

Dear Fellow 62nd Member,

I started this project, to get a copy, plus the extra pages as they become available to each man who sent in some material to help get it together, and wanted it to be a no cost project to the members and would like to keep it as such, but as so much material has come in, the cost is getting quite heavy, I still plan on going ahead and see that each member of the Battalion eventually gets a copy, At the present time the cost to get this copy into your hands is about \$ 10.50, This is not an Association project, and I am standing for the entire cost. I will not ask that these personal histories be sold, but should you think they are worth a donation it would help the next member to receive his copy that much sooner, All funds that come in donations will be used to have more copies printed. So if you feel that you can make any donation to this project it would be greatly appreciated.



Jerry W. Eades,

A FEW PERSONAL EVENTS, MEMORIES AND REFLECTIONS OF
JERRY W. EADES, AND OTHER MEMBERS WHO SERVED IN THE
SIXTY-SECOND ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, IN
WORLD WAR TWO, AND WHICH ARE NOT FOUND IN OUR
HISTORY BOOK "THE STORY OF THE SIXTY-SECOND" THESE
SHORT REFLECTIONS OF MEMORIES WERE PREPARED FOR THE
MEMBERS OF THE SIXTY-SECOND ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY
BATTALION ASSOCIATION, AND MY TWO GRAND SONS, CLAY
CECIL PARKS AND ADAM KYLE TRAVIS AND MY GRAND
DAUGHTER JULIE RENEE TRAVIS, TO HAVE AS A PART OF
THEIR MEMORY OF ME, IN THE YEARS TO COME.



SERGEANT JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY
SIXTY-SECOND ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION
DECEMBER 1943, BANBURY, ENGLAND



SERGEANT JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY
SIXTY-SECOND ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION
DECEMBER 1944 ABOUT A THOUSAND YARDS FROM THE
DRAGON-TEETH ON THE SEIGFRIED LINE AT
MONSCHAU, GERMANY



SERGEANT JERRY W. EADES, IN BELGIUM

JANUARY 1945

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE COLONEL"

My first encounter with Lt.Colonel Raymond C. Conder, (Later nick named Mean As Hell Conder). came about in this way In early Nineteen-Forty-Two- a few months after the Sixty-Second Field Artillery Battalion, now a fully trained unit was stationed at Fort Bliss, Texas. At this time I was a member of Headquarters Battery Sixty-First Field Artillery Battalion, A Seventy-Five Millimeter Howitzer Horse Mounted unit also stationed at Fort Bliss. I was on detached service and was doing duty with the First Cavalry Division Artillery, Band, Drum and Bugle Corps, and acting First Sergeant of the unit. The Band, Drum and Bugle Corps used two Barracks right in the center of the Sixty-Second F. A. Bn. area, so we always knew when any thing was going to happen to the Sixty-Second.

We got it on the grapevine that the Sixty-Second was about to ship out for parts unknown, the day I got the news I thought boy how I would like to leave Fort Bliss and go with them, any where to get out of this Horse Outfit, but I knew that Lt. Colonel Thomas S. Gunby, would not let me go as I was in the Battalion Detail Section of Headquarters Battery of The Sixty-First, But to my good luck I found out the Sixty-First would be going out to the Donna-Anna, New Mexico Firing range for a week of firing, and would be leaving the very next day and since all men on detached service were excused from the Firing Range. As soon as the Sixty-First had cleared the North Gate on their way to Donna-Anna, I made a bee-line to Colonel Conder's office.

I reported to him and ask for permission to transfer to the Sixty-Second, and go with them, I had however found out that a man named Cosby, in B Battery Sixty-Second had just gotten married a few weeks before he knew the Sixty-Second was shipping out, He had the same M.O.S. as I did and could do the work in a Battalion Detail Section, and he had told me he would make a transfer with me so he could stay in the El Paso area.

Colonel Conder, listened to my story, then ask why do you want to give up a good easy job like you now have to go with the Sixty-Second, I said Sir, I think the First Cavalry Division is going to sit out the War guarding the Border and I would like to go with a units thats going to fight, He looked me straight in the eye and said, Son if you go with the Sixty-Second you are sure as hell going to fight, But I cant take you as I have all the Non-Commision Officers I need, I thought fast and said would you take me as a private ? Why hell yes, he answered looking some what surprised, I then explained to him about Private Cosby, He then said don't tell me your life story, tell it to Sergeant-Major Andrews, And as I thanked him and started to leave his office he said wait a minute Son, Now just because you you are a regular Army man, don't think thats going to pull any weight with me, No Sir, I told him and left his office, I had known Sergeant-Major Andrews from our days together in the Old Eighty-Second Field Artillery Regiment, and the Second-Battalion, and within a matter of Four hours my transfer was clearing the Sixty-First. The reason it went through so fast, was the Officer left in charge of the Sixty-First while the rest of the Battalion was in the field, was a Lieutenant Weaver, who did not know me, and could have cared less, all he could see was the fact that Ben Andrews had told him he was getting a replacement ready for duty, so he signed my transfer with no questions ask..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"A NEW FRIEND"

After my transfer was signed I had to clear a number of places, Barber shop, Taylor shop, Main Post Exchange and The Artillery Canteen and just cleared everything at around Five-P.M. I could see the Sixty-Second moving out of their Barracks and out to the North Parade Ground, I reported to the Sixty-Second Supply, exchanged my Boots and Britches, for slacks and leggings and high top shoes, drew a rifle, shelter-half, one blanket, and it was well near Nine-P.M. when I reported to B Battery and First Sergeant William N. Gardner, who had come to the Sixty-Second when it was organized, from B Battery Eighty-Second Field Artillery and one of the old timers I had known for years, and who was a very good Brown Noser, as he said to me, Keep your nose clean boy, and I'll have thoes stripes back on your arm before you know it.

I felt like I was really on my own, as most of the B Battery Men had already turned in and that consisted of curling up in their blanket on the ground and trying to get some sleep. As I climed up on a Sixty-Second truck the next morning, as a member of the Sixty-Second, the two men I sat down between was Sid Newman and Curtis Comer, As the Sixty-Second trucks turned out the North Gate into Fred Wilson Road going West to Dyer Street we could look up the Donna-Anna road and see what looked a thousand mules, It was the Ninety-Ninth Field Artillery Battalion, A Mule Pack, Seventy-Five Millimeter Pack Howitzer unit Coming in from Donna-Anna to take the Sixty-Second Place as a unit of the First Cavalry Division.

Before the Sixty-Second Trucks had cleared the City Limits of El Paso, and was swinging around the South End of Mount-Franklin, on their way up into New Mexico, Curtis Comer and I had struck up a conversation and before the day was over and we had made camp at Lordsburg, New Mexico for the night, Comer, and I had become fast friends and have been good friends for the last Forty-Eight Years..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE GARDEN OF EDEN"

After the Sixty-Second Field Artillery Battalion left Fort Bliss, Texas and were detached from the First Cavalry Division, along with the Ninety-First Reconnaissance Squadron, Our first nights stop was in Lordsburg, New Mexico, The Second nights stop was in Tucson, Arizona, The Third nights stop was in Yuma, Arizona, late on the Fourth day out of Fort Bliss, The Sixty-Second Men got their first sight of the New Desert Training Center. and were a very down hearted bunch, first Pup-Tents were pitched, and in a straight line, Second was to pick up all the Side-Winder rattle snakes, but within a few hours it begin to look like an Army Camp.

I got used to the hot weather and sun-shine, As best I can remember it never rained the entire time we were at Camp Young from April til September, and was cloudy only one morning. We were fast to learn from the old timers around the area the only way you could enjoy a cool drink of water was to get a desert-bag, the outside of the bag would be wet and even hanging in the sun the water inside the bag would be cool, and though it was very hot during the day it took Two Blankets to stay warm at night, But the One and Two mile runs each morning before breakfast would warm you up in a hurry.

The Chow at Camp Young was extra good, and I soon enjoyed being in the Garden, we even took pride in being dressed in Kahki clothes, when we went into Los Angeles on week end passes and seeing all the G.I.'s who were stationed along the coast dressed in O. D. Clothes, and we even liked and enjoyed the name they gave all the Camp Young Soldiers of "Desert Rats"

Once while on pass in Santa Monica, and after a night on the town, I had signed up at the Red Cross to be the guest of a couple for a day in the country and to do a lot of horse back riding that Sunday, My date for the day was a girl from Oklahoma, Roana Barrett, who was a secretary at the big Air-Craft Plant there in Santa Monica, Jerry and Pam Hester, my host also worked for the same Company. During our ride on horse-back Jerry's horse fell in a big bog in the park, He and I got all muddy geting the horse out and we went back to his house and had a big Sea-Food Dinner, they put my clothes in the washing machine to get all the mud and dirt off, as they were drying I had on one of Jerry's house coats. I had a great time that day. I wrote to Roana, Pam and Jerry all time I was over seas, and Roana came to see me when I was at Palm Springs California at the Tourney General Hospital when I came bach from over-seas, But after I got Transferred back to Texas I kind of lost track of them.

A lot of the old Fort Bliss men left out of Camp Young to form other units, Don't know how Comer and I were so lucky to stay together in the Sixty-Second, The Garden of Eden, will stay in my memory the rest of my life, but all good and bad things come to an end, So did our stay in what we called "THE GARDEN OF EDEN"..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"SERGEANT GARDNER'S FIT"

While at Camp Young, We used to go out in the Desert each morning for miles behind the Camp and go into a formation known as the "Desert Spread" and all our formations were to be at a dispersed nature. We had plenty of room why not use it. One night about dark word came, that no one was to get out of our tents, light a match or make any noise.

In Los Angeles, Over a Hundred miles away they were having a mock Black Out, We were sleeping in the big Eight Man Tents, with a wood floor, As the men washed their clothes especially Shorts and Undershirts we would tie the hold down ropes together from Tent to Tent at night to hang the washing to dry at night so we would have fresh underware for the next day, Well that night it was extra black, all the clothes had been taken down, and as we sat there in the dark we heard Sergeant Gardners bull voice from the head of the Battery Street holler out, Who lit that match, I seen it, this is suppose to be a black-out, and I'm going to find the man, As he started running between the tents, On the tent next to the one I was sitting in, they had forgot to untie the hold down ropes. Sergeant Gardner came running between the tents and hit the rope about neck high, which threw him for a loop. He landed on his back and got up in a fit of rage, I'll Court-Martial the man who tied that rope up there, and when he could not get the name of any man who had tied the rope together, He was about to have both tents drawn and quartered, when Captain Carmicheal, our Battery Commander camd down and told him the Black-Out was over.

I never seen a man throw such a fit, Sergeant Gardner was the First man to be transfered to the Ninety-First-Division in Oregon a few days later..

I often thought how foolish it seemed, Over a Hundred miles from where the action would have been and we had to spread out all over the place, when in Combat when the shells hit within a few yards of you, the men paid no attention to them, and would all gather up in a group and shoot the breeze..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE TRAIN RIDE"

I remember this Train Ride like it was only yesterday, although it will soon be Forty-Eight Years ago. It was along the end of August Nineteen-Forty-Two, the Sixty-Second Armored Field Artillery Battalion, had been ordered in from the field of the big Desert Center Maceuver, It was hot and dusty in the California Desert, The Battalion was loaded in Coach Cars If I remember correctly the Train I was on had Five Coach Cars, One Baggage Car which was used for the Kitchen, One Box Car and Fourteen Flat Cars with One Caboose, Four Sergeants had been assigned duty to ride the Caboose along with the brake-man of the Railroad, One Sergeant was assigned to ride the Box Car, the rest of the Noncommisioned Officers were assigned to guard duty on the Flat Cars or in the Coaches. First Sergeant Babe Dalton, said to me, Eades, how would you like to have your own private car to ride in ? You name it Top, was my answer, Ok he said you got the Box Car all the way to where ever we are going, all by yourself.

The best I can remember the Train pulled out of Indio, California just after the noon meal had been feed, heading East, The first hour or so we jogged along at about Fifteen to Twenty miles an hour, then the train begin to pick up speed, about every three hours it stopped to take on water as it was a steam engin pulling the Cars, At these stops the guards on the Flat Cars would change, The mess Car was open almost around the clock, and at the stops near meal time thoes coming off Guard would get to eat, since I was riding in the Box Car just behind the Kitchen car, I would jump off at the stops and Sergeant Joe Osborn, the Mess Sergeant would hand me my food and drink, so I would not even have to get up into the Kitchen Car. Finis M. Defoore, One of the cooks and a good friend of mine would pass me a fresh bottle of coffee any time I wanted it.

On the first evening we were going through Arizona, It was just about dark, when Larry Montoya, stuck his head up in the Box Car and said, I'm off Guard until Ten A.M. the next morning can I ride in the Box Car with you ? Sure I said, glad to have some company, Larry and I had been friends for some time as he was my driver on a Four by Six Truck before we got the Half-Tracks, As we rolled along the moon came out, Very Bright, Larry and I sat there looking out the Box Car Door watching the shadows from the Train, One of the Split-Trailed Howitzers was on the Flat Car just behind the Box Car, the way it cast it's shadow it looked like the Howitzer was chaseing the box car, we made jokes about it. We talked about many things, I remember Larry saying to me, Why is it that you are the only NCO in the Battery that I feel at ease talking to ? I like the way you get things done with out all the hollering and trying to show you are boss.

We had sat up Two Cots, used one blanket for a pillow and one to cover with as it turned quite cold after the sun went down , We woke up next morning just as the train was coming into El Paso, Texas, As we went through El Paso at around Ten miles per hour, many things were very easy to recognize, that we had seen many times before, after all I was Stationed

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There at Fort Bliss, for Five Years. The Train took the North route out of El Paso and came to a stop even with Fort Bliss, I thought surely we are not coming back to Fort Bliss ? But that thought was short lived, We were waiting for the South bound train to clear the track, then it was North into New Mexico again, heading for Tucumcary, New Mexico Then we headed North East out through Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas and into Missouri, after we passed Amarillo, Texas it was night riding again.

As the men settled down to sleep we were being pulled by a steam engine, when it came day-light again we found that some time during the night between Kansas City and St. Louis the railroad had switched a coal burning engine to our train and nearly everything was covered with black Smoot and cinders, even our faces and hands. As we went East many new things were seen, I will never forget the Horse Shoe Turn the Train made at Altoona, Pennsylvania and that along about that time one of the B-Battery men ask me if he could ride the rest of the way in the Box Car, Sure I said, It was Nicholas Belcdhazy, I noticed him writing a letter, then keep looking out the Box Car Door, after a while he stood up in the door and as we passed a street crossing a bunch of people were watching the Train go by, Nick threw the letter out into the crowd and said "Take it to my Mother", the town we were going through was Munhall, Pennsylvania, where he lived. I said Nick, you know we are not supposed to throw any thing out of the train saying who we are, or where we are going, He said, Sergeant, are you going to report me ? That was a letter to my Mother, Heck No, I said, I didn't see you throw any thing off this Train, Later that day we arrived in Medford, Virginia where we started unloading, this had been one super Train Ride..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"ANOTHER CAMP IN A CORN FIELD"

As we detrained the Four Half-Tracks we pulled the Guns with and the Two Four-BY-Six Trucks we had brought with us took our Bags and Kitchen to our Camp. The rest of us walked, I do remember it was a hot and dusty walk with full-field packs and side-arms, We were walking down a back country road it must have been close to Ten Miles from the Rail-Head, As we had been walking for over an hour, We turned into a field that still had corn stalks standing in it, and pitched our pup tents, this was the start of Camp A. P. Hill, Virginia. After we had got our tents up and our packs off some one said there is a creek on down the road a few Hundred Yards, The First Sergeant, sais OK , any of you guys who wish to wash up, you are free until chow call, as it was around Four P. M. then, So we headed for the creek, as the road crossed it, there was no bridge, it was about Six to Eight Feet wide and about Four Feet Deep. It was so hot and muggy we jumped in clothes, shoes and all, as we needed to wash the dust off our clothes anyway, It was very refreshing.

The next morning, we drew the big Eight-Man tents like we had in Camp Young, California and by the Second night we had the Battery streets set up and things looked normal again. The area we were camped in was very woody all around, I had the feeling of being boxed in, because at Camp Young, you could look out of the tent and see for miles, Then on our Fifth day in Virginia it came a blue norther, since we had just finished nearly Six months in the Desert our blood was thin, and this was something else wa all nearly froze, that morning everyone was wearing his long underwear and overcoats and still fell out for roll call with one or Two Blankets wraped around you to try to stay warm. I know I do and I'll bet a great many men of the Sixty-Second still remember Camp A. P. Hill, Virginia..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"LIEUTENANT BUSH, AT A. P. HILL"

Lieutenant Edward L. Bush, joined the Sixty-Second just after we got to Camp Young, California At Indio, He came in with the first intake of personal in April Nineteen-Forty-Two, He was assigned to C Battery, but by the time we left California for Virginia Lieutenant Bush, was in B Battery.

My first encounter with Lieutenant Bush, was just after we got to Camp A. P. Hill, Virginia He was the Officer of the Day, and I was the Sergeant of the Guard, Before the new guard relived the old guard for a Twenty-Four Hour period it was regulation that the new guard be inspected by the Officer of the Day, and should any guard be found unfit for guard would be relived and a Sub-Guard be put in his place.

As Lieutenant Bush, inspected each guard he would ask, Have you fired Five rounds with an O3' rifle ? As we were equipped with the O3' rifle at that time, and no one could stand guard unless he had fired at least Five rounds, After he had ask all the guards that question, he turned to me and said, "Oh Yes, Sergeant of the Guard, how many rounds have you fired with an O3' rifle ? About Five Thousand or So I answered, Five-Thousand, he said, How and where would you have fired that many rounds ? I did a hitch in a Cavalry Rifle Regiment Sir, Thats about all we did was to fire our rifles, OK he said, I guess you are qualified to stand Guard.

Lieutenant Bush, had B Battery out one day to do some simulation fire with the ONE-O-Fives, the normal call out for the Exucetive Officer on a fire mission would be, Battery Adjust, The Deflections, Shell H.E. (High Expolsive), The Powder Charge Number and Range or Elevation, But this day Lieutenant Bush, called out, Battery-Adjust, Gave the Deflections, then called out Shell L. E. At this point all the Chief-Of-Sections, Gunner Corporals and Cannoneers stopped dead in their tracks, Then Sergeant Boydston, said Lieutenant, Just what in the hell is L. E. ? Why thats Low Expolsive, Sergeant, At this point Sergeant Boydston said Lieutenant, Did you ever see a Low Expolsive Shell ? Where upon Lieutenant Bush answered, Well No I havent Sergeant, But I just wanted to see if you and your Gun-Crew were awake.

Lieutenant Bush was a graduate of the Citadel, and told me some wild tales of his life as a Cadet in training to be an Army Officer, And was a very smart and extra sharp officer, but could come up with some of the most un-othodoxed things ever heard of. Lieutenant Bush, lost a leg due to Eighty-Eight Millimeter Gun Fire in World War Two, But when I last saw him in Ninenteen-Eighty-Six He was still the same Ole' Lieutenant now as he was when I knew him in Nineteen-Forty-Two..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE SIXTY-SECOND GOES ARMORED"

Around a couple of weeks after arriving at Camp A. P. Hill, Virginia we begin to see a lot of strange looking equipment coming into camp and our Battery area, First our Half-Tracks and our One-O-Five Split trailed Howitzers were drove to the rail head and turned in, and we were delivered the New M-Seven Self Proppeded Howitzers, this was an M-Four Tank with no turret and with A One-O-Five Millimeter Howitzer welded to the floor of the Tank, and was self-proppeded and was one of the latest model Armored Vehicle the Army had, The Sixty-Second was one of the first Battalions in the U.S. Army to receive these Guns, and the Battery was increased from a Four Gun Battery to a Six Gun Battery, and at the same time each Battery was issued Two Thirty-Millimeter Anti-Tank Guns, on a Three-Quarter Ton Truck Frame.

First Sergeant Babe Dalton said Eades, do you know anything about the Thirty-Seven Millimeter Anti-Tank Guns ? No, I answered, But they could not be much different from the Thirty-Seven Millimeter Sub-Calibers we used to mount on our Seventy-Fives for Sub-Caliber firing back at Fort Bliss, however I very quickly seen there was a big difference, As the Anti-Tank Gun had a barrel almost Ten times longer than the old Sub-Calibers, and the shell was overall Seven or Eight times longer, And He said, well you are the Anti-Tank Chief of section, take these books and start reading, and we expect you to know all about them by tomorrow night, because you go on the range and teach your men to fire them in Two days.

My Crew on my gun was, Paul Dyson, Roy Copeland, Ed Allen and Alex Patterson, On number Two Gun was, Corporal Harold Van Alstrand, William E. Carns, George B. Davis , Albert Dufort and James Stokey, and Sergeant Dalton then said, Your Anti-Tank Sections duty will be to protect the Battery from being attacked by Tanks and Infantry, From the Front, Flanks or rear. Three days later I had Two well trained Anti-Tank Gun Crews. Had I known every thing that lay in store for the Anti-Tank Section later I would have given it back to him right there, But we did make it, and every thing turned out fine..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"CAMP KILMER AND STATEN ISLAND"

Early in the month of October Nineteen-Forty-Two Orders came to take down our Eight-Man Tents, Pack our geer and stand by, with all this taken care of, and it was starting to get dark we still sat there, word came down not to unpack as we may pull out any minute.

Along about mid-night it started raining, then about that time over a Hundred new men were checked into the Battalion, most of them coming in from Fort Knox, It was one miserable night, The next morning we were loaded on the train and our next stop was Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. This was the first time we were quartered in Barracks since we had left Fort Bliss, Texas. Camp Kilmer was a good camp, with Movies, Real Kitchens with mess halls where you could sit down to eat, plus if you had money you could go on pass to New York City, or the other Cities near by.

The boys from the New York City area had a field day with passes nearly every night to go home and to visit their family. The Medical Detachment had a good time giving all the shots we got there, and the foot drill and Infantry training went on most all the time. And we found out later why we got all of it. Also a few of the men were weeded out as unfit for overseas duty, one man that I knew best was my little friend who had been in my Drum and Bugle Corps back at Fort Bliss, George Muchnick from New York City, after about Two weeks of this easy living we were loaded back on the train with the next stop being Staten Island, as we were marched on the Ferry Boat we sat down, and when I looked I told Curtis Comer, Look that big building and all the other buildings were moving, while us two country hicks were getting excited about the moving buildings, William Nickleson, said you dumb-bells the buildings are not moving, You are, Don't you know what a Ferry-Boat is ? Nickleson was from New York City, No I don't know what a Ferry-Boat is, I never even heard of one I told him, I know I felt a little foolish, Comer did not say a word either, Then we were on Staten Island, and were standing by the Santa Elena, The biggest boat I had ever seen, and would be our home for the next few weeks, The Statue of Liberty was standing on Staten Island, it looked very strange and I wondered if I would ever see Texas again..... .

FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE HAIR CUT"

While we were at Camp Kilmer, we had to do a lot of things for our selves we had never done before. Each Battery had a set of barber tools Jim Lavato, was the Battery member who did all the hair cutting, and one evening Curtis Comer and I decided to go into New York City for one last nights fling, but we both needed a hair cut, and Jim Lavato, could not be found anywhere, I told Comer, You cut my hair and I'll cut yours which was fine with him.

Comer knew a little about barbering so he cut my hair first, One of the new men who had come into the Battery that last night at Camp A. P. Hill, Bob Young, walked up and started watching, When Comer sat down and I started cutting on his hair, Bob Young watched for a while, then said Sergeant, just where did you ever cut peoples hair ? I never did, I told him, the only hair I ever cut was when we sheared our horses, when I was in the Cavalry, I thought so, Bob said, He had been a barber before coming into the Army, I just can't stand here and watch you butcher this mans hair, mind if I finish the job for you ? Why, I thought I was doing a pretty good job, It is just like shearing a horse, Comer just smiled and did not say a word, But Bob didn't hurt my feelings none when he finished up giving Comer a pretty good hair cut..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE SANTA ELENA SEA VOYAGE"

As we went aboard the Santa Elena, Our transport ship the Port Personal would call your last name, and you would answer by giving your first name and middle initial, then go up the gang plank. B Battery sleeping area was three decks down, the bunks were canvas between steel frames and were stacked in sets of Four high, when you lay on your side your shoulders would touch the bunk over you, but they were better than sleeping on the floor, The chow was nothing to brage about, mostlt steam cooked and there was the oder of the lase meal greeting you as you entered the cook room, the tables were long wooden things and we stood up to eat, We stayed in Port four or five days after going aboard and the Sixty-Second was about the only unit on the ship for that time, Only once did we get off the ship and that was for a Thirty-Minute march and walk around the Island, You would have thought we were prisoners as the M.P.'s and Guards watched us like hawks.

Then one night the other troops started coming aboard, And along about Four A.M. we pulled out from the docks, When Comer and I went out on deck we could not seeland, only a lot of ships around us, we were at Sea, We went as far as we could forward, lay down and looked over the bow of the ship, I felt a little sea sick, but keep watching the bow of the ship go up and down, soon I was feeling fine and never got sea sick again. We walked the decks a lot, as there was no room to do much of any thind else, On our third day out they broke out little books that said "Welcome to North Africa", All I could visualize was "Snakes", Lions, Monkeys and Jungle, until our officers started to brief us on what to expect, and it was far from what I had Visualized.

Shorty Moore, One of the B Battery men, made and lost Two fortunes while on board the Santa Elena, I seen him shoot with the dice Twenty-Five Hundred Dollars at a time, and when he left the ship he was dead broke, The Ship had a full-size Tug-Boat mounted across the bow, and was held in place with Four by Four length of wood, One night the ship got into a very big storm, I was Sergeant of the Guard, The Guard stayed in what we called the Day-Room, The Sea was so rough that night, no one except the Guards were allowed in the Day-Room, and the Officer of the Day, who was Lieutenant Joe Bell, told me not to send any man out on post as he may be washed over board, I could feel the ship sway over from side to side so bad you could not even stand up straight, and I could hear the Timbers holding the Tug-Boat in place Cracking and Squeeking, I told one of the Guards, George B. Davis, well we won't see that Tug-Boat as soon as it gets light, But sure enough as it got Day-Light we seen the old Tug-Boat was still in place.

We got so tired of being on the ship, then some one would holler out, "LAND" ONE MILE", every one would rush out on deck asking "WHERE, WHERE" then some smart-aleck would sat STRIGHT DOWN. I had always heard the Sea was dark bule, I can say that is correct, We used to stand on deck looking down at the side of the ship and as the water hit the side little sparks would fly up. And I saw flying -fish for the first time, so us Country-Boys were learning a lot from this trip, You couldn't go out on deck unless you had your Life-Jacket on, Or a Guard would grab you, and you would end up on K.P. or the Sweep Detail, So I always made sure I had my Life-Jacket on before going out on deck.

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A lot of the men spent most all their time on their bunks, I know one man from B Battery, Shefeff Weddle, who lived on Candy Bars and never went out on deck or to the mess hall the whole trip, Although I was wanting to get to where ever we were going, I was enjoying being on the ship, and it all came to an end to soon, One evening we came to Casablanca, North Africa,

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE DOLLAR WATCH"

Not many of us got much sleep that last night aboard the Santa-Elena, and were turned out around Three A. M. with a good breakfast of powdered eggs, White Bread and Coffee, As I made one last sweep to check our bunk area, I found laying on my bunk a Dollar Watch, I know you remember them? I think the brand make was "Engersall" but they were round about Two Inches in diameter and about Three-Quarter Inch Thick, with an hour and minute hand and had a loud ticking sound.

I ran around asking every one who I knew was sleeping in that area if any one had lost this pocket watch, and to my surprise no one would claim it, so I put it in my pocket and took it with me, Over the next few ~~long~~ months this watch was a big help as it was passed from Guard to Guard each night, At this time every man in the Section would take his Two hours on Guard each night, moving up Two hours every night so one man would not have to stand Guard the same time each night.

Near the end of the African Campaign our clothes were getting some what dirty, so one day I took my pants and shirt, put them in a can of soapy water and boiled them for about Two hours, As I hung them up in a tree to dry, the ole' dollar watch fell out on the ground, I had washed it in the pocket of my pants, I thought well thats the end of the ole' dollar pocket watch, Our Driver Paul Dyson, had just changed the motor oil in our S. P. Gun-Mount Vehicle and the old black oil was in a can, I took a piece of wire tied the watch on in and droped the watch down into the dirty black Forty weight oil, About that time our chow was brought up and I forgot the watch, along about dark I remembered the old watch soaking in the oil and took it out dripping oil and hung it up in the tree.

The next morning I looked at the old Dollar Watch, and It was runing as pretty as you please, I carried it on through the North African Campaign and all the way through Sicily, and in Palermo, while on pass one day, some G. I. seen it and offered me a Thousand Lira for it which I took him up on, as at that time I was broke , and needed the Twenty Dollars more than I needed the watch, and with Twenty Dollars in my pocket, James E. Hagood of Headquarters Battery, who I was in town on pass with, had a good Black-Market Dinner and lots of good wine to drank, all from the ole' Dollar Watch..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE ROCK QUARRY"

After the Sixty-Second left the Santa-Elena in Casablanca harbor we marched for a couple of hours and came to a stop by a big Rock-Quarry, After pitching our Pup-Tents, and not like we did in the States, but just scattered by Battery all over the side of the hill, which was to be our Camp for a couple of months, As our Duty at that time was to Guard the back door, In case any Germans came down from Spain to attack the American Army's holding positions in the rear, And as time went by we made made the Camp a little more easy to live in, On our First Day how-ever I pitched my shelter-half with Ed Allen, who was from Bandaro, Texas, He said to me, Do you know what today is ? No I told him I had no Idea, Well it's Deer Season Opening Day! And I have never in my life missed going hunting on opening day, Have you ever killed a deer ? He ask me, No I have never even seen a wild one, Well when we get back home I'll have you come down to Bandaro, and I'll take you out and you can kill a deer,

About that time First Sergeant Babe Dalton, walked up and said, Sergeant Eades, get your Anti-Tank Section together and take all the canteens you all can carry and go over to that big Farm house on the hill and get us some water. Ed Allen said, Sergeant Dalton, I need to be out hunting Deer Today, Sergeant Dalton said Ok Allen, you can go hunting, but not Deer , Germans, We only had 03' Rifles as our One-O-Fives and Thirty-Sevens were still in the hole of some transport ship, and all water-proofed, Any way we found a nice water well and loaded up all the canteens we could carry, there was no Germans around but we keep our rifles at the ready just in case, That night it came avery hard rain the water ran down the side of the little hill we were camped on and right through our pupOtent, We dug a trench right down the middle of the ground our tent covered so the water could run on through, Need-less to say the next day we spent a lot of time with every one in the Battery could select new tent spots.

As the winter set in we would take Four Shelter-Halves, put them together and they made a pretty good sleeping place for Four men, The Four of that had pitched together were Me, Ed Allen, Curtis Comer and Cloyd barnes, Barnes did keep us amused for many hours telling about his Girl and his car back home, and the rest of the time Allen could put us to sleep with his tales about how he deer hunted back home, On Christmas Day in Nineteen-Forty-Two, I was attending The Gas School in Down Town Casablanca, and my dinner was a cup of Almonds and Two Beers. The Fifty-Eighth and Sixty-Fifth Armored Field Artillery Battalions were also camped in and around the Rock Quarrys and among the little hills overlooking Casablanca.

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I remember the road that we used coming to our camp close to the Sixty-Second area was a house which Arabs lived in, and there was always a small boy playing in the yard and around the front door, He had a black Mother and father, but he was snow white, with pink eyes, some one said he was an Albino, but you couldn't prove it by me as I had never seen one before, We had a lot of C-Rations in this area and all the B Battery men would toss him the candy out of the bisquet can of our C-Rations, We used to think it funny to see in the field plowing with a Camel and a very small Buro being used to pull the plow.

In this Position one of B Batterys men, one Charles Bradford, was put on the carpet, as you could not say where you were when writing home, just "Some Where In Africa" but Bradford had wrote "CASABLANCA" under the stamp and it was found by the censor, Just after Christman the Germans sent some Bombers over one night, We had orders not to fire any kind of weapons at them althouth they were flying very low and with in Rifle range going over our area , Some unit did fire at them , and drew some machine-Gun fire back from the plane, I remember all of us standing out cheering in the night as the Navy and Anti-Air-Craft Artillery units put up a lot of flack and gave us all a good show, I know the next day every one did a lot of extra work digging deep Fox-Holes and banking extra dirt up around our Four-Man Tents, After it was safe that the Germans were not going to attack the Americans from the rear and Spain, we pulled out of Casablanca and headed on toward Tunisia, But got only about Sixty Miles away to a Giant Stageing Area, Known as Rabat or the Cork Forest..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"BUST IN THE NOSE"

While still camped at the Rock-Quarry, we were about a mile or Two from a big French Army Camp, and for some reason Captain Robert G. Hoye, who was the E. X. O. of B Battery and had the job to instruct the French Units in the use of the One-O-Five Millimeter Howitzers, and American Artillery Tactics. One day he told me to get a Thirty-Seven Millimeter Gun and Crew together, pick up a couple of One-O-Five shells and we took off to the French Army Camp, When we arrived there He had Copeland and Dufort take the One-O-Five Shells in to the building and set up a class room. Then Copeland and Dufort came back out to the Thirty-Seven Gun Mount where there was nothing for Me, Copeland, Dufort, and Ed Allen to do but sit around and wait.

In a little while a French First Sergeant came out and started talking to Dufort, who in turn told me the French Sergeant wanted to take us to the N.C.O. Club where we could get some good cold beer, I told him No, that we were on duty and could not leave the Gun, But He said Oh the Gun will be safe, I'll tell these Black Soldiers to keep away from it, We had noticed these Big Black French Soldiers, The one's with the wide marks in their faces filled with white paint, Some had on leggins on but no shoes, they were called Senegalised Troops, Any way this French Sergeant assured us the Gun would be safe and no one would touch it, So all of us left the Gun and headed for the N.C.O. Club and some Beer.

Around an hour had passed by and a lot of beer had been put away, when I went out side and looked up at the end of the street where our Anti-Tank Gun was standing, and there stood Captain Hoye, madly waving his hand for me to double-time up there, As I got near him he started chewing me out, He said He came out to the Gun Mount, The Crew were all gone and these Black Soldiers were juggling the Live Rounds around and putting them in and out of the breech-block, and meddling in every thing in general, for me to get the Gun Crew together fast. As we pulled away from the French Camp, All the Crew were pretty well loaded on beer, when Captain Hoye found out we had been drinking beer, He really lit in on me, Saying, Eades, I'm going to have you busted, for neglect of duty, Drinking on Duty, and any other thing he could think of, and he keep saying I'm going to bust you, Along about that time I had just enough beer in me to make me get brave, and I was getting mad because he was chewing me out in front of the other men, So I told him, Well quit your Belly-Aching and Bust me then, And Transfer me to the Infantry, He was sitting in the front seat , He turned around real quick like, Shook his fist in my face and said, Eades if you open your mouth one more time, I'm going to bust you, But it's going to be right in the nose! That was it, I never said another word as I knew by that time he was not going to do anything, And by the time we got back to our Camp most of the Beer had worn off, And I never heard another thing about it, Although for a while there when he was chewing me out, I would have settled for a good bust in the Nose..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE GREEN EYED MONSTER"

In early Nineteen-Forty-Three President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, came to Casablanca, North Africa all kinds of guards were set up, On top of a hill just North of Casablanca, A Battery set up a firing position to protect the water way approach and down on the beach all the Sixty-Second Anti-Tank Thirty-Seven Millimeter guns were set up to protect the beach area, This was not bad duty as we were to keep every body and every thing away and off the beach area. The Two B Battery guns were set up just under the big cliff where A Battery had their One-O-Fives set up, The Thirty-Seven Millimeter guns were set up about Fifty yards from the base of the cliff, We had pitched our pup tents at the base of the cliff and dug a trench about Four feet deep all the way out to both guns, and when it was raining we would stretch our slickers over the trench and stay dry.

One night while we were in position there, way after mid-night I was on Guard, We would keep one man on each gun while the rest got some sleep at the base of the cliff, On the gun sight we had a light that ran on batteries like a flashlight, You could turn the light on and sweep the gun around the beach and the water and if anything was moving you could see it, Any way I was on Guard and had the light on looking over the area, when it came to the end of my guard, I went through the trench to the cliff base and woke Paul Dyson up, to take over the Guard, He said, just give me your Tommy-Gun, no use for you to go back out to the gun, I'll go on out and start my Guard.

