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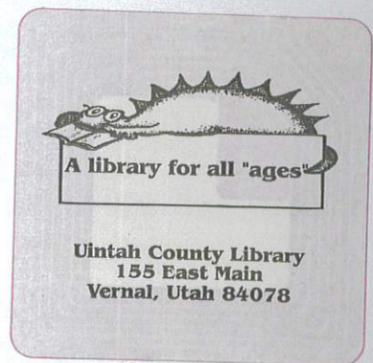


**VFW POST 5560
DUANE HALL
COMMANDER
1990-1998**

NF
979.203
VFW
Keepers of
Our Country

NF 355.1 KEEPERS
Hall, Duane, comp.
Keepers of our country

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KEEPERS OF OUR COUNTRY

COMPILED BY
DUANE HALL, COMMANDER
V.F.W. POST 5560
VERNAL, UTAH

1996

LOOKING FORWARD

The following pages are abbreviated personal histories of individuals who have served in the different services of our U.S. Military. Most, but not all, are current members of our Veterans of Foreign Wars, Vernal Post 5560. There is no attempt to glamorize or glorify, or try to make heroes of anyone.

Most were written by the person themselves. All were very mellow, to say the least. There could have been a lot more detail, but was decided that that part wasn't that necessary.

For a few, to try to put some of these events and experiences on paper created a problem for them. Consequently, after long interviews and reference to books written by others who were there, I have written for them. All events and experiences are documented and accurate.

I want all who participated to know how much I appreciate their participation.

Duane Hall

Duane Hall, Commander
V.F.W. Post 5560

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KEEPERS OF OUR COUNTRY

Eighteen hundred and ninety-six to 1996 means that 100 years ago this year, our great state of Utah joined the nation as the 45th state. Throughout this year, much will be said and remembered about people and events that have taken place in our state this past 100 years.

Much attention will be placed on people and events that are quite well known. This is as it should be. There are, quite naturally, many events and people that had major parts in the development of our state that are not so well known, and maybe not so glamorous, until one takes the time to reflect and see the valuable part they had to play in the big scheme of things.

As we do this, we'll find that our Uintah Basin made great contributions to making our UTAH a great state.

During the "Hard Winter" of 1879-80, food became so short that some very critical decisions had to be made. It was determined that the quickest source for obtaining food would be Green River, Wyoming. This trip would go over Diamond Mountain, down Crouse Canyon into Brown's Park (outlaw hangout) where they crossed the Green River and then on to Green River City, Wyoming. Here these men made their purchases and started their return journey. About evening, the party arrived at the Green River in Brown's Hole. They had bedded down for the night when Chell Hall convinced them that they should harness their teams and get across the Green River. Consider the facts that it was late winter, in the middle of the night, and these men had to be soaking wet. Though cold, wet, and miserable without measure, coupled with the concern of their families and others who were depending on their "bringing home the bacon and the flour," bring home the bacon they did. This nearly impossible mission, accomplished by Chellus Hall, Lee Hall, Dave Woodruff, Pete Peterson and Jim Henry, has to be the most unselfish and heroic act of humanity in the 100 year history of the Uintah Basin.

Through the many years, there were many men and women who were low profile, unpretentious people who provided the steady, solid backbone of this Basin. These people enjoyed the good times they had and endured the tough times. Regardless of their circumstances, they did not waver. Their morals, principles and ethics were never compromised. These characteristics have been passed on to many Uintah Basin people through the years.

Beginning with World War I, the young people have been called and they answered and served with pride and distinction. From Uintah County during WWI, there were approximately 300 young men who left home to defend our country. Of these, 15 were killed in action in Europe.

When World War II started, there was quite a number of young men already in the military. From the Uintah Basin there was an additional 2,211 men called to serve their country, as well as 35 women who served during WWII. These numbers represent approximately ten percent of the total population of the Uintah Basin. The Uintah Basin can be very proud of their young men and women for the manner in which they served this country. Some were kept in the states because of the exceptional ability to train other soldiers. Others were sent across the face of the earth. There were very few, if any, major battles which took place during WWII that Uintah Basin soldiers were not there. When we refer to soldiers, this means to include Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines and Coast Guard. The women's ranks were identified as ANC (Army Nurse Corps), WAC (Women's Army Corps), WAF (Women's Air Force), WAVES (Women of the Navy), and SPARS (U.S. Coast Guard).

