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Amick, Allen E.

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PHILIP ...



AUG. 1945 IN GERMANY AGE 22
HIGHEST RANK - STAFF SERGEANT - SEE PAGE 81

MOROCCO, ALGERIA, (NORTH AFRICA)

ITALY, FRANCE, GERMANY, AUSTRIA

3RD INFANTRY DIVISION, 15TH REGIMENT - 3RD BATTALION
COMPANY I (ITEM COMPANY)

THE WORLD WAR II DIARY OF ALLEN E. AMICK
U. S. 3rd Infantry Division, 15th Regiment, 3rd Battalion, Company I

NOTE: Words or statements in *italics* are not from the original text, but were added by Jim Amick who retyped the excerpts from the first typed diary.

SHIPMENT OVERSEAS

After my ten days furlough from Oct. 16-28, 1943, I arrived at Fort Mead, MD on Oct. 27. I was processed for overseas duty there and went to Camp Patrick Henry, VA that was a Port of Embarkation. I was there from Nov. 14th until I left for Newport News, VA where I boarded the ship on Nov. 19th. It wasn't a bad camp, but didn't have as nice a barracks as Camp Wheeler, GA where I had my basic training. There were lots of WAC's waiting for shipment overseas also, and we had some on our boat going over. I left Camp Patrick Henry on Nov. 18, but didn't sail until Nov. 19 from Newport News.

The ship I went over on was formerly a big ^{CANADIAN} ~~British~~ luxury liner called "Empress of Japan", but it was renamed, for good reasons "The Empress of Scotland". It took us eight and a half days to make the trip, and we were unescorted, which made me a little nervous. The reason for being unescorted was that they said she was a fast ship and could outrun the subs. We had a brief escort when we left the good ol' USA. and again when we neared Casablanca, North Africa.

The ship had been very beautiful before it was altered for war duty. The dining room had very expensive-looking decorations, and we even had a band playing in the orchestra pit while we were eating. We had turkey for Thanksgiving on the ship. The food was fair, but I never did care for English cooking. While overseas I traveled on six British boats and only two American, so I had enough of the Limey food. For example, I had liver for breakfast with putrid, weak coffee.

It was very warm down in the hold where we were, and I think it had been a room where they had stored the cargo, as it was way down below. It was warm there—there was so little ventilation that some of us slept on the deck one night, or at least tried to. We got a good bath because the waves started coming over the deck. We didn't have a rough trip though. Only one day there was a high wind, and the boat pitched up and down quite a bit. We had lots of Hershey bars and pop on the boat and other PX rations. We had triple-decker bunks to sleep in like the ones you see in pictures. They weren't hammocks, but were supported by iron railings.

NORTH AFRICA

After arriving at Casablanca on Nov. 27, 1943, we went to a camp a few miles out of the city. The day was very warm, and the city and country looked very foreign. After staying there ten days and seeing the town once, I started on another new experience. We

got on the 40 & 8 French railway boxcars and started for Oran, Algeria. This was a two-day and two-night trip across some of the most beautiful, and yet, most desolate and strange country I have ever seen. You see the Arabs living in caves, straw huts, and in mounds built of rocks. They looked like very uncivilized people. We passed through the Atlas Mountains, which were very beautiful: we also went through the desert and semi-arid areas. In some places the one-track railway goes through miles across the desert without seeing any sign of life. If you look at a map of North Africa, the places we went through after leaving Casablanca were Rabat, Fes, Taza, Oudjda, Tlemcen, Sidi Bel Abbes and finally Oran. As we approached Oran, the country got more productive. All along the way the Arab and French kids would beg for "baum-baum", which is French for candy. We were packed like sardines in these small 40 & 8 cars. There were about thirty of us plus our C ration boxes and all our equipment in it. It was so crowded that I couldn't sleep lying down because I was so cramped; I slept a new way - I sat up and slept.

We were stationed in a camp near Oran called Lion Mountain Camp. It was on the side of a big mountain near the Mediterranean Sea, and we really saw lots of the top of this mountain in our daily exercises. I spent Christmas of '43 and New Years of '44 there, the first such holidays away from home. It rained and rained there, and was damp and cold part of the time. We got there during the rainy season, and the first night we slept in tents in a puddle. Later we got cots.

On Dec. 24, '43 I was in my tent shaving when I heard a plane come real low. We were told that the Germans had sent bombers around this area some time ago. I went out of the tent to see. Just as I looked out toward the mountain, one of our big transport planes used by the army crashed into the side of the mountain. As soon as it hit, it was totally engulfed in flames. We were helpless as it burned within a few minutes. No one could give aid and no one escaped.

after a visit to the city of Oran, Algeria with my friend George Martin. *

AND After training for a month at the Lion Mountain camp, we were ready to leave for Italy. This training included an obstacle course and crawling beneath cross-firing machine guns. The following part of my diary gives my doings practically day by day.

* *George Martin was very lucky - he was stationed at*
ITALY *Allied Force Headquarters in Algiers - miles away from the war zone*

Jan. 11, 1944. I arrived in Naples, Italy on a Greek ship run by the British. The trip took four days as I left Oran on Jan. 7. After walking through Naples, we took a train run by diesel engines to the "Racetrack" which was where the replacement depot was located. It was a big racetrack with grand stands. We slept on the ground in tents.

Jan. 13, '44. On this day I was assigned to the 3rd Infantry Division, but as yet to no regiment or company. I said goodbye to Wallace Daniels whom I traveled with from the States. I left by truck with a bunch of others to a spot in the country not far from Naples.

Here we pitched pup tents and stayed overnight. We heard the division was having amphibious training, that it was long and rough training.

Jan. 14, '44. This day I joined Company I, 15th Infantry Regiment. I came to their area by truck in the late afternoon. They were on a hillside near the sea.

Jan. 15, '44. This was the day I heard Gen. *Mark* Clark at a big division parade. It was in a field near Naples. We were getting ready for an amphibious landing, so he gave us a talk and we had a parade review before him.

Jan. 16, '44. Today we began the last three days of amphibious training. I missed out on the first fifteen days, of which I was lucky the boys tell me. It was really a rugged fifteen days of getting little rest, which included long hikes and ten to fifteen hours a day training. We went down to the sea and got on a British transport ship to begin the finale of the amphibious training – a full division practice landing. We stayed on the boat until the evening of Jan. 18.

Jan. 18, '44. This evening our division was to make a practice landing near Salerno. At about 11 p.m. we got into the assault boats. The night was black as the ace of spades, and the water was very choppy. It was so rough that the water started to come in on us, and we all got sick and had to vomit over the sides. We had to continue going in circles for an hour or so until the other boats got loaded and on the way. Soon there was so much water coming into the boat that we were afraid we were going to sink. We began to bail water out with our helmets but it didn't do much good. The boat kept bouncing up and down in the water like a cork. Soon the water was nearly up to our knees, and the driver of the boat said we'd have to go back to the transport ship. Just as he said that, he tried to steer the boat back to the ship, but now there was more trouble. The steering gear wouldn't work for some reason. We were all getting panicky, and I blew up my Mae West life belt. Some of the boys started throwing their equipment overboard – their packs, belts with ammunition, even rifles, and gas masks to lighten the boat. *Overloading* was the trouble- later I found out that there were forty in the boat and it was only made to hold about thirty-five. Finally we got going to the transport ship and made it safely. Thank God. We were drenched, so we dried our clothes, and the British served us coffee. I found out later that that episode was worse than the actual landing at Anzio, even though we didn't even make an actual landing in the practice run. Later I saw Jim Bond. He was sure glad to see me, and I him. His boat actually sank, but not until he was rescued by another boat. Some boys weren't so fortunate. We learned that even some of the big barges with amphibious vehicles on them sank in the Bay of Salerno, so it was a rough night. After spending the remainder of the night on the transport, we landed again near Naples and went back to our bivouac area to pack, for we were to leave for an unknown spot in a day or so to make the real landing. Where we were to land was not to be known until after we got on the boats.

Jan. 20, '44. We got on the boat in Naples harbor. We had packs, rifles and ammunitions belts, but we had lots of extra equipment, which loaded us down, such as several extra bandoliers of ammunition and grenades. Some of the boys had pull charges

for blowing up pillboxes; others had bangalore torpedoes for blowing barbed wire, so we were loaded down. I didn't do much while I was on the boat. I read my Bible mostly and prayed that I'd come out of this thing alive. I took the attitude that if I must die, I die, and worry isn't going to help – only faith in the Lord above.

Jan. 21, '44. At midnight we had a prayer service given by the regimental chaplain. He also gave a similar service on the boat before landing in Southern France.

D-DAY AT ANZIO

Jan. 22, '44. We were given information after we had gotten out to sea that we were to land at 2 A.M. Jan. 22nd on the shore of Italy near the port towns of Anzio and Nettuno, 20 miles southwest of Rome. Our big objective was to take Rome. On the left of us were the British (1st Division), and we were the only American division except for a group of U.S. Rangers. Our objective, Rome, was not taken for four months after we landed *because* there were not enough troops to keep pushing ahead, and of course, the terrain was to Jerry's advantage since he was looking down our throats from the mountains ahead of us. I was told that I would carry some communications equipment, so I figured I'd be loaded down with a big radio or something. It happened differently though since they had enough other *men* to carry the equipment. We loaded on assault boats a little past midnight. The sea was calm, thank God, compared to the other night off Salerno. We were told not to load our rifles since this was a night attack, and we couldn't stand the risk of shooting our own men in the dark. We'd have to use only bayonets and be as quiet in the landing as possible, *because* the surprise element is always big in determining the outcome of *an* attack. After getting in the assault boats, we were given the signal to take off for shore. Then we had trouble again, but I took the trouble with a sigh of thankfulness. The steering gear wouldn't work, so we had to be transferred to a L.C.I. (Landing Craft Infantry) boat. But holy smoke! When we got down inside the boat it was loaded with gasoline. We were just praying from then on that Jerry wouldn't fire at us. We could hear our naval guns and rockets going off. We were to have landed at 2 A.M. but were delayed because of the steering gear. It was about 4 A.M. when we were transferred again onto another assault boat and made a quiet landing at about 4:30 A.M. I got wet up to my knees. We didn't know where our company was, so we stuck by the officer in charge. We heard that it had been a quiet landing – no resistance. A German armored car was taken by surprise; that's about all I heard. Trucks, tanks and amphibious vehicles were being landed already. We walked off the beach, up a cliff, and we followed the white tape strung to guide us to our company area. It started to get daylight after a little while, and we were on a stone country road. There were no houses around, just bare flat land. For the first time I saw the mountains, and I wondered how we would go over them. I found out four months latter. Then I saw some airplanes fly over, and they were ours, giving air support. We came to a thinly wooded area—about like the scrub oak land around Hessville (*in Hammond, IN*). We were told to dig in there. This was my first foxhole in combat. I dug about a foot down, and of all the luck—struck water, but so did all the rest of the guys. Just then we heard planes again, but these didn't fly gently by. Before I knew it, I heard them make a dive, and I knew

then it was Jerry. I jumped in my hole. They strafed and bombed the boats in the harbor, and with the noise of the planes and ships' ack-ack guns going off, it was quite a racket for a while. Then all was clear again. After we had a cold C -ration breakfast, we were told that "I" Company was down the road a piece, so we fellows from the company started down the same road that we came up on from the beach. Just as we got down the road a mile or so, some more planes came over. We didn't know if they were ours or not. They weren't since they dived again. We were not far from the harbor. We all made a dash for a spot under a bridge in a ditch. I dived in under the bridge, scraping my hand on the concrete. The planes seemed to be strafing right on top of us, but I guess they were trying to hit the ships again. After that it was a pretty quiet day except for noises of guns in the direction of the mountains where the fighting was going on. We looked all afternoon and still couldn't find the company, so we went back to the area that we came from and waited until the whole group of us there started out for battalion headquarters. We arrived at a small town at a crossroads. It really wasn't a town, just some houses. We dug holes again and stayed there all night. We could see fires in one direction and the sky was all lit up. We had guard duty, and it was very cold. We slept in foxholes. Guns went off all night in the distance.

Jan. 23, '44. After breakfast of C rations, we hung around this crossroads and decided to dig our holes deeper for fear of shelling or bombing or strafing. Just as I got the roof over my hole, a plane started to take a dive, so I took one dive too—in my hole. I just got into it in time when I heard something thump on the roof and I saw dirt fly outside. It was either flak landing from the boat's fire, or else it was the actual strafing of the plane. Most of the fellows thought it was flak from the ship's ack-ack. In the afternoon I rejoined "I" Company *for* the first time since back on the ship. I got back just in time to move out. "Move out" was one phrase that was going to be familiar with me from then on, because we were continually on the move the two weeks at Anzio before I got wounded. "Dig in", "Move out", little sleep and cold C rations gave you little appetite. I guess I didn't have an appetite those two weeks as I was so nervous and so tired due to lack of sleep, that I didn't feel like eating. Towards the end of those two weeks before I got hit, I had no appetite at all. I couldn't stand even to eat the C ration biscuits. Towards the last, I was eating mostly hard candy out of the C rations. Those two weeks were my toughest in combat. We marched from where I met up with the company, and on the march I saw my first dead Krauts. They had been riding on a motorcycle, and someone threw a grenade at them. They weren't a very good thing to see, what was left of them. Our whole battalion was on the road, and we marched all night. Finally, after about 4 o'clock, we stopped, and I parked my weary bones in a bunch of straw along side a chicken house. We were there about an hour when we were told to move out again.

Jan. 24, '44. We walked until about 6 o'clock, and then dug in again in an open field, except there was a little stream running by. I tried sleeping, but the sun was so bright I couldn't sleep. I guess I had the jitters and couldn't sleep. We couldn't heat food up because Jerry might spot our smoke, so it was another day of cold C rations. I couldn't stand the Nescafe cold, so I drank either chocolate drink or lemon drink. We were dirty—my hands were caked with mud because I used them to dig my holes. Later, I got very sore hands from not being able to wash them. The skin would get dry and would

crack from the mud sticking on and drying; so I had sore hands to add to my misery. These were the filthiest living conditions I've ever had. We didn't stay in this place either. We moved across this open field, but kept towards the ditch for protection. We were out nearly onto the open road when Jerry started throwing a few mortars. We all hit the ground—then advanced after things quieted down. We took another road, crossed a bridge, and took over a forward position from another company on the other side of the bridge. We were in holes again. I didn't get much sleep that night either as almost all of us was on guard, listening closely for any enemy noises. Jerry would throw in some mortars or 88 shells once in a while, but luckily they went over us and hit right in back of us.

Jan. 25, '44. In the morning our air force was out as usual. We remained in our positions and tried to keep down in our holes out of sight so Jerry wouldn't throw anything else at us. In the afternoon I saw a dog fight between two planes, but Jerry got away before our plane could get at him very well. In the evening after dark, I saw three or four of Jerry's* planes get shot down by our ack-ack guns. This seemed to be one of Jerry's Luftwaffe days, but he didn't fare too well. One of the planes caught fire like you see in the movies, and it cracked up and made a heck of a noise blowing up when it crashed.

Jan. 26, '44. I can't remember exactly what happened from here on, according to days, but I do know we moved from one place to another continually, not encountering much of anything except shellfire now and then. I went on my first patrol—a contact patrol to K Company with another fellow. It only lasted a half hour.

Jan. 28, '44. This was a bloody day for the 3rd Division or at least for the 3rd battalion of the 15th Infantry. We began a long attack in the late afternoon covering about a mile before we were to reach our objective. The attack started off to a very bad start. We were too far to the right of our area—in fact we were in the 30th Infantry Regiment's area, and just as we walked into that area, the artillery was to put in a barrage to prepare the way for the 30th Infantry's attack. So we walked right into our own artillery barrage. That was the first time I was ever in anything like that; only one other time—the day that I got hit on the Siegfried Line, did we get into our own artillery, but it only lasted ten minutes. This one lasted twenty minutes, but it seemed longer. It was all new to me, so I just took it for granted that it was part of the infantryman's tough luck to get a little of his own artillery in on him once in awhile. But I did think they were overdoing it. That stuff just blew in on us like something being thrown at you about 200 miles an hour, and it was probably coming that fast, if not faster. I was lying in an open field—no protection whatsoever as there just were no holes around, and it was coming in all around me. I was in a little gully. But the Lord was with me again that day, too, and I prayed plenty. There were about forty casualties in that barrage, but fortunately only a few got killed. One sergeant broke down and said he couldn't take it anymore, so they sent him back for having battle fatigue. We continued the attack as planned despite becoming disorganized. One lieutenant killed a couple stubborn Krauts who wouldn't come out of some bushes. I was up towards the front of the company, as I wanted to keep contact with my squad leader. I regretted following him a short time later. As we neared some houses, enemy machine guns started to fire at us. We had reached the road near the houses and hit the

* JERRY WAS THE NAME THAT THE BRITISH SOLDIER NICK-NAMED
A GERMAN SOLDIER - I BELIEVE IT ~~BEGAN~~ IN WORLD WAR I,
STARTED

dirt in a ditch near the road. We couldn't find where the machine gun fire was coming from, so we were hopelessly pinned down. The sad part of the affair was that the rest of the company was no longer behind us but had gone another direction. So there we were, a few men away out in no-man's land. Mortars started to come in to add to the discomfort. One mortar shell hit a house that several of our men were standing behind. One man was wounded and we couldn't get him out of the area. We waited in the ditch until dark; then we hi-tailed it back to where we found the remainder of the company. We really sweated out that attack—first the barrage, then being pinned down by machine guns and mortars. I thought that if we lay in that ditch very long, we'd be surrounded, but we were fortunate.