I had just got my shoes off when I heard a Tommy-Gun going like mad, I jumped up and headed for the Thirty-Seven Gun Mount along the trench, when I ran into Dyson, He had his head hung down and said, Well I was almost out to the gun and half asleep, when I looked up and seen this big green eye, I did not know if it was a German or a Green Eyed Monster, so I just started shooting, I had forgot to turn off the light on the Gun Sight when I went to wake Dyson up, You could not see the sight light from the front But if you walked up from behind it like Dyson had done It did look like a big green eye looking right at you, Lucky no one was hurt, only the shield on the gun was splattered on the inside with bullets, Alex Patterson, who was on the other Gun about Twenty-Five Yards to the left, Said what the hell you trying to do Dyson, scare me so bad I can't sleep when I come off Guard,

Captian Engleman, Commander of A Battery, was on the phone quick as a flash, wanting to know what was going on, After I explained to him what had happened, He said well tell them trigger happy men to wake up and pay attention to what they are doing, otherwise we will get no sleep tonight..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"OUT FOR A GOOD TIME"

About a mile or so on up the beach was a night-club, "The Aledo Club"; One night Albert Dufort and I decided to go up to the "Aledo Club" and have a few beers and dance with the French Girls, after a few beers, a French couple invited us to come to their Mother and Fathers house for some wine, As we were drinking wine with them the time passed by very fast, All of Casablanca had a mid-night curfew and the next thing we knew it was well after Mid-Night, As Dufort and I started back to our Beach Position, Two M. P.'s stopped us, What are you guys doing out after curfew ? The big fat M.P. ask us, I said, We are looking for a taxi-cab, "The Taxi-cabs were a Four-wheeled carriage pulled by Two Horses", A Taxi-Cab! the big fat M.P. said, Where in the Hell do you think you are in New York City ? Lets take these two to the lock-up he told his buddy, with a smile on his face, About that time a Jeep drove up with Two Officers who had on M. P. arm bands, and had side arms. Whats the trouble here one of them ask ? We caught these Two Soldiers out after Curfew, and we are running them in, the big fat M.P. said, Well we can save you some time and trouble and will do that for you, since these two men are in our command we will see that they get whats coming to them, one of the officers said, After some thought, the M.P.'s turned Dufort and I over to the M. P. Officers, Get in back of the Jeep Soldiers, one of the officers said, Just where are you men camped ? and drove off to what I thought would be the lock-up, Just down around the next bend I told him, And as we came to with-in about Three Hundred Yards of our Gun Position they stopped the Jeep and let us out, I wouldn't let that big fat M.P. catch me in town for a few days if I were you, One of the Officers said as they drove away leaving Dufort and I standing there, I will always think these Two Officers were no more M.P.'s than Dufort and I were, But were using the M.P. Arm Bands to be out skylarking just like me and Dufort was, But they had come along at just the right time to save Me and Dufort a lot of trouble.

A couple of days later, It was a rainy day, with heavy fog along the beach, I was sitting about half way between the cliff base and the Gun position in the trench we had dug out to the Gun, with two slickers over the trench to keep dry, I looked up at the Sea-Wall and saw an Arab running down the beach and straight at the Gun, I waited until he was within about Twenty yards from me, and I stuck my head up between the slickers and pointed my Tommy-Gun at him, when he seen me it looked like he put the brakes on and slid to a stop, Looking back at the Sea-Wall and on beyond me a couple of times, As I looked up at the Sea-Wall I saw Two G.I.'s coming down the beach running toward me, The Arab looked like he was going to cry, he had a sack in his hand and he could hardly stand still, Then I gave him a motion with my hand for him to go on by, A big smile come across his face, he jumped the trench and was out of sight in the fog like a flash. As I turned back to look at the G.I.'s chasing him, they were about Fifty Yards from me by then, As they came to with-in about Twenty Yards I stood up and said HALT! They put on the brakes and Came to a full stop, Let us go by one of them said, An Arab stold a ham from the officers mess and he is getting away, ARAB! HAM! I didn't see no Aram or

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Ham either, well I am going after him the big fat one said, NOW who do you think it was ? The same Big Fat M.M. that was going to run Dufort and me in just a couple of nights ago. You are not going any where on this beach but back the way you came buddy boy I told him, You just try to stop me he said, I pumped a shell into the chamber of my Tommy-Gun, I said no one goes down this beach, About that time Dufort walked up, and was smoking his pipe as usual, Now I remember you Two Guys, The big fat M.P.said. You are doing this to get even with me for the other night, I don't know what you are talking about, I told him, About that time Captain Engleman walked up, as he had heard all the fuss going on, What's the matter here Sergeant Eades, he ask, The big fat M.P. butted it and said, this man is keeping us from doing our job, He let an Arab get away up this beach who had stold from the Officers Mess, and because we tried to arrest them for being out after curfew night before last, Captain Engleman, turned to me and said, Sergeant Eades, did you let an Arab go down this beach ? I said Sir, you know my orders are not to let any one go down this beach, let alone an Arab, and not even any Big Fat M.P.'s, At which time Captain Engleman told the M.P. you must have made a mistake, My Sergeant said no one went down this beach, then no one went down it. Then what was done to him and this other man smoking the pipe for being up in Town after curfew, Your own officers brought them back to you for punishment, At which time Captain Engleman looked very puzzled, And turned to the Big Fat M.P. and said you had better leave this beach area, as no one is suppose to be here except my Beach Guards, And if you don't leave right now I will have to put you under arrest and call your Commanding Officer, The M. P. thought it was time to walk away while he could, As he was leaving, Dufort, said "Every Dog Has His Day" At which Captain Engleman sluged his shoulders and started back up the hill to the top of the cliff, The big fat M.P. backed nearly all the way to the Sea-Wall looking straight at Me and Dufort, As if we would have shot him in the back if he had turned it on us..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"RABAT AND THE CORK FOREST"

After our one days ride from Casablanca, We came to the Cork Forest, At Casablanca every thing was open rolling hills and no trees, You could see for miles, So coming into a big forest was something like being back at Camp A. P. Hill, Virginia, Cork trees, I often wondered where corks came from, now I know, The Cork Tree were very tough trees, and were very hard to burn.

At night in the forest it was extra black, anyone could walk right up to you before you knew they were there, And I would think a whole Division could be in this forest and could not be seen from the Air, In fact a whole Division was in the forest, The Second Armored Division, plus a lot of other units like ours, It rained a lot there as it was early in the year of Nineteen-Forty-Three.

We traded a lot with the Arabs, For cigaretts, you could get eggs, Fresh Oranges, Chickens and lots of Almonds, We in the Anti-Tank Section had taken the Thirty-Seven Millimeter Gun off the Three Quarter ton truck and were using the trucks to haul water for the Battery, We sat the Gun, still on it's base on a big tarp then pulled the other end of the tarp over the Gun, which also made a nice tent, that would be good shelter from the rain for the whole crew, we got some candles from Town, and read or write letters at night time, We also had in each Section a little One burner coleman stove, which was good to heat up a cup of coffee water, the coffee was powdered and could be made with hot water, and we could even boil eggs on these little stoves.

Our treat there in the Cork Forest was a movie once or twice a week put on by an Engineer Battalion who was camped next to us, and a few times we were allowed to go into the City of Rabat, but out side of a few bars that had some beer and lots of red wine, which we could buy from the Arabs there at our camp, There was not a lot to do in Rabat, and really more action right there in camp. So it got to where no one hardly wanted to go to the trouble to get dressed and take the dusty ride to Town. And we quickly learned that the Arabs, Young and Old only liked us for what they could get out of us.

We once had a Battery Contest to see which Section had the best keep Gun, Number One Gun of the Anti-Tank-Section won the contest, The Prize was an Eight-Hour-Pass into Rabat for the winning crew, Major Robert Vance, was the Inspecting Officer, We took the passes he handed out, but all the crew stayed in Camp that night and went to bed early.....

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE DRIVE TO THE FRONT"

After a few weeks in the Cork Forest, We packed up one day and headed for the front up in Tunisia. All the track Vehicles, The M-7's and Half-Tracks were sent to the coast some Twenty miles away and loaded on L. S. T.'s to be delivered at Bone and Phillipsville, All the wheeled Vehicles were to make the Twelve-Hundred mile run overland, So with the Anti-Tank guns being in the wheeled group, I went overland with them. Although I would not care to make twice in one year, It was something to see, In some places even beautiful. If it had not been for the Arabs lining the road in almost every village we passed through trying to sell every thing from Eggs and Almonds to Oranges and bottles of Red Wine, One would have thought we were going through Western Colorado or Virginia.

One night at one of our camps the Arabs were so bad, one came right into our camp and stole a barracks bag, Curtis Comer who was on Guard and emptied his Tommy-Gun at the running Arab, No one knew if he hit him or not, but the Barracks Bag never showed up again, and some one said the next morning, An Arab on the road was spotted with a Barracks Bag with leg holes cut in it, with an Arab useing it as a pair of pants.

The highlight of our overland trip was one night we camped at the old City of Sidi-Bel-Abbes, and the Garrison of the French Foreign Legion, Albert Dufort and myself went into town that night, Dufort could speak and understand French, and we got to know a French Legioneer Sergeant, who took us to a party the Legion was having, as they were also heading for the front in Tunisia at day-light, The Beer, Champaign and Red Wine and Pink Ven Rouge, was flowing like water, Both Dufort and I had one big hang-Over and a good head ache the next morning, and that day, especially the country side as we rode along did not look as good to us as it had before, After the wheeled Vehicles joined the Track Vehicles the Battalion started our move to the front in the area of Tebessa, Algeria..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"LOOKING FOR A FIGHT"

For a number of days it seemed like we hunted for a fight and a chance to get into action, We would be told one morning, The Enemy is only Thirty Miles Away, and by the end of the day we had covered Thirty-Five-Miles, and were then told the Enemy is only Thirty-Miles Away, Then one day in March Nineteen-Forty-Three, After driving over Fifty Miles, We found some Action. Going along what looked a big valley, The Battalion went into our famous Desert Spread Formation, and the best I can remember the only time we used it in World War Two, But we had come to the Moizilla Pass, and went into firing position, with the Anti-Tank Section covering the Front and Rear of B-Battery. The Battery Received a Fire Mission, Our First in World War Two and I remember the Battery got a "Volley Fire Mission, and we were acting like old hands at it, After a few minutes we got the cease fire, and just sat there, Reports came down that we had dispersed a Battalion of Infantry, supported by some Armored Cars, We were in support of a Company of Tanks from the Sixty-Sixth Armored Regiment and a Battalion of the Forty-First Armored Infantry Regiment and that the Tanks and Infantry had the Pass bottled up.

The Sixty-Second was spread out behind the Pass to give them support with Artillery Fire, so we just camped in position that night. Well after dark the German planes came over and dropped many flares and some bombs, but they hit nothing but the Desert Sand.

Albert Dufort wanted for us to stand Guard that night with Two men back to back, saying some crazed Enemy Soldiers who went through the shelling the Sixty-Second had put on them that evening might wonder down in our area and catch us not on our toes, so to please him we took our Guard in pairs of two's.

Most of the night we stood Guard Back to Back but luck was with us, nothing happened, after the planes got tired of dropping flares and spraying the area with white tracer shells, trying to get us to fire our Fifty Caliber Machine-Guns and give all our position away, but we learned fast and was beginning to get the hang of this war, A few days and a good many moves forward we came to a little Town and Rail Center called "MAKNASSY", where we found a real fight..... ..

FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"MAKNASSY! (HOW CAN WE FORGET YOU ?)

On Twenty-Eighth March Nineteen-Forty-Three is a day that will live in the memory of every Sixty-Second Soldier as long as he lives, On the Advance March into Maknassy My Anti-Tank Gun prime-mover motor and carburetor filled with dirt and stalled out, The Battery continued on down the road, As the Battalion Maintenance Section and J.C. Wooley and another man, I think it was James Black, came by and started to clean the carburetor on our Vehicle Colonel Conder came by and said when Battalion Maintenance gets you rolling again come on down this dirt road toward the mountains.

As we came into the Battery area First Sergeant Osborn meet us and pointed out our position, about Two Hundred yards out in front of the Firing Battery, right at the tree line of a big Olive Grove, The Batteries had taken position in.

I put the Thirty-Seven Millimeter Gun in a position where I could sweep the whole front of the Battery, we put our camouflaged net up, dug a shallow Fox-Hole, washed some of the dirt off my face and sat down to wait for the kitchen crew to bring us some kind of chow for our noon meal.

The wind was slowly blowing the grass and a few poppies around, Dufort, was reading a book called the "A.B.C. Murders" I was sitting by the phone back to the Battery C.P., Dyson was checking the Three-Quarter Ton Truck, and Ed Allen was telling how to stalk a deer on horse bach, back home. every thing seemed pretty soft, The Battery was Firing some contrations, and but for the noise the Guns were making, One could have taken a nap.

Then all of a sudden, a round of Artillery fire screamed over and hit behind Headquarters Battery, who was in position just behind the Gun Batteries, Dufort looked up and said, some fool done dropped a short round on the town back there, But from that moment and on through World War Two, The men of the Sixty-Second knew what an Eighty-Eight shell sounded like, Another shell fell some what closer, Dufort put his "A.B.C. Murder" book down and said , that sounds like a bird, then we were receiving Artillery Rounds right in among the Guns And Anti-Section, The Kruats gave the Sixty-Second a working over they would never forget. So many Rounds fell in on B Battery every-one lost count, By the time it was chow time most all B Battery men had Fox-Holes so deep we had to start digging steps to get out of them, Each time the Battery received a Fire Mission you could hear the Chiefs -of-Sections holloring at the Gun-Crews to get out of their Fox-Holes and get on the Guns, and it was my job to get the Anti-Tank crews up and on the Guns while the Battery was firing. I sure hated to get out of that hole but I did.

The Germans sure had that Olive Grove Zeroed in, they would give it to B Battery for a while, then switch to A Battery, then to C Battery, then to Headquarters Battery, then start over again, after what seemed like hours of shelling by what I thought must be at least A Battery of Eighty-Eighths, each time our One-O-Fives would fire a salvo, I would think, We got you this time you Kraut Bastard, but The Sixty-Second was Firing in

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support of the Sixtieth Infantry Regiment of the Ninth Infantry Division, and our One-O-Fives did not have the range to reach the Eighty-Eights that that were plastering us, then to cap a good show for the Krauts, just before sun-set Six Stuka Dive Bombers came over our area and started dive bombing,

They would turn on what sounded like a siren , and the sound made the hair at the back of your neck stand up so straight they could be counted. Now it was the turn of the Anti-Air-Craft Gun Battalion Men who were attached to the Sixty-Second to show their stuff, They had a Thirty-Seven Millimeter Gun that fired clips of Ten Rounds one right behind the other plus Two Twin Fifty Caliber Water-Cooled Machine-Guns mounted on a flat-bedded Half-Track they were from the Four-Forty-Third AAA-AW-Gun Battalion, and we would get to know them quite well before the end of the African and Sicilian Campaigns, As they keep the German Planes off us many a times, after about Ten-minutes of the AA Fire the Stukas had enough and turned tail for home, One funny thing happened Corporal Charlie D. Hodges, of B Battery was checking his phone lines after one of the shellings, Charlie was wire Corporal and had to keep the phone lines in tact, as he came near my Fox-Hole a salvo of Eighty-Eights came screaming into the Battery area, Charlie jumped in my Fox-Hole right on top of me, and said, For Gods Sake Eades, move over, then said if you want on top it's OK with me, after no more shells came in right then, He said, Thanks for letting me use your Fox-Hole next time we can use mine.

Along about dark that day, the Kitchen Truck came up and Herman L. Hasey, was in such a hurry to get out of there he grabed a tub of hot water that our cook Bill Pennington had heating our C-Rations in, and sit it on the ground, started the Kitchen Truck up and was gone all in less than Three minutes, The hot Rations was what we were suppose to have had for lunch.

Every body was slow coming out of their Fox-Holes to pick up rations until some one said, Hear them Long Toms, down the road behind us, They have found the range of them Eighty-Eights and are working them over with their One-Fifty-Fives, That made every one feel a lot better, Me and Dufort, came out of our Fox-Holes and got chow for our Gun Crew, Only Dyson would not eat any thing and was so shook-up that Me and Dufort pulled his guard so he could snap out of it, This had been one day in World War Two that I am not likely to forget, for a long time..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"OUT POST DUTY AT MAKNASSY"

After our most exciting day at Maknassy, the Battalions Guns Batteries moved around to new positions to get better cover, and the Anti-Tank Sections had to move with them, But always out in front of the firing Battery, with our last move we were more or less in the same General location as we had been in before, except this time some one had been there and we moved into a very good Fox-Hole set up, The Gun was dug in deep enough that only the Gun-Shield was above ground with a trench of Fox-Holes running from ground level to a little deeper than the Gun, So we thought we had it made with our shelter-halves over the slit trench, we was also hid pretty well from the Air, The first evening we were in this position the Krauts started dropping shells out in front of the Battery, Who was almost hid in the Olive Grove, They knew we had Batteries in there but could not see the One-O-Fives direct, whether they could the Thirty-Sevens I don't know, But you could imagin they were looking right down our throat.

Dyson, was having a breakdown, he would not eat or drank, I know for Three days, I made him a cup of coffee and he couldn't even keep that down, He was sent to the hospital and Roy Copeland took over his driving job, that left Me, Copeland, Dufort and Allen on Anti-Tank Gun Number One, As the Shells would hit close to our Gun, Dufort, who had been in the Merchant-Marines before the war started telling us of his travels and some very good stories, and while Dyson held his head in his hands, the rest of us hung on every word Dufort said, and we passed the evening in pretty good shape.

The next morning Major Vance came by to check on us, His lips were blue he was so scared, and said, Don't make a move then Eighty-Eights can hit a dime at Five Miles Away, then departed very quick, Hell Copeland said, He didn't tell us anything we didn't already know , But First Sergeant Osborn and Curtis Comer , would come out and check us Two sometimes Three times a day and bring us our mail and rations which we were happy to get.

So Out Post Duty in Maknassy was not all that bad, once you got used to it, never the less we shed no tears when we did pull out of Maknassy for good, But by that time the British Eighth Army units was putting the pressure on the Germans along the Coast and they were moving to the North, but the Sixty-Second had lost a lot of our good men in that Hell-Hole..... .

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE SED-JENANE VALLEY" "ANOTHER HELL HOLE"

After coming out of Maknassy, The Battalion moved and fought a number of engagements along the front next to the British First Army, And sometime in the middle of April Nineteen-Forty-Three, Just before dark one day the Battalion entered the Sed-Jenane Valley, It ran about Fifteen to Twenty miles wide along a East-West plane to the Sea on the North, The Sixtieth Infantry Regiment of the Ninth Infantry Division and the Corps Francaise De Afrique, Inshort, The French Colonial Army, had drawn the mission of clearing the Germans out of the Valley, and the Sixty-Second had been assigned to this task force, One famous unit in this Brigade was called the Goumiers, The Germans were scared to death of them, and to tell the truth after looking at them I was glad they were on our side.

But the Sed-Jenane Valley, was a place that looked like it was taylor made to get killed in, As we were going in to find our firing positions the sight we seen coming out did not make us feel any better, As the French units were bringing out their wounded and killed out, It looked like a Hundred Jeeps with Four Stretchers on each Jeep coming out, We had to pull our S. P.'s over to let them pass, as the roads were only trails.

The men on my crew did not say a word, The reason the Sixty-Second had received this assignment was because of our S. P.'s they could go and what the Split-Trailed units could not even think of going or doing. The trails were so narrow and had hairpin turns with deep gulleys on one side and sometimes both sides that keep the drivers on their best driving records, B Battery arrived at our Positions, Captain Hoyer, had done a masterful job by getting all the Guns a firing position. A lot of traffic was moving around us that night, and as day-light came we found a Company of Tank Destroyers with Half-Tracks with Seventy-Six Millimeter Guns had moved right into our position, and were most all up on the side and top of the hills around us.

They must have been under direct observation, because it was not long before we started receiving a lot of One-O-Five Millimeter Fire, I had my Gun in a hook along the trail, I remember Curtis Comer, from the Reconnaissance Section coming over to where I was , we sat down in the ditch along the road, and Shell after Shell came into the Battery area, I looked at Comer, and ask him, Do you think we are going to make it through War ? He said we sure as hell are, Don't even think any other way, I'll say he sure made me feel better, As I had begin to think, This was it, We had, had it, But we had observers up with the French Infantry and it did not take them long to find the German Guns, and the Batteries of the Sixty-Second had fire missions, The Karuts made their last mistake, they did not expect A One-O-Five Battalion to be close enough to them for Counter-Battery Fire, Lieutenant Joe Bell was observing for B Battery and he laid it on the Karuts Guns.

As soon as the Karut Gun stopped shooting, The Tank Destroyer Company fired up their Half-Tracks and moved to the rear.

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Comer and I looked at one hole a shell had made and could see the butt of the shell down in the hole about Five Feet Down, It had not exploded and I am glad it did not because we were only Six or Seven feet from where it hit.

Five light Tanks from the Ninety-First Reconnaissance Squadron, of the First Armored Division, passed through our position on the narrow road going forward, In less than Thirty Minutes the Battalion received a very heavy Fire Mission, Then every thing was quite, The next day we moved forward some Four Thousand Yards, and saw what all the fire mission was about, At the crest of the hill was a farm house, and beyond that the road started down hill, a road had been cut along the side of the hill by the Germans, The Five Reconnaissance Tanks had started down this hill, An Anti-Tank Gun sitting about a Thousand yards out in the Valley Floor had knocked out Four of the Tanks and forced one off the road and it had turned over, and rolled down the hill, I sat my Anti-Tank Gun in the same position as the German had his gun setting in, only mine was pointing in the other direction, It gave me a strange feeling, and I thought, I wonder if I could have done as well against Five of their light Tanks ? But we did not have long to worry about it as the next day we moved forward to Lake Bizerte, We received some heavy Eighty-Eight Millimeter fire, but they did little damage, and we were soon out of range again as the Infantry was closing on Tunis, and the war in North Africa came to a close, with the British taking Mature.

The Sed-Jenane Valley left many memories with me, one thing I remember was the fields on each side of the road was heavy with the Anti-Personal Mines, and was marked by white tape by our Engineers, and even the Germans had put up signs to keep their own men out of them, But Victor Kolenc, Reuben Gomez and James Babson, all of B Battery went into the mine fields looking for souvenirs, when one of them triped a mine, Kolenc was killed, and Gomez and Babson were both wounded and evacuated, Just about the time the mine exploded a jeep with a French Doctor and Two French Nurses were coming along the road, The Nurses and Doctor all jumped out of the jeep and ran up in the mine field to give aid and help to the wounded men, I will never forget this action by them.

Just before we pulled into the Valley, B Battery was in position right in a creek bed, some water was in the creek, during a lull in the firing, Sergeant Bill Scott (Scotty) decided to swabb the tube of his Howitzer, As the crew was swabbing the tube with a heavy swabb and an Eight Foot rammer staff, The Battery received a fire mission, Sergeant Bob Hembree, was Chief-of-Section on Number Two Gun and the adjusting Gun, all Five of the other Guns made their settings and was ready to fire when the order for fire for effect came, (Scotty's) crew had forgot to take the swabb and rammer staff out of the Tube of the Number Three Gun, so when the order came to fire Battery One Round, the loader on Number Three gun shoved the H.E. Shell up against the swabb, when Number Three fired a rammer staff and swabb was seen flying through the air, We kidded Scotty a lot about what the Krauts said when that rammer staff and swabb came into their position, (Thoes Dumb-Koffed American Swine-Hoots, have ran out of Ammunition and are now firing their rammer staffs at us).

I found out some years later, that Bill Scott (Scotty) had stayed in the Army, as he was a regular Army Man, and was in an Artillery, One-Fifty-Five Millimeter Howitzer Section, and during the Korean Warhis Section took a direct hit from a large Caliber Shell, and Scotty, along with most of his Section were Killed..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"WAR IN AFRICA ENDS"

As the African Campaign came to an end the Battalion was between Mature and Tunis. Mature, was not much of a town for entertainment as it had been shot up pretty bad, But Tunis was a good size town with very little damage, and had plenty of bars and places to eat and other things that the G.I.'s were looking for. It was over run with British Eighth Army Soldiers, I remember talking to some British Soldiers once in Tunis, and a couple of Gurkhas Soldiers came by, The Tommys stopped them , and talked them into showing us their Kukris, a curved bladed knife about Fourteen inch long and carried by every Soldier in the Gurkha Regiment, and they were known to be very good fighters, The Germans did not like to fight them, As once they drew their Kurki, they never put them back in their sheath until they had drawn blood with them, After much persuasion, one of them drew his Kukri, and let us American Soldiers see it, But before he returned it to it's sheath, he pricked his finger and drew a drop of blood.

Tunis was packed with Soldiers of many Countries, I noted that when they were in a foreign Country, They refered to them selves just as British Tommys, but in England, they would let you know very quick that they were, Royal Artillerymen, Royal Engineers, Royal Air Force, or any particular Regiment or Battalion, much like the Americans were all called Yanks, overseas, but back in the States, we wanted to be called by our State name.

The Sixty-Second was camped by a good sized river, It was not very deep as it went by our camp, so we were ordered to drive the Vehicles out into the water about a foot deep and washed them, We would fill our canvas buckets with water and douse the Vehicles with it, after we finished washing the equipment, we would soap up our clothes still on us and have someone to douse you that way we got our clothes clean plus a bath at the same time,

The men were also treated to a late issue of a good movie, shown out in the open by one of the Signal Units near by, some hot food for a change, and a relaxed guard duty, we even said, man this kind of a war I could get used to easy..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"MY FRIEND LARRY"

While the Battalion was in camp around Tunis, about Fifty per, cent of the Battery's people could go into Tunis on pass each day, There were some pretty good movie theaters, with American, French and German Movies to see, plus a lot of bars with Beer and all kind of wine, so quite a number of the men went into Tunis on pass each day.

On this day my friend Larry Montoya, along with George Davis, Stanley Gonet and Lee Provest all teamed up together after we had hit a few bars every one was feeling pretty good and getting slightly inebriated, we ran into a group of British Tommys who were in about the same condention as we were, we started talking and every was friendly enough, until one of them walked up to Larry Montoya, and said, We don't want no niggers with this party, Larry was a dark skined Mexican, and that did it, Larry hit this Tommy so hard and fast he did not know what was going on, we pulled Larry away from him and in turn his friends pulled him away the blood was runing down his face and he had a puffed eye, I thought, Now the fight is on, and both groups stood looking at each other, when one of the Tommys friends stepped up and said, I am sorry chaps, this man was talking out of turn, and they all turned and walked away, Along about Five or so that evening, who would we run into again but this same group of British Soldiers, Lee Provest, had left our group so there were only Four of our group left, but we noticed that there were only Four in their group left also, and the one who Larry Montoya, had bloodied up that morning was still with them, with dried blood still on his face and clothing, as we came face to face with them, Larry Montoya stepped up to the one he had tangled with that morning and ask him, Do you still think I am A dam nigger ? The Tommy shook his head and said no, your a dam Mexican, Larry gave a laugh, and said I'll buy that, come on and I'll buy you all the beer you can drank, where upon we all went into a bar and drank together until Ten P.M. when we had to depart to catch the G.I. truck back to camp or have to walk back.

Around Two O'Clock that evening I mane an emeny, and the only man in the Sixty-Second who did not like me, Lee Provest, He was from the Fifth Gun section, and did not try to keep it a secret that he did not like me or any of the men from the Anti-Tank Section, as he thought we always had an easy time, and he had been turned down once after he tried to transfer into the Anti-Tank Section, Captian Hoye, knew he had a drankink problem and keep him in the Gun Section where he could keep an eye on him, anyway Lee Provest was with our little group that day, He could speak and understand French, so he was a big help getting us what we wanted, but the more he drank the bolder he got, and started to insult the French and Arab women, He got away with it the first time, but the second time he did it I called his hand, He said well we liberated this Town we can say anything we want to, Not while I'm around, I told him, Then you had better get lost Sergeant, and besides I am tired of doing all the talking and getting you guys drinks, and if you don't like it I may have you looking worse than Montoya, did that British Soldier this morning.

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and proceeded to insult another French woman, At this point I had to take control and told him, Prevost, this is the first time I ever pulled rank but you are an American Soldier in a Foreign Land, and since you cant act like one, I am placing you under arrest, He got very mad, but about that time Two M.P.'s came along, I told them I had placed Provest under arrest for un-becoming an American Soldier. And requested that they take him back to the Sixty-Second camp and turn him over to the Officer of the Day, As soon as I returned back to camp that night, First Sergeant Osborn said the Battery Commander is down at Battalion Headquarters C.P. and wants you to down there on the double, I reported to the Battalion Sergeant-Major, who took me before Colonel Conder and Captain Hoye, They both listened to my to my side of the story, then Colonel Conder, said I am disappointed in you Sergeant Eades, I would have thought you would have doubled up your fist and knocked out a few front teeth of this man, however Captain Hoye has suggested that this man be punished by digging kitchen sump holes and Latrines each time the Battery moves for the next Two months, how does that sound ? Just fine Sir, I replied, Good we did not want a long messy Courts-Martial, B Battery moved only twice in the next Eight weeks, and spent a lot of time getting ready for the Invasion of Sicily, I don't remember Lee Provest, ever speaking to me again..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"BONE AND PHILLIPSVILLE"

The Battalion moved from the Tunis-Mature area in Tunisia all the way back into a village called Gastu, in Algeria, this village was right in between the Cities of Bone and Phillipsville or around Fifteen to Twenty miles from each town, both towns offered the G.I.'s of the Sixty-Second a place to go and relax, as many as Fifty per,cent of the Battery could go on pass each day to either Town they wished to as G.I. Trucks ran into both daily, My favorite place to visit was Phillipsville, It was not to much damage as they had done to Bone, and had more for the G.I.'s to do, out side of the Bars, some restaurants, and even a Red Cross club, the town was controlled by the British, But there were only a limited number of British Combat Troops Stationed there, The one unit that I got to know and remember was a unit of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, as we used to drank with them in one of the big bars, and the only American I ever seen they could not drank under the table was Sergeant Babe Dalton and Private Sweed Pearson.

The Swiming beaches were the best I had ever seen along the coast and we spent many hours swiming in the beautiful blue waters of the Mediterranean, We could buy Two or Three bottles of Pink or white Champaign, Tie the bottles to the end of a half-mile reel of phone wire, and have Alex Patterson, take it out to the end of the wire and drop it in the bay, Alex Patterson of the Anti-Tank Section of B Battery was the best swimer I ever seen and would Swim out of sight out in the bay, I will always remember him and his water proof wrist watch on, we nicked named him "Fish" We could also take rations from Camp for lunch, cans of meat and beans or hash, build a fire on the beach to warm up the cans of rations, Trade the Arabs for bunches of Green Onions, open our cans, pull the bottles of Champaign in, and it would be almost Ice Cold, and with the green onions we would have a tasty lunch, most of the time it was better than what you could find in the restaurants, then take a nap laying on the beach, until time to catch the G.I. Truck back to camp, where I would write my Mother what a hard time I was having..... .

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"ONE TOUGH G.I."

When it came time to get ready for the Invasion of the Island of Sicily, the Battalion moved back up into Tunisia, this time right on the Cape Bon Peninsula, near Ferryville, close to Lake Bizerte, which ran right into Bizerte Bay, Days were spent learning how to use our equipment in an Invasion, and we had a few dry runs on the Landing Ships Tank and how to make a landing from them.

Some time we would spend Three or Four days at a time out on the Navy's L.S.T.'s One thing I could not get used to on the L.S.T.'s was the Navy feed us and we had baked beans for breakfast nearly every morning. It was very hot out on the Ships the Air was so hot you had a hard time trying to breathe , The Deck of the Ships were steel and got so hot the Soldiers could not stand on them in their leather sole shoes, So the Navy men would hook up hoses and spray water on the decks to cool them down for the Soldiers to stand on them, And in the evening after chow, the Sailors would drop a big rope over the back of the ship, and would cruise around the Bay at Three or Four miles an hour with this Two Inch Rope strung out behind the ship for about Three Hundred yards, All the Soldiers were ordered to strip to their shorts and go over the side, and the Soldiers would grab this big rope as the ship was going in circles and would pull all the G.I.'s hanging on this rope around the Bay, and it did cool every one down from the heat, As the Soldiers got ready to come aboard, The Sailors would drop the big ramp to about a foot under the water and just scoop the G.I.'s up into the ship.

Each Landing Ship Tank, had a Forty Millimeter Gun in the Bow of the ship, and the sides of the Gun-Mount made enough shade that a few of the Soldiers would sit or lay by the Gun-Mount. One Morning I went by the Gun-Mount and Larry Montoya, was sitting there, He had brought his breakfast up there but had not eaten any of it. He just sit there looking at the Deck, and was kind of leaning over, What's the matter Larry, I ask him, Oh Nothing he said, My side hurts a little, Maybe I am kind of sea-sick, I went on with what I was doing, In an hour or so I went back by this Gun-Mount and Larry Montoya was kind of laying on his side, almost doubled up, again I ask what was wrong, Oh Nothing I'll be ok as soon as I walk around and started to get up, At this point he grabbed his side and fell down on the Deck, I ran to the sick-bay on the ship and got the Navy Doctor, He looked at Larry and said you men carry him to the galley, which we did The Navy Doctor operated on Larry right there for Acute-Appendicitis, All that morning he had keep the pain to himself, The Navy Doctor said if he had been Thirty Minutes more with out having the operation he would have been dead, The Sicilian Campagin was over by the time he rejoined the Battery in Sicily. Larry Montoya, was one tough Mexican..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"ON TO SICILY"

After a few dry runs and a few ship rides around the Cape Bon Area the Landing Ship Tank I was on pulled out of Lake Bizerte, and as we passed from the Lake into Bizerte Bay we saw all the Ships that had been sunk at the Port, The Sun was shining and it was hot as the Convoy formed up and headed for Sicily.

Then just after the Navy had feed up, It started to clowd up and the wind become very heavy and strong causing the waves to get quite big, and it cooled off so that a field jacket felt good, Most of the Soldiers went down on the Tank Deck and hung close to the S.P.'s and Half-Tracks, but Fredrick Lee Johnson and I stayed up on deck, It was almost dark then and the sea had become very rough, with some waves as high as Ten to Fifteen Feet, and the L. S. T. bounced around quite a bit, I expect all the heavy S. P.'s and other heavy equipment held it down a good bit, Johnny Johnson, (We nicked named Lee Johnson "Johnny") and I stayed along the rail near the back of the ship and when the big waves would lift the back of the ship up out of the water, the propelars would rev up and shake the ship, Then when the front of the ship was lifted out of the water it would make a big slam noise when it hit the water again, There were Two Y-Guns at the back of the ship, So I sat upon one and johnny sat on the other, like sitting in a sadle, and the ship was like a bucking horse.

Then it begin to rain very heavy and drove Johnny and me down to the Tank Deck, We went to his Half-Track, where he had half of a Five gallon can of good Red Wine (Vino) and after a few dranks we lay down on top of some Barracks bags in the back of his Half-Track, and I fell asleep, The next thing I knew every body was being woke up at around Three A. M. and Sergeant Osborne stuck his head in the back door of the Half-Track and said, You guys had better get some baked beans for breakfast, cause I don't know when you will eat again as we are supposed to land as soon as it gets light enough to see..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"SOME FAST ACTION"

As I remember our landing was not so bad we received some Artillery Fire, but as soon as the Navy War Ships got the position and range of the Enemy Guns they made short work of them. I was on the Battery Commanders Half-Track then, and did a lot of Reconnaissance work with Captain Hoyer, and his driver Weldon Godwin, The Battalion formed up in a staging area on the Second Day in Sicily, then moved out as a Battalion, in support of the Second Armored Division Units.

I remember, as we came near the town of Canacutta, we closed over the rear of the Fourteenth Armored Field Artillery Battalion, and come up into position on their left flank, I was riding Shotgun for Captain Hoyer, on his Jeep, and he told me to jump off the Jeep at the spot where B Battery was to go into position in firing order and guide them in which was nearest the road, Two platoons of the Four-Forty-Third AAA-AW Battalion was also in position near the road, As B-Battery was taking up their firing position Four ME-ONE-O-NINE Fighter Planes Attacked the Area, With the Batterys Thirty and Fifty Caliber Machine-Guns all firing and all the Four-Forty-Third AA Guns of both platoons firing, I thought, what the heck, I had an M-ONE RIFLE so I pointed it at one of the planes as they made the second pass over us and fired all Eight Rounds in the rifle at it.

The Battery had hardly got in position until the Battery received a Fire Mission as a big counter attack was taking place just past Canacutta, and the Battery got a Battery "Two Volley" Mission, which meant each Gun in the Battery was to Fire Twelve Rounds as fast as they could put them in the Gun, Then a couple of minutes later, The whole Battalion Got another "TWO VOLLEY MISSION" when things quieted down some, Sergeant White, From the Four-Forty-Third AAA-AW Gun Battalion came over to the B. C. Half-Track and said, I told them guys from the Fourteenth that as soon as the Sixty-Second got here they would see some real Artillery shooting, Years later I become friends with a man in the local V.F.W. Post in Arlington, Texas that was a member of C-Battery Fourteenth Armored Field Artillery Battalion, and who very well remembered the big shoot by the Sixty-Second at Canacutta, Sicily, and we often talk about it over a glass of beer at the local V.F.W. Club Bar..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"FIGHTING ROAD MARCH"

After a few quick and hot fights while attached to the Second Armored Division, The Battalion was attached to the First Infantry Division, and took off in another direction which followed the coast line around the North side of the Island, and we entered Palermo from the North, but as we traveled along the coast road the enemy was far and few between.