Not enough is known of the extreme situations these young men and women were exposed to and the courageous way they did the job they were called upon to do.

Of the number who were in the military during WWII, at least 93 were killed in action. At least ten prisoners of war, both in Europe and the South Pacific. It has been said, and rightfully so, that these men paid the highest price of all for this great country we live in.

While this war was raging, the Moms and Dads went to work in defense plants, ship yards,

bought war bonds, gathered scrap metals from off the roadsides, planted victory gardens and anything else they could do to support their country.

Our country had a rest for about four and a half years before the North Koreans decided to throw their fit and invaded South Korea. Right from the very first hour, Uintah Basin military people were involved. Whoever heard of Korea and who cared? We were called to defend a country we didn't know.

At this time there was quite a number of Uintah Basin military stationed in and around Japan. U.S. Air Force, Navy and Marines. Aerial Photography flown that first day indicated we would have one hell of a fight before this "Police Action" would be over. This would be no place for a policeman. Some 40 years later, politicians would decide it really was a war. Regardless of what it was called, Korea was where Uncle Sam stopped Communist aggression. It was, in fact, the beginning of the end of Communism. Many Uintah Basin military were there. Of the more than 54,000 who were killed in action, 10 was from here. We know about the Pusan Perimeter, Inchon Invasion, evacuation from Hamhung Harbor, Pork Chop Hill, and all the rest. Most of us are very proud of the part we played in this scene. If not, this world might not be as we know it.

Vietnam was probably the mistake of the century. Either fight to win or stay out. Some of those in authority at the time didn't see fit to do things that way. This mass mistake created an atmosphere from which some in our country have not recovered.

Still, the military personnel from Uintah Basin did the job our country asked of them with honor and distinction. In this war our Basin lost 14 boys, killed in action.

Then came "Operation Desert Storm," or as it is sometimes referred to, the "100 Hour War." In this instance, the military people in charge told the politicians to go sit in the corner and keep their mouth shut, and they would show how this job is supposed to be done. What a tremendous job they did. At one point it was said thirty Arab soldiers surrendered to one Army Nurse. She was either a damn tough gal or they weren't very tough soldiers. Again, Uintah Basin soldiers were right in the middle of this one, honorably, proud, and with distinction. Our area didn't lose any soldiers' lives in this one.

Another one our country got mixed up in was Somalia—you're right, our Uintah Basin soldiers were there, but with no casualties.

At present, our country has us involved in yet another fire fight across the ocean in Bosnia. Whether or not we agree with the cause, Uintah Basin military is there in the middle of that one, big time. In addition to those stationed in Bosnia, support teams are stationed in Aviano, Italy, Germany and on Naval vessels. The commander of the Apache Helicopter unit stationed at Tusla, Bosnia is a Vernal man, Captain Randall Haws.

Having served in Panama Canal Zone for one and a half years fighting the drug war, 1st Lt. Mitchell Hall is now serving in the Embassy in Quito, Ecuador. Lt. Hall serves as military advisor to the Ambassador.

As we speak today, March 1996, our Uintah Basin military are serving our country, not only in the USA but in Korea, Japan, Alaska, Panama, Equador, Italy, Germany, Turkey, Saudia Arabia and Bosnia.

So I hope we will realize through these few notes, that over the past 100 years the people that have served in our country's military have played a very major part in seeing our Basin and our state to where we could celebrate our 100 year anniversary.

As a citizen of this country, one can move to any part that suits them the best. It is really hard to imagine any kind of food that cannot be bought in our stores. A person can pursue any kind of livelihood they want in our country. They are restricted only by their own courage and ambition. We do not live in any fear at all of any foreign soldiers invading our shores. These are but a very few of the tons of blessings our Lord has showered upon us.