Jan. 30, '44. Today we made the attack down the Mussolini Canal. The plan of attack was to go down the canal because it was the only piece of terrain that gave us some protection. The rest of the country was flat *where* we were *easily* observed by Jerry, so this canal was our best route of attack. The banks were very steep. We had to walk along the water's edge where it was very muddy and slippery. We waded some of the way because of this and slipped many times into the muddy water and on the muddy banks. By the time I got half way down the canal, I looked like a pig after he had wallered in the mud. I was literally mud coated from head to foot. We'd slip every few steps, so we waded where we couldn't walk the bank. Everything went O.K. until we got to a point where the canal was observed from a house *where* Jerry could fire machine guns from into the canal; so this spot in the canal was a death trap, and it practically stopped our attack. When we got up near this place we dug in along the muddy banks. Fellows were coming back wounded and we knew the going was tough. When we were ordered to move out, we knew it was going to be a hot spot up ahead. Again we were fortunate, because as we neared this place in the canal, we heard artillery shells zoom over us, and they were our's aiming at the house. They really hit the house right, too. Just a few of our artillery shells sent this large brick farmhouse tumbling to the ground before our eyes. The machine gun nest was knocked out, but not after holding a battalion up for half the day, wounding many and killing some of the boys. That was the first day that I saw dead Americans. They didn't make a person feel very comfortable, either, seeing them lying so white in the muddy canal water or along the muddy banks. We advanced cautiously and up out of the canal into an open field. It was dusk then and we were told to dig in again. Most of the boys weren't digging very deep holes, and I was so tired I didn't feel like digging a very deep hole either. Later, I regretted it as Jerry threw in a barrage that night all around us. I was praying for safety and wished I had a deeper hole. So did the other guys. About midnight we were told that we were going to move out about 12:30 A.M. for the town of Cisterna. It was a town that the U.S. Rangers were supposed to have gone into that night. They told us that we were to go in there after they did and help clean out the town. This town, Cisterna, was another trap for our troops and we never saw the town only from the distance, and didn't get into the town until the last of May, four months later. The Rangers had been trapped in there, so our plans were changed. The Rangers had gotten into town O.K., but once they got into town, Jerry put a pincher movement around the town trapping our troops. He used everything he had to annihilate the Rangers. Tanks were turned on them trying to flee, and there were plenty of mortars and 88's. Only a handful of Rangers got back to our lines, the majority killed.

Their bodies were still lying where they fell on Jan. 30, when we went into Cisterna on May 25th, the reason being that the country around Cisterna had become a no-man's land. Cisterna, however was a strong point in Jerry's defensive system around the beachhead. Cisterna was located on the main highway to Rome, Highway 7, so this highway was important to Jerry's transportation system. We got within 1,000 yards of Cisterna on Jan. 30 but didn't get into the town until four months later. Instead of attacking Cisterna, due to the failure of the Rangers to get into the town successfully, our company went on a patrol this night. A patrol was usually made up of just half-dozen or so men. We were to search houses and it was a long, tiresome hike across the country. We searched several houses at first, found nothing, so went on to a third house. We rested here for a while, and while in the farmyard, one of our fellows fell in a hole in which there were two Jerrys hiding. Just then a Jerry machine gun opened up not far away (no more than a hundred yards). Our machine gun fired back. These two Krauts who were hiding in the hole that we captured decided it was a good time to make a break for it, so we mowed them down with our machine gun. Their machine gun was silent after that, so they were out of commission also. After that incident, we started back to where we came from, and searched the other two houses again that we had searched before. We got back to our area about 4 A.M. I don't think I was ever so tired in my life.

Jan. 31, '44. I no more than got in my hole to try to get a little sleep, when we were ordered to move out again. We moved out along a main road and dug in again. Our tanks were firing at some Jerries in a farmhouse nearby. Several shells put the house in flames. We started to make an attack toward the house, but Jerry threw mortars in right near us as we started our attack. We were ordered back to our holes for some reason and stayed in them until nightfall. We were ordered to move out at dusk; and we then advanced up a hill. We neared a bridge on the road; just before getting to the bridge, Jerry opened up with a machine gun from a house right across the canal from the other side of the bridge. Here we were pinned down in a bad place, as it was a broad, flat, open field. We all hit the ground, and the machine gun fired at us for what seemed like hours. I seemed helpless and didn't know what to do there in the open field. It was still fairly light, to, almost dusk. Finally the gun stopped, and I made a dash with a few others for a ditch by the bridge. The first few boys who ran across the bridge didn't make it to the other side, as Jerry had the bridge zeroed in. I waited until the machine gun stopped again, and then made a dash for it across the bridge. It seemed as though I couldn't run fast enough to get across, but I couldn't run too fast as I had so much stuff on my back, and my legs couldn't take me very fast because I was so weary. After getting to the other side, some of the company searched the house and found that the Jerries had taken off. We were ordered to dig in around the house about midnight. I had my hole all dug and was ready to dive in to get some rest when my squad leader came up to me and said "Amick, you'll have to dig another hole up farther." Boy was I disgusted. After all my little energy I had in me, I had to dig a hole that I couldn't use. So I began digging a hole with my hands and shovel about twenty or thirty feet ahead of the hole I had just dug. By the time I got it dug, it was about 5 o'clock in the morning—just one hour to rest as we pulled out about 6 A.M. for an attack on some woods down the road. We got only a little way in the woods when a few rifle shots were fired at us. I thought someone was hiding behind a tree ahead of me, so I shot three or four times—the first time I fired my rifle in

combat. Later I found out it just looked like someone behind the tree as I was just shooting at some old log. But some of the boys thought they knew where the shots were coming from, so there happened to be a tank destroyer along the road, and our officer asked the man in the tank to fire into a certain point in the woods. He fired about a dozen shells, but they didn't get the Jerry, I don't think. We were told to fix bayonets and advance. That was the only attack I have ever made with bayonets fixed to rifles, and thank God we didn't have to use them. There were lots of Jerry dugouts that we advanced on with elaborate roofs on them, but no one was in them, so we advanced out of the woods into an open field. Some of the company was searching houses near the open field, while we made a run across the open field. A sniper fired from one of the houses, and the tanks started firing into the houses, blasting them to bits. We had only gotten across the field, when a machine gun opened up on us again. We all dived into a ditch. I remember one boy that the sniper fired at while he ran across the field. This boy really had a close shave. The bullet hit his helmet, went in and around his helmet liner and just put a gash in his head—just enough to hospitalize him for a while. He was lucky that the slug hit his helmet a certain way and just made a gash in his head. Now that we were in the ditch, we couldn't advance as the machine gun was firing right over our heads; also snipers were firing. We just had to stick in the ditch and sweat it out, and we did some sweating, as the ditch wasn't any too deep. If anyone raised his head the slightest—zoom, a bullet would whiz by. They were really zeroed in on us. We had to lay there in the ditch all the rest of the morning and afternoon until it got dark. Then we knew it was time for us to get out quickly. We got up and quietly walked back to where the rest of the company was—in back of some houses. Our company moved out that night, and dug-in in a woods. Just as I was finishing a cup of cold C-ration lemonade and biscuits, which was about all I had to eat that day due to nervousness, we moved out and made an attack against several houses along the road. We didn't get far, either, when some machine guns opened up on us in the darkness. We were ordered to withdraw a few hundred yards. Later I found out that we had advanced farther than we were supposed to have gone. They call it "over-running the objective". We dug in again around a farmhouse and along the road. I dug in along the road. The next morning some of the guys started walking around the house getting water, etc. It didn't take long for Jerry to spot us on Anzio. The terrain was flat as a table, and there were few trees or houses to obstruct his view. He had the high, massive mountains ahead also to his advantage to spot practically everywhere on the beachhead. So in came a barrage. I had done some digging on my hole early that morning. I dug it a few feet deeper, and was I glad I did when they started the barrage. It seems as though the shells were hitting everywhere around me, and they seemed to whiz in about a couple hundred miles an hour. You could hear them coming, and boy, they came fast. Jerry was zeroed in on the road, and it was to the right of me. The shrapnel whizzed all around, making its weird, peculiar buzzing sound. Some small pieces fell in my hole. Jerry shelled all morning and a little on and off in the afternoon. I took it easy, if you could call taking it easy in a foxhole all day with shells flying around. We moved the next morning, but it was only a few houses ahead.

Feb. 4, '44 (Friday). I was so tired I said "nuts" to digging a very deep hole and didn't dig much of a hole. It started to rain about noon, and I put a canvas top over the hole, but

it fell down by the wind. I was just starting to eat when the canvas fell down on me, so I said "Heck, I'll eat this with the other boys in the haystack". The haystack was right by my hole, so I thought I could dive in my hole if they started shelling. It was a quiet day, too, with no shelling in our area. I started to open my can of meat and beans and was talking with the other three boys in the haystack. Just then a shell came in quickly, hit the side of the farmhouse near the haystack and, at the same time, I felt like someone hit me with a sledgehammer on the thigh of my right leg. I thought it was a concussion at first, and after going through some agonizing pain, it felt a little better. I felt around my leg and felt a small hole in my pants, and then I saw blood on my hands. I knew it wasn't a concussion then. One of the boys that were a medic helped me take my combat trousers down, and then he gave me first aid with sulfa powder and wrapped my leg up. I was told to get under a tank nearby to give me some protection in case they shelled some more. There was several other wounded lying under the tank, too. They were hit by the same shell. After a short while, someone told me the aid station was just down the road about 500 yards or so, so they told me to make a dash for it—as if I could dash with my stiff leg. Anyway, they told me to get there as soon as possible as I might be a good target for Jerry. I made it to the aid station. It was a beat-up building and they were evacuating it because things were really "too hot" for an aid station there at the time. The doc said I looked weak, so he gave me some blood. I guess I was about exhausted, that's why I looked pale and weak. Shortly after getting the pint of blood, I was taken by jeep to an evacuation hospital near the beach. Then I got transferred to another evac hospital. During the time I was in this other hospital on the beachhead, the first hospital got hit by bombs from a Jerry plane. I remained on the beachhead in the hospital for nearly a week.

Feb. 11, '44. I was taken to the port of Anzio where I was transported by boat to Naples. It was the first and only time I was on a hospital ship. This was a British hospital ship. I was treated by British nurses and doctors, *who* were very good to me.

Feb. 12, '44. I arrived in Naples on the hospital ship this morning and was transferred by stretcher to an ambulance. I was taken to the 21st General Hospital located in the Naples fair ground area. Naples had had a big fair similar to the Chicago World Fair. It was a large fair ground with palm and citrus trees all over the grounds—very beautiful surroundings. The architecture of the buildings was of modern design, similar to those of the Chicago and New York fairs. I was put in one of these buildings, which made up the hospital. I hadn't been operated on because it wasn't necessary to extract a small piece of shrapnel out of my hip. My wound was just cleaned, and I was ordered to stay in bed for a week or so. I was glad I was in the hospital at that time, as Anzio was plenty "hot" then. Jerry was counter-attacking. I met a lot of my friends from basic training here, including Wallace Daniels who visited me. Jim Bond from my company got injured and was there, as well as Gene Burr from K Company, Albert Vander Hayden of Mishawaka, Conley Poole of South Bend—all boys who were in basic training with me.

March 7, '44. I left the hospital and arrived at the 2nd Replacement Depot, the Racetrack, near Naples, where I was first stationed when I came to Italy in January. Here I met some of my old friends from basic training including Gene Burr again, Fate Cribbe, Bill Glasgow and several others. I went on sick call and got a week's medical hold. I felt

all right, but I had a chance at staying in the replacement depot, so I took advantage of it and got a week's rest. We had to sleep in pup tents as the large perimeter tents were all filled. We had several air raids that week and some while at the hospital. While at the hospital we would wake the next morning and somebody would say, "Did you hear the big air raid they had in the harbor last night?" but lots of us slept right through them. One night at the replacement depot, I remember I told someone it was an excellent night for an air raid, and I was right. There was a bright moon, good for Jerry to see all the ships to bomb in Naples harbor; so sure enough, about 2:30 A.M. the flak started to go up from our ack-ack guns. It was a beautiful sight, if you could call flak beautiful. The only trouble was the darn Jerry planes seemed to be right over the racetrack most of the time. The racetrack would be a good target too, I thought, with all those troops in it.

March 15, '44. Today at noon I left the replacement depot with just a pack, gas mask, rifle and ammunition belt for Anzio again. How I dreaded it, but somebody has to win this war, I thought. We ~~road~~ rode in an L.S.T. (Landing Ship Transport).

RIDE

March 16, '44. We arrived in Anzio harbor just in time for a few of Jerry's railroad guns to fire into the harbor. Later this railroad gun was called the "Anzio Express" as it came in so fast and would always hit in the vicinity of Anzio harbor. So we were sweating it out again, already. We walked a few miles to a bunch of foxholes a little way outside of Anzio. A few shells came in but hit around Anzio. We waited for trucks, got on them and went to a place familiar to me. It was a big farmhouse by the cross roads where we had guarded the second night after landing on Anzio. We dug in there although it was seven or eight miles from the front lines. They said they were shelling around this area. They weren't wrong either as a few *shells* came in just on the other side of the road from where we were. I cursed the trucks when they came as I was beginning to get ready for bed, but I found out why they came at dusk. Jerry had an advantage over us in terrain. He had the mountains and all the high ground before us and could observe perfectly every move we made on the front, so all our work had to be done at night. We just had to reverse an ordinary man's way of living. Sleep in the daytime in our holes, and come out at night to do all our work, such as getting rations, going to the toilet and going on patrols. So we did our truck riding at night too. It took us until 2:30 in the morning to get to Company "I". By the time I got there everyone was getting up to do their last duties, such as getting water, going to the toilet and doing what they had to do before daylight. I easily understood how Jerry had such good observation when it got light, because there the mountains were right before us, and Jerry was looking down our throats. The mountains seemed closer to me since I last saw them, but I found out they weren't; in fact, we hadn't gained any ground since I left them on Feb. 4th. The whole beachhead had changed from an offensive war to a defensive war. Both Jerry and us had dug strong positions along the Mussolini Canal. Each side had fortified every single stone farmhouse along the front, strung lots of barbed wire, and sewed mines in no man's land. The whole front was unchanged since I left, except Jerry had taken about 1,000 yards away from us in one of his vicious counterattacks with the aim to drive the beachhead forces back to the sea. We had gained only a few houses back. That was strange at Anzio. One house would be held by us and then the next house, maybe 500 or 600 yards away would be held by Jerry, so we couldn't do any running around on Anzio

in the daytime for that reason, too. It wasn't quiet, though in the daytime. Shells were going both directions most of the time, and the air corps on both sides were bombing and strafing. I saw about four or five Jerry planes shot down one day.

March 18 & 19, '44. Our battalion got their first rest on the beachhead after nearly 70 days of rugged fighting. About the safest spot on the beachhead was in a pine forest along the shore. We had all the luxuries of a rest camp there, including good hot food, movies, real hot showers, a swing band, and plenty of time to take life easy for a change without worrying about shells lighting in on us. It didn't last long enough, though-- just the weekend. Monday (March 20, '44) we were back in our holes again eight miles from "Paradise in the Pines".

March 20, '44. We took it easy in our shattered farmhouse today. There was only one change in it since we left, as the living room of the house that we formerly used to sleep in was demolished. Apparently someone was out walking around in daylight and Jerry spotted him. Anyway, I was glad I was at rest camp when the front room fell in. I went on a patrol the first night we were back. About six of us and a lieutenant went on a reconnaissance patrol out in front of our lines to see if we could hear where Jerry's positions were located. We crossed the Mussolini Canal and just a few hundred yards on the other side of it we laid down in the grass to listen—listen for any Krauts. Just laying in no-man's land, listening, gives you the "willies", but with a few shells zooming by now and then, it "livens" things up a bit. We lay there for two hours; they seemed like two years. We heard nothing so we started back and got back about one o'clock or so in the morning.