I was riding Shot-Gun for Captain Hoyer and his driver Weldon Godwin, on the Battery Commanders Jeep, we were out on Reconnaissance, and if any other American Troops had come this way there was no sign of them, We were about Fifteen or Twenty miles out in front of the Battery, when along about noon time we pulled off the road and into a good sized orchard, We found a deep well and drew up some cold water, and washed our hands and faces, Captain Hoyer told Godwin and I not to drink the water direct from the well, as It may be infected with malaria, that we could fill our canteens and drop a halazon tablet into it and after a few hours it would be safe to drink, We broke out some rations and started to fix our lunch.

There were some little mounds of dirt through-out the orchard which we paid no attention to, As we sat there eating Godwin said to me, I seen one of them mounds of dirt move, Thinking he was getting Battle Fatigue, I picked up my rifle, went over and kicked the top of one of the mounds of dirt, To my surprise the mound of dirt swung open and a white flag popped out, then out come Four Italians, they came out with raised hands and lay their rifles down, Godwin and Captain Hoyer, both grabbed their side-arms and started walking around to the other mounds, where the same thing was happening soon we had around Forty Italian Prisoners, and it seemed like each one had an uncle, brother or friend in Chicago or New York, Then one of them who looked like an officer blew his whistle and in nothing flat the Three of us had over a Hundred Prisoners, All wanting Smokes and Food, we told them to line up on the road and to start marching that way and they would get food and smokes, It was a good thing that they didn't want to fight or Captain, Hoyer, Godwin and I would not have seen the end of that Day..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"REST"

Soon after Palermo was taken the Battalion went just out of Town and had a couple of days rest and to do some needed maintenance to our equipment, We also drew our over-due pay, It was in Italian Lira, we quickly learned how to count it, and a lot of poker games went on as we got Fifty Lira to the Dollar.

We had in B-Battery A Second Lieutenant named Sam Kerr, who loved to play Poker but had been caught playing with the Enlisted-Men by Captain Hoye, and had been chewed out about it. Lieutenant Kerr would get in the games anyway and have one of us watch for Captain Hoye, so he could cut out if the Captain came his way. One day while we were in this rest area we had a big game going among the B. C and Reconnaissance Sections, Lieutenant Kerr was watching and waiting to get in, but Captain Hoye was also standing by watching, Captain Hoye then said, Sergeant Eades take my Jeep and Lieutenant Kerr over to Battalion Headquarters and pick up the mail, and take Tony Viscuso along with you, (As Tony could talk to the Italians) and trade for some fresh eggs, Try to get enough to feed the whole Battery, Tony was an ace at trading, Old Cigaretts, Soap, Candy Bars, Almost anything he could get for Eggs.

As we came back into the Battery area I left the B. C. Jeep at the Kitchen Truck, Lieutenant Kerr and I walked back over to the B. C. Half-Track where the big Poker Game was going on, We had walked right up on the game, Captain Hoye, did not see us walk up and he was playing poker with the Enlisted-Men, Lieutenant Kerr, Just walked up to the game, sat down, took out his bundle of Lira and said Deal Me In, Captain Hoye never said a word but started dealing the cards, Both Captain Hoye, and Lieutenant Kerr were regular players after that, But I could never beat Captain Hoye at Poker He was a good gambler..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"NO BET CAPTAIN"

Another time while we were in the Troina Area Captain Hoye, was going out to Reconorder a new position for B Battery to move forward to, Weldon Godwin, his driver had gone down to Battalion Medical position to get some thing for his head-ache and cold, I was standing by handy and Captain Hoye ask me to drive his Jeep since Godwin was not around, As we drove up a small hill, That Captain Hoye, had selected to bring B Battery forward to and take up firing positions near a stone fence we noticed that stretched almost all the way across the little valley in front of the hill, We left the Jeep and started walking along the fence, when all at once a couple of Eighty-Eight Millimeter Gun Shells came in and hit in back of the Jeep, We dropped down behind the stone fence and would stick our heads up to try and find out where the shells were coming from when all of a sudden the Eighty-Eight Shells started dropping all around the fence and keep coming in for around Ten minutes or so.

In all the weeks I had been playing poker with Captain Hoye, and he was playing with the enlisted men, I had never been able to beat him at even one hand, We were laying with our heads together behind the fence, and he said to me , You know Eades, this is the most rounds and hottest fire I have seen since we were in Maknassy, I'll bet you we get hit if they keep this up, I said No Bet Captain, The way my luck has been betting against you, You would win this bet for sure, When the shells stop coming in around us we ran back to the Jeep and made tracks out of there, And we found a large piece of Shrapnel from one of the Eighty-Eight Shells had hit the back of the drivers side of the seat and cut a big hole in it.

But some luck was found as we got back to the Battery Area, Our Orders had been changed and we were to by-pass the area we had been Reconordering in, and we went in another direction, But my luck never did change, As long as Captain Hoye, played Poker with the Enlisted-men I still couldn't win..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"A CLOSE CALL FOR ME"

After the rest period was over the Battalion moved up and joined the attack in the Mt.-Etna-Torina area, This was something new for B-Battery As in one of the firing positions all the Guns were in a long line one behind the other, as we were in a long valley along the road, and since we were close to the Mt.-Etna Volcana Center there were a lot of lava beds around that looked like taylor made Fox-Holes, As we were in this position Five Italian Air Force Planes came over our area, They were the old Two-Wing Kind and looked out of place, Our AAA Guns, along with all the Batterys Thirty and Fifty Caliber Machine-Guns opened up on them.

Johnny Johnson had taken one of the Fifty Calibers off the Half-Track and set it up in one of the lava bed Fox-Holes, and as the planes came over our area, He opened up on them with the Fifty, I was in the Fox-Hole with him feeding the rounds into the Gun, after the planes had gone over and the shooting stoped, I lay back against the side of the lava bed, when a spent Fifty Caliber Round hit the ground about an inch from my head, it chiped rock out of the lava rock and hit me in the face, But luck was with me again.

As we reached Torina, we were supporting the Eighteenth Infantry Regiment of the First Infantry Division, and the fighting was very rough and we moved forward very slowly, and we soon found we were fighting German Soldiers again, up to this point it was only Itilian Soldiers we had been up against in Sicily,..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"FORGOTTEN"

After the Sicilian Campaign was over, The Units left in Sicily were all but forgotten, The big show was now in Italy, and we soon found that our assignment in Italy was canceled and we were relieved from the Fifth Army. So the Battalion moved into a Camp site near the City of Trabia, Sicily we were on a slight hill side some Five Hundred Yards from the Beach, The City of Trabia was built more or less in the side of a mountain, A road had been built along the edge of the mountain and there was a Hundred foot or more drop from the Road to the edge of the water.

It made a beautiful view but a hard climate from the Beach up to the Sixty-Second Camp, So Camp life settled down, after a few weeks and the hardest job the First Sergeant had was to get the men out of camp to go swimming or on pass to Palermo, which was about Twenty minute drive from Camp, The weather was very good in the summer months in Sicily, The Olive Trees around Camp were thick and furnished a good shade so most every one just stretched his shelter-half up for more shade, We had a few odd formations in this position, General Patton, who had been left behind on the Island like us, Presented some Decorations to Battalion Members, out side of that it was sleep, Rest, Swim or go into town on pass and of course the Batteries all had night Guards.

In around October, we had drawn the Eight-Man Tents again, and we were having a lot of Rain by then, One night I was Sergeant of the Guard, and Marvin Beals was the Corporal of the Guard, Not that any one ever came into the area except Battery members, never the less we did have Guards posted and they walked post. One of the Guards was James C. Jefferies, It was pouring down rain and both Beals and myself were sitting in my Tent out of the rain, As it let up, we both started checking the Guard as you never knew just when the Officer of the Guard may be coming around, This night it was Lieutenant Joe Bell, So I expected that he would be in a nice dry place himself.

As we checked the guards we found all of them except Jamec C. Jefferies, We looked and looked and had just about given him up, and was ready to put another on his post; when we passed a stack of Kitchen supplies that were covered by a large tarp, Don't know why, but I lifted up the tarp and Beals flashed his light under it, There sat James C. Jefferies, Sound Asleep, He opened his eyes and looked like a big bull-frog sitting there. He jumped up and started walking his post. Beals or I never said a word.....

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"GOOD-BYE BEAUTIFUL ISLAND"

Sicily was a beautiful Island at least what we seen of it and most of it was at the good time of the year with plenty of fruit and vegetables growing, so we did eat very good, even breakfast as the boys who could speak and understand Italian, would do a lot of trading with the people for every thing from Almonds to Eggs.

Then it all ended to soon, we packed our packs, turned in all our heavy equipment one day and were trucked to the loading docks in Palermo, As we looked out in the Bay a few Hundred yards there stood a sleek fast looking ship standing there, Barges carried us out to it and in a very few minutes we wereloaded and a few minutes later found our selves standing on the deck of H.M.S.S. Aorangi, A British Troop Ship. The Aorangi, was a fast ship and during peace time it ran from Vancouver, British Colombia to the far East and could do around Thirty Knots an Hour, Most of the Sixty-Second men on the ship hated to say Good-Bye to Sicily.

As we pulled out of the Palermo harbor a lot of us stood on deck for one last look at this Island. The ship was quite different from any American Troop Ship we had been on, B Battery and Half of C Battery was in one hole. The entire ship could be feed in a matter of minutes and about Eighty per. cent of the men sleep in Hamocks, a few could not sleep in them and took to the tables or on the floor, All the bread used on the ship was cooked right there in the kitchens so the bread was fresh and sometimes even still warm from cooking when we got it to eat, The next day around noon time we pulled into the port of Oran, North Africa for around six days we stayed in this port, But no one could leave the ship.

On Thanksgiven day they feed us Turkey, It had been canned for no telling how long, and the dressing was far from what Mother could make but it was good to us who had not tasted dressing in a long time. The only thing almost every one in our hole got the G.I.'s and the bath room for this hole had only Four Commodes for over Two Hundred men, so the bath room was a busy place for a while, Then one evening The Aorangi, with Two British Distroyers departed Oran and made the run to Gibraltar, By noon the next day we were looking at the famous "Rock of Gibraltar" On our run there the Aorangi, was doing Twenty-Eight Knots and the Two Distroyers were going round and round the runing ship, The Rock, was something to see from the approch we made and seen it..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE ROCK"

The three or Four days we were in the port at the Rock of Gibraltar was just another stop for the Sixty-Second G. I.'s we could not get off the ship so nothing new was seen by us. I remember at night about every Twenty to Thirty Minutes a charge of T.N.T. would be exploded in the water we were told that was done to keep any one from coming over from Spain to the dock area in a row boat with charges or mines to set them against the Ships in the harbor. About the only thing it did for us G.I.'s was to keep us awake the biggest part of the night.

A few times supply ships came near the Aorangi, and the dock workers were Spanish, the Mexican boys in the Sixty-Second could talk to them and understand what they were saying, and the American G.I.'s got a lot of invitations to visit them in Spain, especially after we passed out some of our American cigarettes to them. I remember right next to our Troop Ship was a cargo ship that had been blown in to, the bow and stern was side by side, about all we had to do was walk the decks.

One evening we were told that on this night the British Army and Navy was going to put on a fire power demonstration and every Anti-Aircraft Gun on the Rock and in the harbor would be firing, some of us waited up until after mid-night and never seen a shot fired, We were told the next morning that some German Planes were spotted or picked up on Radar early that evening and the Commanding Officer of Gibraltar, did not want to endanger the Troops lives of the Troop Ships in the harbor by showing the Germans just where the ships were. Then one night after all the Troops had gone to bed, The H.M.S.S. Aorangi, latched on to a convoy, and when we went out on deck the next morning there was no land to be seen.

At this time the Sixty-Second had been overseas for Eighteen Months, and some one had started a rumor that all units who had been overseas for Eighteen Months were being sent back to the States to be used to train new troops, So each morning every one would run out on deck, and the sun was coming up right in our faces, Every one thought States for sure, Then one morning we all came out on deck and the sun was to our backs, We were going East again, We had come within a few Hundred miles from New Foundland, then turned around and headed for Europe, we had been dodging the Sub-Marine Packs, needless to say every one was disappointed, We all were..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE CLYDE RIVER"

After nearly a month on the Troop Ship "Aorangi" one evening we noticed lights off the side of the ship and soon found we were off the coast of Ireland, No one could hardly sleep the rest of the night and every one was wondering where we were going.

As soon as it got light enough to see, we were in a heavy fog, you could hear the ships all around us as we were going very slow, Soon the Fog lifted and we could see a lot of ships anchored in what looked like a harbor, A number of British and American War Ships were there and even the Big Queen Mary was within a few Hundred Yards from us, then some one said we were going up the Clyde River, to the Docks in Glasgow, Scotland.

As we went up the River very slow, you could see the people who worked in the ship yards along the river, every one was waving to us and all the Sixty-Second members was happy to be coming to the end of the trip on the Aorangi, And just after dark we begin to unload, As we went through the pier we were served a cup of coffee and two doughnuts, then marched to a waiting train, The cars were nothing like we had seen before, each car had a number of compartments, that could be gotten into only from the track side or the station side, each one would hold from Ten to Twelve people, but they were craming Sixteen to Twenty G. I.'s in each compartment but it was December and cold so we did not mind being crowded together, On the first stop out of Glasgow. The English Red Cross feed us, we got a sack lunch and a cup of hot tea, I remember the sack lunch had One Sandwich, One Pie and One Apple, I looked at the sandwich and found it was made of jelly, I thought at the time how strange, they would give us a jelly sandwich and a pie, so I ate the sandwich first, then bit into the pie, to my surprise it was a meat pie, the likes of which I had never seen, but later found out Meat-Pies were quite common in England, the next meal we had we knew to eat the pie first.

We noticed that the railroad along our route and in the towns were very clean, no trash or scraps of coal like we were used to seeing in the States along the railroad, and soon seen the people in the towns keep them picked clean, As any coal or trash that fell off the passing trains was picked up right away and the people used it for fires in their homes to warm by, Around mid-night of the next night after we had boarded the train, every one in my compartment was half asleep, the train come to a stop, we were shook out and boarded American Six by Six trucks driven by troops of the One-O-One Air Borne Division and delivered to a camp called Wyckham Park near Banbury, England.

Wyckham Park was a nice big place with a real true Castle on the grounds, which Headquarters Battery was quartered in, The Gun Batteries got a kind of little round buildings, but was still a lot better than sleeping on the ground..... ..

FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"ONE DOLLAR-FIFTY CENT CANDY BAR"

A day or so after landing at Wyckham Park, It was time to account for the things we were issued when we boarded H.M.S.S. Troop Ship "Aorangi", back in Sicily, One Life Jacket, One, One battery flash light with red lens and a bar of chocolate candy sealed in a tin box, Most of the G.I.'s got so hungry on the ship they had the candy bar eat the first few days out of Sicily.

These things were supposed to be used in case you had to go overboard if the ship was sunk or you were washed over in a storm, then you would have something to eat in case you had to stay in the water any length of time. I ate mine and it tasted like it had ground glass in it, In fact I took only a couple of bites then trew it overboard. The One battery flash light with the red lens was also in case you went overboard at night you stood a chance of being picked up.

But any way as we left the ship in Glasgow, Scotland these things had to be turned in, I was short my Candy Bar, and had forgot all about it, But the Quartermaster on the ship hadn't, And as I drew my first pay in England, One Dollad-Fifty Cents was deducted, When I ask what's that for, Captain Hoyer, answered One Candy Bar Sealed in a Tin Box, From the Troop Ship.

The next few times I ate a Chocolate Bar, I always thought about that "ONE-DOLLAR-FIFTY-CENT Candy Bar that I didn't even eat all of.....

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"FIRST PASS TO BANBURY"

In Three or Four days after reaching Banbury and Wyckham Park, We were assigned our permanent Huts and settled down, We found we could get our clothes washed and cleaned very cheap and was soon looking like Soldiers again, and almost One Hundred Per. Cent of the Battery could go into the Town of Banbury, Which was about a mile from the Park. or to Bloxum which was just a half mile from our Camp. Banbury being the largest and best pass town, I only went to Bloxum One time in all the time we were at the Park, Banbury had Movies, A Great number of Pups, where there was Scotch, If you got into one of them early and all the beer we wanted, Mild and Bitter, Worthington Ale, Half and Half, Dark and Light, Just a Beer drinkers Paradise. And Banbury was over loaded with Girls and Girls and Girls, Any G.I. who did not have a date after the first week there just did not want one.

Curtis Comer and I took our first pass and enjoyed it very much as this was the first and nearest thing we had seen since we left the States or that seemed like being back home, The people were very friendly, and would help the G.I.'s in any way they could. Banbury was like a second home to the Sixty-Second men.

On Christmas day, all the kids in Banbury were invited out to have Christmas dinner with the G.I.'s of the Sixty-Second where I am sure most of them received their first tast of American Ice Cream, In turn each family that could , Invited Three Soldiers to spend Christmas in their homes, Joe Stewart and Karl Wernli and myself took the invitation and spent the day and had Christmas Dinner and Christmas Tea with a couple, Named Aurdey and Norman Robins, They were a male and female nurses in the Banbury Hospital, They had been bombed out of their home in London and had moved to the mid-lands to get away from the bombing,

We were warned by the Battery Commander to be on our best behavior and told when the King, made his Christmas address to the People over the radio at noon that we should listen and not say a word as long as he was speaking, When he did come on the radio every one stopped talking, But after a few words of his speach, Norman and Aurdey started asking us questions, like what we did on Christmas day at home, and about where we were from and all the other questions that the King's Address was hardly heard.

We had a big Dinner of every thing you could imagine, then spent the evening listening to music and drinking Normans, Scotch and Beer, until around Four P. M. then went back to the dinning Room and sat down to the Christmas Tea, which was as big if not bigger than the Christmas Dinner, with more food and dranks than we had seen in many a day.

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By the time we had left to go back to our camp around Seven O'Clock we had learned a lot about the British People. I called on the Robins, the next week and took them a box of chocolate and a carton of cigarets, that night they ask me to be their guest at the Town Hall Dance the next Friday night, I had to get a special pass to stay out until Two A. M. and went with them, After we had been at the Dance around Fifteen minutes I meet Gladys Crisp, I never seen the Robins again as Gladys took up all my free time from then on.

The Crisp family were very nice to me and made me feel like one of the family, They had a son just older than Gladys, She was Twenty, A Daughter Seventeen, and a son Ten. Gladys brother was in the Royal Engineers and was stationed in the Far East, Gladys Father worked as a watchman in a cable plant there in Banbury, We used to take his lunch to him at Eight O'Clock each night, She would carry his lunch box and I would put a bottle of beer in each pocket of my overcoat, we would stay with him while he had his lunch and beer, Coal was hard for the civilian people to get, I used to take coal from our hut, put in a sack, set it over the fence on the road behind our hut, and after gladys Dad went to work, she would ride her bike and push his bike out to the back gate of our camp, then we both would ride around to the fence by our hut, pick up the sack of coal, and go to her house for a warm evening in their front room by the fireplace, until it was time to take her dad's lunch to him. I for one and am sure many of the Sixty-Second men was kind of sad when we left Banbury, along the end of Februry Nineteen-Forty-Four..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"CAMP PIDDLEHINTON"

We left Banbury by rail one morning early, and late that day detrained neat Camp Piddlehinton Number Twelve, near the City of Dorchester, England down on the Salisbury Plains, The Camp had good barracks and kitchens with paved streets and walk ways, with G.I. Movies almost every night, and a British canteen where you could buy some food and other things.

The mess hall were so big Two or Three Battalions could be feed at the same time, at this Camp is where we ran into our friends who had been camped next to us at Camp Young, California The Seven-Seventy-Third Tank-Destroyer Battalion. We settled into Camp Piddlehinton very well and would go out from there to practice for the Invasion, Out side of that it was almost like State-Side -Duty, The City of Dorchester was about Fifteen miles from our camp but was nothing extra good to do or see there, But Waymouth, around Twenty miles the other was was pure joy.

Just like Banbury, It had every thing for the G. I.'s when you didn't have duty you could go into Waymouth, where they had a Tea Dance every evening at a number of dance halls, Being a harbor port town there was a great number of Anti-Air-Craft Artillery Batteries stationed close by all maned and operated by British A.T.S. Girls, so all these added to the local females there was never a shortage of Girls to date around Waymouth.

The G.I. Trucks made regular runs from Piddlehinton to Waymouth from Noon to Mid-Night Daily, Onece while we were at Camp Piddlehinton, Curtis Comer and I got a Five Day Furlough into London, with Two full days travel time, Between the Two of us we had about Fifty Pounds of money, The night before we were to go on Furlough to London the next morning, Comer caught Guard Duty, Just before he was to go out and walk his post we got into a fringely Black-Jack Game, I had the deal and we had won a few Shillings, when the G.I. Trucks brought the bunch who had been into Waymoth back to Camp, A few of the A and C Battery men came into the B-Battery Barracks and started betting some pretty heavy bets, up to Twenty and Twenty-Five Pounds at a lick, Comer, had to leave for his tour of Guard and told me "To Go For IT" as long as I could be dealed, that if we went broke we could borrow the money for our Furlough from First Sergeant Joe Osborn, But I was Hot that night, I could hit Nineteen and come up with Twenty-One, The bigger bets the guys put down the hotter I got, The game broke up just about the time Comer came off Guard Duty, We counted up the Money and had around Four-Hundred-Fifty Pounds and at Four Dollars to the Pound that amounted to around Eighteen-Hundred-Dollars, besides we had a G.I. cap full of change for around another Twenty-Pounds, Needless to say Comer and I had a Five-Day-Furlough in London, with every thing Money could buy from First Class Hotels to Black Market Food, But again it was all over to soon, around the middle of May it was hard to get out of camp, and we had started to think about the Invasion of Europe,..... ..

FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"LEAVING ENGLAND"

After Camp Piddlehinton was sealed no one could get out, so we had to find things inside to keep our selves amused after duty hours. We had a Movie most every night, writing letters that could not be mailed until after D-Day, and the never ending Volley-Ball Games, Sergeant Bob Hembree, was the best Volley-Ball player in the Battery and every one always wanted to be on the same team with him.

A day or two before leaving Piddlehinton, we were paid in French Francs, and were told not to say anything to any one about where we were going, there were Two Englishmen civilian carpenters working in the ceiling of our Barracks Room doing some repair work, The Battery men quickly sit down in the floor and started a dice game, using the French Francs, and there were the carpenters right above looking down at us in the dice game using French Money, Every Kid in England big enough to talk knew where we were going.

The morning we were trucked down to the docks to load on our Invasion boats we would roll through each village the people would be standing on the curbs cheering and waving to us, and the G.I.'s were throwing all their English Money out to the kids, along with every thing else we did not want to carry, extra rations and even clips of rifle ammunition, So it was no secret to the pepole of Waymouth and Southern England that we were leaving or where we were going..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"ON OUR WAY"

When we boarded the Landing Craft Tanks that had our Guns on them it was kind of foggy and damp with low hanging clouds and with a few sprinkles of rain now and then, It was a kind of dull feeling, the smell of diesel fuel filled your lungs and even after Four Days on this Boat, you were still not used to it and you had that feeling of like I am now cut off from the rest of the world, some where on a boat near us they had a loud speaker going and mostly played music, I knew the song "Mares Eat Oats, And Does Eat Oats, And Little Lambs Eat Ivy" better than the one who wrote it, It was played so much.

The food was nothing extra, "C And K Rations" at least the Navy boys would furnish hot water to heat our rations and to make coffee with, And the hardest thing we had to do was to find a place to keep dry in, And after the stay in Waymouth Harbor I was not sorry when we pulled out in the open sea, although we bounced around like a cork, at least we were moving, some of the boats had big Barrage Balloons hooked to them and about that time it was raining so hard we could hardly see the boat next to us, The Navy men who were steering these boats did one swell job and after it got dark I don't see how they did it at all, I just sat down and said, If we don't sink tonight, I don't care where we wind up at. This was a miserable night, I would not like to go through again.....

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"FRANCE"

My first look at France was nothing to brag about, We had fired a number of rounds at it before we got close enough for our first look, The best I can remember it was a dull gray morning with a little rain falling. Our Landing Craft had Two ONE-O-FIVE Millimeter Howitzers on it and we keep firing one round from both Guns every Thirty Seconds and we would be Fifty Yards closer to the shore, When we were about Fifteen Hundred Yards out we stoped firing and started to make a big turn.

This was the hardest part as we could just sit there on the boat that seamed to be moving like a snail, and all the time the Germans were taking pot shots at us, When I did get ashore that evening I was soaking wet and shivering so bad I could hardly catch my hand and hold it from shaking, I was about to freeze, and so scared I could hardly think straight.

I did manage to get up on shore and make it to the big cliffs where every body was gathering up to get away from the small arms and Artillery fire, How I made it through that day I just don't know, Some said luck, some said it just wasen't my time to go, But any way, I had made it through D-DAY, Sixth June Nineteen Forty-Four and was happy to be alive, Although France did not make a big Impression on me at that time..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE GREEN APPLE FIGHT"

Between Fire Missions, the first few weeks in Normandy, the men tried to pass the time away in many different ways, On this day we were in position in a big Apple Orchard, There were hundreds of trees full of Green Apples.

The Concussion and Blast from the Guns had knocked Thousands of the Apples to the ground. We started picking the Apples up and throwing them at each other, There was a good sized log in the Orchard, and I got behind it and was throwing the Apples at Joe Hernandez and Karl Wernli, After a few minutes of Apple fighting I sat down behind the log and lay my head back and was looking up at the sky, I could see the Apples flying over the log, then all at once they stopped coming over. I sat up and raised my head up to look over the log, and was looking for any one who was throwing them, when something hit me right between the eyes, I was stuned, I fell back and a big circle of stars came before me. Joe Hernandez had hit me right between the eyes with a hard green Apple. I could hear the men talking but could not move, I heard Joe Hernandez say, My God, I have killed old Sergeant Eades, Then I could feel some one shakeing me, then every thing came back to me. Needless to say, I did not do any more Green Apple fighting that day..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE FOX HOLE DIGGERS"

One morning while we were in Normandy, The Battery was firing a lot of Missions and evert body was tired, On this morning two of the Sixth Section men had got some Calvadose, and had started drinking, They were Melvin (Shorty) Moore and Geroge Kowtko, They were pretty loaded when a couple of ME-ONE-O-NINES came zooming down on the Battery position with Machine-Guns Blazing, Every one was scrambling for cover, On their second pass over the area, here come Moore and Kowtko runing across the open field, where they both fell down, Captain French, seen them fall and started runing out to help them, As he thought they had been hit, Me and Sergeant Osborn ran out after him, and when we got to Moore and Kowtko they were laying there laughing as hard as they could, Captain French just stood there looking at them, They both were dead drunk, Captain French and Sergeant Osborn were so mad they were about to blow their tops, Moore and Kowtko, were put to digging Fox-Holes Five Foot Deep for every man in the Battery, They dug Holes from Sun-up to Dark for the next month or until the breakthrough out of the Beachead, That did stop George Kowtko from drinking, But not Shorty Moore, Only Shorty never let Captain French catch him at it..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THREE LITTLE WORDS"

Some time soon after we got into Normandy, All through the Battery area, we could hear the sound of a trumpet being played, Captain French, told me to look around the area and find out where it was coming from, I started working my way through the Gun Sections, but found no one with a trumpet.

I was near the Battery Maintenance Half-Track, So thought I would stop by and jaw a few minutes with my good friend Sergeant Dale Sevier, As I walked up to the Half-Track I heard the sound of a trumpet, I looked into the back of it and there sat Edwin R. Brown playing on the trumpet as cool as a cucumber, I ask him if he played request, Sure he said, as long as it's Three Little Words, That's the only tune I know all the way through.

I reported back to Captain French that I had found the trumpet and the man playing it, and ask him if he want it stopped. No, he said, if it helps to keep his morale up let him play it all he wants to, But in the next few weeks he liked to have run us all nuts playing over and over the one song he knew, "Three Little Words"..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE POWER OF CALVADOSE"

CALVADOSE! I never heard of it until we landed in Normandy, It was a strong liquor type of drank, made from Green Apples, and had a kick like a Missouri Mule, and had a bad tast, and besides being almost fit to drank, we could also use it as a fuel for our cigarett lighters or you could put some in a C-Ration Bisquet can light it with a match and use it to heat up our C-Rations.

One evening we were pulled out of Combat and sent a few miles to the rear to do some much needed maintenance on our Vehicles and Guns, this was also a kind of rest area and position for the men, Our Kitchen Truck came up and we had some hot food for a change and a little rest, But we still had to keep Guards out at night, I was in the B. C. Section at this time and after supper that evening I was resting when one of the men from the Third Gun Section came up and said The Chief of Section, Sergeant Sam Selneck wanted me to come down to the Section, I went down and found they had a Five Gallon Can of CALVADOSE, You could mix it with the lemon powder out of the K-Rations and it made a pretty good drank, and the more you drank the better it tasted.

I stayed down at the Gun Section until just before mid-night as it was my time to go on Guard at that time, But along about that time I was feeling no pain, I remember I had climed over a barbed wire fence going down to the Gun-Section, Anyway I reported back to the B. C. Section, relived the Guard ahead of me and started my Guard, The next thing I remember I heard our Cook, Melvin Haxton, was rattling his pans around starting breakfast in the Kitchen Truck, as I could smell the coffee boiling and day-light was just coming, I tried to move and found both legs and arms would not move, I had sit down on my helmet turned up-side down, and had gone to sleep and was leaning up against a tree. I rolled off the helmet and started kicking and shakeing my arms and legs to get some feeling back in them, and soon found my Pants, Shirt and jacket all torn , and I had dried blood on my hands arms, face and legs, I guess I had walked through the Barb-Wire-Fence.

It was a few minutes before I could stand up or walk. Lucky we were in a semi-rest-area and nothing was happening, The next Guard who was to relieve me ask why I did not wake him, I didn't even give him an answer, But I never drank any CALVADOSE before going on Guard again.....

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"A DEADLY FIELD"

After a few weeks in Normandy the American units were at a stand still The Battalion Position was near Camount, France and we were still supporting units of the First Infantry Division.

While in this static position a lot of the Battery members took their turnes up on the forward O. P. which we had set up in the forward platoon of F Company Eighteenth Infantry Regiment area with a good view overlooking Camount, We had a field telephone set up in a fox-hole beside a farm house The house had took a number of mortar and Artillery hits, so it was safer to be out side in the Fox-Hole. We usualy keep Two men on the phone in the forward Fox-Hole and the other men would be about a Hundred Yards in back of them, You could walk along the Hedgerow to and from each Fox-Hole with out being seen by the Germans, Along even with the rear Fox-Hole was a big open field.

The Infantrymen were dug in around the sides of this field along the Hedgerows, On this morning on the Battery O.P. was Lieutenant Bill Coleman, Me, Nelson Booth, Joe Easton, Don Wilkins and Edward A. Murphy, Just as we were finishing our breakfast, A Mark-Five Tank lumbered up out of Caumont, and fired a couple of dozen rounds into the Infantry lines, every one took cover, The Battery phone line from the O. P. to the Battery ran across the open field along side of our rear Fox-Hole, Lieutenant Coleman ran up to the O. P. where Joe Easton and Nelson Booth were and had a good view of the Tank, and started his fire mission to the Battery by phone, but quickely found the phone line was dead.

The Tank fire had hit and cut our line, Lieutenant Coleman and Booth ran back to the rear Fox-Hole, we all sat there looking at each other, the Tank was still firing on the field, It looked as if all eyes in the Fox-Hole sweep around and all stopped on me, So I got up and went out into the field to find the break in our wire, I found it and was trying to splice the wires together and was sticking my fingers, which were bleeding and with one eye on where the shells were hitting and the other trying to splice and tape the wire.

An Infantry Platoon leader yelled at me, Get off that field you dam fool, do you want to get killed, Hell No You Dam Fool, Do you think I want to be out here ? I heard myself saying back to him, About that time one of the other Battery F. O.'s had picked up the Tank and very shortly the ONE-O-Five Shells drove him away.

The Infantry Officer who had yelled at me, Didn't even say thanks for the Battalioin getting the Tank off his neck..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"MORT. EADES"

While up on the O. P. at Caumont, we just about lived in our fox-holes not because we liked them, but we had to as the least movement out side your Fox-Hole would draw Mortar Fire, They had the little Mortars around Sixty Millimeter but the Germans were pretty good with them and could make you keep your head down, One Morning there they caught us in a pretty good Barrage while they were shelling the Infantry Company we had our O. P. with and along with Nelson Booth and Edward A. Murphy we were traped in a Fox-Hole for over three hours.

When the firing let up, I told Don Wilkins, I have had enough of these Mortars, they really get on my nerve, I wonder if we could talk Lieutenant Coleman to lay a couple of Volley's on them? So you don't like them Mortars HUH? Well I'll Tell you Mort, You might as well get used to them as they are going to be with us from now on, Don Wilkins had nicked named me "MORT." and that name stuck with me, In fact the first thing Don Wilkins said to me the first time he had seen me in Forty-Two Years was "HELLO MORT." how about doing a little time up on the O. P. at Caumont, But Don was just kidding of course, Or I thought he was anyway..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY, ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"HEDGEROWS"

As we went inland we begin to get a good look at Normandy, It was mostly small villages and a farming country a lot of the French men and women were still wearing wooden shoes and we ran into something we were not prepared for, "Hedgerows".

The country side was a mass of small fields about Three by Five Hundred yards square with a Six to Eight Foot High and about Six Foot Thick Dirt and Bush growing around it, But there seemed to be no end to them, They were made to keep the earth from washing into the Sea, But they were taylor made for an Army on the Defensive, and pure Hell for an Army on the Offensive, You had to get almost on top of the Enemy before you knew he was there, In fact you could be on one side of the Hedgerow and the Germans could be onthe other before you knew they were there, And each side would throw Hand Grenades at each other, But the Grenades had little effect on the Hedgerows and they made a good place to dig Fox-Holes, even an Artillery Shell would have to get a direct hit on a Fox-Hole in the Hedgerow to do any damage.

There were sunken roads that ran in between a few of the Hedgerows, so deep a Tank could be out of sight in one of them, A Enemy Tank could sit at one of the Hedgerows and hold up a whole unit trying to get to the other end of the road.

I seen Four M-Four Tanks knocked out by one Anti-Tank gun in less than Five Minutes while in position at the end of One of these sunken roads that a Tank Unit was trying to get to the end of, The only to get the Germans out of them was to dig them out One by One, I'll tell you I was mighty glad to get out of the HEDGEROW COUNTRY.

A Sergeant in the Second Armored Division invented a kind of plow, or big plow like teeth to be welded on front of the Tanks that could plow through the Hedgerows, That helped the American units to stay off the roads and break through the sides of them, some of the hardest fighting in Normandy was done inthe HEDGEROW COUNTRY..... .

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"GAS"

One piece of equipment we were issued which proved to be good for nothing except to carry around and was always in the way, It was the "Gas-Mask", I know a lot of money was spent on them and to get all the G.I.'s the best one that could be made, but the G.I.'s just never did take the Gas-Mask as a serious interest, but just another piece of junk that had to be carried around.

Just before D-Day we were issued with a late model, which was not so bad but still a nuisance that had to be keep up with, a few days after we landed in Normandy the men got to where hardly no one carried their Gas-Mask with them any more and you could find stacks of them laying around and always in the way, I got tired of keeping mine with me all the time, although they did make a pretty good pillow at night.

Lots of the men took the mask out of the case and used it to keep every thing from rations to cigarets in, I took mine and put it under the wind shield cover of the Battery Commanders Jeep, as it was summer time and the wind shield on the jeeps were folded down, I keep my writing paper and envelopes in it and under the cover so they would stay dry.

Along about that time things were kind of static, along the Beachhead front, and about the only Action going on were the Artillery units dueling with each other, and there were so many American units and Vehicles on the beach and in the area, almost any Artillery Shell coming in would hit something, We had a lot of trucks standing by loaded with gasoline, then one day just before noon, An Artillery Shell hit one of the loaded Gas Trucks, Some Guy hollered "They hit a gas truck" The next guy hollered "GAS" and it sweep down the Beachhead like wild fire, every one was hollering when I heard that word, A hot flash went over me, "MY GAS-MASK" where was it? then I remembered it was under the wind shield of the B.C. Jeep, I looked madely around and while holding my breath ran the Twenty-Five to Forty yards to where I last seen the Jeep parked, But Low and Behold when I got there the Jeep was no where in sight, Godwin and the Battery Commander had gone off in it.

I wanted to breathe but was afraid to and looked around and seen some people with masks on and some like me trying to find theirs, then I could hold my breath no longer, and thought well this is it, and started to breathing again, to my surprise I was not being Gased, and was so happy, As soon as the jeep came back I ran and got my "GAS-MASK, cleaned the case out and checked it for use, I found it was in perfect working order, and I even carried it around my neck for Two or Three Days, Pulled it off one night and as far as I can remember never put it around my neck again in World War Two, In fact a week later I could not have told you even where it was, I'm gald We are the Germans never used "GAS' on each other..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

" BREAKTHROUGH"

One thing I remember about Normandy was on the Fourty Of July Nineteen-Hundred-Forty-Four at exactly noon, every Gun from a Seventy-Five Millimeter up to the Big Eight Inch Guns on the front Fired One Round all at once to celebrate the Fourth of July, The Sixty-Second Fired all Eighteen Guns. It made quite a show, I wondered what the Germans thought was going on that day, The day before the breakthrough around the end of July, a great number of unitswere assembled in the area where we were, then along about Ten A.M. or so that morning Hundreds of American Bombers came over and started Bombing just in front of us, The planes came over in wave after wave we could hear the Bombs and in some cases see them coming down in the German positions.