"GUARDIAN ANGEL"

Dedication ceremony in Vernal, Utah, 11 Nov. 1924

This was a cold, windy day. Everyone dressed in heavy coats, except one. If the lady at the left of the Doughboy stood erect, she would be nearly eight feet tall — the height of the pedestal on which the Doughboy stands. There are no newspaper accounts of her, and people who were present on this day remember nothing about her.

FOUR OF VERNAL'S PIONEERS

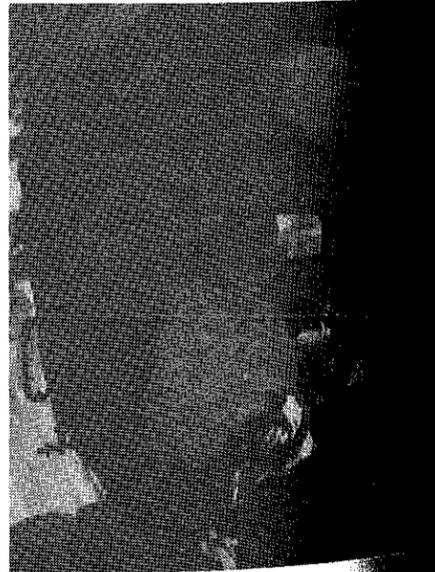
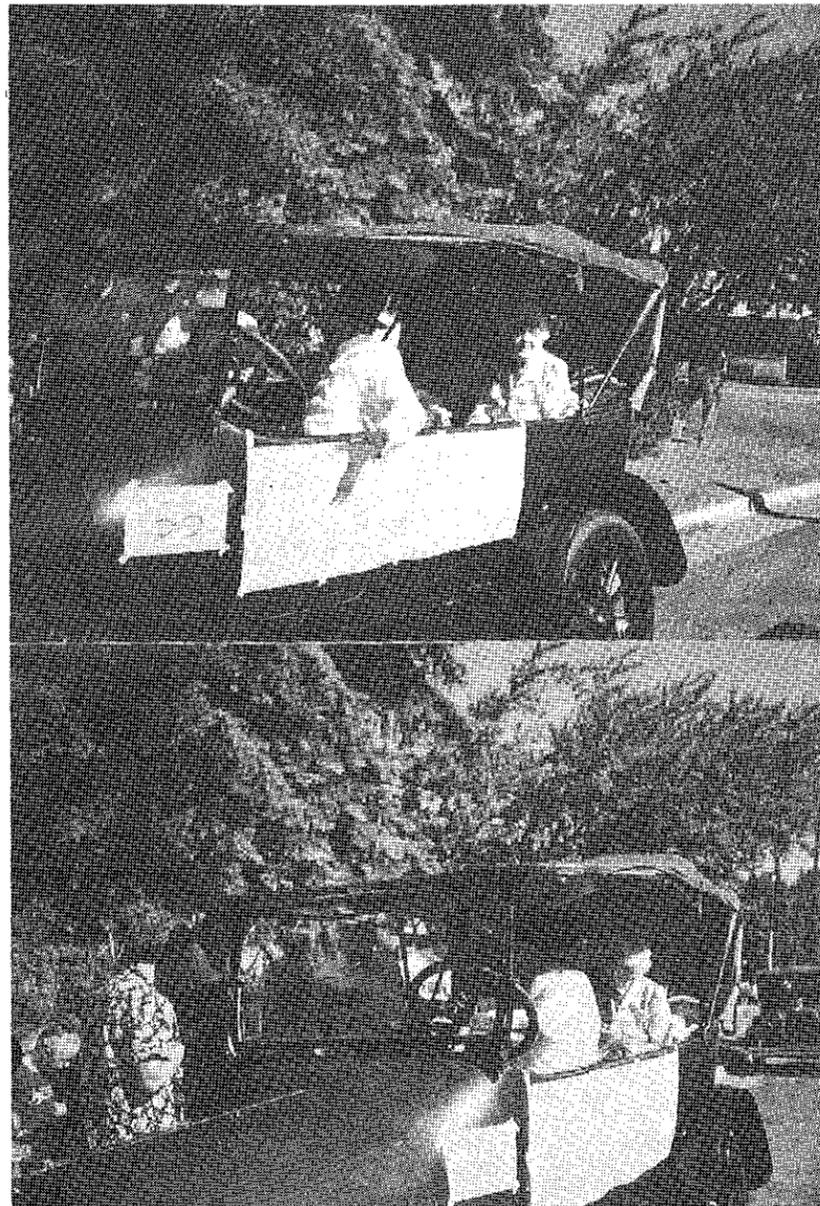
Marie Atwood 92

