rd Infantry Division, at Van Dorn, Mississippi. After thirteen weeks of basic, I was sent to Fort Dix, New Jersey, to join the 90th Infantry Division, C Company, 315th Combat Engineers. After two months I boarded the SS *John Ericsson* along with 5,000 90th troops and sailed to England where we were processed for the invasion of France.

On June 8 we landed on Utah Beach in Normandy, completing the tour through France with the 315th Engineers. When we entered Germany I was lucky enough to get transferred to the 90th Division Military Police for civilian control. After the surrender of the German forces May 9, 1945, we were stationed in Weiden, Germany, as Army of occupation until November 1945 when I started the trip back to the States.

In November 1945 I returned to Illinois where my wife and I stayed for only a short time. We then moved to Miami, Florida, where I worked as a carpenter in the marine industry and my wife pursued an insurance career. We both retired in January 1976 and moved to Okeechobee, Florida, where we now live.

FRANK V. KULCZAK



Frank V. Kulczak

I was born on January 28, 1925, in Scottdale, Pennsylvania. I graduated from Scottdale High School in 1942 and was inducted into the service in March 1943. After a year's training with the 8th Armored Division in Camp Polk, Louisiana, I departed for Europe and arrived in Glasgow, Scotland, on May 26, 1944. I arrived in France on July 3, 1944, and joined the 90th in the Normandy hedgerows on July 8, 1944, at Beau Coudray. I remained with A Company, 1st Battalion, 357th Infantry Regiment, as a rifleman/scout throughout France and into the Siegfried Line, until December 13, 1944. I earned three battle stars and the Bronze Star.

After hospitalization in England from December 1944 to March 1945 I was assigned to a General Hospital in Nancy, France, where I met my wife-to-be. Following my discharge from the service in January 1946, in Marseilles, France, I

accepted Civil Service employment with the Army and married my wife, Edith, in October 1946. Our son Frank Jr. was born in December 1947; our daughter was born in December 1950—both Penn State graduates.

Government service eventually took me to Giessen, Germany, in January 1947 where I remained for 27 years until 1974. All told, I spent 30 years overseas. I retired from government service in 1974, returned to the United States and established residence in Hanover, Pa. Edith died in 1975 from a terminal illness. I married Christine in March 1977 and son Matthew was born in August 1978. I am active in community affairs and enjoying retirement.

DANE W. LAMONT



Dane W. Lamont

I was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on March 9, 1925. I was inducted into the Army on June 27, 1943. I joined up with the 90th Division in France on June 12, 1944. I was in the 345th Field Artillery.

After the war I worked as a pipe-fitter with Johnson Controls for forty years, retiring in 1987. I have a wife, Betty, two sons, one daughter and six grandchildren.

JOHN LANFRANKI, M.D.



John Lanfranki carrying the U.S. flag in a parade held at wars end while in Czechoslovakia. The Czechs then celebrated their first May Day Parade since the beginning of Nazi occupation. Carrying the Czechoslovakian flag alongside Lanfranki is the mayor of this town, who later gave a welcoming speech.

I entered the United States Army service on April 2, 1943, from Marseilles, Illinois, to Scott Field, Illinois. I attended basic training at Fort Francis E. Warren in Cheyenne, Wyoming, and Army specialized training at Iowa State College in Ames, Iowa. I also took advanced infantry training with the 97th Infantry Division at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, and Camp San Luis Obispo, California. I was transferred as a replacement to 90th Infantry Division, L Company, 357th Infantry Regiment, in European Theatre of Operations. The division joined the Third U.S. Army in March across France and into Germany. We were located in Czechoslovakia and entrucked on the way to Prague, when we were pulled back and the war ended.

I participated in these battles: Ardennes, Rhineland and Central Europe. My decorations were: two overseas service ribbons, American Campaign Medal, European-African-Middle Eastern Ribbon with three Bronze Battle Stars, Good Conduct Medal, World War II Victory Medal, Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Cluster, Bronze Star Medal, Expert Infantry Badge, and Combat Infantry Badge. I went from a private first class to a first sergeant.

I joined the U.S. Postal Service, returned to college and attained a Doctor of Medicine Degree at the University of Illinois.

ARNOLD J. LARSON



Arnold J. Larson

I was born on a farm near Everest, Kansas, on February 9, 1920, the second son of Lynn and Gertie Larson.

On April 1, 1942, I was inducted into the U.S. Army at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. I was sent to Camp Barkeley, Texas, and assigned to H Company, 359th Infantry, in the machine gun platoon. Later that fall, I trained for jeep and truck driver and was transferred to 2nd Battalion, Headquarters Company, as jeep driver for the antitank platoon. In March 1944 I shipped out with the 90th from New York, landing at Liverpool, England, two weeks later.

On May 30 I loaded with the battalion vehicles on a freighter and we joined the invasion fleet in the English Channel. I came on shore at Utah Beach on June 8, 1944. I served with the same company throughout the war. Shortly after V-J Day, I was transferred to A Company, 26th Tank Battalion, 16th Armored, for redeployment to the United States. I received my discharge on October 23, 1945, at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri.

I returned to Kansas and started farming that fall. I farmed for forty years, retiring in 1985. I married Betty Ernst of Atchison, Kansas. We have a son, Anthony, and a daughter, Lisa, and both are attending Baker University at Baldwin, Kansas. We live at our farm near Everest, Kansas.

DEWEY LARSON



Dewey Larson

I was born on March 15, 1922, in Vivian, South Dakota. In 1930 I moved with my family to Wood, South Dakota, where I attended grade school and later graduated from Wood High School.

In December 1942 I was inducted into the Army. I was sent to Camp Barkeley, Texas, to the 90th Division, A Company, 315th Combat Engineers. After basic training, I was sent to Louisiana on maneuvers, then later was sent to the desert in California and Arizona on maneuvers. In December 1943 I was sent to Fort Dix, New Jersey, and in March 1944 was shipped to England for more training. In June 1944 I helped in the invasion of Normandy, France, and my company went in on Utah Beach.

On June 15, 1944, I was wounded in the battle to capture Bourbesville. I was sent to England to the hospital to recuperate and after recuperating, was returned to my company. Two days after rejoining my company, a group of ten men were detailed to remove a mine field of one thousand mines and booby traps. Three of us were defusing the mines and the other seven were unloading the last of the mines when they exploded, killing all seven. There were just three of us left. I'm sure the Good Lord was watching over me.

After crossing the Siegfried Line, we took Maizières-lès-Metz, the gateway to Metz, France. We left there to make the Moselle River Crossing, where we lost a lot of men. I saved the lives of two men while under heavy enemy fire, and was awarded the Bronze Star for this. We then moved on, making more river crossings while under enemy fire. We went to Bastogne and fought the Battle of the Bulge.

It was winter and heavy snow was on the ground and temperatures were very cold.

I was in Czechoslovakia when the war ended on May 8, 1945. I was stationed at Weiden, Germany, until I was sent to the States to be discharged. I was discharged on October 31, 1945, and returned to my hometown of Wood, South Dakota, where I farmed and ranched. In November 1951 I bought a service station, which I still own and operate. On June 24, 1952, I married June Evans and we are parents of five children; David, Cheryl, Betty, Rosalie and Gary. We now have six grandchildren. I still farm, ranch, have the service station, and also have a bulk delivery in Wood.

MARVIN O. LARSON



Marvin O. Larson

Marvin O. Larson, Thompson, Iowa. I entered service September 1941 at Camp Callan. I was discharged in February 1946. I served at Dutch Harbor, Aleutians, 206th A.A. Battery B, from January 8, 1942, to February 1944. The Japanese bombed June 3 and 4, 1942.

I would like to hear from Sgt. Bishop, Ledvini, E. Pedersen, William Lehman, Dan Thorland, Red Foster, Red Griffin, Lumpkins, Dean Twedt, E.P. Dixon, Peracca.

I married Margaret H. Myhr, June 30, 1944. I was sent to ETO in August 1944. I joined the 90th Division, 3rd Army, 357th Infantry Regiment, K Company, at Maizières-lès-Metz. Fred Lane and I, together since Camp Callan, were in the same platoon. Lane was wounded October 26 and died November 2. On November 9, 1944, we crossed Moselle and I was wounded November 10. I kept a German machine gun quiet until a mortar round knocked me out of action. I want to thank the medics for saving me. I reached a field hospital November 11 and spent 16 months in Army hospital.

Decorations received: APTC, Good Conduct, Combat Infantry Badge, Purple Heart, EAME 1 Bronze, WWII Victory, ATCM, ADSM, Bronze Star Medal.

Margaret and I have two sons; Cpl. John R. Larson served in Vietnam, 1st Sgt. Levi Larson served in invasion of Panama. We have four grandchildren; Tristen, Malinda, Bonnie, and James Larson.

ALFRED G. LASS



(L-R) John J. Day Jr., Alfred and Mildred Lass

I have some very vivid memories of the war. One of the biggest is D-Day and the landing. Those scenes I will never forget. Also the men I knew and fought with.

What a surprise on Sunday, October 1, 1989, when John J. Day and wife drove up in front of our home. John and I had not seen or heard from each other since Army days. The few hours we spent together were far too short. He found my name in the list in the newsletter.

When I got out, I went to work for REA Express as a driver/agent. I retired at 62 on a disability with full pension...too many falls on the ice delivering packages.

ANGELO LEONE



(L-R) John Harcoliek, Joe Barton and Angelo Leone at Camp Barkeley, Texas



Angelo Leone — Falaise Gap

I was born in a steelworker's town in Pennsylvania called Monessen. Its name came from the Monongahela River that was nearby. The rest of the name came from Essen, Germany.

I was inducted into the Army on December 22, 1942, at Fort Mead, Maryland. From there, I was sent to Camp Barkeley, Texas. While there, I put about two years on maneuvers in California and Louisiana, as well as on a training session before going overseas to England. I was twenty-nine years old when drafted.

I was in on the invasion of Normandy on D-Day with the 359th Infantry, Cannon Company of the 90th Division; also, when American Air Force bombarded a twenty-square-mile area and made large craters, and Gen. McNair was killed. That's when we broke through the hedgerows and the Germans did not know where the 90th Division was.

A bad experience that happened when the Germans were retreating was when we pulled into a field the Germans had vacated because of the heavy bombarding we sent their way. It was a bad move made by Capt. Max Wilson of the Cannon Company. The Germans had this field zeroed in from the alternative position that they had pulled back to. Max Wilson never got over seeing his two squads wiped out plus two ammunition trucks going up in smoke when the German artillery hit us.

Later, on another occasion, I was assigned to the 2nd Battalion Headquarters as a security guard. I had to guard the headquarters plus guide the tanks and trucks on the move to the front lines. I was later taken to a town in Germany called Saarbracken. This town was under heavy bombardment and the medics were hard to find when needed. The Saar River was there and across the river would be the Siegfried Line. I had to go across the river, through the Siegfried Line, and up and under the railroad viaduct to a large barnlike building which was the front lines. I was led by a guide the first night. We could only go at night because the Germans would shoot the steel cable out during the daytime. I was told that I would be on my own after the first time. Little did I know that I would be going to the front lines for fifteen nights, bringing men and supplies. It was so dark I could not see my hands in front of me. I had to go by the contour of the hillside beyond the railroad.

One night, I was given one hundred prisoners to take back to Saarbracken. On the way back to the Saar River, a German plane flew over us and dropped flares, lighting the whole area like bright daylight. I could not get back across the river because the Germans had again knocked out the steel cable that held the skiff steady from bank to bank. The German plane did not bomb us, thank God. I was wounded in both thighs driving the Germans back on February 24, 1944.

BOB LEVINE

I was wounded and captured in the battle of Hill 122. A German surgeon amputated my leg in a field hospital, but in an incredibly humane gesture, left a note in my pocket explaining what he had done

and why. In 1981 I had the great good fortune to meet Henri Levaufre of Periers. Using the note, Henri worked diligently to locate the doctor. Henri put me in touch with a former German paratrooper, Heinz Bonkowski, who had been captured by the 358th on Hill 122. Heinz learned that the surgeon was Edgar Woll, now dead, but survived by his widow, Maria, and their three children. In 1982 with the Levaufres, my wife, Edith, and I journeyed to Saarbrucken and stayed in the good doctor's home.



Bob Levine

Since then, all his children have visited us in New Jersey. Indeed, his granddaughter, Cornelia, whom he never knew, lived with us for a fabulous month. We have become an extended family.

This trip back in time, meeting both former foe and liberated friends, has changed my life. Meeting Henri and his fellow Normans and receiving their heartfelt gratitude has given me enough reason to accept my loss and so be able to get on with my life. I have learned to look at the world as groups of families, all wanting to share those events which make families so special, all of us together as parents, children, grandchildren.

My eternal gratitude goes to Henri Levaufre who made all this possible.

M. REX LEWIS



M. Rex Lewis

I was born in Iola, Kansas, on June 4, 1917, and at the age of one we moved to Ottawa, Kansas. I married Maxine Hayden on January 4, 1942, in Kansas City, Missouri, and was inducted into the Army at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on April 4, 1942. I was sent to Camp Barkeley where the 90th Division was reactivated. My entire career was spent with the 357th Regiment, 2nd Battalion Medical Detachment. I was promoted to staff sergeant in Barkeley.

After crossing the Rhine my unit was captured; however, a buddy and I escaped. The rest were marched thirty-six hours toward German lines before being liberated by our tanks.

I received the Bronze Star with two Oak Leaf Clusters, and a Purple Heart, and was privileged to be chosen as one of twenty-five enlisted men and twenty-five officers to return to the United States with the Eisenhower party for huge victory celebrations in Washington, D.C., New York, West Point and Kansas City. Following the parade in Kansas City, we were sent to Fort Leavenworth and discharged on June 22, 1945. Two weeks later, I went to work at the Ottawa Post Office where I retired in 1972. I moved to Fort Worth, Texas, and worked for my brother, C. L. Hull, until retiring in 1985.

My wife died in 1971. We have two sons who live in Kansas, one daughter who lives in Southlake, Texas, near Fort Worth, seven grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren. I am still living in Fort Worth.

ANTHONY LIBRERA



Anthony Librera
(At left with buddies in Amberg, Germany; Librera on back row, extreme right)

I had just turned nineteen when I joined the 90th Division as a replacement on Christmas Day of 1944. I was on a truck going to Company B of the 359th Infantry Regiment. They were in a holding position on the Saar River in France. There was very little action there but it was soon to be changed.

A couple of days after New Years Day we were told to "start packing, we are heading for the Battle of the Bulge." Our mission was to get to Bastogne and cut off the Germans who had pushed all the way into Belgium.

From that day I sure earned my combat infantry badge. In less than one week our company was pulled out of the front lines to regroup. We had suffered tremendous casualties. I remember marching back to the rear it seemed like we only had a dozen men left in Company B. Three days of R&R and we were back in the thick of things.

After the Bulge, it was the Ziegfried Line, then the 2nd Moselle River Crossing, the Rhine Crossing, and finally into Czechoslovakia, where the war ended on May 7, 1945.

In just about five months, from December 1944 to May 1945, I earned three Battle Stars and memories of which unfortunately I will never forget. How I survived God only knows. Foxhole buddies and relationships were shortlived as many of them were wounded and killed.

To those of us that are still alive, all we can say is thank God and let us remember and salute our fallen comrades. God bless them all.

WILLIAM A. LITTELL



William A. Littell

I was born October 22, 1915, at 1623 Sixth Avenue, Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, along with twin sisters, Emma Mae Littell Elliott and Mary Elizabeth Littell Gilliland, to mother Clara Robbins Littell and father David Harrison Littell. I am married to Betty Boyle and we have one son, William D. Littell, and two daughters, Suzanne Littell Patsy and Carol Littell Sanders. Our grandchildren are Missy Sue Littell and Lindsey Littell, Emily Patsy and Chad Sanders.

I worked in the Salt Mines at Merkers, Germany; 100 million taken out of this place. Great honor was to fire "81" for Gen. George Patton in which he gave the speech that if we stayed strong there would be no more wars, about great soldiers and that it was a great honor to command them. I saw lots of places I probably never would have seen and met people otherwise I would have never known. Forty-eight years have gone by and I still hear from a lot of my "buddies."

Golf tip for today: When it storms on a golf course, you take out your 2 iron; even God can't hit a 2 iron.

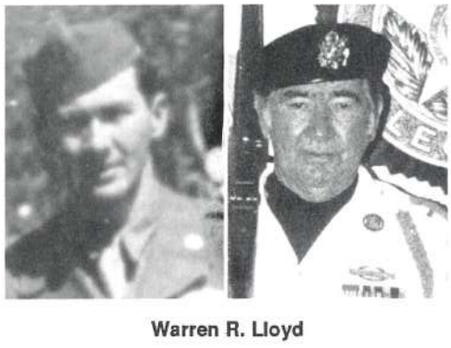
WARREN R. LLOYD

I am a native of the state of Virginia and was educated through high school in the public schools of Fairfax County, Virginia.

I was drafted into the U.S. Army on

November 6, 1942, and assigned to Company B, 359 Infantry Regiment in December 1942. I served as a BAR gunner.

I participated in the D-Day landings on June 6, 1944, at Utah Beach in Normandy, France.



Warren R. Lloyd

I was wounded in the left leg by shrapnel from a mortar burst on July 3, 1944, near Pretrot, France, and was sent to a U.S. Army hospital in England and returned to the 90th Division in early February 1945.

I was with the 90th on VE Day in Czechoslovakia, and returned to Amberg, Germany, for occupation duty during the summer of 1945. I left Amberg in late September for a long journey back to the U.S. by way of Munich, Rheims, and LeHarve, France.

I was discharged from the U.S. Army on December 9, 1945, at Fort Meade, Maryland, and with 30 percent connected disability.

I started employment with the U.S. federal government in Washington, D.C., in January 1948 and served in the positions of accountant/auditor until retirement in September 1970. During this time I secured an accounting degree under the G.I. bill.

I moved to the state of Florida in April 1976 and gained employment with the State Department of Revenue as a tax auditor. I retired again in May 1987.

Currently I am employed as a school crossing guard at a local elementary school of two hours a day. I am also a member of American Legion Post 19 Honor/Color Guard in Orlando, Florida. I have three sons, one daughter and five grandchildren.

ROBERT M. LOVE

My name is Robert M. Love and I served with the 90th Division in World War II.

I was born in the town of Swiss, Burnett County, Wisconsin, on August 14, 1924, to George and Noma Love. In 1932 we moved to Douglas County, Wisconsin, where I attended school prior to entering the Army in December 1943.

I took my basic training at Camp Blanding, Florida, and shipped overseas from Camp Shanks, New Jersey, to Southhampton, England. From there I went to Normandy on June 16, 1944. At that time I joined the 90th Division.



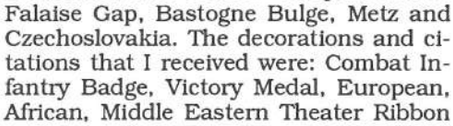
Robert M. Love

I took part in the five major campaigns: Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland, and Central Europe. I was at Falaise Gap, Bastogne Bulge, Metz and Czechoslovakia. The decorations and citations that I received were: Combat Infantry Badge, Victory Medal, European, African, Middle Eastern Theater Ribbon with one Silver Star, three Overseas Service Bars, Good Conduct Medal, Purple Heart with two Oak Leaf Clusters. Having acquired enough points for separation, I left Germany in August 1945 and was discharged on December 7, 1945.

My wife, Bette, and I were married in 1946 and have eight children, nineteen grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. I am now retired and living at Springbrook, Wisconsin.

I am proud to have served in the 90th Division and with the courageous men of Company G, 357th Infantry Regiment.

ELVIR A. MAGNUSON



Elvir A. Magnuson

I was discharged from the Army in November 1945. I was severely wounded in action with G Company, 357th Regiment of the 90th Division, June 20,1944. I arrived home with a somewhat paralyzed left leg.

My father was a farmer. I took over the farm in early 1946, but my leg gave me a lot of problems, so I gave up farming. Having only a eighth grade education and knowing only labor, I went into construction work.

I married Ione in August 1951 and we had one son, May 1953. He is now in Orlando, Florida. In the late 1960s my leg gave out. I tried to keep working, but my back also gave out. I was on 10% disability from the VA, and in the late 1960s it was increased to 30%. In the early 1970s, not being able to get employment, the VA placed me on an unemployable pension at $134.00 a month.

My wife had a very serious illness and $134.00 a month did not pay her medical expenses. A fellow veteran gave me a job as a janitor in a hospital, but my leg and back gave out again, so back to the VA hospital in Omaha, Nebraska, again. I next worked in a warehouse, the only job I could get, got my leg and back in bad shape, back to the VA hospital again. The hospital would not treat my service-connected leg, so I had to go to another hospital clinic. I got my leg treated, the VA ended up paying the bills. I was placed on total disability Social Security. In 1975 I could not get the VA to raise my disability percentage.

My wife, Ione, went to Her Eternal Rest in October 1975. She lost a 14 year battle with cancer.

In October 1979, when on my way to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, for the 90th Division Reunion, I had heard about a widow in Luverne, Minnesota. I stopped off to visit her and invited her to the 90th Banquet on Saturday night and she accepted my invitation. I visited her Thanksgiving, Christmas and many times the next year. I made the 150 miles from Nebraska in 3 hours and 10 minutes. We were married September 1980 and went on our honeymoon to the next 90th Reunion at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, in October 1980 and we have attended every reunion since then.

I wrote to mayors of cities where many of my Army buddies of G Company, 357th, entered the Army from and was able to locate more than 60 of them. My wife and I visited many of them and also visited widows, sisters and brothers of those killed in action and the next of kin of the men that went to their Eternal Rest since returning home from the war.

We have visited in more than 80 homes of Army buddies and next of kin. We took pictures of my Army buddies from my company and sent pictures to other men of my company. We have sent out more than 3,200 pictures since 1981. My wife and I made the 90th Division tour to Europe in June 1984. My wife took more than 800 pictures and I took 23 movie films.

The last 2 years I have had appointments at the VA hospital clinic at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, 3 to 6 months. They're taking better care of me now.

The first week in August each year I send out more than 50 letters to men of G Company encouraging them to attend the next reunion. We are still in contact with many people of the 90th. We send out more than 135 Christmas cards with letters to people of the 90th each year. In 1989 five men went to their Eternal Rest from G Company...our ranks are thinning as the years go by.

DOUGLAS D. MALM

I joined the 90th Division on November 11, 1942, at Camp Barkeley. I was assigned to the 358th Infantry Regiment, 2nd Battalion Medical Detachment. Training included maneuvers in Louisiana with G Company as an aid man, but also was with Company E and F at various times. I also was on desert maneuvers with H Company and became acquainted with many in the rifle companies. My nickname was "Tiny."

On departure from Camp Kilmer I took a jeep with the litter rack on. I drove this jeep ashore late on June 8th. The litter squad would transport the wounded to our jeep for transport to the nearest medical facility. Many times the weapons, jeeps and other vehicles would go forward if they knew a medic jeep had been on that same road earlier thinking there were no mines!

I saw many wounded and dying that I had become friends with in the states at places like Hill 122, Falaise Gap area, Metz, Saar Valley and Dillengen! At Hill 122, Headquarters Platoon, G Company, was wiped out by artillery into a building—Capt. Wagner, 1st Sgt. Sheery and many others!

Near LeMans, F Company first sergeant and many others from H.Q. Platoon were fatalities as the result of a head-on collision with a German jeep that had been captured and another jeep. Seven people were killed in this tragic accident.

At Dillengen, the Bulge became important. We withdrew to a position in late December while holding for orders to go to Bastonge area. The article I have included about the LUCKY FIVE was written here by George Wade.

We were committed in the Bulge area and in Nederwompach or Oberwompach on January 18 or 19. In the village heavy artillery came in. Many of us sought shelter in a barn with a slate roof and a small amount of hay in the loft. A shell came through to the ground floor and Wade, Scanio, Sharp and Wisnerske, along with several infantry men, were obliterated! On February 5, 1945, I left the outfit for temporary duty to the States—30 days to get home, 30 days at home, and 30 days to return. I arrived home March 12, received a 15-day extension and headed back April 28 to Camp Shanks to head back overseas. The war in Europe was ended and I was discharged in October 1945...*the Lucky One of the Lucky Five!*

Currently I am married with six children and seven grandchildren. I retired after 31 years with a scrapyard in 1986 and have enjoyed many reunions with the great men of the 90th.