We could hear the Bombs as the noise they made moving out in front of us, The ground would trimble every time a wave of planes dropped their bombs, Along about Three P. M. that evening our unit moved forward in support of the Sixty-Seventh Armored Regiment and the Forty-First Armored Infantry Regiment of the Second Armored Division, As we went through the area where the planes had dropped their Bombs, we saw many Dead Germans and live-stock and all the farm houses and any thing that was in the path of the Bombers was destroyed. By night-fall we had covered some Twenty miles, and had ran out of where the Bombs had been dropped, Just before dark I was on the Battery Commanders Half-Track, Johnny Johnson was driving down a paved road, as we went along the Infantry Boys had a Thirty Caliber Machine-Gun set up on the side of the road, As we went by them they were firing a stream of tracer shells out in front of us, We soon found we were the first American unit down this road, We swung our Fifty Caliber Machine-Guns to cover our front and our Thirtys to cover both sides, But found the shooting the Infantry-Boys were doing had caused the pocket of Germans we were closing on to take off.

As it got dark, the Battery went into position right on the road, All the Half-Tracks set up a kind of perimeter around the Gun-Sections and we spent a sleepless night, as each twig that was stepped on every one was wide awake straining our eyes looking for any kind of movement out in front of us..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"J. T. GREEN"

J. T. GREEN, was like no other man I had ever ran into, He was assigned to B Battery while we were at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, He had went through the Armored School at Fort Knox, Kentucky, from his first day in the Battery and assigned to Sergeant Boydston's First Section He was getting into trouble, At roll call he was always late or Absent, Never got to chow or any of the formations on time, and was always doing what he was not supposed to be doing.

Green, found himself on extra duty every time he turned around. He would be in one Section, then another, Each Chief-Of-Section that got him was soon wanting to pass him on to some one else, I had him for a while in the Anti-Tank Section in North Africa, But he up-set every thing so much he was put back into a Gun-Section, handling Ammunition of the Half-Tracks, Once in Tunisia the Guns were Firing with Five powder charges, Green took the discarded Number Six and Seven powder charges and put them into a shell case along with a hand full of rocks , when the crew fired, the shell almost busted the Howitzer tube, every one made such a fuss about Green being a danger to the Section, He got a couple of months of extra duty and was threatened with a Courts-Martial if he ever did it again, or any thing else that would endanger the operations of the Gun-Section. But that did not stop him from some of the things he did.

When we got to Normandy, Green, would take off on souvenirs Hunts, and would come back into the Battery area with all kind of things, Clothes, Boots, Pistols, Rifles, Medals, and about any other thing else you could name, One morning he picked up a German Rifle Grenade, they were pretty little things painted green and gray with red stripes around them, Green keep playing with it, tossing it up in the air, and catching it, most every one who seen him doing it told him to get rid of it. once he came by me with it, I told him to throw it away, but Green, would pay no attention to any one, Just keep tossing it around, It had not been Ten-Minutes after I had told him to get rid of it, That he went up to Ed Allen, and tossed it to him, Ed Allen caught it and threw it back to Green, "WHAM" it went off, J. T. GREEN, was killed instantly, The Shrapnel hit Ed Allen in the mouth knocking out some front teeth, and hit him in the Neck and Arms, Allen, did not come back to the Battery until we were in Germany that winter, But that was a needless way for J. T. GREEN to die..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"FASTER THAN A HURRICANE"

Again along the first few day after the breakthrough at St. Lo, The Battalion was in support of the Forty-First Armored Infantry Regiment and Tanks of the Sixty-Seventh Armored Regiment, Both of the Second Armored Division.

We would go along some times on the road and some times cross Country, Go in firing position, when again we may fire a few rounds, than move forward, At times we may go only a few yards before going into firing position and other times we may go for miles. The German units were pretty well scattered and in groups of a few men and Tanks to some times to as many as a company of each. The American units would go until they ran into any of these groups, then stop and eliminate them, At this time we had very good Air Support.

Since we were working very close to the British, They had Air cover up also, They had one plane they called "The Hurricane" it was a heavy Fighter or could be used as a Light Bomber, It also mounted Four Twenty Millimeter Cannons in each wing, and was death to Tanks, As we rolled along, I had been watching them in the sky, They would prowl around like a hawk, then would dive down on a Tank they had spotted and give him a long blast with all Eight Cannons.

I thought then, Boy I sure am glad they are on out side, we had what we called the panel of the day, It was a strip of plastic about eight feet long and around three foot wide and was made of bright colored material, some days they were Orange, Red, White or Yellow, we would lay them across the back upper half of our Tanks, Guns and Trucks or some times we would just lay them on the ground beside the Vehicles, and when the Fighter Pilot saw them he would know we were friendly Troops. On this day we had pulled into a field and went into position and had laid our panel out on the ground, this day it was the bright orange one and could be seen very well from the Air, Allthe crew was sitting with their backs to the Gun, and I was standing with my face toward the Gun, About Twenty -Five yards in front of the Gun was a good size Hedgerow, we were talking about nothing in general when I looked up and saw one of the Hurricane Planes starthis dive at our Vehicle, I was numb, All I could think of was thoes Eight Twenty-Millimeter Cannons blasting the Vehicle, I hollored "Scatter Plane" and jumped up and started running for the Hedgerow, As I went around the end I grabbed a bush that had thorns on it and cut my hand in Two places, But I had out run that Hurricane.

He was after us alright, seeing no panel on the back of our Gun, He took us for a German, and was about to knock off another Tank, He must have spotted our panel on the ground, just as he touched the firing button, for he fired only One Round that hit between the Hedgerow and the Gun, Roy Copeland said afterward "I Thought You Had Gone Off Your Rocker" Jumping up and running like that, But You Sure As Heck Outran That Dog Gone HURRICANE..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"EAGLES AND CHICKENS"

A day or two after we broke out of the Normandy Beachhead we were making pretty good head way, we were still in the hedgerow country but the hedgerows were only around half the size as the ones closer to the sea.

We were in the attack on the town of Persey, France we had gone into firing position around a large field, The Gun Sections were at each side and back of the field, the ground was real sandy, The B.C., Reconnaissance and F.O. Half-Tracks were at the head of the position to protect the Battery with all their Machine-Guns, Along about it was noon time, and since we were just sitting there we started to break out some rations and have some lunch, As we were starting to eat, Captain French and his driver Weldon Godwin drove up in the B. C. Jeep and they sit down with up.

Captain French started taking off his boots to get the sand out of them, when Johnny Johnson, Said Captain, when we finish chow lets go up in that town and take it, so we can speed this war up and get home sooner, Captain French said, Johnson you must feel pretty good today ? Johnny said, Sir, I feel just like an eagle, ready to pounce on any thing that moves, Captain French said how about you Sergeant Eades, do you feel like an eagle to, Anything Johnny says Sir, I'm with him all the way.

About that time some Sixty-Millimeter Mortars started to fall out in the field between us and the Gun-Sections on the far side of the field, Every body stopped eating and was looking at the incoming rounds and each time a salvo was fired the rounds came a little colser to the Half-Tracks and it looked as if they were walking the incoming rounds right toward the Half-Tracks, when a round landed about Fifty yards from us the men started to go under the Half-Tracks, Captain French just sat there dumping the sand out of his boot, so I said to myself, I'm not going to move until the Captain does, The next round hit about Twenty-Five yards from us, Captain French just sit there grining and pouring the sand from his boot, I thought the way the rounds had been walking toward the Half-Tracks, about Twenty-Five yards at a time, The next one would be right on top of us, About that time Captain French said, Sergeant Eades, do you still feel like an Eagle? Heck No Captain, right now I feel more like a Chicken, and dove under the Half-Track, The next round never came in, I crawled out from under the Half-Track and said Well Sir, Some times it pays to be a little Chicken..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"FLUSHING EM OUT"

Along about the second day after the breakthrough the Battalion was in support of units of the Second Armored Division and was moving kind of slow. As there was so much traffic trying to crown onto the roads, and being attached to the Second Armored Division we had to follow one of the Second Armored's Artillery units out of the beachhead. But with so many units breaking out in strenght a lot of German units were over ran or by-passed, On this evening the Battalion was leap-frogging the Seventy-Eighth A.F.A. Battalion, Both Battalions were in support of Infantry and Tank units of the Second Armored Division. there were Two roads runing parallel about a half mile apart.

When night fall came the Sixty-Second was in position about a Hundred or so yards ahead of the Seventy-Eighth, And along the road in support of both Battalions were some M-Ten-Tank-Destroyers, Just after dark the Seventy-Eighth had a lot of Fire-Missions, But they were firing at a right angle to the front and for a few hours the road we were on had a lot of traffic on it, most going toward the front of us. But the Battalion got no Fire-Missions that night.

The next morning we found that a German Armored colum had been trapped on the road that ran paralled to us and they were going toward the rear to make contact with the road behind us, when they were discovered by units of the Second Armored Division and that was why the Seventy-Eighth had been shooting over the Sixty-Second at a right angle, but some of the German Vehicles managed to get through to the road behind us and was coming down the road we were on trying to get through into the open into France, They had made a big U-Turn, I heard the Vehicles going down the road that night and there was a lot of small-arms plus some heavy caliber shooting behind us.

As daylight came, and the Battery members came out of their Fox-Holes, and started to fix coffee and rations, a few shots were heard, "PING" came a rifle round from behind us along the road, Sergeant Osborn, ran up and said, Eades, Take Moore and Bloomburg, and flush out the hedge rows along the road we think the Germans are hiding in them and sniping at the American G. I.'s.

We started flushing out the hedge rows going along the road back toward the Seventy-Eighth Position, when we saw some of what had been going on that night.

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A Jeep had been hit and had burned up, the driver was laying half out of the Jeep with his legs still up in the drivers side, He also had been burned up we looked at him and seen that his wrist watch showed Two Forty Five, and just behind the Jeep was an M-Ten-Tank-Destroyer which also had been hit and burned but we found no Germans in the Hedge rows, So I told Bloomburg, who could speak German we would go back by way of the inside of the hedge-row, As we were walking along looking, I saw the outline of a shoe bottom, I told Gus to tell him to come out with his hands in the air, Shorty More had walked up about the time Gus was telling the German to come out, The German started ruffling around and Shorty More hollered look out he is going for a pistol, and fired Three rounds from his rifle, We seen he was hit, so Gus and I got hold of his feet and draged him out in the open He was gasping for breath, but died, In the next Ten minutes we had flushed Fourteen other Germans out.

They were part of the Armored Unit that was shot up during the night and had hid in the Hedge Rows, If it had not been for seeing the sole of one shoe we may have missed them all together, The one that died was a young man, we found photos on him showing him as a hitler youth soldier in training, Headquarters Battery Flushed out over a Hundred Germans that morning in their area..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE BOOTS"

The night the German unit tried to break-through our lines to get back into France, it was a sleepless night. The Seventy-Eight Armored Field Artillery Battalion was in position just behind the Sixty-Second, every one in B-Battery had dug good fox holes, I remember, Albert Dufort and I had fired up our little one burner stove, put it down in the fox hole and made a cup of coffee just as it was getting dark.

Just after dark the Seventy-Eight started some heavy firing, but the Sixty-Second was not firing a shot, B-Battery was next to the road, and right at the edge of the road about Twenty-Five yards from my Gun position was an Anti-Air-Craft Artillery Gun, It was a half-track with armored sides all around, with Four-Fifty Caliber Air Cooled Machine-Guns, I remember we had a man in B-Battery named Edmond Herman, from Eureka, South Dakota who was of German Ancestry, and spoke with a some what German Accent, and was challenged by this AA Gun Crew just after dark, When ask his name he said "Herman" the chief of the AA Gun Crew said, "American Herman" or "German Herman" "American Herman Dam it" then he called out Sergeant Eades, come tell these fools I am an "American Herman", I told him I should let them make you a prisoner, for being away from your Section after dark.

All night long there was shooting going on around and near us, most every one stayed in their fox holes, I could hear Tanks and Vehicles going down the road but all the action seemed to be going on over on our right flank, Headquarters Battery was on the right side of the road and took over a hundred prisoners that night and next morning, Around noon that day I was riding Shot-Gun for Captian French and his driver Weldon Godwin, when we went out to reconnoiter, and went down the road to the right of the road we were on, and then we saw what all the excitement had been about the night before, We ran into a German Armored Column, they had a Self-Propelled Gun out front, It was a One-Hundred Five Millimeter along with a good number of personnel carriers with smaler caliber guns on them strung out behind, It looked as if at least half of the men in the column had been killed, as bodies were laying all around, They had captured Two American Tanks, and they were in the center of the column, and were the only Vehicles that had been burned, We gussed the crew had used Thermite Granades on them.

I looked up a little draw and saw a command car sitting there as I walked up to it I saw the driver was laying with his upper body hanging out on the ground with his legs still in the car, He was dead, As I looked in the back seat there sat a German Officer, I stuck my rifle in the window and said "Come Out Mit Hands in the Air" His eyes were open and he looked straight ahead, I punched him with my rifle and he fell over sideways he was also dead, As he fell over to the right one leg stuck up toward me, He was in his sock feet and a pair of beautiful Riding Boots was on the seat beside him, I tried on the left boot, It was just my size and fit me perfect. I keep these boots until the new issue combat G.I. Boots came out and I was issued a new pair of G.I. Combat boots, then I discarded the worn out German Boots. As I opened his tunic to see if he had an Iron Cross pinned to his shirt I seen he had been

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shot in the chest, I took his Iron Cross and it was a good one, with a ruby in it. The German Column had been caught in a cross fire by the Forty-First Armored Infantry Regiment and had been plastered by Artillery fire from the Seventy-Eighth Armored Field Artillery Battalion, they had been cut off by the Tanks of the Sixty-Seventh Armored regiment, and were trying to get away by a night break-through. As we looked in the pockets of the dead Soldiers we found coins and paper money in Russian money, so we knew that some of these soldiers had been on the Russian Front, We seen no other living persons around. It was an eerie looking place, I was glad to get moving again, One think I can for sure, The Germans sure know how to build Boots for comfort, As these were the best fitting foot wear I ever had..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"FRONT AND BOTH SIDES"

Along in the area some Twenty to Twenty-Five miles out side the Beachhead, B-Battery was in close support of Two Companies of Tanks of the Sixty-Seventh Armored Regiment, we had moved along this morning at a pretty good pace when all at once we went into firing position, We could hear the Tanks banging away at something about Five-Hundred yards ahead of us. I do not know where the rest of the Battalion was, and as far as I knew only B-Battery was with the Tanks, I was on the Reconnaissance Tank at that time, Captian French told me to take both Tanks and go Three-Thousand yards to the right of the Battery and if I had not ran into any Germans or friendly troops by then to come back, and go Three-Thousand yards to the left, if no contact had been made by then to come back and go Five miles to our rear, and again if no contact was made to come back to the Battery position.

I thought this was strange, but obeyed my orders. When I got back to the Battery from the Five mile drive to the rear, I ask the Battery Commander why was we Reconnoitring to our rear, as I had heard Artillery fire coming from our rear for some time. He said, well Sergeant that fire you hear coming from back there is not from our guns, But German Guns, We have drove a wedge into the German lines some Ten to Twelve miles and as far as I know have Germans in front, back and both sides of us. And I sent you in all Three directions to see if any were coming our way.

Lucky the Germans were kind of thin also, and it was not long before the rest of the Sixty-Seventh Armored Regiment had come up on both sides, along with the rest of our own Battalions Guns, As it did not make me feel so good knowing we were stuck way out there on our own, I don't know how many other men in the Battery knew our situation that morning but am sure thoes who did felt like I did..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"NORRIS M. BERGE AND THE PRISONER"

One thing that sticks in my memory was when we were driving across France, The Germans were falling back pretty fast, The Battalion was supporting Combat Command B of the Second Armored Division, We would go as fast and as far as we could in the daylight hours, and when the order came for the Cobra to coil, that ment for us to pull off the road and stop for the night, On this night it was extra black as it was cloudy and looking like rain.

Johnny Johnson, pulled his Half-Track across a little creek, over the bridge and stopped right at the edge of the creek, just off the bridge, We had no lights, Fire or food except cold K-Rations, I went on my Two Hours of Guard around Two A.M. Just before I came off Guard at Four A.M. It had started to rain quite heavy.

I woke Norris Berge up who had a dry place to lay down in the back of the Half-Track and by the time I took his place in the back of the Half-Track it was really raining hard, I had just dozed off when I was woke up by a lot of hollerling going on, It was Norris Berge, He was all excited, and keep saying "Get Them hands up", and "Keep them Hands Up Now", He had captured an old German Soldier, and was so excited you would have thought he had captured Adplph Hitler, what had happened was this,

The Little creek we were Stopped by had started to rise when it started to rain so hard, An old German Soldier who looked really too old to be in the Army, and most likely had been left behind or had deserted, but had crawled under the bridge most likely when he heard us coming to hide and when the water started to rise he had to come out and had ran right into Berge, standing Guardby the bridge, It took Berge by surprise to see a German there since we had been sitting there all that time, Norris M. Berge, Got a big thrill out of all the going on, Since he was already up, awake and wet, but for for the rest of us who were trying to get some sleep on the Half-Track it was just another waisted and lost hour of much needed sleep....

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"SHORT ROUND"

On the sweep across France, after the breakthrough from the Beachhead the Sixty-Second was in support of units in Combat Command B, Second Armored Division. C.C.B. would some days cover over a Hundred Miles. With all the Gas Tanks full an M-7 could make a good Hundred Miles and some nights when we would gas up we would take up to a Hundred and Ten gallons of gas. One place we ran into a heavy defended area along the Albert Canal, And while in position and firing on the Canal Combat Command B and the Sixty-Second was stripped of all the extra gas we had so we were just as good as stuck there due to the shortage of gas, and only Combat Command A could move as they got all the gas.

I was up on the O.P. the Germans were dug in just across the Canal and only a Battalion of Combat Engineers were up on the front line, and the only heavy weapons they had was Fifty Caliber Machine Guns, and the way the Germans were dug in our One-O-Fives could not put shells directly on them unless they tried to cross the Canal, Edwin Fields, James Scarbrough and me, with Lieutenant James Comfort were at the O.P. We had the radio Jeep behind a house about Seventy-Five yards from the Canal and the Battery was firing out over the Canal about Two-Hundred Yards ahead of us.

I remember a medical Aid man from the Engineer Battalion came over to the Jeep and was talking to us, Fields and Scarbrough were in the seat of the Jeep, Lieutenant Comfort was inside the house looking out the front window and would come to the back window to give the radio operator any corrections or Instructions to the Battery, There was a small tree between me and the Jeep, I remember the house was a kind of white plaster on the outside, I was leaning against the tree with my right shoulder and the Engineer Aid Man was leaning with his Left shoulder against the tree, The One-O-Five rounds were coming in over the house hitting the Canal when a round hit about Twenty-Five feet on the right side of the Aid-Man, He was hit in the Head, Neck and side by Shrapnell, and it looked like an outline was made of the Jeep against the white wall of the house, It knocked the glass windshield out of the Jeep but neither Fields, Scarbrough or I was hit, I cut my hand on the glass as I dove for the ground, The Aid-Man was alive when he was taken away, He has stopped all the Shrapnell that would have hit me and maybe the other two.

When we checked it out, one of the Guns in the Battery had fired a short round, It was traced to some defective powder charges, They had been shipped from the factory in Kansas that made the powder charges, A number of them were found in our ammunition. This is the only time I ever knew of any of our guns in the Sixty-Second ever firing a short round..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"MORTAR FIRE"

While still in position on the Albert Canal, and I was still up on the O.P. The Germans did all their moving around at night, We could hear them talking and even hear their horse drawn kitchen come up and feed them. There was not a lot that could be done as long as they did not try to cross the Canal, as the Engineers could not hit them with their Fifty Caliber Machine Guns and we could not hit them with the angle our One-O-Five shells went over the bank of the Canal, So unless they made an attack we just sit there waiting and keep them at bay.

Each evening when their kitchens came up we could hear the steel wheels on the rocks, One evening a Battalion of the Forty-First Armored Infantry Regiment of the Second Armored Division came up in their Half-Tracks, each Half-Track had Two Eighty-One Millimeter Mortars bolted to the floor and stacks of ammunition, There must have been at least Twenty-Five or Thirty Half-Tracks, and about the time the Germans started feeding chow that evening all the Mortars opened up on them.

I was standing right by one of the Half-Tracks watching the Mortar crews work on one set of Guns, I counted Seventeen Rounds in the air before the first round hit the ground over the Canal, And with Twenty-Five or Thirty Half-Tracks with Two Mortar tubes on each, That was some Fire Power, They fired for about Ten Minutes, then fired up their engines and all departed to the rear, any way we never heard a word or any noise from across the Canal for the next Two days we were there, Our supply lines had caught up with us by then and had brought plenty of Gas, so we pulled out and headed on into Belguim, But I'll never forget that display of Mortar Fire Power..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"ME-109"

While in the static position near the Dragon-Teeth it was cloudy a lot of the time and we saw very little Air Action, But one morning the sun was out and every body was moving around, even tho the ground was covered with snow. Looking toward the Siegfried Line, B-Battery was on the left side of the road and A-Battery was on the right side, The road was paved and in pretty good shape except where Artillery shells had hit it and caused a few holes, A fence ran to the right and across the front of A-Battery position, The A-Battery men had hung out some washing and Bed Rolls on the fence to air and dry.

This morning Two ME-109's German Fighter Planes came over and strafed the road, on their first pass over the area our Anti-Air-Craft-Artillery were on them in a flash, plus all the units close by cut loose on them with their Thirty and Fifty Claiber Machine-Guns, As they made their turn for a pass back over us we seen smoke coming from one of the planes, He never made the Second Pass, He came in low, hit the ground and slid along the open field, Only he could not clear the fence, As he scooted along the ground throwing up a fog of snow, He drug the fence and all the A-Battery washing and Bed Rolls and any thing else hanging on the fence.

He come to a stop near the road in front of the Fourth Gun and B. C. Sections of B-Battery, Edwin C. Fields, Johnny Johnson and I ran across the road and were the first ones to reach the plane, The Pilot was coming out of the cock-pit and looking very scared with his hands up as we reached him, He was a very young man, Fields took his pistol and Johnny Johnson grabed him by the front of his suit and shook him pretty hard, telling him in English, he should knock out some of his front teeth, He must have understood English because he looked very scared and was looking like he needed someone to help him, Johnny took the Iron-Cross from around his neck and I took his wrist watch, By then some of the A-Battery men had come up and closed around him and took him away, It was not Ten Minutes later all kind of people was around checking the Gas in the Tanks, How strong the metal was, The rubber on the tires and about every thing on the Plane.

The wrist watch was an "Etanchie-89" The German Issue Watch, I keep this watch until Nineteen-Hundred-Fifty-Four, I was working at Chance Vought Aircraft and broke the wrist band, I put it in my tool box and forgot and left it there over the week-end, Monday morning I found my tool box had been broken into, and the watch was the only thing missing, What looked bad the only man who had worked that week-end in our unit and he had tried to buy this watch from me a number of times, He had not been in the Service and did not care for the Veterans of World War Two that were in the unit, and although I could not prove it, I will always think he was the one who got my watch, That I had taken from the ME-109 Pilot..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

" BIG SPENDER"

Along the early part of December Nineteen-Forty-Four The Battalion had been in the same position in front of the Dragon-Teeth on the Siegfried Line near Monschau since Mid-November, a few scattered houses were in the area along the highway.

When we moved into this position I was in the Tank Section, But while in this position, Sergeant Clark W. Veazie, who was Chief-Of-Section of the Fourth Section of B Battery got sick and was sent to the Hospital, I was pulled off the Tanks and took over the Fourth Gun Section, Since we had been in this position so long a lot of work was put into making the living as easy as possible, The Fourth Section was about Twenty-Five Yards from the B.C. Section house by the road, The Kitchen was set up in the back part of the house, and one of the front rooms was set aside, so the Gun and other Sections could come to the house at night and write letters or relax out of the cold and just to shoot the bull, It was like a kind of day-room for B Battery.

The men of the Fourth Section had scrounged enough wood to build a Guard shack beside the Gun-Mount, and since it was snowing a lot, The Fourth Section Guard could stand his Guard out of the Cold, Rain and Snow inside the shack, They even found a little stove so we could have a fire, and a pot of coffee on at all times, On this particular night I had been in the B.C. Section house where there was a good poker game going on and I had won a good amount in Belgium Francs, when it came my time to stand Guard, I just stuffed my winnings in my shirt pocket and went back to my section after taking my place in the in the shack on guard, we had a pot of coffee on the little stove, I got myself a cup and wanted a cigarett, I couldn't find a book of matches, so I reached into my shirt pocket and pulled out a page of an old letter, Opened the Grate and lit the old letter page and was lighting my cigarett when I noticed some numbers on my letter page as I dropped it in the fire I seen the numbers One Thousand, I had reached into the wrong pocket and had pulled out a Thousand Franc note and had lit my cigarett with it. When I told this on myself the next morning the guys of the Fourth Section had a good laugh, calling me the BIG SPENDER who lights with Thousand Franc notes..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"SEVENTY-EIGHTH ATTACK ON THE RUHR"

The Battalion moved up into the town of Muchengladback, Germany to support the attack over the Ruhr river by the Seventy-Eighth Infantry Division.

The Battalion was in direct support of the Three-Hundred-Ninth Infantry Regiment, As we moved into Muchengladback, It was cold, Snowing and cloudy. The Infantrymen had been using the houses to sleep in, although nearly every building in town had been damaged by shell fire, our shells while the Germans were in the town then the German shells after we took and moved in to the town.

The Fourth Gun Section of B-Battery which I was chief of Section of at this time, took over a house that had most of the roof knocked off, but the basement was still in tact, After our gun was set up in firing position, the men of the Fourth Section tried to make the basement as good to live in as they could.

We set up some cots, ran an electric wire from the S.P. with a light bulb to see by and even tho there was about Two inches of water on the floor, with overshoes on we could keep dry feet, As the attack took place the Infantrymen of the Three-Hundred-Ninth never got across the river, and started withdrawing back to Muchengladback, As they came into the basement of the house they had used before the attack, they could not believe or get over the way we had it fixed up, and said man, you guys know how to live, I looked around at the condition they were in, some soaking wet, as many had fell into the river when they tried to cross that morning, and then looked at the condition we were in and thought god, these poor old Infantrymen, freezing cold some even without dry blankets I told one of them he could have my cot that night, as I knew they had to go through the same thing the next morning, I spent the night up in our gun mount at least I had a tarp over it to keep the rain and snow out and I was at least out of the mud and water.

Two days later, one morning I could not get up, I was very sick, I was sent back to Eupen, Germany to a hospital for Four days, with a warm place to sleep on a stretcher, some hot food and in Two days I was up walking and feeling good, They even worked on my teeth while I was there. On my return to the Battery it was around Eight P. M. one night the Battery was in position out on the side of a hill, It was pouring down rain, I could not find my shelter half or blankets or sleeping bag, so I sat up all night on the gun, and gave some of the other men of the section to sleep without jumping up for the Fire Missions.

The next day the sun came out, I found my sleeping bag and mess kit so things were not so bad after all, We had crossed the Ruhr river by then and there was not a lot of time to think about much, as along about the next thing I recall we were in a town called Ahrweiler, which had a nice River running through it, with a lot of grape vines covering the country side, where each Gun Section got a house to sleep in, and we did a lot of Vehicle and Arms Maintenance, Rest, and some good food, a long overdue bath, new clothing and even had coffee and do-nuts from the Red Cross Girls..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"TRIP TO PARIS"

One thing I will never forget is the trip to Paris, France, We were In the Static Position up near the Dragon-Teeth on the Seigfried Line near Monschau, Germany. It was Eight December Nineteen-Hundred-Forty-Four. My Tank and Crew with Lieutenant James A. Comfort had been out on the O.P. for Six days and had gone on the attack with a Tank Battalion and a Tank-Destroyer Battalion, into the town of Muchengladback, Germany. Our Tank driver I. G. Schuster had been wounded in the hand by shrapnel and could not drive his Tank back to the Battery position so I drove it back for him, As we came into the Battery area and had evacuated Schuster, Edgar Nelson and Gus Bloomburg ran up to me and said, I'll give you a Hundred Dollars for your chance of being drawn for the trip to Paris.

It did not happen but Four times, but all the men in the Battery, had their names put in a box and Two names were drawn out, These Two men received a Forty-Eight hour Pass to Paris with Forty-Eight hours travel time going and coming back.

Jerry Eades and Joe Easton names had been drawn to go starting early on the morning of Nine December Nineteen-Hundred-Forty-Four. No way I told them, I'll take my chance for myself, OK then you lucky dog, your name was drawn, And every body started coming around handing me package of Phillip Morris and Chelsey cigarets, D-Ration Chocolate Candy Bars, Extra Bars of Soap, K and C ration coffee packets, Sugar Packets and all kind of Goodies, The first man who had gone into Paris found that these kind of things were worth Two or Three Times the Value of Money, So the men in the Battery that was not going, made sure the ones who did had plenty of trade goods to get by on.

Joe Easton and I departed the Battalion C.P. in the back of a Six by Six G.I. Truck at daylight on Nine December, I don't remember how or why but we were being transported on a Truck from the One-O-Two Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron, Our first night stop was in Reims, France. We spent the night in a big Barrack Building, Feed in a mess hall and told we were free to do what we wanted and that the trucks would depart Reims at Seven A.M, With or without us aboard. Joe Easton and I made a number of night clubs as there were plenty of them in operation and we put away a good amount of Beer, Wine and Champaign, and got back to the Barracks around Two A. M. But had no trouble turning out at Five A. M. that Morning.

We arrived at our Hotel in Paris at around Two P. M. Ten December, and what a set up, The Combat troops were given Priority over all the Troops stationed in the rear ares, and you could spot the Combat Troops quick as they all had on their helmet liners for head gear and all carried Sleeping Bags, we got checked into the Hotel First, would be sent to the head of the chow line and were treated very well by every-one, I dont think the rear echelon Troops liked it much but they didn't say much.

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I had my first tub bath since I had been on pass in London and we were issued everything new except our boots, and when Joe Easton and I departed the Hotel for a night on the town I felt like a new man, Some how Joe and I got seperated along about Ten O'Clock but I do remember I had a very exciting night, Dancing, drinking and meeting all the beautiful girls of Paris and having a wonderful time, Just wish I had not drank so much now as I am sure there were lots of pleasent things that would have been worth remembering and seeing.

The boys who made the first trip into Paris ahead of us sure knew what they were saying about the fact that trade goods was worth a lot more than Money, But as good as it was our Forty-Eight Hour pass was over much to soon, As we were ready to depart Paris on Twelve December, something happened we were not prepared for.

The truck of the One-O-Two Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron that was bringing the next bunch in for their Forty-Eight Hour Pass, Broke down, and the bunch that had just finished their Forty-Eight Hour Pass who rode that truck had to stay over for another Forty-Eight Hours. It nearly broke our hearts, there we had to go and do it all over again. Of corse the driver of that truck that Joe and I were riding on also got Forty-Eight Hours therein Paris, So I always expected he did something to the Truck to hold it over for the extra Forty-Eight Hours until it was repaired, But of course I never mentioned it to any one as even the Officer who was in charge of the truck never said a word, But again the Second Forty-Eight Hours went even faster than the first Forty-Eight, And on the Morning of Fourteen December we departed the Beautiful City of Paris.

The trip back seemed to drag by, but we did arrive back in the Battalion area on the morning of Seventeen December, just in time to receive the first shelling from the Big Guns the Germans had hid away, As that was the morning the Battle Of The Bulge started, But I was still thinking about Paris to pay a lot of Attention to them, anyway that was the last trip any of the B-Battery men made to Paris.....

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"THE FIRE"

Again while in this position the house used by B Battery B. C. Section and our kitchen was visited by the German woman who owned the house, along with an old man and a small boy, They would come to the house once or twice a week to pick up clothes and other things they needed, Felix Napiscek one of our cooks and who was Polish, but could speak and understand German did all the talking to her, She would get mad and try to taunt us by saying the German Soldiers would soon be back and run us out of Europe, Her husband was on the Russian Front in the German Air Force. We used to give the little boy candy from our rations until one day while they were at the house a Buzz Bomb came over and the little boy started clapping his hands and saying, Flegger-D-Bom-Bart-Flegger-D-Bom-Bart then Weldon Godwin went out and took the Candy and Rations away from him.

The Town of Eupen, was about Three Thousand yards on down the road to our rear which had a movie house that the Army Engineers had took over and every Sunday a few men from each unit close by could attend. On this Sunday the Sun was shining, but it was still cold and the ground was covered with snow, around Four O'Clock that evening, Me and Millard Williams from the Fourth Section had gone to the movie and had started walking back to the Battery Position when a lone M-E- One-O-Nine came zooming down the road strafing, As the Plane left the area, we noticed smoke coming from the B-Battery B. C. Section house, we ran on up the road and found the plane had fired a tracer into the loft which was filled with straw and it was burning, As the men around started throwing snow on the fire and started bringing the German Womans Furniture and other personal things out to save them for her, She came running up and was talking up a storm in German to Felix Napiscek, He told us I wouldn't try to save any of her things for she is cursing you guys for burning her house, At which time we stopped helping get her things out of the house and quit throwing snow on the fire, And then she really got mad, and was calling us every thing she could think of, At which time we started picking up her furniture and other things and started throwing them back in to the house, and Felix told her it was probably her husband who was flying the plane that was strafing us in the first place and had fired the tracer shell into the house and set it on fire anyway. The House was burnt down by dark, Only we had lost a good Kitchen place and had to put up Tents for a new Kitchen spot for the cooks to cook for us in..... ..

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"BOX BINE"

In the early part of Nineteen-Hundred-Forty-Five The Battalion was in support of a lot of different Units, The Hundred-Second Cavalry Group, The Thirty-Eighth Cavalry Squadron, The Ninth Infantry Division, First Infantry Division and The Seventy-Eight Infantry Division, and was working from the Muchengladback-Monschau areas in Germany near the Roer River.

Most of these units had called on the Sixty-Second for a lot of fire, and one shell that was most popular was the White-Phosporus shell, Or known to the Gun-Crews as W. P. It made a good adjusting point for the Forward Observers and it would burn the skin as long as the air could get to it, So it was good for driving the German Infantry out of their Fox-Holes and Positions.

It was snowing a lot about that time and the snow would cover the W. P. up and cause it to quit burning and smoking. A few weeks later we crossed the Roer River and started to advance, On this particular day we moved into the positions the Germans had used and where we had fired so much Whitee-Phosphorus, The side of the hill was all covered with snow, we stayed in this position a couple of days and it had warmed up a good bit, As the snow melted and the air got to the W. P. it started smoking so bad causing so much smoke you could hardly see from one Section to the other, But it also helped us, As t he Germans could not see any movement we were doing, Also as the snow melted down some we found the Battery was sitting in a big mine field, we were very lucky none of the Vehicles had hit any of them as they were all set out in straight lines and we had drove all the S.P.'s and Half-Tracks in between the rows of mines, They were the Big Box Type Mines, made of woodenframes and filled with T. N. T. and a firing pin, The German Engineers had not even covered them up they had let the snow do that for them.

Sergeant James E. Hagood, Of Headquarters Battery, who I had known for Years and since our old Horse Artillery Days together, used to come over to B Battery to visit with me ever chance he got, and since I had gone back to a Gun-Section I could not get over to Headquarters Battery to visit with him like I had done before, He walked up to the S. P. and we were standing there talking, He was kicking at a hump of snow and talking about all the Mines we had dug up and had knocked the wood frames away from the T.N.T. and had removed the Firing Pins and was using the wood frames for fire wood to warm by, As Hagood talked and keep kicking at the snow, I thought I would have a little fun out of him, As we used to kid each other a lot, I said real quick and loud like, "HAGOOD DON'T MOVE" YOU'R standing on a mine, He never said a word, Just looked at me and his Adam's Apple moved up and down, and he said, WELL J. W. we have been together a long time, Looks like we are going out Together, FOR YOU'R standing on one too! Sure enough I was ~~stand~~ standing right on top of a big box mine, Lucky it took Three-Hundred Pounds to set ot off, At the time Hagood did not know that, when I said So Long, and stepped off the Mine, His face droped about a foot, I never did kid Hagood again tho.

"FROM JERRY W. EADES, B BATTERY ARLINGTON, TEXAS"

"WOUNDED"

On Thirty-One March Nineteen-Forty-Five at around Five P.M. my world ended, Or the world as I knew it ended, I would never do another hour of duty with the Battery or the Battalion again, This was the day I was wounded, So my Thirty-Five months Twenty-One days as a member of B-Battery of the Sixty-Second Armored Field Artillery Battalion had ended.

