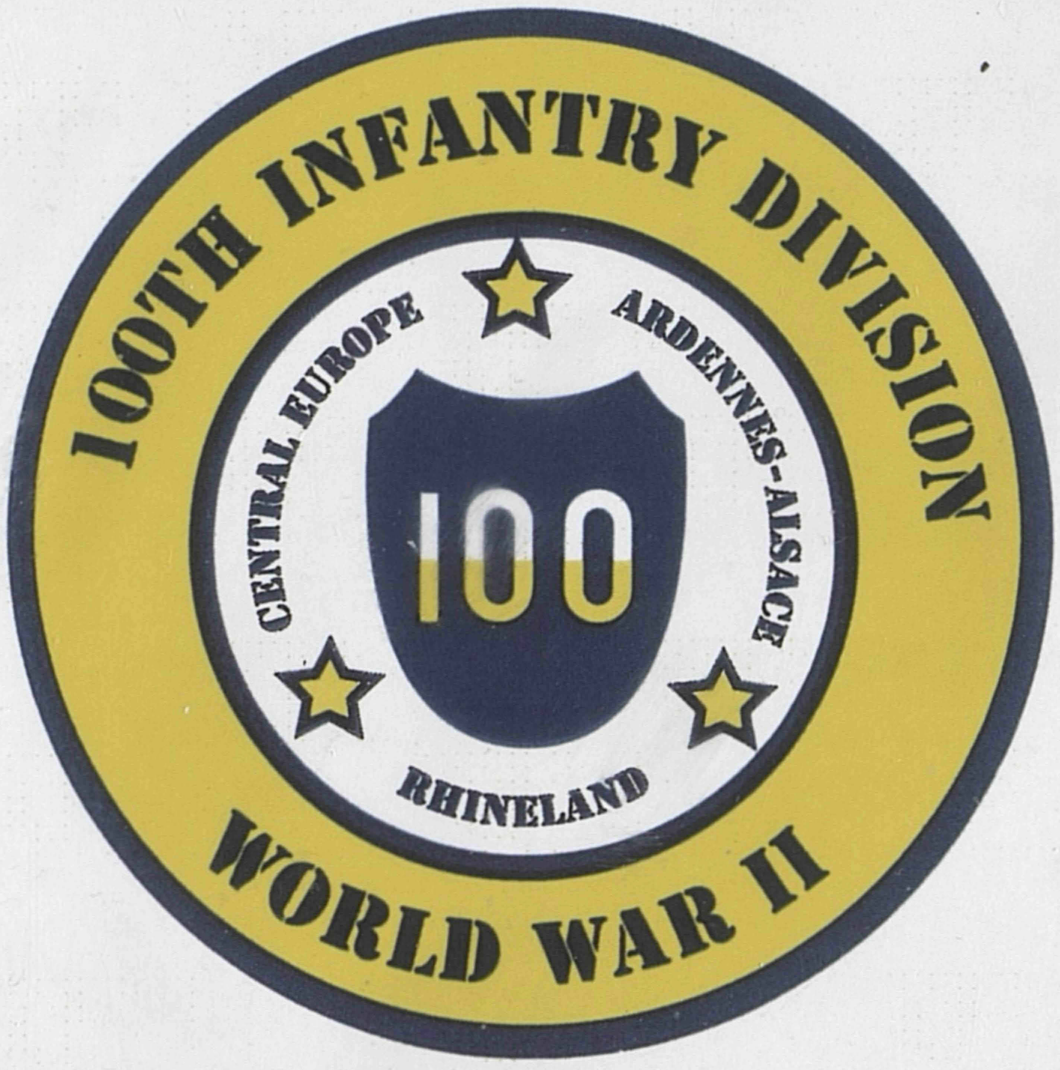


One Combat Soldier's Story

By: Roy Barr

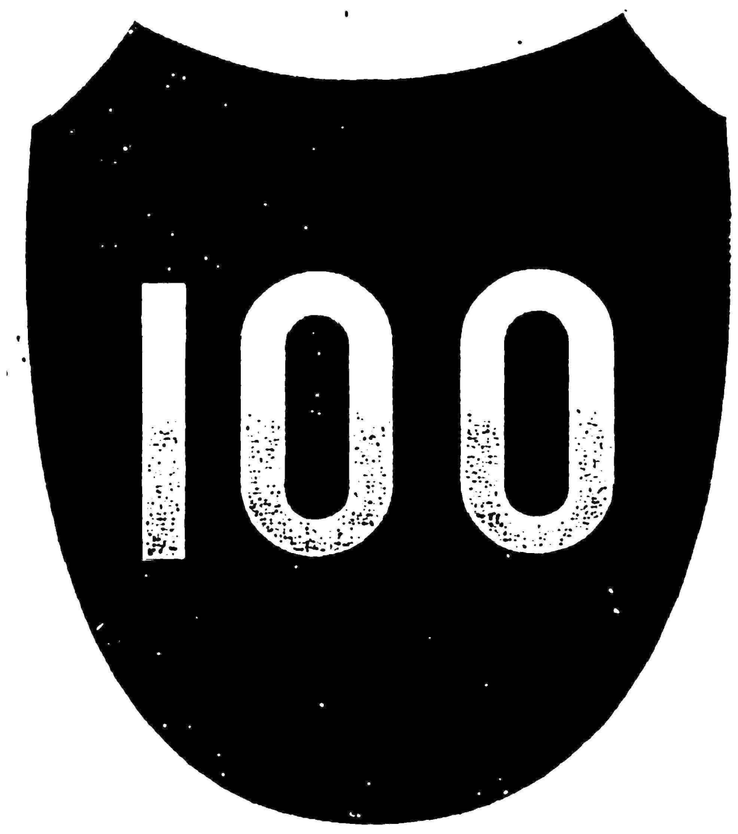
Acknowledgement

This soldier's memoir of his time during combat in WWII is dedicated to the memory of the 100th Division men who made the ultimate sacrifice, and also those who were missing or severely wounded.

I also wish to thank my daughter Mrs. Nancy Neal, my granddaughter Meagan Neal and my grandson Michael Barr for their efforts in putting this chronicle together.

Last but not least, to fellow mine platoon veteran, Mr. Robert Rodek, for sending me a copy of his memoir which got me to also write mine.

"ALL GAVE SOME,
SOME GAVE ALL."



Preface

This is the story of my years in the military. Right or wrong, I did my duty, enlisted, tried my best to be a good soldier, and made my small contribution to the war effort. I served with a fine group of American men who also made their contribution; we lived through some really awful situations and times. It does not matter now, but, I left the military with great pride, in my opinion, of the combat infantry soldier, but, little pride and maybe a little disgust with the U.S. Army.[1] We were 7% of the American soldiers in Europe but sustained almost 80% of the casualties. Our weapons on average were inferior to the Germans. We somehow felt let down, alone, and sometimes regarded with contempt by the echelon soldiers to our rear. They had warm pile jackets- we shared just one; they had three warm meals every day - we had emergency "k" and "c" rations but lived most of the time with "k" rations which were supposed to be used only as emergency meals; to top it off, the breakfast "k" only had powdered lemonade for a morning pick you up instead of hot coffee. The Germans had snow jackets, we had to improvise and find bed sheets in French houses for camouflage in the snow; they had whitewash to paint their vehicles white, while ours stood out.