March 25, '44. We moved at night to a new area and relieved A Company in a ditch beside a little stream. A road ran by the ditch and there was one of our tanks knocked out on the road. Jerry wasn't far from us here. There was quite a bit of shelling. One new man got killed here, his first night with the company. A motor shell came in near his hole. Each of us in my squad pulled guard on a machine gun that was facing down another ditch that bisected the ditch *where* we were dug in. Our machine gun was zeroed in down this ditch, as that was the most logical spot for Jerry to come to make an attack. He had the same idea and put a machine gun down on his end of the canal, about 500 or so yards down the canal. It was a hot spot to guard because every time we made the slightest noise, and especially while we were changing guards, he seemed to open up with a few bursts over our heads with his machine gun. This was a hot spot for artillery and mortars, too.

March 28, '44. On this glad night we were relieved by the 34th division. It was there first time on the beachhead, and they acted like it, too. By the time they got up the road and to the ditch where we were, they had lost twenty some men in their company due just to carelessness in making too much noise getting up front. Artillery and mortars were thrown at them. We didn't lose one man in getting out of that area. We knew Jerry could hear us, and we knew he knew where we were but didn't know when we were moving out.

March 29, '44. We were moved by truck to an area along the beach. After a hot meal, the first since the rest camp ten days ago on March 19th, we were ordered to dig deep foxholes, because we were going to be here for an indefinite time, and Jerry was still shelling the harbor nearby. A Mexican boy from Joliet, Illinois, Ralph Carrillio and I dug in together. We were all ordered to put a heavy roof over our holes to protect us from strafing and flack, because Anzio harbor was still being bombed by air, too.

March 30, '44. We began training here on the beachhead just eight miles from the front lines. It was just regular training, a lot of it silly, but that's the army for you; no rest even though you've been run through the wringer for the last two and a half months. We had entertainment, including a movie tent. Of course, you always had to sweat out an air raid in the middle of a good picture and sometimes run for the nearest hole.

April 13, '44. On this date we were moved up front again, but the regiment got a break this time as they were put in divisional reserve, and we were lucky *because* we were back with the artillery. Here we had a continuation of training as we had back by the beach. We were in foxholes with roofs again, and had hot chow brought out to us by jeep. The mountains were closer to us, and we could take field glasses and see the towns of Cori and Vellitri up along the side of the mountains. We had some shells come in every once in a while too. I remember one night Jerry made a direct hit on an ammunition dump not so far from us. That thing really made the noise and burned from supertime till dark. It seems Jerry knew it was our chow time, as it seemed to be chow hours when he'd fire a few rounds of artillery over our heads. We had no casualties in our company, but in L Company there were several who were killed by shells coming in while they were out drilling.

April 27, '44. We were relieved and went back to the pines rest camp along the beach for a few days. I saw Jack Cook who was on the beach training while we were in the pines.

May 1, '44. We left the pines and moved into the 45th Division training area. It had been our training area before, also. The 45th moved up front again. We were training each day. Later we found out that we were training to break out of the beachhead. There were three ways of cracking the beachhead. One way was attacking through the British sector closest to Rome, but it was the most heavily mined of the three ways and most heavily defended since it was on the left flank closest to Rome. The *second* way was difficult, too, as it was through our front, the part of the front we had been defending. It was the route through Cisterna and over the rugged mountains. I never expected them to use this way, myself; the mountains were too formidable a defense. The third way of cracking the beachhead was on the right flank, which was protected by the Pontaine Marshes and the Mussolini Canal. The third way was never used. The other two ways were used to crack the beachhead at the same time. We had special emphasis on attacking pillboxes. We also had quite a few night problems. *I WAS 21 ON MAY 3.*

May 21, '44. We packed up to start out for the big push. As you remember, Cassino and the Cassino line had been broken on May 12, and the Hitler Line had been penetrated a few days later, so this push from the beachhead was timed with the push up from the

south. I was told that I would be in the reserve company, so I was pretty happy about that, knowing I might be kept there for a few days.

May 23, '44. This was the bloodiest day the division ever had—995 casualties in one day, the most any single division has had in a day. It was obvious that it would be tough, as Jerry had four months to prepare defenses and he had all the advantages of terrain to defend himself. I was fortunate, as I was in reserve. The artillery preparation for the attack went off from midnight till dawn, when the attack started. Two thousand guns were used on this small beachhead of 10 miles long and 8 miles at the widest point. The air corps was out, as well as some of the ships bombarding along the coast. I didn't stay in reserve as long as I thought I might. I was called up at 9 P.M. the first day of the attack. We went by trucks to a forward area, then walked till almost daylight. I met one of our lieutenants, Lt. Wisinski. He was coming back on the jeep and had been hit twice, once in the arm and in the head. → SEE BELOW

May 24, '44. We were up close to the front now, but couldn't advance because of mortars coming in near us. There was lots of artillery going towards Jerry's positions, and the sky was lit up all night with flares all over the battlefield. We took a route through one of the many canals or ditches and came on a road. It was getting daylight so we were sweating out getting spotted and having some shellfire come in. There were shell holes all over, trees were ripped to pieces and the masonry farmhouses in this area were blown to the ground. We didn't get far down the road when we were told to dig in on the side of the road in a ditch. We stayed there all day and things weren't so quiet as shells came in now and then. We saw a lot of German prisoners coming back down the road; some were just kids. We were ordered to move about 5 o'clock, so we started down the road. We hit an asphalt road, the first one I had seen in this area. This road was once a hot spot as there were dead GI's and Jerry's lying along it. It was still a hot place, as a few shells started coming in, hitting not far off. We approached a town and, sure enough, it was Cisterna. It had finally been entered, but there were still Jerries in it. We finally came to our company located between Highway 7, the main road into Cisterna, and the railroad tracks. We had finally cut Jerry's main transportation system on this side of the mountains. Company I was dug in along the railroad tracks and along the highway. I was exhausted when I got to the company at 10 P.M. I started to dig in. It was still a hot place as there were machine guns firing toward us, and shells were coming in. We didn't get any sleep that night as we were constantly on guard for a counter attack.

May 25, '44. In the morning we moved out through Cisterna, the way we came. Our objective was not Cisterna, but to by-pass it. Another battalion had the job of taking it. We had trouble getting out of town as we were pinned down by machine gun fire coming down the main street, Highway 7. We finally advanced down the highway across a bridge and through an underpass that the railroad went over. Then we spread out in an open field, heading in the direction of Cisterna again but going around it this time. We came to a stone quarry with a factory building around it and, after getting past it 300 yards we were pinned down by an artillery barrage. Jerry had seen us crossing the field, so he zeroed in on the quarry and factory. I went into the factory building to see about a

* A TELEVISION STORY ON THE WAR IN 2007 SAID THE BEACHHEAD WAS 15 MILES BY TEN MILES.

radio to call for artillery. Just then some big shells came, hitting around the factory. We all got under big slabs of stone. Then we heard the call for a medic. Several got wounded. One man was hurt pretty badly. He *had* shrapnel wounds in the leg, arm and head. We couldn't get any stretcher-bearers for him, so we had to keep him in the factory. I went out to see if we could get stretcher-bearers from the battalion medics, and just as I got out between the factory and a house, a shell gave me a scare as it exploded just to the left of me. I went back into the factory and sweated out another barrage under a slab of stone. If one shell hit the factory, as they were nearly doing, there would be a lot of casualties *because* everyone was bunching up in this one spot. Shingles were flying off the roof, and the badly wounded man *wanted* attention, so we were in a bad spot. Things finally quieted down, and our artillery put a barrage and a smoke screen to hide our attack, which we continued again to make across the field. I was looking for a big barrage to come in but, fortunately, we got across that bare, open field with no trouble. From there on it was smooth sailing, although we were sweating it out the whole afternoon. We got into the hills and vineyards close to the mountains now. We kept on going all evening. The whole company was spread out in one single line. We went through a big woods and could see the town of Cori very plainly nestled on the next hill ahead, which was the first mountain. We stopped just before we got to Cori that night, but we heard Cori had been entered already.

May 26, '44. We started in the morning about 10 a.m. for Cori. and by the time we got on the road, everything that could move on wheels was going toward Cori and the mountains. The breakthrough had been successful. We were in reserve now, so we had a long hike to catch up with the advance units. The road was jammed with vehicles bumper-to-bumper, as this was the only road to Cori and through the mountain pass to the main Highway 6, called Via Casilina, which went from Rome through Cassino to Naples. Our next objective was to cut this main transportation line. It didn't take us long to get to the town of Cori, and when we got there on the side of the mountain, we understood why Jerry had the advantage of terrain; we could see all across the flat lands of the former beachhead from this town. Every road, house and ditch could be made visible on the flat lands that we had come up out of. Another spectacular sight, which we saw at Cori, was eight or ten huge German Tiger tanks, the biggest tanks I had ever seen. They were all destroyed, either by our artillery or air force, or probably Jerry ran out of gas and left them after setting them afire. Outside of Cori was another spectacular sight, but a sight I later saw many times, especially after we broke one of Jerry's defense lines. Bumper-to-bumper were Jerry vehicles, all knocked out by our air corps, or abandoned by Jerry because of incessant air raids on this particular convoy. Equipment and vehicles were scattered all along the road for several miles. Some dead Krauts were along the road. One of the worst sights I saw was a Kraut tank that had been knocked out, probably by our air force. In the tank turret was a Kraut burned black like charcoal. As we went farther we knew the air corps must have gotten most of them because there were shell holes all around, and most of the cars, trucks and tanks were burned up. Around noon we stopped to rest near a railroad station just off the road. Some planes came over, and they were ours, but one started to make a dive down the road. Everyone knew he was going to strafe, so we all hit the ground. He dropped a couple bombs and flew off. I figured he didn't know we had advanced so far and thought it was Jerry vehicles. The bomb hit a

jeep and killed a few guys. But it was a mistake by the air corps, and it's a wonder no more than a few got killed as the vehicles were parked bumper-to-bumper waiting for the signal from up front to move on. After that tragedy, we threw *out* yellow smoke pots every time we saw planes come over. That was the signal for friendly troops in the area. This wasn't the only time that the air corps strafed and bombed his own troops, but I know of only one other time that a plane of ours dived at us, and that was near the Seigfried Line. He dived at us, and our ack-ack fired at him, but he didn't strafe. After the strafing, we had lunch and moved out again down the road. The road was jammed with our vehicles, and Jerry's vehicles were all burned and smashed along the sides of the road. We went into a small town, called Giuglianello, and waited there for trucks. The town was badly shelled, and people were coming back to their homes from the hills. We got on trucks at 4 p.m. or so, and General O'Daniel led the convoy in his jeep. We were going through a valley, and, all of a sudden, some shells came in and exploded right along the road next to the truck in front of the one I was in. It careened to the side of the road and stopped. I heard some wounded guys yell for aid. We climbed out of our truck in a grand scramble and ran for the ditches on the side of the road opposite to where the shells came in. Jerry knew we had to use this road, and he probably had a view of our trucks coming down the road, especially because the roads were dusty, and he could spot the clouds of dust. Anyway, the shells hit practically on the truck in front of us wounding several and killing an officer and two or three men. One man who was killed was our company mail clerk. He had been in the bed next to mine at the 21st General Hospital at Naples when I was there in February. We were all ordered to stay off the trucks by General O'Daniel, who came speeding by in his jeep. He didn't hang around that spot long, but took off in the direction opposite to direction from where we came. We were ordered to move into a small canyon through which a creek ran. The whole 3rd battalion was in the canyon, and we stayed there till nightfall when we moved into the field that had been shelled. We dug in.

May 27, '44. We moved again in the early hours of morning after getting little sleep that night. We hiked until mid-afternoon and it was very warm. We walked off the highway and up a hill overlooking the town of Artena. The town had just been taken, but there were still snipers on the edges of town. It was a very old-looking town, which looked like it had been built in the middle ages, and it had a medieval appearance. In fact, all the towns looked as though they had been there a long time. We dug in on a mountain overlooking a valley and Highway 6.

May 28, '44. We were ordered this morning to move toward the rear, so we all thought we were getting relieved. There were rumors that if we once got past the beachhead defenses, we would get relieved and not have to go on fighting to Rome. But we were, unfortunately, wrong. Instead of being relieved, we were sent back through Cori to the other side of it up in the mountains to clear them out, as there were reports of a group of Jerries hiding in the mountains. We did get a break in the mountains, though, as there was no artillery around there to give us the willies, but we were still in a nervous position and couldn't relax. Our kitchen sent up hot food in a jeep, so that was another break we got up there. We were in a forest and slept in Jerry-made dugouts. There was only one patrol sent out, and they said that they shot some Jerries in a house, but there weren't

many of them there. We spent a very quiet weekend, including Decoration Day (Memorial Day) in the woods on the mountain. All we did was guard several outposts.

May 31, '44. Our paradise in the mountains ended, and we were sent back to Ardena where the battle was still raging just as fiercely as when we left. Jerry was putting up a big fight for Highway 6 because it was the gateway to Rome, and he needed the highway to keep an escape route open for his troops withdrawing from the Cassino Line in the south. In the late afternoon, after sitting in our holes listening to the artillery and machine guns firing ahead of us, we were ordered to advance. We didn't get very far, though, as our company commander and all our officers, except Lt. Tominac, were ambushed. Lt. Tominac was my platoon leader since I returned from the hospital and *he* later won the Congressional Medal of Honor in France. All of our company officers went on a reconnaissance patrol except Lt. Tominac. They went in a jeep and stuck their necks out too far *running* into an ambush. A flack wagon opened up on them, killing our weapons platoon lieutenant, Lt. Heagerty, and the jeep driver, and injuring our company commander and a sergeant. We were ordered to withdraw back to our positions. I was glad we did, because that night a terrific tank battle raged from dusk until midnight. The noise of the flak wagons, tanks firing, machine guns, mortars and artillery was terrific. No sleep that night. We could see the bursts of tank fire, machine gun mortar and artillery fire everywhere in the valley in front of us. Apparently we were making a big attack for Highway 6, but we were getting everything thrown at us but the kitchen sink. The valley looked like a 4th of July celebration, only on an exaggerated scale. Things were quiet on the morning of June 1st when we started out for an attack, but the valley was still smoking from the shellfire and the burning tanks of the night before. It was the biggest tank battle I ever saw. Our attack went much better than I thought it was going to be because Jerry was throwing a lot of shells around just before the attack, but I guess he withdrew the night after the vicious tank scrap. We went across one big, open field and dug in on the other side near a burning house. We didn't stay there long but moved out through a lot of grape vineyards and apple orchards. We came to a wheat field and dug in again. Our tanks were parked in the field, too. Jerry had a good observation of our walking around while we were in this field, and he lay in some mortars once in a while.

June 2, '44. This afternoon I went on a patrol with Lt. Tominac and about ten others. We went down by some railroad tracks and looked for anything that might look like Jerries. After patrolling along the tracks and in a railroad tunnel, we went to a railroad station near a paved road. This road was Highway 6, which was Jerry's chief transportation line for his armies who were being cut up in the south near Cassino. This road was still being used by Jerry when we were patrolling along it, but we couldn't do anything about that, as we didn't want to be seen. Just as we got across the highway and into a big ditch on the other side of the road, a Jerry soldier on a motorcycle came tearing down the highway. We ducked and soon learned that we were one of the few Americans to have crossed this important road. Our mission was by no means complete yet. We climbed a hill and were given some rough orders. We, eleven or twelve of us, were ordered to defend this hill from any Jerrys coming out of the town of Valmontone, as it was to be attacked that night, and we were to link up with the 30th Infantry Regiment which was to attack this strong-point town along the highway. So we crossed our fingers

and hoped we wouldn't run into anything as were just a dozen privates stuck out in no-man's with our mission to defend this hill. That night was plenty dark. It would be difficult to contact the 30th Infantry, too, on such a dark night. Two of us were in a hole, and we were scattered over the hill, so it was a lonely place. There was plenty of excitement, though, as our artillery began to put in a terrific barrage to make way for the attack. The barrage came in pretty close, and I was praying that our artillery knew we were there and didn't put in any shells on us. The barrage plus our flak wagons blasted away until after midnight. Some of the shells didn't land any too far away from us, either. We were told to take a walk, just the two of us that were in this hole, to try to make contact with the 30th Infantry. We would yell out when we thought we heard G.I.s, but we never did make contact. We were taking a big chance yelling into the enemy's ears, too, so it was a rough night for us. Jerry wasn't far away, either, as we heard them taking off in their half-tracked vehicles and tanks. We were glad to see morning come. Lt. Tominac came after us and took us across the highway again and back to our company. We moved out again in a short while and got on trucks. The 30th Infantry had taken Valmontone, and Jerry had retreated toward Rome. We sped up Highway 6 like nobody's business. We passed by Valmontone, and it was one of the most thoroughly demolished cities I have seen. The barrage of the night before had wrecked it into a mass of stone and hollow walls. We went up the highway to within ten miles of Rome. Then we walked several miles into the country and dug in again. There wasn't any fighting around here, though. Here we were to defend the extreme right flank. There were few good roads in this area, so it was of little importance to Jerry. He had left this part of the country. We dug-in in an open field. It was a bad place to dig in, as there was little cover or concealment. That night Jerry's air force came out and strafed and bombed along Highway 6. We could see him strafing from our positions, and we were afraid he was going to spot our holes in the open field, as it was a bright, moonlight night.