I have been an active member of the American Legion and my wife and I are currently serving as the Third Division president and commander for the Department of Illinois.

DEMPSEY MALONE



Dempsey Malone

I was born on June 7, 1921, and lived on a farm near Okolona, Arkansas. During the Depression years, President Roosevelt created the Civilian Conservation Corps to provide jobs for young men 17 years and older, and I signed on for one year. I spent one year in Arkansas and Idaho, building roads and fighting forest fires.

In March 1942 I was inducted into the Army at Camp Robinson, Arkansas, and sent to Camp Barkeley, Texas, and placed in the 60mm mortar section of the 358th Infantry, 90th Division. I was given about two years combat training in Texas, Louisiana, and the California Desert.

In March 1944 I sailed with the 90th Division for England. I served with the 358th Infantry in France, Germany, Belgium, Luxembourg and Czechoslovakia.

In February 1945 I was wounded near Prum, Germany, and spent about two months in the hospital. After recovering from a shrapnel wound in my left leg, I was returned to combat duty at Frankfurt, Germany. I was given a 45-day leave back to the United States shortly after the 358th entered Czechoslovakia.

I was discharged in October 1945 and worked for 37 years for Hotpoint General Electric Company in Chicago, Illinois.

I retired in 1983 and now live in Stickney, Illinois, with my wife, Ruby, of 47 years. We have one son, Cary, who was born October 20, 1950, and is an accountant.

MORRIS D. MARCUS, M.D.



Morris D. Marcus, M.D.

I was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on May 6, 1910, received my MD degree in 1934 and practiced and taught dermatology in St. Louis. I married Margaret Blumenthal in 1947. She died in 1969 leaving Joe and Terese. Dr. Joe is a pathologist married to Margaret Olsen, a virologist, and are blessed with little Anna. Terese is married to Dr. Mark Edelstein, an oncologist, and are proud parents of Matthew and Katie.

I entered the Army in August 1942 and served with the XI Corps Headquarters and the 71st Division. I joined the 90th Division at Fort Dix in January 1944 and battalion surgeon, 1st Battalion, 359th Regiment. In England we heard the pep talks of Generals Bradley, Patton, Collins, and Barton. We were happy to hear Bradley's calm, reassuring talk ("There will be many fewer casualties than predicted"; "You'll walk up the tree-lined road to Cherbourg with great military support," etc.), especially after hearing Patton's great tough gory-fighting speech. At the height of his profanity I heard our chaplain shout, "At ease General Patton, at ease!"

On D-Day we landed on Utah Beach. I saw General Teddy Roosevelt calmly walking the beach steadying the troops in his gravelly voice.

On June 10 artillery fragments shattered my left hand. Thanks to the great Doctors J. Barret Brown and Walter Graham at Valley Ford General Hospital, the hand was repaired. I was discharged March 1946 to resume practice and teaching, retiring in 1988 as clinical professor medicine (dermatology), Washington University Medical School.

JOSEPH T. MARGAGNONI



Joseph T. Margagnoni

I was born, raised and schooled in Hartford, Connecticut. Shortly after graduating high school I was inducted into the Army at Fort Devens in Massachusetts. My infantry training was at Camp Blanding in Florida, then to Fort Mead, and then to Camp Shanks.

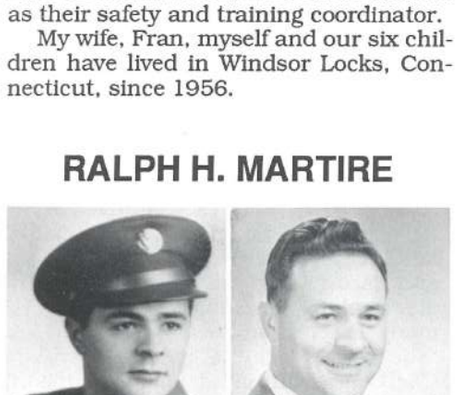
As a replacement, I joined F Company of the 358th Regiment in the 90th Division, serving as a "BAR" man and "company runner," from France to Czechoslovakia. I have always felt I served with the best company in the ETO; a compliment to the officers and enlisted men alike.

Among my awards are the Bronze Star, four Major Battle Stars, and the Purple Heart.

I was honorably discharged in 1946, returned to Hartford, Connecticut, and started working with the Metropolitan District Commission, and retired in 1985 as their safety and training coordinator.

My wife, Fran, myself and our six children have lived in Windsor Locks, Connecticut, since 1956.

RALPH H. MARTIRE



Ralph H. Martire

Ralph Martire was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on February 2, 1924.During World War II he trained at Camp Barkeley, Texas, with Headquarters Company, 358th of the 90th Infantry Division before going overseas. They took part in the D-Day Invasion; landing on Utah Beach, continuing on to Cherbourg, Battle of the Bulge and the taking of the City of Verdun. He was awarded the Good Conduct medal, Bronze Star, Purple Heart, French Croix de Duerre, Verdun Medal (by the French government), Combat Infantry badge, D-Day Landing medal, American Campaign, German Occupation and the WWII Victory medal.

After being discharged in October 1945 he was employed as a missile technician by Lycoming of Stratford. He was also with Undewood Elliot Fisher Corporation and Vitramon Corporation.

He attended McAllister College of Embalming in New York City, passing the Connecticut State Board Examination in 1962. He is now associated with the A.L. Green and Sons Funeral Home in Bridgeport, Connecticut, as a mortician.

Ralph is past president of Holy Name Society of Holy Name of Jesus Parish, and served as treasurer and secretary of the Holy Name Bowling League. He is on a committee of the Foreman's Industrial Forum of the YMCA, and served as boxing instructor with the Stratford P.A.L.

He has four children. One daughter is married, one daughter is a dancer, one daughter is a singer, and his son, Ralph, is an attorney. He also has four grandchildren. — *Donna Martire, daughter*

ROBERT KELLEY MASSIE

I was born May 10, 1919, in Bluefield, West Virginia. I was inducted into the Army of the United States on March 23, 1942, at Fort Thomas, Kentucky. I was shipped out to Camp Shelby, Mississippi, and assigned to the 773rd Tank Destroyer Battalion, Headquarters Company, 90th Division, and promoted to the rank of sergeant.



Robert Kelley Massie

I was transferred to Desert Training Center, Camp Indio, California, under the command of Gen. George Patton. I attended Tank Destroyer School, Fort Hood, Texas, and later transferred to Camp Atterbury, Indiana. My unit was shipped overseas from Camp Shanks, New York, January 29, 1944, on the British Acquatania Transport, landing at Gourock, Scotland, February 6, 1944. I was stationed at Stow-on-Wold, England, and did invasion training at the seaports of Bournemouth and Plymouth, England. On August 1, 1944, Warrant Officer Ward C. Johnson and myself were in London, England, to make arrangements for space on boats for heavy armored equipment when the enemy dropped a V-2 rocket. Fellows and army nurses in my battalion helped me endure my injuries and concussion. I did not receive hospitalization but landed in Normandy on Omaha and Utah Beach, on August 6 (D-Day-plus-60). My unit was in combat within fifteen minutes for 259 continuous days.

I was in the Battle of Falaise Gap, Battle of the Bulge, and helped crack the Siegfried Line two times, receiving a total of seven Battle Stars. I received the Medal of the Purple Heart and two Presidential Unit Citations. I also received recognition from France, the Croix de Guiere Medal of France and La Ville De Metz A. Ses Liberateurs, November 19, 1944.

The war ended May 8, 1945. The 773rd Tank Destroyer Battalion was in Pillisen, near Prague, Czechoslovakia. We were moved to Tirchenruth, Bavaria, and billeted in a hotel. In the dining room hung a beautiful picture of the USS *America*. All the soldiers expressed their desire to return home on this beautiful ship. On October 16, 1945, most all of the men did sail on the USS *America*, including myself. I was separated from the military at Fort George G. Meade, Maryland, on October 27, 1945.

The following month of November, I entered employment with the U.S. Postal Service, Bluefield, West Virginia, and retired February 1980 as supervisor of Mails. I live in Bluefield, with wife Thelma Kathryn. We have a son, Robert Kelley Jr., a local pharmacist, and have one grandson, Ryan Kelley.

CLIFFORD R. MAY

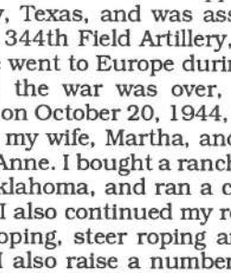


Clifford R. May

I was born in Nowata County, Oklahoma, on December 12, 1915. I lived there until I was inducted into the Army and went to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, on March 19, 1942. From there, I was shipped to Camp Barkeley, Texas, and was assigned to B Battery, 344th Field Artillery, 90th Division. We went to Europe during the war.

When the war was over, I was discharged on October 20, 1944, and I came home to my wife, Martha, and daughter, Martha Anne. I bought a ranch near Ochelata, Oklahoma, and ran a cow-calf operation. I also continued my rodeo career of calf roping, steer roping and training horses. I also raise a number of quarter horses. I have been a volunteer fireman for twenty-six years and still make fire runs in the daytime or when needed. I am now retired and enjoy what I want to do.

SAMUEL E. McCANN



Samuel E. McCann

I was born on September 29, 1918, in Parsons, Kansas. I graduated from UCLA in June 1941 and was immediately ordered to one year active duty at Camp Roberts, California, as second lieutenant, Infantry Reserve. Following Pearl Harbor, I was placed on extended active duty and retired 34 years later on July 1, 1976, as a colonel.

I was ordered to Camp Barkeley, Texas, in February 1942 and assigned to

Company H, 359th Infantry Regiment, 90th Infantry Division, and remained in that unit until the war ended. I married Ruth Ann Weyrick in the Regimental Chapel on April 10, 1943.

I went back to Europe in 1946 to 1st Battalion, 26th Infantry Regiment, 1st Infantry Division, to provide security for War Crimes Trials for the "Big 21" in Nuremburg, Germany.

Following the Advanced Infantry School, I was ordered to Korea to 1st Battalion, 14th Infantry Regiment, and then to Asst. G-3, 25th Division (Hanging Sam Williams, commanding) 1952-1953.

I went back to Fort Benning (infantry school) as chief, Small Arms Committee, Weapons Dept. for four years and then back to Europe in 1958 to 8th Infantry Division as G-1 (personnel) and the European Airborne Task Force. Following Command and General Staff College, I was assigned to the Pentagon for four years: two as executive to chief of information, DA, and two as the executive for deputy chief of staff, personnel, DA.

I was assigned to the deputy chief, JUSMAG-Thailand, Bangkok for two years and then to Combat Development Command at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas. I was assigned as senior U.S. Army advisor to 6th ROKA Corps, Korea 1969-1970. Next to Ft. Shafter, Hawaii, as area commander until reassigned to Presedio, San Francisco, in September 1973 as president, U.S. Army Physical Evaluation Board. I retired on July 1, 1975, in Honolulu, Hawaii.

Our youngest daughter graduated from the University of Hawaii and moved to the mainland for a master's degree so we moved back to Leavenworth, Kansas, where I spent seven years as the court services and probation officer for the city/county of Leavenworth, Kansas. We finally had enough snow and moved to our present location in Florida in June 1985.

RALPH L. McCLURD



Ralph L. McClurd

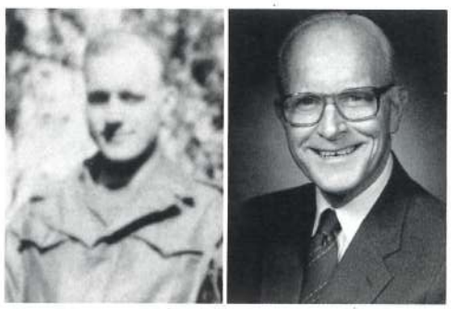
I was born in Elizabethton, Tennessee, on April 23, 1924. I was one of seven children, son of Elbert and Maggie McClurd.

I was in the U.S. Army from March 6, 1943, to October 14, 1945. I was a communication sergeant in the 357th Infantry, 90th Division.

I attended Milligan College in Milligan, Tennnessee. I started working at the DuPont Company in New Jersey in 1948 and retired from the Dupont Company June 1, 1982.

I married Norma Jean Light in New Jersey, April 23, 1949. We have one daughter, Donna Jean, who was born in 1959. I owned McClurd Pontiac in Penns Grove, New Jersey, from 1961 to 1986. We have lived in Pennsville, N.J., since 1954.

WILLIAM M. McCONAHEY, M.D.



William M. McConahey, M.D.

I was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on May 7, 1916, and in 1925 moved with my family to Sharon, Pennsylvania, where I lived until I left to attend Washington and Jefferson College. After graduation from Harvard Medical School, I interned at the Philadelphia General Hospital in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and then entered the Medical Corps of the United States Army in 1943.

After six weeks training at the Medical Field Service School in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, I was assigned as battalion surgeon to the 66th Infantry Regiment of the 71st Light Division stationed in Camp Carson, Colorado. In early February 1944 I was transferred to the 90th Division, which was then at Fort Dix preparing for embarkation, and became assistant battalion surgeon of the 3rd Battalion of the 357th Infantry Regiment. I landed with the 357th at Utah Beach on D-Day-plus-2. About ten days later, I became the battalion surgeon of the 2nd Battalion of the 357th and served in that capacity until mid-October, when I became the battalion surgeon of the 344th Field Artillery.

After the war, I began a three-year Fellowship in Internal Medicine at the Mayo Clinic and in July 1949 joined the staff as a Consultant in the Division of Internal Medicine and Endocrinology. I spent the next 36 1/2 years as a consultant at the Mayo Clinic and retired at the end of December 1985. During that time, I became Professor of Medicine first in the Mayo Graduate School of the University of Minnesota and then in the Mayo Medical School. My wife, Adrienne, and I were married in 1940. We have two sons, one daughter and seven grandchildren.

C.E. McDANIEL



C.E. McDaniel

I was born January 18, 1920, at Michigan Valley, in Osage County, Kansas. After graduating from Michigan Valley High School, I attended Washburn College in Topeka, Kansas.

In 1941 I married my high school sweetheart and worked in the aircraft industry at Wichita, Kansas, until entering the service in 1944. I joined the 90th at Metz, France, and was assigned to F Company, 358th Regiment. I stayed with F Company until we met the Russians in Czechoslovakia and then through the summer at Vohenstrass, Germany. When the A-bomb ended the war in Japan and the 90th came home, I was transferred to Military Government at Augsburg and later at Munich. I left Germany in late April 1946 and was discharged in early May at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

My wife and I have been married 48 years and have three children and three grandchildren. After separation from service, I worked for Puritan Bennett Corporation, Kansas City, Missouri, for 31 years. I have always worked as a mechanic and was supervisor of the engineering service shop for Puritan Bennett.

We lived in Kansas City, Kansas, for 40 years, but after we retired we moved to Topeka, Kansas, where our children and grandchildren live. We like it here and are glad we made the move. Since retiring I have been doing volunteer work for the Red Cross, Salvation Army, and the Veteran's Hospital here in Topeka.

SAM M. McELROY



Sam M. McElroy

I was born in Morganfield, Kentucky, on April 14, 1921. I had one brother and no

sisters. My brother served in the 78th Division in Europe in World War II and was discharged a major.

I graduated from the University of Kentucky in 1943 with a B.S. degree in agriculture. I graduated from OCS at Fort Benning, Georgia, in December 1943 as second lieutenant Infantry. I was assigned to the 10th Mountain Division (Ski Troops) at Camp Hale, Colorado. I was sent to England in the spring of 1944 and assigned to the 90th Infantry Division and fought in five campaigns in Europe in Gen. Patton's Third Army.

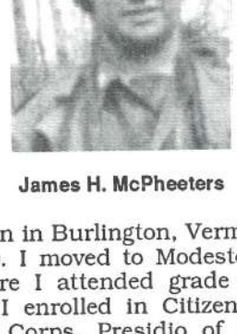
When the war was over, I became a general's aide. I was an aide to Maj. Gen. Herbert L. Earnest who commanded the 90th Division from March 1945 until the division returned to the states in December 1945. In combat, most of my time was spent with M Company, 3rd Battalion, 358th Regiment, 90th Division.

I received a Bronze Star with an Oak Leaf Cluster for valor and a Purple Heart with a cluster. In my estimation, our two greatest battles were Normandy and the Battle of the Bulge. I was "on the line" 11 1/2 months and it shall always be embedded in my mind. The day the war was over, we were in Czechoslovakia. I was discharged a captain.

I returned and married Annie Meacham. We had three sons and one daughter. They are all college graduates. My oldest son returned to take charge of our 5,000-acre farming operation. The other two sons, Martin and Charles, are Certified Public Accountants. Our daughter, Susan, is a business consultant in Washington, D.C.

At the present time, I am a state representative in the Kentucky General Assembly.

JAMES H. McPHEETERS



James H. McPheeters

I was born in Burlington, Vermont, April 21, 1920. I moved to Modesto, California, where I attended grade and high schools. I enrolled in Citizens Military Training Corps, Presidio of Monterey, California (1937-1940), where I received a Military Scholarship (1938-1940) to Brown Military Academy, Pacific Beach, California. I was commissioned second lieutenant, Infantry, USAR and ordered to duty in May 1942.

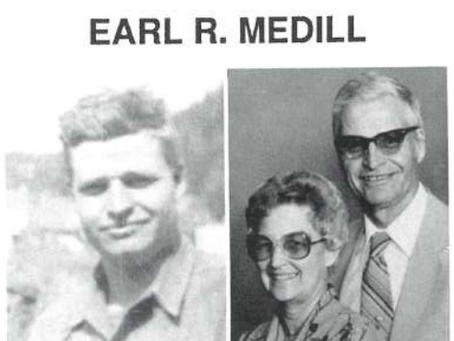
I joined Hq. & Hq. Company, 1st Battalion, 359th Infantry, September 8, 1943, at Camp Granite Mountain, California, and remained with that unit until October 1945. I returned to CONUS in January 1946 and chose to make a career in the Army. From January 1946 I held a variety of assignments in CONUS and overseas commands. The longest tour was five years at Camp Drum, New York. I retired from active duty as a lieutenant colonel on June 30, 1962. I accepted employment on August 1, 1962, as a Department of Army civilian in safety program management. I retired January 4, 1984, after 43 years of combined Army service.



James H. McPheeters with his wife, Mary, receiving "Certificate of Retirement" from MG Archie S. Cannon Jr. in 1984, following 42 years of combined military and civilian service

I married Mary Westcott of Natick, Massachusetts, April 6, 1946 at Fort MacArthur, California. We have two sons; James Jr. and Kenneth. Jim Jr. is a commander in the U.S. Navy and scheduled to complete the Navy War College in March 1990. Kenneth is in law enforcement work with the City of Terrell Hills, Texas. Our family traveled together to all of my assigned stations except Korea. They enjoyed Army life as I did, taking full advantage of travel opportunities and available recreational facilities. We reside in Hollywood Park, on the northern edge of San Antonio, Texas.

EARL R. MEDILL



Earl R. Medill

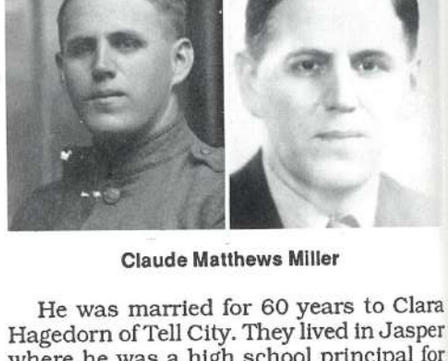
I was born September 9, 1918, on a farm near the small town of Rye, Colorado, and my grandparents had homesteaded there in the 1860s and 1890s, migrating from Illinois and Ohio. I was drafted into the Army on March 14, 1942, and discharged on October 14, 1945. I married Ruth Cremean on October 26, 1941. We raised two daughters: Elaine (Jerry) Holiday of Madera, California, who has two sons, Douglas (married Leslie Lee) and Derek; and Esther (James) Spradlin of Pueblo, Colorado, who has two sons, James and Matthew.

I worked in home construction for a few years before going to work at the Pueblo Army Depot as a civil service employee for 18 years, retiring in 1971. We now spend the summers in Rye and the winters in Sun City, Arizona, enjoying the warmer winters.

I have a story I would like to tell. One time the motorized messenger and I from the 359th Headquarters Message Center delivered an important message to one of the battalions on the front line. As we started back to our post, enemy artillery fire began to come in. The driver was in a hurry to get out of the area. Unknown to us, Gen. Patton was headed to the front on the same road. The driver was in such a hurry, it forced Gen. Patton's driver to take to the bar ditch to let us by, and we did not realize who it was until we were alongside. The driver did not slow down. We did not know until later he was upset about it nor did we let it be known we were involved.

CLAUDE MATTHEWS MILLER

Claude Matthews Miller was born on November 5, 1895, and died on July 17, 1985. He lived all of his life in Indiana, except for the 14 months he spent in France and in Germany. He was a Hoosier, indeed; he was named for Indiana's governor, Claude Matthews.



Claude Matthews Miller

He was married for 60 years to Clara Hagedorn of Tell City. They lived in Jasper where he was a high school principal for 37 years. Two children are deceased; the surviving children are Ray and Lloyd Miller, Melba Lloyd, Anna Hufnagel, and Connie Tieken.

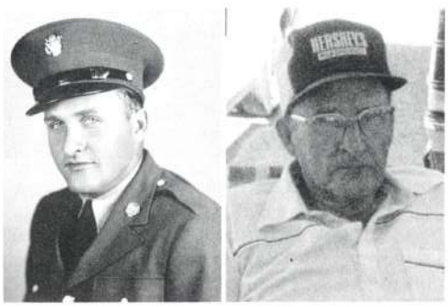
Claude Miller was ordered to Purdue University for military training. After six

weeks he shipped out to Liverpool, England. Next he drove an ammunition truck in France and in Germany. Some of the difficulties he encountered were driving without lights at night, near-starvation hunger most of the time, and pulling his wounded buddy, Clyde Walters, to safety into a trench.

His community services were many: Jasper Public Library, Boy Scouts, Knights of Columbus, Kiwanis, American Legion, and Indiana High School Athletic Commissioner. He was an author and was listed in *Who's Who in America.*

— Melba Miller Lloyd

WOODROW 'WOODY' WILSON MILLER



Woodrow Wilson Miller

I was born on November 6, 1912, in Annapolis, Missouri.

I completed basic training in March 1942 at Barkeley, Texas, with 357th Infantry, 90th Division, I Company. I shipped overseas with 343rd Field Artillery, 90th Division, C Company, and landed on Utah Beach on June 7, 1944. I received an honorable discharge from service on October 1945. After discharge I returned to work at Shapleigh Hardware in St. Louis, Missouri, where I met my future wife, Margaret "Mickey" Goff. We will celebrate our 43rd anniversary in December 1990. We have four daughters: Kathy, Judy, Becky, and Nancy, and one grandson, Joe Collins. After leaving Shapleigh Hardware, I worked at Stupp Brothers Bridge and Iron Company and operated my own truck from 1946 to 1956. I then worked for Eastern Express as a long-distance truck driver for 25 years.

In 1954 we moved to our current home in Florissant, St. Louis County, Missouri. I retired from Eastern Express in 1975 with a 20 plus year safe driving award.

My wife and I traveled for 13 years in our motorhome, primarily in Texas and Arizona. We were joined by our daughters and grandson at various times during our travels. I still occasionally go on camping trips to fish in Missouri and Illinois. My wife and I plan to visit my sisters in Florida this winter.

We will attend the 90th Infantry reunion this year in Oklahoma. Hope to see you there!

FRANKLIN MILLMAN



Franklin Millman

We were dug in between the Mosell and Saar Rivers in a wooded area. I had a near hit on my fox hole which left me in shock and memory loss. It was more frightening than combat. I regained my memory after the hospital and convalescence and was reassigned to a replacement depot and later to war crimes where I worked for Col. Leon Jaworski and Col. Mervin Pervis. I could write a book on my Army and combat experience. Very few days go by that I don't think about Normandy, France and Germany.