On reflection, some of the things we did were heroic by comparison with normal lives. Certainly anyone enduring the travails of active wartime combat, being shot at, suffering through artillery barrages, walking through mine fields and living night and day in freezing rain, deep snow, bitter cold, hunger, many times sleeping on the open ground with little or no protection from the elements, - required heroic measures just to survive. Every soldier's story is unique from any others. This is my story - U.S. Army soldier number 1537 4634.

Leroy Barr
December 2007

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[1] An Infantry Division in the U.S. Army is primarily made up of three regiments. In our 100th Division, we had the 397th, 398th, and 399th Regiments. Infantry divisions also include some auxiliary units as well as some attached battalions.

One Combat Soldier's Story

On Sunday, December 7th 1941 we heard the radio in my 1940 Ford Sedan come out with a special announcement: *the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor.* We really knew then that war was coming. It was four of us guys who grew up together, since before high school, standing outside the fence watching airplanes land and take off at the Cleveland Hopkins Airport. The fifth member of our little group, Doug Brydon, was already in the Army. He was one of the first to be drafted early in 1941 and at that hour was in Fort Sill, Oklahoma and married to his girlfriend Ardis Shennom. Norm Smith was drafted in 1941; Russ Dean enlisted in the Navy in 1941and was sent to Case University in Cleveland for training; Bob Wissinger enlisted and was assigned to some such outfit as the C.I.A and was working in West Virginia which looked for deserters or A.W.O.L. soldiers. I was still at the Romec Pump Company with a high deferment for my work designing aircraft pumps, etc. Russ and Wiss were by then college graduates; Doug had two years of college from Miami University in Oxford, OH; Smitty and I were only high school graduates. Smitty wound up in the 34th Infantry Division and served in Africa and Italy.

By the summer of 1942, I really did not want to spend the war as a civilian so I started looking for options other than working. One was to be in the Navy and I was promised a job in Washington, D.C. This offer came from a Mr. Lester Hull, a Washington insider who was in and out of Romec a lot. Hull was the primary reason that many of the pumps I designed and helped put in production were used for Navy airplanes. I designed a portable electric motor driven combination bilge and refueling pump that was issued to PBY and PBM flying boats; designed a hand operated primer pump for the Lockheed Hudson bomber; a fuel transfer pump for the new B-29 bomber, plus several pumps for other military aircraft including the Boeing B-17.

Well, I did not care for Mr. Hull as a person and for some reason did not care for the Navy, so I applied for a position with the Lockheed aircraft company in Burbank, CA to join the Lockheed overseas division. Bob Strand of Elyria worked for them in England and his wife Freddy worked for me as a draftsman, or draft lady, on one of the trips to Lockheed and other aircraft plants in Los Angeles. I signed up for Lockheed overseas, and then went back to Elyria and told Romec what I had done. I also advised the military. The company convinced the military to cancel my Lockheed agreement, and said that I was committed to Romec for the duration and could not work for anyone else.

Enlistment

So in October 1942, I went into Cleveland and enlisted in the U.S. Air Force. Sally took me to Cleveland where we had our first visit to the Oak Room in the Terminal Tower before she took me to the railroad station. Then she returned to Elyria and stored

my car in the garage on North Olive St. I arrived at Camp Perry Nov.14, 1942 and started some kind of career in the United States Armed Services.

My first military surprise, (and there were many) was to be told that the Air Force was full so I could go in the Army unassigned or return to Elyria and the pump company. Well, I had plenty of farewell parties so I did not see how I could really return home. Plus, the company was most unhappy that I enlisted, so, I agreed to go into the Army unassigned. I was to learn later that to enlist unassigned is rather a dangerous thing to do as there are lots of Army jobs that nobody in their right mind would want to do in that vast organization.

I went through the usual routine that recruits go through…get your new Army clothes, physical and mental inspections, and also tests to see where you might fit and how bright you are. I did not see the results of my tests but was told that I received the highest score to date on the mechanical aptitude test! Well, I guess that's why I found myself on a train going for Cincinnati, then a transfer to the L&N. (Louisville to Nashville) railroad which took me to Ozark, Alabama. And, finally a bus ride taking me to the brand new Army Camp named Camp Rucker. A camp so new it was only half built when I got there. They did not even have a P.X. yet and wouldn't until late December.

I joined a brand new company called the 501st ordnance company (heavy maintenance tanks). We lived in a regular two story army barracks; 62 men on each floor with a latrine that had seven toilets, four washstands and three spray heads in the shower. We were double bunked and very crowded.

We went through the usual routine of becoming soldiers: marching, exercising, hiking, rifle range practice, physicals, classes on Army life, laws, behavior, can do's and can't do's, etc. We also went to the huge garages, where all the tanks etc. were maintained for the Army tankers. We had some intensive training on driving tanks, 10 ton wreckers, fuel tanks, motorcycles, guns and other ordinance.

Mechanics School

I was surprised when one day I was called into the Captain's office and advised that I and four others from the company were selected to attend a 13 week tank mechanic school at Fort Knox, Kentucky. We were also promoted to Corporal T/5 or Corporal Technician Fifth Grade. So in about six week's time, I had gone from recruit to being a non-commissioned officer, which put me on the fast track to becoming a General. More about rank later…

So we five took off and arrived at the Fort Knox Mechanics School about December 14th 1942 or so. The school was a very large installation that teaches many things about ordinance, weapons, trucks, tanks, all manner of vehicles and fire control, plus an O.C.S.-officers training school. Our schooling was rather intense; no time off and classes from seven to ten hours a day with some classes on Saturdays.

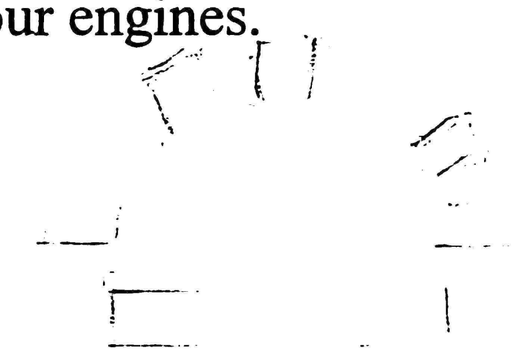
Sally's brother Dick, and his wife Peg, lived in Goldville, Kentucky, in an Army housing complex near Fort Knox. Dick was a Warrant Officer in the Army. Later in the war Dick and I met for a few hours in a French town. I had to drive back four or five miles to see him. Anyway, back at Fort Knox, Sally was able to come and visit Dick and Peg at their apartment and I got a pleasant and happy four hour leave to visit her in Gold ville.

At our graduation I found out that I was either third or fifth in a class of over 200 students at the school. I was interviewed for Tankers O.C.S. but I told them I was not interested as I regarded the American tank to be a poorly designed weapon with many faults and inferior to all other allied or enemies tanks. I don't think my refusal or comments helped my career as a soldier but that was my impression of the 1942 tanks.