ROME

June 4, '44. Today I was to go on patrol. We got a new lieutenant, a handsome young man named Lt. Kandle. He took about six of us out on a patrol. It was an enjoyable patrol too, for a change, as the Lieutenant let us stop at all the farmhouses that we were searching, and we had plenty of vino, apples, plums and pears. The farmers here had plenty, it seemed, and their homes hadn't been touched by the war. These were about the first intact Italian farm houses I had seen in combat, and so the people were the first happy Italian people I had seen, as they were the only ones I had seen who had not been harmed by the war. They were unharmed and so, being in good spirits, treated us very well. On our patrol we saw the first French troops. They came up a road in tanks and jeeps. They had come up from the Cassino Line. It was good to see somebody else besides your own division. It made you feel you weren't the only outfit fighting the war. We met two Russian ex-prisoners of war. They acted as our guides on the patrol. They had been living with an Italian family nearby and were the first Russians I had seen. After we got back from the patrol, we were dead tired, as it was hot and we had been going from 7:30 a.m. till afternoon. No sooner had we gotten back from patrolling when it was time to move out again. So we walked two miles back to the highway and, instead

of getting on trucks, we started marching, and we didn't stop. We started at 12:30 P.M. and, with only a break of 10 minutes each hour, we marched until after 1 A.M. Monday morning. I thought we were going into Rome, as the highway was jammed with vehicles going that direction, but we by-passed the city and headed north. I thought, well, we won't see Rome now, but we later heard we were going to be garrisoned there, so that was something pleasant to think about. We dug in again in another open field, but we didn't stay there long, only about one hour. A bridge on the northern outskirts of Rome wasn't guarded, so we were chosen to guard it. Just as we were leaving this open field, Jerry's night raider saw us moving out and began strafing us. Several casualties were in another company of our battalion. We moved to this bridge and dug in. It must have been the Tiber River, as that's the only river I know of that flows through Rome. In the morning we moved out again for Rome itself. We heard rumors that Rome had been cleared and rumors that it hadn't, so we didn't know what to expect going into it. We started on foot, and, less than a few blocks past the river where we had dug in, we heard a very weird sound. It was the German's rocket gun, which we called the 'screaming meanies.' The sound of this gun going off is almost indescribable, but the screaming sound is one way of describing it. There are about four or so shells fired all at one time. The people of Rome were cheering us when they fired at us, and they ran like scared rabbits when this gun went off. That was the only resistance made upon our entry into Rome, but it was unforgettable and terrifying. We found the people of Rome very happy, and they would cheer us as we passed in the streets. We rode part of the way in tanks.

As soon as we got into Rome we were given guard duty of the city. I was on guard detail to walk from one square to another about six blocks, or so, distance. We were told when we entered the city that we would be garrison troops there for at least two weeks, but it seems that the Pope didn't want combat troops in the city for fear that the Germans would bomb it, as the city was declared an open city, but, anyway, the Pope wasn't taking any chances. I got one day off before we moved to look over the city, but I didn't get to see nearly enough of it. I got so tired of walking that I decided to take in a movie. It was run by the army, and it was the only movie I have ever been to where they use the sky for lighting. The roof was slid open in two sections, and then when the movie began, the two sections of the roof slid together flatly. The city itself was very interesting, as there were the old buildings and the ancient ruins such as the Coliseum and the Forum. What amazed me were the beautiful modern buildings. There were really some very modern apartment buildings, which were more streamline than any *in the U.S.A.* I think the people impressed me mostly, because we were used to seeing only G.I.'s on Anzio. The civilians *at Anzio* were evacuated, and the civilians in the south of Italy were hard hit by the war; their clothes were poor, they were dirty and looked depressed. But the people of Rome were very well dressed, especially the women. It was a wonderful sight to see: happy, well dressed people again, after seeing all the devastation in the south. Also, Rome was not damaged, except for around the rail yards.

After about ten days of guarding the city we were moved out in the country about twenty miles into woods. We were there about a week, and then went back to Naples. We went by truck to Anzio, but we stopped and bivouacked just before getting to the town. We

kept in condition for the few days we were there by hiking and by taking a few dips in the Tyhrenian Sea off of Anzio. We left Anzio by L.C.I. ships for Naples on June 24th.

June 25, '44. After getting our large perimeter tents set up outside of Naples, I got a pass to visit the city the next day.

July 3, '44. I attended an outdoor movie theater near our bivouac area. We had movies after dark, and I was sitting on the ground waiting for the movie to start while it was getting dark. I happened to glance to the left of me, and who should I see walking down the hill but Jack LaValle, my old school buddy. He had been in the 3rd Division for about six months and I didn't even know it. We had a nice visit and from that time on I ran into him quite a few times overseas.

THE INVASION OF SOUTHERN FRANCE - I WAS ONE IN THE FIRST WAVE TO GO ASHORE

Our purpose for coming back to Naples was to train for the invasion of some place unknown. We didn't know it would be Southern France until after we boarded the boat and were out to sea on the day before the landing on August 14. We put in a lot of rugged training from the latter part of June until about the 6th of August. We had long hikes in the hot summer sun, and it is hot in Italy in the summer. We did have practice beach landings, so we did get our feet wet to cool us off once in a while. I got to see Wallace Daniels, the boy I came across with, and George Martin visited me, also.

Aug. 8, '44. We boarded ships in Naples harbor for the invasion.

Aug. 15, '44. We landed at 8 A.M. on the French Riviera Coast of Southern France. We landed near the town of St. Tropez between Toulon and Nice. It was a successful landing, one of the most perfect, according to army specifications. *I was in the first wave, so I was quite jittery. As we ran onto the beaches, I read a small sign, which read in German, "Achtung Minen". There was a skull and cross bones above the sign and some barbed wire stretched thinly along the beach beside the sign. I thought every step might mean stepping on a mine, so I was sure glad to get off the beach. A few stepped on mines, but none near us. As we got a little way past the beach, Jerry fired an 88 gun from the woods. The shells came close but landed in the water, luckily. Then we ran into a Jerry machine gun nest. We were pinned down for a few minutes, but then advanced and shot and wounded the machine gun crew. We got on top of a hill and looked down into a small building where some Jerrys were. We all fired our rifles at them, but they escaped by the cover of the building and woods. We stayed on top of the large hill mass, which overlooks St. Tropez and waited until it was cleaned out by our paratroopers. We started on a long hike at about 9 P.M., which took us through St. Tropez and through some rugged coastal mountain terrain. We took the main road north and hiked some thirty miles, or so, all the first night and all the next day until late afternoon in some hot, sunny weather. We had only ten-minute breaks every hour and only about an hour in the morning to rest. We finally got onto trucks and did a lot of traveling. We swung north and then west toward Toulon, then northwest to the Rhone Valley. Our artillery did a

swell job of knocking out over 2,000 Jerry vehicles in a ten-mile stretch. Our company acquired several modern-looking autos and some large Jerry trucks that were still intact from this convoy, so we rode in these vehicles, which saved our weary bones for a while. We had little resistance after smashing the convoy at Montelimar. Things started to get rougher, though, as we headed north of Lyon. Our route through Southern France was as follows, as far as cities are concerned: St. Tropez, Brignoles, St. Maximin, Carpentras, Montelimar, Romans, Vioran, Lons Le Saunier, Salins. At Besancon we were stopped for the first time in several days. Our regiment by-passed the fortress city, but another regiment took the city itself. Then our regiment took Vesoul, the largest town taken by us in Southern France so far. Here, my platoon leader at Anzio, Lt. Tominac, won the Congressional Medal. We had a hard scrap at Vesoul for a while. We went through Lure near Belfort, and here we were relieved by the French.

VOSGES MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN

Then we started the Vosges Mountains campaign, which was slow, miserable and which encountered stiff resistance. The mountains were covered with cedar or evergreen forests, so they were a perfect defense of Jerry. It rained continuously, too, in the later part of September, October and November to make conditions worse. One of our hardest jobs at this time was capturing a quarry on the top of a mountain near Remiremont. However, my platoon captured fifty-two prisoners here. I was fortunate, in a way, to be sent to the hospital on Oct. 13, 1944 as I had a skin infection called dermatitis. I stayed away from the company until Nov. 2.* When I returned, they were in the Meurthe River plain. The Meurthe River was small, but it was in the center of the Vosges Mountains, and Jerry fortified it and called it his winter line. He planned to stop us here at this river for at least the rest of the winter. One of the worst and bloodiest battles occurred on Nov. 9, 1944 while we were trying to take a small town called Etival along this river. We started the attack a little after 2 P.M. We came out of a thick evergreen woods into an open field that sloped down to the river. Jerry had perfect observation across this open field, as he was right across the river. We had to cross this open field as our objective; the town was on the other side of the field. Just as soon as our scout got out of the woods, he fired and killed four Krauts just a few paces from our line of departure. This scout, who was later in my squad, received a Silver Star for this action. We all had to make a dash for it across this open field then. Jerry had us zeroed in and had machine guns across the river and snipers on this side of the river, so he mowed some of our boys down as soon as they went across this field. I remember we got a large group of replacements the same day, and one fellow in front of me was mowed down and killed by machine gun fire. I had to keep running to save myself, so I couldn't help him. We came to the edge of town and ran into a farmyard, but this spot was as bad as and worse than the open field. The trouble was that Jerry had observation and knew where we were. He started throwing in everything at us but the kitchen sink. The trouble with us was that we all bunched up near the farmhouse and, eventually, practically all of us took shelter in the barn and house. Machine guns, mortars, tanks and snipers were zeroed on the farmhouse. One of our lieutenants told us "for God's sake" to scatter out. I did just that and saved my life, I believe, because just as I ran from the farm yard farther away from the river, mortar

* I WAS IN THE HOSPITAL IN THE SMALL PICTURESQUE TOWN OF
 PLOMBIERES - LE BAINS FROM OCT. 13 TO NOV. 2, 1944.
 BAINS IN FRENCH MEANS BATH - THIS TOWN HAD MINERAL WATER BATHS.

shells sprayed the farm yard; in fact, they hit in the exact spot where I and the lieutenant were standing by the corner of the barn. He was either killed or badly wounded, and several others were killed by these mortars, including my platoon leader. A young lieutenant who just joined us a few days before and whose birthday was this day was also killed. I consider myself very fortunate to have gone through so many months in the same company and same platoon after seeing some of the new replacements not lasting one day. I didn't obey this lieutenant's orders, however, and headed back for the barn. It's strange, but sometimes a roof over your head felt safer than it really was. So here we were, all bunched in one barn with the house adjacent. I went up in the hayloft to see if I could observe through a crack in the loft, but little did I know there were two Krauts up there hidden in the hay. I saw their machine pistols, but of course thought they had left them and fled. I came down from the loft and just as I came down a Kraut ran in front of the wide door in the barn and fired a shot into one of our wounded. Of course we were all furious, and several of the fellows tried to shoot the Kraut, but I don't think they did. Right after that incident a phosphorus shell landed in the corner of the roof, igniting the hay. Since the two Krauts who were hiding in the hay found out the place was on fire, they came out of hiding with their hands up and came to the edge of the hay loft looking down excitedly at us. The fact that they didn't know was that they could have mowed us all down from up in the hayloft with their machine pistols. However, since the barn was burning, we all had to think fast, so we decided to make a dash out the door, which was zeroed in by machine guns. What made it worse was that we had plenty of wounded in the barn, and when things got hot, we started carrying the wounded down to the cellar of the house; so now we had to carry them out of the burning building that was zeroed in from all sides. We started to make a dash out of the barn, a few at a time, and getting the wounded out the best we could. I was concerned over the cattle, which were in the stalls all tied up. I tried to release them, but since I was no farmer I wasn't able to. I pitied the animals because they seemed to sense the danger, too. I told someone to call the farmer, and all I know in the confusion was that the farmer and his wife and a couple small kids ran up the hill ahead of us and across the field, scared to death, and the woman and the children were crying. I believe that at least some of the cattle got out O.K.; though as one of the other boys said he thought they did. We were more concerned, though, with the wounded and saving our own selves. We were so disorganized that we were told to leave the wounded behind and make a dash for it up on top of the hill to make a defensive on the crest of the hill. It was really some mess. The wounded were lying on the ground in pain, begging for aid, and we were told to get out and leave them double time. All we could do was to obey orders, and everyone was so scared and confused, we just had to take orders and try to reorganize a defense, even if it did mean leaving our wounded behind. This was the only time I ever remember where we had to retreat and leave wounded men to the mercy of God, but this day everything went wrong, and we still hadn't had the end of it. However, I was fortunate once again, as I was told by our one remaining officer (all the others were wounded or killed) to take the prisoners and some of the wounded who could walk back to the rear. I was fortunate in getting this assignment, as after I had gone back to the rear, Jerry threw everything into our men who were desperately trying to dig in on the crest of this hill. They had no sooner started digging when Jerry started firing his tanks point blank from across the river into the hillside where our men were digging in. I was told that with almost every shell, someone

of our company or L Company who was digging in beside us would yell out that he'd been hit, or if he didn't yell and the shell hit near him it would have killed him. In other words, practically every shell fired into our positions got at least one of our men. It wasn't only the tanks, although they said that the tanks were doing the most damage, but mortars, artillery and small arms fire were poured into our positions, and the bad part was that few holes were more than shallow deep. I know of one fellow who was so overcome with shock that when I spoke to him that night, he wouldn't speak a word to anyone, including myself. I was told that he was face down in his hole, sweating the shelling out, and during a quiet spell, one of the lieutenants, I believe from K Company, hadn't dug himself a hole, so he begged this fellow from our company to please let him lie on top of him in his hole for protection. Of course the fellow consented, but just after the lieutenant lay down on top of him, he lifted his head up just in time for a shell to hit him. That was the reason that this fellow from our company was overcome by shock. I made it back, luckily, to our battalion C.P. with the prisoners and wounded, but some of the boys wondered how I ever made it, as they said that Jerry had shelled heck out of the woods which we went through right after I had left with this group. Fortunately, however, we made it through the woods before the main part of the shelling began, although we had to hit the ground, I remember, a few times because single shells came in close by. Altogether there were only 34 out of my company, including myself, who came out of this battle without being wounded or killed out of a total of at least over a hundred, because I said we had received replacements that day, so our strength was at least a hundred or so. It was one of the worst battles I ever was in, and the attack was a failure. The next day they asked for volunteers to go out to this battle area, still in no-man's land, to pick up the dead. That day some of our wounded men whom we had to leave by the farm house and some others who the company had to leave on the hill crest got back to the company through the aid of some of the other boys who stayed in another farm house in no-man's land all night. They got separated from the company and found some of the wounded, so they helped them to get back to safety. Some of the wounded, therefore, had to remain all night and until the next day in the same holes and places where they were wounded as the two companies, mine and L Company, retreated off the hill crest, as things got "too hot". As I said, I helped the graves registration men locate the bodies of our dead in this battle area around the farmyard and by the hillcrest above the farmhouse. The night was pitch dark and it was a nerve-wracking job to go out in no-man's land looking for dead people, especially if you ran into some buddy that you knew or possibly would run into an ambush by the Krauts. There were only two grave registration men and I. We went by jeep to a farmhouse in which K Company had a position. We walked from the farmhouse down the hill to where the battle had raged the day before. It didn't take long to find bodies by the farmhouse, which had burned to the ground, because I remembered that mortars got a number of fellows by the corner of the house. We could only carry one out at a time; so I did the guiding and the other two fellows carried the bodies on a tarpaulin. It was hard going, as we had to climb the steep hill above the farmhouse and had to watch that we didn't fall into foxholes. We made several trips to the farmhouse, then started looking for bodies on the hillcrest. It didn't take long to find them there either. One we took out of a foxhole, so we had to look in every hole to make sure whether there was someone in it or not. One of the fellows got tired, so I helped carry the last body up the hill. We worked for a couple of hours and still didn't get all of

them. They just threw the bodies any old way into the jeep trailer, like throwing wood into a fire. However, they had them all with the heads in one direction and the trailer was full with a couple bodies deep when we left. I was glad I wasn't a graves registration man, and I was gladder still that I wasn't one of the stiff forms that were thrown into the trailer in such a crude way.