The concussion from the shell had knocked me unconscious, the next thing I remember I was standing up, or trying to, feeling to see if I had been hit in the stomach, I could not stand and remember falling down, The next thing I remember, Sergeant Bill Bookman and Sergeant Dave Atherton, Our medical aid men were working on me, Shrapnell from the shell had hit my right ankle, taking a lot of flesh and bone out with it, my left leg had been hit in two places on the out side, about even with the calf, which had cut the nerve that lets me control my left foot and just under the left knee on the front of my left leg, After Bill Bookman and Dave Atherton gave me a shot of Morphine, I could feel no pain I kind of relaxed, The Morphine must have caused me to doze, As the next time I remember opening my eyes, all I could see was a lot of little faces, my first thought was I must be in heaven and the angles are looking at me, what it was, the medical people had moved me up into the edge of Schwalback, Germany, they had me laying on a stretcher in the street waiting for an Ambulance, they had blood plazma going into my arm and there was an Aid man, An old woman and Five or Six small children all looking down at me.

The old German woman went into a house and came out with a small pillow and put it under my head, I keep this pillow all the way on my journey back to England, and when they me in a clean white bed in the hospital in Southern England, Hospital Plant Forty-One Forty-Eight I recall I trew it away, (I have wished a Thousand times that I had keep it).

There were Four B-Battery men and Two from A-Battery wounded that evening but the only one I saw on the way back was Sam Milam, of the Fourth Section, The first stop was at the Forty-First Field Hospital, It was set up in what looked like a large school building, I was feed, checked and my clothes were cut away, All I had was a blanket wraped around me, there were over a Hundred men in that big room, all wounded, I was put down beside a man named William Armstrong, He was from Richmond Virginia and was a Browning Automatic Rifleman from a rifle Company of the One-Hundred-Twenty-First Infantry Regiment of the Eighth Infantry Division, we talked for a little while, and the pain in my ankle got real bad as the Morphine had worn off and some of the shock was gone and I begin to hurt a lot, As we lay there waiting to be operated on, a man was carried in on a stretcher, and sat down not far from me and Armstrong, Another man who had been there for some time, jumped up, he had been wounded in the chest, grabbed a pair of medical scissors from one of the Aid men, and was going for the man they had just brought in, The ward boys stoped him, He said, That's a German, I could have killed him this morning, but let him go then he shot me in the chest, now I am going to finish him for good, But the ward boys took the G.I. into the operating room and we never seen him again, and the ward boys moved the German where we could not see him.

Along about mid-night they came and picked up my stretcher and took me into what I gussed was the operating room, there were Six or Seven sets of saw horses, they sat my stretcher upon Two of them, a nurse started getting

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me ready, and a doctor came up and started talking to me, Captian Brown, is my name soldier, what's your name, I told him and then said Doctor, if you will fix me up where I can walk, I'll buy you the best case of whiskey in Germany, he said I'm going to fix your foot and legs, and the next time you see me you can buy me a beer. The nurse said start counting, I knew about Sodiun-Pentothol, and how quick it would knock you out, and the way I was hurting, I started counting as fast as I could, No-No- she said count slow or normal, I never remember saying Five. I woke up about noon the next day, It was easter-Sunday, One of the ward boys came by and said, I thought you would never wake up, You must have been very tired, and handed me a cup of coffee with a rubber straw, and as bad as the rubber straw made it taste I gulped it down, and they started my medication that lasted for Thirty-Three days, Thirteen pills and a shot of penicillin every Three hours around the clock.

Then the long road started back, by Ambulance, the first day, A big Hospital Tent that night, just outside the tent area a Battalion of One Fifty-Five Howitzers were booming away, I ask the ward boy, what's going on, are we retreating? I know we must have come at least Two-Hundred miles back since I was wounded, No he said you guys went through here a few days ago, were on a spear-head and by-passed a big pocket of Germans, and the Seventy-Ninth Division is cleaning them out now. A few Air-Force Officers came into the ward and beded down on stretchers, Armstrong ask them, are you guys here to fly us out ? No buddy, we have been prisoners, and were freed by you guys when you went through this area a few days ago, we are waiting transport just like you are. Next day we were taken to the rail-head, loaded in box cars and headed back into Belgium.

On this days run, a man came up to the end of the box car where I was and said that guy on the other end wants you to look that way, A man was waving and had his face all bandaged up, but I knew him, it was Sam Milan, after that day I never saw him again, that night it was another big hospital tent. Early next morning a nurse came in and called a lot of names along with mine, you guys are to be on the next load for England, about Eleven o'clock another nurse came in and said wake up all you guys, your plane just landed. Armstrong, ask the nurse, what would we have had for lunch if we were not being moved ? She told us something, then said and for desert Blue-Berry-Pie, a few minutes later she came back in the ward and Armstrong, ask her, Do you think I could get a slice of that pie ? I havent tasted pie in months, about that time the ward boys came to start loading us on the plane, This Nurse told the ward boys to put all the stretchers down, and go to the kitchen and get all these men a slice of pie, which sure tasted good, After we were loaded on the C-Forty-Six plane a ward boy handed me a pill, and said this will make your trip smooth, I lay there thinking what a mess we would be in if a M-E-One-O-Nine came along and shot this old slow Transport plane down, The next thing the ward boy was shacking me and said hold your nose and blow, we are landing in England. After a short ride in an Ambulance we came to Hospital Forty-One-Forty-Eight in the Southern Part of England, This place was pure misery, as I hurt my entire stay there which was Twenty-Eight days, I had two operations in this hospital and this is where I trew the little pillow, the old German woman had put under my head, anyway as the Doctor was checking me in , a few minutes after I got there the ward boys started bringing our chow, or the first meal back in England, It was

more food than I had seen in the last month, Big Steaks, with all kinds of trimmings and Ice cream and blue-berry pie for desert, but by supper time it was back to Spam and Powdered potaes, as the doctor was talking to me the loud speaker was blaring out "Rum and Coca Cola" by the Andrews Sisters, and it seamed like it had been played four or five times since we got there, Armstrong ask the doctor, don't they have any other record besides Rum and Coca Cola ? The Doctor said I'm sure glad you said something about that, now I can get it stoped. They took me and Bill Armstrong to the Operating room together the next morning, and we both woke up at about the same time, An old lady was coming through the ward selling news papers and stoped at our beds, The man in the next bed to us said these two are just coming out from under the anaesthesia, they just had operations, I remember her saying "Bless you boys"the papers are free to you, An hour or so later I was wondering what was going on, they had rolled a gondola up by the side of my bed, An English Soldier came up and lay down on the gondola, The Doctor put a needle in my arm and one in the English Soldiers arm and started pumping whole blood from him into me, Then a couple of hours in came the gondola again, This time an English A.T.S. Girl got on it and it was her blood that was pumped into me, Then they gave me a sleeping pill that put me out for the night.

I guess the English Blood helped me as I woke up the next morning, still hurting, and hungry. A week or so later they took Bill Armstrong and me down to get our stetches removed, Bill was put upon the table first and they left me in my wheel chair by the table and I was watching everything, Bill had Eighty Stetches and Twenty-Two clamps (Or what we called meat hooks) in his left leg from the hip to the bottom of his foot, and each time a stitch or clamp was removed I was looking at his face and he would show great pain in his face. I sat there and watched all Hundred and Two of them come out of him, When it came my time to get upon the table I was shacking so bad the ward boys had to hold my right foot and leg so the Doctor could get the clamps out, I had only Twelve meat hooks in me and around a dozen or so stitches to come out, I don't remember them hurting as bad as Bill Armstrong had made out like they were, but It was snowing and freezing cold out side but I was so wet from the sweat rolling off me I had to have a dry pair of pajamas, and even tho Bill Armstrong tried to make out like they were hurting him to scare me, he done a very good job, We became very good friends and I'll always remember him.

Never the less, they didn't hurt my feelings a bit when one night our nurse "Miss White" came into the ward and called out a bunch of names, and said this is you guys last night in Merry Old England, you all are being shipped home tomorrow, We were taken over to South Hampton, next morning and the stretchers were all lined up in what looked like a big warehouse then loaded on a U.S. Hospital Ship "The George Washington" Six of us were put in a little ward, Bill Armstrong and I were seperated, and I never seen him but one time after that. Four of the men on our ward could not walk, Two of the men had Arm wounds and from breakfast until late at night we never saw them, I remember one of the men was from Illinois, He had a broken back a G. I. Truck he was riding in turned over and hurt him, One was from Brooklin, N.Y. he was an Infantry-man and was shot throught both hips and had broken his pelvis bone, and the other young fellow was a paratrooper,

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who had been shot through both legs when the landing was made in Normandy his name was Ripon, we called him Rip-Card, He had been in the hospital in England since June Nineteen-Forty-Four and after a number of operations, they thought he would loose his legs and was sending him State side for the last word.

After Twelve days, a lot of hurting, and plenty of misery, the George Washington, landed in New York Four days after V-E- Day, Every body on the ship was given a cup of Alccohal mixed with orange juice, none of us wanted it so we gave it to our ward boy, He got drunk and passed out, needless to say we got no service that night, I was taken to the camp shanks hospital, we stayed there for three days, I did get to talk to my mother by phone in Dallas, that was the highlight of my stay there.

On the Fourth morning the ward boys came in with tags, with our names on them, This tells us where you are going they said, We had heard that we would be shipped to the Hospital nearest to our home, What does mine say I ask the ward boy ? Tourney General Hospital, Palm Springs, California, He told me, That's not any where near where I live I told him, Can't help it thats where you are going, after we were loaded on the train we found out every man in our car was going to Palm Springs, and every man on our car was within Fifty to Seventy-Five miles from the Dallas-Fort Worth area. We were on this train for Four days and Five nights, when we got to Fort Worth, Texas the car behind us was full of Missouri men and they were all going up to the hospital at McKinney, Texas, and we all started asking why ? But no one told us anything then, by the time we were out around Big Springs, Texas, one of the Nurses told us that all the boys from Missouri had bad backs, and the Hospital at McKinney was a center for Back injuries, It would have been too much trouble for them to explain to us from the start that Tourney General Hospital specialized in broken bones, and every one on our car had broken bones. But never the less for me anyway there I was ending up right where I had started from Three Years ago, or within Twenty miles, I was sure surprised to see the Salton Sea from the train window.

The morning we were checked into Tourney General Hospital, I was sitting on my bed with cast on both legs so I could not move around very much, I was feeling kind of low, I could see a wheel-chair coming down the isle, and thought that guy looks like someone I know, as the chair came near my bed the faster it came, when all at once I heard some one holler, "Sergeant Jerry" It was little Joe Hernandez, from B-Battery, I had known Joe since our fort Bliss days, He was a radio operator on one of the F.O. Tanks of B-Battery the Tank he was on had turned over in France, right after the Normandy landing, Joe had hit his knee on the side of the turrent, and had underwent Four operations on the knee and had been at Tourney General Hospital for over Six months. He jumped out of his wheel-chair as it got even with my bed and jumped right up into my bed with me and you would have thought I was his long lost brother, he was so glad to see me, as each patient, Nurse, Doctor or any one else came down the isle he would stop then and say this is my sergeant, about all I did for the next two days was answer questions about the Battalion, Battery, or its members, when I left Tourney General Hospital some Forty days later they were going to operate on Joe again, and I never heard from him again.

My casts were cut off the next day, a Nurse took a pan of soapy water, a small brush and scrubed my legs, and after all the itching I had done while the cast were on, the brushing made up for it, and when they put me into the whirl-pool that sure made my legs and feet feel good, and after some minor repairs to my bones there at Tourney General Hospital and some Forty days

later I was shipped back to Texas, to McCloskey General Hospital at Temple Texas, but I knew why I was coming to this Hospital, It was a neuro-surgery and amputation center, and I needed my left leg worked on where the nerve had been cut, and after another operation where they tied the nerve together with a silver thread. After the operation my left leg was pulled up behind me with a large leather belt and to keep the nerve from stretching all at once the belt was let out one-quarter inch each eight hours, which was quite painful, and where I spent a lot of time cursing the Germans, along with every body and every thing the first few days, but at last I got to where I could once again move my foot, I was sent home on a Thirty day furlough and along about this time the A-Bomb was used and Japan ask for the war to be ended. My rehabilitation lasted until mid-November and on the Fifth of December I was given my choice of a discharge or having to re-enlist, as I was regular Army and had to do one or the other, I was offered a job in recruiting, Quartermaster supply, or the Medical Corps, since none of these was what I wanted after Nine Years Ten Months in a Combat unit, I took my discharge, cut all ties with the Army and started to learn to be a Civilian again, I never did completely get over my love for the Army, and probably never will..... ..

"FROM LEWIS I. ISRAEL, HQ BATTERY, BETHANY, MISSOURI"

I recall after over two-weeks at sea on the Santa Elena how we pulled into the harbor at Casablanca where sunken ships prevented us from pulling up to the docks. Still weak and weary from mutton-flavored food and the stormy North Atlantic storm, we had to stagger down the gang plank into another ship before we finally crawled ashore. What a sight it was to see the ancient city with palm trees lining the avenues.

Loaded with our packs, we began the march in route step to the phosphate mines north of Casablanca. Col. Conder led the group as we plodded our way. I recall that Charles Markward (wojg), one of the older veterans, found the march too much and had to drop out of the march.

I felt so sorry for him I almost broke ranks to not leave him alone in a strange country. We finally reached camp site and pitched our pup tents. Chester Lindville sheared my tent. He was a good friend and a hard man to beat in a checker game. I was so sorry to hear of his death many years ago.

Another event I will never forget was on the night of Dec. 31, 1942, when some German bombers came over to attack the Casablanca harbor. When all our naval vessels and Anti-Aircraft opened fire, it was a display which surpassed any Fourth of July celebration I had ever seen. Bursting shells and tracers filled the sky. You may remember we had orders not to fire at any planes in order not to give our positions away. However a negro quartermaster corps located next us couldn't resist firing at a low-flying bomber which passed not more than 1,000 feet in the air. I saw tracers going toward the plane and all at once a rear gunner let go his own loose toward the incoming fire.

We never did hear for certain how many, if any, German bombers were downed but some reports indicated some were hit. I believe it was in the confusion of that night that Junior Rippetto, a motorcycle messenger, hit a building and became our first war casualty.

I have many memories of Casablanca. As payroll sergeant for the 62nd, I went with then Lt. Paul Todd to the Shell oil building to pick up the payroll in French Franks. I was stunned to see a nice skyscraper in that city of beautiful avenues and lovely churches. In fact, I got my first sandwich from an automat when we ate downtown one day. We also went to some ancient Roman bath houses to shower and to get a good view of the big French Battleship which had been bombed in the harbor but was still afloat. I believe it was called the Jean Bart and was later towed to the U.S. for repairs.

I am sure several of our buddies can tell some wild tails about the Old Medina.

I really think a collection of accounts such as this would be interesting..... ..

"FROM LEWIS I. ISRAEL, HQ BATTERY BETHANY, MISSOURI"

"I JOINED THE 62ND"

At the end of my basic training in "Supply" in Field Artillery Replacement Training Center at Camp Roberts, California, In the early summer of 1942, my class received orders to dress in our wool uniforms and to report to the rail station for transfer to a regular Army unit.

We had no idea where we were going, but the wool uniform led us to believe we were headed for service in Alaska or the Pacific. Instead, the train headed south and we soon passed through Hollywood and Los Angeles. Soon the train was headed across the great California desert in the summer heat with windows in our car that could not be opened.

A few hours later, we came to a halt in Indio, California, with Palm trees making a distinctive landmark. When we detrained, we saw waiting for us some Six by Six trucks with strange looking soldiers waiting for us. For the first time, I saw the new style steel helmets which were so different from the old world war One helmets we had worn.

After a hot drive, we unloaded in the tent city of Desert Training center just south of the big Los Angeles Aqueduct that carried water from the Colorado River Dam to the city-I believe it was from Parker Dam.

I reported to Head Quarters Battery under the Command of Captain David W. Way. This was my first break, because Captain Way was a true Gentleman and an Officer who gained my deep respect during the following months. Headquarters Battery had lost their clerk who had gone to O.C.S. In typical army fashion I, a trained supply clerk, was pressed into service as the Battery clerk. Through the next few weeks, I struggled through morning reports, laundry lists, etc. Shortly after, the Battalion was reorganized, I was promoted to Payroll Sergeant with an office in Battalion Headquarters. It was here I became a part of the Personnel Section, headed by Master/Sergeant William E. Schuette. I have him to thank for his training in accuracy as he was the most meticulous person I have ever known. We served many months together until the Battalion was reorganized under a new table of Organization at Wyckham Park in England, in early 1944.

Life in the desert was an unforgettable experience. Heat reached One-Hundred Twenty Degrees. Collars were wilted by Nine A.M., but blankets were needed at night. The mile-run before breakfast each morning put us in the right mood for the rest of the day which ended with showers before Retreat. I will never forget the showers which were hooked to the Aqueduct. A warm shower greeted the first in line. The late comers were treated to Ice-Cold water.

Trucks had to accompany the conditioning hikes as untrained Second--Lieutenants often marched their troops into heat stroke condition. Cool beer was a great revivor for many of the soldiers in the evening. Some entertainment was provided. I recall Man Mountain Dean, the famous wrestler was in Camp at times and Dinah Shore also sang to the troops. Occasionally we would go into Indio, to swim in a private pool, I recall the sand was so hot that we had to stand on a towel to protect our bare feet. On the way back to camp, a wet towel hung at the front of the passenger section of the truck provided cool air until the towel dried out.

Mail call was an important part of the day. As battery clerk, I would take the letters to the area near Headquarters, The GI's would gather around eagerly waiting to hear their name called. I recall one of the men would receive cheers when he received a highly scented letter from his girl friend.

One incident will be remembered by some of the troops when one unhappy

soldier tied a noose around his neck and stepped off his footlocker in his tent. Fortunately, he was noticed in time to save his life.

"TO A.P. HILL, VIRGINIA"

In late summer, the Sixty-Second was ordered to desert manouvers near the Arizona State Line. We had hardly unloaded, when we received orders to return to Desert Training Center for what we assumed was the order for overseas duty.

The Sixty-Second went to Indio where the heavy equipment was loaded on flat cars and the men into passenger and freight cars for movement. Where, we did not know, but the train headed East with the copper-red morning sun greating us each morning as we crossed Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. It seemed an endless journey but eventually we reached Mississippi. In reading Sergeant Jerry Eades account of his trip to A.P. Hill, I learned for the first time the Sixty-Second had taken two different routes. His train went the Northern route while my group crossed the Mississippi at Vicksburg and went east to Atlanta, Georgia, before heading north to Virginia.

Our troop train stopped at a isolated station in Virginia, we stepped off into a field of weeds and went by truck to A. P. Hill. I never knew until recently the Camp was named after a famous Confederate General. Life was hectic here for the Personnel Section as we worked day and night processing the service records of scores of G.I.'s added to our normal strength to replace personnel expected to be lost in the forthcoming invasion. As I recall, the replacements were about Twenty percent of the Battalion strength.

Lieutenant Paul R. Todd, a newly wed officer, joined the Sixty-Second as the Personnel officer. We worked together for the rest of the war. He returned to Nebraska and became a successful optometrist;

Some may remember A. P. Hill for the small stream that flowed through it with a nice waterfall where a good shower could be enjoyed.

"WESTERN TASK FORCE"

Late in October, 1942, the Sixty-Second was ordered to Camp Kilmer. Here supplies were secured and checked. Soldiers were given final leaves in preparation for the overseas move. Where we were going was a deep secret which was never revealed until we were well at sea on the Santa Elena. Several men went to New York City to visit the famous spots. The stage Door Canteen and Roseland Dance Hall were among the favorite haunts.

On November Second, 1942, the Sixty-Second walked up the gandplank. A loading officer challenged each man with his last name. Each man would then respond with his first name, initial and selective number. Most landlubbers were impressed with the large Grace Liner which was a part of a fleet of cargo-passenger liners which normally ran between the U. S. and South America. The Fifty-Eighth and Sixty-Fifth A.F. A. Battalions were on other vessels, including the Santa Rosa, a Sister ship to the Santa Elena, the one we were on.

Onboard the Santa Elena we were presented a Red Cross package which included candybars, playing cards, chewing gum, a paperback novel and other incidentals. We descended down to the lower decks where our bunks were then came topside to see the invasion fleet as it steamed out to sea past the Statue of Liberty, Among the scores of vessels we saw flattops, destroyers, and battleships including the Arkansas as I recall.

Slowly the shore disappeared. Then we were handed a letter from the President of the United States encouraging each G.I. in his new adventure and wishing him well. The ships sailed under a heavy black-out. The portholes were closed and all outside doors were draped with canvas. No lights were permitted on decks as well as no smoking.

Life was not pleasant on board. Most G.I.'s suffered some degree of seasickness and the North Atlantic became rough during the winter months. A heavy storm struck soon in which waves broke over the prow of the ship and the sound of popping rivets was often heard. The small tankers with rear deck wheelhouses would disappear out of sight as the Fifty-Foot waves were breaking over the vessels.

Adding to the discomfort were the meals which featured mutton and other unappetizing food. We stood at the mess tables trying to keep our dishes from sliding away. In desperation, several G.I.'s, including me, sought duty chipping paint from the ship in order to get some of the food which the regular ships crew ate--fresh eggs, ham, etc.

For days the Santa Elena sailed an unknown course. At one time we sailed far south into warmer water where the ocean was calm and looked like a patterned rug. Fluorescent lights danced through the water and friendly porpoises slipped through the water alongside the ship.

Finally as we neared the coast of French Morocco, we learned the first wave of the invasion had landed and that we were about ready to go ashore. Extra bandoliers of ammunition were handed to each of us also with instructions that if we had to go down the rope ladders to have all equipment loose so its weight would not send us to the bottom of the sea in we missed the landing boats. Fortunately, we were able to sail past the sunken ships in Casablanca harbor and walk the gangplanks through another ship to reach shore. The Sixty-Second then marched to the phosphate quarries north of Casablanca to set up our pup tents and wait for further orders.

"RABAT"

From Casablanca, the Sixty-Second moved to the cork forests of Rabat, the capitol city in Morocco. Here we paired off in pup tents. Sergeant Schuette and I shared a tent, Various training exercises including firing the machine-gun were carried out. The troops had been issued the Tommy-Gun to replace our old rifles. They had to remove the Cosmoline from the new weapons which arrived packed in crates.

It was a new world for the troops. The storks nesting on the roof tops and bamboo trees growing along the coast were strange sights to most of us. In the meantime we were hearing unsettling news of the War. Bataan had surrendered. Romel's tanks were headed for Corio. Pet and Sally, German broadcasters, were taunting us with news about how we were losing the War.

Meanwhile we were preparing for the march to Tunisia. Protective shots were being given and physical inspections were carried out-particularly checking for social diseases. All men had to report for the inspection to the Medics. I recall one of the low points in my Army career when I received a call to report to the Medics. I was greatly relieved when I found they only needed my Army Serial number.

Since I had left Camp Roberts, I had never met a soldier that I had known before. However at Rabat, I received a call from Chaplain Noel T. Adams, a friend of our family, who was serving in Rabat as chief of Chaplains for General Patton. We had a pleasant reunion. Major Adams, returned to his home in Bethnay, Missouri, where we both had lived. He died some Ten Years ago.

In March, the Sixty-Second received orders to go to Tunisia. Wheeled vehicles went by road and tracked vehicles by sea. The Headquarters Personnel were the last to leave by rail. The rail trip was a revelation of out-dated engines and old style rail cars braked by hand brakes and connected with chains and bumpers between cars.

One of the first stops was at Sidi-Bel-Abbes, the French Foreign Legion main headquarters. At the rail station we were met by the American Red Cross who served milk and doughnuts, Milk had been a banned item in North Africa because of a health danger.

The train slowly crossed Northern Africa proceeding through an amazing number of tunnels through the Atlas Mountains, Many of the tunnels were several hundred yards long. When we reached the end of the rail line, we unloaded near Tabessa to rest for a few hours under the pine trees of the area.

One incident reported on the long trek across North Africa involved "Vino" the solace of many of the troops. It seems that some of the thristier G.I.'s dumped the gas from their Five-gallon cans and replaced it with a more potent fluid. The result was that a few of the sippers had to report on sick call with upset stomachs.

"TUNISIAN CAMPAIGN"

When the Sixty-Second assembled at Tabessa, it stripped for action. The "A" barrack bags of less immediate use were stored at the hanger of the British Air Field. The firing Batteries moved to the Maknessy area to block the German advance in the valley. The First Armored Division had suffered a great defeat at Kassarine Pass by Rommel's retreating forces. As we later moved through the area, we saw many burned out U.S. Tanks which had been knocked out by German Eighty-Eight millimeter Guns. The Third Battalion of the Sixty-Sixth Armored Regiment was the heavy loser of tanks in the valley which was still marked with German "MINEN" signs.

Headquarters personnel had set up operation in an olive grove. We were especially alert at noon when German Observation planes were flying overhead. At this time Germans had almost complete control of the Air. One day as Sergeant Schuette, Sergeant Weddle and I were watching the German planes overhead, we suddenly heard the scream of a diving Stuka bomber which had slipped into the area. With the sound of exploding bombs in the air, we dashed for our foxholes. The bombs dropped close enough to break glass in our Six By Six truck parked nearby. Our foxholes were deep because the sandy soil of the semi-desert was easy to dig in.

Later in the week our truck driver had gone to Gafsa to deliver some messages. As we returned to our camp later in the day, we saw tracer lights in our rearview mirror. We thought we were being strafed so we quickly dove to the side ditches. Then we realized we had seen the reflection of the attack on Gafsa. Our only loss was a chest of Fifty calibre ammunition which I had kicked from the front seat in jumping from the truck.

On the return to our position in Headquarters Battery, we found the Gun Batteries engaged in some very heavy action just ahead of our positions. A unit of engineers came to our camp one evening for a visit. They had some hand grenades with them. I had no knowledge of hand grenades so I ask about them. One of them said they had Two types, Smoke grenades and concussion grenades, and offered to demonstrate a smoke grenade. We dropped behind a small ridge and he threw the grenade. I don't know if it was intentional or not but he had tossed a concussion grenade which really flattened us.

It was decided to move the U. S. Forces north to the Bizerte area through the Sed Jenene Valley. The long march is considered one of the main achievements of the war. Much of the trip was under blackout at night. Early in March, A M-7 missed a bridge on a narrow road and plunged to the bottom of a ravine. Four members of the crew were killed. It was my unpleasant duty to help assemble the personal effects of the dead for transmission to the next of kin. Otherwise the movement was with out any delay and we were soon in the Mateur area. It was here I first saw the native Gourmers who had an excellent reputation as warriors. Their long robes and curved knives made them stand out. Our Gun Batteries fired several missions as the drive continued toward Bizerte. I was impressed by the huge bomb craters which lined the road as the sandy soil was easy to penetrate. One obstacle, Hill 609, slowed the drive for a while, but the German Army and Italians soon surrendered. It was a welcome sight to see huge wired-in prisoner of war camp with thousands of prisoners.

We finally made camp on the north side of Lake Bizerte to make preparations for the next strike. LST's arrived on which the Armor and troops would sail to invade Sicily. During the interval, we took passes into Tunis and Carthage. It was a thrill to visit these historic Cities. I was especially interested in the ancient arena at Carthage and the large Airfields. I saw one of the large German Eight-motor transport planes on the ground and an Italian fighter plane. I removed a door latch from the German Bomber as a memento.

While we were still in Bizerte, we saw a German Bomber raid one night on the assembled allied ships. It was a thrill to see the searchlights catch a bomber in flight and to see it shot down in a trail of smoke. English anti-air-craft artillery assisted in the shoot down.

Although casualties in war are to be expected, the death of someone you have known is still a saddening experience, I was especially affected by the death of corporal Pierce at Maknassy. He was killed by a direct hit on his jeep at a road intersection. I first met Corporal Pierce when he reported at Headquarters Battery at Desert Center as a replacement. The memory of his quite manner has always remained with me.

"THE INVASION OF SICILY"

Equipment was water-proofed and put on board the LST's at Bizerte. Invasion forces were built up for the campaign, The Third Infantry Division to which we were attached was said to include over Forty Thousand troops.

The remainder of the Sixty-Second boarded the LST's for the invasion. I recall I slept on the fore part of the upper deck. When we arrived at Licata, the first wave had reached shore and advanced. We dropped anchors and went ashore on pontoon bridges. Only one death occurred in the Sixty-Second when William Geggelman was killed when a machine-gun on his vehicle hit a limb and discharged at him.

Our rear echelon did not travel with the M-7's until the campaign was almost complete. As the campaign progressed, we followed through the small mountains of Sicily on a route to the north and East toward Mt. Etna. White flags flew from many of the windows in the small towns through which we passed. The inhabitants lined the streets cheering and offering gifts of native fruits.

As the rear echelon we did not have any contact with the enemy, the Battalions Gun- Batteries had cleared the way and blown bridges and shattered buildings indicated what had preceded us. I recall one day seeing a squadron of Two mortered bombers flying ahead to demolish one city Tronia, which was proving to be a tough obstacle in the drive.

Eventually we reached the foot of Mt. Etna. As we approached each morning we could see the hot steam from the Volcano forming small clouds above the cone. The mountain side was terraced for farming and the foothills had small fields of corn, tomatoes, etc., growing in the rich lava soil.

Finally we reached the north shore of the island and proceeded west toward Palermo. Off shore the Mediterranean was dotted with a multitude of small islands. The sandy beaches promised good swimming which we did return to enjoy after the war in Sicily was over.

When hostilities ended, the Sixty-Second Batteries joined together just west of Palermo. Many of us took passes into Palermo which was a city of beautiful cathedrals and public buildings. I enjoyed a trip to the catacombs where underground were interred in open vaults bones of early residents of the City. Another sight I will never forget was Mon Reale (Royal Mountain) Cathedral just south of Palermo. Within were colorful murals, statuary and an open courtyard surrounded by carved pillars. It was here I saw my first rubber tree.

The Sixty-Second went through a rest, retraining, and reequipping period while waiting reassignment. One of the highlights was an inspection and awards ceremony conducted by General George Patton. As he bestowed several medals to our troops, he complimented the assembled troops as the "best fighting force in the world". First we received news we were to become part of the Fifth Army which was fighting in Italy. Later, the Sixty-Second was assigned to the Seventh Army with orders to return to England.

"WE SAIL FOR ENGLAND"

In November, 1943, the Sixty-Second finally received orders to leave Sicily. Troops and equipment gathered at the docks in Palermo where we boarded the Aorangi, a large Australian based lined. I was told the name in a native tongue ment (Cloudpiercer). I went to sleeping quarters below which consisted a large area with posts on which to anchor our hammocks. I chose to sleep on the floor!

Our convoy pulled out and headed West. The calm sea soon became rough I was on the fantail of the deck helping to convert Liras into British Pounds and shillings but soon deserted my post because I was getting sea sick. Finally we arrived at Oran, North Africa and dropped anchor for the night. Our ship had created such a spectacle during night as the old boilers were belching streams of sparks. We were told it was creating a mark for German Submarines so we could no longer travel in the convoy. Finally we came in sight of Gibraltar. It was a thrill to see the famous rock. Outstanding was the huge concrete watershed built on the rock to drain water to storage areas. We pulled into the harbor which was filled with various craft and the first pontooned sea-plane I had ever seen, To the north we could see the wire fence which marked the border between Gibraltar and Spain.

We took on some passengers, including some military personnel headed for England. One passenger was a young British Lieutenant who drew laughs from our soldiers as he took his "constitutional" on the deck. He would march briskly to the end of the deck, then in the British manner take a number of half steps to execute an "about-face". He never changed expression as some of our troops cheered his unusual manner. Another character which aroused much amusement, was a neatly dressed, rouged and painted man who minced his way around the ship. Upon inquiry from the crew

we were told he was a "fairy" a not unusual sight on a British ship.

A few days later we saw land to our right. We were told it was Ireland. We soon arrived at Glasgow where we could see the ship-building yards lining the shoreline. From here, we boarded a British train for the trip down the coast of England. An aisle ran the full length of each car, with compartments along the side. Occasionally on a side track we would pass hopper cars loaded with frozen sugarbeets. At the stops, we would see bulky engineers leave the train with long-spouted oilcans to oil the engines. We were surprised to find most of them were women as all the men had gone to war. One stop I recall was at Nottingham Victoria, in the area of the Nottingham Forests made famous by Robin Hood.

Finally we reached our destination in Oxfordshire. We loaded into trucks and drove to Wyckham Park which would be the Headquarters of the Sixty-Second. It was different from the tent cities in which we had spent months in the field. Nissan Huts were in place for the troops. The tin-covered shacks housed several men, but there was only one-coal burning stove to heat the large hut. Since coal was rationed, the heat was hardly felt.

"SIXTY-SECOND REORGANIZED"

We had spent only a few days at Wyckham Park getting settled in and taking a lot of shots when unwelcome news hit the Sixty-Second. A new table of organization and equipment had to be issued, which changed the structure of the unit to the dismay of many veterans who had been with it for up to two years.

I was shocked to hear that my job as payroll sergeant had been abolished and that I had been transferred to Service Battery, Commanded by Captain Chalfant. Before I reported in, I was again transferred to the Fifth Field Artillery Group. The group was familiar to us as we had been in contact with it in Sicily. The transfer was made less painful because several of the officers I knew were also transferred there-- Colonel Conder, Captain Todd, Bajor Bieri, Major Vance, and Major Brewer.

It is a blow to leave friends you had served with including Sergeant Schuette, Sergeant Weddle, and Battery clerks Corporal Tisdale, Corporal Medina, Corporal Sharp, Corporal Crawford in the Personnel section.

It was ironic that the Sixty-Second became a part of the First Army, while the Fifth Field Artillery Group was assigned to Patton's Third Army, the XX Corps. Only once in the months following did I see the old Sixty-Second. In the summer of 1944 near the Luxembourg border, our convoy was halted at a crossroad junction. I strained my eyes as I saw vehicles of the Sixty-Second pass by but failed to recognize any of the troops.

My affection for the old Sixty-Second still persists. That is why I am proud to be a member of the active Association which keeps its name alive..... ..

FROM TRUMAN L. MULBERRY, A BATTERY LAMAR, COLORADO

One morning in Sicily I came to breakfast and began shaking hands with all my buddies all around, telling them I was going home after having bought my way out of the Army for One Thousand Dollars cash, About Thirty minutes later Captian Harry Hasell, A Battery Commander, had me on the carpet. He told me "Mulbery if you don't stop starting these crazy rumors I'm going to take you out behind the tent and give you a good licking" It seems that about Five or Six other soldiers had gone to him with a Thousand Dollars saying they wanted to go home with me.

Conolel Bennett saved my hide once in France when we were in convoy a young Lieutenant keep breaking convoy, pulling in front of me. I finally got out and called hin a S.O.B. and challenged him to fight because I was tired of him breaking convoy to get in front of me. He threatened to Court Martial me, pointing to his Lieutenant's bars. About that time Colonel Bennett came up to see what the problem was and I told him the Lieutenant was breaking convoy. The Lieutenant then got the chewing of his life. He never got a chance to say a word, except "Yes Sir!"

I't had been raining long and hard in France and the Convoy of Half Tracks under me were ready to stop for the night. I told the drivers to just pull along the edge of the road and we'd bed down beside them , as they'd all bog down if we pulled off. But a new Lieutenant came along and gave me a direct order to pull off into the fields. I asked the drivers if they'd heard him and they said "Yes" and they gunned them for all were worth and buried them up to their bellies in mud. Them Captain Ralph Huston came along and asked who'd given the order and I told him the Lieutenant had. So he ordered the Lieutenant to get them out and told me and the drivers to go to bed. It took the Lieutenant and the men and equipment from Service Battery all night to get them out..... ..

"FROM DAVID D. VANNET, B BATTERY EDMONDS, WASHINGTON

I cannot remember the exact locality or the date but I believe it was late August, 1944 and the Battalion was near the French-Belgium border. I was assigned to the R./O. Section of B Battery, We had just been relieved from our forward observer outpost and returned to the gun Battery position in pitch dark.

The Battery position was set-up in an apple orchard. After several weeks waiting, I had just received a brand new GI raincoat. I spread my new raincoat on the ground next to our Half-Track and then I bedded down with my blankets on top of the raincoat. When daylight arrived next morning I discovered I had slept on Two of the biggest and juiceious cowpies I had ever seen. Needless to say, my raincoat pockets were completely filled with cow dung and the long awaited raincoat was charged off as lost in combat..... ..

"FROM HARRY C. BRICKER, A BATTERY AURORA, MISSOURI

I well remember the time at Maknassy, North Arfica, and our days there in Combat, The shelling was extra heavy one day, I was in a fox hole with George Newcomb, When an Eighty-Eight Millimeterter shell hit one of our A Battery Half-Tracks, causing it to burn and smoke a lot, George and I sure did hate to get out of our fox hole, but we ran out to the smoking half-Track and with shovels started to throw sand on it to cut down the smoke as the Germans were looking down from the mountains into the Battery area and we did not want them to see the Half-Track smoking, as it would have made a better target for them to shoot at.

The ME-109 fighter plane that Jerry Eades spoke about being shot down in the Sixty-Second area, while in the Static position up on the Siegfried Line in Germany, I was one of the first A Battery men to reach the plane after it came to a stop from skiding across the snow, dragging the fence, with a lot of A-Battery bed rolls and washing hanging on it. I got a piece of the Propelor and made a ring from it..... ..