My wife's name is Dorothy. We were married July 16, 1938. Our daughter, Diane Trask, is 45 and was born when we attacked Metz. Also Jim, who is president of our company, Park Glass Company, Inc. and Park Carpet Company, Inc., Lake Park, Florida. He is 39. Diane's husband was a theatrical producer and owned the Priscilla Beach Theatre in Plymough, Massachusetts. Paul Newman and quite a few others got their start there. I will be 77 years old October 21, 1990, our reunion.

PETER P. MINUTOLO



Peter P. Minutolo

I was born the youngest of ten children to Grace and Anthony Minutolo on November 25, 1923, in Newark, New York.

After graduation from high school in 1943 I entered the service on September 3, 1943, and received basic training with the 42nd Infantry Division at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. From there I went to Fort Meade, Maryland, and then to Camp Patrick Henry, Virginia, and Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. When I shipped out and was sent to England and then to France, I joined the 90th Division as a replacement. I served with the 90th, B Company, 359th Infantry, as a sergeant from June 1944 through November 1944, when I was hospitalized in England and then later sent back to the States. I received my honorable discharge from Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, Convalescence Hospital on May 25, 1945.

Following discharge I worked in building construction until retirement in 1984. Since that time I have worked as maintenance coordinator for five area McDonald's Restaurants.

My wife, Virginia Renzi Minutolo, and I have been married 32 years. We have a daughter, Mary, age 29, and a son, Michael, age 26. We also have a grandchild, Michelle, age 2, and another expected in May 1990. We have lived in Newark, New York, for the past 32 years and continue to do so at this time.

My personal items were lost going through the hospitals. If anyone would like to contact me, I currently reside at the following address: Peter P. Minutolo, 137 Peirson Avenue, Newark, New York 14513.

ERNEST HOWARD MORGAN



Ernest Howard Morgan

I was born in Bowling Green, Kentucky, on September 7, 1923. My family moved to Louisville, Kentucky, when I was three. In 1941 I graduated from Male High and lived in Louisville until called to active duty at Fort Harrison, Indiana, on April 6, 1943, from the ERC which I joined in ROTC at the University of Kentucky.

From Fort Harrison, I was shipped by train to Camp Wolters, Texas, where I completed seventeen weeks of basic infantry training and subsequently was assigned to cadre, promoted to corporal, then sergeant. From July through November 1944 I attended Infantry OCS at Fort Benning, Georgia, and was commissioned a second lieutenant infantry on November 30, 1944, and also received orders for Europe.

In January 1945 I joined L Company, 3rd Battalion, 358th Infantry Regiment, at Bastogne, as the third platoon leader, where I stayed until April 22, 1945, when evacuated to France and later England for infectious hepatitis. In July I returned

to 3rd Battalion, 358th Infantry Regiment as Battalion S-4. The 90th Division returned to the United States in October 1945, thus I was transferred to CCA, 4th Armored Division, where I served until March 1946, when I joined the newly organized Headquarters, II Constabulary Brigade in Munich. In July 1946 I rotated home and was discharged in September.



2nd Lt. Ernest H. Morgan (right) with Pfc. Difenbacker (medic) outside of Hof, Germany

In June 1949 I graduated from the University of Kentucky and returned to active duty as a first lieutenant. I served at many stations until my retirement on August 31, 1977. Among my duty stations were: Berlin, Augsburg, and Stuttgart in Germany; Fort Benning, Fort Knox, Fort Leavenworth, and Fort Ord; DMZ in Korea and Vietnam.

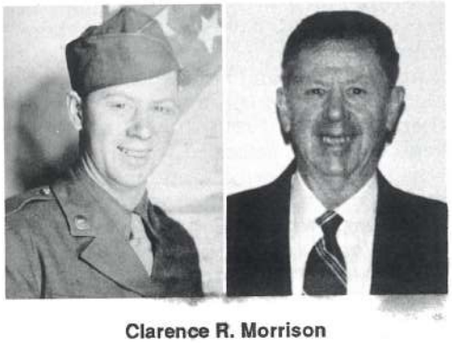
I married Betty Jo Hockersmith in Louisville in 1949. We have three daughters, two married, and five grandchildren. The daughters live in Baltimore, Atlanta and Tulsa. After Army retirement, I became vice president of marketing for Kentucky Central Credit Union where I retired on December 31, 1987. Jo and I still live in Louisville, Kentucky.

In Memory of

THOMAS J. MORRIS JR.

February 20, 1919–January 25, 1990

CLARENCE R. MORRISON



Clarence R. Morrison

I was born June 7, 1922, to Henry and Inez Morrison in LaPorte, Indiana, and have lived in LaPorte County all my life except for the time I spent in the armed forces during World War II. I attended Rolling Prairie High School and was employed by Clendenen Ice Co. of LaPorte before going into service.

My induction into the Army was at Fort Harrison, Indianapolis, Indiana, on November 28, 1942. I had my training in the Medium Tank Division at Fort Benning, Georgia, where the 10th Armored Division was formed. After our training the 10th Armored Division was split up and I was assigned to the 712th Tank Destroyer Battalion.

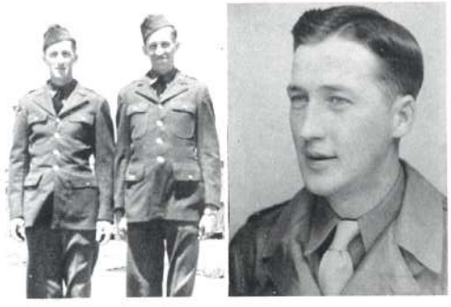
After maneuvers in the Tennessee Cumberland Mountains, we were assigned to the 90th Division as support. We went to England on February 27, 1944, and on D-Day-plus-2 we went to France. On the drive to St. Lô, France, on July 11, 1944, our tank was put out of action by an 88mm. I was hospitalized in England and Wakeman Hospital at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, and medically discharged on May 14, 1945.

I received the Purple Heart, Good Conduct, Expert Machine gun, Marksman Rifle and Pistol medals and the European Theater and Normandy Campaign with Battle Star ribbons.

On September 12, 1948, I married Edith McEnterfer. I'm retired after 42 years as a machinist with East Side Supply and Service, Inc. of LaPorte. We enjoy traveling, square dancing, camping, gardening and our farm.

HARRY A. MULLEN

I was born in Montgomery County, Iowa, on July 31, 1917, on the family farm where I lived until I was inducted into the Army, at Fort Des Moines on March 24, 1942. I was shipped to Camp Barkeley, near Abilene, Texas, to D Company, 358th Infantry, 90th Division.



Left: Harry A. Mullen with Harold Anderson at Camp Barkley in 1942; Right: Harry Mullen 1945

I left with the 90th Division from Fort Dix, New Jersey, arriving in England on Easter Sunday, April 9, 1944. We went into Normandy D-Day-plus-2. I did occupational duty in Czechoslovakia. Later I was assigned to Headquarters Service Troop, 23rd Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron, for my return to the States. I was discharged October 21, 1945, at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.

I returned to the family farm in 1951, purchasing it in 1956, and remained there until retirement. In 1986 it became a "century farm."

Since 1988 my wife, Reta, and I have lived in West Des Moines, Iowa. Our only child, Robert, is an attorney in Des Moines. We have two grandchildren.

OTIS E. MUNDELL



Otis E. Mundell

I was inducted April 1, 1942, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and was separated October 23, 1945 at Fort Leonardwood, Missouri. I served overseas for eighteen months and twenty-three days from Utah Beach to Czechoslovakia. Normandy "88s" mowed down apple orchards.

Hill 122 is where I earned my Bronze star. One of my best friends brought it to Northern France.

I was at Ardennes, the Belgium Bulge. It was bitter cold, no over-shoes, frozen K-rations if we got them. We marched, mud and more mud, across the Rhine and on to Czechoslovakia. *Cpl., Service Co., 357th Regt.*

MERTON E. MUNSON



At left Lt. Col. Merton E. Munson, C.O. 344th F.A. Bn. having the Croix de Guerre with Palm pinned on his jacket by a French officer near Metz, France, in 1944.

I was born in December 190, in Comanche County, Oklahoma. This was part of the Kiowa-Comanche-Apache Reservation in southwestern Oklahoma. I was one of

eight children, son of Thomas and Henrietta Munson who came there from South Dakota. The rural school I attended was one room; 8 grades with one teacher. I attended Lawton High School, University of Oklahoma for my Bachelor of Arts Law degree, a Master's, and Juris Doctor degree. I served as state representative and was elected to the Oklahoma State Senate. I resigned in 1940 to enter service in Fort Sill, Oklahoma. For 21 years I was stationed many places in the U.S. and overseas. These included Camp Barkeley, Texas, and Europe in World War II.

I married Marguerite Loy of St. Louis, Missouri, in 1936. We have two children and three grandchildren. Our daughter, Mary Elizabeth, is married to Col. Michael Davis and lives in San Antonio. Our son, Merton Jr., graduated from West Point, lives in Houston, Texas, and is now a pilot for Continental Airlines. His son graduated from the Air Force Academy in June 1989.

I was a professor of Military Science at Michigan State University when I retired in 1961. We moved to San Antonio, Texas, where I taught at the Defense Language School at Lackland Air Force Base. After that I taught at a San Antonio high school and retired in 1975.

Marguerite died in 1985 and in 1988 I married Myrthel Templin of San Antonio and we live there at this time.

CLARENCE G. NAULT



Clarence G. Nault

Clarence G. Nault was born August 13, 1917, in Virginia, Minnesota. His family moved to North Adams, Massachusetts, when he was a child. He graduated from Drury High School in 1936. He married the former Marguerite Godbout on October 18, 1941. He worked for the Hoosac Cotton Mill before being drafted.

He entered the service Septemher 7, 1943. He trained at Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi, and Fort Dix, New Jersey, before arriving overseas in May. He landed in France on D-Day with the U.S. Infantry. He was captured and wounded July 6. After his release and recovery from war wounds, he took part in the Battle of the Bulge. During his distinguished service, he received the Purple Heart, the Bronze Star and the Combat Infantryman's Badge. After this he became a sergeant on the German Front. Staff Sgt. Clarence Nault returned to the United States on the SS *Hood Victory* which sailed from Le Havre, France, on October 7, 1945.



Clarence Nault with Marguerite and grandchildren; Tom, Scott and Marguerite

After his return to the United States, he began working for the U.S. Postal Service. He had two children; Claire, born while he was overseas, and John, born in 1949. He worked as a rural mail carrier for 25 years, distinguishing himself with numerous awards. He was active in the scouting movement and served as an usher at Notre Dame Church. He retired from the Postal Service in 1971, and began to winter in Florida. Clarence G. Nault died in Tampa, Florida, on January 10, 1975, leaving his wife, two children and five grandchildren.

— *Family of Clarence G. Nault*

FRANCIS P. NEARY



Francis P. Neary

We landed on Utah Beach D-Day-plus-2. We hustled off the beach and marched to our assembly area. On June 11 we advanced through a field with lots of trees to a hedgerow. Pvt. Donald Miller from Pennsylvania and I peeked through the hedgerow down onto a sunken road. The Germans were on the otherside. Pvt. Miller took a bullet through his cheek. It came out along his neck. I was shot through the left leg. We both went back to different hospita s. We returned to our unit in late July. I was still on a ship off Utah Beach when the allied bombers flew over to drive the Nazis out of Normandy. Planes covered the sky in every direction as far as the eye could see.

Miller and I made our way across France to the town of Hayange. We were part of the first troops to go into the town and up a hill on the farside. Later in the afternoon during another exchange of rifle fire, Pvt. Miller was killed.

Last summer I returned to France with my wife, Mary, touring with the 90th Infantry Division for the 45th anniversity of D-Day. We visited Utah Beach, Omaha Beach, Omaha Beach Cemetery and battlefields in Normandy. We followed Gen. Patton's Third Army from Utah Beach to Germany. There were 77 persons on the tour. They were all strangers to me, but all were my friends by the time we got to Paris. It was a lovely trip. I had no snipers or shells to dodge. *Company A, 357th Reg.*

PAUL E. NELSON



Paul E. Nelson

Paul Nelson was a staff sergeant in Company G, 359th Infantry, 90th Division. After being discharged in November 1945 Paul E. Nelson continued his planned career in education. He received his B.A. degree from Bethany College, Lindsborg, Kansas, his Master of Education degree from the University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas, and his Specialist degree in education from Emporia State University, Emporia, Kansas.

He began his teaching career in WaKeeney, Kansas, as a teacher/counselor. After eight years in WaKeeney he became high school principal at Belle Plaine, Kansas, and six years later was employed as superintendent of schools at South Barber USD No. 255, at Kiowa, Kansas. He retired in 1984 after 38 years in education.

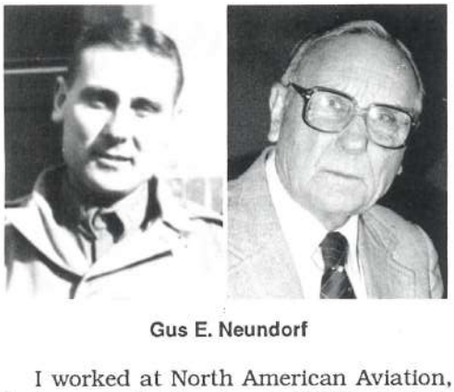
He is married to Maxine Rowley Nelson and they have three children: William Lee, Wichita; Mark Douglass, Phoenix, Arizona; and Jan Pinamonti, Natlie, Pennsylvania. The Nelsons enjoy golf, bridge, and travel. They reside in Kiowa, Kansas.

GUS E. NEUNDORF

I was born near Garber, Oklahoma, on April 13, 1916. I graduated from high school there, and lived on a farm until 1933 with my parents.

I went to Oklahoma A&M College, Stillwater, Oklahoma, 1934 to 1936,

School of Engineering. I went to Draughons Business University, Oklahoma City, from September 1938 to April 1940, then worked in the office of a wholesale sheet metal company, until I enlisted in the U.S. Army, 45th Infantry Division (which had been activated into Federal Service), on September 18, 1940, and went to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, then to Camp Barkeley, Texas. I was a court martial reporter with Judge Advocates Section at Division Headquarters and was a staff sergeant when discharged at the end of one year enlistment on September 19, 1941.



Gus E. Neundorf

I worked at North American Aviation, Inglewood, California, on B-25s and P-51s, from November 1941 to March 1942. I was called back to service (after Pearl Harbor attack) to Fort Sill, Okla., on March 4, 1942; then went with cadre to 90th Infantry Division, Camp Barkeley, Texas, on March 25, 1942 (the day of activation).

I was assigned to the inspector general's office as technician, grade IV, and promoted to warrant officer, junior grade, September 8, 1942, as administrative assistant, auditing and accounting; then was promoted to chief warrant officer about six months later. I stayed with the 90th through desert maneuvers in California and Arizona, through Europe, and back to Weiden, Germany, after the end of the war.

I was discharged on January 3, 1946. I was married in 1952. From 1946 to 1964, I farmed at Garber, or Billings, Oklahoma, and had a farm-equipment business in Perry, Oklahoma, from 1958 to 1964. From 1965 to 1968 I worked at the post office in Oklahoma City and Los Angeles, and worked real estate sales part time. I divorced in 1968. I went to work for the IRS as revenue officer on July 1, 1968, in Hollywood, California; transferred to the Tulsa IRS in November 1970 and retired from the IRS in Tulsa in 1983. I now fish, dance and travel over United States in motor-home and tow car with friends. I go to the 90th Infantry Division reunions every year. Hope to see all of you there.

STANLEY T. NIKEL

I was born on August 12, 1913, in New Haven, Connecticut. My parents resided in the Westville area of New Haven. We moved into the valley (Derby-Ansonia), and I attended local public and parochial schools. During the Depression, I served six months in the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) through the winter of 1934-1935 in the state of Maine.

My wife and I were married on June 1, 1937, at St. Joseph's Church in Ansonia. We have had one daughter, Anastasia, and we are now grandparents of Susan J. and Jason B. Pikas.

In October 1943 I was inducted into the Army; basic training lasted 17 weeks at Camp Croft, Spartanburg, S.C.

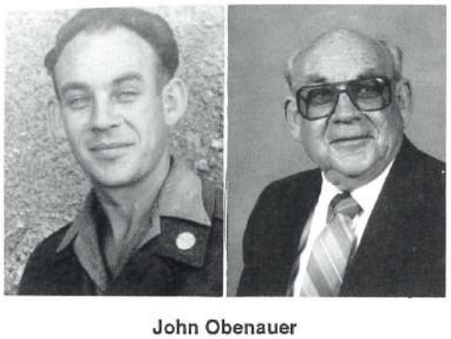
I was shipped to England on May 12, 1944, and shortly after D-Day, we were on the Utah Beach assigned to I Company, 357 Infantry Regiment. At the time, I was with an element of the First Army, the big "Red 1" (One). My first taste of combat came at Beau Coudray. Shortly after, I was assigned to the Third Army with Gen. George Patton.

I stayed with the I Company until October 29, the day I was seriously wounded in action at Maizières-lès-Metz, ten kilometers north of Metz. After months of hospitalization, I received a medical discharge at Camp Edwards, on Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

I returned to my former job at Farrel's and worked as an industrial painter, then as expediter and then for fourteen years as an erector. I spent 41 years total with Farrel.

During this time, I also became involved with the Veterans of Foreign War. I served in all positions up to department post inspector. I did volunteer work at VA Medical Center at West Haven, Connecticut. I was also active with the Derby Senior Center upon retirement, being a three-term president. We built our home in Woodbridge in 1950 and are still residing there.

JOHN OBENAUER



John Obenauer

John Obenauer was born in Eureka, South Dakota, on March 27, 1920. On March 21, 1942, I was selected by friends and neighbors to serve in the Armed Forces. I was inducted at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. Several days later I was on my way to Camp Barkeley, Texas. I was assigned to Company B, 358th Infantry Regiment, 90th Infantry Division. On June 12, 1944, I was wounded and hospitalized in England. After being dismissed from the hospital I returned to Company B and stayed with the company until VE Day. I returned to the USA and received my discharge at Camp McCoy, WI. on October 27, 1945. I joined the U.S. Postal Service and served until my retirement on March 26, 1976. I married Kathryn Werre in 1961; we had two children, and lived in Eureka, South Dakota. Kathryn died in 1987.

ROBERT T. O'BRIEN



Robert T. O'Brien
At right with Corinne

I was born in Detroit, Michigan, May 11, 1926. After graduation from high school in 1943 I went to work at Cadillac Motor where we built Allison Airplane engines. I entered the Army in August 1944 at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, and then went to Camp Robinson, Little Rock, Arkansas, for basic training which ended just before Christmas, during the Battle of the Bulge in Europe.

After one week leave at home I went to Fort Meade, Maryland, then to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, for embarkation to Liverpool, England, aboard the *Wakefield*. We then went by train to the English Channel, crossing by LCI to LeHavre, and later that same day boarding railroad boxcars for movement to the front lines where we were assigned to E Company, 359th Infantry, near Three Virgins, Belgium, around January 20, 1945. A short time later we cracked the Siegfried Line. We made several river crossings including the Moselle in a small assault boat at Hatzenport and the Rhine at Oppenheim on a pontoon bridge, just after having taken the large city of Mainz.

Other division highlights were liberating Flossenburg, accepting surrender of the German 11th Panzer Division, and being the first to cut Germany in half when we crossed the border into Czechoslovakia, where we were on V-E Day, two days before my 19th birthday.

When the division was brought home that fall I was transferred to Military Government at Regensburg on the Danube. In June 1946 we were redeployed for discharge at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. I made motor transportation my life career and retired in 1986. I reside in Dearborn Heights, Michigan, with my wife, Corinne, a retired registered nurse.

ROLAND P. OSTERLAND



Roland P. Osterland

I was born in Brooklyn, New York, on March 13, 1917, and moved to Mountain Lakes, New Jersey, at an early age. I attended the Morristown, N.J., High School and Lafayette College, where I was a member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity.

I was drafted early in 1941 and served six months at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, then went on to complete the OCS course at Fort Benning prior to joining the 90th Division at its inception at Camp Barkeley, early in 1942. I was with the 90th for the whole period of its existence in World War II, serving as platoon leader/reconnaissance officer, and upon promotion to captain in January 1945 as company commander of D Company, 357th Infantry Regiment. I was awarded the Bronze and Silver Star medals.

I was recalled to service during the Korean Conflict. I served as assistant post comptroller at Camp Edwards, Mass., resigning from military service in 1952 with the rank of major finance corp.

My business career was entirely with the General Foods Corporation. My major assignments were: manager of administrative systems, manager of treasury services, and as controller North Street Capital Corporation.

I married Jacqueline Wickwire of Mountain Lakes in 1950. We have three married daughters living in the New England area and five grandchildren. After retirement, we moved from Bedford, New York, to Chatham, Massachusetts (Cape Cod), and subsequently to New London, New Hampshire, where we spend the summer/fall seasons, with winter/spring periods in the Punta Gorda/Englewood areas of Florida.

J. SPENCER OVERHOLSER

I was born in Butte, North Dakota, on April 23, 1916, where I attended elementary and high school. I graduated from Jamestown College, Jamestown, North Dakota, in 1937 with a B.S. in chemistry. I taught school and coached football at Butte, North Dakota, 1937-39, then worked for a beekeeper with 1600 colonies near Ithaca, New York, in 1940.

I was inducted into the Army at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, on September 25, 1941, and had basic training at Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyoming. I then went to Advanced Motor Transport School at Normoyle, Texas, then to Camp Barkeley, Texas. I was soon assigned to quartermaster when 90th Division was activated in March 1942 and when reorganized was transferred to 790th Ordnance (LM) Company where I remained until July 1945.



J. Spencer Overholser

I was married to Ruth Schell of Underwood, North Dakota, on June 15, 1942, at San Antonio, Texas. I attained the rank of master sergeant, returned to U.S. with 103rd Infantry Division, and was discharged at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, on September 28, 1945.

I was food chemist with State Laboratories, Bismarck, North Dakota, 1945-48; inspector with U.S. Food and Drug Administration, Minneapolis, Minnesota, 1948-50; examiner at U.S. Patent Office at Arlington, Virginia, and Washington, D.C., 1950-74; and retired May 1974. We moved to Oley, Pennsylvania, in 1974, then to Wyomissing in 1988. We have two children: Christopher, married to Jody Bolyard and they have two children, Robert and Terry Anne; and Josephine, married to Ole Helleskov.

I have been active in many organizations, e.g., VFW, American Legion, churches, PTA, Scouting, etc. I have traveled extensively in the United States and abroad, about 20 times to Europe.

I am a life member of about 30 organizations, including: VFW, DAV, Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, American Order of the Croix de Guerre, NRA, National Wildlife Federation, Nature Conservancy, Wilderness Society, National Parks Association, Save-the-Redwood-League, American Forestry Association, Eastern Apicultural Society, Appalachian Trail Conference, Friends of the Kennedy Center, National Genealogical Society, Maryland Historical Society, and Lancaster County Pennsylvania Historical Society.

ARNOLD OVERLIE

I was born on December 6, 1912, in Blue Earth County, Minnesota. I entered the service on March 21, 1942, at Fort DeMoine, Iowa. I was shipped to Camp Barkeley for two years of training, then to Fort Dix and on to England.



Arnold Overlie

I took part in Normandy, Northern Fra Rhineland, Ardennes, and Central Eur I was in Company B, 358th Regim until the end of the war. I got a Pu Heart with two Oak Leaf Clusters. I discharged at Camp McCoy, Wiscon on October 12, 1945. I returned to B Earth County, Route 2, Madelia, Min sota, and farmed the old homestead t my grandpa homesteaded in 1867. I still living here at Madelia, Minnes Route 2.

CARL A. PAEPKE



Carl A. Paepke
At right Commander of VFW Post #7912, Sand Lake, Mi—1982

I was born September 19, 1945, in Pie son Township, Mantcalm County, Mich gan. I was born on a dairy farm, one three sons of Albert J. and Gladys Paepke. The school I attended was a on room school with eight grades. There w one teacher for all eight grades. I grad ated from the Marble School at age years and 8 months. After graduation helped on the family farm until 194 Then I went to work in Yipslanti at th Bosner plant. I was married August 2 1944, to Donna J. Fike of Grand Rapid Michigan. We have three daughters an seven grandchildren.