Nov. 11, '44. The next day (Nov. 11) our battalion was in reserve, and we reorganized back of the lines in a town called St. Remy. We were in nice houses there. We had good hot chow and had church on Sunday in the town school.

Nov. 12, '44. On this day I was made platoon runner because I had been in the company and platoon so long and had been through so much that I deserved a break. I still would be a combat rifleman, of course, but I would now have a chance to stay in the dry houses when our platoon would have a house for a C.P.

Nov. 13, '44. I was further awarded my first trip to the division rest camp. I was gone about four days, and it was really a nice rest camp with movies, dances, mineral baths and a nice old town to visit. The town was called Bourbonne-les-bains, and it had been a health resort town as it had hot mineral water. When I returned to the company about Nov. 18th, they were in a town along the Meurthe River.

The following is my diary as I kept it daily:

Sun. Nov. 19, '44. I received a small diary book from Mother today. I woke after getting to bed at 2 A.M. We are in a farmhouse in the town of St. Micheal-sur-Meurthe. We had pancakes for breakfast. The Frenchman made them with batter from our company kitchen. Had fried chicken for dinner. The Frenchwoman cooked it; had mashed potatoes, green salad, pudding for dessert. This was our pre-Thanksgiving dinner. Took it easy today in house.

Mon. Nov. 20, '44. The 7th and 30th Infantries started to attack across the river, so we were in reserve. Lots of noise by our guns in early part of morning (6 A.M.). The Frenchwoman gave us a nice dinner again (rabbit). We moved across the river in a driving rain in evening.

Tues. Nov. 21, '44. Spent kind of a wet night in a foxhole with boards over us. We fixed our shelter, at breakfast (C rations). Stayed in same place all day, no rain.

Wed. Nov. 22, '44. Slept pretty good in foxhole with boards over us. Got up at 6 A.M. and left at 7 A.M. on trucks. Rode about 10 miles. Got into holes again. It rained. Here we saw remains of trenches and barbed wire dug in World War I.

Thurs. Nov. 23, '44. (Thanksgiving Day) Woke up with three inches of water in our hole. I got lots of mail, so read it in my hole. Got up to leave, but stood in rain till afternoon, then moved to barn. Had bacon, coffee, cocoa, chocolate bar for supper.

Fri. Nov. 24, '44. Had a good night's sleep on hay in barn. Had can of ham and eggs and cocoa for breakfast. Read newspapers and letters. The Jerries are supposed to have taken rations to our 1st battalion. They thought their own troops were still there, I guess. Moved out in trucks to another town. We're now in Alsace.

Sat. Nov. 25, '44. Got up to attack, but didn't till 10 A.M. Took the town of Schirmeck (Alsace) without trouble. Took some prisoners. We walked from 10 A.M. till 9 P.M. Then we ran into a Jerry tank at Mutzig, near Strasbourg. Also ran into machine guns there. We were all on tanks when the Jerry tank opened up on us. Luckily, it didn't hit our tanks. We were very disorganized, though, and I didn't find my platoon for several hours. I stayed with another platoon for a while. One of our tanks ran over three jeeps when it started to back up to get away from the Jerry tank. One of our tanks got hit while moving back. This happened after dark. We were lucky in escaping off the tanks without any of them being hit while we were riding on them.

Sun. Nov. 26, '44. After a bad night and a few hours sleep, I got up to look over the situation. Our platoon sergeant had gone down to the cellar of the house we were in and woke up a guy for guard. Here a Jerry had infiltrated our lines, and the sergeant woke up a Kraut in the dark. He knew it was a Kraut by the big buckle he felt on the Jerry's belt. This incident was later written up in the paper "The Stars & Stripes". Shells came over from our artillery and hit nearby. We attacked Mutzig. Received sniper fire. K Company took the lead. We slept in a house that night in Mutzig.

STRASBOURG AT THE RHINE RIVER

Mon. Nov. 27, '44. Got up at 6 A.M. to leave Mutzug. Didn't leave till nine. Walked two or three miles, then rode trucks to Strasbourg. We took over garrison of a suburb called Neuhoef-Stockfeld. We quartered in a duplex house with an old woman 76 years old. Her name was Emlie Nast. She had a cousin (man) in Ft. Wayne. Had radio and lights.

Tues. Nov. 28, '44. Got up and had beans and frankfurters (out of C ration can) for breakfast with the old lady and her maid. Got six packages in the evening, also got mail. Had a real celebration eating the goodies from the boxes.

Wed. Nov. 29, '44. Got up and had breakfast at company kitchen. Got two more packages. Wrote letters. The old woman is very nice to us. She gives us wine and we get beer from a civilian store—in bottles.

Thurs. Nov. 30, '44. I got up at six to help serve officers at all three meals. Done a lot of running from squad to squad, giving messages. The German artillery from across the Rhine bombed the Strasbourg power plant, so no water or light, no radio either.

Fri. Dec. 1, '44. Got up early but didn't feel like eating, so I took care of telephone while the others ate. I ate, then washed and shaved. No water or lights. I wrote letters, didn't do so much running.

Sat. Dec. 2, '44. Got up at six, had breakfast, wrote half a letter. Got a new lieutenant named Ryan. In evening a bunch of us talked. Went to bed at 10:30 (nice soft beds too).

Sun. Dec. 3, '44. Got up at 6:30—late. Had breakfast. Went to Molsheim (west of Strasbourg) with Corporal Mattos and Captain Stuart for witness to a court martial. Had lunch there. They only asked me a few questions. The defendant got "life". He went A.W.O.L. just before going into an attack.

Mon. Dec. 4, '44. Stayed in courtroom overnight; our company jeep picked us up. I slept on four chairs last night. After getting back to Neuhof, I washed my hair. Wrote a letter. Took it easy in house.

Tues. Dec. 5, '44. Got up, and after breakfast I went to look at positions that our platoon occupied on The Rhine. I stayed at house with platoon headquarters, as I was platoon runner. Took a hike with the 3rd platoon in the afternoon.

Wed. Dec. 6, '44. Got up and after breakfast I took Sergeant Stritz's squad to its position on the Rhine. Wrote letters in the afternoon.

Thurs. Dec. 7, '44. Got up and ate. Then we got paid. I got "V" letter from Mom and Gram. In the evening, two of the boys got drunk. They carried on till midnight.

Fri. Dec 8, '44. Got up late. The old lady was raising Cain about the noise last night. She says "beaucoup soldat in cabinet" which means "a lot of soldiers were in the toilet all night."

Sat. Dec. 9, '44. Had breakfast. Wrote a letter. Had a bad night as one squad went to a house on the Rhine and thought there were Jerries in it. The lieutenant got the squad out. I took care of the phone between us and our positions on the Rhine while all this was going on.

Sun. Dec. 10, '44. Got up. Had breakfast. Went to a movie in the evening. Took password and rations to the squads on the Rhine with the jeep driver.

Mon. Dec. 11, '44. Got up about 6:30. After breakfast, I got mail. I got two letters from Gram and Christmas cards from Mrs. Browning and Aunt Gladys.

Tues. Dec. 12, '44. Got up at 6. We moved to a bigger house. I think the old lady was glad to get rid of us. This new house is very nice--no beds though--just mattresses on the floor.

Wed. Dec 13, '44. Got mail. Three from Gram and one from Gram Lynn. Got up at 5 as we were on the "alert" since Krauts were reported to have chased K Company out of the house along the Rhine formerly occupied by our squad. We had training, but I took care of the phone.

Thurs. Dec. 14, '44. Got up at six and, after breakfast, I drilled with the platoon. I took two shots, one in each arm for tetanus and typhus. I stayed in the house in the afternoon. Got a package from Gram Lynn and four letters.

Fri. Dec. 15, '44. Another day running messages to the squads.

Sat. Dec. 16, '44. Got up at 6. Did running on and off. At supper the French people fixed us a nice meal: roast rabbit, mashed potatoes, green lettuce salad, cookies and lots of wine. I had eaten at the kitchen before the meal at the house, so I was really stuffed. The man, his brother-in-law, and girl ate with us. The women (his wife and sister-in-law) served us.

Sun. Dec. 17, '44. Got up at six again. After breakfast I washed my hair, went to church in a real church for once. Organ and all. Had steak for dinner.

Mon. Dec. 18, '44. Got up and after breakfast wrote letters to Gram and Bruna (DaPra) Yanuzzi thanking her for the gifts. Did a lot of running. We got combat trousers, really heavy. In the evening I saw a movie.

Tues. Dec. 19, '44. Got up at 5:30. Woke up the men and had breakfast. We were preparing to leave for parts unknown. Left at 10. The two women at our house cried, seeing us go. We got to a barracks a few blocks away. We met the one woman who had a son in the German army. (Alsations were conscripted into the army, too, as Alsace-Lorraine was considered by Hitler as part of Germany proper.)

ACTION NEAR COLMAR

Wed. Dec. 20, '44. After sleeping in French barracks at Neuhof, we left at seven for our new area near Colmar. We walked after de-trucking and got into foxholes near Reichenwhir, Alsace (near Colmar).

Thurs. Dec. 21, '44. After sleeping in a hole with two others, we had breakfast. Got a few shells now and then. Jerry has lots of artillery around Colmar. We got chickens in our rations.

Fri. Dec. 22, '44. After sleeping in the same hole, and very crowded, we got up. We were located in a vineyard. There was frost all over, and it was cold. Our lieutenant fried our chicken. It was good.

Sat. Dec. 23, '44. Got a package from Mother, but had to eat it up in a hurry as we were to make an attack on the twin towns of Mittlewhir and Bennwhir. It was a rough day for

our company, as our platoon lost contact with the forward platoon, resulting in all of our armor getting knocked out by Jerry Tiger tanks (there were three or four tanks plus two Tank Destroyers knocked out). But the worst of it was yet to come. As we lost contact, the forward platoons, the 1st and 3rd were surrounded by Jerrys in the town, resulting in about 35 men being captured. We sweated out shelling and couldn't advance, so the day was a loss and not a gain, as we came back to our same holes in the vineyard where we started out from, and went to sleep minus about 35 men and three or four tanks and a couple tank destroyers.

Sun. Dec. 24, '44. Got up at 4 A.M. to move to K Company positions in Mittlewhir. K Company set out to take Bennwhir and took it after slightly heavy losses due to artillery. Our platoon C.P. was in a house (one of the few left in Mittlewhir). Had pretty good sleep on mattress.

Christmas 1944. Got up at 4 A.M. for an attack on a hill near Bennwhir (Alsace). I got left behind, as I was runner and was supposed to pick up a machine gun section and take it to where the company was going, but the machine gun section, instead of reporting to my platoon C.P., had already reported to the company and had gone on with the rest of the company without me. I got to the Company C.P. in a blown-up church in Bennwhir. I saw a sniper from inside the ruined church get one of our men trying to get back to the C.P. from the hill our company had just taken. My platoon was on this hill outside of Bennwhir, too, so I started out with a sergeant who had been on the hill before and knew the way. We got pinned down by this same sniper and were pinned down in one place from noon till about 5 P.M. when it started to get dark. My dinner, while being pinned down by sniper fire, was a one-once Hershey bar. In fact, that was my breakfast, Christmas dinner and supper combined. After I got to my platoon at dusk and in a hole, we were shelled badly. We were relieved by another company at 9 P.M., so we went back to Mittlewhir and to our old C.P. in the house. Had C rations there after midnight.

Tues. Dec. 26, '44. Made an attack, but were stopped in Bennwhir by "screaming meanies" and artillery. Later in the day we went out to a roadblock one kilometer from Bennwhir. We dug in.

Wed. Dec. 27, '44. We spent a pretty good, quiet day in our foxholes, but we were cold. Had hot meals as we cooked with "hot boxes" or "heat tablets".

Thurs. Dec. 28, '44. We were shelled badly from six to 9 A.M. Had breakfast after the fireworks. Had spaghetti and meatballs and coffee. We were shelled on and off. We moved to a new area about 500 yards behind our roadblock in evening.

Fri. Dec. 29, '44. After spending a night in our foxhole, formerly occupied by our company C.P., we had breakfast. The lieutenant and I were in the same hole. I went on a little patrol near a river. We had hamburgers on bread for supper. Lt. Ryan cooked them. We were shelled quite heavily. I got lice (and how), and do I itch.

Sun. Dec. 31, '44. I went on sick call for my lice, after spending the day in a cellar in Bennwhir. I went on New Year's Eve, hoping to make the hospital, but the medics gave me salve and sent me back. I got three packages.

Mon. Jan. 1, 1945. I stayed in the cellar at 1st platoon's C.P. all night, as it's safer there. I went back to my hole in evening.

Tues. Jan. 2, '45. Got up early. We got a new lieutenant in evening.

Wed. Jan. 3, '45. Got up at 9. The new lieutenant kept us awake most of the night. He's as nervous as an old cat. We got rid of him later. It snowed.

Thurs. Jan. 4, '45. Got up at noon. Had turkey and a hardboiled egg. We moved out in evening. Walked three miles to Reichenwhir. Stayed in house. Fellows drank wine and had a good time talking and singing. I washed my lousy body.

Fri. Jan. 5, '45. Got up at 7. Had fried eggs from our kitchen. We packed and moved in trucks. Arrived in Orbey in the Vosges Mountains west of Colmar. Everything went O.K. until we were getting our beds ready to go to bed in a rayon factory when Jerry started shelling the town.

Sat. Jan. 6, '45. We moved out of factory when they started shelling and slept in a cellar last night. The town is at the bottom of the hills in a valley, so Jerry had good observation. I had a sore finger (infected), so I went on sick call.

Sun. Jan. 7, '45. Got up at 4:30 to leave. Had about a five-mile walk and up a big hill. What a climb! I guess you'd call it a mountain. Had breakfast three-quarters of the way up where the kitchen gave us hot cakes. Went into a house later. Had a radio and lights. I wrote a letter.

Mon. Jan. 8, '45. We got up at 6:30. Breakfast of fried eggs, toast, butter, cereal and coffee. The company went down the hill to trucks to get showers. Saw a movie called "Buffalo Bill". We moved out in evening to a house near Lac Noir (Black Lake) up higher in the Vosges. A shell hit right above the road on the hillside where I was walking. I don't know how the others or I escaped injury.

Tues. Jan. 9, '45. Got up after a few hours sleep from two to five A.M. Went with Arthur to gun position. What a hill to climb up! We moved in evening to a high hill in the Vosges with a 45-degree slope to climb from our company C.P. to our outpost foxhole. Plenty of deep snow here, too.

Wed. Jan 10, '45. Got up about noon, after getting to sleep at three. Had breakfast at 1 P.M. Then went to sleep again. After supper we climbed down the 45-degree hill to get

rations. What a job of carrying the boxes of C rations up to our dugout, especially on slippery snow.

Thurs. Jan. 11, '45. Got up at about 9. Read lot of my letters. It's cold, and we hug the six or eight blankets we have. There are three in the dugout. It was built by French Goums (Arabs) into the side of the mountain. We are to protect the hill from any infiltration, and have outposts on top of the mountains. (Note: One year ago I arrived in Naples.)

Fri. Jan. 12, '45. Got up for breakfast. In evening I got more mail. We stay up nearly the whole night to get our platoon's rations up the hill. We are also on the alert most of the night.

Sat. Jan. 13, '45. Got up late in day at about two o'clock. We see about three hours of daylight, as it gets dark after five o'clock. We are only eating one meal. We just sleep during the day, and we're on the alert and carry up rations at night.

Sun. Jan. 14, '45. Got up about noon. Spent quiet day in hole. I've been taking it easy taking telephone calls while the other two fellow hike up the hills with rations.

Mon. Jan. 15, '45. Got up at 10 till three in the afternoon. Had franks and beans. Wrote a letter to Mon & Dad. I got two packages last night. One from Aunt Gladys and one from Gram. Got to bed at 5 A.M.

Tues. Jan. 16, '45. Got up at eleven A.M. Had breakfast of spaghetti and meatballs, bread and jam, cereal and coffee. Took it easy under warm blankets. Had hot cocoa at four. Got to bed at three A.M.

Wed. Jan. 17, '45. Got up at two P.M. Dersch and the other boy who came to sleep with us (his name was Audette) ate with me. I had a can of ham and eggs, bread, butter and fruitcake from my package and coffee.