Nola McNeill 91

Dick Ufford 76

Dick's Buick 76

335 years of pioneering



VETERANS OF THE HOMEFRONT

The day was 24 July 1994: pioneer day parade in Vernal, Utah. There were beautiful entries of all kinds. One entry that really contributed to the pioneer spirit was number 22.

A few days before, two of our older ladies were featured in the Vernal Express. One was Marie Atwood, age 92, the other was Nola McNeill, age 91.

Someone had an idea what a nice gesture it would be for these two ladies to be in a parade. Dick Ufford, age 76, was contacted to see if he would chauffeur these ladies in his car, a 1918 Buick, also 76 years old. Dick, as is his way, said he would be tickled to. A very gracious man in his own right.

These two ladies are the kind who always saw to it that supper was on the table. They washed the clothes, which back in those days was done on a washboard in a tub of water carried from the ditch. They saw to it that the kids washed their faces and combed their hair before school. They were the ones who sat up all night when they had a sick kid, or to keep ice on a corpse until funeral day. When a neighbor woman was having a baby, they were there to help. In December 1930, Aunt Marie was there when a pair of twins was born to the Halls.

When the man of the house was away making the living, they stayed home to take care of the kids, the farm and whatever else had to be done. All of this and more was taken in stride and without complaint. The knot they tied when they were married was not a slip knot. They lasted forever.

Dick said as they rode through town the two talked of when they had gone to school together. And "yes," he said, "they giggled just like a couple of teenage girls."

At the end of the ride, Aunt Marie looked at her daughter Elva and said, "I thought you said I was going to ride with Nola McNeill." Elva said, "Mom, you did." Aunt Marie told Elva "I did not, that is some old woman."

How nice it was that these two gracious old ladies could have a little recognition and have their day in the sun.

These two ladies, Dick, and his Buick represented 335 years. Pioneers? You bet.

Thanks goes to Dick Ufford for making this possible.

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY

Dear Friends:

On February 12, *USA Today* featured a wonderful tribute to the 2.3 million couples who were married in 1946. The men had just returned victorious from the battlefields of World War II and were anxious to establish homes and families. That is precisely what they and their sweethearts did—in record numbers. More Americans got married that year than in any 12 month period before or since. And now in 1996, the surviving couples are celebrating their 50th wedding anniversaries. That calls for a collective celebration. Thus, I have dedicated this month's letter specifically to those very special people, now in their sixties, seventies and eighties, who have earned our respect and admiration.

What is so impressive about this generation is that a high percentage of their marriages remain intact, despite the dramatic social changes occurring since 1946. They weathered the sexual revolution during the sixties, the epidemic of easy divorce, and a culture that is increasingly hostile to the family. When they stood at an altar and agreed to love one another "til death do us part," that is precisely what they meant. Compared to today's newlyweds, who are likely to stay married only 7.2 years, those postwar couples have been models of stability and loyalty to those they loved. That's why *USA Today* referred to them as the "stick-to-it" generation with a survivor mentality.

One of the characteristics of these older Americans is that they learned from the "school of hard knocks." They grew up in the Great Depression, when it was a struggle just to keep body and soul together. Then they went through the most terrible war in world history, which killed or maimed many of their friends and loved ones. Large numbers of them experienced deprivation, inconvenience and danger throughout their formative years. Thus, they learned how to deal with those occasions when life turned out to be more difficult than advertised. Perhaps that is why they didn't cut and run when the going got rough.