"FROM DON WILKINS, HQ BATTERY, BUNKIE, LOUISIANA"

Here's an incident that happened right after we got to France, I was on Radio and Perimeter Guard in the Hedge-Rows near a gravel road, We were in an area the Krauts had a glider defense set up before we landed, Tall sharpened post tied together with wire, I could hear a "Noise" coming in my direction, It sounded like a Kraute wearing Hob-Nailed shoes, There was a breeze blowing and I had my canteen cup hooked over the wire that held the post together, The noise keep getting closer, I stood between the noise and the poles so they couldn't silhouette me, The noise keep getting closer, About that time my canteen cup fell off the wire and hit the ground behind me, I thought they had thrown a hand grenade, I keep my cool, and didn't shoot, I strained my eyes and looked toward the noise, There was a Jack-Ass (Burro) grazing. I think I aged considerably in those few minutes..... ..

"FROM H. A. (HERB) KJOSNESS, A BATTERY PORTLAND OREGON"

"PLACE CASABLANCA"

Induction into the Army with it's many changes of localities, People and conditions was quite an experience, for a person born on the prairies of Alberta Canada and raised in the green cool environment of Oregon. Just ending up at Desert Training Center was an experience. What a change took place when we landed in Casablanca.

After things had stabilized and the First Air Raid had taken place a group of Four Officers and Eighty-Eight enlisted men were attached to an M.P. Company, We were quartered in a theatre in the center of Casablanca, Clean and dry but slept on a marble floor. A french family with a young daughter were the caretakers, I was paired with a buddy who, because of French Canadian Parents, could speak French. This fact gave us an in with the French Family-Several nice visits.

With Coultier's ability in French we were posted at the gate of Ancina Medina, (Old City in Abaric) This was a walled Native quarter with a small gate manned by French gendarmes who allowed only the natives with permits to leave. The main gate was a huge one that was opened once or twice a day that allowed Vehicles, horse drawn carriages to enter along with natives with permits. In a way this was a place confinement for minor offences. Due to the element behind the wall it was off limits to all Americans including the Merchant Marines. We had been on duty an hour or so when a seaman came out through the small gate complaining about having been robbed-not much doubt -all he had left was the pants he was wearing. The French at the gate showed no mercy because they said they warned him he would run into trouble if he went in.

Right after that two seamen, American, came up and wanted to get in but we turned them away. The next day when the big gate opened a horse drawn carriage driven by a native Arab drove up. Sitting in the back seat were two Arabs in full costume, Coultier, looked at me and winked and I realized that they were the two seamen we had turned back the day before.

Coultier started a conversation with the driver in French then turned to the Two passenger and ask them several questions in French and received nothing but blank stares. Coultier turned to the driver and told him it would be best for all concerned if he took them back where had found them.

I guess that just like the cab drivers in the American Cities, The carriage drivers in Casablanca knew where the women were, Night life is legal throughout many countries and the women in the Medina were there to work off fines for working without a government permit or licence..... ..

"FROM H. A. (HERB) KJOSNESS, A BATTERY PORTLAND OREGON"

"PLACE SICILY"

IN August of 1943 the 62nd ended up on the approaches to a hillside fortress called Troina, Everything came into play in the assault on the town, Infantry, Heavy Artillery, Heavy Bombers, Dive Bombers. The town took a pasting.

In retaliation the Germans used a weapon on us that we hadn't seen or heard before. It was a type of rocket that arrived with it's own special scream. From a point of observation the launcher could be easily seen and could be reached with a direct fire if a 105 could be brought forward.

The senior officer at the position (Now again I don't know whether my memory serves me well or it's that the story gets better with the telling but I remember it as being the top man General Patton or Colonel Conder) Called for a gun to be brought to our position. Radio contact was made and we waited for the 105 to appear, hoping it would hurry because the Germans were getting ready to withdraw.

After an antsy wait we heard a vehicle grinding up the road, not a 105 but mess sergeant Ning, and the A Battery kitchen truck, they had missed a turn and were completely lost. There were some choice words from the officer in charge of the observation point as the Germans moved out.

Anyone who had played poker with Sergeant Ning can imagine the pulling that the wart on his chin took, he had a nervous habit of pulling at the hair in the center of the wart..... ..

"FROM H. A. (HERB) KJOSNESS, A BATTERY PORTLAND OREGON"

"PLACE FRANCE"

This event happened so many years ago that my memory probably embellishes what happened. In August or September of 1944 the Battalion was on the move with various commitments to firing engagements. At times the Germans were out of contact and we moved the roads of Central France in relative safety. We would be in convoys that moved through French Villages and countryside and we were greeted enthusiastically by the people along the road.

In a detail halftrack of A Battery, there was driver Tony Martinez, Lieutenant Culbertson, Cyril Jonik, George Killion, Bert Mellum and myself, Herb Kjosness, As we moved along, the French offered many things, flowers, cognac, fruit etc.

One gift that topped all the others was one that George Killion received. He was sitting on the edge of the halftrack and had turned to look back along the road and just as he turned to look forward one of the farmers tossed a large live goose, with wings outspread and neck stretched it ended with considerable force in the arms and against the chest of Killion, Can you imagine his surprise! A large white goose would be a welcome addition to A Battery chow, but the goose didn't last until chow time. You have heard the phrase "Loose As A Goose" well this goose was loose and we were quickly getting a very messy halftrack so a short distance down the road it was given to a pretty girl along the road.

As I mentioned at the beginning, there might be a little "Poetic Licence" involved in the telling.

I should mention that one reason this particular halftrack received a lot of attention was due to Bert Mellum, some how bert had come up with a small accordian and when we stopped he would let loose with the French National Anthem "LA MARSEILLAISE" It created a great amount of cheering, singing and Appreciation by the French..... ..

"FROM H. A. (HERB) KJOSNESS, A BATTERY PORTLAND OREGON"

"CAMP ROBERTS"

This is not a story that took place in the 62nd but concerns a buddy who became a member of the 62nd.

During basic training in the Mapping and Survey School at Camp Roberts, California Ray Cooke and I were in the same Company.

As I remember Ray he was a very smart person but slightly slow in physical coordination, He would probably object to this description.

One morning at reveille inspection the uniform called for was leggins, khaki pants, shirt, tie, jacket and cap, Ray a little behind schedule missed the tie and was caught by the inspecting officer, He received some slight extra duty.

A short time later the same uniform was called for at reveille, the inspection of ranks were omitted this morning. When we got back to the barracks Ray took off his jacket he had on his tie but this morning, no shirt, He said he was not about to be gigged twice for the same offence. Ray had a nice dry sence of humor. He was also a good soldier and fine man as his record would show..... ..

"FROM GEORGE KENNETH NEWHALL, HQ BATTERY IOWA FALLS, IOWA"

"RADIO"

A couple of happenings that took place while I was in the Sixty-Second Armored Field Artillery, I have always been a bit, more or less in love with RADIOS, If I were to pat my back I just might be the Champion Story-Teller of the Sixty-Second, and if I were totell some lies or the truth, The Lies, Most of them might be True.

I was with William P. O'Brian's Survey Section awhile, and also with Herb Potters Liaison Section, But most of time was with the Battalion Radio Maintenance, At one time, one of our own men brought us a German radion We were able to power it and got at least One Station. We almost always had One extra Speaker Jack, and if someone or a Section could use it, we would lay a wire and they could hear B.B.C-Etc. This one time Alex (Jeep) Hughes, found that we could talk to each other through our speaker jack, Alex and I talked, would talk until we moved and had to take up the wire. At this time it was easy for me to keep track of parts and we did it with very few notes.

Another thing I would like to tell, While in France, we captured many Prisoners. One day Seven of us went out to see if we could take some Prisoners, Three of us were taking each side of a ditch, The Seventh man was in the dry ditch, We went along until we lost our man in the ditch, And the lead man on my side of the ditch was hit, He had staped up on the ditch bank, It was Cecil Warren, who had been shot through the neck, I think he was shot by someone in a tree stand, We had no cover, My Friend Edward May and Corporal Murell, had to get Cecil and our other Three men some help, As we got back some distance, We had to bandage Cecil, I took this on myself to do the job and put bandages on both sides of his neck, The same projectial made an open wound in Cecil's shoulder, that I did not cover, We carried Cecil for over a mile and then got some medicine into him.

It was not long before Cecil was back on the job. We did shoot One German through the Arm, and some of the German Prisoners must have thought us a bit insane for the voice I used on them at times, I have often thought it might have been good to kick one or Two of them.

I did get to see Cecil Warren in Nineteen-Hundred- Fifty-Nine, so I must have done a pretty good job when I bandaged him up, As he had very well recovered from the neck-shot..... ..

"FROM DALE H. SEVIER, B BATTERY CLARKSTON, WASHINGTON"

"LANDING AT CASABLANCA"

November 2, 1942 the Sixty-Second Armored Field Artillery Battalion embarked on the ship, Santa Elena, at Staten Island. We guarded the Ship for several days before other troops began to embark, We were packed aboard the ship like sardines in a can and I can't relate to The Santa Elena as a cruise ship. When the convoy left Staten Island there wasn't a light to be seen anywhere. We were in complete darkness. We were able to see the safety nets at the entrance raised and lower to let the convoy out. The next morning, looking out we knew we were not alone.

After we were well on our way the destination was announced as Casablanca. When we arrived at Casablanca November 18, 1942 we found that it had been secured but the crippled ships and debris left us no room to disembark. November 19, 1942 we disembarked by crossing the deck of two ships and walking a narrow gang plank to shore.

We staggered up the hill to Ain Seba, French Morocco, not far from Casablanca, where we lived in pup tents. The stay on the grassy hillside, near a rock quarry, lasted three months.

It was in this battle that the famous Battleship, The Jean Bart, was wounded, sealed and brought to the United States to be refitted and returned to Europe to save many lives..... ..

"FROM DALE H. SEVIER, B BATTERY CLARKSTON, WASHINGTON"

"COMBAT UNLIKE PRACTICE"

We moved from Casablanca to a cork forest near Rabat where, On March 12th. we loaded M7's on special built flat cars (made in U.S.A.) that fit the French built narrow gauge railroad tracks. Our Half-Tracks was loaded on a French flat car where we lived all week until we reached our destination, Ain M'Lila, where we unloaded and assembled for the night. From Ain M'Lila our destination was Tebessa and later Fariana, where they took all our personal items not needed in combat.

The direction of travel was Maizila Pass, and had a mission of 127 shells in seven minutes and stayed the rest of the night. It was here we found that the Desert Formation we had practiced at Indio, California did not work in boxed in canyons. This was our first Combat. At daylight we withdrew and reassembled in a valley, to keep the enemy from coming through Maizila or Faid Pass.

After dark a plane came over firing white tracers and we were so lucky nobody opened fire on it. Several miles away somebody opened fire and we could hear the flutter bombs in that area for a long time.

There was an alert to get ready to move and somebody came and said that their Jeep had water in the gas tank, The water was removed and gas put in. Our Maintenance Half-Track was flooded and had trouble starting it. Every one left but Karl Wernli, who had an M7 with a burned solenoid so with our Half-Track we pulled it and got it started, turned around and headed back to where the rest of the Vehicles were traveling. Captain Edward Carmicheal, heard us coming and directed us. We chained Wernli's behind another M7 so it could be towed to start when needed to travel again..... ..

"FROM DALE H. (MOROCCO) SEVIER, B BATTERY CLARKSTON, WASHINGTON"

"MAKNASSY THE UNFORGETTABLE"

On March 27, 1943 we received march orders and left the area at 5:00 P. M. proceeding to 1 mile south of Maknassy, Tunisia. The next morning was Sunday, a day I will never forget. At daylight, in an olive orchard at the edge of town, we found that the Germans were well established in the mountains and valleys. It was told that there was a phosphate mines in the mountains and the Germans would retreat to the mines whenever bombs were dropped.

Milo Haltom came and told me that his Oil-Gauge on his M7 didn't work and they had pulled it into position with another M7 so it could be laid on target. I pulled the ball check out of the oil pump and found it had carbon or dirt on the ball check, so put it back in, and reassembled it, started it and the Oil-Gauge worked, then all the batterys Guns had a fire-mission.

Somebody said that a German Motor-Park was found and there were numerous pieces of equipment knocked out and and only Five left the park. I thought that this was a good place to be, in the Field Artillery, and not the Infantry.

I returned to my section and dug a fox-hole 3 feet deep. A German plane came over and our anti-air-craft fire made him drop his bombs short, so, the German Artillery opened up on us. I was in that little 3 foot hole praying that they would let up, the shelling seemed to last forever.

That night we moved into a different position, The Infantry who had been in this area before us had dug some of the holes, Mine was 5 foot deep and I dug it 2 more foot deeper. The third day I had calmed down a bit, when a German shell came in and exploded, I thought that Jim Lavata, threw a piece of shrapnel in my fox-hole and when I picked it up it was red hot, so I knew better.

I counted 19 days in that fox-hole and this was the biggest battle experience ever. We had many in North Africa, but this battle still lives in my Memory..... ..

"FROM DALE H. SEVIER, B BATTERY CLARKSTON, WASHINGTON"

"D-DAY ON OMAHA BEACH (NORMANDY)"

We left Portland Harbor, aboard L. C. T.'s June 5, 1944 and landed on Omaha Beach June 6th about 2:30 P.M. I came off riding in a Half-Track pulled by an M7 (105 Howitzer) A British radio communications command car was also chained to the Half-Track. When we left the landing craft we submerged in high seas and the British command car caught the ramp of the landing craft. The self-propelled (M7) pulled us on up the beach. The Half-Track had water in the distributor. I took the distributor off, drained the sea water, wiped it with a wet handkerchief and it started.

It was the Jean Bart that pulled up to the beach on D-Day-Hour, layed down a barrage that silenced German resistance. This Great Battle-Ship saved many lives and made it possible to gain the Beach.

We were able to leave the beach when it was safe from wreckage, debris and burning vehicles. During the night we moved to a new position up on the hill. As the sun came up I will never forget First Lieutenant Raymond D. French, Commanding Officer of B Battery, sitting by one of the Gun Sections, his forehead gleaming in the sun and sniper fire all around.

FROM LUSTER DAY, HQ BATTERY FAIRBORN, OHIO

"CHANGING BATTALIONS VIA THE HORSE CAPER"

In January Nineteen-Forty-One, I was transferred from Fort Thomas, Kentucky to Fort Bliss, Texas and was assigned to the First Cavalry Division, C Battery Eighty-Second Field Artillery. I didn't like the Horse Cavalry and had ask to be transferred, but since that hadn't taken place, I had decided some way or the other, I was going to get out of it.

One day, we were out riding and exercising the Horses and I was on a dead beat horse, and this Corporal, who knew I was having trouble, rode up beside me, and told me to change Horses with him, and then to catch up with the rest of the column. I did catch up with the rest and the Battery Commander told me to circle the Horse. I didn,t try very hard to circle, although he keep telling me to and later, I rode past the Commander and hollered "Hi-Yo-Silver" and beat the rest of the Battery back to the Stables.

Later on that day, I was told by the Sergeant, the Battery Commander wanted to see me and the Battery Commander said, You may not have been able to circle the horse but one thing you didn't have to do was holler "Hi-Yo-Silver"

Anyway it was not long after that incident until I was transferred from the Eighty-Second and into the Sixty-Second Field Artillery..... ..

"LOUISIANA SNAKES"

While on Maneuvers in Louisiana, My buddy, Elam and I were given passes to go into town. After coming back that night to camp, which was in a pine grove of trees, It started to rain and turn cold, but we went on to bed, but woke up later in the night, cold and wet, as our pup tent, was full of water. We decided to sleep the rest of the night in the back of one of the supply trucks.

The next morning, we were awakened by some of the men, going through the chow line and as we raised up, we saw this black snake in betweenus, It's head not far from our faces. Since neither of us cared much for snakes, It didn't take us long to get up and out of its way..... ..

"FROM LUSTER DAY, HQ BATTERY FAIRBORN, OHIO"

"ANOTHER TALE OUT OF LOUISIANA-LITTLE BOYS LOST"

I was sent along with Three or Four other men and a Corporal Phillips, to guard a Division rail head. After a few days there, Corporal Phillips, was picked up by the Sixty-Second, and left the rest of us there to Guard. We were told by the Division Rail Head Commander to wait until we were picked up by our own unit and then every one left. We were getting low on food and didn't know why our unit didn't come to pick us up. About Four days passed and our unit just happened to come along, and we found out we had been considered lost, No one knew where we were. Oh well, that was the way, orders sometime get mixed up..... ..

"STRAIGHTENING OUT THE GENERAL"

As part of the Sixty-Second A.F.A., I was sent along with others to Casablanca, where some of us were guarding President Roosevelt. One day General Patton, his driver, and another Officer unexpectedly drove down this road in his jeep, and I had to challenge him. It was well known that General Patton was a person who liked to challenge the troops to see if we were doing our job, which was the case this time. He was determined, he was going to drive on down this road, and I was just as determined, he wasn't, After a while I had to shoot over his head to stop him and then he wanted to know my name and the organization I was with, and he left fussing but later he contacted my Battery Commander Captain Way, and told him about the incident, and that I should be congratulated, for a job well done..... ..

"KNEE PADS"

While in North Africa at Maknassy, a fellow Soldier, named Helmick, dived into a fox-hole, hit a rock, and skinned his knee Cap very badly, I happened to come by and saw his knee, and heard him complaining about it hurting him, I told him to go see Captain Way and get an order, to draw some knee-pads, to put on his knees from the Supply Truck, He did this and Captain Way told him Day, was just pulling his leg, and Captain Way, kinda gave me a mild chewing out, and said don't send any more people for Knee-Pads, Helmick, was a good sport about it and took it all in stride, I also had pranks pulled on me..... ..

" COLONEL CONDER'S PROTECTION "

Just a final word, I remember Colonel Conder, Battalion Commander, would walk through the area at Maknassy and holler for us men to get into a Fox-Hole, and take shelter, but he would be walking around with not even a helmet on, He was a Great Leader, in my way of thinking as a Battalion Commander..... ..

"FROM CARL T. CEDER, A BATTERY BEAVER DAMS, NEW YORK"

I had the opportunity to meet all you Sixty-Second men at Fort Bliss, Texas way back in Nineteen-Forty-One when they took me out of the Horse outfit, and I ended up with all of you guys in the good ole Sixty-Second after all.

The greatest thrill of it all started when we were drafted in to the service and from Pennsylvtucky to Fort Meade, Maryland, here we were sworn into the Army in our civilian clothes at the time.

Well a group of us thought it was great to be in the service, and you guessed it, we decided to enlist for three years in the Regular Army, because the pay was good at Twenty-One Dollars a month, We had basic training at Fort Bragg, and then a number of us were sent to the First Cavalry Division in the Southwest.

I enjoyed evert bit of my time with a wonderful group of men who were from the Lone-Star State and the Sunshine State of California. even if it was so hot out there in the desert.

I heard a buddy make a remark one time, when he said it was so hot that you could fry an egg on a rock, wouldn't be surprised if you heard that many times before. To be sincere about things, I don't ever remember it snowing in Texas while we were stationed out there, In fact I can't remember it even getting coldout there in the Lone-Star State. But the Heat in Texas could not even come close to the heat out in the California Desert, At Camp Young, Better Known as The Desert Training Center.

But I will always remember the grand times we all had together in the Sixty-Second Field Artillery, A better bunch of Guys couldn't be found anywhere else in the world..... ..

"FROM CARL W. WEBB, C BATTERY NOBLE, LOUISIANA

I left home for Camp Claiborne on June 13, 1942. It was on a Saturday. I stayed there until Monday morning and then went to Camp Beauregard. I was sworn in, got my shots and uniform and a few necessary items.

I left Camp Beauregard on July 7 and went to Fort Knox, Kentucky, where we received our recruit training. I was in the group from Fort Knox who joined the Sixty-Second at Camp A.P. Hill, Virginia on October 10, 1942. It was something new for all of us.

I remember well the train ride from A.P. Hill to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, It was very bad weather, And did it rain! I was always under the impression it did not rain anywhere like it does in Louisiana.

I caught Guard Duty guarding Brown and Fuller for going A.W.O.L. I was scared they would make a break and what would I do to stop them. everything went well, I did not have to worry, Brown was scared too.

The Statue of Liberty and the Santa-Elena were something new for me to see. When we boarded the Ship my bed was down of "D" Deck and from the smell of the diesel oil we must have been close to the boiler or engine room. Did I ever get sick, I remember leaving the ship in Casablanca and how we had to pull ourselves over the other ships to get off. That was everything but a thrill.

I was in the group who pulled guard duty in Casablanca, North Africa when President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill were in Conference there.

While in Casablanca one of my cousins and a friend from the 175th Combat Engineers came to see me, they were the first people I seen from home that I had seen overseas. While we were at Camp Piddlenhinton, in England, Grady Thornton, a man from close to my home visited me, I was also very glad to see him. He told me later after the War, about the Germans getting behind us in France, He said it was his gun mount that got shot up by our guns, He had thrown a track and was waiting for them to come get him, He was a member of the 773rd Tank-Destroyer Battalion.

When we were assigned to the front lines at Maknassy, and I was assigned to a Half-Track with Alvin Koepp, Then on the morning of March 28th, I was ordered to bring my gear to a Gun-Section, something else new. I learned real quick that that was the day I realized I wasn't in my favorite spot.

On April 1, 1943 about 1:15 P. M. Matthew Kelly was killed, I had just been relived by him from the phone on the S.P. when a shell from the German Guns in the hills hit the S.P. Luck was with me that day. I can remember Mateur, North Africa and how a lot of the men from the Battalion went into the town for wine and beer, and I stayed in camp doing guard duty, I don't remember for how long but when they returned everyone was settled in for the night except one man. He told me he could not find his bed. I found an empty one and put him in it. The next day one of the G.I's ask me why I had put this guy in his bed, I told him this was the only bed that no one was in.

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When the guys began to get up the next day, anyone could tell right off something had happened. They had bruised eyes, bursted lips and bloody noses. Evidently, their night on the town had really did them in.

Next came Sicily, I was sick again. A tomato patch saved the day, these tomatoes were the first fresh anything I had, had to eat since leaving the States. They were especially good since we had been on a steady diet of C-rations for some time.

Joe Alvey and I were pulling sentry duty and an officer of the guard came by and Alvey asked him if he was the one who jumped from behind a tree and grabbed his gun. The officer denied that it was him and went on. I was scared we would get into trouble for questioning an Officer.

I always liked to swim and I always tried to go for a swim while we were in Sicily and I got the chance, as the beaches along the blue Mediterranean near our camp site was some of the most beautiful that could be found anywhere.

I can well remember the purple head cabbage growing along the Seigfried Line in Germany, That's where Simmons was killed.

I worked with a man after the War, who was on hill (192) with the Second-Infantry-Division, He told me the rounds from our guns sure did come close , as the Sixty-Second was firing for them.

Charles Weller from Pennsylvania and I took a Three -Day Pass in Holland, and sure enjoyed it. I can remember some of the things happening in Germany, But can not remember just where..... ..

"FROM OTTO J. SHIPLA, B BATTERY TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA"

Excerpts from "The Experiences of One 62nd GI"

They were men! Not only did they do the need-be extraordinary as soldiers when the occasion arose, but 99 percent of them had heart, the most human friends a man could find anywhere. And contrary to what some ex-GI's have said, one battalion did make a difference in the allied offensive in WW II, especially because that battalion was the 62nd--with its manpower, firepower, know-how and men with character. From the hills of Tunisia, through Sicily, D-Day in Normandy, through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, into Czechoslovakia --the 62nd did make a difference!

I. "A. P. Hill - God Have Mercy on Us All"

I first joined the 62nd the middle of September of 1942. One cold, dark night a small group of us came from basic training at Fort Sill. When I saw the Battalion settled out in a corn field, in "no-man's land," I thought, "Oh, God, what have I done to deserve this!" At least we were in pyramidal tents. (All of my friends from back home had written how everyone gets a furlough after basic training, but I was not to get to go home for three years). The first thing we heard when we arrived at A. P. Hill was that the 62nd "was fixin'" to go overseas.

In my B Battery tent, I remember Jiggs Hayward, Elmer Brehm, Earl Mays and John Person. There were others. Person delighted in telling us how a horse kicked out his teeth, and he would take his false teeth out and put them in again and again.

Our first morning I shaved in a hurry. That afternoon there were rumors that there was going to be a "close inspection" at retreat, so I shaved again. Jiggs Hayward thought it was a big joke that a fellow who hardly grew enough whiskers to shave once a day would be shaving twice a day. I think this was my good friend Jiggs' standard joke for me until 1951 when I visited his Colorado ranch. He dressed me up as a cowboy, and his most gentle horse ran away with me, so from 1951 to 1990, he's been joking about my horsemanship. (I am writing this in 1990 in Thailand, where many people are Buddhists who believe in Re-incarnation. So maybe in my next life I will be a real cowboy with the abilities of a Jiggs' Hayward or a Don Wilkins. Who knows?)

That first morning the First Sergeant, Babe Dalton, was to lead us in calisthenics. We new-comers stood in awe, thinking how a fellow with such a massive "beer belly" could do calisthenics, but Dalton performed marvelously. He was a real soldier, and I learned to admire him. (I would have liked to have seen him at least once after the War, before he passed away. I once tried when I came through El Paso, but he was too ill to talk to me over the telephone.)

That first week at A. P. Hill it was soon learned that I needed a typhus shot, and so I was sent to the medics to get one. Talk about sick! I never felt so sick before or after in my 70 years! All week long, every meal I'd go through the chow line, thinking maybe I'd be able "to keep a little food

down". I remember my first time through the chow line. I was too sick to hold the mess kit straight (in fact, I never used a mess kit in basic training).

"College boy, you had sure as hell better learn how to hold a mess kit straight if you want to get any food here," yelled the mess sergeant (Later our "Top Kick," but never spewed the colorful volume of Ferrara in C Battery just across the way).

I remember sitting by myself, too sick to try to converse with other fellows. But Curtis Comer and Joe Easton would come to me to converse and wondering what they could do to help me. To my dying day, I'll have a soft spot in my heart for those two fellows. And I learned to admire Comer more when we were both in the B Battery RO Section together in North Africa.

In the few weeks we were at A. P. Hill, many little interesting things happened. The First Sergeant learned that I could use a typewriter, so I was called in to the orderly room to help with the typing and running errands. I remember typing packing lists to be put with equipment packed in crates for overseas. Sometimes I was called to this late at night. I think some of the lists were put in the wrong crates because in Africa things didn't seem to jibe when our materials were unpacked.

One night when I was typing late, I went into the latrine at midnight. There I met Joe Stewart, munching on a piece of

chicken. Joe had just come off pass and appeared to be "not walking a straight line". The latrine trench was very deep. I was afraid Joe was going to fall in, but the next morning I saw him in the chow line, bright and cracking jokes. He had a marvelous sense of humor and was good for the morale of the Battery. (I last saw him at a 62nd reunion. I think it was El Paso, and I was happy that he had had a successful life after the War.)

Soon we said farewell to A. P. Hill, on to Camp Kilmer with its long chow lines and passes to "The Big Apple" (New York City) and eventually the trip on the stormy North Atlantic on the Santa Elena.

II. "Place de Paris 63"

Everyone has different stories to tell about Casablanca. I remember going on pass to Casablanca one bright Sunday, a few days after we had landed. Peter Janosko went with me. A truck took us into town, but we later walked back "home" to the Battalion. One thing we were going to do was bring back armloads of French bread for ourselves and some of our buddies. B Battery's kitchen did not arrive, and we had been living on "K" rations--full of boxes of "pills" with no ruffage for one's stomach. Oh, how good French bread would taste! But when we arrived back at the Battery, there was a Battalion order that 62nd fellows are not to purchase any French bread in town. (Anyhow, we enjoyed eating our bread.)

But this is getting ahead of my story. When Janasko and I began walking the streets of Casablanca, we met a French Jewish family, who invited us to their apartment in a building with the caption "Place de Paris 63". The French family members seemed so overjoyed to see us! They continued to point to the American flag shoulder patch we had clipped on. They gave us food (I've forgotten what) and asked us what they could do for us. Most of all, we wanted a good, hot bath. So they let us use their bath tub, so we could each have a good bath. They also said their grown daughter wanted to be kissed by an American GI. So we obliged that. They invited us to come back again.

Almost a week later, I went on pass again, alone. I went to "Place de Paris 63". There was no one home at our French friends' apartment. So I roamed the streets for a while and then decided that I would have a big meal in a French restaurant. After a while, I found a restaurant. I tried to remember which way I had come from the part of the city where the 62nd trucks had brought us and would pick us up in the evening. It was light outside when I went to have my dinner. When I was finished eating, it was already dark. As I left the restaurant, the streets seemed "different," and I became confused (this would hardly qualify me for spending so much time in the RO Section in Africa and Europe). I walked, and I walked. I think, for two hours. I met no GI's, no Frenchmen on the streets, just a few Arabs who did not understand my queries. Finally, I did spot the 62nd trucks, just as they

were getting ready to leave for the Battalion area. Glory bé! Luck was with me. I had envisioned Captain Carmichael having my lone PFC stripe taken away and having me on KP for the duration if I had missed the trucks and been listed as AWOL.

III. "You Americans Have No Military Courtesy"

Lt. Joe Bell, the B Battery RO officer, and Leon Havard, the RO sergeant, and I, the radio operator, spent a week with the Free French Forces in the hills of Tunisia. We did a lot of walking up and down hills and mountains. We did not think we observed any "Jerries" for the 62nd to fire upon. One afternoon the French General insisted that we call for 62nd artillery. He said there were a lot of "Jerries" in the valley below. So Bell fired the target. He and Havard observed and said we had killed an awful lot of French or Arab cows. If Don Wilkins would have been the B Battery RO sergeant, as he was in our sojourn through Europe, he would have told us to send back the radio message: "Right on target. A lot of French fresh beef for supper!"

That was our last day with the French. Havard left that afternoon to go back to the Battery. Bell, a British sergeant serving with the French, several Arab soldiers and I would go down the mountainside that evening. It was decided that going directly down the mountainside would be the shortest distance to the highway. The underbrush was a ticket (almost like the jungles of Thailand, Laos and Cambodia I saw in later years). Pushing one's way through this was next to impossible. It soon

began getting dark and the Arab soldiers were running away and disappearing.

"They will not go. They are afraid there are 'Jerries' up ahead. See the kind of soldiers we have to work with," said the British sergeant.

Soon it was only the three of us--Bell, the British sergeant and myself. I was the one loaded with radio equipment, bed roll, gun, etc.

"I will go ahead and make a path for you," said Lt. Bell. "Then you follow me."

But with heavy load and darkness and the tall, thick brush, I would soon lose track of Bell and his path. I would call, "Bell, Bell, where are you?"

The British sergeant would say, "You must say Lt. Bell, not Bell! You Americans have no military courtesy."

Courtesy, Hell! Who needs military courtesy at a time like this! I never was so exhausted in my life. Lucky I was 22 and in good condition. Finally, we came to a little clearing.

"This is where we pitch our pup tent until daylight," I said. "I don't have an ounce of energy left. I can't go on."

"It's just a little ways more to the highway," said Bell. "Let's take it slower."

We were only a hundred yards from the highway. We finally arrived there and a jeep was waiting to take us back to the Battalion. But it was a sad "homecoming." The jeep

driver told us that Victor Kolenc, whom I knew well in B Battery, was killed in the Battalion area that day.

I had many other memorable experiences on the OP in Tunisia with Bell and Havard. They were "good Joes," and I was learning. Once when the three of us were on the OP with no one else around, a General suddenly appeared. It was "General Eddy". He wanted us to fire a mission. I felt important relaying the messages on the radio. When the battalion requested, "At whose command?" and Bell told me to say "At Eddy's command," fire power appeared pronto.

The night we heard that the African campaign was finished for the "Jerries," and Bell, Havard and I were still on the OP, Havard and I decided to pitch a pup tent, as most of the time we had been sleeping in the open in blankets. We finally got our tent put up. Low and behold! A terrific rain and wind storm came. It pulled our tent loose and blew part of it several yards away, soaking our blankets. But it was all part of "Si la Guerre," I guess.

IV. "Oh, For a Seeing Eye Dog--With Good Glasses"

Many stories have been told how the draft would take anybody in WW II, even fellows with a lot of physical problems. In fact, when I was inducted into the U.S. Army at Milwaukee and was riding the bus that night to Fort Sheridan, one of the inductees on the bus told how the M.D. looked in his mouth and said, "Oh, what a good set of teeth you have.

You must brush often. Still no cavities." The man told us he had false teeth.

Anyhow, my story here is about eye glasses. The year before I joined the U.S. Army I got a new pair of glasses--rimless lenses, which were the sophisticated fashion in 1940. Most of my life I have been very nearsighted and began wearing glasses at age 14.

Rimless glasses broke very easily. In fact, the year before I entered the Army I broke the glasses twice. Now I had no spare glasses. Without glasses, I was "blind" unless something was very close to me.

But I entered the Army with my one pair of rimless glasses, and no one said anything about getting a more durable pair of Army glasses, so I kept on going: basic training, A. P. Hill, the RO Section in Africa and into Sicily. I didn't even own a glass case.

The toughest part was wearing a gas mask. In basic training and at A. P. Hill, I tried to put the mask on over my glasses, but they became bent, and I was afraid I would break them. So I usually put them in my pocket before I wore the mask, and I could not always see well where I was going.

At Camp Kilmer I was working in the B Battery Orderly Room when a Battalion Order came down that all officers who wore glasses would report to Headquarters to be fitted with special gas masks with their eye glasses.

"That's what I need," I told the First Sergeant.

"Chicken, that's only for officers, not enlisted men," Joe Osborne said. "You don't need special glasses or mask."

So overseas I decided that the safest place to keep my glasses (no glasses case) was in one GI shoe. I acclimated myself never to put on my shoes without first reaching inside to take out my glasses. (Years later I found myself still having this habit, reaching into my shoes before I put them on. In 1962, I spent a week living in a thatched hut in Tanzania in East Africa. Lucky I reached into my shoes each morning before I put them on. They were usually filled with leeches.)

In Sicily, I was in the Battalion Personnel Section, so maybe, it was "safer" for my one pair of fragile eye glasses. However, one night we were alerted that there was an air raid. I jumped out of my bedroll and grabbed my shoes. As I shoved my left foot into my shoe, I felt something. Just in time, I pulled back so I didn't crush the glasses.

Still later in a rest camp in Sicily, a call came that all fellows who needed glasses were supposed to report to Battalion. I finally got my new GI glasses with rims, and they lasted until the concussion from the artillery shell that hit me during the Battle of the Bulge blew away the lenses. The frame, however, stayed on my face, and weeks later in the hospital in England, I again received new lenses.

(I am writing this in Thailand in 1990, where many Buddhists believe in re-incarnation, so in my ~~N~~ext life in my

next war, I'm going to be better prepared--two pairs of durable eye glasses and a gas mask with prescription lenses in it. [Eat your heart out, Sergeant Osborne, enlisted men have to see as well as officers do.] In fact, in this life in my only other war, the Viet Nam War, when I spent two years in Laos and sometimes the Pathet Lao (Communists) made things a little difficult, I did have several pair of eye glasses with me.)

V. "Roaches Are Protein, Too"

From Sicily the 62nd sailed to Britain. We sailed on a British ship, but other than two major events each day of the voyage I remember little.

Anyhow, when I learned that we were going to Britain, I was overjoyed. I had been corresponding with a British family in Lancashire since my high school days, and maybe now I would have a chance to visit them.

Major Event #1:

Breakfast each morning: a nice, big bowl of hot cereal. Most GI's would not eat it. However, each morning I picked out the boiled cockroaches in it and tried to eat some of the cereal. (Although I didn't realize it then, it was all protein. Since WW II I have had chocolate-covered grasshoppers in Japan, spent a lot of time in Northeastern Thailand, where poor people at times have found grasshoppers and rhinoceros beetles tasty, and have learned how prisoners of war during the Viet Nam War relished insects because of their

protein content when found in their inferior meals of rotten rice diet.) Say, even in our 62nd days in Morocco in North Africa in 1942-43, each morning when we got up for reveille the ground was covered with snails or slugs--it was "squish, squash" as the men crushed them in running over the ground--and the Arabs were seen gathering basketfuls of them, probably to make French delicacies for elite French restaurants.

Major Event #2:

On the British ship taking the 62nd to England, I met a Czech priest. Inasmuch as I could speak the Czech language, each evening I had a session with him. He told me many things: he had escaped from Czechoslovakia and was on his way to England. We talked about President Masazyrk of Czechoslovakia. (In 1948 to be pushed out of a window to his death by the Czech Communists. In 1990 the Czechs are finally telling the truth how they killed Masazyrk.) The priest sang "Then Domof Měj (That Home of Mine)," the Czech national anthem, for me. But he became ill and was moved to an "infirmarium" of sorts. Each evening I would go to that "infirmarium" to talk to him for awhile. It was a scary place. Big rats would be running up and down the inside walls all evening.

Oh, if only Winston Churchill could have cleaned up that ship! But I guess there would be worse places in WW II, and the 62nd made it safely to Britain.