I was inducted into the Army in Chic go, Illinois, September 21, 1944. I we to Infantry Replacement Training Cent at Camp Blanding, Florida, where I traine from October 16, 1944, to January 2 1945. I arrived in the ETO March 1, 194 I was assigned to Headquarters Compa ny, 359th Infantry, 90th Division. I serve with Headquarters Company until Au gust 1945 and was transferred to 3r

Military Government Regiment and served in the Landkrise of Wilheim until July 24, 1946, and discharged August 9, 1946. My assignments were: private heavy weapons (basic) 521; private first class machine gun, crewman 603; private first class truck driver, light 395; sergeant administrative NCO 502.

Shortly after my discharge I returned home to farm for about 5 years, then I became self-employed as an insemination technician from which I retired in 1986 after 37 years.

LEONARD C. PARKER



Leonard C. Parker
At right with Mrs. Parker

I was born in 1911 in Robinson, Kansas, of Dutch-English parentage, on a farm. We moved from Kansas to Wyoming in 1934. I worked on ranches and trapped during the winters. I had a seventy-five-mile trap line covered with snowshoes. Once each week, I worked in the woods making railroad cross ties with a nine-pound broad axe. I was the last man to learn to make ties with a broad axe for Wyoming Tie and Timber Company. Later, when I came back from the war, all the ties were made by saw mills. One year before going into the Army, I worked in the Alaskan hard rock gold mines. After the war, I ran sawmills. I operated bulldozers and hunted coins in desert training camps; winters found near thirty thousand coins and many live rounds of ammunition, etc.

I entered the Army at Fort Leavenworth in March 1942. I went to Camp Barkeley, Texas, for training with the 90th Division, 357th Infantry Regiment, and was made expert on 37mm antitank and M-1 Garand Rifle. I received three dollars extra pay. I maneuvered in the Louisiana swamps and the Mojave Desert. I went to England in March 1944. I arrived at Normandy Beach on D-Day-plus-2.

I went all the way with the 90th Division. I left the 90th at Flossinburg for the United States in October 1945. I was a jeep driver for an executive officer. My jeep was wounded several times. I just got a nick on my hand and I never went to the medics, so I never received the Purple Heart. So many Bronze Stars were won on the Saar River Crossing, but only part of them were available. By the time more came on hand, my papers were unreadable, so no second Bronze Star. It took thirteen days to cross to England and seven days via the Victory Ship France to the United States. About all that made it through the war were drivers and cooks of our company. Most all of the men that I knew are over the hill now.

CHARLES H. PENN



Charles H. Penn
At right Charles Penn (right) with buddy

I joined the 90th Division in Normandy as a medical replacement, first aid man mostly, on the front line with C Company, 3rd Squad. I was mostly called "Doc." I remember Clarence King of Saratoga, Arkansas, Infantry. I was 20 years of age. First sergeant was Sarge Miller. I would be very happy to hear from anyone who thinks they know me. Sarge Miller was shot by machine gun fire in the Battle of the Bulge. I entered service from Wichita, Kansas, on October 1943. I took medical training at Camp Barkeley, Texas, near Abilene, Texas, from November 1943 to April 1944.

C Company was in a holding position, south of St. Lô, France, when our planes opened a big gap in the German lines and the allies poured through. I rode on a Sherman tank part or most of the way across France.

We captured a coal hill at a steel mill area, the Germans shelled us after we were on top of it and a white phosphorus shell hit near where I was in a hole and covered me with phosphorus. A fellow infantry man saved me by running out in the barrage and brushing it off of me.

We went on to the German Siegfried Line, then to the Battle of the Bulge. I froze my feet and went to the hospital and then to England in May 1945. I was discharged in Colorado in August 1945.

EDDIE T. PETERSON

I am writing on behalf of my deceased husband who was a member of the 90th Division, 357th Infantry. He passed away in July 1964.

My husband entered the Army in April 1942 and was in Italy, England, and France where he took part in the Normandy invasion as a messenger. "A messenger is very important in the infantry," was written in a newspaper article. "Peterson was contact man between the command post and the front line positions."

— *Harriet Peterson*

PHILIP LEE PETERSEN



Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lee Petersen

I was born in Crandon, Wisconsin, on May 8, 1923. I was raised in Madison and graduated from East High in 1941. I entered the Army in 1943 and was assigned to the 87th Infantry Division for extensive combat training. I joined the 90th Infantry Division as a combat infantryman in France; was first wounded on July 10th, hospitalized in England and returned to the same outfit. I was injured on November 10 during the Moselle River crossing and then again on February 16. Finally on April 2 I was accidently shot by one of my own men rendering me a paraplegic for life.

After being discharged on March 31, 1946, I was married on Easter Sunday, April 21, 1946. In 1951, having completed the requirements for two college degrees, I began graduate studies at Fuller Theological Seminary from which I have two master's degrees. I became an ordained minister in 1956 and spent over fifteen years teaching on the college level, and served as minister of Christian education at several churches.

During these years I also was able to continue taking college courses myself in the field of real estate and am currently vice president of a small mortgage company after twelve years in real estate sales and exchanging. My adopted son, Timothy, and his wife, have given my wife and I two grandchildren, Natalie and Timothy. Our adopted daughter, Judith, is married. My wife and I continue to live in Glendora, California. *Communications Sergeant, Co. I, 357th Regt.*

GLENN L. PETERSON

In 1921 I was born on family farm, Cottonwood, Minnesota. I lived there until graduation in 1939. My family consists of wife, Rita (Jones), three married children, Linda, Timothy and Lisa, and six grand-

children. Rita is employed with Southwest State University/Marshall. I retired from University in 1983. We live in Minneota, Minnesota.



(L-R) Bolash, Pete, Madsen, Jiggs, Tony, Glenn (no helmet), Bender, unknown



Glenn L. Peterson in Clervaux, Luxembourg

In 1943 I entered service at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. I was ordered to Camp Roberts, California, for basic training—seventeen weeks of intensive training. I was ordered to Fort Meade and then Camp Shanks. On April 2 I was shipped overseas to England. Training camp was South Hill, a desolate place. June 6 I awakened at 4:00 a.m. D-Day; destination—staging area on English Channel. On June 7 I crossed the channel and landed at Utah Beach.

On June 10 I was assigned to 90th Infantry Division, 358th Rifle, A Company. On July 3 capture of Hill 122 begins; orders—capture St. Jore. I was wounded in foot by tank shrapnel. After six weeks in the hospital, I rejoined unit at Falaise Gap. I fought with unit in all campaigns until April 21. I was severely wounded by machine gun the other side of Hoff, Germany. After four months in hospitals, Germany, England, and States, I was discharged from Camp Atterbury Convalescent Hospital in August 1945.

In June 1989 Rita and I, with other members of the 90th, went on tour of France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, to celebrate the 45th anniversary of D-Day. We toured battlefields, villages, cities that we liberated—it was an unforgettable experience. Thanks to the people of Périers for their gracious hospitality, also the cities/villages for the ceremonies/receptions, and the hero's welcome we received. We can all be proud to be a part of the 90th Division.

DARRELL D. PETTY



Darrell D. Petty
(Shown at right with beard, which was grown for State Centennial Celebration 1990)

I was born on May 27, 1926, near Platte, South Dakota, to Mary and Joseph Petty. We lived on the farm until about 1934; then the Depression and drought were too much so we moved away. My father worked at anything to keep us fed and clothed. We came to Newcastle, Wyoming, in the late 1930s. Later we lived on a ranch 40 miles from town.

I went into the Army from there in August 1943 and took my basic at Camp Roberts, California. Then to New York and the POE shipped on January 29. I arrived at Glasgow, Scotland, on January 31. We boarded a train and went to an area near Cardif, Wales. In April I was assigned to 90th Division, 358th Infantry Regiment, 2nd Battalion, G Company.

I remember the T.O. patch reminded me of what we call a brand we put on our cattle to identify our ownership and we are proud of our brands. I did not realize how proud I would become of the T.O. brand (insignia). Then to France, Belgium, Germany and Czechoslovakia. After war's end and occupation, I was transferred to Munich from where I attended the War Crimes trials at Dachau and Nuremberg.

I returned home in June 1946. My wife, Jean, and I have five children, 12 grandchildren and one great-grandson. I worked at several jobs and after a number of years I retired from law enforcement in 1988. I am enjoying life with my family, hunting, fishing and whatever.

BERNARD W. PIKE

I was born on August 24, 1921, on a farm near Caruthersville, Missouri. I finished eight years of school in a one-room country school and the next four at the Caruthersville High School.

In May 1940 I joined the National Guard, 35th Division, 140th Regiment, which mobilized on December 26, 1940, and moved to Camp Robinson, Arkansas. We spent the next year there in basic training.

In the middle of December 1941, after Japan bombed Pearl Harbor, we moved to California, where I remained on coastal guard until February 1944, when I was shipped to Camp Houze, Texas, for overseas duty processing as a replacement. California treated me well and I met my current wife there.



Bernard W. Pike

After two months of preparation in Texas, I started moving to the ETO Sector. After sixteen days on water, we landed in southern England in the middle of May 1944. We departed England for France a few days after D-Day. I spent a week or so in a Repl.-Depl. near St. Mère-Eglise before joining the 90th Division, 359th Regiment, 1st Battalion, Headquarters Company, as a telephone linesman, where I spent the remainder of my Army career of four and a half years. I was still with the 90th on May 9 in Czechoslovakia, and had not been away for even one day. I was a high point man, and started the long journey home a few days after V-E Day. It was tough leaving the old buddies, but one can't have it two ways, so I chose home. I was discharged on June 19, 1945, at J.B. in St. Louis.

After my discharge, I settled in Ventura, California, and am still here with my wife of 47 years. I have three daughters and eight grandchildren. I've been retired from civil service for thirteen years.

Q.O. PIKE



Q.O. Pike

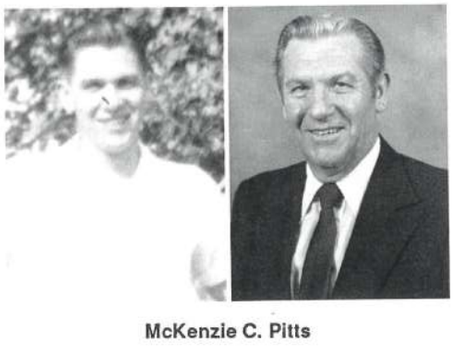
I was born January 4, 1922, in Menard, Texas. I moved to Midland in 1926 and went to school in Midland. I worked on a dairy farm. I married on July 20, 1940.

I joined the Army January 18, 1942, and trained in Fort Sill, Oklahoma. I joined the 90th in July 1942 in Abilene. In England I was promoted to corporal and was the company commander's driver. We landed on Utah Beach just at dusk on D-

Day. On the landing barge the ambulance on the runway wouldn't start so we picked up my jeep and put it on the runway. Down into the water into a bomb hole, all that you could see was the vents for the gas tank and carburetor and our noses. But the jeep keep going and we made our meeting point. The next day we set up the guns and were too close to a tree with number one. When it fired, shell exploded. Some of the crew were hurt but not bad. I was with the forward observer on Hill 122.

Christmas in France was cold and wet. Then to Belgium and the Bulge, the Siegfried Line, the Maginot Line, the Rhine River, across Germany into Czechoslovakia. We went to church there on Mother's Day 1945. We occupied Swandorf, Germany, for a while. We went to Camp Lucky Strike in France, then back to Virginia in October 1945. I was discharged at Fort Sam on November 2, 1945. I went to work for T.E.S. Co. December 10, 1945. I worked as a patrolman most of the time. I retired August 1, 1983.

McKENZIE C. PITTS



McKenzie C. Pitts

I was assigned to the 90th Division at the end of June 1944 as a replacement in 357th, M Company, as a machine gunner. I fought in five campaigns and was wounded on March 24, 1945. I received a Purple Heart, Bronze Star and was put in for the Silver Star but I never received it. My rank was sergeant.

Some of my buddies were: Charles Melzger (deceased), Merlin J. Ott (deceased), Clyde Lovelady, Lawrance Boge, Tony Quevedo, James Travarca, John Oullieb, John Mahill, Rollen E. Morrow, Charlie Banaster, Lt. Levingston, Richard C. Piney, Luther Rhenny, William Adams, John Barefoot, and Harvey Shetley.

I returned to the states and was discharged from the hospital at Daytona Beach, Florida, on November 1945. I was married in 1946 and have two daughters. I am retired and presently living in Macon, Georgia.

WESLEY C. PLACEK

I was drafted into the Army on March 25, 1942. I got my basic training at Camp Barkeley, Texas. I went on maneuvers in Louisiana and the Arizona desert before shipping out to England from Fort Dix, New Jersey.



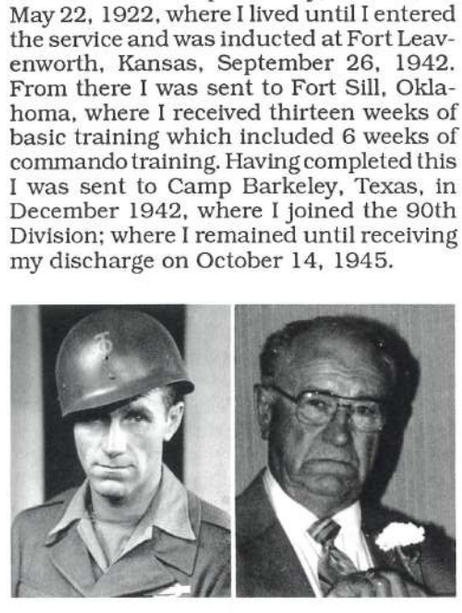
Wesley C. Placek

We got orders to go in on Normandy Beach and started out at 4a.m. on June 8 and fought in the hedgerows until dark. I was a radio man and battalion runner. I was wounded in the hip. I was operated on twice in England and was in three hospitals in the states. I am still paralyzed on the left side.

I was born August 13, 1911, and married my wife, Sophie, on November 6, 1957.

DALLAS POOL

I was born in Philips County, Kansas, on May 22, 1922, where I lived until I entered the service and was inducted at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, September 26, 1942. From there I was sent to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where I received thirteen weeks of basic training which included 6 weeks of commando training. Having completed this I was sent to Camp Barkeley, Texas, in December 1942, where I joined the 90th Division; where I remained until receiving my discharge on October 14, 1945.



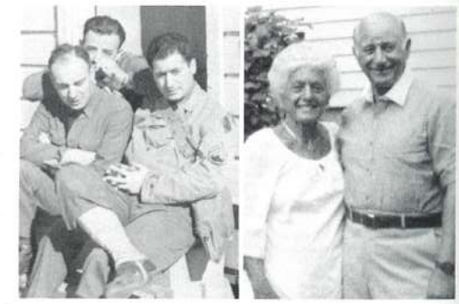
Dallas Pool

I was assigned to the 3rd Battalion, Headquarters Company, 359th Regiment to the Antitank Platoon which endured D-Day in Normandy and five Campaign Stars—plus being hospitalized for 5 months in England after being wounded in the Falaise Gap. I returned to the 90th immediately after the Battle of the Bulge, being in Czechoslovakia at wars end.

Upon returning to civilian life, I returned to my job with a Natural Gas Co. and retired in August 1986, completing approximately 44 years of service.

It was an honor having served with such a great and gallant group of the best people in the world!

DOMINIC J. POTENI



Dominic Poteni with two enlisted men of medical unit and with Mrs. Potenti on 44th Anniversary

I was assigned to the 358th Infantry, Medical Detachment, in late March 1944 from 181st Medical Unit, 26th Infantry Division, which was activated on January 14, 1941, and disbanded in March 1944 to other units. We landed on Utah Beach D-Day-plus-1 and went through France, Luxembourg, Germany, and into Czechoslovakia where we met the Russians.

We viewed the concentration camp at Flossenberg, Germany. It was hard to believe that three men could sleep in one cot and how undernourished the inmates were.

The war was over in Europe and the following day we received orders to return home. I was discharged on June 17, 1945. I received a Purple Heart with one Oak Leaf Cluster plus ETO Ribbon and Combat Infantry Badge. I was in the Army service for four years, six months, and three days.

We patroled the East Coast from Maine to Fisher Island; the 181st was from Worcester, Mass.

I met my wife on July 4, 1941, and we were married on August 22, 1942, in Brooklyn, New York. We had a son born in 1943 and a daughter born in 1948. I worked for the Veterans Administration from October 1945 until March 1948. I joined the Postal Service and retired in 1980.

I am a member of D.A.V. and B.P.O.E. for over twenty years and in 1989 I was honored at a testamonial dinner as Elk of the Year.

LESTER C. POWERS

I was born in Trenton, Nebraska, on August 5, 1918, and have lived here all my life with the exception of the years spent with the 90th Infantry. I was inducted into the Army on March 1, 1942 and sent to Camp Barkeley, Texas.

On February 3, 1944, while waiting to ship out, I married Dorothy Godwin of McCook, Nebraska. We were married at Fort Dix, New Jersey, by Rev. Esser, 359th Catholic Chaplain.



Lester C. Powers during service and with wife Dorothy

I was kitchen truck driver for Service Company, 357th Infantry, I Company, from the hedgerows to Czechoslovakia, except for a stay in the hospital at Sheltonham, England. I missed the Battle of the Bulge and returned to my outfit in March.

I returned to Trenton after the war and Dorothy and I have raised five children; Charles, Ed, Carol, Janet and Joyce. We have eight grandchildren. We were owners and publishers of a weekly newspaper and I retired in 1978 in time to join the "Operation Friendly Invasion" in June 1979, to commemorate the 35th Anniversary of D-Day, a trip we will never forget. When the rest of the group left Frankfurt, Germany, at the end of the tour, we remained behind for a week and drove up to Neustadt a.d. Waldnaab and visited an elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Franz Guss, whom we had corresponded with all these years. We went to Flossenburg and visited the prison camp that was liberated by the 90th.

LEO PRIEBE



Leo Priebe

I joined E Company in the hedgerows as a rifleman on June 10, 1944. On my 28th day of combat the first time around I got my first Purple Heart on July 8. During this time, 28 days, I never had a hot meal, had no mail, never slept over four hours any one night, never showered and took my shoes off four times. I received my second Purple Heart after we crossed the Moselle at Maling on November 12, 1944. I trained with the 103rd Division and served overseas with the fighting 90th.

IRVING W. QUIMBY



Irving Quimby during service and with grandsons, Francis (left) and Jason (right)

I was born on January 17, 1913, in Berlin, New Hampshire. I was married in 1940 and had one son from this marriage. I entered the Army in August 1943 and received my basic training in field artillery as a surveyor and computer. I was assigned to the 90th Division at Fort Dix as a surveyor for Headquarters Battery of the 345th Field Artillery Battalion in January 1944. We were part of the Normandy invasion at Utah Beach. From there, we were involved in five campaigns, ending in Czechoslovakia in May 1945. My awards included an Arrow Head and five Battle Stars.

After discharge from the service, I joined the engineering department of a pulp and paper company. My first wife died in 1948, and I married my present wife, Olive, in 1952. We have a son and daughter. Our three children have graduated from college. My oldest son was ROTC commissioned in the Army and served in Vietnam. He is an insurance broker.

My other son graduated from West Point and after eight years of service is now working the the private sector. He is married to a Korean girl and they have our two grandsons. My daughter is married and working as a paralegal. I retired in 1978 as a project engineer with the pulp and paper company. We now winter in Florida and play golf every day, weather permitting.

FRANK J. RAZO

I was born August 1922 near Washburn, Illinois. I was third in a family of six, born to Natividad and Ruperta Razo who immigrated from Mexico. I attended all eight grades in a one-room country school and high school in Washburn, Illinois. I worked locally and near Chicago until I was inducted into the Army from Lacon, Illinois. I received my basic training at Camp Robinson, Arkansas, near Little Rock, Arkansas. Then I shipped to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to the 170th Infantry Battalion serving as a training battalion at the artillery OCS school and remained there one and one-half years.



Frank J. Razo

I then shipped to Fort Dix, New Jersey, where I joined the 90th Division, assigned to the Antitank Company, 358th Regiment. I remained with this unit throughout all of the battles in Europe from Normandy across France, Moselle River crossing at flood stage, Siegfried Line at Metz, then north to the Bulge with Gen. Patton relief column, across the Rhine River to the finish between Pilsen & Prague. I stayed on occupation duty near Scharzzenfeld, which was a small village north of Regensburg, until I shipped back to the states on points and discharged in 1945 at Fort Sheridan, Illinois.

I then returned home to Chillicothe, Illinois, and married in 1952. Mary and I raised nine children. I retired from the U.S. Postal Service in 1988 and still operate my barbershop part time at home.

WILLIAM G. REBURN JR.



William G. Reburn Jr. at Utah Beach Memorial

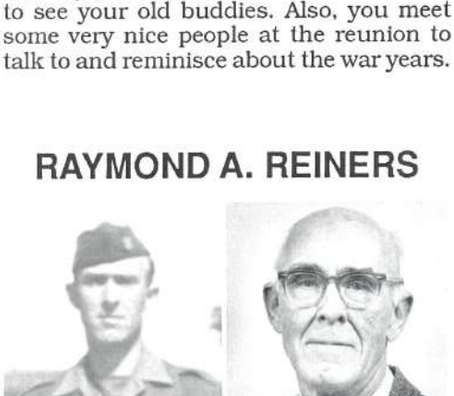
I was a member of Company F, 357th Infantry, 90th Division. I served from March 16, 1942, until April 28, 1945. I received a shrapnel wound on June 12, 1944, in Normandy and a medical discharge in April 1945.

I came home to Mt. Carmel, Illinois, and started working at the Mt. Carmel Public Utility Company in September 1945. I married Doris W. Fischer on May 10, 1947. I have two children, both married, and six

grandchildren. I am now retired and enjoy playing golf and traveling.

I try to make reunions close to home and enjoy them very much. It is very nice to see your old buddies. Also, you meet some very nice people at the reunion to talk to and reminisce about the war years.

RAYMOND A. REINERS



Raymond A. Reiners

I was born April 10, 1915, in Adams County, Nebraska. I was the oldest of five children, son of Jacob and Rosina Frese Reiners. I attended a country school with ten grades and graduated from the 12th grade in Hastings, Nebr., in 1933. I lived with my parents on a farm until 1942.

On October 24, 1942, I was inducted into the Army at Fort Cook, Nebraska. I went to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and then to Camp Robinson, Arkansas, for basic training. From there I went to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, for a year with the 170th Infantry Battalion Separate.

I was assigned to H Company, 358th Regiment, 90th Division, at Fort Dix, New Jersey, where I was a transportation corporal for a heavy machine gun platoon. I received the Bronze Arrowhead for the Normandy Invasion and five stars for battles in Normandy, Northern Europe, Rhineland, Ardennes and Central Europe. On October 13, I left from Marseilles, France, and landed in New York October 24. I was discharged October 30, 1945, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

I was employed by the Department of Defense from November 1945 until May 1979. I have been retired since 1979. I married Elaine Morrill on March 23, 1946, at Hastings, Nebraska. We had three children and two grandchildren. Our son, Donald, is married, is a sales representative and lives in Omaha, Nebraska. Our daughter, Barbara, is a secretary for a company in Hastings, Nebraska.

THOMAS FRED REISNER

I was inducted into the service on March 27, 1942, leaving from Tripps, S.D.

I have been married nearly 49 years, and Betty and I have one son, Ralph, three grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

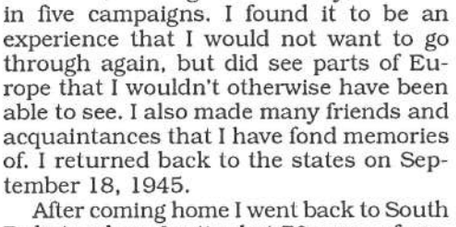


Thomas Fred Reisner

I was in Company B, 315th Medical Battalion, landing at Normandy, and was in five campaigns. I found it to be an experience that I would not want to go through again, but did see parts of Europe that I wouldn't otherwise have been able to see. I also made many friends and acquaintances that I have fond memories of. I returned back to the states on September 18, 1945.