We five returned to camp Rucker just in time to leave for Army maneuvers in Tennessee. That time spent in TN was one of the highlights of my Army career - beautiful spring time weather, living in the outdoors in tents rather than crowded barracks. It was very exciting to know that I was going over the same grounds that were scenes of civil war battles: Tullahoma, Stones River, Shelbyville, Murfreesboro and many other skirmishes in those parts. I was stepping in the footprints of Generals' Sherman, Bragg, Sill and others.

Tank complaints

But the tanks… first they had what're called "Boogie" treads; the rest of the world's tanks had "Christy" treads, invented by an American ordnance officer named Christy. The "Boogie" tread could only go forward, and at high speed the tread would want to fly off, which it did. We spent most of our time during maneuvers putting tracks back on tanks. The American 42 version also had weak short barreled 75 mm cannon, which could only fire straight ahead or to the right as it was located on the right side of the tank. Its armor was too thin and the available engines were poor. One was an aircraft seven cylinder air-cooled engine that was hard to cool and had a very, very temperamental clutch. The other engine was a weird combination of five dodge six-cylinder "L" head gasoline engines without a crank case cover set on a large casting at roughly 3, 9, 11, 12, and 2 o'clock positions. It was impossible to get the carburetor linkage equal to all five engines, so usually one or two lagged which dropped the horsepower to the other three or four engines.



Prior to my leaving the 501st I saw a new engine that looked very promising built by Ford; eight- cylinder, V-block, mostly aluminum which put out 800 horsepower; although still gasoline and not diesel. I don't know what engine actually was used in European combat. I know it was not the aircraft air-cooled engine, nor the weird Chrysler five engine combo. Another tank we took care of was the M-5, a smaller tank powered by two Cadillac V-8 gasoline engines. That tank had a small 37 mm gun that I doubt saw much action in Europe. We also repaired lots of White Motor's "half tracks." They performed reasonably well but tended to bend at their mainframe. We sure fixed lots of "half tracks."

We returned to Camp Rucker in late June, and on July 16th, 1943 I was released from the 501st ordnance, was put in the E.R.C. (Enlisted Reserve Corps) and was told to report back to my old company in Elyria. I left with mixed feelings. I knew I could do a better job for the war effort back at Romec, but I did enjoy the ordnance company, and

really enjoyed the springtime in Tennessee, and also enjoyed working and living with some very friendly and talented soldiers…plus a chance to make sergeant.

Civilian again

From July 16th 1943 till January 16th 1944 I was back at the Romec Pump Company in Elyria, Ohio. I guess I was pleased to return to work at Romec. I knew then that I could do more good in the war effort at my old job, rather than repairing tanks that I had no respect for anyway. So I went back to work at my old desk and was ready to work for six month and enjoy the civilian life in Elyria and in particular with Sally. But all my buddies were in the military. Doug was in Africa with the Air force; Smitty was a soldier in the 37th Infantry Division. Wiss was living in Wheeling, WV and had married Ellen Drahas. Russ was attending classes at Case University in Cleveland and engaged to Janet Smith. Sally and I briefly talked bout getting engaged or married but agreed to postpone anything till the crazy war was over.

Fighter-plane innovation

Anyway, back to work now wearing my "ruptured duck", a lapel pin you could wear if you served in the military and were now a civilian. My first job was to redesign the fuel transfer pump on the B-29 bomber for weight reduction and cold weather performance. The plane was overweight and could reach altitudes where the ambient temperature was minus 36 degrees F. We lightened the pump and were able to redesign it to start and run at -35 F. Later on we were able to design and build pumps that would operate at -65 F. One other big project I was in charge of was rebuilding the British engine driven vacuum pump to incorporate my thin wall cast-iron body which was lighter than our present steel and aluminum body but ran cooler and used less lubricating oil. I converted the British drawings to American standards and American language! This pump was supplied to Packard Motors in Detroit, MI which built that beautiful Rolls Royce 12-cylinder liquid-cooled, 12 cylinder Merlin engine. I was and am very proud to have been able to be the engineer that Americanized the British vacuum instrument pump.

I also did a great deal of work redesigning several models of Romec's hand operated emergency fuel pumps. I was the father and chief wizard for all Romec's hand operated pumps, but alas, technology passed them by. By 1950 we did not build a single one. I also did some preliminary work on water injection pumps, or the A.D.I. (anti-detonate injection). All American fighters and bombers used air-cooled engines and at full throttle or "pullouts" the additional heat and power demands could freeze the engine; so by injecting water (really a mixture of water and alcohol) in the cylinder heads they could solve the overheating problem. Interesting to note that ALL the best fighters in WWII were liquid cooled. German, Russian, and English, also true in the Pacific when the P-38 was the best with its Allison engine; and it wasn't even supercharged. If someone cites the P-51 as an American fighter (with the Rolls-Merlin engine) it would be well to know that airplane was actually designed by the British. The P-51 and was contracted out to North American Aviation Company as England did not have a plant to build it in. For a little history, the Franklin automobile was the only air-cooled automobile ever built. It had the same cooling problem under heavy loads.

The Country's call

But there was still a war on and although the company again tried to hold me at Romec it was to no avail. The Army's date had to be met. So on January 16th, 1944, I packed my bag. Sally drove me to the Cleveland RR station. We had lunch at the Oak Room, kissed goodbye, and I was off again to reenter the Army, unassigned.

I arrived at Camp Chase in Columbus, OH and was surprised to find that I was not going back to the 501st ordnance co. or any other ordnance co. but instead was sent unassigned to join the 100th Infantry Division on winter maneuvers in TN, my old stomping grounds. I got off the train in Tullahoma only to find that the 100th Division was already in Ft. Brag, NC. That confusion lasted three days before I took the train to Fayetteville and joined a big crowd of soldiers looking for a new home.

As I was still a noncommissioned officer with the rank of T-5 it took about three days in an old barracks with other soldiers to learn that I was to join the 398th Infantry (regiment), in particular the mine platoon of the antitank company. It was my pleasure to meet my new boss, Lt. first class, Stephen Lockman. I don't remember our first meeting or discussion but he told me about many things that must be understood between the two of us. One in particular was I must realize that during an attack the mine platoon is always ahead of the combat infantrymen to neutralize or remove all mines so the infantry could advance, and in retreat, if we must, our job was to stay behind the retreating soldiers to delay the approaching enemy and lay mines, cut trees across the road and delay them as much as possible. I found his statements "very" exciting, and made me wonder how in a few days I could go from a warm home and busy desk to the situation he described. It made me feel "just real good"- more about me and the Lt later. I found that the platoon called him "Palooka" or "Big Stoop".

I also was to learn that the mine platoon was a very cordial bunch and they regarded themselves as different and separate from the three gun platoons, and despite the Lt. the platoon seemed to be well managed and controlled by staff Sgt. Gebhardt and the three squad sergeants, Wishinski, Glos, and Kratavic. So I settled down to be part of the platoon and relearned allover things that I had learned before: marching, exercise, rifle range etc., plus a 10 mile hike once a week and 25 mile hike once a month. It took me three weeks to find that my two new army shoes were not matches which accounted for my numerous blisters. But two good medics took care of me, Sgt. Gallop and Corporal Sydney Pick. Sidney was about 5-foot tall but a good medic who took care of the platoon all through combat.