There is another reason to honor our fathers and mothers, grandparents and great-grandparents. The freedoms we enjoy today were secured with their sacrifice and blood. It is easy to forget the price they paid to defeat Nazi Germany, the Imperial Japanese and Mussolini's Italy. I was only five years old when World War II started, but I still remember the anxiety it caused my parents and other adults. Their fears could not be hidden from us children. The day Pearl Harbor was bombed, I asked my mother if we could lose the war. She admitted solemnly that we could. The future of our beloved country depended on the young men and women who rushed down to register for the armed services and then marched off to war. Before the fighting ended in 1945, nearly 671,000 Americans had been wounded and 405,000 had given their lives for the cause.

I have always felt indebted to those men who fought to defend our freedom in those years. That's why Shirley and I visited the Normandy beaches in France during the summer of 1994. We wanted to see where thousands of brave young Americans, British and Canadians waded ashore on D-Day, June 6, 1944. It is hallowed ground today. We stood on the cliffs above the beach known as "Omaha" and tried to imagine what had occurred there 50 years earlier. Then we walked silently and reverently through the American cemetery just a short distance away. Nearly 10,000 manicured graves lay in symmetrical rows, marked by small white crosses or Stars of David. Engraved on each was the identity of the service man buried there, such as "Pvt. John Walsh, January 22, 1926-June 7, 1944, Dayton, Ohio." Behind every name is an untold story — of battlefield valor, of a violent death, and of a grieving family thousands of miles away. Shirley and I were especially moved to note that some of the "men" were only 17 or 18 years old when they were killed. They were actually boys, in the bloom of adolescence, who had come under withering fire from guns above them. Yet they walked into the face of death—because their country asked it of them.

Before leaving the cemetery, we went into the little chapel and knelt in memory of the fallen men. With moist eyes, I thanked the Lord for their sacrifice and the freedom they tried to defend. Then on the way to the car, something struck me. Isn't it unfortunate, I thought, that the generation called upon to pay this enormous

price eventually became parents who were hated by many of their sons and daughters? They raised their kids in the comfort and privilege of postwar prosperity, but then saw them grow resentful and angry. These baby boomers became known in the late sixties as "flower children" and "hippies" and "street people." Among their revolutionary notions was a complete rejection of everything their parents stood for and fought to preserve.

They despise their country, its government, its Christian heritage, its culture, its history, its capitalist economy, its work ethic and its concept of traditional marriage and the family. They experimented blatantly with casual sex, communal marriage, cohabitation, and a Pharmacopia of hard drugs. Their slogan, coined by Berkeley anti-war activist Jack Weinberg, was "Don't trust anyone over thirty." That disrespect was aimed at their fathers, many of whom had risked their lives in Normandy, in North Africa and on the sands of Iwo Jima. Mothers were also hit, including those who waited anxiously at home and finally received one of those terrible telegrams that began, "The War Department regrets to inform you....."

As we left the cemetery, I was again confronted by the irony in that place. The generation called upon to face death on those beaches and so many other battlefields would be despised 20 years later by those who had benefited most from their sacrifice—their own children.

IVAN W. ATWOOD

Born June 2, 1899 in Vernal, Utah, attended Vernal schools until in his 18th year. World War I was in progress at that time. (Vernal Express 15 Oct. 1917)

Ivan took his basic training at Goat Island in California and on Receiving Ship at Mare Island, California. From there he was shipped to New York where he was assigned aboard an old German liner that had been converted to a troop ship.

Later Ivan was assigned aboard the ship "United States Troop Transport 'Covington'." Ivan made 14 trips from New York to Europe on the 'Covington' transporting troops. On the final leg of the 14th trip from Brest, France to New York, the 'Covington' was hit by a German torpedo at 8:45 at night. The 'Covington' was abandoned. Other ships in the convoy picked up the survivors. The 'Covington' didn't go down immediately, so other ships hooked lines on it in an attempt to tow her back to port in Brest, France. There had been too much damage and the 'Covington' went down at 5:00 A.M. the next morning, July 2, 1918. After the torpedo hit, Ivan spent 5½ hours in the water before he was picked up.