VI. "Five Dollars"

My 62nd career went from one extreme to another. I spent the African Campaign, most of it, in the B Battery RO Section.

At the end of the African Campaign, Sid Newman, the B Battery Personnel Clerk, went to the hospital and was gone for a year, so I became the B Battery clerk in the Personnel Section. I stayed there until a couple of weeks after D-Day in Normandy when Neuman returned to his old job and I went to the B Battery RO Section again, where I stayed until being hit in the Battle of the Bulge.

There was much I had to learn in Personnel. I have Lewis Israel, the Payroll Sergeant, to thank for teaching me how to type the monthly payroll. It was said that no one in Personnel had ever typed a perfect payroll. I was determined that I was going to be the first clerk to do so. In fact, Lt. Charles Laughrey, then the Personnel Officer, said he'd give someone a \$5 prize if they typed a perfect payroll. A few months later I did get the prize.

Memories abound with some wonderful fellows who worked in Personnel: Robert Wright, the Battalion Mail Clerk, who had a great sense of humor. I'll never forget his expression when it was chow time and others weren't ready to go to eat, he'd say, "I'm going to eat myself!" Sergeant James Hathcock from Mississippi was a good friend when we went on pass together in Banbury, sometimes looking for dates and sometimes to the Methodist Church.

Sergeant William McViee was always understanding with the clerks. And Manuel Medina joked every morning and told how he tells the fellows in Service Battery, "I am Colonel Medina,

asking about your allotment, etc." (A marvelous fellow, Medina, whom I saw several times at some of the early 62nd reunions.)

And there was "Corporal Nadbourne," who was always smiling. (He still does; he'd make a good person in Thailand, "The Land of Smiles," where I am writing this in 1990.)

VII. "The Flack Barge"

In France, I remember going out on the OP once with Lt. William Curry and Sergeant Jacob Apodaco. I've forgotten if this was a special detail or if Apodaca was still the B Battery RO Sergeant before Don Wilkins became Chief of the B Battery RO Section. Anyhow, this was an area called "Purple Heart Lane". (I later learned that lots of places were called that). Curry and Apodaca went ahead with the infantry and left me to mind the jeep radio on the side of a hill. Every day they went, and I was left alone, supposedly in a safer place. The Jerry mortars were zeroed in on the hillside where I was, and, periodically, for four days they covered the hillside. The poor infantry boys were getting it going up the hill. Nights were bad, too. I couldn't sleep for four nights. One morning Curry and Apodaca returned to the vehicle. They fell asleep. I was supposed to be on guard and call in on the radio to Battalion periodically, but after not sleeping for four nights, I fell asleep and slept for four hours and missed calling in. Neither Curry nor Apodaca said a word when we were all awake.

When I told this incident to a "draft dodger" civilian friend of mine after the War, he said soldiers were shot for falling asleep at their post. I came to the conclusion that one just doesn't tell things to people who don't understand. War was Hell, and people who weren't there wouldn't understand.

The story of the B Battery RO Section with Don Wilkins as Chief of Section would fill a volume in itself. We called our half track "The Flack Barge" and our team "Wilkins' Wildcats". I think Montoya or Vannet thought up all of these names. Most of the time, I was with the Section in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany west of the Rhine. David Vannet was *NOW* the chief radio operator. Luis Montoya was the half-track driver (later Andrew Mikek). I guess I was "jack of all trades". We had many RO officers. It seemed we got a different one every month. It was quite different than in North Africa, where Joe Bell was our RO officer continuously, and we learned to understand and idolize him.

My sojourn with Wilkins included many memorable experiences: Being surrounded one night by "Jerries" on a drive with the 2nd Armored Division across France, having fresh pork and German preserved pickles for supper on the OP. (David Vannet or Don Wilkins could better explain this, as, despite living on a farm my first 20 years, I never relished seeing farm animals butchered, let alone butchering them myself. So I prepared the supper table with preserves, etc., while

Vannet, Wilkins and Montoya prepared the pig into pork.) Having Don Wilkins brew coffee for us at the OP while we were still in our bedrolls (sometimes covered with snow). (David Vannet liked lemonade for breakfast in those days). Having Don Wilkins joke about "roasting my toe" when I had an infected foot and each day soaked it in hot water at the OP. Having Wilkins give me the name "Ole Lady" when he would make coffee for me; having Wilkins and Andrew Mikek cart me off to an aid station in the midst of the Battle of the Bulge at 1:00 AM the night of December 17, 1944, when I was hit by German artillery.

Anyone who was in Wilkins' RO Section in B Battery would want to pay a special tribute to him--I think his "6th sense" know-how in battle conditions saved us more than once. Even though his experiences and interests and opinions were so different from mine before and after the War, I still look upon him as "my savior" and one of the truest friends I ever had and still try to see him at least once a year.

VIII. "Losing One's Pants"

It was the summer of '44. We were attached to the 2nd Armored Division racing across France. Our B Battery RO Section was up front with some 2nd Armored tanks. We drove all day. At night fall we bivouaced in a little field surrounded by hedge rows with some 2nd Armored. Late at night, we were going to spread out our bedrolls near our half-track for a night's sleep. I was the first to throw my

bedroll and my barracks bag on the ground. Then all hell broke loose. A German convoy was coming through, and we were surrounded. To make a long story short, due to Wilkins' leadership, our RO Section escaped, as did 2nd Armored tanks. We lost two of our crew, Gensicki and Peter Garm, in the confusion (they rejoined us a day later). But my bedroll and barracks bag stayed behind.

Just before we had left the Battery on this drive, I had turned in for salvage all of my old underwear, socks, and shirts for new ones. Now, I had nothing. When we returned to B Battery, I went to the supply sergeant and told him what had happened. He was my friend, but he adhered strictly to the book. "You get clothes only if you have old ones to salvage. I can't give out more clothes. If we waste money for extra clothes, federal taxes will be too high when we get back home." (They've been too high since 1945 anyhow, and the U.S. Government wasted more money than the price of a shirt and a pair of underwear. This year, 1990, we are giving Israel \$3 billion in aid alone. I'll bet every Israeli soldier has more than one pair of drawers.)

What was I to do? All the clothes I had in the GI world were the ones on my body. When I washed them, was I supposed to stand around naked?

But so many B Battery fellows came to my rescue! Some gave me a blanket, some a shelter half, some extra socks, undershirts, underpants, and a shirt. I wish I could remember

all who were so understanding of my problem. I know Andrew Mikek gave me something.

The Battery was full of "fellows with a heart". I didn't have to stand around naked while I washed my clothes, nor live in the same smelly clothes all summer.

IX. "Elena, Maria and a New Chief"

My last OP was a German house near Monschau. I had come there with a new B Battery RO Section since I "lost" Wilkins' section. In November of '44, my infected toe became so bad that I had to go to a field hospital for two weeks. Thanks to wonderful Capt. Smith, the M.D. in the Battalion, who always stopped at field hospitals to see if any 62nd fellows were there and could go back to the Battalion, I was "rescued" and returned to B Battery. But I still could not walk in GI shoes. A kind GI from the Quartermasters, who was also a patient at the hospital, gave me his overshoes, and I could walk in them. God bless that fellow, whoever he was!

There was still part of a German family living in our OP house--a mother; her two little daughters, Elena and Maria; and a lady friend of the mother. The two children were cute kids. In my spare time, I used to play tag with them, but if our new RO officer was around, he would remind me that the Army order is "GI's are not supposed to fraternize with Germans." (I guess he was just doing his duty. Maybe he was a couple of wars ahead of his time. In Viet Nam, little

children could be "the enemy," but not those two tiny, playful kids in that house.)

The Germans slept in a bedroom downstairs. We slept on the second floor, and our BC scope was set up in the attic. (I really got an eyeful of German soldiers milling around on the plain in the distance the morning of the day I was hit--they seemed to be coming in thousands.) In one second-floor bedroom, my new RO Chief, "Port Arms" First Sergeant Brown, slept in the bed. I slept in my bedroll on the floor near the bed. Some nights when the Germans began shelling that part of town, Brown would jump out of bed to run downstairs and would walk all over me. I guess I was too slow in getting up and running downstairs.

It was interesting that in those days in Central Europe the barn for cows was attached to the family's house. My grandmother used to tell me that this was also true in Czechoslovakia when she was a little girl there. Since I missed Czechoslovakia with the 62nd, I did not see if barns were attached to the houses. However, the villages I visited there in the 50's had separate buildings for the family and for the farm animals.

I think that some of the cows in the barn received some direct hits the night I was hit.

The German mother of Elena and Maria gave me a photo of them. I still have it. I was going to donate it to the 62nd Collection, but decided to keep it a while longer. After

WW II when I visited Europe a few times, I always thought I would look for Elena and Maria, but never did. They were probably resettled after the War anyhow. Frankfurt has always been my only stop in West Germany.

My last OP was a memorable one indeed.

X. "Doing the Jitterbug in a Cast"

I remember crossing the English Channel on a hospital ship on Christmas Day of 1944. We had just heard the news that Glen Miller, the famous American bandleader, had been lost, apparently in a plane that crashed or was shot down.

I've forgotten the name of the hospital in southern England where I spent one month in bed. Among my many serious injuries, a lesser injury was that stones or gravel from a wall at the time of the artillery explosion ground and sheared into my head and scalp. The attendants in the hospital were always too busy helping fellows with bigger injuries. One night after about three weeks in the ward "Tall West Virginia," one of the nurses, gave me a good shampoo.

A special tribute to "Tall West Virginia". My, what a marvelous person! She was like some of the American nurses depicted recently in the book about nurses in the Viet Nam War, Heart to Heart. If only present-day American civilian nurses would have known her, they would have seen what a dedicated nurse can do. On her time off, "Tall West Virginia" went from patient to patient cheering them up and trying to do little things for them. She had a pet name for every man.

I was called "Little Wisconsin". She was always cheerful. She changed some of my body bandages frequently when other hospital personnel said they did not need changing. I've never forgotten that tall lady. Wish I had had her name and address to thank her after the War. She certainly earned high merits for the Life Beyond.

After a month in the ward, I became ambulatory and was moved to the nearby tent with patients who could walk--some with arms in casts, some with casts on one leg walking on crutches, and some with upper body casts. My left arm was in a cast with two large pieces of shrapnel going through the bone. (They are still there in 1990. When young M.D.'s now x-ray my arm, they have never seen shrapnel, and they always think something is wrong with the x-ray machine.)

It seemed most of the patients in the tent were paratroopers, I think from the 82nd. Life was quite boring day after day, sitting in the tent. O.D.'s were stored in a closet and some brave paratroopers would get the keys and steal some and put them under the mattresses so the nurses or medical doctor could not see them. We were not supposed to leave the premises but often when darkness came, a long line of GI's put on their O.D.'s and hobbled the mile to a nearby pub. I went with them once or twice. It was an interesting sight at the pub to see fellows trying to jitterbug with one arm in a cast, a body cast on their upper torso, etc. But it

was GI's trying to improvise and get the most out of life, I guess.

Eventually I left that hospital and came to New York on the Queen Elizabeth, which was converted into a hospital ship. As we landed in New York on April 9, 1945, we heard an announcement that President Roosevelt had died.

Anyhow, I had made it back to USA soil, but I still had five more months left as a GI.

Otto J. Shipla

B-62

"FROM CARLILE CHARVOZ, B BATTERY FLORENCE, COLORADO"

"MY LUCK"

We had moved through the Dragon-Teeth of the Seigfried Line and up to the edge of Mutzenick, Germany, The houses were some what scattered about, The First Platoon had moved into the first line of houses, There was only one house about Fifty yards behind the first house line. Sergeant Eades's Fourth Section took up a firing position at the front of the house, Sergeant Dan Brietzkes Fifth Section was in position at the side of the house and Sergeant Nelson's Sixth Section was behind the house, All Three Sections were sleeping in the one house, Fifth Section on the Second Floor, Fourth Section on the First Floor and the Sixth Section was bunking in the basement, and each Section would take a night doing the guard while we were in this position. It was the Sixth Section's turn to do the guard this night, I had just come off guard being relieved by Floyd Woods, and had got into my sleeping bag, I was so tired I dropped off to sleep immediately.

The next thing I knew Sergeant Nelson was wakeing me up and saying "Charvoz" We're being bombed, get up quick the house is falling down on us , I guess I was startled and half asleep and I could smell the odor of burnt gun powder, At first I thought an incoming Artillery Shell had hit the stack of One-O-Five shells the Fourth Section had stacked on the front porch, But Sergeant Nelson, said one lone plane had come over and dropped Two Five-Hundred Pound Bombs. And I found myself and some of the Sixth Section men trapped in the basement.

I could hear Sergeant Eades and Sergeant Brietzke holloring for some of the men in the First Platoon from the First, Second and Third Sections to bring some picks and shovels to help to dig the Sixth Section out of the basement. It seemed like it took me Two or Three minutes to get my sleeping bag unzipped, and as I struggled with the zipper, I heard Shorty Moore, say that dam buggy-wheels has done shot the top of the house off, Private Floyd Woods, being nicked named "Buggy Wheels".

The Concussion from the bombs had caused some of the stair-way to fall down on me and Pat Chiancone, and we couldn't get up the stairs, But I guess we **were** lucky as it did not come directly down on us, as we were crawling out Pat Chiancone, hit his head on something and bled a lot, he received the Purple Heart. I was so lucky I received no schatches only some scraps of lumber and dirt on my clothing. Floyd Woods had his left Arm cut off by a flying bomb fregment, as he was the only man from the Second Platoon who was out side the house when the bomb hit. He was inside the Sixth Section S.P. in back of the house every one else from the Second Platoon was inside and most were asleep.

II

The construction of the house was like most all others in this part of Germany, The House and Barn being built together with a Three foot wide stone wall between the House and Barn, about Six Feet tall. One Bomb had come down through the House and exploded on top of the stone wall, There were Thirteen Cows and One Calf in the barn, Twelve of the Cows were killed, and before day-light that morning, the Civilian Germans from Mutzenich and Monschau were there butchering the cows to eat. The Second Bomb hit between the house and the Sixth Section's S. P. Gun, it was from this bomb that we think the fragment that cut off Woods arm. Also wounded on that night from the Second Platoon were Leslie A. Dearborn, Pasquale B. Chiancone, Lee E Provost, Millard A. Williams, Emmett W. Rice, and Travis P. Vick, A number of the Fifth Section men were pretty well shook up, as the brick Chimney shattered and fell among the sleeping men. Sergeant Jerry Eades, Corporal John Lewis, Carroll Carlson and Sam Milam who were sleeping on cots in the front room were all thrown about three feet in the air and every thing in the front room was turned up-side down. Sergeant Edgar M. Nelson, Corporal Tony Benavides and George Kowtko, were trapped down in the Basement with me and Pat Chiancone, But we all made it out safe and sound, all the commotion that night did cause us to lose a lot of sleep..... ..

"FROM LEON A. ALLPRESS, A BATTERY DANUBE, MINNESOTA"

"MEMORIES"

From Casablanca to the end of World War Two, there is something to be said, First, about the boat ride and thoes hard boiled eggs. We were on the water for Eighteen days.

I pulled Three months of Military Police Duty in Casablanca while waiting for our equipment to arrive. We had double Sentry back to back because we could trust no one, I can still hear the "Lingo" of the Natives (Arabs). After our equipment arrived, we headed for Tunisia, The Second or Third day in Combat we fired almost all our Ammunition, so we had to have supplies, While we were getting them, We were shelled and lost our Ammunition Sergeant, George A. McKinzie.

The Eighty-Eight guns the Germans had went farther than our One-O-Five millimeter. We had march orders at night most of the time. The Air Support was better, as the war went on.

In Sicily, we were in and out of action a lot. We traveled many miles and were stationed in an Olive Grove for a while.

During the Normandy Invasion, we made it to shore the third try, it was getting dark, but you could still see the many G.I.'s that had been wounded on shore. We went inland a ways to find a place where we could do some good. The sky was lit up so bright with tracer shells at times that you could have read a newspaper if you had of had one.

There were a lot of Hedge-Rows that made good hiding places. It was getting daylight when my turn came for guard duty. It was hard to get my eyes open but as I walked along this hedge row to get to the place to stand guard I came upon this Soldier that I thought was alive. My eyes opened then! He must have been a German Sniper and someone had shot him. He was in a sitting position and looked very natural.

Another time, I just don't remember where we were, I was sent to the Hospital with stomach problems. When I got over that, They sent me to a replacement center. While I was there I meet another fellow from the Sixty-Second I don't remember his name. Anyway, we heard one day that they were sending us out to a different outfit, We didn't think too much of that, so we took off. We had quite a time finding our old unit, but we found them and every thing turned out ok, we could stay in our old unit.

Jerry, I remember very well about when that M-E-One-O-Nine, you spoke of was shot down and took along Battery A's Communication wires. I also received the Purple Heart in the Invasion of Normandy, We were in Czechoslovakia when the war was over. Every one had a little Cognac in the Gun-Section that night!!!

The end of World War Two and I was glad to get home after Three years over seas which to me was a long time..... ..

FROM CASEY B. WILLIAMSON, HQ BATTERY HOUSTON, TEXAS

"CAMOUFLAGE NETS"

I just had to have a good laugh when I read your story on the Gas Masks.

Back in the first part of the war, I don't know if you were with the Sixty-Second then or not, I know Colonel Bennett was not with the Battalion at that time. We had an old man, I can't remember his name, But he was the Battery Commander. And we had problems then similar to what you were talking about with the "Gas Masks" that was pertaining to the Camouflage Nets. Everywhere we went, every time we stopped, we had to put up thoes Camouflage Nets. So one Saturday night we moved into a pretty little valley where there were trees scattered about. And just ahead of us were the mountains. So we set-up in this little orchard and naturally put up our Camoflage Nets getting ready. We were suppost to dig us a fox hole, which we did, but mine wasn't very deep. The next morning about daylight the German's began to fire. They were up in the mountains, which made it just right for us, because the German's were using a Flat Projectrol Gun. After a few rounds came in, my fox hole got deeper and deeper. We got into a pretty good battle that day. But every time one of their shells came in or we fired back, one of thoes Camouflage Nets would catch on fire. After about noon the German's seemed to move on and the only thing I could figure was that they thought they had burned up the entire Americam Army. As far as I know, no one was injured that day but it did put an end to thoes Camouflage Nets. Which everyone was glad to see happen, even if we did have to burn them up to do so..... ..

FROM ANDREW MIKEK JR., B BATTERY MERRILL, MICHIGAN

"AFRICA AND SICILY"

I remember when the Sixty-Second was going from North Africa to Sicily to make the invasion on a L.S.T. Ship, After we got all our gear and equipment loaded on the Ship, we started for Sicily, we got about half way across the Mediterranean Sea the water started to get rough, it was rocking our ship up and down pretty good.

About that time I meet a cook on the Ship who was from Saginaw, Michigan which was only Twenty miles from my home town, We started to talk about home, I saw he was frying Steak and American fried patatoes I told him I have been on K and C Rations since we left the States a year and a half ago. And how I would like to have a Steak and Patoto Dinner, He told me he would cook me a big Steak, And he did, boy was that ever good. I finished the Steak and patatoes and coffee, I was now really in good shape.

But it wasn't long after that I felt something that didn't feel just right, Ten minutes later the Steak and Patatoes were going over the side of the ship feeding the fish.

Well I went down to the bottom of the ship where our Guns, Jeeps, Half-Tracks and Trucks were, I laid on the hood of a Jeep, Boy was I ever sick, One of the Navy boys came down to where I was and said, Soldier, you better come up on top deck, The German's are flying over head dropping bombs, I said I hope they sink the Ship, I am so sea sick I just want to die. Well the German's didn't hit the Ship, and I didn't die, next day we made the invasion of Sicily, And after we got on the beach I felt fine, I was on solid ground again..... ..

"FROM ANDREW MIKEK JR., B BATTERY MERRILL, MICHIGAN"

"FRANCE"

After we landed on Omaha Beach we pushed the German's back a few miles where we got into the tall Hedge-rows which the French farmers used for fences.

I remember this Soldier just over from the States and was assigned to our B Battery as a replacement, He was telling us how to act in battle for he had that training from a book back in the States.

One day our Half-Track was behind a Hedge-Row, We were sitting around the Half-Track waiting for a March-Order when a German Plane came over our area, The Gas-Tank was falling off the Plane, It looked like a bomb coming down.

This brave Guy, ducked under the Half-Track and about scalped himself, Boy that was the last time we heard of his bragging about how brave he was..... ..

"OLD FRIENDS"

After we got up in Germany and were on the O.P. Don Wilkins was our Sergeant Chief-Of-Section and Otto J. Shipla was in our Section, that was where I carried Otto Shipla up from the Basement and Don Wilkins drove the Jeep to the first Aid Station, There Don Opened the door and there was his cousin, Don was so surprised, and so was his cousin, We left Otto at the First Aid Station, And didn't see him again until we all attended the Battalion Association Reunion in Shreveport, Louisiana in Nineteen-Eighty-Six, and this was also the first time I had seen Don since the end of World War Two..... ..

FROM WILLIAM COLEMAN, B BATTERY SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

"BANBURY"

While we were stationed in Banbury, England prior to the invasion, some of us felt the need to visit a favorite pub one Saturday evening. Despite the heavy fog, we thought we knew the way so well that we could get there by counting the open curbs (intersections). We never reached our destination because we had neglected to determine how many alleys we had to pass as well as street intersections.

By the time we got back to the camp, the PX was closed and there were no refreshments to be had.

"AFTER THE LANDING"

Everyone will remember that the 62nd moved several miles inland and our guns were given targets ninety degrees to the left and ninety degrees to the right as well as straight ahead. As a brand new Forward Observer, I couldn't get used to having our guns firing on targets to my right rear and behind me. More scary was being told by Capt. Brown of the Infantry that he expected me to go with him on reconnaissance patrols ahead of the Infantry's front line and through German mine fields and thoes set by our own forces. Fortunately, we ran into a few German Soldiers in front of us, but I did spot sizeable numbers of Germans, at times, in front of the 2nd Division who were on our right flank somewhat to our rear.

"THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE"

Having a savy NCO like Sgt. Glenn Day with me saved my life. We were using the second floor of a house as an Observation Post with a bunch of German Tanks deployed 200 yards ahead of us. When Sgt. Day noticed a German soldier running to a nearby tank and pointing to our house, we grabbed our gear and got out of there on the double; but the Heavy Artillery FO group that was there with us didn't get out.

We crawled through the field in back of the house to distance ourselves from the tank fire on the house, No one had to tell us to keep our butts down.

"CZECHOSLOVAKIA"

With the fighting drawing to a close in Germany, Lt. Friedman and I were detached to serve temporarily as Military Governors in the Sudeten area of Czechoslovakia. During this time, I met some concentration camp survivors and several interesting Czech officials returning from German prison camps. I took advantage of their invitation to visit them in Prague. What a beautiful city with many important historical sights such as Charles University dating back to the 16th Century.

For a few days in Eger as Military Governor, I was able to drive a red Mercedes sport car that had belonged to a German Corps Commander. There were about 2,000 German women and children that had to be taken care of when the German Corps surrendered, An American General took my MB leaving me with my GI Jeep.

I returned to the 62nd in the camp near Paris where we spent about six weeks before being shipped home.

"POST WAR TRAVEL"

When I visited Banbury in 1982, I could not locate where our camp had been there. In Maastricht, Holland things had changed so much that I couldn't retrace our route we took through there. I did not have a chance to revisit Omaha Beach, But I hope to get there when I have an opportunity to see Europe again. We did see the large American Cemetery in Luxemburg and other memorials of World War II.

During the breakthrough at St. Lo, Jerry, I remembered seeing a lot of shell shocked American troops as well as many dead cows. We had a lot of bombs dropped short because the initial bombs were a mile short. Our FO section moved forward with the infantry and tanks that had survived. We did meet some resistance from the Krauts that were left..... ..

FROM DOLORES CANDELARIA, MEDICAL DETACHMENT ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

MEMORIES OF WORLD WAR II

Casablanca, North Africa as I remember. The landing in Casablanca was something to remember, strange people I've never seen before only in history books. Kid arabs asking for bon-bons and for cigarettts as we got to where we were going to pitch our tents. The stay in Casablanca was nice while it lasted. I found some spanish friends there which I used to eat dinner with on Sundays, one of these friends was Reggie. Sometimes when we got together we'd trade vino for cigarettts. sometime Stan Bridges used to accompany us. I remember on Thanksgiven Day at Casablanca, what a banquet we had, C-RATIONS!!! For Christmas we were served Seagulls, hard as a rock. I also remember the way people used to cultivate the land with a wooden plow, a camel and a burro or a cow and a burrow. They would haul carts carrying rocks to the rock crusher. Surely it was a nice stay at Casablanca.

The day came when we moved to Rabat. It was cloudy and rainy, a bad day. We arrived to our destination and pitched our pup tents. I had to pitch mine and Captain Smiths tents, I was his dog robber. I guess it was a week before we started going into town (Rabat).

While in town, the Sultan Mansion was a nice place to see with his big patio, The stay at Rabat was nice but the road marches were tiresome.

In March I believe we moved to Tabessa, Algeria. The villages were a great site. While in our convoy, every stop we made brought bunches of Arabs selling us eggs. I guess thats all we ate for some time, cooked eggs. It was a very long trip before we came to Maknassy, I remember that morning when thoes EIGHTY-EIGHTS were exploding, I was then with Headquarters Battery. I was very scared! Captain Smith and Baldini told me "get a hold of yourself Candy!" "Nothing is going to happen." When the first casualty came, Captain Smith asked me to go help the other Aid-Man. I went, but my legs were like rubber. I think thoes Krouts were throwing everything they had at us. I think it was that day when they gave a direct hit on the ammunition half-track. I don't remember the name of the guy that saved the ammunition but I could see him because I was very close to him . The Germans were really pouring the EIGHTY-EIGHTS on us that day.

I was so glad when it was over! From there we moved again, I guess it was Faid or Kasarine Pass. We got to the Pass where all thoes American tanks were destroyed by German Artillery. I remember they were still getting the bodies out of the tanks as we got there. anyway, we were sometimes strafed by Stukas German Planes.

These are just a few of the stories I remember in Africa, although there are many more to tell, I could go on and on.

II

We were on Lake Bizerte, the day came when we had to embark on the LST to Sicily. The sea was rough and it seemed forever before we got to destination, Licata. We were getting a few rounds from German Artillery and planes attacking us. I was with Service Battery this time. When we finally landed I was attached to A Battery, with the ammunition half-track. I remember we passed through where a church was on top of a hill. Our Guns were going into position there, I don't recall the name of the place but I could see a lot of German bodies lying on the ground like a pumpkin patch. We stayed there for a couple of days. Then I was sent back to Headquarters Battery. Captain Baldini used to read to me from Italian newspapers. I was with Headquarters Battery until the end of the Sicilian Conflict.

Then we were bivouacked in an olive grove. We were really comfortable despite the rain and mosquitos. We used to have a nice time in Palermo when we got passes. Stan Bridges, Reggie and I went together to town sometimes. We'd rent a boat to go riding with two bottles of vino, then come back to Palermo for lunch, spaghetti which I didn't like much because of the cheese. It was nice times in Palermo. During our time in Sicily we formed a little band, Aguilar and Leo Remero played the guitar, Captain Smith the bucket, Captain Sneed the spoons and I played the accordion. As I said before it was nice times in Paleron and Sicily, but the fun was over to soon.

We took a big boat to Scotland, it was a long trip from Sicily, sleeping on steel bunks, eating smoked fish (yak). Finally we reached our destination Glasgow. From there we got on a train to England where we reached our final destination Banbury, Oxen. The place was a palace! Although it was cold in the barracks it was nice to sleep on cots again. That Christmas we had a real treat, Turkey with all the trimmings. Come night time, I don't think anybody got any sleep cause everybody was running to the bathroom. In fact a lot of the guys landed in the infirmary. Afterwards we used to go to town to have a good time. There were a lot of WAF'S to dance with. I guess it was the Eighty-Seventh Armored Field Artillery Battalion I remember them getting in a fight with the Sixty-Second men, some of our guys came back to camp with black eyes and split lips. So much for Banbury.

Then we moved to camp Piddlehinton (or something like that). We started waterproofing our vehicles and started attending swimming classes. On this camp they had everything! A big gym for basketball is one of the things I remember. It was a nice stay while it lasted. The last day we were at Camp Piddlehinton, I was attached to Service Battery until we reached Omaha Beach. When we landed, I was sent to Headquarters Battery. Then I was sent to A Battery, that was when all the Bombers came. It seemed that your stomach was going to come out your mouth. When we reached St. Lo, the point where the Americans had bombed, you could see German Tanks half buried, Cows and Horses on top of roofs, and Germans scattered all over. It was an awful sight, but we broke through. One night on one of our road marches, I was riding with Griswald, who was driving for the Medics. Well we got lost mainly because it was raining pretty hard. We were spear heading with the Second Armored Division. I don't know how we turned back, but we did. We finally found a guard from another outfit who more or less gave us directions to where our outfit was.

III

Another time in France, Captain Smith told us that we were in danger. Surrounded by Germans, He made us take some white rags in case we were taken prisoners.

I also remember one night I was supposed to stand guard from One A.M. till dawn. Griswald came to wake me up but at a glance thought I was awake, I wasn't. Well the time was Four A.M. and march orders were given. Since I was asleep, I didn't hear a thing. I was to wake up Captain Smith, and the rest of the medics. Boy did I get into trouble! Captain Smith and Captain Baldini really got on me, I thought I was going to be Court - Martiled. All this occurred before we got to the Dragon Teeth, By this time no more calvados, this was "VINO COUNTRY".

I remember we moved near Luxemburg, we took our position in the Hurtgan Forest (I believe this is what they called it). We stayed there for quite some time. I remember we used to eat a lot of Deer Meat. I also remember that it was very cold with all the snow on the ground. We moved from this place to another sector, visibility was at about ZERO, At this time I was attached to A Battery as a medic. I remember warming my feet with the heat from the tail pipes of the tanks. Then came the day we were surrounded by the German Break Through (The Battle of the Bulge). We were almost out of rations, at that time they took me out of the medics and put me as an MO Carrier with A Battery. At Ardennes, or the Battle of the Bulge, along with being low on rations we were low on ammunition. There was so much snow and cold! When thoes German planes came straffing I was chopping boards from our ammonition boxes. I could see the straffing from the German Planes which almost hit Carl Ceder, I ran to get him out of the way when our machine-guns bagged the plane down. Iremember that the pilot was taken prisoner. So I remained there with A Battery until it was all over. In our drive towards Czechoslovakia, some days we used to get some shelling from the Germans, but not as bad as in the earlier battles.

We used to find Germans fallen under trees passed out, they would inject themselves with morphine because they didn't want to be taken prisoner, Although we still rounded a lot of Germans up as prisoners.

The day everything was over we were sent to an outpost close to Pilson, Czechoslovokie. Russians were on one side and we were on the other. One night I was standing guard and I remember at about Two A.M. in the morning, I was cooking pototoes (which we used to eat a lot of), these Russians started shooting towards where I was cooking. I heard thoes bullets whistle by, I had to quickly put out the fire! The Russians as I remember were always asking for gasoline and trouble!

Another thing I remember is the crossing of the Rhine River. We found a lot of cognac and smoked ham that the Germans had hidden. All this was burried in the ground.

There are many more times we shared, these are but a few that may spark some memories for you too.

God Bless you and all my buddies!!!!..... ..

"FROM ALFRED SHERVEY, SERVICE BATTERY MENOMONIE WISCONSIN"

"FRIENDS"

I never knew Arthur Daily, from Bruce, Wisconsin before going in the service, We left for the Army together from Eau Claire, Wisconsin for Fort Sheridan, Illinois for induction, and being together become good friends. Then we were sent to Fort Sill, Oklahoma where they put us in a Mule Pack Artillery for our basic training, This I thought was a strange Army, Every one had to be Six foot tall or more, and have good feet, and low on brains,(Ha Ha).

Any how Fort Sill sent us to Fort Bliss, Texas in January Nineteen-Hundred-Forty-Two, I thought it was cold In Wisconsin, But West Texas made a believer out of me. Arthur Daily and I were assigned to the Sixty-Second Field Artillery Battalion. And the rest of the story you know.

Arthur Daily and I stayed together, Same Unit, same Battery, Service of the Sixty-Second, Was sent home from Czecholovakia together and was discharged from Fort Sheridan in September Nineteen-Hundred-Forty-Five, Came home to Eau Claire and got off the Train Four years after leaving.

I liked Fort Bliss, Captain Kilgore, was Service Battery Commander, He took Daily and I in a command-Car to get us fitted with High-Top shoes and slacks and the works to out-fit us like Motorized Soldiers and not Mule Pack Soldiers, And they made Truck Drivers of us. This was like Heaven comparing with the Mule Pack Unit..... ..

"FROM LESTER F. WAGNER, B BATTERY HEREFORD, TEXAS"

"A SUCKER IS BORN EVERY DAY"

Probing into the memory of an old man for things that happened to a Twenty-One year old kid is not always easy. The one thing that I can remember, happened to me and I don't like to tell because I was the sucker.

My first pass after we arrived at Casablanca, myself and I think Jim Lovoto, went into town to check out the City and see the sights, along with all the other strange looking things we managed to see down town Casablanca, with it's Arabs in dresses and funny looking hats on their heads.

After our visits to a few bars we were approached by one of the local liquer peddlers, who was doing a good sales pitch at selling us some Champaign at a cut rate, and after much bartering managed to sell us both a bottle of his best "Champagne", which we thought we could slip into camp.

We hired a Velo Cab, (a cart hooked to a bicycle) to carry us back to camp and we did manage to get our booz into camp as we slipped in undetected. The next day after an extra long drill session, we were ready to have a cool drink of "Champagne" and to sample our prized purchase and soon discovered we had nothing more than some bad tasting soda-water.

We learned never to buy a bottle without tasting it first, As it did not pay to dead with the local Arabs..... ..

FROM EMMETTE W. FORD, SR., SERVICE BATTERY, WARNER ROBINS, GEORGIA

"SHAVE AND A HAIR CUT - 10¢"

When we got to North Africa, We had to wait on our equipment. A Provisional M.P. Company was formed, As there weren't enough M.P.'s to patrol the city of Casablanca. The Company was formed from the 62nd.

We moved into an old theatre where we slept on the marble floor. All we had was our little bedroll or whatever was issued to us.

After we got settled down, we walked around looking the place over and found a barber shop. A couple of days later after we got our assignments and knew we had to go on duty, Some of us went to the barber shop to get a hair cut - hadn't had one since we left the States.

The barber shop was nice and clean, and classy. Through sign language and two or three French words we had learned in the few days we were there, We ended up with a mud pack on our face, manicure (female manicurist), shave, and a hair cut.

When they finished we asked the price. The number of francs for the price was 10¢ in our money. In a couple of weeks we went back. this time the price was 25¢ . From then on during the M.P. stint each time we went back, the price doubled or more than doubled. But even at that it was a great bargain!

FROM EMMETTE W. FORD, SR., SERVICE BATTERY, WARNER ROBINS, GEORGIA

"DID WE OVEREAS" ?

On December 25, 1943, In England, we had turkey and all the trimmings for Christmas dinner. Sometime during the night I woke up, looked around, and saw only one guy in the Nissen hut- It was Everette Morrison. I asked Mo, "Where is everybody?" "You don't know?" "No, I just woke up." "Just hang on. You'll find out soon enough."

I got up, moved around a little, and then I understood where everybody was. I headed for the latrine. When I got there, there was no room for me. I couldn;t even get to the ditch. Guys were everywhere.

I guess we had gotten food poisoning from the turkey. But, whatever it was, that was the biggest mess I'd ever gotten into!

FROM EMMETTE W. FORD, SR., SERVICE BATTERY WARNER ROBINS, GEORGIA

" CHURCH AT BANBURY, ENGLAND"

While the Battalion was at Banbury, England, one day somebody out of the orderly room came and told me the Battery Commander wanted to see me. I started trying to figure, "What have I done wrong?"

When I reported to the BC, he ask me would I do him a favor. "Sure," I said. It seems like Givens' mother or someone back home had gotton in touch with the BC and requested that he see that Givens went to church. So, he asked me would I take Givens (a young boy) to church Sunday morning or Sunday night. I perferred the night. He told me he would furnish the transportation to and from the church.

That Sunday night Givens and I went to church in Banbury, a huge church in a small town. I enjoyed the services, and it appared that he did. After church we stood around and talked a little while.

After that he was transferred from our outfit. Later we received word that he was killed by a sniper after the invasion.

"FROM ALEX R. (JEEP) HUGHES, HQ BATTERY TUCSON, ARIZONA"

"TIME IN THE HORSE UNIT, BEFORE GOING TO THE SIXTY-SECOND"

Jerry I really enjoyed your book about your experiences in the Army, especially in the sixty-First and Eighty-Second, It brought back many memories of my own stint with the Eighty-Second.

I remembered these experiences, because when I look back, to me, there was a little humor involved.

I remember one time we were out in the Boon-Docks horse exercising and like you mentioned in your book you rode one and led two. Well, anyway I was riding one horse and leading two, now the two horses that I was leading were nearly tearing my arm off and I was having a rough time trying to hold them back, so I wrapped the rope around me wrist and hoped I could do better at holding them back; About that time along comes one of the Gun Batteries pulling their Caissons and Guns at a slow gallop, well of course the two horses that I was leading spooked and dragged me over the horse that I was riding and dragged me along the sandy ground until I unwrapped the rope around my wrist I got up and stood there watching my two horses disappearing in the distance-Good-By Horses!