We also learned about strange things like hand grenades, mortars shells for rifles, plus how to use our very large mine detectors, study German mines, the round "tellar" mines and the long slim "R" mines. The big mine detector did not work in combat too well. It kept picking up shrapnel etc. so much of the mine detecting done by the platoon was by stabbing the ground with a bayonet.

Fun at Cape Fear

Things went well in 1944; trips to Fayetteville, raiding and draining the old beer barrels that were stored in the back of the P.X., playing hearts, reading the newspapers

and bombing the medics that lived above us - used squibs with delayed fuses, trip wire, detonators etc. One night one of our baby bombs set their waste baskets on fire and we were "admonished" about that and told to quit it. We also liked to drink beer at the "Town Pump" in Fayetteville. One of the other great things that happened to me while in the mine platoon was a trip to the ocean at the mouth of the Cape Fear River near the civil war fort called Fort Fisher. It was great weather and fun to be out of the barracks sleeping in tents. Our task was to set up various demolitions on the beach- bombs, trip wire, mines, squibs etc. At dawn the marines from Camp Jejune up the coast would assault the beach. We would set off our demolitions and have a great time. After the invasion we would set up new demolitions for the next "invasion," and then we would go swimming in the ocean, loaf or get a pass to go to Myrtle Beach. We were there for about three weeks and free from military rules and regulations etc.

I don't remember exactly when but I think it was in July, 1944 that almost half the platoon were picked to leave for various reasons – too old, goof offs, misfits, whatever – and we received in turn 15 or so new soldiers, all young men from the A.S.T.P. program; high school kids who were promised a college education for signing up. I assume the same thing happened in all the other Infantry companies that were part of the 100th. Many were very unhappy with the quick shift to the infantry. But many that lived through the war did go on to college and get an education. We did some more learning and relearning with our new recruits

Last leave

In September of 1944 we started getting ready to go overseas. I was lucky to get a short pass and went to Washington D.C. to see Sally. Her sister Kathleen lived in D.C. and worked at the Supreme Court, so Sally had a place to stay. Those few days were the last we saw of each other till I got out of the Army in April of 1946.

Embarkation to France

We spent a week or so with inspections, lecture etc. then we left Ft. Bragg and took the train from Fayetteville to Camp Kilmer, NJ. We then had more schooling about rules and regulations aboard the ship etc. I was lucky to get assigned to the loading detail so I had a chance to pick my own bunk area. I picked the second of four bunks on the edge of a hallway with a light above me with the plan that I could read some books that I brought with me and pass the time while on our voyage to some unknown part of Europe. Well, it did not turn out as planned, as we now know things don't happen as we plan in the military. The location of my bunk on the edge of the hallway turned out to be part of the long line of soldiers lined up in a chow line that ran 24 hours a day. So I now had lots of guys sitting on my bunk, with lots of, "Hi Mac, where you from etc." plus all those men in line made my bunk too dark to read, plus a few men getting sick while in the chow line.

We went through a big storm in the Atlantic that left a lot of us with very upset stomachs, to put it mildly. But we made it to France on October 20th and walked off that boat with full field packs, rifle etc. If we had known we would be walking 12 miles or so to our camp, I doubt some of us would have made it. One from my platoon during a stop sat on a stone wall to relax a little, and his backpack pulled him right over the wall. Lucky for him it was not too far down the back of the wall so we pulled him back up.

We arrived after dark in a big field near a town called Septemes, and of course it started to rain before we could get our tents set up. I spent most of the next few days on the docks helping to unpack and get all the vehicles ready to go. That included the 57 mm A.T.guns (somewhat of a "pea-shooter" in modern war) but I guess a little bit better than the 37 mm guns that the gun platoons first trained with. My, what a wonder it was to see how fast the crews could get those 37 mm ready to fire. Lucky for them, they had at least 57 mm in combat. I don't remember if they ever got 75 or 76 mm guns later, but they certainly needed them.

It seems to me that we spent most of the war with undersized weapons or poor weapons, the "Grease gun" and "carbine" comes to mind. But I found the carbide great for a jeep driver as I could jump out of the jeep while it was still coasting in first gear… while Lt. Lockman was still wondering what was happening. It was all legal as long as I had my weapon while I "evacuated" the jeep. Anyway, after we had all the vehicles in shape, guns cleaned etc. we were ready to move. I had my last taste of butter as a guest of some British sailors on a British destroyer in the docks in Marseille.

The rains kept raining in our little world in Septemes, but we had our tent up and Sam Minge and I were as well off as anyone else. One day while I was working on the docks "Old Minge" got it into his head to clean out our tent which he did, including everything I owned that I had put in an empty "K" ration box – my wallet, eyeglasses, pen, paper, and some money. I found later it was of little importance as I could see without my glasses and as far as I can remember, none of us had any use for money anyway. I doubt I spent $10 in the 18 months I was in Europe. Most of what we obtained was by trade.

We finally left Septemes, France on October 26th or so. Heading north, I was assigned to be one of the guides that rode ahead of the convoy. We would be at an intersection or 'Y' in the road to direct the trucks, then we would drive fast to get to the head of the convoy to direct the next turn or road shift. A convoy starts out in good shape but in about three hours or so it becomes longer and longer until eventually it is miles and miles longer than when it started out. I forgot how often we stopped for the night but I do remember Avignon, Valence and near Lyon, then maybe Dijon or Epinal. We then stripped for action getting rid of all our so called unneeded clothes and equipment. Most of it was stored in Luneville. After the war we went back and picked up all the old clothes, shoes etc. But a lot of it was moldy, particularly our shoes.

Trucking stories

The AT company plus the mine platoon were in a little town called St. Benoit getting ready for the big push on November 9th. While there, we were quick to get into trouble. About the second day in combat two truck drivers attempted to fix a flat on the left rear tire of one of the 2 ½ ton trucks. The truck happened to be parked on the side of a farmhouse but unknown to Buck and Ed they were over the sump of the manure pile, which was just to their left. When they put the jack under the rear axle and attempted to raise the truck, the jack, truck, Buck and Ed dropped into the honey wagon supply tank. Both went into the sump with the left rear part of the truck – it was a sight to see and smell. It took days to clear away the muck and black spots.

In the meantime, the service company came and rescued the truck. The next day a service company truck went down an uncleared road, ran over a mine and blew off the

left front wheel. We came to help and found an 'R' mine right under the middle of the truck. We put a rope on the "R" mine (Lt. Lockman in command of the operation) and that big three foot long 'R' mine blew up the whole middle of the truck which made the truck look like a long 'V'. Capt. Whitney, the captain of the service company came to look at his truck and in the presence of the squad and Lt. Lockman, chewed out Lt. Lockman for being so stupid as to try to save the truck without Captain Whitney's approval. It was a wonder and delight to hear the Captain's soliloquy.

Well, the next day Lt. Lockman decided to visit a gun platoon position. I drove him to the area where the platoon was. The Lt. got out and followed white tapes to the gun position. Time went on and by 4:30 pm the Lt.still hadn't reappeared. In the meantime we experienced one of two mortar attacks. I spent that time under the jeep. About 5:30 it was now really dark so I decided to report Lt. Lockman missing. To my surprise I found the Lt. at the command post. He had reported me A.W.O.L.,- and worse- claimed that I left my post during an artillery barrage. Things were tense until Captain Paul Jedelle told me to go back to my platoon (it was the house next door where Keegan and Creighton had just, two days before, taken their bath in the honey wagon pool). The captain said that he would look into the matter.