Thurs. Jan. 18, '45. Got up about noon. Had C rations again. In the evening we got relieved and went to a rest house nearby. Had coffee at midnight. The kitchen made it, as they are here at this rest house. I got another package with fruitcake in it.

Fri. Jan. 19, '45. Got up at 8. Had breakfast from the kitchen-hot cakes. Stayed in the house. Washed up. Had fried chicken for dinner. Wrote letters in the afternoon. In the evening we left for Reichenwhir in a terrible blizzard.

Sat. Jan. 20, '45. No snow at Reichenwhir, but what a wind and snowstorm in the mountains! Got up at 8 A.M. Had breakfast from the kitchen. Cleaned rifles for inspection. Then in the afternoon took shots and showers. I go to rest camp tomorrow morning.

Sun. Jan. 21, '45. Got up at 5:30 and ate breakfast at 5:45. Got on trucks and rode about 140 miles to rest camp at Bourbonne-Les Bains, France. It took me an hour to thaw out after riding that distance in an open truck. In the evening I saw a double-feature movie, then went to two dances; one had a G.I. band playing, and in the other hall was a French band.

Mon. Jan. 22, '45. Got up at eight. Had breakfast, and then went to Red Cross club, then to a movie. Wrote a letter, then chow. Took a mineral bath in a real tub. Got P.X. rations.

Tues. Jan. 23, '45. Got up and ate breakfast. Then went to Red Cross club. In the afternoon I took a walk around town. This town is noted for its mineral baths and hot mineral springs. I got some post cards. In the evening I went to a movie. I had seen it, so I went to a dance.

Wed. Jan. 24, '45. Got up and had breakfast at 8:30. Then packed up, but found out we had another day before leaving. Went to a movie in the morning, afternoon and evening. I saw the same movie all three times. The title was "Mr. Skeffington" with Bette Davis.

Thurs. Jan. 25, '45. Got up at eight and had breakfast at 8:30. Wrote a letter at the Red Cross. Had lunch at 11:30, packed up and left the rest camp at two. Got to special service company at 8 P.M. in Ribeauville, near Colmar.

Fri. Jan 26, '45. Got up after sleeping on the theatre stage at a special service company. I had a headache. Everyone did. I guess it was the smoky, stale air in the theatre. Got mail from company mail clerk, and saw Jack LaValle. I wrote a letter, and saw a show. Ate C rations.

Sat. Jan. 27, '45. Got up after sleeping on the stage again. Had breakfast-a can of C rations and coffee. Took a walk with Genna to see about mail. Ate lunch at the service company. Our jeep still hasn't come to pick us up, so we bedded down in the theatre all night again, which didn't make me the least bit mad.

Sun. Jan. 28, '45. Got up and went for mail. Got two letters. Our jeep came at 10 o'clock. We had chow at service company. Got to my company at Reidwhir, Alsace near Colmar at about 2 P.M. (Since I had left the company the whole division made an attack around Colmar on Jan. 22nd, a year to the date of the Anzio landing. Our company had heavy losses near Colmar as the Germans attacked our division when a bridge collapsed, holding up our tanks.)

Mon. Jan. 29, '45. Got up after getting to bed at one. We moved out in the afternoon to some woods. Then in the evening, after a barrage by our artillery, we made a bridgehead over the Colmar canal, crossing it in rubber boats. All went well. One boy (Audette, see Jan. 17) got killed when we got on the other side of the canal. He got hit with machine gun fire. After we got across the canal, I fell in a pond and got all wet up to my waist. It was a wonderful night to get soaked as it was cold and the snow was about a foot deep.

Tues. Jan. 30, '45. We finally got to dry off at about 6 A.M. in a house at Mutzenheim. Stayed in holes, and then later went into houses. Then we moved to Urshenheim in houses.

Wed. Jan. 31, '45. Got up at 9. Woke because of enemy shelling. Took it easy despite the shelling. One boy in another platoon got his arm blown off by a shell that came through the house he was in. He lived to get to the hospital but died later. We ate C rations. In the evening I went on sick call because my face and hands had skin infections again. I went to the hospital.

Thurs. Feb. 1, '45. Got to the 51st Evacuation Hospital near St. Die at 4 A.M. Got to bed. Had breakfast at 7:30. The nurse took the scabs off my face after the doctor saw me. I couldn't shave for a month because of the sores, so I think she pulled out more hair than scabs.

Fri. Feb 2, '45. Had breakfast in bed. The nurse picked scabs off my face. She put white salve on. I wrote letters. Went to a show in the evening and to the Red Cross club.

Sat. Feb. 3, '45. Got breakfast in bed again. I made my bed, saw my friend from my company in the next room. Then I washed up a bit. My face is improving.

Sun. Feb. 4, '45. Got up and had breakfast in bed again. Went through my treatment. I missed church. Wrote letters. In the evening I went to the Red Cross and played bingo. I won a box of jelly gumdrops.

Mon. Feb. 5, '45. After breakfast I washed and had face treated by the nurse. In the evening I went to the movie. I had seen it in the states.

Tues. Feb. 6, '45. Got up with regular routine. Had headache, so I took a nap. In the evening I took a shower.

Wed. Feb. 7, '45. Got up at eight for breakfast. Then I washed and put salve on my face. We (the group in my ward) moved to another ward.

Thurs. Feb. 8, '45. Got up and had breakfast in bed again. After washing, I took it easy in bed. Then I went to Red Cross. In the evening I went to see a movie. I had seen it before, "Destination Tokyo".

Fri. Feb. 9, '45. Had my breakfast in bed. I washed, stayed in bed because I kind of ached all over. I must have caught cold. Doctor saw me in the afternoon. I slept and went to a movie.

Sat. Feb. 10, '45. Got up and went to breakfast for the first time. Washed, made my bed and wrote a letter to Grandma.

Sun. Feb. 11, '45. Had breakfast in the mess hall again, washed, and then went to the hospital church at 9. Came back to my bed and read. In the evening I read more.

Mon. Feb. 12, '45. Lincoln's Birthday. Got up and had breakfast, washed, shaved and wrote letters.

Tues. Feb. 13, '45. Usual routine. Doctor came around. He comes every other day. I spent the afternoon in the Red Cross. Went to show in evening.

Wed. Feb. 14, '45. Got up and, after breakfast, read a book. After lunch two fellows and I took a walk to St. Die. A swell spring day. In the evening I went to the show in town. Really a nice, modern theatre.

Thurs. Feb. 15, '45. Another swell day as far as weather is concerned. Usual routine. In the afternoon another boy and I took a walk in St. Die. Bought post cards. I went to a movie in the evening.

Fri. Feb. 16, '45. Got up and had breakfast. Read all morning in bed. After lunch I looked at magazines at the Red Cross. In the evening another guy and I went to a movie.

Sat. Feb. 17, '45. Got up, had breakfast, washed and shaved. Read a book. Doctor came around. He didn't say I would go back to duty yet.

Sun. Feb. 18, '45. After breakfast I washed, then went to church. The sermon was very good; it was on the Bible passage "Store up for yourself in Heaven, where moth and rust do not steal". An Englishman who lived in France 53 years sat next to me. In the afternoon I went to the Red Cross. Read in bed; in evening went to movie in St. Die.

Mon. Feb. 19, '45. Got up, washed after eating. The hospital is packing up to move. Everybody's about out of the ward, so I was moved to the next room. Read a book.

Tues. Feb. 20, '45. Left *the* hospital in the morning at 9. Got to 2nd Replacement Depot near Epinal; the name of the town was Thaon. In the afternoon I got my rifle. I spent the afternoon at the painful task of cleaning the cosmoline preservative off the riffle. Then I went to the Red Cross and to the movie.

Wed. Feb. 21, '45. Got up at six. After breakfast I got my equipment. We're in a big rayon factory. I found I was on guard, so I went to the guardhouse at three. I picked the worst post and the longest shift. I guarded the firing range, which was away off from everyone.

Thurs. Feb. 22, '45. I pulled guard from two to four in the morning. It was very frosty weather. After pulling guard from eight to ten and two to four, I was through. I went to the movie in the evening.

PROMOTION TO SERGEANT AND TRAINING AT PAGNY, FRANCE

Fri. Feb. 23, '45. Left replacement depot after seeing Zipper, an old buddy in the company who had got hit in September and was just returning to the company. On the way to the company we went through Nancy, the largest city I had seen in France. I got back to the company in the afternoon. They are at Pagny-sur-Moselle on the Moselle River between Nancy and Metz. I found out that I was promoted to the rank of sergeant as of the first of this month.

Sat. Feb. 24, '45. Was sergeant of the guard from one to four in the morning. Had training from eight to twelve and one to four. Lt. Hawkins is our company commander. I got several letters and a package. Several of us took a walk around town in the evening.

Sun. Feb. 25, '45. Got up at seven for breakfast at eight. Went on C.Q. (charge of quarters) at the company C.P. (command post) from ten to one. Got oodles of mail and two packages. In the afternoon I washed my field jacket and read letters. Three of us went to our first French movie in the evening.

Mon. Feb. 26, '45. Got up very sleepy at 6 A.M. after getting to bed at two. Got five hours of sleep all together. Went to non-com's (non-commissioned officer's) school in the morning. In the afternoon had a battalion parade. In the evening there was a night problem. After that a Red Cross girl sang us some songs.

Tues. Feb. 27, '45. In the morning I went to non-com's school. In the afternoon we had an attack problem and in the evening the same thing, only ran up the hill farther.

Wed. Feb. 28, '45. Another day of non-com's school, the last I think. It's only in the morning. We had close-order drill and a lecture on mines in the afternoon, as well as a problem on defense.

Thurs. Mar. 1, '45. After breakfast we went to the firing range at 7 A.M. Then, in the afternoon had close order drill. I went to see Jack Lavalley as he's in Pagny too. Later I wrote a letter.

Fri. Mar. 2, '45. I went to Nancy with Zipper and Wollen. We looked through the nice, big stores; we had a beer and some wine and we had lunch at G.I. Joe's, the army-sponsored restaurant. Went to the movies, then walked around ate supper at G.I. Joe's. Got back to Pagny about nine.

Sat. Mar. 3, '45. Got up a seven, breakfast at eight. Practiced for regimental parade in the afternoon. General O'Daniel (*Commander of 7th Army*) awarded 195 persons. I wrote a letter to Grandma and Grandma Lynn, after hearing about Ralph missing in action. The medic and I went to the company party in the evening. There were French girls and a French band.

Sun. Mar. 4, '45. Got up at 9:15 after going to bed at five. I was sergeant of the guard. Went to church at ten. Took communion. In the afternoon I sewed stripes on my jacket. Jack LaValle came over.

Mon. Mar. 5, '45. After breakfast I went to a non-com's meeting. We had a problem in which we attacked a hill with mortars, tanks and flak wagons. In the evening I went to the movie.

Tues. Mar. 6, '45. Got up at six. After breakfast I went to Field Observer's school. It wasn't much. In the afternoon our company had a village-fighting problem in a village that had already been blown up by "the real thing". I took it easy in the evening.

Wed. Mar. 7, '45. Got up at six as usual. Went to a problem in the morning with tanks supporting us. It was an easy problem for us, as we were in support. In the evening I wrote letters.

Thurs. Mar. 8, '45. Got up at 5:30 for sergeant of the guard. There were no lights, so I stumbled around with matches, trying to wake up the fellow for guard. Went to non-com's school after inspection. In the afternoon we got paid.

Fri. Mar. 9, '45. Trained all day. In the evening our company had a party- beer, cognac, French band and French babes. I danced and drank beer.

Sat. Mar. 10, '45. In the morning we trained. More of the same in the afternoon. We started our amphibious training to cross the Rhine. We started practicing our boat drill on dry land. Used imaginary boats and practiced running out of them and getting into them.

Sun. Mar. 11, '45. Got up at the regular time, six. Went to demonstration on enemy clothing and equipment and the mechanisms and firing of enemy weapons. In the afternoon had boat drill with two types of boats. We crossed the Moselle River about a half dozen times this afternoon in boats.

Mon. Mar. 12, '45. Got up at six. Had close-order drill and a movie in the morning. Got ready to go to a lake in the afternoon for more amphibious training. We left Pagny-sur-Moselle at 3 P.M. Got to the area near the lake at 6 P.M. near Sarebourg (or Saarburg) (or Sarrebourg). We put up tents. The field around us and in the tents was muddy. It was quite cold, too.

Tues. Mar. 13, '45. Got up at 6:30. We had a long training period in the morning from 7:15 to 12:15. Our problem was assaulting pillboxes. We used some old burned-out Jerry Mark IV tanks as the pillboxes. In this area there were dozens of knocked-out Jerry Tanks, so one of the big tank battles must have taken place here last fall when Patton's 3rd Army went through this area. Then in the afternoon we had boat drill on a lake. We cleaned our rifles in the evening. It turned out to be a nice, sunny day.

APPROACHING THE SEIGFRIED LINE

Wed. Mar. 14, '45. Got up at 6:30. After a breakfast of French toast we got ready to leave. Then we went on boat drill again in the lake. General Patch was there to watch us. It was another nice, sunny day. After lunch we got packed up, took down the large platoon tents. Got on trucks and headed toward Sarrgemines, the Seigfried Line and the German border.

Thurs. Mar. 15, '45. After riding from six to eleven last night, we got off trucks and walked several miles, and then slept on the ground. The next day at about ten we started to hike about twelve miles. Boy was it hot. I found out I was to go to the rest camp in Brussels, Belgium, so that made me feel pretty good. We stopped at a small town west of Bitche. Then we were told we were to attack and take the town of Wolmunster. We hiked some more and stopped several hours for orders to move again.

Fri. March 16, '45. We waited all night for orders to move. We were waiting for the first battalion to take the next town, and then we were to go through this town and take Wolmunster. There were search lights (ours) lighting up the sky all night so we could see better. We reached Wolmunster at dawn, just at the wrong time too, as our artillery began to fire a barrage into the town, and part of us were already in the town when the barrage began. I was just on the edge of town when the barrage came in on us. Boy, did everybody pray, and did I. The shells seemed to land all around us--big things too. It lasted ten minutes. Two of our men were killed; one just got a concussion. He was from Bloomington, Indiana. Twelve were wounded; two of them had their leg taken off. We had no opposition when we went into town. After resting at Wolmunster, we started for the next town where we stayed for a while. At 5 P.M. we made an attack to take the next town. We got pinned down by machine guns and a sniper or two. I got hit in the back by a machine gun at about 5:45 P.M. (Our division history said our battalion captured eleven machine guns in this battle.) I got to the aid station at 8 P.M. after waiting in a ditch until it was safe for me to be removed. Eight of us, at least, got hit by machine guns out of my platoon and two were killed that I know of. I got to the 117th Evacuation Hospital near Sarrebourg. There I had my wound cleaned on Saturday, March 17.

Sun. Mar. 18, '45. Felt pretty good in the hospital. Little pain. A lot of P.O.W.'s (prisoners of war) here. About sixty percent are German wounded. Listened to the radio. Wrote first letters to my folks. Got eight shots of penicillin a day at \$2.40 per shot.

Mon. Mar. 19, '45. Stayed in bed, read a little, mostly took in everything that went on in the ward.

Tues. Mar. 20, '45. Was evacuated by ambulance, waited for a train there until about 3 P.M. Started at 4:30 for Dijon. Had supper. Swell riding train. Seven others from my platoon were on the train; six of them were hit by machine guns, too.

Wed. Mar. 21, '45. Got to Dijon at 6 A.M. Had breakfast on train. Got to 36th General Hospital. Nice place, nice beds, nice nurses.

Thurs. Mar. 22, '45. No breakfast this morning as I went to the operating room. I guess I got stitched up; they put me to sleep. Woke at lunchtime very sleepy and dizzy. All afternoon I felt in a daze from the dope. My back pained me some.

Fri. Mar. 23, '45. Good breakfast this morning, but I got gypped out of a sweet roll; got bread instead. Had corn flakes, good bacon, bread, butter and jam. My back felt better today.

Sat. Mar. 24, '45. Another day in bed. I wrote to Fay and Aunt Gladys. Another nice day. The 3rd Army crosses Rhine; later learned that the British and 9th Army crossed.

Sun. Mar. 25, '45. I had pancakes for breakfast. My side and back are still sore.

I WAS SPITTING UP BLOOD FOR ABOUT A WEEK.

Mon. Mar. 26, '45. I wrote letters to Grandma, Mother, Dad and Jim. I stayed in bed, as usual, and I felt good. The 7th Army crossed the Rhine today.

Tues. Mar. 27, '45. We had a radio in the next room, so it helped entertain us.