A Naval officer aboard another ship in the convoy took pictures of the 'Covington' until she went down. Four of these pictures were printed in the Deseret Evening News dated December 28, 1918.

After serving 2½ years in the U.S. Navy, Ivan received an honorable discharge and later was awarded the Victory Medal.

Ivan came back to Vernal where he married Marie Hall. He followed his Navy career as a baker for years in the Vernal City Bakery. The remainder of his 93 years (which ended at his death in 1992) he farmed, mined coal, cut and sawed timber, operated a dairy, managed a newspaper agency, was a defense worker, a U.S. Postal clerk, and insurance agent.

Ivan and Marie enjoyed the American blessing of living where they chose and pursuing the livelihood of their choice. They raised 3 daughters and 2 sons. At age 94, Marie, his faithful wife for 71 years at the time of his death, resides with her daughter and son-in-law, Elva and Arvel Allred in Vernal.



IVAN W. ATWOOD
The first Sailor Boy to enlist
from Vernal

MEMORIES OF WORLD WAR II

By Ruth Wall Walker

The morning of Sunday, December 7, 1941 is a date that many people will remember forever. It changed the lives and lifestyles of ordinary citizens from "civilians" to "service personnel."

I have lived in Vernal for approximately 45 years as of 1996. So although I am not a "native," I feel I have spent most of my life here. I was born and raised in Logan, Utah. After graduating from high school, I attended LDS Business College and gained a business degree. In 1941 I was attending Utah State Agricultural College and working as a secretary to the head of the Music Department, Walter Welti. When war was declared, the government sent a group of Marines to Logan to be trained. So for a year we were exposed to military people in our small town.