After coming home I went back to South Dakota where I retired at 70 years of age. I am still living in Ganhtan where I love to hunt and fish in South Dakota for my entertainment. I am also a lifetime member of the VFW.

W.P. RICAMORE



(L-R) Ludwig Wagner, W.P. Ricamore, Frank Schlenbaum and Karl Fisher. Antonie Technik has back to camera.



(L-R) Tinerl-Low-Technik, niece, W.P. Ricamore, Antonie Technik and Ludwig Wagner

I was born in Pontiac, Michigan, on December 13, 1918. I lived there until I was inducted into the Army on September 25, 1942, in Detroit, Michigan.

I was trained in Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, with the 87th Heavy Pontoon Division. In November 1943 I sailed on the *Queen Mary* to Glasgow, Scotland. I was stationed in Southern England until the D-Day invasion. I landed on Normandy Beach at Fox Red Entry Zero Hour with the 147th Combat Engineers. I joined the 90th Division in April 1944 as a bulldozer operator with the C Company, 315th Engineers. I served with Gen. Patton's 4th Armored Division and the 2nd Hell on Wheels Tank Division, taking out road blocks until we met up with the Russians at Tachov, Czechoslovakia. The 11th Panzer Division surrendered.

I was sent to garrison in Weiden, Germany, where I spent the next eight months. It was there my buddy, Frank Schelenbaum, and I made friends with two German families; Ludwig Wagner and Antonie Technik. The photo above was made in 1945 in Ms. Technik's rose garden, the current one was made in 1982 at the same place. My wife and I visited Weiden in 1977, 1982, 1984, 1986 and 1988.

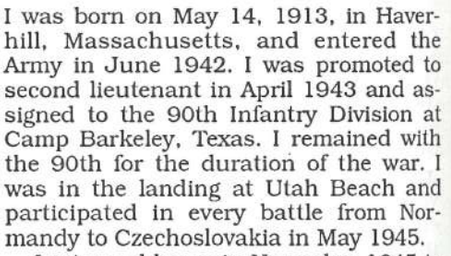
I am currently retired from my own company in the dairy equipment business and reside in Dallas, Texas. We have four sons, 13 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

ROLLO A. RICHARDSON

I was born on May 14, 1913, in Haverhill, Massachusetts, and entered the Army in June 1942. I was promoted to second lieutenant in April 1943 and assigned to the 90th Infantry Division at Camp Barkeley, Texas. I remained with the 90th for the duration of the war. I was in the landing at Utah Beach and participated in every battle from Normandy to Czechoslovakia in May 1945.

I returned home in November 1945 to see my daughter, Louise, who was born in September 1944 and was over one year old when I came home. She was a beautiful child.

E. NOEL ROBISON



E. Noel Robison

Near 3a.m., I got up off the floor of a German farmhouse in Oberlimberg where I had just been awakened by the ser-

geant, and started putting on my combat pack with bandoleers and hand grenades attached. The balance of the headquarters platoon and the rifle platoons of L Company, 358th Regiment, 90th Infantry, were preparing to attack across the mighty Saar River in the middle of the notorious Siegfried Fortified Defense Line on the frontier of Hitler's Nazi Germany.

In anticipation of crossing the river in small eight-man assault rowboats into 360° firing enemy pillboxes, already one soldier had shot himself in the hand, and another "Buckhorn" shot himself in the foot in hopes of avoiding participating in the attack.

I opened up a box of K-rations and popped the hard candies into my mouth, then fell into line outside the billets. The line began walking down the main street of town and turned into a woods going down a steep hill to the edge of the Saar. Engineers were there with the crossing boats. I got into one with a paddle and started paddling.

All was quiet; no moon– only stars and darkness. Getting out of the boat, we silently formed a skirmish line and started walking across a flood plain where a flood had recently receded and all was mud. Soon, the typical sound of a diesel aircraft engine of a German plane "Bed-check Charlie" was heard, a green flare was dropped, and we all froze in place as the sky lit up and we could see the giant, silent pillboxes in the distance that we were approaching to capture. Deep, full of water, drainage ditches crossed the flood plain and we jumped over them, but I fell short and fell back into the deep water with rifle, pack, field telephone, wool uniform, fatigue uniform, raincoat and heavy boots.

I knew I was gone if I didn't get out. I drove my fingers straight into the mud bank which gave me a grip to pull from the water. I caught up to the skirmish line and continued advancing onto the pillboxes which were still silent in the predawn morning.

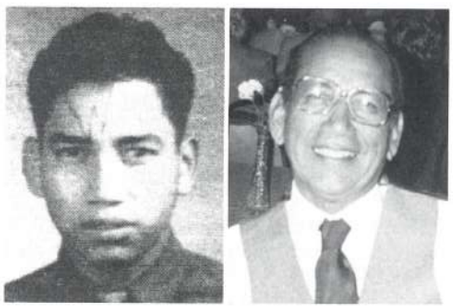
Our platoon sat down to wait for engineers to blow the door off the pillbox and stun the occupants inside, when a jerry machine gun began firing and I could see tracer bullets whizzing over my head as I hit the ground. A loud explosion and the machine gun ceased its rattling, our platoon stood up and continued advancing to the houses in the village of Pachten. Running from house to house, through the backyards with jerry snipers firing at us, the guy in front was hit in the foot, an M1 bullet whizzed by my head and Donelson, just a dozen feet behind, was hit and floundering like a headless chicken.

Crying, Donelson was helped by the medic "Murphy," and I ran to the front part of the house to look for jerrys across the street. Fortunately, Donelson had only a flesh wound and the jerry sniper with a GI M1 rifle was captured in the basement of the house we were occupying. The German sniper, an ex-German airforce man, was captured and taunted by his GI captors, then sent back to the battalion prisoner cage.

Dawn broke and the German artillery began laying down a barrage on the Saar River, but I was across and the shells, ours and theirs, flew innocently over our heads but annihilated the soldiers trying to ferry across the Saar and construct a bridge to get supplies to us. We needed tanks, artillery and ammunition badly to keep us from being pushed back into the river.

I am now a real estate investor in San Diego, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. I would have missed a great life if a jerry shell had hit me. I was in combat from November 15, 1944, until January 15, 1945.

CELESTINO H. RODRIGUEZ



Celestino H. Rodriguez

I was drafted into the Army in 1943 at the age of eighteen. I was assigned to the 42nd Infantry Division and had basic training at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. On Christmas Eve, 1944, I was by the Rhine River close to Strasbourg, France. At dawn on Christmas Day, I was sent as a replacement to the 90th Division. I joined K Company, 359th Infantry, by the Saar River around December 30, 1944.

The worst experience I had was during the Battle of the Bulge. I was a first scout and we were advancing through some small pine trees. As I went forward, I saw that I had passed two Germans dug in on my left. I glanced at them and saw that they were about twelve feet away, so my first reaction was to fire. When I swung my M1,

I missed and came face to face with them. My M1 jammed and wouldn't fire. The Germans started to talk to me but I couldn't understand them. I moved back a little, hit the ground and put another clip in, just as the second scout and squad leader came up. The Germans said they wanted to surrender and the squad leader understood.

I remained in the 90th until we reached the Siegfried Line and we went back to rest. I became a B.A.R. man the second time, and went back into the Siegfried Line where I was wounded by shrapnel on February 19, 1945, and that was the end of the war for me.

RUDOLPH RODRIGUEZ



Rudolph Rodrigues

The newsletter tells the story, I was with the second platoon.

I transferred into the 90th when the second platoon crossed the Mozell River on our way to the Bulge.

I was a rifleman for a short time, when my lieutenant asked me to be his platoon runner. Truthfully, some of the guys didn't want the job, because the runner was the one with the long antenna right in back of the platoon leader, and we knew some Germans were not good shots.

Our unit was in Czechoslovakia when the war ended. From there we were sent to Amberg, Germany, for occupation duty. Seven to eight months later I was shipped home for discharge.

Shortly after discharge I enlisted in the Illinois National Guard where I was retired on my 60th birthday with the rank of CW-4.

LLOYD ROED

I grew up on a farm in northern Minnesota. After being inducted into the Army, I arrived at Camp Barkeley in April 1942. There I became a part of the 358th Regiment, M Company.

In recalling Army days, I think of the day we landed on the beaches of Normandy. Fighting in the hedgerows was an experience one cannot forget. As we had our first taste of war, one learned quickly the seriousness of battle. I remained with M Company throughout the campaigns that followed. I was in the mortar platoon as a staff sergeant. In February 1945 I received a field commission making me a second lieutenant. About a month later, I was promoted to first lieutenant. The war ending was certainly a relief, and I arrived back in the United States in December 1945.

Farming became my occupation. Northern Minnesota looked good to me back then. It still does, as I have continued to reside here with my wife and family. I married in 1947 and my wife and I raised four children. Farming kept me very busy, but whenever I could find time, fishing and hunting have been my hobbies.

The children have all grown up now, and I am retired. My wife and I continue to live on the farm. My youngest son has

taken over the farming operation. I still help out to keep busy. We have nineteen grandchildren now, so there's always plenty of excitement on the farm when they visit.

EDMUND L. ROEDER



Right: Major Roeder (Retired)
Left: Sgt. Edmund L. Roeder being congratulated by Maj. Gen. James A. Van Fleet, Commanding General 90th Infantry Division, on his receipt of a Silver Star at a ceremony in Luxembourg, January 1945.

I was born November 1917 in Shiner, Texas, oldest of ten children. My five brothers also served in World War II. Prior to entering service in 1942 I was employed as a personnel clerk for ACA (Farm Program) and stock recorder and assistant cotton classer. In March 1942 I was assigned to L Company, 358th Infantry Regiment, 90th Infantry Division, Camp Barkeley, Texas. I was discharged in June 1945 as a staff sergeant.

In fall of 1945 I enrolled at Landig College of Mortuary Science, Houston, Texas, which qualified me to be licensed as an embalmer and funeral director in the state of Texas. I pursued this profession over forty-four years. I married Jo Eileen Strauss in January 1943 in Hallettsville, Texas. We have two sons, two daughters and five grandchildren. One son is a Vietnam Veteran.

In June 1949 I enlisted in the U.S. Army Reserve. I accepted a direct appointment as a second lieutenant, Infantry Branch, in October 1950 and was assigned to E Company, 357th Infantry Regiment, 90th Infantry Reserve. In this unit I had many assignments, including being an executive officer and company commander. I transferred into Quartermaster Corps July 1954 and maintained an active role in this branch until retirement.

I am a graduate of Quartermaster Officer Career Course, Army Supply Officer Course, Military Subsistence Course, Military Petroleum Course, Command and General Staff College. I received certificates of completion in Army Training Test Umpire School and management systems of the Associate Logistics Executive Development Course. I retired December 1977.

JAMES E. ROGERS

Here some recollections with 1st and 2nd Platoons, Company A, 315th Engineers:
Greetings from FDR
Camp Barkeley, Texas (Abilene)
Basic– Basic– Basic
Louisiana– Swamp maneuvers
Made corporal, then sergeant
California– Desert maneuvers
Made Staff Sergeant, Platoon Sgt. 1st Plat.
Fort Dix, N.J. (Staging Area)
Physicals– Dentist– Home on leave
NYC– Load aboard the *SS John Erickson* for Liverpool, England
Camp at Wolverhampton
Then to Cardiff Wales
Loaded on attack ship and issued live ammo
Out to the channel with sky full of C47 and gliders
Downed nets to landing ships
Utah Beach for us– *a mess*– glad we were not first
Lots of dead
First 2 weeks– all infantry work
Lost some good ones
Those hedgerows
Assigned to Patton's Third– made us proud
Falaise Gap– another mess
Reduced to private for talking naughty to an officer
After 18 months as Platoon Sgt; I lost my platoon; assigned to 2nd Platoon– back to Staff Sgt.
Made a run to Metz with Patton– boy did we move!
Bridgeheads on Mozelle and Saar Rivers, rear of Maginot Line, front of Seigfried Line
Rumors of the Bulge; withdrew from Saar Bridgehead at Dillingen; 24-hour forced mark to Luxembourg; then first action in the Bulge– mine sweeping, machine gun emplacement
That's all for me– thank you marksman!
Hospital in Paris and England, 20 points of blood and 3 operations, then back to my outfit
War over– I was in Weiden, Germany– Old POW Camp– 103 points– going home
Got Bronze Star, Purple Heart– 5 campaigns in 41 months with 18 overseas

Not much but I cherish the memories. I am retired at 71 years old after 40 years with an oil company.

BILL "DOC" ROURKE

I was inducted into the Army March 22, 1943, and after basic I received surgical technician training in Missouri. I went to England with the 15th General Hospital. After a long period with the 15th I was assigned to the 359th Medical Detachment and then C Company of the 359th. I was known as "Doc," as were all the company aide men before and after me. I was hit by mortar fire as I was attending one of our wounded near Bad Kruznich, Germany. Then I watched the progress of the 90th from the *Stars and Stripes*. I was discharged with a medical from Camp Edwards in Massachusetts on October 9, 1945.



Bill Rourke

Today I am retired and living a retired life with Cape Cod as my home in the summer time and Pine Island, Florida, in the winter time. I am married to the former Janet Rushworth of Yalesville, Conn. We have had 41 years of happily married life and have been blessed with four children, three boys and one girl, and we now have 10 grandchildren. *How times fly.*

EUGENE L. RUSSELL

I was born on June 8, 1921, in St. Louis, Missouri.

I had the good fortune to be the driver of the finest officer in the Army, 357th Commander Col. George Barth. I remember one time while I was driving Col. Barth and then Maj. DePuy to Maizier Les Metz, I had to drive through the steel company over the trail tracks, make a sharp right, then a left turn in the the Company C.P. Every so often, the Germans would lay down mortar fire on the cross road where I made the right turn; I would have to regulate my speed so I would get there before or after the barrage.

On one trip I got a flat tire; I had to change it before the mortar hit. I think that was the fastest I ever changed a tire.

My wife, Janet, and I are retired and enjoy traveling and bowling. We also belong to the Florissant Rock and Gem Club and love to go rock hunting. We try to attend most of the 90th Division reunions and renewing old acquaintances and memories.

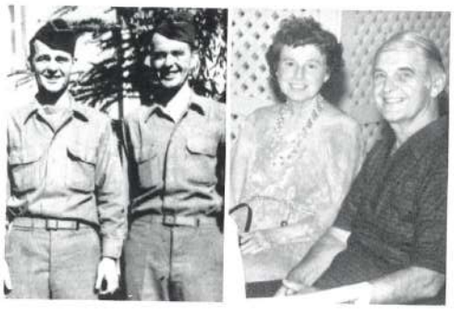
STANLEY RYS

I was 23 years old when inducted into the Army in Massachusetts, where I was born, reared, and received my early education at Warren, Massachusetts.

After basic training at Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi, with the 253rd Infantry, D Company, I shipped out on the *Queen Mary* on D-Day, June 6, 1944. We were

packed like sardines, about fifteen to twenty thousand of us. Zigzagging across the ocean to avoid the German submarines, we landed in Scotland, then boarded a train for England.

My brother, who was with the 5th Armored Division Headquarters, was already stationed somewhere in England. While awaiting assignment for infantry replacement, and out on pass, I met another soldier wearing the 5th Armored emblem. He led me to my brother—less than a mile away!



Left: Stan Rys with brother Walter
Right: Sophie and Stan Rys



Klatovy, Czechoslovakia (1945)

Just two weeks later, on July 10, I was part of A Company, 359th, amongst the hedgerows of Normandy. We were ceremoniously initiated by artillery fire, even before digging my foxhole. Luckily, our platoon survived several days, then months of severe battles, as the 90th Division overtook Hill 122. We went on the St. Lô, LeBourg, St. Leonard, Chambois, Falaise Pocket, where about twenty thousand Germans surrendered. We crossed Moselle and joined Gen. Patton again in January at the Battle of the Bulge. We crossed the Rhine on March 23, 1945, and I was wounded four days later. We went across Germany, into Klatovy, Czechoslovakia. On May 8 the war ended with Germany. I fought in the following battles: Normandy, Northern France, Rhineland, Ardennes, and Central Europe. I was awarded the Purple Heart.

I spent three years with the Massachusetts Police and thirty-five years as a registered pharmacist. I have been married for forty years to Sophie Padykula, R.N. We are the parents of seven children. I am presently retired in La Jolla and Palm Desert, California. We are coworkers of Mother Theresa.

ROBERT E. SAMUELS



Robert E. Samuels

My name is Robert E. Samuels. I was a member of Company L, 359th Infantry Regiment, 90th Infantry Division. On May 3, 1945, the entire German 11th Ranger Division surrendered to the 90th. It was late afternoon when we started disarming them. Their vehicles were lined up as far as you could see. We took over 9000 prisoners that day. That night after dark, we were given orders to get aboard the vehicles (two men to every vehicle). It was very dark and the road very muddy. There was much confusion and noise. My squad leader and I were going to board a half track. His name was Wiles or maybe Wyles, or even Wiels. Anyway, I got up on the left side and I hollered and asked if he was on. I thought I heard him answer yes, so I motioned the driver forward. We pulled away and traveled all night. Each time we stopped, I would look for him but to no avail. I never saw him again or was never able to find out anything about him. I sure would be grateful if someone could shed some light on this 45 year mystery.

I now live with my wife and little dog in Shinnston, West Virginia.

MIKE SCHAMBERGER



Mike Schamberger

I was born on October 28, 1919, at St. Peter, Kansas. I was inducted into the Army on April 1, 1942, and received basic training in Camp Barkeley, near Abilene, Texas. I became 1st squad leader of the 1st Battalion of Company D, 357th Regiment, Mortar Platoon. I moved to Camp Granite in California in September 1943. Next we went to Fort Dix, New Jersey, in December 1943. We left Fort Dix in March 1944 to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. On March 23, 1944, we sailed on British liner "HMS Dominion Monarch." We arrived in England on April 4, 1944, and on June 8, 1944, we landed at Utah Beach. I was in the European Operation until the end of the war. I came back to the U.S. in October 1945. Soon after, I became engaged in farming, of which I've been engaged until March 1988, when we moved to the town of Haxie, Kansas. I was married on September 14, 1954. I have six children and twelve grandchildren.

HENRY W. SCHAUB



Henry W. Schaub

I went into the Army on November 5, 1942. I trained at Camp Roberts, California, Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi, and with the 71st Infantry at Camp Carson, Colorado, eighteen months in all.

I joined the 90th Division, Company G, 357th Infantry, in July 1944 at Normandy Beach. I was in the five major campaigns: Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland, and Central Europe.

I was wounded in France on October 4, 1944, by shrapnel from a German hand grenade in both legs and left wrist. I went to England to recuperate. I rejoined my outfit two months later.

I was staff sergeant and served as platoon sergeant of the Second Platoon. I walked most of the way from France to Czechoslovakia.

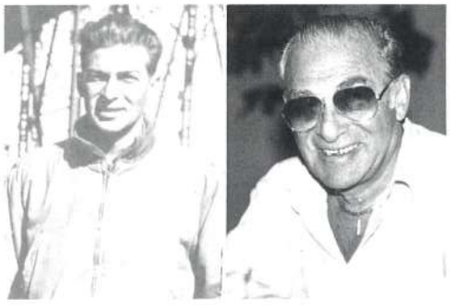
I was awarded the Purple Heart and Bronze Star. I was honorably discharged on October 30, 1945, at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. From there I returned to my home at Mason City, Illinois.

I am the son of Richard and Emma (Buse) Schaub. I married Juanita Lowe, daughter of Delta and May (Hall) Lowe, on November 17, 1945, at Bloomington, Illinois. We have five children: Linda (1947), Lela (1949), William (1951), Loretta (1953), and Richard (1963). We have eight grandchildren: Nathan Peterson, Heather, Heath, Heidi, Holly, and Hope Wenig, and Danielle and Jeremy Ewing.

We farmed north of Mason City, Illinois, for thirteen years, where I was also a substitute rural mail carrier.

On February 1, 1959, we moved to Richland Center, Wisconsin, to a dairy farm we purchased and still live there.

ELLIOTT SCHECHTER



Elliott Schechter

I joined the Army on September 24, 1940, for a one year enlistment. There were twenty of us of the Jewish faith.

After the one year, I went on enlisted reserve and was recalled shortly after Pearl Harbor. Shortly thereafter, I was sent to O.C.S. at Camp Hood (now Fort Hood) in Texas and after graduation I joined the 607th T.D. Battalion. We landed and was part of the 90th Division.

We were moved to wherever the need was and therefore didn't get much recognition.

I served a little over five years in service with five battle stars.

I am married for 42 years to Rhoda, have two daughters, seven grandchildren, and another hopefully on the way. I am now 72 years young and a retired builder of one-family homes.

FRANKLIN A. SCHELEMBAUM



Frank Schelebaum

I live at 208 East 6th Street, Trinidad, Colorado. I was in the 90th Infantry Division, 315th Engineer Battalion, C Company. I took my basic training at Fort Bliss, Texas, in El Paso, Texas. I entered service March 15, 1942. From there I was transferred to Abilene, Texas, where I got most of my training except maneuvers in Louisiana and the Mojave Desert in California.

Our division went overseas April 1944 and arrived at Liverpool, England, on Easter Sunday. We made D-Day landing at Utah Beach , Normandy, June 6 at 4 a.m. I don't think any of us knew what we were getting into until we landed. It didn't take us long to find out through. Believe me, it was plenty hot.

My job was driving a truck with a squad of men with plenty of demolition equipment and pulled a poll trailer full of mines. We had orders to go blow up a bridge and we got on the wrong road and wound up on the front lines. The men jumped out, including the sergeant and headed for the rear and told me to turn the truck around and go back. I stayed with it but I was scared to death. I backed up until I saw a gate and pulled in and took gate and all with me as I was going back. I went back about a mile before stopping; soon the men caught up with me and we got on the right road this time and did our job. I thank and praise God for getting us out safe.

A.I. SCHEPPS



A.I. Schepps

I was born in Russia in 1910. My family moved to Dallas, Texas, when I was 3 1/2 years of age. I was reared on a dairy farm. After high school I went to Texas A&M College. I graduated with a B.S. in chemical engineering and commissioned second lieutenant in Army Reserve. I married Manet Davis 1936 in Houston.

I was operating a wholesale grocery when called into active duty in early 1941; was then a captain in reserve. I joined the VIII Corps as assistant corps chemical officer. When the vacancy for a 90th Division chemical officer came in 1942, I was appointed to that vacancy by VIII Corps. After joining, the 90th Division made many maneuvers, including two in Louisiana. I attended a refresher course in chemical warfare at Edgewood Arsenal and attended the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth. By the time the division left for England, I had been promoted to lieutenant colonel.

I landed on Utah Beach D-Day-plus-1 and was with 90th Division in all battles, meeting the Russians in Suscise in Czechoslovakia. I was decorated by Gen. Van Fleet with the Silver Star for the effort expended in the tactical smoke screen laid at the double crossing of the Saar River.

I am now retired from the grocery business and doing much traveling with wife. I have been back to Utah Beach three times. I have two daughters, one son, 12 grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

MELVIN W. SCHMIDT



Melvin Schmidt in Hahhutte Germany (1945) and 42 years later...standing in the same place (1986)

Mel was born on March 2, 1925, in Gardenville (now West Seneca), a suburb of Buffalo, New York. He spent all his life there until after high school graduation, when in March 1943 he enlisted in the Army and left for training at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. On January 1, 1944, he sailed from Camp Shanks, New Jersey, for Cardif, South Wales. On June 16 he joined the 90th Division in France, HG Battery, 344th Field Artillery Battalion, and was assigned as lineman with forward switchboard and observer. Mel was discharged in November 1945 from Fort Dix, New Jersey.

Mel married the former Louise Neuburger on May 28, 1949. They have a son, Thomas; he and his wife, Kathy, have five children and live in the Jamestown, New York, area. A daughter, Linda, is married to Peter Elsasser. They and their four children live in Baiertal, near Heidelberg, West Germany.