Wed. Mar. 28, '45. It is a cloudy day. The allies are still plowing across the Rhine.

Thurs. Mar. 29, '45. Sat up and washed, and had breakfast at seven o'clock. The nurse was mad at me because I did not wash my feet, and the General was to be around. The 7th Army is 33 miles east of the Rhine.

Good Friday, Mar. 30, '45. I read Time magazine after breakfast. I got up and went to the latrine for the first time. The pretty nurse from Indiana took my stitches out.

Sat. Mar. 31, '45. It was a nice day and I wrote a letter.

Easter Sunday, April 1, '45. I got out for the first time today and went to church. The boy from Jonesboro, Indiana went with me. In the afternoon I relaxed in bed. Went to a movie in the evening. Then I went to the Red Cross and took a book on Indiana.

Mon. April 2, '45. I got up, made my bed and washed. In the Afternoon I went to a dance at the Red Cross.

Tues. April 3, '45. After breakfast the two Indiana boys next to me and I went to get a haircut. We then went to a movie. I helped the nurse then with some office work.

Wed. April 4, '45. I wrote to Grandma. The doctor came and said that I was healed up. I then went to see my pals that got hit with me in my platoon. They are Potts and Pogerelec. In the evening I went to see Powchigan and then took in a movie.

Thurs. April 5, '45. I ate breakfast for the first time in the mess hall. I wrote to Jack and Betty Pender and to Fay. I received PX rations and then went to a show in the evening.

Fri. April 6, '45. I had breakfast in the mess hall, and then I wrote to the folks. In the evening I went to a show in the big ward.

Sat. April 7, '45. I took it easy and in evening went to a show.

Sun. April 8, '45. This morning I read a big bunch of letters, twenty-seven in all. I read the whole morning. In the evening I went to a movie. I saw "East Side of Heaven", an old picture with Bing Crosby.

Mon. April 9, '45. I got more mail, six letters with my hospital address. Two of them were written on Easter Sunday. In the evening I went to see my friends from my platoon.

Tues. April 10, '45. For breakfast I had fresh fried eggs and cereal. I took a shower and went to see Potts.

Wed. April 11, '45. Went to Dijon with Thompson, the boy from Springville, Indiana; walked around town and looked through department stores. I relaxed in a nice park and got photos taken at a 5 & 10 frank store. I ate supper at G.I. Joes, a restaurant sponsored by the Army. I got back to the hospital at 7 P.M.

Thurs. April 12, '45. I left the hospital at Dijon at 10 A.M. I rode all day until after dark. Got off at Hagrman and road on trucks until we reached the 2nd replacement depot at Worms. We arrived there at 5:00 A.M. I am very tired. President Roosevelt died at 1:53 Eastern time (war time).

GERMANY

Fri. April 13, '45. I had arrived in Germany about 2 A.M. and arrived at the replacement depot at 5 A.M. I got my equipment and cleaned my rifle. In the evening I went to the Red Cross snack bar and movie.

Sat. April 14, '45. I took it easy. I went to the stadium where boys were playing ball. In the evening I went to an outdoor movie. A dance band played before the movie.

Sun. April 15, '45. After breakfast I went to what I thought was a protestant church, but it was a Jewish group taking a tour of old churches and historic spots in Worms. The city was badly bombed by only two raids. One lasted only twenty minutes and it did the most damage. I saw one of the oldest synagogues in Europe that was started before the crusades, 1000 A.D. I went to a movie in the evening.

Mon. April 16, '45. Another swell spring day in which I took it easy, except for policing up the area in the morning. In the evening I saw Boyce who came in I company with me. I went to the Red Cross and a movie in the evening.

Tues. April 17, '45. I got up at 6:15 and was supposed to leave at seven but didn't get going until ten. We had about six flat tires from the seven trucks in our convoy. We rode all day. We went through the badly bombed cities of Darmstadt, Aschaffenburg, Schweinfurt and Bamberg. The next stop was at a forward replacement depot at Bamberg, north of Nuremberg. (NUREMBERG)

Wed. April 18, '45. I got up with a bad headache; it must have been from the dust from the ride. I met Curtis from I Company, and rested in the afternoon. I went on guard in the evening from 11 to 3 A.M.

Thurs. April 19, '45. I went to bed at 3:30 A.M. after my four-hour guard. A plane dropped some bombs. We left replacement depot to Division replacement depot in the woods near Nuremberg. We left there from the service company at 9 P.M. We sweated out that ride as Jerry planes were strafing near by.

Fri. April 20, '45. After sleeping in service company in an air raid shelter in a suburb of Nuremberg, we left there after I saw Jack LaValle. We got to the company, which was in Nuremberg. All resistance cleared. The whole company stayed in a farm mansion.

Sat. April 21, '45. I got up for breakfast; our company kitchen is here now. In the morning we searched apartment houses. I became squad leader of the second squad. I had mostly new replacements in my squad. Harris, Molloy, Kann, Perkins, Richardson, and Wert. In the evening we searched more houses.

Sun. April 22, '45. After a rain it turned cool. I washed and shaved, and went to church at eleven. I didn't feel so good; my stomach was upset.

Mon. April 23, '45. I got up early, ate breakfast at six; we were leaving Nuremberg. We left at 4 P.M. and rode all night in very crowded "amphibious ducks". We were to stop for the night, but raced across the Danube River.

Tues. April 24, '45. We were strafed at Dilligen on the Danube by one Jerry plane. We had already stopped, though, crossed the Danube and set up a defense in the first town on the other side of the river. We took a town in the evening.

Wed. April 25, '45. We stayed in the town near the river all day. Jerry planes were strafing around the bridge across the river. I took out a patrol to search some woods in the morning. In the evening we attacked another town with no opposition.

Thurs. April 26, '45. After we took the town, we hiked three or four miles to another town. We slept there a few hours then went to attack again. We had to dig in in an open

field because of snipers. Later we cleared out a large woods and took a small town. We cleaned out a big forest in the evening, and then stayed at a small town.

Fri. April 27, '45. We got up early to attack. We took three towns. At one place we saw 30 Jerries walking down a road, and we shot at them from a hill. We could see Augsburg from this hill. The last town we took today was Augsburg. Jerry threw some mortars and 88 shells in. We moved out and hiked to a place near Augsburg.

Sat. April 28, '45. We attacked a town, just our platoon alone. It was a suburb of Augsburg. Luckily there was no opposition; however, we got into a defensive position on the outskirts of town. Three Jerries came down the street, but instead of surrendering, they ran down the street. Two were shot dead, *but* the third one jumped on my B.A.R. man and, because his B.A.R. rifle was jammed, he used his knife on the Jerry, killing him. We took over a garrison of Augsburg after we walked into the city without meeting any opposition. Our Company took over a large, ritzy hotel, though it was damaged slightly by bombs.

Sun. April 29, '45. I got up and put guards on at 2 A.M. We had hot cakes for breakfast, as our kitchen is here. I took a shower; got three boxes in the mail. One box had Swiss cheese in it, so I had cheese, crackers and wine. In the evening two boys and I looked around the rail yards for some gloves; we couldn't find any. I picked up a typewriter on the rail platform. I typed a letter to Gram on it later.

Mon. April 30, '45. I got up at midnight to fix some trouble with the guard. No one woke the sergeant of the guard. Here we found that the fellow who was supposed to wake the sergeant could not read. It was a nice, sunny day. I posted the guards around the public buildings in Augsburg. Munich fell; we moved out to a town northwest of Munich.

Tues. May 1, '45. We moved out of the town we slept in. We drove through the outskirts of Munich and through some suburbs. We stayed at a town called Saurlach south of Munich.

Wed. May 2, '45. We stayed in this town. These people in this house seem to be very good Nazis. The woman in the house was very angry at us for taking her preserves. One cried as we killed her chicken; she should be glad she has a roof over her head, I say.

Thurs. May 3, '45. My birthday-22 years old. We moved out last night, after sitting and riding on top of tanks all night in snow and rain. We guarded the Autobahn "super highway bridge" over the Inn River near Rosenheim. I took my squad on a patrol. At a farmhouse we had three fried eggs, Jerry brown bread and fresh milk. In the afternoon we moved on in trucks down the Autobahn; we never saw so many groups of Jerry prisoners walking or riding in trucks and on wagons. We stayed in the town of Neukerchen near Bergesgarden, surrounded by the Alps. We had a good deal here, as a grocery store was right below our rooms. We had electricity and radio. There is snow on the ground, but the weather is getting warmer.

Fri. May 4, '45. After a good night's sleep for a change, I had three fried eggs from the grocery store, jam, bread and real butter for breakfast. All of northern Germany, Denmark and Holland surrendered today, and I took it easy today.

AUSTRIA

Sat. May 5, '45. I got up early, had breakfast but no eggs today. I ate most of the day and cleaned my rifle. We left at 5 P.M. for Salzburg, Austria. We arrived there at 8 P.M. Got in some houses with lights and radio. Sun. May 6, '45. I got up at eight, had rations for breakfast; then I got a lot of mail after lunch. I went to church at three o'clock, along the Sulzak River. It was a beautiful spot in front of the river. The mountains made a pretty background. We moved at 4:30 to German barracks three miles from Salzburg. There were very modern barracks with balconies, lights and radio.

THE WAR IN EUROPE ENDS

Mon. May 7, '45. The war ended today at 2:42 A.M., although I didn't find out until noon. I slept until 9:40 A.M. I didn't eat any breakfast as the kitchen just moved in. After lunch I went to a movie. We had information in the evening, and then I rested.

Tues. May 8, '45. V.E. Day, the official end of the war. We trained in the morning and went to a show in the afternoon. I celebrated a little at the Non-Com's Club. I just had one beer.

Wed. May 9, '45. The mortar squad fired flares, and lots of artillery was shot off into the mountains at midnight to celebrate V.E. Day. In the morning from four to eight I took a motorized patrol into the back woods to check up on stray prisoners. In the evening there was a parade at division headquarters near Salzburg. Our battalion represented the 15th regiment. Assistant Secretary of War Patterson was reviewing us.

Thurs. May 10, '45. We had another parade today; this one just our battalion; we practiced for two hours in the morning and paraded in the evening. Three of us went to the club in the evening. I had grape fruit juice and cognac.

Fri. May 11, '45. I got up early at six o'clock. I learned that we were moving out; we packed up and cleaned the rooms spotless to be a good example for the other outfits coming in after us. We moved in the evening, traveled until almost dark to Schladming, 70 miles from Salzburg. We met British P.O.W.'s and stayed in their barracks.

Sat. May 12, '45. After being Sergeant of the guard, I got a little sleep, as I went to bed at 12:30 and got up at 3:30. I had breakfast at 6:30, then went back to bed and later cleaned my rifle. Harvell goes to the States today.

Sun. May 13, '45. We moved to a nice, big house with sixteen rooms. It is located by a stream and waterfalls. It was the mayor's house; he was a Nazi so we chased him out. I took it easy, although we were harassed with guard duty.

Mon. May 14, '45. We had fried eggs again. I cleaned my room; we have a balcony overlooking the town and the mountains. Our censorship was lifted somewhat. We can say we are in Schladming, Austria.

Tues. May 15, '45. My squad moved to the outskirts to allow no one without a pass to enter or leave. Everyone had an excuse to want through. Six hundred Italians and three trucks of French wanted through. They stayed over night, as they had no pass.

Wed. May 16, '45. In the morning Molloy and I went on guard at 6 A.M. More trouble with civilians wanting in. A nice-looking girl wanted to go swimming in a pool on the other side of a roadblock. The guys wanted to see her bathing suit under her dress, but she didn't have one on, so no pass to go swimming.

Thurs. May 17, '45. Another day on the roadblock. We took a look at the swimming pool.

Fri. May 18, '45. Another nice, spring day, although it rained a lot in the evening. I went on a motorized patrol in the hills and got caught in a downpour. I had the top on the jeep, but the water still came in on the sides.

Sat. May 19, '45. I don't have to pull guard now on the roadblock, as I am the sergeant in charge. We don't have much trouble now; we know whom to let through and whom not to let through.

Sun. May 20, '45. I got P.X. rations this morning: four cans of Budwizer, six candy bars, peanuts, chewing gum and other things.

Mon. May 21, '45. This morning was another routine one. Breakfast, then we had to go to the platoon C.P. in the mayor's house for rations, and I took charge of the phone in my squad's house for most of the day. In the evening I went to the swimming pool and watched the G.I's and gals swim. It rained in the evening.

Tues. May 22, '45. This morning, about 2:30, we had some fireworks. The ammo stockpile, where captured enemy ammunition was stored, blew up. Big explosions, flares went off; two gals upstairs thought the Russians had come.

Wed. May 23, '45. Another day at the roadblock at Schladming.

Fri. May 25, '45. A routine day of work on the roadblock.

Sat. May 26, '45. I went to C.P. after breakfast. I hadn't heard anything about leaving for the Riviera. I took it easy all day. Finally at 4 P.M., I called about rest camp. They

said I was to go immediately. I went to service company. I stayed at a special service company. All night I tried to see Jack LaValle there, but he had gone to rest camp at Nancy the day before.

Sun. May 27, '45. We began our long truck ride to service company. We went through Salzburg and got paid \$65 at the Division Administration. We passed through Munich, a bombed city, and through Ulm, which was a wreck. We stayed overnight at a German peoples home near Stuttgart; her brother lives on Long Island. I had a nice bed there.

Mon. May 28, '45. For breakfast the woman gave me two soft-boiled eggs, bread, butter and coffee. We left at 8:00 A.M. and arrived in Nancy at 2:00 P.M. I went to a show.

Tues. May 29, '45. We traveled from Nancy by train at 5:30 A.M. in hard seats, 3rd class coaches. We passed through Dijon, Macon and Lyon; we slept on the floor of the train at night. We ate at roadside mess halls.

Wed. May 30, '45. We arrived at Nice at 10 A.M. after arriving in Marsailis at 5:00 A.M. We took a scenic route along the sea from Marseilles to Nice. It was a beautiful city. I walked around in the evening and saw a floor show in our hotel in the evening.

Thurs. May 31, '45. I was up at 8:20, had breakfast with the boy that slept in the bed next to me. In the evening the boy and I took a three-hour bike ride. We went to a nightclub in the evening. There were plenty of weird jitterbugs there. They had a French band.

Wed. June 6, '45. My last day at the Rivera. In the evening I went to a movie with a friend, Ballsinger. We left Nice at 7:30 P.M.

Thurs. June 7, '45. We rode the train all day and night.

Fri. June 8, '45. We arrived at Nancy at 6:00 A.M. after a thirty-four hour ride.

Sat. June 9, '45. We had all day in Nancy.

Sun. June 10, '45. Left Nancy and arrived at Strasbourg at 2:00 P.M., then we left for Urach near Ulm.

Mon. June 11, '45. We left at 7:30 A.M. to go to Salzburg at 3 P.M. I am now a staff sergeant as of May 15, and I just got notified.

Tues. June 12, '45. I took it easy all day. The platoon went mountain climbing, searching for S.S. troops, but they didn't find any.

June 13, 14, 15, 16, '45. No important activities.

Sun. June 17, '45. I saw Lt. Dersch, and Swergart and Shirly, former privates of this Company. *ALL THREE WERE PROMOTED TO LUETENDENTS.*

June 18 through 22, '45. Regular routine. I learned today that we were in the army of occupation.

June 23 through 29, '45. We had regular drills and duties.

June 30, '45. I got back pay today-over \$300! I sent \$250 of it home.

July 1 through 4, '45. Usual training and inspections. I am the sergeant of the guard. The other fellows got up at 4 A.M. They went to Salzburg to go on parade. It rained all day, and the parade was called off. They were wet and disgusted.

Fri, July 5 & 6, '45. Went on a 10 mile hike.

July 7, 8 & 9, '45. I had regular duty.

Tues. July 10, '45. We got ready to move out from ^{FLACAU} ~~Flachen~~ as we left on trucks at 5 P.M. for Salzburg airport. We pitched pup tents.

Wed. July 11, '45. It rained all morning. I saw Wallace who used to be in my squad.

Thurs. July 12, '45. We waited all day for trucks, which came at 5:00 P.M. We drove all night and had breakfast at Mannheim. Our truck broke down in Frankfurt. With a three-hour delay, we finally arrived at Sachsenhausen at 8:30 P.M. We were quartered in apartment houses.

July 14 & 15, '45. In the evening I had charge of hauling beds and lumber from rail cars at Bad Wildungen to C.P. (COMMAND POST)

July 16, '45. Inspection and drills and lectures.

July 17, '45. I got beds for the non-coms, much to the disgust of the privates.

Wed. July 18, '45. Division organization day. A holiday.

Thurs. July 19, '45. A routine training day.