I had to walk all the way in, and when I got to the stables, there was old Sergeant Gus Meinik (He was our Stable Sergeant) with six horses waiting for me and he said "Groom 'Em." "But Serge" I said "I only had three horses!" He replied, "You've got Six now." so I groomed them.

Another time during our recruit training as we were standing at attention on the picket line with thoes canvas buckets and the sponges the Sergeant in charge; whoes name I don't recall said, "You will clean their Eyes, Nostrils, and docks". I asked, "Hey, Sergeant, what's a Dock?" He took me by the arm and marched me to the rear of the horse raised it's tail pointed and said "thats a Dock." Everybody sure got a good laugh.

I also recall when we were issued our clothing and equipment. I guess you remember the spur straps, which were a very light brownish color and you had to shine and polish them till you got them the same color as your boots, But no matter how much I shined and polished I just couldn't get them the same coloras my boots, I finally went downtown to El Paso and took the straps to a shoe-repair shop and had them dyed the same color as my boots, When the next inspection in ranks was held I was the only Soldier with spur straps the same color as my boots. When the Commander and First Sergeant stood in front of me, the Commander remarked, "Well; Well; now heres a Soldier who used a little elbow grease, will you please tell the rest of the Battery how you got your straps the same color as your boots."

I meekly replied "I went Downtown to El Paso and had then dyed," Everybody burst out laughing. I was on the S-Listfor sometime..... ..

"FROM ALEX R.(JEEP) HUGHES, HQ BATTERY TUCSON, ARIZONA"

"A NECKLACE OF GARLIC"

We were Bivouacked near Termini Imeress, Sicily. Kenneth Newhall, Louis Lusin and I got passes to Palermo.

We were having a real good time enjoying the sights of the City, especially the Girls.

Lusin bought a string of garlic which he tied together at the ends forming a necklace, which he put around his neck. Newhall took off early so he wouldn't miss the truck back to camp. Lusin and I hung around still enjoying the sights, but then we took off so we wouldn't miss the truck, but when we got there the truck was gone.

By chance we spotted the Officer's truck so we bummed a ride with them. As we were coming into the camp area we noticed a G.I. lying face-down on the road he was all muddy-(It had been raining and he smelled like a brewery) So we picked him up and laid him on the floor of the truck. "PHEW" One of the officers remarked, "This guy must have been eating Garlic, because he sure smells like it."

Lusin, and I looked at each other with a silly grin on our Faces.

"FROM ALEX R.(JEEP) HUGHES, HQ BATTERY TUCSON, ARIZONA"

"HE GOT AWAY"

We were stationed at A. P. Hill, Virginia and were taking turns guarding a Private Petit, whose first name I don't recall.

Now Private Petit tried to hang himself while we were at Camp Young, Indio, California., But Private Grizzlie cut him down and he lived.

About fifteen minutes later or so they had Petit cleaning the drill area, with a guard on him. So from then on we were taking turns garding him, even while he sleep.

We finally got to A. P. Hill, Virginia and one morning First Sergeant J. T. May was having roll call and when he called out Petit's name, no one answered.

First Sergeant May asked "Whos' Guarding Petit?" Someone answered "Parsons" Sergeant May asked, "Parsons, where's Petit?" Parsons replied "He Got Away!" Sergeant May hollored "He Got Away!" "Yep, He Got Away", Replied Parsons.

So everytime we would see Parsons we would say, Hey Parsons, He Got Away!" I never did know what happened or Become of Private Petit.

"BY THE LIGHT OF A CIGARETTE"

It was during the North African Campaign and it was somewhere in North Africa when we were making a night-march cross country; I was driving a Half-Track and it was pitch dark. I remarked" No wonder they call it Darkest Africa, I can't see a dorn thing.

Just then "Private Emil Milke" lit a cigarett with one of them FlameLess Lighters and said "Jeep, Just follow me!" He walked in front of the Half-Track holding the cigarett behind his back.

I just followed the glow of the cigarette, It was pretty slow going, But we finally got to our destination..... ..

"FROM THEODORE I. BRINCK, HQ BATTERY YANKEETOWN, FLORIDA"

"APPROPRIATE"

Shortly after arriving in French Morocco the Sixty-Second, Or in part was assigned to stevedore duty at the Casablanca Docks.

I was among many who were placed in the able hands of a big, I assume Port Battalion Sergeant. Before he marched us off, he had a few words of wisdom for us. This pep talk was given just inside of a huge ware house along dock side. Also just inside the huge doors where Six to seven Tow Motors, (Fork lifts) The Sergeant saw that I was interested in the Fork-lfts, He advised me not to fool around with them and for me to stay put untill he returned from assigning the other men to their duties, As soon as the Sergeant was out of sight, I started to learn how to operate them by runing one of them around inside the ware house and out on the dock.

Just outside of the ware house at dock side was what I believe to be a U.S. Navy Cruiser was taking on cargo using one of it's deck cranes. Pulling up along the hull side of the Cruiser was a Lieutenant in his jeep, getting out of the jeep and entered the warehouse office. I assumed that he was part of the Port Battalion.

On the deck side of the Cruiser the swabbie's lowered a large rope net, three swabbie's on the dock rolled the jeep into the net and hulled it into the Crusiers deck. Now the sergeant had been gone over Two hours. The Lieutenant returned after begone about an hour and a half. In the mean time the Swabbie's had returned the jeep to dock side and went back to loading their cargo.

On the dock the Lieutenant looked everywhere for his jeep but couldn't see it. When the Navy returned it to the dock it was Navy gray with black hood numbers..... ..

"FROM THEODORE I. BRINCK, HQ BATTERY YANKEETOWN, FLORIDA"

"MODUSOPERANDI"

While in the phosphate quarry bivouac area on the outskirts of Casablanca, Headquarters Battery FO-1 section was assigned the duty at a French Garrison to acquaint French personnel in the use of some of our equipment. Just what was entailed I was never to find out, I was told to stay with the Half-Track in the parking area while the rest of the section went off to do what ever it was that they would be doing.

They had been gone just a short time. The weather was getting very hot. My thoughts were on what I would do for the next five or six hours here in the parking lot by myself. Near by was a building, walking toward the parking lot and there was this French Soldier, who I took to be a French Sergeant. He started his conversation about the weather. After a few minutes he asked if I would like some cold water to drink. I said Yes, We started walking to the building that he had left minutes earlier. In side we sat at the bar and the Soldier working behind the bar, I assume was told to bring some water by the sergeant.

As I recall we talked about many things. Our Armies, things before the war, And about things after the war, about two hours had passed. He asked if I would like a sandwich, Yes I said, Knowing my Section had gone off with out making any arrangements for me to eat.

The Sergeant spoke to the Soldier behind the bar, and several kinds of sausage, french bread and butter was set before me, of which was the finest I've ever eaten, We also had some very fine wine.

Time passes when you are having a good time, looking out through the window toward the parking area I saw our F.O. Section pulling into the parking area, exhausted and thirsty. I told my friend the Sergeant that I had to go, He invited me to come back for lunch some time, and said just ask for Major and his name which I have forgotten..... ..

FROM THEODORE I. BRINCK, HQ BATTERY YANKEETOWN, FLORIDA

"A LESSON IN FRENCH"

On a slight ridge overlooking a farm yard I observed a French farmer, Del-Rey W. Zuberbien, and three others of which I am not sure, but believe were there at the time, Charles Owens, Clarence R. Jackson and Jack Riewerts.

The four G.I.'s and the farmer appeared to be in some kind of heavy, and some what hilarious conversation. Suddenly I caught Zube waving at me to come down to join them. At this time I was advised by Zube "We have been trying to get a few eggs and some cream for our sereal", can you help us ? Knowing that my French was no better than their's, I said I would try. The thought of mimicry came to mind. I reach to the ground for a few stones, called to the farmer "Monsiur" for his attention. I then went into a squat cackling like a hen laying. The farmer beamed in a amuesment and said, "Ovez-Vous-Oeufs" (Have you any eggs) I answered "Oui" Once again I called his attention "Monsiur" and advised Zube, Milk I can do, Cream ? In Mimicry, again I reached out for the one-leg stool, placing it under myself, while reaching for the milk pail, placing it between my knees, mimicing the sound of milk squirting into the pail. The farmer once again beamed and said "Avez-Vous-Lait" (Have you milk) I said "Oui" The farmer filled the boys request, And I was invited for cereal and real cream..... ..

"FROM MELVIN C. FORD, SERVICE BATTERY JET, OKLAHOMA"

"SWAMPER"

Recalling one of the lighter moments that occurred in Sicily, If you recall that all the Tracks on the M-Sevens and Tanks were replaced with steel ones. After each march the tracks would beat the support rollers apart and they had to be welded back together, this had to be done at night so they would be ready for the next days march. This, most of the time was done after dark. The welder Daughtery, I think this was his name, needed a swamper.

I guess I must have been handy at the time and was given the job. My main job was to keep track of "Night Check Charlie" One time he cut his motors and slipped in on us and dropped one of his bombs filled with thoes "Butterfly" bombs that sattered over a large area, they missed our area by a few hundred feet but were close enough for us to call off the welding operations until the daylight hours, as we didn't want to get bombed from the flashes of the welding torch.

"FROM THEODORE I. BRINCK, HQ BATTERY YANKEETOWN FLORIDA"

"INDUCTION CENTER"

The Second Quarter of Nineteen-Hundred-Forty-One, I arrived at my induction center. Camp Roberts, California It was Saturday after noon, We were assigned to the Fifty-Second Field Artillery, Split trail, Truck drawn, French Seventy-Five Millimeter Howitzers, and also to Barracks and Cots. And that we would have nothing to do until Monday.

Monday my Barracks was assigned to numerous jobs and work details, by a Lieutenant and a Staff Sergeant. The only time the Two of them would look up from thier clip boards was at the end of a particular group assignment. When they had finished they were taken by surprise as I was still there, I had not volunteered for anything.

The Lieutenant said to the Staff Sergeant, find him a good job, First Sergeant Wajahowski, walked up to me with a pleasent smile, and I knew I was in deep trouble. He said for me to go to the Barracks, to do nothing, but go to chow, until he could think of a job for me. I would stay in the Barracks for the next six days, wondering what he was thanking. Saturday he sent for me to come to the orderly room. the smile was on his face again, when he said Ive got just the job for you. Monday go to the motor pool, get the Captains jeep and report to the orderly room in O.D.'s you will be the Captains new driver. I just couldn't believe it, after a week of hell, and a soft job thats what I call rolling a seven.

My Thirteen weeks of basic training did suffer, as all I got was, one day Barracks orderly, One Day K.P., One Day Guard Duty, One Day in the Field as the Captains driver and one Day on the rifle range, Made Marksman, end of basic training.

I was held over as cadre, made Corporal and become Light Automatic weapons and Thirty-Seven Milimeter Anti-Tank Gun Instructor for the next Twenty-Six weeks.

Then I was shipped out to Camp Young, Indio, California where I joined the Sixty-Second Field Artillery Battalion. Just in time to help finnish setting up the Camp.

I was assigned to the FO-1 Section under Sergeant James E. Hagood. I stayed in FO-1 until the end of hostillties and the disbandment of the Sixty-Second Armored Field Artillery Battalion.

Training at Camp Young in communications. Instructor Sergeant Hagood. Attending FO-1 Section. Equipment Semaphores.

II

To start the class off the Sergeant give a very good presentation in the history and use of the semaphores in peace and war. We , that is FO-1 were told us that we would learn the use of semaphores. We were told that the sender would have to be at a high point and some what silhouetted to be seen by the receiver. I was thinking quite intensely on what had been said, when the Sergeant said Brinck, we will start with you, handing the seaphores to me, Sergeant Hagood, I said, this is a desert training center, for desert warfare. Out here, or any other Desert in the world you can stand flat floated up on some high point and wave these stupid flags, telling the enemy here I am kill me, you are crazyer than a loon. As one can guess, this is not the way to impress your Sergeant. Hagood did let me know how the cow eat the cabbage, ending this days training.

The next days Semaphore training, Sergeant Hagood announced a policy change down from Army Quartermaster, Semaphores are no longer an item of issue. Hagood and I became good friends that has lasted for Forty-Seven Years..... ..

"FROM THEODORE I. BRINCK, HQ BATTERY YANKEETOWN, FLORIDA"

"INDIO TO A.P. HILL"

I don't recall much of what took place between Indio and A.P. Hill, there was a long train ride through the Southern States, We spent a full day getting through Texas. At A.P. Hill we went from being Truck drawn Field Artillery to being Armored Field Artillery, We got all new equipment.

One day the Lieutenant had us out training in the Half-Track, The terrain was very rough, large deep depressions. I was driving out of one of these deep depressions, coming up to the top of the depression I saw this old barn. I instantly got the idea of driving through the doors and out the back side.

The Lieutenant was not looking forward at the time. However he had realized an increase in acceleration, turning back to look forward he immediately realized what I was up to and stopped me from going through with my plan..... ..

"FROM THEODORE I. BRINCK, HQ BATTERY YANKEETOWN, FLORIDA"

"RABAT TO TEBESSA ALGERIA"

To Maizila Pass, First Armored Division, FO-1 was assign to report to Lieutenant Colonel Cosby, Thirteenth Tank Battalion, Arriving at the Thirteenth Tank Battalion Area I was told to make contact with Lieutenant Colonel Cosby to find out where we were to locate. From FO-1 position I could see a few tankers standing on top of a hill. I made contact with one of the tankers for the Colonel's location, Just below us, was a touch foot ball game going on. The G.I. I was talking with, point to a large man playing in a T-Shirt, Would be the Colonel Cosby.

About Four to Five Hundred yards below us in the valley was the Pass. Coming up from the valley was a jeep. The Jeep driver drove right up to the Colonel. The Colonel said, "Out with it Sergeant" (But how could you tell who was who, No one showed any rank) The Sergeant stated that a German's were trying to remove a knocked out tank that was blocking the passage way. The Colonel told the Sergeant to take the Half-Track with the Seventy-Five Millimeter assault Gun, and slow 'em up or stop them. After the Sergeant departed, I reported in behalf of FO-1. The Colonel stated that he wanted the FO-1 Jeep about Twenty Yards behind his Tank, which will be the lead in the attack formation.

I returned to FO-1 with my report to Sergeant Hagood. About this time I heard the assault gun fire two rounds. Later I heard that the Germans decided to go another route giving up on removing the knocked out Tank. And I was much relieved by their decision.

"FROM GEORGE V. GRASSI, SERVICE BATTERY HUDSON, FLORIDA"

"UNKNOWN"

I received your book and read the entire thing, there were parts of the book I can relate to from the time I joined the Battalion when I came from Fort Knox, The early part of Nineteen-Hundred-Forty-Two,

When I left Fort Knox, I did not know where I was going or what Unit I was to join, We got off the train, lined up, got on some trucks which took us to the Camp at A.P. Hill, Virginia.

I felt like no-bodys child, the guys I took basic training with all went to different units, Givings, was the only one I recognized. All the other men I did not know, even though we had all been at Fort Knox and were sent to the Sixty-Second together, And I still did not know at the time it was the Sixty-Second I had been sent to, I was told that I had been assigned to A Battery, I was not trained for the Artillery, most of my training being Infantry and as a Half-Track driver, and we soon found we were to fill up the vacant spots where men were needed for units going overseas, At day light we were loaded on a train and sent to Camp Killmer, New Jersey which was not far from my home, you said in your book, the boys from New York and near by got to go home on pass, I don't think I got to go home but twice, It seemed like A Battery didn't trust the ones who lived near by to go on pass for fear we would go over the hill and not come back. So there was not a lot for us to do around camp, except to put on and try out our impregnated gas proof overalls and hoods, thank god we never had to use them for real.

Next we found ourselves on a ferry boat going over to Staten Island, to get on the banana boat, I was carrying my A and B Bags, My weapon, An O3 rifle, and started to drag my duffle bag, when some Bird-Colonel jumped me and said, "Where the hell you think you are in some Rag-Muffin out fit" I gave my name and they let me on the Ship, when I got aboard I found it was the U.S.S. Monticello, not the Santa Elena, that the regular men of the Sixty-Second were on, Some Buck-Sergeant was appointed as First Sergeant over the men on my section of the ship, who was mostly replacements for the Regular Battalion men who were expected to be lost on the Invasion.

The trip over was not so bad for me as I was at water level and spent a lot of time in the Cryo room looking at the other ships. We were soon handed ammunition for our rifles along with a booklet telling us about French Morrocco, and told we were support troops for the Regular Battalions making the Invasion. I still did not know what my job was to be, but as a Nineteen year old kid, I keep my mouth shut and asked no questions.

II

Some of us were sent before C.I.D. Officers and questioned about our Loyalty to the U.S.A. As I did have relatives in Italy, of whom I had never seen, I was a little bent out of shape for this, but I answered all their questions and that was that.

The march from Ship to our camp just about did me in, but we reached the camp site, Now keep in mind I still did not know a soul in the Sixty-Second, not even the Battery Commander, which was a no-no in the military, After some time I got to meet the Battery Commander Engleman, I told him I could do more good in the Battery Maintenance Section as I did know motors, and nothing about the Guns, He put me in the Battalion Maintenance Section under Sergeant Blyth Campbell. And still feeling out of place, I was about to get my legs back after the many days on the Ship, along with getting over my Sea-Sickness from the Big Storms we all ran into in the Atlantic Ocean.

My first look around I seen the Big French Battleship " The Jean Bart " What a sight, along with all the other damaged ships, And for a Nineteen Year old Kid, who had never been away from home All this was quite a sight, and it all struck me that I was in the War.

Very slowly I worked my way into the Battery, did a lot of Guard Duty, some K.P. and got to do work on the Battalions equipment, I was shearing a pup tent with a fellow named Marry.

All the things you spoke about summons up about every thing, The Eggs, Oranges, Arabs and the little towns near our camp sites, I only visited one town in Africa, not being like you men in the Gun Batteries who fought your way into the towns, you got a chance to see something of them, and by the time you moved out for the next one the Battalion Maintenance Section would have to follow the Firing Batteries and would see very little of any town that had been taken, And at that time I did not drank very much, But on the other hand when we got to Sicily, now in my opinion Palermo was very nice, and since we were there so long all the men from Service Battery and the Battalion Maintenance got to go into the towns as much as the Gun Batteries did, Then you talk about all the Action the Sixty-Second was in which brings back all the bad days, then the things you talk about in England, brings back all the Good Days we spent in Marry Old England, and the long trip we had going up there, I must have played Hearts the entire way, even through the Submarine lanes, and our stay in Banbury, even as cold as it was there I did meet a very nice Family, there name was Betts, and I will never forget them and the way they made this young American Soldier feel at home..

III

The part I did not like was when I was transferred out of the Sixty-Second, I sure hated to leave the unit, but knew some one had to go as the Sixty-Second was way over strength, and had to be reduced down to its allotted strength, and since the Gun Batteries were all trained on the Guns, it was the Guns that was needed and not the Maintenance men,

The next guy I seen from the Sixty-Second was on D-Day, I was walking up this hill and saw some S.P.'s on my left and spotted some of the Sixty-Second Guys I knew by sight, I waved to them, but they were very busy firing, The next guy I saw was Dirty-Neck, and he told me Service Battery was just up the road from me, I went by the Battery C.P. and seen Chop, Chop Chalfant, He ask me if I needed anything, I could use an extra blanket, He called Sergeant Dewees and said give this man an extra blanket, that was the last time I saw any of the Sixty-Second men in Europe. I started to ask Chop, Chop, if I could get back in the Sixty-Second, But of course that was out of the question, and about that time things started to get hot, so I went on with my new outfit,

I did keep in touch with Ackley, from Service Battery, Battalion Maintenance, So I was pretty much up on what the Sixty-Second was doing and where they were at, and from all reports the Sixty-Second did very well each place they were in action at.

I was mad when I was transferred out, But my new unit was ok, but not like the Sixty-Second, In around Nineteen-Hundred-Sixty Six, I received a letter from Jerry Eades, who was the Secretary of the newly formed Sixty-Second A.F.A. Bn. Association, inviting me to become a member, that was my lucky day, at last I could be back with the unit that I had felt like a stranger with years before, I have been a member ever since and have made some reunions. and am honored to be a part of the organization again..... ..

"FROM KARL W. WERNLI, B BATTERY ARVIN, CALIFORNIA"

T/4 KARL WERNLI ..B BATTERY

I began my basic training at Fort Knox, Ky. on July 5, 1942. The last month of it I got put with some Ford engineers that were testing tank engines so they could run on 80 octane gas instead of 100 octane. The Army Air Corps had to use 100 octane in their planes and 100 octane wasn't plentiful. So the last month forty of us drove tanks on the highways of Ky. We would stop about every two hours so the engineers could check the engines to see if they were ok. On October 9th or 10th I was shipped out. I was short on some of the training but I learned a lot but I learned alot about tanks before being shipped to the 62nd.

.. B Battery 62nd.

I came to the 62nd on October 10, 1942 at A.P. Hill Cornfield, and only stayed one night. I was without a bed that night and there was a cold breeze and it rained. The C.P. was slow processing our papers and my name being Wernli put me at the end of the list.

October 11, 1942 the 62nd arrived at Camp Kilner New Jersey. When the 62nd checked my records, they discovered that some of us that joined the 62nd October 10th were short on our basic training and we had to go to Camp or Fort Dicks N.J. to qualify with rifle. We kept shooting until we did qualify.

Because I had relatives in Germany I was questioned by the C.I.A. to see if I had any objection going to the European Conflict and before I could answer they told me if I said Yes I would probably go to the Pacific. The 62nd men and officers were good to me and the 62nd. was my choice.

.. B Battery 62nd boarded the Santa Elena

I can't remember if all of the 62nd boarded the Santa Elena on the same day or not. But I can remember being on it quite a while before we sailed and somehow we got to go to the City of Staten Island and just loaf. There was a brewery where we could get free beer and no one got too much of it. We went about four or five times before we sailed for Casablanca. When we got to Casablanca I was assigned to #1 gun B Battery. Cpl. Edgar Nelson and I shared our pup tent. It rained on us the first night and we both got wet, our blankets got muddy and so we sat up the rest of the night. The next day we got straw and filled our mattress covers. Sometime later when we got our M.7 I was assigned as assistant driver. Earl Pearce (I think he was a T/5 at that time) was the driver.

T/4 KARL WERNLI .. Africa ..#1 Gun B-Battery Maknassy

Gun #1 B-Battery was the same as the other guns we fired on our missions and I learned about war. I got scared and stayed that way until I got home. At Maknassy PEC. Earl Pearcer transferred to service Bty. and I moved up to driver. When we left Maknassy we had a night march. The dirt road was very dusty. We were following #2 gun Benavides (?) driver #1 gun chief of Section Ted Boydston was sitting behind me looking for #2 gun. Ted and I never saw it in time to stop behind it so I turned hard to the left and stopped at the side of #2 gun. At that time I saw sparks going all over and felt #1 shake and #3 gun was going past me on the right. The gun crew had been sleeping but not now. Milo Haltom (?) the driver of #3 went between us. The ladders on all three M.7's were hit but nobody got hurt. If Milo had been off one inch on either side this would have been bad. #1 gun crew never went back to sleep until we were out of the dust.

April 24, 1943 we were in a brush area and our primary mission was to support the Corp. Francaise de Afrique and American 60th Infantry Regiments.

May 1, 1943 we had been firing 5 round concentrations on the top of Hill 609 for the 60th Inf. and late that evening infantrymen were marching German and Italian prisoners past #1 gun B. Battery and a German artillery officer stopped and asked if he could see the automatic cannon. He spoke very good English. Chief of section Ted Boydston said yes. The German looked in the M.7 and his eyes got big and he said that this was not automatic, he got down and looked up and said this has got to be the best artillery battalion in the world. Ted said we sure as hell are. One of the infantrymen had him move out and we knew how he felt. He had a Maknassy put on him.

T/4 KARL WERNLI .. Sicily - D Day July 10, 1942

In Sicily on D Day, the L.S.T. B-Battery M-7 guns were on and we couldn't' unload because the ramp was too high to drive off of and after being bombed frequently, the Captain of the ship ordered all men except drivers of vehicles, ships crews and the wounded to be put ashore in small boats. The four medical enlisted men of the 62nd refused to leave the ship so that the drivers would not be left there alone. There was about 80 wounded men to be cared for by the two Drs. and pharmacists mates of the ship. This L.S.T. was attacked throughout the day.

July 11th at about 2:30 pm we got #1 gun ashore and I don't think all of B-Battery got off at that time but I don't know why. We bivouacked near a city for a day or two before we joined the battalion. A Week later Norris Berge B-Battery clerk was up with us counting heads when a German plane dropped a bomb, Berge got in a foxhole and the rest of us got behind the M-7. The bomb hit so close that it covered him with dirt and he got out of the hole looking like a dirtman. His ears hurt but the rest of him was ok.

T/4 KARL WERNLI ..ENGLAND 1944

When in England at Camp Peddlehenton, the 62nd got new M-7's. Shortly after that in May, we went to Slapton Sands. The drivers always stayed with the gun. Herman April, from the 62nd. Medical Section (I don't remember his rank) was with me. On the way back to camp the truck hauling us and #1-M-7 B-BRTY lost its brakes and ran away down this mountain coming into Exeter England. April sat in the middle of the seat and pulled the chain blowing the air horn as we were approaching Exeter. That cleared the street and we made it through town ok. About that time we had to make a left turn and the truck was going too fast and we jack knifed, catapulting the truck through a four foot hedgerow into an open field, then back into the hedgerow crossing the road and back through the hedgerow. When we stopped no one was hurt much but the trailer broke loose when we had jack knifed and turned upside down and the M-7 could not be repaired so I got an old one that wasn't very good from the ordinance and this M-7 made the landing at Omaha Beach.

T/4 Karl Wernli ..62 A.F.A. Omaha Beach

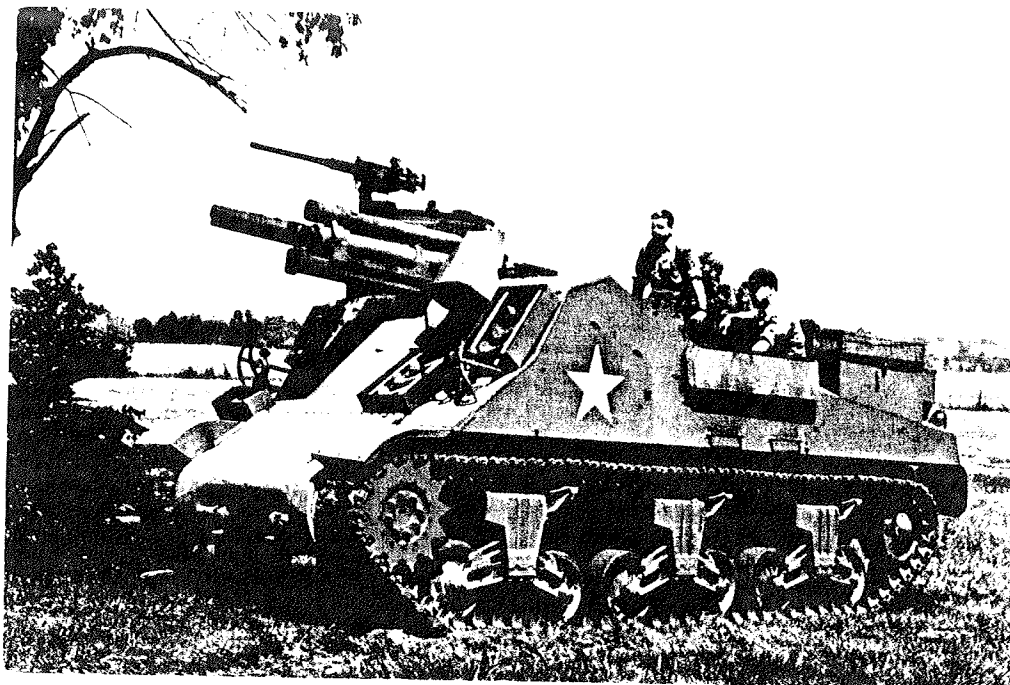
I was the driver of #1 gun B. Btry on June 1, 1944 and part of B. Btry board L.C.T.#18: #1 and #2 and #3 guns (B-Btry), three 1/2 track and three jeeps. Three officers and 39 enlisted men with 1st Lt. Raymond French. The 1/2 tracks and jeep were tied to the M-7's so they could be towed to shore. We made our run in firing until our mission was accomplished. On the way in we encountered enemy cannon fire, mortar and small arms. First Lt. French and two or three other men were injured. At the end of the run, the L.C.T. proceeded back about 10,000 yards and at 7:30 a.m. we tried to land but were driven off by enemy fire but after five attempts we landed at Omaha Fox Red Beach. It was under terrific enemy mortar, artillery and small arms fire. We had unhooked the 1/2 track and the jeep. Then I got back into the drivers seat and moved the M-7 so Tom Pollasticke, the gunner, could line up the aiming stakes. In a few minutes, all hell broke loose. I didn't know what size it was but it wasn't a 88; fired about 10 or 15 rounds at the M-7. They didn't hit the M-7. T/5 Marvin Beals jeep was parked not more than 10 feet from the M-7 and He and the jeep were hit. He called out for help but told us not to come over where he was because we could all get killed. those were his last words before he died. S/Sgt. John S.Lusich was killed. Pvt. Albert Warmeker, Sgt. Henry Lind, Pfc. Cecil Morgan, Pvt. Richard Black and Pvt. Harry Riley were seriously wounded and were evacuated. Pvt Lewis Jobe was slightly wounded and evacuated. All were members of B Btry. Pfc. Stanley Bridges of the Medical Detachment was slightly wounded and was evacuated. S/Sgt. William Bookman was slightly wounded and was not evacuated. All these names are

taken from "The Story of the 62nd" book.

We got orders to move the gun more to the left. Tom Pollasticke and I got in the M-7. I started the engine and a round hit the M-7 in the right front before it ever moved. Tom asked what we should do, and I said to get out of here because it could burn if any gas was leaking as I could not get the engine to stop running. The throttle was stuck partly open and I tried to use the brakes to stop it but this did not work either. I got out and left it running with the magnetos turned off and after awhile it stopped running. I went over where Curtis Comer was laying on some small rocks. He had a small foxhole dug and I laid on my back kicking out a foxhole when Curtis said that his shoulder was hurting. I started to take a look but he had his combat jacket on, and I noticed it had a hole in the right shoulder. I took a knife and made the hole bigger and found that he had a hole under his shoulder blade and there was a piece of shrapnel about 1/2" thick and about 2 inches square. It hadn't bled much, then the medical corp. came and took care of Curtis.

I think it was Major James Bowman that came and told me to find Gen. Bennett. This was easy, he was the only one on the beach standing straight up (I know that I couldn't). He had me stand at a part of the beach that was open for landings. I waved a few crafts away but one came in and dropped its ramp. If I hadn't moved, it would have hit me. One of the officers that got off, asked me where his outfit was and I had no idea but told him it was in the trees. I stayed there until Col. Bennett came back and I told him that some of the craft came in anyway. he told me to go back to my section as he thought that part of the beach would stay open.

Yes, I was scared. I got scared at Maknassy and stayed that way until I got home in Arvin California Sept. 30, 1945.



105MM HOWITZER, KIND OF GUNS USED BY THE 62ND IN WW II
1942-45



105MM HOWITZER, KIND OF GUNS USED BY THE SIXTY-SECOND
ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION IN WORLD WAR TWO 1942-45

LINEAGE OF THE SIXTY-SECOND ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

MOTTO VIS (FORCE)

There was constituted, 2 March 1833 The United States Regiment of Dragoons at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.
Redesignated 15 May 1836, As 1st Regiment of Dragoons.
Redesignated 3 August 1861, As 1st Cavalry Regiment.
Using men from the 1st Cavalry Regiment, The 24th Cavalry Regiment was Constituted and Activated on 3 June 1916.
On 1 November 1917, The 24th Cavalry Regiment was Converted and Redesignated as 82nd Field Artillery Regiment (Less 2nd and 3rd Battalions) And assigned to the 15th Cavalry Division.
On 17 March 1930 the 84th Field Artillery Regiment, (Less 2nd and 3rd Battalions) was Redesignated as 2nd Battalion 82nd Field Artillery Regiment.
On 3 January 1941, The 1st Battalion 82nd Field Artillery Regiment was Reorganized and Redesignated as 82nd Field Artillery Battalion.
On 3 January 1941, The 2nd Battalion 82nd Field Artillery Regiment was Reorganized and Redesignated as 61st Field Artillery Battalion.
Using men from the 61st and 82nd Field Artillery Battalions, The 62nd Field Artillery Battalion was Constituted and Designated, On 13 January 1941, And was Activated on 10 February 1941, At Fort Bliss, Texas and was assigned as a unit of the First Cavalry Division Artillery.
Relieved from assignment to the 1st Cavalry Division Artillery on 10 April 1942. Reorganized and Redesignated, 28 August 1942, As 62nd Armored Field Artillery Battalion, At Camp Young, California.
Assigned to Western Task Force, 2nd U.S. Army Corps 1 October 1942.
Relieved from assignment to 2nd U.S. Army Corps 1 June 1943.
Assigned to 7th U.S. Army 15 June 1943, Relieved from assignment to 7th U.S. Army 15 October 1943, Reassigned as 5th Corps Artillery, 1st U.S. Army 15 October 1943, Relieved Assignment as 5th Corps Artillery, 1st U.S. Army 1 September 1944, Reassigned as 21st Corps Artillery 1st U.S. Army 15 September 1944.
Inactivated At Port of Embarkation, New York 29 November 1945.
Activated 1 August 1946 at Fort Riley, Kansas.
Reconstituted and Consolidated with 3rd Battalion 41st Coast Artillery 28 June 1950.
Assigned to 6th Armored Division, 21 August 1950.
Activated 5 September 1950, At Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri
Inactivated 16 March 1956, At Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri.

ANNEX:

84th Field Artillery Battalion

Constituted 3 June 1916, in the regular Army As 2nd Squadron, 24th Cavalry Regiment.
Organized 5 June 1917, At Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming.
Converted and Redesignated 2nd Battalion, 82nd Field Artillery and assigned to the 15th Cavalry Division, 1 November 1917.
Reorganized and Redesignated as the 84th Field Artillery Battalion and Inactivated at Fort Bliss, Texas 9 September 1921.
Redesignated 2nd Battalion, 82nd Field Artillery Regiment 17 March 1930.

SIXTY-SECOND CAMPAIGN STREAMERS (BATTLE HONORS)

TUNISA, SICILY, NORMANDY (WITH ARROWHEAD) NORTHERN FRANCE, ARDENNES-ALSACE,
RHINELAND, CENTRAL EUROPE

"DECORATIONS"

Presidential Unit Citation (Distinguished Unit Citation) For Normandy Beach-Head. Cited in the Order of The Day of the Belgian Army, For Participation in the Liberation of Belgium.

Seven Campaign Stars, One Assault Landing Arrowhead, One Distinguished Service Cross, Six Legion of Merit Medals, Twelve Air Medals, Thirty-Eight Silver Star Medals, One-Hundred Seven Bronze Star Medals and Four Hundred Twenty Purple Heart Medals.

The Battalion was equipped with Eighteen, One Hundred Five Millimeter Howitzers mounted on Self-Propelled M-Four Tank Chassis.

First Combat Mission, Landed as support Battalion (Less Howitzers) To Seventh Infantry Regiment, Third Infantry Division in the Vicinity of Casablanca and Fedella, French Morocco, North Africa Nine November Nineteen-Hundred Forty-Two. The Battalion, For the North African Campaign was attached to the First Infantry Division, Third Infantry Division, Thirty-Fourth Infantry Division, First Armored Division, And the French Colonial Army for Supporting Fire.

For the Sicilian Campaign the Battalion was attached to the First Infantry Division, Third Infantry Division, Ninth Infantry Division, Second Armored Division and the Eighty-Second Air Borne Division for Supporting Fire.

In Europe the Battalion was attached to the following units , First Infantry Division, Second Infantry Division, Ninth Infantry Division, Twenty-Eighth Infantry Division, Thirtieth Infantry Division, Seventy-Eighth Infantry Division, One-Hundred-Fourth Infantry Division, The Third Rangers, Second Armored Division, One-Hundred-Second Cavalry Group and the Fiftieth Northumbrian Division of the British Army with Supporting Fire.

First Action in Europe, The Invasion on D-Day Sixth of June Nineteen-Hundred-Forty-Four, Used as direct assault support to Third Battalion Sixteenth Infantry Regiment, First Infantry Division, On Fox-Red Section, Omaha Beach of the Normandy Beach-Head, First rounds fired at Eleven-Thousand Yards at Sea into the Beach, and fired to within One-Thousand yards of the Beach-Head. Fired Seven-Hundred-Thousand-Six Hundred-Eighty-Six rounds of One-Hundred-Five Millimeter Ammunition in World War Two, with Four-Hundred-Twenty-Four Days of Actual Combat. Chsualties-Heavy..... ..