In 1953 Mel started his own heating, air conditioning and sheet metal business. Over a period of years he has served as the fire chief and president of Union Fire Company, president of the Lions Club, vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, all in West Seneca. He also was district chairman of the Boy Scouts of America, and has been active in many church organizations.

Mel and Louise moved to the hills of Colden, New York, and Mel has since served as president of the Colden Country Association, and also of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Church Council there.

Mel's hobby is singing solo, especially at gatherings like weddings, anniversaries, Army reunions, etc. He is a 40 year member of a German choral group. One of his biggest thrills was singing "The Lord's Prayer" at his daughter's wedding in Germany. Another favorite singing engagement is doing "The National Anthem" in Buffalo Memorial Auditorium at Canisius College basketball games, and also doing this at two banquets at the 1988

reunion in St. Louis. The good Lord willing, maybe again this year.

VERNON N. SCHMIDT



Vernon N. Schmidt

I joined the 90th Division near Habscheid, Germany, in early February 1945. The highest ranking person in my platoon was a Staff Sgt. Mueller, who later received a battlefield commission. Many like me who were assigned to the 90th Division at this time were "Bulge" replacements and adapted quickly to pillbox and foxhole life. On May 8, near Nepomuk, Czechoslovakia, we linked up with the Russians, ending what we thought was the last big war. Five years later, I would do another tour in the Korean conflict.

It was during my first reunion in 1983 at Sioux Falls, that I met Linda Goldberg, who left most of us teary-eyed after publicly thanking the "Tough 'Ombres" for saving her life from the Nazi Gestapo. Linda worked with the Allied Underground in helping American flyers to escape their captors. In 1986 I met Linda's husband, Henry, a Polish Jew who during World War II lost his parents to Nazi atrocities in Poland. Nine of his brothers and sisters were subsequently killed by the Nazis. During this time, Henry managed to survive at least ten concentration camps.

In late April 1945 Henry was liberated from Flossenburg Concentration Camp by elements of the 90th Division. In 1949 Henry and Linda married and soon sailed for the United States, where they became American citizens. They are presently residing in New York. Their home is full of memorabilia of the 90th Division, and they thank God daily for the brave men of the 90th who played a roll in their destiny.

JOHN W. SCHNEIDER

I was with the 90th Division, Signal Company, Message Center. I married Earline Kemp on January 16, 1947. A son, Charles, was born on November 27, 1947.

I worked for the power company in Hereford, Texas, as a lineman for twelve years. The last four years I was line foreman.



John W. Schneider

I wanted something of my own, so I got into the electrical contracting business and finally went into electric motor rewinding, which worked together real nice. I've been retired several years; it sure is nice.

I have two grandchildren, a girl, Heather, fifteen years old, and a boy, Paul, eight years old. They live in Stephenville, Texas.

The wife and I spent the winters on the Gulf Coast at Fulton, Texas. We have a 30 foot travel trailer and stay in "Woody Acres Trailer Park" that holds about 200 trailers and motor homes. All tenants are retired from over the United States and Canada; a real nice group of winter Texans. Our old Army buddy, Marshall B. Cox, and wife, Hettie, are there every year. They both really like to fish.

I hear from 1st Sgt. Spear of West Virginia about twice a year and about ten other Signal Company members at Christmas. I would like to hear from all the Message Center guys and all the jeep messenger drivers.

RALPH W. SCHNEIDER

As one of the many frightened 18-year-old infantry replacements, it is an honor to be mentioned in the *90th Infantry Division Commemorative Book*. Because of our age, I urge all infantry replacements to pick up and continue to carry the banner of tradition and remembrance for the old-timers of the 90th just as we did during the closing days of the war.

CHARLES G. SCHWAB



Charles G. Schwab

I was born to John and Minnie Bell Schwab on October 6, 1918, on the family homestead in the Little Snowy Mountains in Fergus County, Montana. I attended school in a one room schoolhouse through the eighth grade and then attended high school in Lewistown, Montana. I went through a plumbing apprenticeship later.

I married Thelma J. Wolf Gunnels on June 22, 1940.

I went into the Army the end of 1943 and was assigned to Company G, 359th Regiment, 2nd Battalion, 90th Infantry, in France. I served with them until they returned to the states. I was then transferred to the 1st Company D, 26th Infantry Regiment, and 3046 B.M.G. Regiment Company, Motor Pool, until returning to the states on April 27, 1946. I received an honorable discharge on May 2, 1946.

My wife, Thelma, and I then purchased a tourist resort north of Glacier National Park which we owned and operated for twenty seasons. We had two daughters and now have four grandchildren and one great-grandchild. We will celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary on June 22, 1990.

I moved my family to Missoula, Montana; in the fall of 1956 to be closer to the tourist resort and to pursue a career in plumbing and pipefitting, specializing in propane and gas appliances. I retired in 1973.

THOMAS C. SCHWEITZER



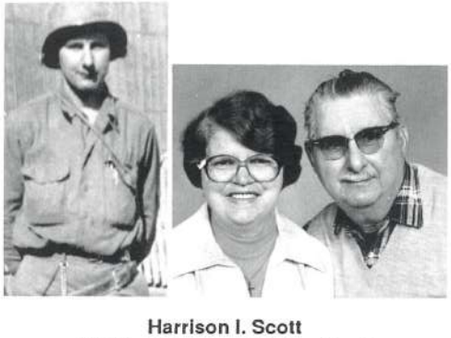
Thomas C. Schweitzer

I was born in Dunmore, Pennsylvania. My family moved to Connecticut, where I was inducted into the Army in October 1943 at Fort Devens, Massachusetts. I took basic training at Fort McClellan, Alabama. I was shipped to England as an infantry replacement in April 1944. I joined up with I Company, 358th Infantry about six days after D-Day and was a platoon runner. I was wounded on July 12, just after the taking of Hill 122. I returned to England for hospitalization, then returned to France and was in the 129th APU.

After discharge I continued my work with Scovill Manufacturing Co. for 29 1/2 years, and went to work for Amana Refrigeration before retiring. I have lived in

Atlanta, Georgia, and Fayetteville, Tennessee, where I now reside with my wife Betty. We have been married for 35 years.

HARRISON I. SCOTT



Harrison I. Scott
At right, Harry and Bertha Scott

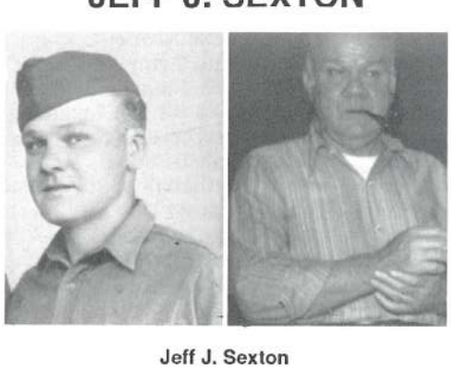
I entered the Army on January 22, 1944, when I was 18 and took my basic training at Camp Blanding, Florida. I served in Germany from August 6, 1944, to December 24, 1945, and was discharged on February 15, 1946, at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania.

I now live in Greenwich, Ohio, with my wife of 42 years. We were married on September 7, 1948, and have four sons, Maurice, Larry, Robin, and Charles. We have two grandsons and seven granddaughters. Three of my sons were in the military service. Larry and Robin were in the Marines. Larry is a career man; he has been in since 1973. Charles was in the Army in Germany, where he now lives with his family. Robin and Maurice live in Canton, Ohio.

I joined the VFW Greenwich Memorial Post when it was started in 1984 and my wife joined the VFW Auxiliary when it was started in 1986. We are both charter and life members.

I work at a factory in Norwalk, Ohio, where we make truck cabs. I am a toolmaker by trade and plan on retiring within the next year.

JEFF J. SEXTON



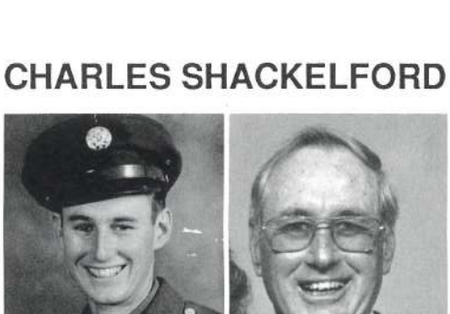
Jeff J. Sexton

I was with Company C, 357th Infantry. I entered the service in September 1942 and went into training at Camp Barkeley, Texas, then on to Fort Dix, New Jersey. From there it was on to Normandy where I fought through parts of France to Metz where I was wounded. I was sent back to the states after awhile and was discharged in December 1945. In May 1946 I went to work for Civil Service where I stayed until I retired after 34 years in 1980.

I married in June 1946 and we have two wonderful children: one daughter, one son, and four precious grandchildren.

We have been to two reunions in Oklahoma City in 1980 and 1984 which we enjoyed very much. I have visited with a couple of my buddies since then and talked to several more.

CHARLES SHACKELFORD



Charles Shackelford

I was born in Booneville, Mississippi, on July 31, 1924. I grew up on a farm and finished high school at Booneville. I was drafted into armed services in July 1944 at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, and was shipped to Camp Robinson, Arkansas, for 17 weeks basic training. After a few days leave, I was shipped to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey.

On January 1, 1945, I boarded the *Queen Mary* and sailed to Glasco, Scotland. From there we boarded a train to South Hampton, England. We crossed the English Channel, boarded trucks, and arrived in Belgium where I joined my outfit, G Company, 2nd Battalion, 358th Infantry, 90th Division, where I experienced my first combat. I received three battle stars; Ardennes, Central Europe and Rhineland. My close call was a bullet hole in my canteen. After we met the Russians in Czechoslovakia and the end of war in Europe, we were shipped to Vohinstrasse, Germany, where we were in training for Pacific. After V-J Day, I served in the military police until April 1946 at Third Army Headquarters in Bad Tolz, Germany.

I was discharged July 1946 at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, married August 1,1946, and farmed with my dad a few years. In 1953 we moved to Bolivar, Tennessee, where I opened Bolivar Milling Company, a feed and grain business. After 25 years in business, I sold out and semi-retired, doing a little cattle farming on the side. My wife, Sue, died March 1983. We had one daughter, Marcia, and one granddaughter, Sara. They live in Titusville, Florida. I am now enjoying life with Bernice, whom I married November 1,1986.

FRANK SHARON

Frank and his twin sister, Francis, were born July 24, 1921, during a flood along the Arkansas River. Frank got good grades in school, excelled in football and graduated from Fowler County High School in 1939.

During World War II he served in Company E, 358th Regiment, 90th Infantry Division. Frank received a head wound and was left for dead until someone accidently found him and he spent quite some time in hospitals over there and in the U.S.A. After several operations, he bought a home in Fowler.

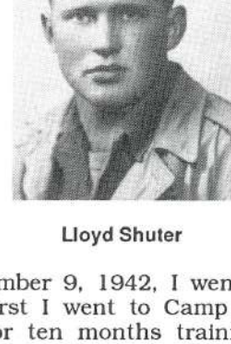
For several years Frank managed the VFW recreation hall in Fowler. After he gave it up the VFW closed its doors.

Frank served the Roman Catholic Church, his country and fellow man faithfully his entire life, honestly, decently and with a great deal of interest that led to long hours of work almost daily. Frank passed away on February 2, 1978, in the Denver Veterans Hospital after a long battle with cancer. He left many relatives and friends. This information was given to me by Frank's sister-in-law, Alice Sharon. — *Thalen S. Clawson*

WILLIAM EDSEL SHARPTON

I was a late replacement when I joined the 90th Infantry Division in April 1945. I have always felt very honored and proud to have been a member.

LLOYD SHUTER



Lloyd Shuter

On November 9, 1942, I went into the Army. First I went to Camp Barkeley, Texas, for ten months training. From Texas I went to the desert in California and Arizona for another four months of training.

We left Camp Granite, California, on January 1, 1944, and it was very hot—undershirt and short sleeve weather. Six days later, at midnight, we arrived at Fort Dix, New Jersey. The temperature was about 20 degrees below zero—what a drastic temperature change in six days!

Our next move was to cross the Atlantic Ocean into England. My Army unit, Service Battery, 343rd Field Artillery Battalion, was stationed at Wolverhampton Staffshire, England.

I met a girl there that later became my wife. After hostilities in Europe I received a furlough from Germany to England. I was married in England on August 20, 1945. We have been married 44 years and have two children. Donna Sue, our daughter, works for Joseph E. Seagram & Sons in Lawrenceburg, Indiana. Our son, David Lloyd, works for Martin Marrietta, Oakridge, Tennessee.

I am currently working at Bob Aikins Lines, Lawrenceburg, Indiana. At 68 years of age, I've driven a truck for 50 years, also while I was in the Army.

My thoughts were always on returning home to the United States of America and driving my truck again. On February 1, 1947, my wife, Gladys, joined me in the States where we have made our home since that time. And yes, I'm still driving a truck.

JOHN C. SIMPSON

By February I had qualified for a high school diploma. I left school and volunteered for the Army. On March 2, 1943, Fort Dix, New Jersey, was my new home. The induction testing destined me for flight training. I informed the Army that I was not a draftee, but a volunteer. It was the armored force for me.

The 106th Mechanized Cavalary Reconnaissance troop was my training unit. After completing terrorism maneuvers I volunteered to go overseas and be assigned to the 10th Armored Division, 90 Reconnaissance Squadron. Army paper work! I reported to the 90th "Tough 'Ombre" Infantry Division's 90 Reconnaissance Troop as a private first class.One of my highlights was outside of Metz I shot down a Messerschmitt 210 with my 50 caliber on my armored car.

I made the trip to Bastogne without a hitch. In the town of Longville I saw a tiger get two medium tanks and three half tracks. We passed through the road pictured in the picture "Patton" with the demolitions attached to the trees. Gen. Patton directed the relief force to Bastogne; we passed him a few times on the way. The night we were notified there were German troops dropped behind us that had American uniforms and spoke English, I held up Gen. Patton for the password. Later I agreed to accept a transfer to the infantry with a commission. I was commissioned on May 5 and did not get back into the shooting. When the division was ready to retire, I volunteered to stay for occupation duty with the 508 MP Battalion, Third Army.

RALPH O. SINAMON



Ralph O. Sinamon

I was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on June 9, 1919. Later, I moved to Richmond, California, where I worked in the shipyard from January 19, 1943, to September 10, 1943, until I was inducted into the service in San Francisco. From there, I was shipped to Monterey to Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi, to the 63rd Division. I joined L Company of the 357th Infantry, 90th Division, at Fort Dix, New Jersey. I was wounded June 12, 1944, and was released from the hospital September 15, 1944. I attended the American School Center. In November 1944 I was assigned to B Company, 398th Military Police Battalion. Mickey Rooney and 1500 others and myself came home on the Gen. G.O. Squier, which I had helped build. On March 6, 1946, I received an honorable discharge as sergeant. After 30 years working for the U.S. Postal Service, I am enjoying my retirement.

WILBURN A. SINGER



Wilburn A. Singer

I was born in Lee County, Arkansas, July 18, 1918, to Jacob Singer and Vanetta Cavanaugh Singer. I attended Gill School eleven years. I lived with my half brother Elmer, in Cushing, Oklahoma, my senior year and graduated from Cushing High School in 1936.

I was inducted into the Army, *March 23*, 1942, at Camp Robinson in Little Rock, Arkansas. I was sent to Camp Barkeley, Texas. I was in the 90th Division, 359th Infantry, Antitank Company. My dog tag number was 37107863. Our division was sent to California, September 5, 1943. We were then sent to Fort Dix, New Jersey, and from there to Camp Kilmer. I sailed for England on *March 23*, 1944. I took part in D-Day. I returned to the United States *March 23*, 1945, and was sent to a hospital in New Orleans, Louisiana. I was discharged from Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, September 18, 1945.

I married Margaret Jayroe, April 18, 1942. We have two daughters, one son, one grandson, and two sons-in-law. Ann Robinson, our oldest, is a principal in Edmond, Oklahoma. Linda Looper, our second daughter, is a counselor at Deer Creek High School in Edmond, Oklahoma. Our son, Mark (born *March 23*, 1957), lives in Atlanta, Georgia. He works for Macys Department Stores. Our grandson, Bart Looper, is in the 5th grade in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

We moved from Palestine, Arkansas, to Oklahoma City in October 1945. I worked for Sohio Petroleum Co. 37 years. I retired February 1, 1983.

PETE SMITH



Pete Smith

I was born November 30, 1914, at Canadian, Oklahoma. When I was 9, my family moved to Muskogee, Oklahoma. After graduating from Muskogee Central High School, I attended Oklahoma University where I played football, basketball, and baseball for the Oklahoma Sooners. I was named All-America in football in 1937 and played in the Shrine East-West and Chicago All-Stars Games in 1938. I joined the coaching staff at Oklahoma University as assistant line coach in 1938, the year the Sooners played their first bowl game.

I married Clare Master in 1938. We had four sons. In 1941 I moved to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and was line coach at Marquette University. I was inducted into the Army on January 12, 1942, as a second lieutenant in artillery, having received my commission from ROTC at OU. I was stationed at Fort Sill and Camp Barkeley, where I was division special service officer, and went overseas on March 1, 1944. When the war in Europe

ended, I was assigned to the Third Army as athletic officer. I was discharged as a major in October 1945 and resumed my coaching duties at Marquette University.

In 1946 I returned to my home town of Muskogee and entered the restaurant and catering business, a career that lasted 42 years. Clare died in 1970. In 1971 I married Jean Barnard. We bought a ranch in 1973 and went into the cattle business. I retired from the restaurant business in 1988, but remain active in ranching.

ROY E. SMITH



Roy E. Smith

I have lived in San Antonio since retiring from the U.S. Army as a lieutenant colonel in July 1963.

I was married in 1938 to the former Miss Fay Hunt of Terrell, Texas. We had two children, a son formerly in the Army who is now deceased, and there was one daughter born in 1941 before Pearl Harbor. She had three children. Our oldest grandson, Michael Houser, is currently serving in the U.S. Navy. A grandson, David Houser, is attending the University of Texas in San Antonio. Susan is a high school senior. Bonnie Houser, the daughter, has a masters degree in reading and teaches in a local school district.

Fay and I are members of Trinity Baptist Church in San Antonio. It is a pleasure each Sunday to visit with Colonel Merton Munson and his wife who are in the same Bible class.

I joined the 90th Division in Camp Barkeley assigned to the 344th Field Artillery Battalion, where they went on field maneuvers in Texas, desert training in the California desert, and Louisiana maneuvers. I sailed to England in 1944 and went into combat at Utah Beach, Normandy, as part of the greatest invasion in history.

I was integrated into the regular Army in 1945 with the first group of reserve officers to do so. When the Korean War broke out on June 25, 1950, I was assigned to the Korean Military Advisory Group and as a major I was the artillery advisor to the 1st Republic of Korea Division. I served in Korea until January 1952 and took part in four major battles against the North Koreans and Chinese communist armies.

I retired from the Army in Columbia, South Carolina, in July 1963 and moved my family to San Antonio where we have lived since.

I retired for the second time in 1980 as a public school teacher and have since devoted myself to church work, traveling, golfing, oil painting and loafing.

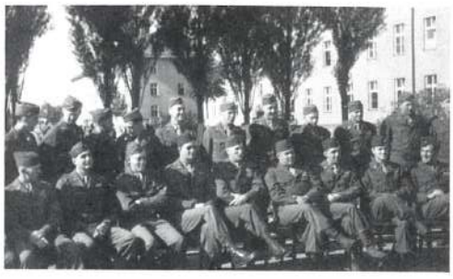
JAMES S. SPIVEY



James S. Spivey

I was born in Lufkin, Texas, in March 1915. I received an infantry commission in 1937 from Texas A&M. I married Marilyn Patterson in Dallas, Texas, in 1939. I was Chamber of Commerce manager in Terrell, Texas, when called to active duty January 1942.

I reported to Camp Wolters, Mineral Wells, Texas, as first lieutenant, infantry. I had 30-45 days training in 37mm antitank weapons. Then I was assigned to 358th Infantry Regiment of 90th Division when the division was activated at Camp Barkeley, Texas. My first assignment was platoon leader, anti-tank platoon. After a few months I became company commander of H Company, 358th. I served in that capacity until early December 1943.



Most of the 359th Staff in Amberg, Germany, 1945. Lt. Col. James Spivey is on front row, fourth from left with Col. Bell to his right.

While training on desert in California I was assigned to Advanced School for Infantry, Fort Benning. I remained there until ordered to Fort Dix in 1944 preparing for move overseas. I was assigned as company commander to F Company, 358th. I moved to England and participated in the invasion June 1945 moving through Utah Beach.

I was wounded early July, Seves River. I evacuated to a hospital in England, and returned to duty after about 2 weeks. I watched bombing of 5,000 bombers over Normandy from hill overlooking action. I was assigned as battalion executive 3rd Battalion, 358th. I continued that assignment until crossing of Moselle River in Metz operation. Upon wounding of Col. Belke, I assumed command of battalion. I continued to cross Saar River, Dillingen, then Bastogne area, until mid-February 1945.

I evacuated with dysentery and pneumonia to hospital near Oxford, England. I returned and was assigned as executive officer 359th Infantry Regiment. I continued this assignment until Col. Bell returned home during summer upon illness of his wife. I assumed command of 359th Infantry Regiment and remained in that assignment with the regiment until its return home, arriving in New York Harbor on Christmas Day 1945. I went to Camp Fannin, Tyler, Texas, where my unit was deactivated. I believe I was the only man with the division from activation to deactivation.

I have been in business for myself since January 1946 as exporter of military equipment. I have two children, Susan and Peter, and two grandchildren. I have lived in Washington D.C. area since 1946 and meet regularly with ex-90th Division men in Washington area.

ROBERT J. STEFANINI

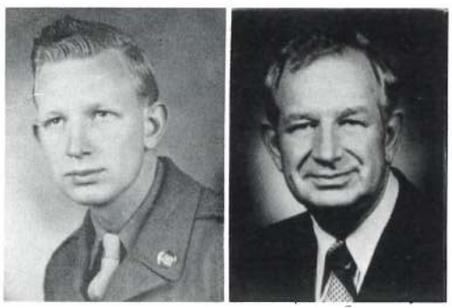


Robert J. Stefanini

I was born September 8, 1917, in the county of the Bronx, New York City. I am the youngest of six children, the son of Alfred and Anna Stefanini. I lived in the same house in which I was born for fifty years. I married Elsie Battistessa who was also born and raised in the area of the Bronx. We were married in 1947 and this June we will be married 43 years. We have two children; our daughter, Adele, and our son, John. We also have one grandson named David.

I was inducted into the Army on January 22, 1942, at Fort Dix, New Jersey. I was 24 years old. I was sent to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, then to Camp Barkeley, Texas. In March 1944 I was shipped overseas and was made chief of Gun Section, A Battery, 344th Field Artillery, 90th Division. I served for four years.

DONALD E. STEWART



Donald E. Stewart

I was born April 29, 1924, in Kansas City, Kansas. I served in the Army 1943–45, ETO. I was in 915th Field Artillery Battalion, Service Battery.

I married in 1946 and have one daughter, born in 1954. My profession is mechanical engineer. I received a B.A. in math at University of Missouri, Kansas City; a B.S. in Engineering and Science and M.S. in Engineering Management at California Christian University in Los Angeles.

I was employed as project engineer at the Colgate Palmolive Company in Kansas City 1948–1962; sales and field engineer at Bublitz Machinery Company in North Kansas City, Missouri 1962–66; materials handling engineer at Allis Chalmers Company in Independence, Missouri, 1966–1974; senior engineer of plant layout and materials handling at John Deer Company in Dubuque, Iowa, 1974–1986.

I am a member of American Society of Mechanical Engineers; American Institute of Plant Engineers; Society of Manufacturing Engineers; National Society of Professional Engineers; Iowa Engineering Society, Professional Engineers in Industry and Jr. Achievement, Inc.

I have been awarded the Diamond Achievement Award, Heart of America Engineering and Science Club–1958; Annual Engineering Award Midwest Maintenance Institute–1960; plaque and citation for Tri-States Jr. Achievement Programs, Inc.–1975; Society of Manufacturing Engineers Outstanding Service Award–1979; Programming Award–1981; and National Society of Professional Engineers Iowa Engineering Society Order of the Engineers Award–1981.