Fri. July 20, '45. I got ready for camping trip. I left at 10:00 A.M. and arrived at our area near Hamburg. We pitched pup tents. We found out that we were to search houses.

Sat. July 21, '45. I got up at 4:30 A.M. I was in charge of detail to search a train at 8 P.M. at the town of Fritzlar. I had an easy job, as there were only two on the train. I had no rations so I ate at the Red Cross Club at the airport. The truck forgot to pick us up. Finally we got back to base at 1:15 A.M.

Sun. July 22, '45. Up again at 4:30 A.M. In the evening we pulled out *and* got back to Sachsenhausen. I got to bed at twelve noon.

Mon. July 23, '45. Some men left for the 70th Division today.

Tues. July 24, '45. I had a regular training day, and we got one man from the 70th Division.

Wed. July 25, '45. At 10:00 A.M. the Red Cross gals brought their club mobile and served donuts and coffee, with music. We got some more men from the 70th Division.

Thurs. July 26, '45. We had training as usual. We got a new lieutenant; his name is Schwable.

Fri. July 27, '45. I was in charge of quarters today.

Sat. July 28, '45. We had inspection and a close-order drill, and then a five-mile hike.

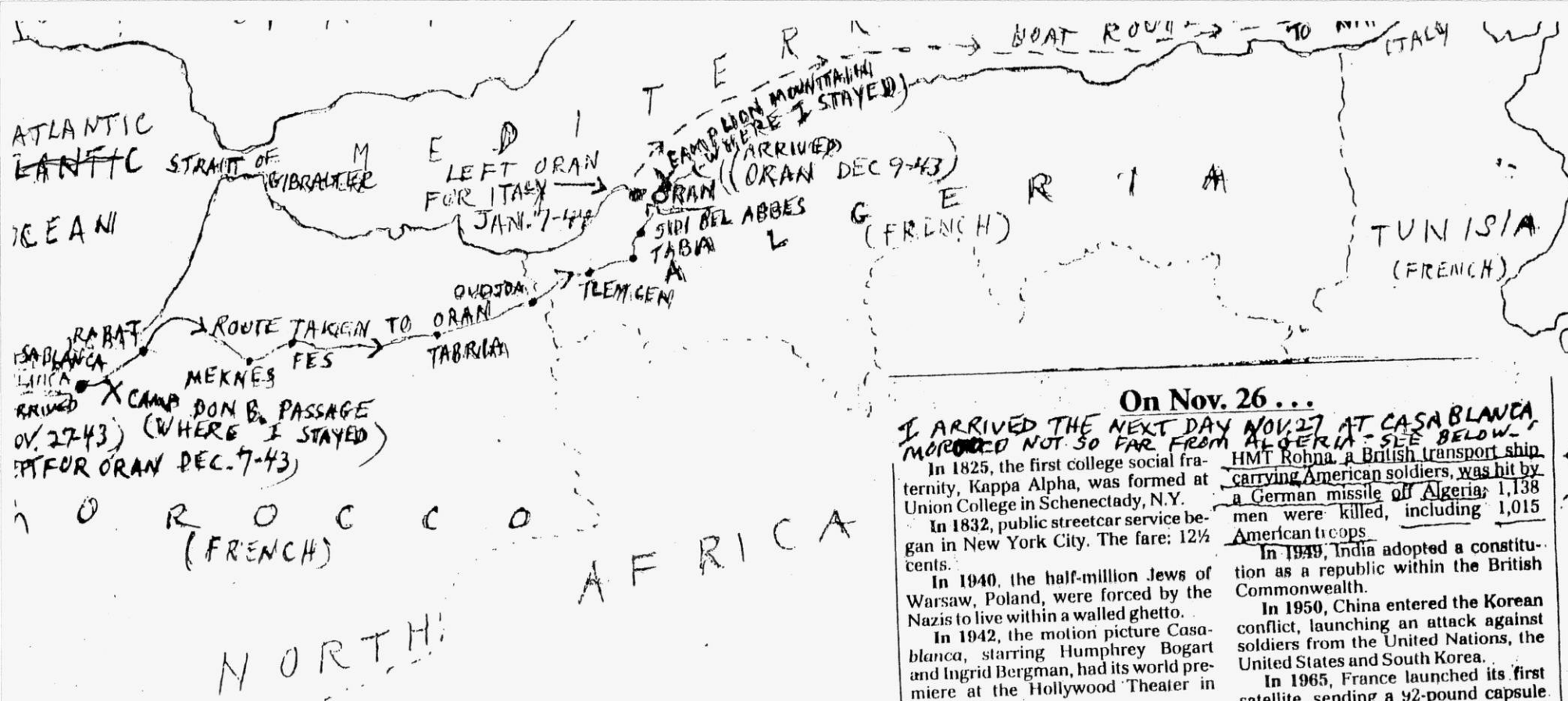
Sun. July 29, '45. I went to church at 10:15 at an old church at Waldeck.

Mon. July 30, '45. I was sergeant of guard today.

Tues. July 31, '45. We had inspection and a five-mile hike and then a lecture.

*** I came home via London in September of 1945. I was discharged in October of 1945.

THE SHIP I CAME ON WAS THE LUXURY LINER QUEEN ELIZABETH.
THERE WERE 15,000 SOLDIERS ON IT. WE SAILED FROM SOUTHAMPTON
ENGLAND ON OCTOBER 4 ARRIVING IN NEW YORK OCTOBER 9, 1945.
WHAT AN EXPERIANCE TO SEE THE STATUE OF LIBERTY
AFTER BEING IN NORTH AFRICA AND EUROPE FOR 23½ MONTHS.



CASA BLANCA
ARRIVED NOV. 27-43 (WHERE I STAYED)
PT FOR ORAN DEC. 7-43

MOROCCO (FRENCH)
NORTH AFRICA

On Nov. 26 ...
I ARRIVED THE NEXT DAY NOV. 27 AT CASA BLANCA, MOROCCO NOT SO FAR FROM ALGERIA - SEE BELOW.
 In 1825, the first college social fraternity, Kappa Alpha, was formed at Union College in Schenectady, N.Y.
 In 1832, public streetcar service began in New York City. The fare: 12½ cents.
 In 1940, the half-million Jews of Warsaw, Poland, were forced by the Nazis to live within a walled ghetto.
 In 1942, the motion picture *Casablanca*, starring Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman, had its world premiere at the Hollywood Theater in New York.
 In 1943, during World War II, the HMT *Rohna*, a British transport ship carrying American soldiers, was hit by a German missile off Algeria; 1,138 men were killed, including 1,015 American troops.
 In 1949, India adopted a constitution as a republic within the British Commonwealth.
 In 1950, China entered the Korean conflict, launching an attack against soldiers from the United Nations, the United States and South Korea.
 In 1965, France launched its first satellite, sending a 92-pound capsule into orbit.

ROUTE TAKEN
IN NORTH AFRICA
NOV. 27-43 TO JAN. 7-44

SOUTHERN

ITALY

JAN. 11- TO 21-44

FEB. 12 TO MAR. 16-44

JUNE 28 TO AUG. 9-44

JULY 144 SO. FRANCE

PRACTICE AMPHIBIOUS LANDING DURING TRAINING

MONDRAGONE

(STATIONED) HERE FOR SO. FRANCE TRAINING - JUNE 28 TO AUG. 9-44 POZZUOLI

MADE PRACTICE AMPHIBIOUS LANDING IN THIS TOWN

JOINED COMPANY HERE JAN. 14-44 IN HOSPITAL HERE

NAPLES (LANDED HERE JAN. 11-44) LEFT FOR ANZIO HERE JAN. 21-44

BAY OF NAPLES

MT. VESUVIUS

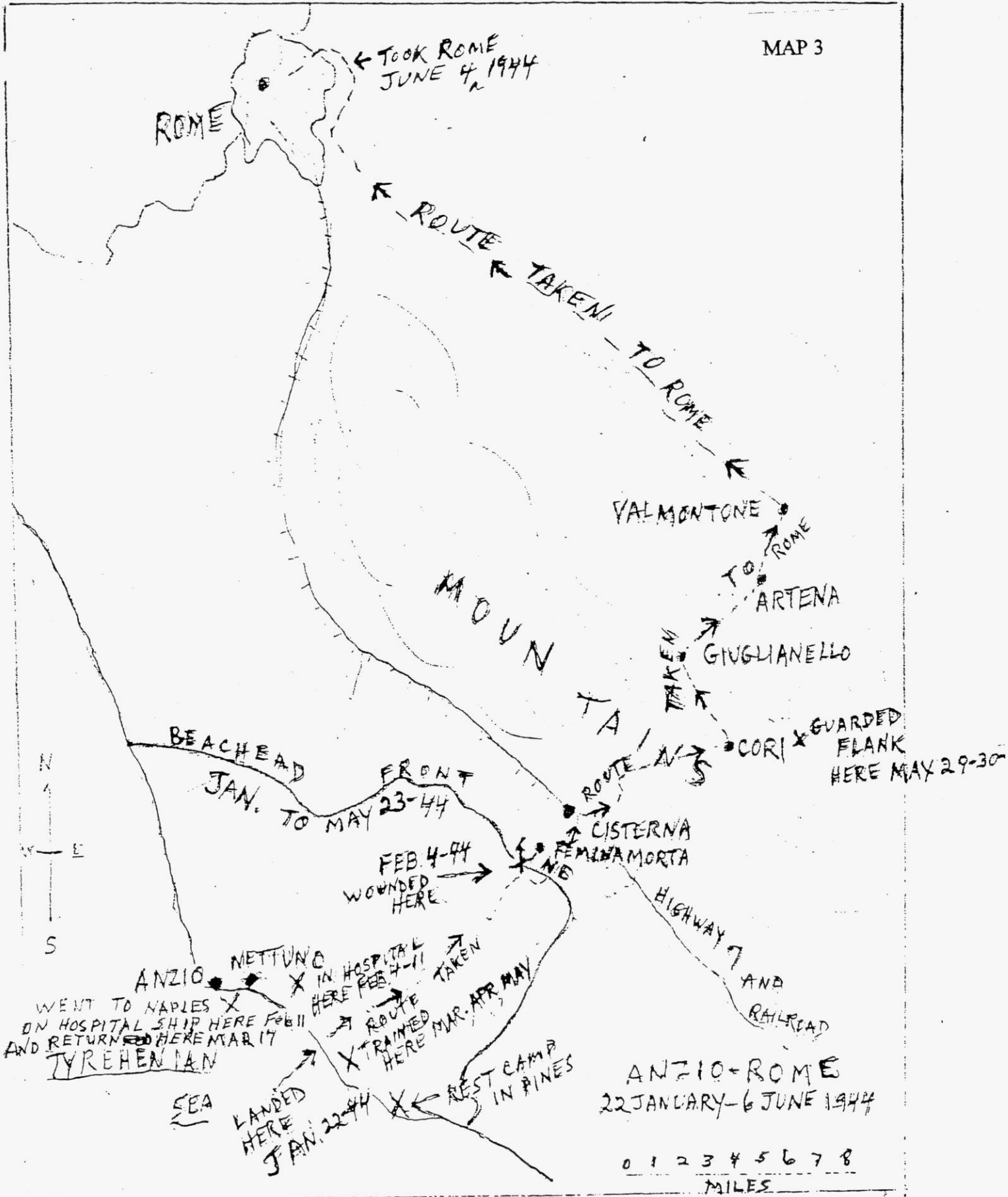
SORRENTO

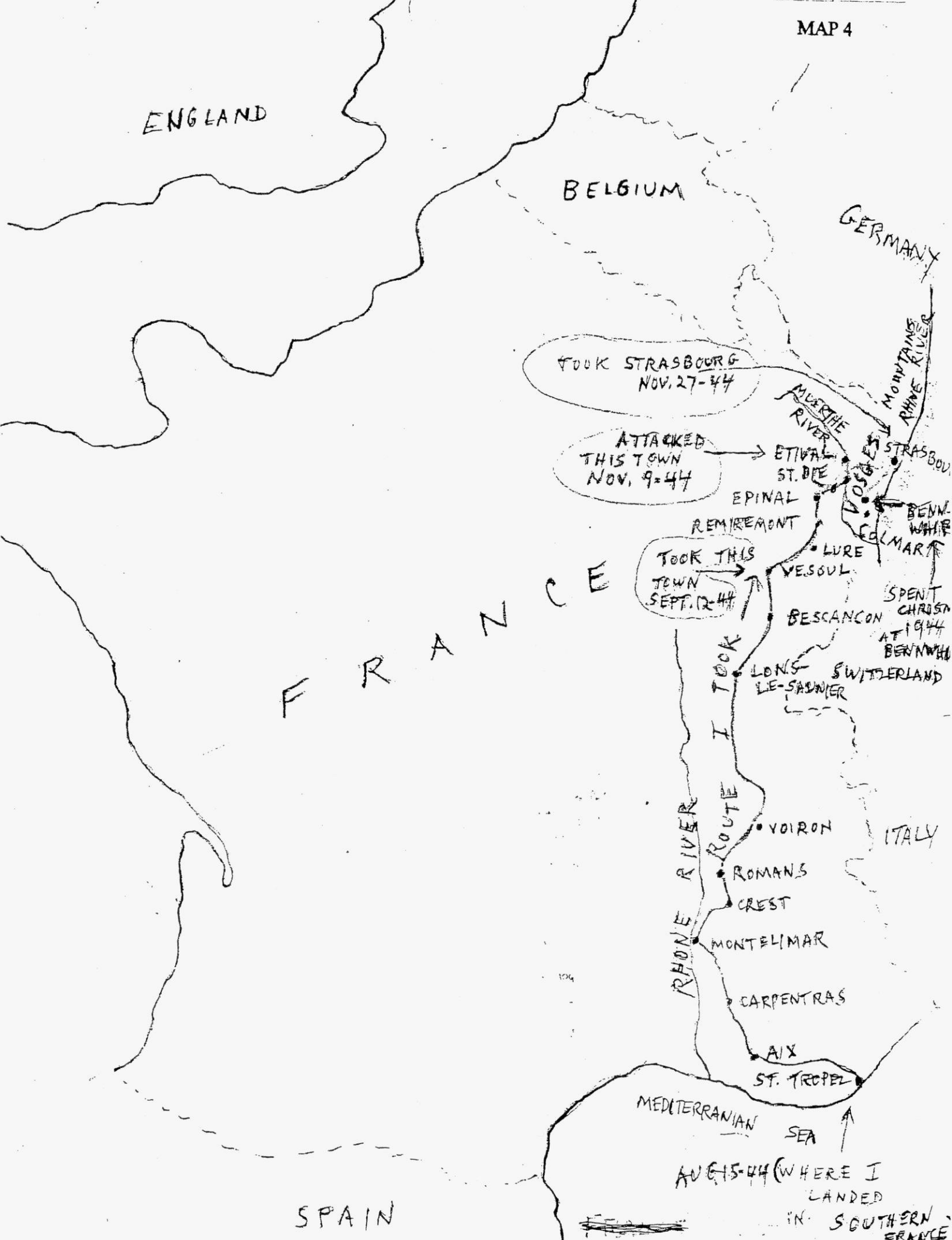
MADE UNSUCCESSFUL PRACTICE AMPHIBIOUS LANDING NEAR HERE JAN. 18-44

SALERNO

NOTE: THIS AREA IN CIRCLE ABOVE IS PART OF SOUTHERN ITALY REPRESENTED BELOW

ROME ANZIO CASSINO NAPLES SALERNO





ENGLAND

BELGIUM

GERMANY

TOOK STRASBOURG
NOV. 27-44

ATTACKED
THIS TOWN
NOV. 9-44

TOOK THIS
TOWN
SEPT. 12-44

FRANCE

MOUNTAINS
RHINE RIVER

MOSELLE RIVER

STRASBOURG
BENNWART
COLMAR

ETIVAL
ST. DIE
EPINAL
REMIREMONT

LURE
VESOUL
BESANCON
SPENT CHRISTMAS
AT 1944
BENNWART

LONGS
LE-SABONIER
SWITZERLAND

VOIRON
ITALY

ROMANS
CREST

MONTELMAR

CARPENTRAS

AIX

ST. TROPEZ

MEDITERRANIAN SEA

AUG 15-44 (WHERE I LANDED
IN SOUTHERN FRANCE

SPAIN



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FRENCH Riviera

From Monaco to St-Tropez, including Nice, Cannes, Juan-les-Pins and many others, the Riviera is certainly Europe's most famous and popular summer destination.



← VISITED NICE, JUNE 1943 AND AUG, 44

LANDED AUG. 15, 1944 ON CAP CAVALIER NEAR ST. TROPEZ

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Alsace-Lorraine