It was that day that I found out that Lt. Lockman could not read a map or even understand a compass. It made for some trying times the rest of the war. The Lt. told me later that he had trouble reading fine print on the maps! It soon became apparent to Sgt. Gebhardt and the other Sgt's that he was incapable of reading and understanding a map. How he got through OCS is hard to understand.

The next day I was out with the Lt. and left him with one of the mine platoon squads, I think Sgt. Wiszinski's. Anyway, he wanted me to go back to our command post and get him something. I don't remember now what it was, but I think it was some particular map. On the way I came under another mortar attack, and I did not know until I noticed blood on my hand that I had a slight wound on my shoulder. I ran into a medic from the 45th division who put a dressing on my shoulder. I later returned to pick up Lt. Lockman and told him what happened. He said that I needed the medics name etc. or he could not verify that I was wounded by enemy action. So that's the way it stayed.

Another time Sgt. Gebhardt and I, and the Lt. were out doing something when Gebhardt and I realized we were heading the wrong direction and were approaching the German line. I could not tell him but Sgt. Gebhardt demanded that the Lt. turn around. He agreed, and lucky we did, as later we checked our position on the map and sure enough we were on a one way trip into the German lines. I don't know yet why we weren't fired upon; it must have been an unmanned part of the German line. That kind of problem occurred several times during the war.

Our next big event happened in Senones, France. On Thanksgiving Day, Lt. Lockman, Sgt. Gebhardt, myself and a Private whose name I don't remember, were picked to lead the task force from Senones to Le Vermont (that's where it stopped). I thought a tank would be a better vehicle to lead a task force; anyway, we did it and lucky for the four guys in the jeep we did not meet any Germans. I sincerely hoped we would never be picked to lead another task force and lucky for us we never were. We got back later that night to find that the Thanksgiving turkey and trimmings were cold or non-existent. It was in Senomes that we saw French people removing the clothes from women who had collaborated with the Germans; they also cut off all their hair. While in

Baccarat (the famous crystal town) a worker at one of the crystal factories made two wine goblets for me with Sally's and my initials on them. I finally got a chance in Backnang, Germany to make a wooden box and to send the goblets and other trinkets to Sally at the end of hostilities.

In the Vosge Mountains, we 'motored' to the area around Sarreburg and Sarre-Union, and Bitche. We had our first shower and could 'select' pants and shirts from piles on the ground; two of each, plus socks, and underwear etc. I don't remember getting anymore clothes until the war was over. Anyway, the next bath I had was in Lemberg, south of Bitche. A little old lady was crying because her home had pretty well been shot up by both US and German guns. I took some doors etc. and covered her windows, fixed the stove etc. She asked me what she could do for me. Her stove was now working, so I told her I would like a warm bath. She found a wash tub. I think that was my second bath, probably around Dec. 5th 1944.

We then went on to Reyersviller just south of Bitche, and almost got shot there. I was sleeping on some barrack bags when one of the cooks took a grease gun by the sling to move it. The gun took off and the cook is waved it around the room by the sling trying to grab it. He finally emptied the clip and the grease gun quit firing. Our very close encounter with a grease gun; luckily no one got hurt.

We were inside the city of Bitche when the "Battle of the Bulge" started on Dec. 16th. We pulled out of Bitche to Sierstahl then to Lemberg (where I had my bath) then to Enchenberg where we settled down in the rail road station. I think we were retreating but no one said so. I also think we spent Christmas there. We were busy setting up barbwire, setting out mines and picking up German mines. We found our first all glass mines there – they were immune to our metal mine detectors. One day we had a chance to watch and hear Sgt. Charley Glos get a big balling-out from Lt. Lockman for being late with a delivery of barbed wire. As I remember they had moved the depot where the wire was and Charley, plus his squad and truck driver, had to go to a farther depot to get the wire. To honor Charley, we took a picture of him with some of the wire. It seemed unreal that the Army got itself so surprised by the Germans.

The "Sally B"

I picked up my jeep at Marseilles. It was made by Willys in Toledo, OH and went all through the war with normal maintenance and only two war wounds. A piece of shrapnel hit and ruined the spare tire and metal wheel. It also took a hit in the five gallon 'jerry' can filled with my spare tank of gas – lucky it did not start a fire. I was able to replace the wounded parts at our company's maintenance. Early on, I found it difficult to drive and look for mines etc. so I got Sgt. Wiese in maintenance to drill two holes in the windshield frame. I installed two French vacuum windshield wipers. If you look at the front of the jeep you will see my air-raid camouflage net tow-rope and a mine 'spider.' The upright steel post was higher but I ran into a German piano-wire device they had stretched across the road and the rod bent back to the windshield. I tried to pull it back up but it broke at the weld. Division maintenance squad put one on all the combat jeeps to keep the Germans from beheading us, I guess.

The mine spider and night reflector were there so Lt. Lockman could find it, and on one of our "hurry up and jump outs" I cut my left arm on a piece of metal on the left side. I thought maybe that would earn me a purple heart, and more 'points' to get home

early, but the Lt. did not think it warranted a purple heart. I still have a three inch scar so it wasn't just a scratch. I drove the jeep a little over 20,000 miles from Oct. 12th 1944 until the Allied government took it away from me on about Sept. 20th 1945. With out wheels I was destitute.

The jeep as a small carrier was okay but in war was too small. You could get four people in, but many times I carried five, six, or seven soldiers all with rifles etc. It was very, very crowded. I picked up a small German trailer which I hauled across Europe, but I pulled it only when we were moving from one place to another. When we stopped for any length of time I parked it. Most of the driving was off road or on dirt roads or trails, seldom on paved roads except when we changed locations. I took a compass from a German vehicle, without it we would not have survived. As I mentioned, the Lt. could not read maps and he seldom gave me the chance to read a map unless I was alone in the jeep. Staff Sgt. Gebhardt was able to read maps and did so much of the time; most of our maps were 1914 vintage French maps. We had very few American printed maps and the French maps appeared to be equal to or better than our American maps.

Another problem I had was that my wrist-watch quit so I found it very difficult meeting rendezvous on time. So I found a clock in, I think, a French car that I kept at my side in the jeep. I had sandbags on the floor for protection for both the Lt. and I, but I don't think they would have made a difference if we hit a mine; it just made it more difficult to use the brake and clutch. I drove many people many places during combat, etc., delivering or picking up papers, between our company, battalion, regimental head quarters and other companies; also squads and soldiers, whatever was needed. I really never fully slept many nights as I did a lot of delivering guys to and from guard posts. Sometimes things were done in a hurry so I usually slept with my combat boots on. It made for a crowded and sometimes muddy sleeping bag, but that's how we did it. We all slept fully clothed. I don't remember ever taking my clothes off in combat except the time I took a bath with a little old lady's help in Lemberg just before we moved to Enchenberg.