I was president of the Professional Engineers in Industry Division of Iowa Engineering Society 1981–83 and 1989–1991. I have published articles in various professional engineering, science, technical and trade journals.

I received the Engineer of the Year Award from the Professional Engineers in Industry Division of the Iowa Engineering Society 1983–1984 and in 1986 I received the Dubuque Chapter of the Iowa Engineering Society Engineer of the Year Award.

I retired in 1986 and currently live in East Dubugue, Illinois.

KENNETH STINCHFIELD



Kenneth Stinchfield

I was born at Grand Rapids, North Dakota, on April 28, 1920. My family moved to Bowman, North Dakota, when I was 3 years old.

I was raised on a farm and I continued farming for 40 years until my retirement in 1980. In 1984 I successfully ran for Bowman County Commissioner and have filled that position for five years.

I served my country in the 90th Division, E Company, 359th Infantry. I was called into the service in April 1942. I married Elizabeth Fleck in 1943. I was at Camp Barkeley, Texas, for two years, then on to Camp Granite until I was called to Fort Dix, New Jersey, where I departed for overseas for fifteen months.

I went into combat for 16 days at Utah Beach where I was wounded by a mortar shell in the left thigh. I was sent to a hospital in England. On September 12, 1944, I was sent back to the front lines. On December 10, 1944, on the Siegfried Line, I was again wounded in both thighs and my left arm. This time I was sent home on the ship SS *Mt. Vernon.* I was hospitalized in a hospital in Boston on March 20th and later in May of 1945 I was sent to Spokane, Washington for therapy. I was discharged with the Purple Heart and Oak Leaf Cluster.

I have three children: Betty, Rita, and Danny. I have resided in Bowman since my retirement with my wife Liz. Liz and Rita now own and operate a ladies apparel shop.

EARNEST D. STONECIPHER



Earnest D. Stonecipher

I was drafted into the Army and reported on September 7, 1943. I took my basic training at Camp Fannin, Texas. On April 6, 1944, I shipped out of New York Harbor in route to EAME. I arrived in England on April 28, 1944.

On June 10, 1944, I was placed in the 90th Infantry Division, E Company, 357th Regiment, as one of the first replacements after the invasion at Normandy Beach. We remained at Normandy Beach awaiting the arrival of Gen. Patton from the south. We were then changed from the Ninth Army to the Third upon his arrival.

I made the march across France with Gen. Patton into Germany and Belgium. I was wounded twice; once on October 7, 1944, and again on January 15, 1945, for which I received the Purple Heart and Oak Leaf Clusters. I also received the Bronze Star Medal for heroic achievement on January 15, 1945, in the vicinity of Bras, Belgium. I also received the EAME Campaign Medal with four Bronze Stars.

On March 14, 1945, I was captured in a small town outside of Bastogne. I was taken to Stalag 12A in Limberg, where I was placed in a boxcar and moved by night. I was taken from the boxcar and forced to travel by foot after our own planes fired on the boxcars.

United States tanks liberated me on the March 28, 1945. I was taken to Camp Lucky Strike in Le Havre, France, and went home on April 14, 1945.

RUDY TAFOYA



(L-R) Front: Elmer Miller (MIA) and Leo Bland; Back: Frank Hardy, Clerance Burke and Rudy Tafoya

I joined D Company, 358th Infantry, in March 1942. We spent two years in the States training. I was a squad leader, machine guns, 1st platoon, and then I was changed over to transportation cor-

poral. We made a few 25-mile hikes with full field packs to Hankins Ranch up the "Burma Pass," as we called it.



Rudy Tafoya at 45th Reunion Normandy

Then we went to Louisiana on maneuvers and back, and to California desert maneuvers. And then to Fort Dix for more training and then on to England for the invasion of France, D-Day-plus-2. As we unloaded off the landing craft I lost one jeep out of five.

The driver hit a hole in the water. The beach was littered with gas masks. We got to the first village—dead Germans all over; also American paratroopers. Parachutists caught in the trees were hanging dead. Hedgerow to hedgerow, to Hill 122, etc. At the Saar River, which was flooded, we floated one of my jeeps and driver for supplies.

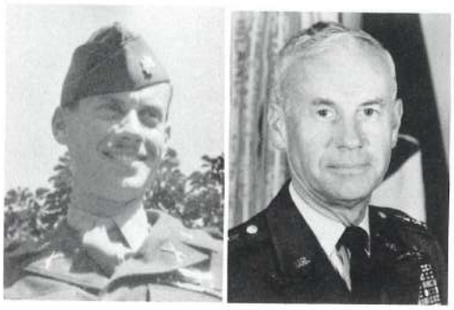
I was awarded the Bronze Star for meritorious service. In the Bastogne area I got the Purple Heart; a machine gunner saw me first. Between my jeep driver, Jimmy Hartline, we captured 51 German soldiers and then onto Czechoslovakia when the war ended. There was only five of us originals left in my platoon.; Sgt. Jack Kinnsey, Sgt. Christenson, Cpl. Perry Byrnes, Pfc. Carl Johnson and myself.

ORWIN C. TALBOTT

A native Californian, I went to my father's high school and the University of California. After a year on active duty I was integrated into the regular Army in February 1942 and was immediately transferred to the cadre of the 90th Infantry Division at Camp Barkeley, Texas.

I served throughout in the 359th Infantry, first in Regimental Headquarters, then in 2nd Battalion H.Q., and took command of G Company in the desert. I retained this command through the Normandy campaign and then served as 2nd Battalion executive (to include a short stint as acting battalion command officer) and regimental S-3 until January when I took command of the 1st Battalion. This lasted until we had closed on the Siegfried Line when I made my third trip to the hospital.

In March I joined the 3rd Battalion as executive and in a few weeks became the command officer, remaining as such until October 1945. The fortunes of war had made possible my commanding in combat each of the battalions of the 359th.



Orwin C. Talbott

The remainder of my 35 years of service included the normal service schools and assignments and the privilege of commanding the 1st Infantry Division in Vietnam. This involved the longest service of any general officer in combat with the Big Red One. Next came three plus years as commandant of the Infantry School at Fort Benning. My last two years were as deputy to Bill DePuy, a particularly distinguished veteran of the 90th, when he activated and commanded the Army's training and doctrine command at Fort Monroe.

Upon retirement in 1975 I moved to Annapolis, Maryland, with the lovely Nell I had married in Abilene. I have since been deeply involved in historic preservation and related matters of the Old Line State of my ancestors. My current activities include ten plus years as president of the Society of the 1st Division. Our two children and their families live in Cleveland, Ohio, and Freehold, New Jersey.

WILLIAM T. "BILL" TANKERSLEY



William T. Tankersley

I was born March 27, 1927, in Bell, California, to Theodore M. and Lois (Goodwin) Tankersley. I was raised near Roseburg, Oregon, on land homesteaded by my father. There was no electricity, no running water and no telephone. My parents built a cabin in which we lived until we boys were big enough to help build a proper log house. The one-room eighth grade school we attended was a three-mile walk from home.

I entered the service courtesy of my friends and neighbors in 1943 and joined K Company, 357th, on the beach near St. Mère-Eglise. After reaching the Our River, I was evacuated to the States and discharged the following year. I worked as a logger for a couple of years and then reenlisted in the "peacetime" Army.

After my second discharge I entered the field of law enforcement and retired in 1985 after 35 years on the Oregon Coast. My wife, Louise (Mosley), and I are now living on the old homestead and do a little traveling in the winter.

JAMES TATE



James Tate

Although I was born in southern Illinois in 1922, I spent my formative years in Townley, Alabama, as my father, grandfather, and uncle were coal miners (they were also union organizers, which made their work doubly hard). When dad's health failed he had to give up mining, so our families moved back to Illinois and settled in Kankakee where my five sisters and I attended school.

By this time, the country was in the grips of the Depression, so at age 17 I joined the CCC to help my parents financially. I was stationed at Mt. Pleasant, Utah. It was run like the military with assigned chores at the camp, hard physical labor building berms and canals for erosion control, and three good meals a day. I was paid about $30 a month, but most of the money was sent home.

About one year after I got out of the CCC, our country was at war so I enlisted in the Army in 1942. I was assigned to Headquarters Battery, 915th Field Artillery Battalion, and was with the Infantry most of the time working in a liaison crew. Like all members of the 90th, I was in the major European battles and saw the horrors of war. But I also met the finest bunch of fellows any man would be proud to call "friend."

After the war, I did what most young men did. I went to work, got married, and reared a family of four. I've worked from making TNT during the Korean War, to building Bradley Fighting Vehicles at FMC Corporation for the U.S. Army.

CLYDE TAYLOR

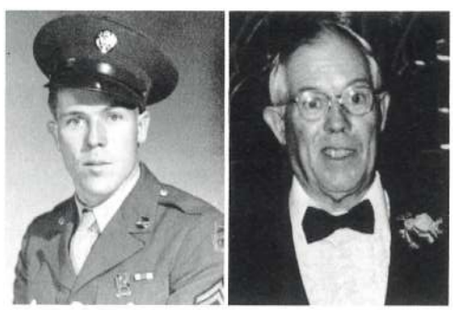


Clyde Taylor

I was born in December 1919 in Craig County, Oklahoma. I was one of seven living brothers, sons of Marion and Alice Taylor. Six of the brothers and a step-brother served in the service in World War II. My brother, Milburn, was in the 90th, Signal Company, and I was in H Company, 359th Infantry. I was living near Denver, colorado, and entered the service at Fort Logan, Colorado, in March 1942 and was sent to Camp Barkeley, Texas, around the first of April 1942. I stayed with the division all through training. I went to England and on to the invasion of Normandy, across France into Germany, then to the the Belgium Bulge. I left the division about January 30, 1945. I was discharged from the division at Brooks Hospital, San Antonio, Texas, as a staff sergeant. I returned to Oklahoma and married Myrtle Holt Tune of Vinita, Oklahoma, in March 1946. We have two children, Bobby G. Taylor, who is married to Carolyn Johnson and lives at Carl Junction, Missouri. Our daughter, Winnie Sue Taylor, is married to Billie R. Trithart and lives in Miami, Oklahoma. We have nine grandchildren.

I retired from Electro-Optic Material Division of Eagle-Picher Company in February 1983 as a foreman after over thirty-two years of service. We lived in Commerce, Oklahoma, for about thirty years, moving to Miami in October 1976 where we now live.

WILLIAM E. THELE



William E. Thele

I was born in Middletown, Iowa, on August 21, 1916, the eighth of ten children of Rosa and J. William Thele. After the establishment of the Iowa Army Ammunition Plant, we moved from my first home to another farm near Denmark, Iowa. I attended a one-room school in Augusta, Iowa, for eight years, graduating in the class of 1931. After graduating I continued working on the family farm and served as an apprentice to area contractors. From 1937 to the spring of 1941, I worked as an instructor and manager of building maintenance in the CCC.

During my time in the Army I was assigned to H.Q. & H.Q. Battery, 90th Division Artillery, as a battery mechanic which involved everything from making wooden training models in Camp Barkeley, Texas, to making sure the headquarters tent had electricity as the 90th moved through France, Germany, and into Czechoslovakia during the Invasion. I received the Croix de Guerre with Bronze Star from the French government.

I married Gertrude Steffensmeier while we were stationed in Texas. After the war, I returned to Southeast Iowa and built a home for our family on a small acreage near Burlington, Iowa. I worked as a contractor's foreman until my retirement in 1981. I also farmed part-time and started an orchard that grew as our family grew. We now have three daughters, a son and eight grandchildren. Even though we have sold the farm, we still have a large garden at our present home in Burlington.

ROBERT L. THOMAS



Robert L. Thomas



Robert Thomas with two sons on visit to France in 1989

During the war I was with K Company, 359th Infantry, 3rd Platoon. In August 1944 at the time of the Falaise Gap, I had an experience that reinforced the pride I felt for my country and myself.

The morale at that time was high in our unit. After three days of fighting our platoon rounded up about twenty or so German prisoners. Our lieutenant gave directions and assigned four of us to take them back about a mile or better to a large circle of barbed wire in a field which was called a "Stockade." We proceeded to march them back in platoon formation with one of us at each corner about forty feet away.

Suddenly an artillery shell landed about a hundred yards away. All prisoners dove for the ground, all four of us remained standing. We stook there and they laid there. Finally we moved on after agreeing among ourselves that it was an observer who didn't know at first who we were. We felt it was our shell because we had the area secured and besides, we couldn't be hurt by our own shells.

When we arrived at the enclosure one of the guards, after putting them in, came up to us smiling and said, "I speak German. Do you know what one of them said as I put them in? He said, 'No wonder we are losing this war, these Americans aren't even afraid of artillery!'"

By the way, does anyone happen to know what may have happened to Homer Maldonado from my platoon? He was from Texas.

ROBERT J. THRASH



Robert J. Thrash

I was born August 31, 1925, Route 1, Conehatta, Mississippi. The date of induction was October 30, 1943. I was drafted out of high school and went through Basic Training at Camp Wheeler, Georgia. I departed from the United States, Camp Shanke, New Jersey, on May 12, 1944. We arrived in England on May 25, 1944, and were assigned to Company 5, 357th Infantry. I served with this unit during the Normandy Invasion, North France, Ardennes, Rhineland, and Central Europe. I received five battle stars for these five Campaigns.

I was wounded from a German Bullet in my right hip and side for which I was presented the Purple Heart Medal. My feet were frozen during the Battle of the Bulge

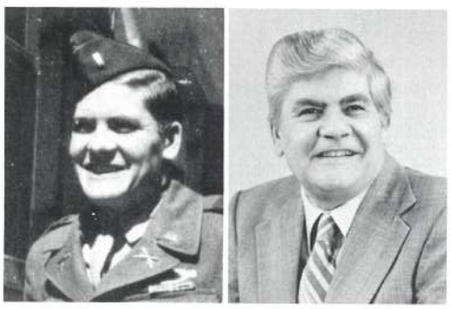
in Belgium. I served during these battles as a light machine gunner. We were fighting in Czechoslovakia when we learned the War was over by reading the May 9, 1945, daily news publication of the Fighting 90th, *The Sniper*, V.E. Edition.

Serving my country in Company G of the 357th Regiment, 90th Division under Gen. George S. Patton was a memorable experience in itself. I served with some of the greatest soldiers that ever wore the U.S. uniform who referred to me as "Mississippi."

I was discharged from service in December 1945. After finishing high school, and some college, I was involved in selling hardware and paint. I have spent the last twenty years in automobile sales. The first ten years were spent in Chevrolet sales and the last ten years to present have been spent in Oldsmobile and Cadillac sales.

On January 15, 1949, I married Gwen Cleveland. We have had a great life and the wonderful privilege of raising a daughter, Sheila. She is married to Philip Marshall who is pastor of Mt. Vernon Baptist Church in Newton, Mississippi. They have two beautiful daughters, Lauren, 4-1/2, and Marilyn, 3 years old. Gwen and I are residing in Decatur, Mississippi, where we have lived for the past thirty years.

WILLIAM E. THUMMA



William E. Thumma

I waded ashore after D-Day on Utah Beach as a private first class rifleman replacement, and was assigned to the 1st Platoon, G Company, 358th Infantry in Normandy. I was wounded later and still fought in all of the five major battles. I remember our G Company taking Fort Konigsmacher across the Moselle River in November 1944, through the back. A Sgt. Patterson from Texas and I were the first into the trenches and the fort, while our 3rd Platoon covered us, a perfect tactical maneuver.

After disposing of a machine gun nest and others in the trenches, I kicked on a door into the fort, while the rest of our platoon came up. A white flag appeared from the door and one hundred twenty-four German soldiers surrendered to us. Another battalion was trying to take the fort from the front. Later, we moved into a town at night and the Germans counter-attacked. Capt. Lodge and half of G Company were captured. Another unit came up later and drove the Germans out.

Later, Capt. Blue made me technical sergeant of our 1st Platoon and I was put in for a battlefield promotion, but was evacuated the next day to a hospital in Nancy, France, for six weeks. I returned to the unit and in March platoon sergeants could go back to Fountainbleau, France, and be commissioned.

I returned to the United States in December 1945 and I remained in the active reserves and retired as a lieutenant colonel. I completed the Army's Command and General Staff College.

I enjoyed the trip to Europe on the fortieth anniversary of D-Day with the 90th Division. I have been postmaster of Millersville, Pennsylvania, for thirty years. I have a wife, three married children, and two grandchildren.

NICK TOTH JR.



Nick Toth Jr.

I was born on September 8, 1922, and spent my childhood in Weirton, West Virginia. I later moved to Tiltonsville, Ohio, where I lived until I went to Baltimore, Maryland, for employment. I worked as a welder in the Baltimore Shipyards repairing ships that were damaged in combat.

I was inducted into the Army on October 11, 1943, at Fort George G. Meade, Maryland. I was sent to Camp Croft, South Carolina, for basic training and on to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. From there I was shipped overseas to Glasgow, Scotland, and then we were sent by train to England. I was part of the force that landed in Normandy in 1944. As a radio operator, I was assigned to D Company, 359th Infantry Regiment, 90th Division. I was discharged from service on January 10, 1946, at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania.

I returned to Tiltonsville, Ohio, and found employment with Wheeling Steel Corporation. I retired on April 7, 1984, after 38 years with the company and I'm enjoying every minute of my retirement.

My wife, Teresa, and I love to travel and have seen most of the United States and parts of Europe. When I'm home in Tiltonsville, I can be found out on the golf course. We are the parents of three children, Kenneth, Nicholas and Joyce, and the proud grandparents of three, Ashley, Nicholas IV and Emily.

GILBERT A. TOUMBS



Gilbert A. Toumbs

I was born August 30, 1919, in Farmersville, Texas. I attended grade school and high school in Farmersville, after which I worked at various jobs until I was inducted into the Army on March 4, 1942.

I completed basic training at Camp Barkeley, Texas, and from there transferred to the 90th Division, 315th Medics, Company B, and remained there until June 6, 1945. We joined the overseas forces on Easter Sunday 1944 and remained in combat until May 9, 1945.

While in combat I was awarded the Purple Heart, the Good Conduct Medal, Five Campaign Stars, and the Combat Medic Badge.

After my tour of duty, I entered the grocery business in Dallas, Texas, and am still active in it to this day.

R.E. TRANTHAM



R.E. Trantham

I was born near Hico, Texas, in 1917, and later moved to Fairy, Texas, where I went to school. I was one of nine children, four brothers that served overseas. I went in the CCC in 1939 and got out in 1940. I went to Burnet, Texas, after coming out of the CCC in February 1942. I was drafted and was in the 315th Engineers, 90th Division, and stayed in it until the war was over. I was discharged October 1945.

personnel. I was wounded again when we crossed the Moselle near Fort Koenigsmacher. I think this was one of the roughest times I spent in combat. I was treated at the aid station and returned to the unit. When we were relieved from the line we had 28 men left in our company. I was one of the few original members left at the end of the war.

I was separated in December 1945. I married Harriet Galbreath in 1946 and reenlisted in the Army in 1948. I served in assignments in the United States, Germany, Japan, and Vietnam. I served as command sergeant major of the 7th Field Hospital Japan, 12th Evacuation Hospital, Vietnam, and the 15th Medical Battalion, 1st Calvary Division, Vietnam.

I retired in May 1972 and purchased a horse farm near Felton, Delaware. My wife and I are now enjoying the fruits of our labor. We have one married daughter, Bonnie, and three grandchildren. They reside in Virginia.

BERNARD L. TURNER



Bernard L. Turner

I was born and raised in New York City of immigrant parents from Russia and Poland. I joined B Company, 359th Regiment of the 90th Division at Trois Vierge, Belgium. I ended the war at Vseruby, Czechoslovakia, May 1945.

I earned a bachelor's degree at Columbia University and a master's degree at Hofstra University. Post-graduate work was taken at the New School for Social Research. After working as an economist with the National Industrial Conference Board, I then spent six years in the labor relations field, and taught in public schools and college for the next 14 years.

Since 1970 I have been the president of Walden University, and have provided public services such as serving on state and local boards. I continue to be a board member of Citizens National Bank in Naples, Florida, where I have lived since 1972 with my wife, Rita, and our three children.

LEON TURNER

I was born July 31, 1922, in Jonestown, Pennsylvania. I was one of seven children, son of William R. and Catherine Turner.



Leon Turner

I was inducted into the Army Air Force in January 1943. I had basic training in Miami, Florida. I was shipped to Roswell Army Air Force Base and attached to the 90th Division in January 1945. I was with the 358th Infantry until the division was sent home. I patrolled the Blue Danube River until I was dent home in March 1946 and discharged.

I married Wanda Doris Green, daughter of Noel F. and Mary B. Green of Roswell, New Mexico, on April 10, 1946, at Roswell. We have two children and four grandchildren. Our son, Jack B., is married to Sharon Wiles. They have two sons, Harley D. age ten, and James Leon age five. They live in McAlester, Oklahoma. Our daughter, Jolene Catherine, is married to James "Jim" Salsman. They have two children: son, Beau Steven, eleven, and daughter, Shawna Anne, seven. They live in Panama, Oklahoma.

I started to work for the Roswell Morning Dispatch Newspaper in 1947 at Roswell, New Mexico. I joined the Carlsbad Current Argus Newspaper in Carlsbad, New Mexico, in 1951. With the last press run on December 31, 1987, I retired after forty years. My wife, Wanda Doris, and I call Carlsbad, New Mexico, home.

To the men of the 358th—I think of you often.

STEPHEN J. VAJDIK



Stephen J. Vajdik

The memory of my Army days which has been in the back of my mind is the following clipping and episode for which I received the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart.

"Company C, Stephen J. Vajdik 35919899, staff sergeant (then private first class), infantry, 359th United States Army. For heroic achievement on December 9, 1944, in the vicinity of Dillingen, Germany, during an attack on an enemy observation post, the assault platoon was pinned down by heavy machine gunfire.



(L-R) Steve Vajdik, Nelson, Hunt, Mick, Maxfield

Staff Sgt. Stephen J. Vajdik, wounded by shellfire, crawled to within a short distance of the gun position and threw hand grenades into the emplacement. He maintained fire with his rifle which neutralized the enemy's fire and allowed the platoon to continue to assault and capture the position. His heroic achievement was in accordance with military tradition. He entered military service from Ohio and received Bronze Star and Purple Heart for his achievement."

When I left the Army I got married and had seven children, one boy and six girls. We bought a farm and raised the children, horses, cattle, and chickens.

I am now retired with four children married and living all over the U.S.A. Two are still single and one is at home. Now my wife and I travel and fish and visit the children and six grandchildren, three boys and three girls. We are trying to enjoy our retirement, grandchildren, and old age.

WILMER O. VENABLE



Wilmer O. Venable

I am Wilmer O. Venable (Tex). I was drafted in October 1942, went to Camp Walters in Mineral Wells, Texas, and on to Camp Barkeley in Abilene, Texas. The 90th was organizing there. I made maneuvers in Camp Barkeley, Louisiana, at camp in Leesville, Louisiana, and back to Camp

Barkeley, then on to Camp Granite, California, in the desert for maneuvers. From California I went to Fort Dix, New Jersey. It was the first time in the barracks in two years. Then on to New York to sail to England and we landed in Liverpool, where we were still making preparations for combat.

On June 4, 1944, we were ready for combat, and went in on the beach on June 8. I was a heavy machine gunner, 30 caliber, and stayed on the front lines until June 19 when I was taken prisoner by the Germans. Starvation was on nothing to eat.

I received four Red Cross boxes in ten and one half months; they were British. I was liberated on May 8, 1945, by Americans. I arrived back in New York and on to Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio. I arrived at Fort Sam Houston on June 19, 1945, and was discharged in October 1945.

I am proud to fight for my country and to be a part of the 90th Division. May the Lord bless those that died and did not come back. I now live at Cedar Creek Lake near Gun Barrel City. My address is: Wilmer O. Venable, Thunderbird Shores Addition, 104 Pawnee St., Mabank, Texas, 75147.

JOSEPH VESPASIANO



Joseph Vespasiano

I was born in Little Falls, New York, in 1925, son of Anthony and Josephine Vespasiano. Upon graduation from high school in 1943 I was inducted into the Army. I did my basic training at Camp Croft, South Carolina, and went to England in March 1944.