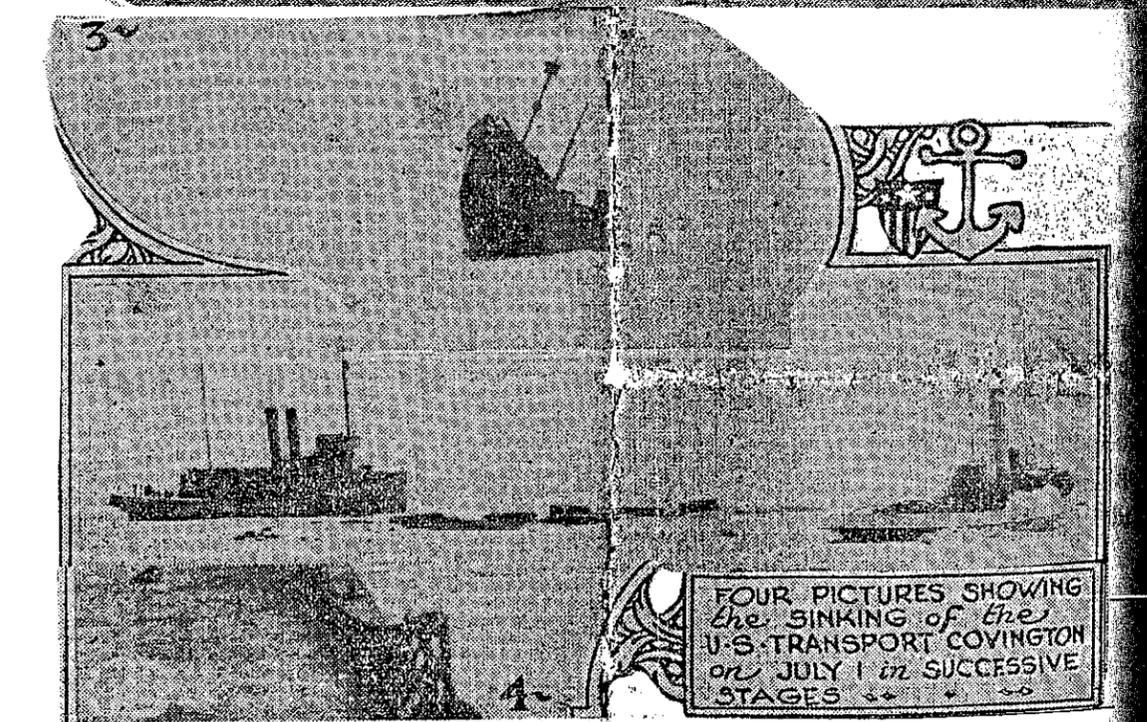
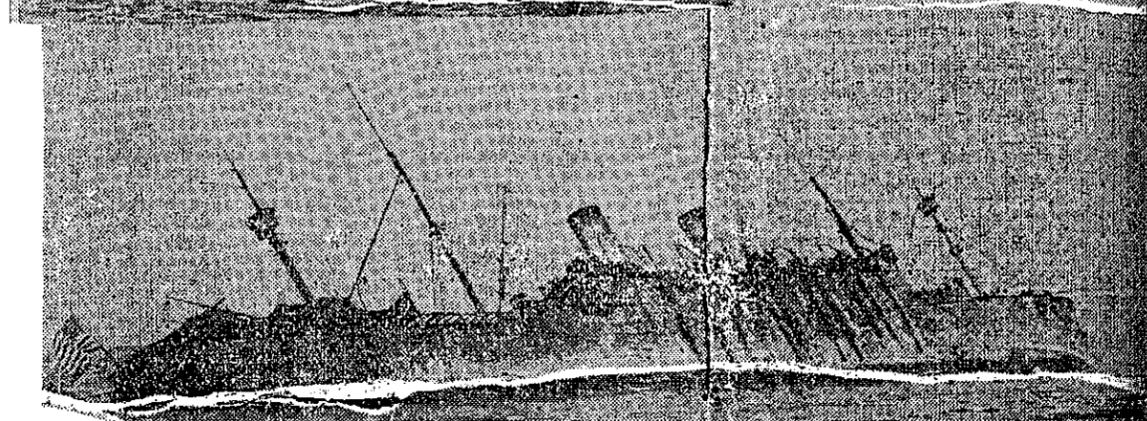
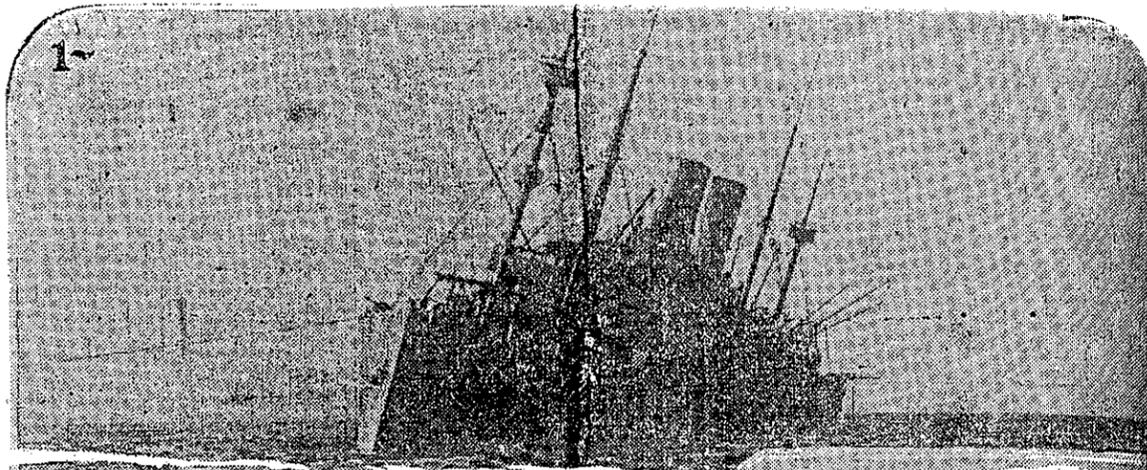
In 1943 I felt like I should be doing something for the "war" effort along with many other people. There was a lot of anxiety in the air and our brothers and friends were all "joining up" or "being drafted." So along with a friend of mine, we joined the Navy "WAVES," which stands for "Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service." The main reason for women's organizations was to release the able-bodied men for active duty overseas and other places. At first the women weren't accepted too well. But by the end of the war, they had proved their worth. Some of the other women's services were Army "WACS," Coast Guard "SPARS," Air Force and Women Marines.