We seldom stayed in one place for more than 4-5 days. The only exception was the two weeks we were in Enchenberg or the period from Jan.14, 1945 till March 5th or so that we spent in Montbron, having a little 'R & R,' "Rest & Refit." Operation "Nordwind" was contained by Jan 12 so we slept most of the time in Montbron guarding the regimental colonel and his staff; he was in the Catholic Church's parish house. We guarded him every night. We had to be stationed where two guards could see each other- which we could do because we had 'artificial moonlight.' The anti-aircraft companies had huge search lights that they pointed into the sky; light that reflected down from the clouds. Serving guard duty was a big comedown for a T/5 on the fast track.

The Battle of the Bulge and "Nordwind"

The great German offensive began at dawn December 16th 1944. That attack, over terrain the Germans had used to attack France in 1914 and again in 1940, surprised the Allied High Command who, apparently were caught completely off guard. The fact that the Nazi's had assembled two huge tank armies under the very noses of allied command and the Air Force was an immense scandal hushed up with a news blackout and, I am sure, with the doctoring of relevant documents. Rumors of German soldiers in American uniforms spread fear everywhere; we even went to double passwords. Two

green divisions, the 106th and the 42nd both entered combat at the very throat of the German attack on or about the 10th of December. The 42nd Division had just arrived overseas on the 9th of Dec. These two divisions had losses of: 1,348 killed, 3,490 wounded, and 7,873 captured for a total of 12,711 – almost the equivalent of a full division. Total casualties for the battle were 19 times greater than the D-Day invasion.

On January 1st 1945 two things happened: first the German Air Force surprised the U.S. Air Force by raiding airbases at Eindhoven, Evers and other U.S. bases; over 300 U.S. fighters, bombers etc. This resulted in another cover-up. The other event was a New Years Eve attack on the 100th Division and the 7th Army. By December 16th the 100th Division was about half way from capturing the city of Bitche and the many forts and machine gun mini-nests that were part of the Maginot line of French defenses built during the 1930's. It was a most formidable series of defensive weapons – disappearing big guns, interlocking fire points etc. It was five-stories deep with air-conditioning, kitchens, elevators etc. Historians call the Maginot line a joke, but I note the Germans did not attempt to capture it in 1940, and it certainly was no joke to the 100th Division and the 7th Army.

Hitler, looking for a way to take the pressure off the Germans fighting in the Bulge, decided to attack us and the 7th Army. The 7th had to spread out and take over a major part of the 3rd Army's section that had rushed north to assist the 1st Army. So at midnight Dec. 31st 1944, the Germans attacked the 7th Army. At that hour the mine platoon was in Enchenberg after pulling out of Bitche to realign our front lines. We pulled back first to Sierstahl then to Lemberg then to Enchenberg. One of the German plans was to encircle the 100th Division and destroy it and other elements of the 7th Army. The battle lasted till January 12th when the Germans finally went on the defense. The winter snows and cold weather affected both armies; all settling into a defensive position.

On the first night of the German attack one man from our platoon, Carl Trieman, was killed by artillery in the center of Enchenberg. Carl was the only member of our platoon killed in the war, although others were wounded. Carl was one of the youngest soldiers in the mine platoon.

In Montbron came the heavy winter snows and very cold weather. We lived in the upstairs room of a house which also housed a French woman with two daughters, probably eight and ten, and a little boy about four years old. A barn was attached to the house. As in most French towns, a manure pile was just outside the door. On my visit back to Montbron in 1963 I found no manure piles or animals. I assume they had tractors to spread manure by then.

Two things I remember very well: one was the electric light we used in our 'bedroom.' Creighton (one of the other truck drivers) and I got some wire and rigged up one of the truck's headlights. We blacked out two windows so we could write letters home after dark. It was very, very difficult to write letters: wet paper, no good place to store writing supplies, plus good ole' Lt. Lockman made it very clear that he did NOT like to censor long letters. and worse he did not like to take the time to cut out words that were regarded as news to the enemy. I remember in Marseille after our landing, I heard on the docks that the German radio welcomed the 100th Infantry Division to France; they knew a lot.

Another thing about Montbron that I remember very vividly were our socks. The Army gave us 'shoe boots,' a kind of boot like goulashes, hard to walk in but

wonderful in cold weather. Inside the shoe pac's were two felt insoles. We also had two pair of heavy wool socks. We dried one pair in our shirt while wearing the other. Now we have 30 guys trying to sleep in a room with the windows blanked shut and 30 guys trying to hang up and dry 60 socks and 60 felt innersoles; it was a smell to behold. When you came into the room after guard duty or whatever, you were almost willing to go back on guard duty in the cold winter weather. We thirty men had more serious problems to keep us occupied but I remember the socks and innersoles to this day.

We also had some large foxholes around the town perimeter. I remember one on the west side of the town that I was a member of, where we had a big 50 caliber machine gun facing north. If the Germans could get from the eastern front and come at us from the north it would make for a long day – or maybe a short one. We finally left Montbron , as it happened, for the second assault on Bitche. I am rather hazy about the second assault; I don't remember where we slept the night we left Montbron but I know the move was fast and that we were north of the city center. Also, that there were a lot of mines involved.

What I do remember very well is the one day I was sent back to Battalion Head Quarters. As I walked thru the blackout curtain whom did I see sleeping on a cot… but our own Lt. First Class Stephen Lockman. We tried to get him court-marshaled but couldn't. I assume the Captain told Geb [Sgt. Gebhardt] something about why we couldn't, but I just don't remember the reason.

Anyway, all hell broke loose as the German army fled for the safety of the east bank of the Rhine River. We flew thru the famous Siegfried defenses, or west wall, a line of tank traps, ditches, etc. that ran from the Swiss border north to the Belgium border. And in two days we drove 90 miles from Bitche to Ludwigshaven on the Rhine River. Those two days were scenes of devastation that were hard to comprehend. The U.S. Air Force bombed roads, tanks, trucks and thousands of men and horses. We left many wounded and dead German soldiers to be taken care of by the rear echelon. At the end of the 1st day run I met a wounded Panzer soldier. He was about 4'11" tall who certainly did not look like a brutal Panzer soldier. I took his helmet and sent it home in a box while in Backnang. My kids will remember playing with it as they grew up. I sold the helmet in 2005 to a collector for $800.00!

We arrived in Ludwigshafen at the end of the second day. The German people evacuated the city and crossed the river to Manheim. There was still food on the tables and clocks ticking on the walls. We had a reasonable amount of mortar fire coming into our area from across the river in Manheim. The 3rd Army came south, down the east side of the river; they cleared out the Germans so we were able to cross the Rhine on March 31st. I drove the captain across in my jeep. I don't remember why, maybe Lt. Lockman was some place else. Anyway, I dropped off the Capt, picked up Lt. Bibb of our Company and returned with him back to where the mine platoon was staying.

The platoon was in an enclosed Villa in a fine section of the city. There was a high wall and high front gate. The LT and I opened the gate to find a very happy platoon; half were in no position to sign the payroll. I really remember Bill Kelly half in the truck front seat and half on the way to the ground, asleep with a strangled chicken in his hand. I took the Lt. back to company headquarters and we all signed the payroll later. I slept that night on a bed with no mattress- just springs- pretty good though. Two days later we

drove thru historic old Heidelberg. It was like a fairyland. It had not been touched by the war. I wanted to stop and look around but had to stay in line.