Several days after D-Day I was assigned as a replacement to B Company, 357th Infantry. I served in five campaigns and left my company in May 1945.

I returned to Little Falls. I worked as a carpenter for four years before entering teachers college. I earned a B.S. degree from Oswego State Teachers College in 1954. I received a master's from Albany State Teachers College, University of New York in 1955. I taught Industrial Arts for 34 years at Mohawk Central School, Mohawk, New York.

I retired in 1989. I married Beverly Walrath in 1954 and have one daughter and two sons.

CHARLES E. WALTERS



Charles E. Walters

I entered the Army at Indiana's Fort Benjamin Harrison. I was trained as a machine gunner with the 63rd Division with 13 weeks of basic and 17 weeks of advanced training.

I came to the 90th after the Normandy invasion, the infamous hedgerow country. We had many casualties and from a private first class I took over a machine gun squad at Beau Coudray. I recall the bridge at Mayenne that was lined with 500-pound bombs set to explode and the 88mm aimed at our crossing. After Mayenne we rode tanks of the 712th Tank Battalion. *What a unit!* I have the highest praise for those tankers.

Through Verdun and Argonne Forest and on to Maizières-lès-Metz and the swollen Moselle, the crossing of the Saar and A Company was on German soil. We pulled back from Dillingen and moved into Luxembourg.

The Ardennes offensive started with deep snow and bone-chilling below-zero temperatures. My combat experience ended at Berle Luxembourg on January 9, 1945. A well hidden tiger tank wiped out my squad. I was in hospitals in France, England and stateside, and was discharged on August 28, 1945, from Wakeman General Hospital.

I retired from Chrysler Corporation after 31 years as an inspection supervisor. We have four grown children and are enjoying our retirement.

LAUGHLIN E. WATERS



Judge Laughlin E. Waters

I was in G Company, 359th Infantry Regiment, and was honored to tell my memories of the action that took place in Chambois on August 19, 1944. (See pages 54-57.)

H. GLENN WEBSTER



H. Glenn Webster

I was born on November 2,1919, in Warsaw, New York, but lived most of my life in Rochester, New York. I joined the NYA in Woodstock, New York, after high school in 1938, was married in May 1942, and now have two married children and two grandchildren.

I was inducted into the Army on May 16, 1942, and had basic training in Camp Croft, South Carolina, where I was in a heavy weapons battalion, radio company, and NCO school. I was sent to Fort Benning, Georgia, and was commissioned an officer on December 23, 1942.

I was sent to the 6th Motorized Division in Desert Center, California, as an extra officer and after a few months I was transferred to C Company of the 359th Regiment, 90th Division, at Abilene, Texas, and I went right back to the California desert with them. We were eventually shipped to Fort Dix and the POE at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, and on April 6, 1944, we landed in Camp Standage Park in Wales.

I entered France on Utah Beach on D-Day and was wounded on July 4, 1944, near Hill 122. About 3 years later I was released from Valley Forge General Hospital and received a disability retirement.

I became a teacher in the Germantown Central School, Germantown, New York, after getting my degree on the GI bill. I was also a town justice for 20 years in Germantown. After 30 years of teaching I retired to Bayville, New Jersey.

LESTER M. WEINBERG

I was born in Camden, New Jersey, in 1924. I was a member of C Company, 359th, 90th Division from July 6, 1944, to April 1945. I was a member of the 4th Platoon.

After my leaving the Army in 1946 I attended Temple University in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, from where I graduated in June 1949. My employment career has been with the New Jersey Racing

Association as a pari-mutuel teller since 1946. In fact, in 1990 I'll be employed at Garden State Racing Association in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, and I will be starting my sixth decade, and I will be starting my 45th year at the race track.



Lester M. Weinberg

I have never married, but I'm not a confirmed bachelor. I have a lot of good friends and a fine family who are a good support group. My activities have been outdoors, such as bike riding, brisk walking, jogging and volleyball. *Looking forward to the next reunion.*

RAY J. WERNKE



Ray J. Wernke

I was born May 21, 1924, in Indianapolis, Indiana. I was inducted into the Army at Fort Harrison, Indiana, on October 2, 1943. I was shipped to Pine Camp New York to a heavy-maintenance ordinance company. I went to Europe in March 1944 and was assigned to a demolition platoon, 3rd Battalion, 359th Infantry, 90th Division. I received 4 Bronze stars. I was discharged January 20, 1946, at Camp Atterbury, Indiana.

I got married in 1947 and have three children. I have been a builder from 1956 through 1987. I built houses and apartments and am now semi-retired, taking care of my apartments. It has been a family involved operation.

HUBERT WEYER

I was born November 26, 1909, at Ferdinand, Indiana. I was the fourth oldest of 10 children, son of Joseph and Anna (Fleck) Weyer. My father died in 1924 when my youngest brother was 6 months old.

I went to work on a farm at Louisville, Kentucky, and then spent 12 years working at a furniture factory at Jasper, Indiana. I came to Dyersville, Iowa, on March 22, 1938, and worked as a farm hand.



Hubert Weyer

I volunteered for the service and left from Dubuque, Iowa, and was inducted April 2, 1942, at Fort Des Moines, Iowa. I took my training at Camp Barkeley, Abilene, Texas. I served in Europe with the 358th Infantry, Antitank Company, 90th Infantry Division. I was sent overseas and landed at Liverpool, England, April 9, 1944, and served overseas until October 14, 1945. I was in the Spearhead Division of Normandy Beach on D-Day and also served in the Battle of the Bulge. I helped liberate some of the concentration camps. I was discharged October 20, 1945.

I returned to Dyersville, Iowa, and worked as a farm hand. I married Frances (Bonert) Johannes, a widow of Dyersville, Iowa, November 5, 1952, and we had our own farm. I farmed until suffering a stroke in 1974. My wife passed away January 14, 1983. I have a stepdaughter, Verna Mae Johannes, with whom I reside with on the family farm. Having recovered from my stroke, I plant a large garden and tend to that. I also do crafts of all sort.

HARRY T. WILKINS SR.



Harry T. Wilkins Sr.

I was born in Baltimore, Md., on June 6, 1922. I am married and have three children and five grandchildren. I am a former professional baseball player and retired special agent with the Treasury Department, State of Maryland, for 32 years.

I joined the 90th Division at Camp Barkeley, Texas, in 1942 and was placed in the military police platoon. After being shipped overseas, I landed on Utah Beach on D-Day-plus-2. My assignment was to direct troop traffic to their proper designated areas. I directed beach traffic for thirty-six straight hours under less than desirable conditions. Later, outside of Metz, I was assigned to Division Headquarters as a bodyguard for Gen. Van Fleet. I was then assigned temporarily to G-3, because I could take shorthand.



Harry Wilkins Sr. pinning his own 2nd Lieutenant bars on his grandson, Jeffery Hayman, a helicopter pilot with the 82nd Airborne

While I was alone on duty one night, in walked Gen. Patton asking for Gen. Van Fleet, who was sleeping at the time. I offered to awaken Gen. Van Fleet, but General Patton said, "Let him sleep." He then sat next to me and began talking about the war. Patton said to me, "Son, this war is about over and you should be heading home soon." A few days after he left, the Germans broke through at Bastogne and the war continued. I received my commission as a second lieutenant at Fontainebleau, France, in 1945 and remained with the 90th Division in the Army of Occupation until December 1945. I was discharged at Fort George G. Meade, Maryland, in January 1946.

JAMES G. WILLIAMS



James G. Williams

I was born on March 20, 1917, in Saline County in southern Illinois. I spent my childhood growing up on farms throughout Illinois as my family was required to move a few times because of my father's job.

being commissioned a second lieutenant the same year, I was assigned to the 359th Infantry. My first assignment was with the antitank company. My second was with the S-3 Section. Not long after my arrival in the 90th, I was nicknamed "Junior" by Clarke Fales, Sam Williams, Dick Stilwell and just about everyone else in sight because of my age. I worked for three of our general officers during combat. They were Jay MacKelvie, Sam Williams and "Wild Bill" Weaver. I left the 90th (G-3 Section) as a captain on its return to the U.S.

I was integrated in the regular Army in 1947, serving twice in Korea, once with KMAG and once with the 27th Infantry "Wolfhounds." Later I served in Europe with the 15th Infantry. I retired at the age of 39 in 1963 as a lieutenant colonel.

Since then I have had a career as a stockbroker in Frankfurt, Germany, Paris, France, New York City and Denver, Colorado, and as a commercial real estate appraiser in Denver. I have been married twice and have four children, Clare, Shelly, James and Hayden. I currently reside in Denver, Colorado. I ski, play golf, and enjoy the mountains and my 90th Division friends.

ADOLPH "Dutch" YOST



Adolph "Dutch" Yost

I was born in Coplay, Pennsylvania, in August 1915. Later my parents moved to Whitehall, Pennsylvania, where I still reside. After graduating from high school in 1932 during the Depression, I held various jobs. In 1938 I went to work for a meat packing company, learned about meats, and became a meat cutter. Then I went into the grocery business. I retired from the grocery business in 1979.

I was inducted into the Army on December 9, 1942. I was sent to Camp Barkeley and was put in the 90th Military Police Platoon. I was discharged from the service on November 3, 1945.

I married Frieda Marx of Whitehall, Pennsylvania, in 1946. We have two sons and a daughter. Our oldest son is a vice president of a motor home company in Michigan. Our daughter is a special-education teacher. The youngest son is a supervisor of salesmen in eastern Pennsylvania. I am a charter member of VFW Post 7293 in Egypt, Pennsylvania. I also was a school board member in the Whitehall-Coplay School District for 18 years.

JULIUS "Duke" YUHASZ



Julius "Duke" Yuhasz

I was born on March 20, 1916, in Youngstown, Ohio. I left high school during my junior year and served two years with Civilian Conservation Corps from 1934 to 1936.

I was inducted on January 15, 1942, at Fort Hayes, Ohio. On January 22, 1942, I was transferred to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, for basic training. On June 27, 1942, I was transferred to Headquarters Battery, 343rd Field Artillery Battalion, 90th Infantry Division, at Camp Barkeley, Texas. On January 28, 1943, I went to Louisiana maneuvers. On September 8, 1943, I went to desert maneuvers at Camp Granite, California, and on January 5, 1944, I was sent to Fort Dix, New Jersey. On March 22, 1944, I left Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, for England aboard the *Dominion Monarch*.

On April 2, 1944, we debarked at Liverpool, England, and went to Camp Davenport near Bridgenorth. On May 1, 1944, we went to Sunnybridge, Wales, and on May 14, 1944, to Chepstow, Wales. On June 3, 1944, we boarded Liberty Ship *Clara Barton*, and on June 9, 1944, I landed on Utah Beach, Normandy, France, departing from Cardiff, Wales.

I participated in the following campaigns: Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland, and Central Europe.

I received the following decorations: American Theater Ribbon, EAME Theater Ribbon with five Bronze Stars, Bronze Arrowhead, Victory Medal, Army of Occupation Medal with German Clasp, Meritorious Unit Emblem with Numeral, and Good Conduct Medal.

On October 27, 1945, I boarded the USS *Hermitage* at Marseilles, France, to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. On November 11, 1945, at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, I was discharged with the rank of sergeant.

On September 30, 1950, I married Mary Toda of Hubbard, Ohio. We have three children, Sandra, Ronald and Michael, and three grandchildren, Tina, Michael and Ronald Jr. My wife, Mary, of 37 years, passed away on July 28, 1987. Our home of forty years is in Hubbard, Ohio.

EMIL ZAKOVICH

I joined the 90th Division shortly after D-Day in the area of St. Lô. After a few weeks I became a heavy machine gunner. I went through until December 6, 1944, when I was wounded after we had crossed the Saar River at Saarbrucken. We were surrounded on a hill top with a pillbox being used as a battalion headquarters and first aid station.



Emil Zakovich

Eventually we got out with only a small number walking out, many were dead and litter cases. I was sent to Thiensville and a couple of days later evacuated by a C47 plane to Badda Hospital near Liverpool, England.

I was a "lucky" casualty. I missed the Battle of the Bulge, in which the 90th Division was a part. By the time I returned to D Company, the Battle of the Bulge was history. I was again assigned as a machine gunner and we went to Merkers, Germany, where the loot the German's stole was later discovered in a salt mine.

I was given another stripe and became the platoon runner for the first platoon. This remained my job in addition to being an interpreter in Czechoslovakia in the town of Stribirne Hory and also as a barber for the battalion after the war ended. Then we went to Waldsassen, Germany, as an occupying force until we were sent home, but not with the division because of a miscalculation of the point system. I was discharged from the service at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, on January 10, 1946.

JOSEPH ZARCONE



Joseph Zarcone

I entered active service in December 1942. I received my basic training in 13 Armored Division in Camp Beale, California, and later moved to Camp Bowie, Texas.

I went overseas on June 4, 1944, and landed in Scotland on June 14. Later I was sent to a camp in England to await shipment to France as a replacement for anyone who got killed in my category.

I joined Company C, 773rd Tank Destroyer Battalion in August 1944. I was attached to 357-359 Infantry Battalion, 90th Division. We fought many battles.

After discharge I went to Chicago, Illinois, and got married to a wonderful girl in 1946. We were married for 17 years and had five children. Catherine had a fatal heart attack in 1962. A year later I met another girl, Anna, and we were married in 1963. She gave me three more children. We have been married for 27 years. I have eight children and 16 grandchildren.

I am a member of the VFW, and I am on the rifle squad at all the ceremonies.

I would love to see the rest of the crew from my T.D.: Sgt. Rayburn, commander, James Thomas, assistant gunner, Ralph Walls, gunner (the best), and Almo Bauer from Texas, our driver.

ALFRED D. ZIMMERMAN



Alfred D. Zimmerman

I, Sgt. Alfred D. Zimmerman, White Cloud, Kansas, was inducted into the Army at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on April 1, 1942. I became part of the newly reactivated 90th Division and after basic training at Camp Barkeley, Texas, made both Louisiana and desert maneuvers.

I went overseas on an English ship, the Athone Castle, in April 1944 to train more in England. I was a sergeant in the Intelligence and Reconnaissance platoon attached to Headquarters Company of the 359th Infantry Regiment.

I made the D-Day landing with part of the 90th in support of the 4th Division, landing on Utah Beach. My squad was to man outposts, handle German prisoners, and do patrols into enemy territory.

I was wounded and out of action on July 12, 1944, in the battle of St. Lo. After being in various hospitals, I was discharged from the reconditioning center at Camp Barson, Colorado, in April 1945.

I heard Patton make his famous speech prior to D-Day. He said, "We need not apologize because we weren't shoveling shit in Illinois; we were there." I had been there.

In my 36 days of combat we had moved forward maybe 50 miles, too much loss for too little gain, so we were criticized.

I have since had a career in soil conservation. My hobbies are woodworking, collecting collectibles, and doing magic.

My wife, Jean, and I live at Troy, Kansas. We have been married 48 years.

MARTIN M. ZUBA



Martin M. Zuba

I was born on January 26, 1922, in Hicksville, New York. I was the youngest of three children. My sister, the next youngest, currently resides in Littleton, Colorado. My brother, the eldest of the three, saw service as a U.S. Navy chief in the Pacific Theater during World War II.

Our unit, C Company, 1st Battalion, 357th Infantry, waded into France on June 8, 1944. We took up positions and were conscious of continuous rifle fire for the next day and a half as U.S. parachutists engaged German troops at St. Mère-Eglise.

When the firing ceased, we went through St. Mère-Eglise. We crossed a rivulet where a parachute lieutenant suggested how best to go through the hedgerows. Toward evening of the tenth of June, in our first firing of a Browning automatic rifle, I received a gunshot wound in the right knee from a sunken road gun emplacement. The next morning I was taken to the beach and evacuated to England.

On discharge from the service, I signed a baseball contract with Tampa, Florida, of the Florida International League. From 1946 through 1951 I was in organized baseball, playing as a catcher with Union City, Tennessee, then back to Tampa, then Sanford, Florida, Ogdensburg, New work, Springfield, Illinois and finishing an interesting time at Fargo, Moorehead and Duluth, Minnesota of the Northern League in 1951.

I completed 41 years and eleven months in government service last fall, the majority in the U.S. Postal Service; 38 months were in the Army of the United States.

In Memory of

SAM ZULAUF



Sam Zulauf

We regret the following story is placed out of sequence due to publisher's oversight.

ARTHUR B. CARLAN



Arthur B. Carlan

I was among the first replacements to arrive on Normandy while rifle fire was still a danger coming on shore from an LCI. I reported to the 90th Division and was assigned to Co. E, 357th Infantry, on or about June 15, 1944, and was sent to the 2nd Platoon which turned out to be for the duration except for hospitalization from two wounds, both from shrapnel injuries.

The hedgerows, the canals, snipers, 88s, 120mm mortars, burp guns, rifle fire, artillery barrages, nebelwerfers, five major river crossings and all the hell spelled with capital letters that the infantry was exposed to was an accepted part of our daily lives during combat.

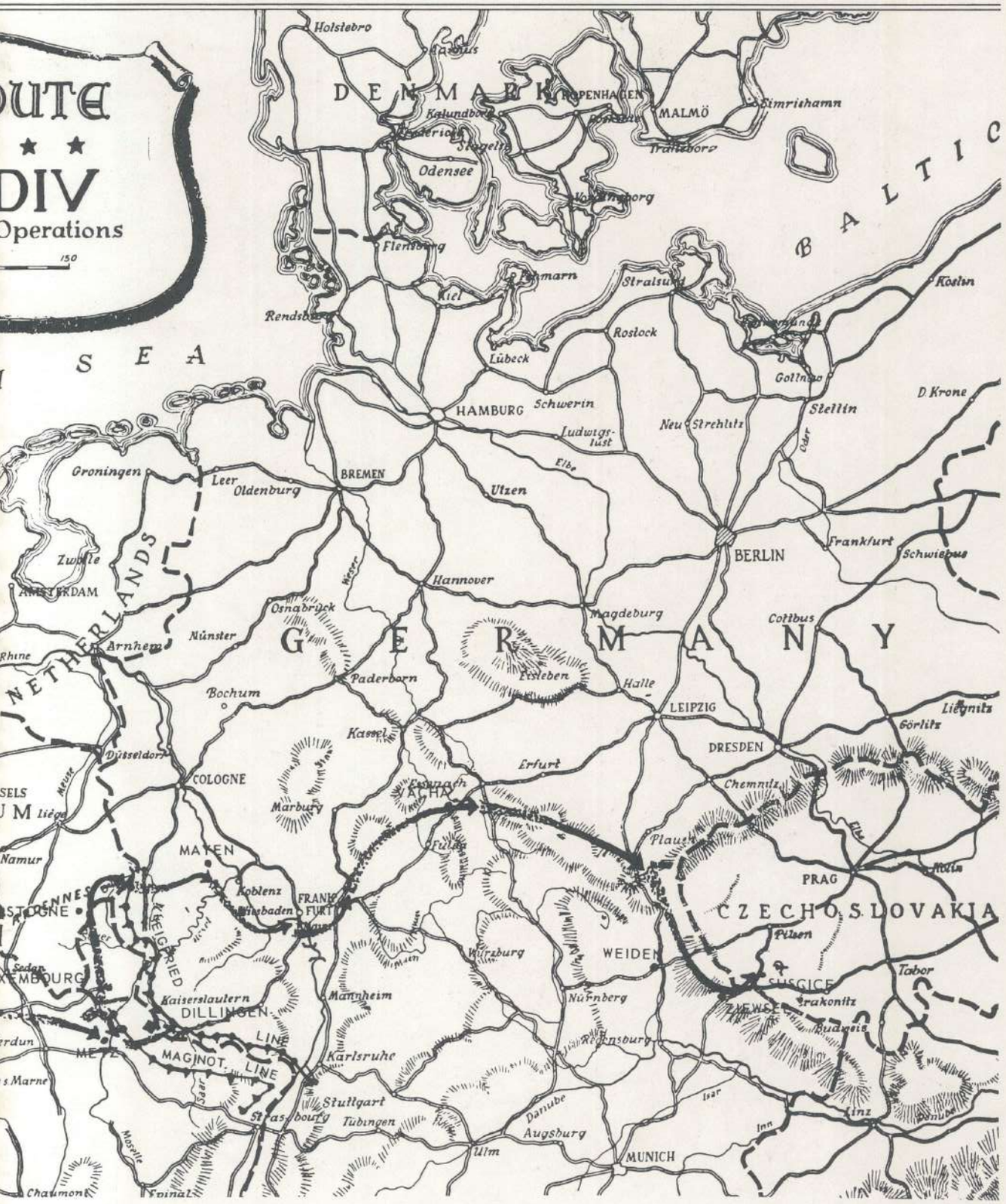
During the 175 days that I spent on the front lines during combat I earned all five ETO Battle Stars, a Silver Star, two Bronze Stars for bravery and two Purple Hearts for wounds received in action.

I am proud to have been a part of a unit that put troops on shore D-Day, was the first back on German soil to end the Battle of the Bulge, was the first to cut Germany by entering Czechoslovakia. Many rewarding things happened during those combat days. One of the most touching was a letter I received while in the hospital from the mother of a boy and his bride-to-be from Connecticut. He had written to them praising me for bravery that he felt had helped him in battle. He was later killed during the time I was in the hospital.

I treasure the medals I received because I did not know I was to be given any recognition until the awards were made. I do not know who made the recommendations except that someone thought I had done something to deserve them.

I never got a promotion and did not expect one as long as we had two captions in my company. After VE Day I was offered the promotion that I felt I deserved. However, it had a "Go to Japan" attached. I felt that my points would get me home in one piece eventually— I didn't take it.


BATTLE RO
of the
90 INF
in the European Theater of
0 50 100
MILES
GLASGOW
EDINBURGH
SCOTLAND
BELFAST
Newcastle
Workington
Middlesbrough
Darlington
Morecambe
Leeds
York
DUBLIN
LIVERPOOL
MANCHESTER
Holyhead
Grimsby
SHEFFIELD
Chester
Crewe
IRISH SEA
ENGLAND
NORTH
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Shrewsbury
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BIRMINGHAM
Cambridge
Gloucester
Harwich
LONDON
ROTTERDAM
Bristol
Canterbury
Dover
Dunkirk
Boulogne
Brighton
Hastings
PORTSMOUTH
DARTMOUTH
PLYMOUTH
ENGLISH CHANNEL
Ghent
BELGIU
Lille
Mons
Arras
Abbeville
Dieppe
Amiens
St Quentin
Neufchâtel
ROUEN
FORÊT DE PERRIERS
MONT CASTRE
Caen
NORMANDY
CHAMBOIS
AVRANCHES
BREST
Morlaix
St Brieuc
Châteaulin
RENNES
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Laval
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PARIS
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FONTAINBLEAU
Troyes
Aube
Châteaudun


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Simrishamn
Holstebro
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Flensburg
Kiel
Rendsburg
Lübeck
Rostock
Stralsund
Kolin
Gollnow
Stettin
D Krone
HAMBURG
Schwerin
Ludwigslust
Neu Strelitz
BREMEN
Oldenburg
Utzen
Elbe
Oder
BERLIN
Frankfurt
Groningen
Leer
Zwolle
AMSTERDAM
NETHERLANDS
Arnhem
Münster
Osnabrück
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Weser
Magdeburg
Cottbus
GERMANY
Rhine
Paderborn
Bochum
Essleben
Halle
LEIPZIG
Liegnitz
Görlitz
Kassel
Düsseldorf
Erfurt
DRESDEN
COLOGNE
Eisenach
Chemnitz
Marburg
Fulda
Plauen
Elbe
MAASTRICHT
Liège
Namur
PRAG
Koblenz
FRANKFURT
Wiesbaden
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
Pilsen
SIEGFRIED
Würzburg
WEIDEN
Tabor
Sedan
Kaiserslautern
Mannheim
Nürnberg
Budweis
DILLINGEN
LINE
Regensburg
MAGINOT
Karlsruhe
Stuttgart
Strasbourg
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Linz
Inn
Ulm
MUNICH
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Epinal
Moselle
BALTIC
SEA