We arrived in the city of Bad Wimpfen just as the Battle for Heilbronn started; a vicious nine day battle that involved crossing the Neckar River to attack the city. We were lucky as there was little need for the mine platoons services. We stayed in Bad Wimpfen and could see the Battle being conducted down river. It lasted 12 days. As we were leaving after the battle we stopped at a beautiful untouched chateau in the town of Neckergartach. On entering we discovered a wounded German Full Colonel or General; he told us to get out and that he was a close friend of General Dolittle. So we put him in a chair and started throwing some nice furniture and a fair amount of his fine chinaware out the window. We had never done such a thing before but he was so arrogant it seemed a good thing to do at the time. After that we passed thru many towns. Some I have forgotten the names of, but one stands out. We arrived in Backnang about April 20th 1945. The weather was getting warmer and apple and peach trees were in blossom. We settled down in what had been a Hitler youth gymnasium and class rooms. To our surprise we found the town had a large building where over 300 girls had been locked up for up to four years, making German army uniforms and other clothes. We had seen very few people in France and the German people either ran to the east or otherwise stayed away from us. So to free 300 girls in the spring time was to say the least very interesting. The Army placed the factory and girls off limits. That did not seem to work too well. They put guards around it, and then guards to guard the guards. One night the Army had a surprise raid on the building. And surprise, surprise one of the naughty boys pulled from the building was our very own Lt. First Class Stephen Lockman! We had no idea what punishment he received, if any. But, by the end of the war, he had disappeared. The rumor was that he had V.D. So ended my adventures with Lt. Lockman. Looking back I guess it was a trial for both of us. But his grasp of war seemed wanting. He was seldom with the platoon if he could avoid it, and was somewhat of a Martinette. But the real problem was his inability to read a map. Being the officer he was, he could not admit it, at least not to me a corporal jeep driver, and that seemed to be our biggest problem. He also tried to be a West Point type officer - stiff, rigid, aloof etc. - but, it didn't work. After he left Sgt. Gebhart led the platoon. Geb was a good non-commissioned officer or N.C.O and led the platoon very well till our parting in Sept. 1945.

In another German town we found potatoes and a very large supply of grease. So, we cranked up a stove and made potato chips for the soldiers passing by. They were really good even though we could not find any salt.

On May 7, 1945 we were in Shorndorf, Germany in a complete house. The German family was with us too. On May 8th, 1945 we drank to the end of WW II and oh so glad of it, 156 days on the front lines was enough!

Post War

Post-war we moved to Winterbach, Germany. We lived in a fine school house in a very attractive town. We settled in and spent at least a month there before moving to Plieningen, a town south of Stuttgart. Living again in a school house we now had many bunks with straw ticks, left over I guess from when the German soldiers were housed there before us. Some of the guys took on some of the locals in a soccer game and lost somewhere around 40 – 0. I picked up the daily mail in Esslinger (about five or so miles

east) and then took the evening mail back. I roamed the country side picking up tomatoes, potatoes, carrots, etc. - paying for it with dried coffee grounds from our kitchen. We established a non-com Club up the road in Hoenhim (about 200 yards north) got a ration of five gallons of vermouth from a distillery about 20 miles away, and wonders of wonders, we owned part of the Dinkenlacker Brewery in Stuttgart. (I think our ration was 20 cases a day if we wanted.) But we had to take all the bottles back or no more refills. We also had the right to shoot small deer (called Hartzdeers.) I think we were allowed two a week. Drawings were held to see which soldiers could go hunting. Our club was at the "Gast Hous Gauby." An old couple ran it (owned it too I think). They cooked the deer, potatoes, etc. We had some royal dinners there. It was so successful that the company officers who had a club in the village shared their liquor ration with us to partake in our dinners. Life was good.

There were so many "D.P's" (displaced persons) running loose around the country that we, and of course others, set up road blocks to check for Nazi's, soldiers, woman, children etc. There were millions of displaced people trying to get home or find a home. It was very sad to see. It was too bad that the 100th Division put us on short rations; otherwise we could have helped some of these homeless and foodless people. At one of our road blocks one night, we stopped a German soldier in an Italian automobile who said he was now home. He lived near our road block. He also said that American soldiers gave him the car in Italy and enough gasoline to start for home. Other soldiers along the way gave him gasoline and food. His story sounded impossible but it turned out he lived one block away. Our duty was to turn him over to the A.M.G. (Allied Military Government) to verify his story and to see if he was a Nazi. But, first we took him to his house and watched the homecoming. The family thought he had died in the war. As it turned out Georg Wiech had owned a photo studio in Stuttgart, had refused to join the Nazi party and was drafted into the German infantry. He spent three years in Russia and was wounded 6 times. He was later cleared by the A.M.G., was allowed to start his photo studio again, and was permitted to develop pictures for the American soldiers. He lived at #7 Hockbrok Strasse just south of the school house with his wife Else, her parents "Oppa and Omma" and their three girls, Myrtha (10), Marga (8), and Christa (6). Georg and I became good friends as did (Lippy) and Glen Priester from my platoon. I spent a lot of time there bringing them food etc. and small kegs of vinegar from Esslingen to help them make "Hassenfefer," great soups etc. Georg gave me a ziess Ikon movie camera and also a still camera. We have written to each other for years. Sally and I visited them in August 1963 on one of my business trips to Europe. Georg passed away in 1990 and Else passed away in 2004. I still write to Christa's son Michael who visited Ardis and me at our cottage in Huron, Ohio in 2003.

In early July 1945, we got the news that we were to start getting ready to go to war in the Pacific! It was a blow we thought would come but hoped it wouldn't. We felt that our war was enough and that there must be many other soldiers to take on that task…there seemed to be enough of them in Paris alone. But, great news in August; the Japanese surrender - one of those few great pieces of news we ever received while in the Army. The company officers were as pleased as the rest of us. So we sort of went on vacation. I got a three day pass to Paris; loved it, and came very close to going A.W.O.L. I thought I might be able to get lost in Paris with all the thousands of soldiers that spent the war there. I also had a weeks pass to the French Rivera, lolled in the sun, and even

played golf twice. The course had sand greens. Then about seven of us took a ¾ ton military truck and toured Germany. We went to Ulm, Augsburg, tried to get into Dachau, near Munchen, but A.M.G. soldiers would not let us in, so, we went to the Chemcsee, and Brenner Pass in Italy. We saw mad King Ludwig's beautiful fairly land castle plus Garmisch-Partenkirchen and Hitler's "Eagle Nest" in Berchasgarten, by then in ruins. I broke off a piece of his marble fireplace as a souvenir, which I still have.

It was then back to Plieningen till that Fatal Day, on Sept. 15th, 1945 - when the 100th Division ceased to exist. The A.M.G. came and took away all our trucks and jeeps. This event left me, and others, very very sad. From that day on it was all down hill. I was assigned to an anti-aircraft company. It was in name only, made up of soldiers from almost everywhere. Most were from infantry outfits that had been decommissioned just like the 100th division. My first job was to guard a very large coal pile in Zufferhousen about 15 miles north of Stuttgart. My next job was supply sergeant in a prisoner of war facility. The smell of the German soldiers' cloths was too much-so I got a transfer to sit in a guard tower in one corner of the prison and wave a 50 caliber machine gun at the prisoners. That really was not bad duty as the prisoners just wanted to go home like the rest of us. One interesting thing happened there; for five packs of cigarettes a prisoner painted a picture of Sally that I had carried with me through the rest of the war. It is fairly large, about 12'' x 16''. My daughter Nancy now has it. It was well done and a good likeness of Sally.

Since most prisoners were leaving after much interrogation by the A.M.G. Honchos- I left as well. Later I arrived in the basement of a house in Ludwigsburg Germany. I was absolutely bored to tears with nothing to do, no place to go, and no friends to hang out with. The only eventful time during the period of Sept. '45 till April '46 were the 5 days that I spent back in Plieningen with Georg Wiech and his family during the Christmas of 1945.

It really was a rather tense time after the war. We were just standby in case the Russians started a problem. We were kept as a blocking force in case they started any aggressive movements. So as it now appears, the Russian obtained the best and biggest part of Germany. Then came the Cold War, The Berlin Wall, etc.

Homeward

By the end of March 1946 all signs pointed to us going home in mid April. We started loading up old French 40 and 8 boxcars to leave. We went first to Namor, Belgium, and then Antwerp in particular Camp Lucky Strike. It was there that much processing took place till finally we loaded up and left on the good ship, Ss. Sheepshead Bay victory ship. That eventful day was March 25, 1946.

We arrived in New York April 4, 1946, and then went again to Camp Kilmer, NJ and by chance to the same barracks that we stayed in before going overseas. We were processed again then boarded boxcars for the trip to Camp Atterbury, arriving there on April 10, 1946.

On the boat ride home there were times that we all had to be on deck for air, relaxing, etc. I guess during one of those on deck periods someone ripped open my barrack bag and took money, a camera, gold trimmed opera glasses, a luger pistol, plus the carbine rifle that I carried through the war. I had disassembled it to get it into my

barracks bag. I don't really know what I wanted that gun for. It was really not good for much of anything; hunting, target shooting etc. Maybe it was the challenge of seeing if I could get it through inspections. Anyway, I was not sorry it was gone but I missed the money. I think I had about $200 with me, also the camera that George Wiech gave me.

I arrived and was free at last in a brand new issued army uniform, including an overcoat. Sally had arranged to have my Ford removed from the blocks it was stored on. It had been in the garage from Jan. 1944 till April 12th, 1946. Sally again met me at the Cleveland Railroad Station where we went off in a corner and both cried. We again ate in the Oak Room celebrating with lunch and a glass of champagne. After lunch we drove back to Elyria. On April 14th Sally and I became engaged and were married on July 3rd, 1946. We spent our honeymoon at Hershey, PA, visiting Baltimore, MD, Ocean City, MA, and Washington, DC. I went back to work at the Romec Pump Co. in my old job as a development engineer.

For me the war was over. I don't regret serving my country but found military life very trying to say the least. And so ends my saga as a survivor in the United States Army. If you wish further information, you are welcome to read my books, History of the 398th infantry in WW II or the Complete History of the 100th Infantry Division.

Further Information

1. We somehow obtained a small gasoline stove about 10 inches tall and five inches in diameter. We guarded that little stove as our most valuable possession. With a #10 can and wire handle we could heat water to shave and wash ourselves. Most importantly, we could make hot coffee. I would take this around to guards to help keep them warm and cheer them up when I could. This was not regular army equipment, but oh so valuable to us.
2. One of the minor problems we had to bear was our cartridge belt. It was equipped with a pistol, 20 bullets or so, a six inch knife, canteen, coffee cup and first-aid pack; all extremely vital, but cumbersome when driving my jeep. Something was always jabbing me in one place or another. Also, fully loaded with ammo and water the belt weighed about 15 pounds or more.
3. One of the most devilish weapons the Germans threw at us was the GHC Mine, or Shu mine. It was a small, wood box about three or four inches square and about an inch and a half high loaded with about a quarter of a pound of explosives. It was normally buried just below ground level and covered with dirt, leaves etc. To step on it would usually blow your foot off or severely damage your leg. Towards the latter months of the war they seemed to employ more and more of them. In a way, that helped us as our mine detectors could not locate them as they were too small and mostly made of wood. Our mine detectors could only detect metal. Also, to use our normal method of stabbing the ground with our bayonets, the slightest pressure would set them off. So we had to be oh so careful when we found ourselves in an area noted for shoe mines. Maybe it helped us as we could not probe the ground reported to be Shu Mine active. We soldiers would just have to find another way around those areas.
4. My mother, bless her soul, as a wedding present to Sally and I gave us most of the money that I sent back to her each month while I was in the army. It was a wonderful start for our marriage. My mother kept all the letters I wrote to her from Europe though Sally did not keep hers, they were too bland to be of much historical value as she was so frightened of my being in the war I told her very little of what I was doing or what was happening. Also, Lt. Lockman's severe censorship did not help.
5. While in Ludwigshaven, waiting to cross the Rhine River, we were "invited" to see Marlena Dietrich some 20 miles west of us. We loaded up a truck and went to the show. Unfortunately it was jammed with rear Echelon soldiers and as we could not get in, we left only to be told we could not leave until the show was over. Of course they wanted to show a big crowd for the folks back home. So ended our contact with Hollywood. Marlena was a grand lady to get that close to the German line.

What happened to some of us after the war

- One became a professor at a New England college
- One became a director of purchasing of a major oil company
- One became president and general manager of an aerospace pump and hydraulics company.
- Once became a marriage clerk in the Baltimore country courthouse.
- One became superintendent of Roads for a county in Alabama.
- One became a sales manager for a major machine tool company.
- One became a business manager for a union
- One became a high school teacher.
- One became a trainer of race horses.
- One became a printer.

Of our group, seven I could not locate. The other eight or so I never asked what they did after the war.

Appendix

A. Article from the Elyria, OH Chronicle Telegram
B. Honorable Discharge, Certificate of Service
C. Photograph, the Mine Platoon
D. Roster Mine Platoon
E. 100th Division Organization and Combat Narrative
F. What we never did from Oct. 1944 until May 1946
G. Awards
H. After the War
I. Other Information that I Remembered Later
J. Any Discharge Papers

From Oct. 1944 until May 1946 we never:

Sat on a toilet
Sat in a chair
Drank out of a glass
Slept in a bed
Ate at a table
Had a shower or a bath
Spent any money
Purchased anything
Had but one change of clothes
Talked on the telephone
Listened to a radio
Went to a movie
Ate in a restaurant
Slept with a sheet or blanket
Sat by a warm fire
Slept eight hours straight
Had a soft drink
Slept in a warm building
Saw the Red Cross, U.S. Salvation Army or Chaplain
Saw a doctor or a dentist
Felt safe, comfortable, happy or easy
Saw a beautiful woman

Awards

Misc. Medals
Bronze Star
Combat Infantryman's Medal
Two Battle Stars (should have been three)