We were sent to New York City for a month of basic training. As I had been a secretary for quite a few years and had had previous experience, I did not have to go to a special schooling but was sent out on direct assignment. I had the rank of "Yeoman 1st Class." I was sent to San Francisco to the 12th Naval District. There were about 120 WAVES there at this time and we were sent to various stations such as Oakland Air Base, Mare Island Navy Base, Tiburon, Treasure Island and many local offices right in San Francisco.

I was assigned to the Port Director's Office in the Federal Building in downtown San Francisco and was the first WAVE in that particular department. (I served there for three years, from June 1943 to May 1946.) Our office was responsible for gathering all the information about the personnel who were sent overseas on ships. We would compile this information and send it to the various ports by air mail so that when the ships came in they would know who was on them. We had various code names for the different countries and places where the men were sent. It was very interesting and very confidential. We had to be screened very carefully and were not allowed to talk about anything concerning our work outside of the office. The officers in our office were called Loading Officers. After a few months, more WAVES were brought into our office, as the feeling of importance of women working in the war effort increased.

Even though it was serious business, there were light moments in our lives. As I said, I had access to the lists of men who were being shipped overseas. Sometimes I would come across a familiar name from "back home," so I would arrange to go with the loading officers to load that particular ship and was able to visit with some of the people that I knew.

There were many shortages during the war all over the country: sugar rationing, gas rationing and other things. When we traveled, we went by bus or train. Once in a while, we could go to Oakland Air Base and "hitch" a ride to Hill Field in Ogden on an Army Transport so that I could spend a three day pass with my folks in Logan. It would take us three hours to get to Ogden by plane, and about that long or longer to find a ride to Logan. It was only 35 miles away; but because of the gas rationing, there wasn't much transportation.



The accompanying pictures showing the sinking of the United States transport Covington were taken by a navy officer on board a vessel in the convoy. The vessel was struck by a torpedo from a German submarine at fifteen minutes before nine o'clock on the night of July 1, 1918, when the convoy was 148 miles south of Brest. After the vessel was struck, radio messages were sent out and picked up on the coast of France and tugs were sent immediately to her assistance. The pictures were taken the next morning when the vessel was in tow and an effort was being made to get her into Brest. The tugs got lines to the damaged ship at five o'clock in the afternoon and towed her for fifty miles before she sank, at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon.

The pictures were taken at intervals of ten minutes, except between the last two, when only about two minutes elapsed. The last picture in the series shows the tugs, lifeboats and life rafts, the transport having disappeared.

One bus a day. I remember standing in long lines to get a pair or two of "silk stockings." These were not issued to us along with our uniforms, so we had to get our own. It was quite a thing.

It seemed that during these war years, at least in San Francisco, there was a feeling of "unity." We worked with all kinds of people, and everyone felt that they needed to work together to get this war won. I'm sure there was "rivalry" between the units of the military, but on the whole everyone felt a closeness and a need for helping our country. I met many wonderful people during the three years I was in the service, and most of the experiences were good, even though a war was on. Many of those people have been lifelong friends.

After the war I went to college, Brigham Young University, on the "GI Bill of Rights." Also, Don Walker had been in the Navy and was attending BYU. We met there and were married. We moved to Vernal and have raised a family of five children (one died at the age of five years). Our children are all married now and raising their own families. Don was Uintah County Assessor for 28 years and has been in the cattle business for years. I have had many secretarial positions over the years in Vernal. I have also been active in musical circles, playing the piano in the community, as well as in our church. Don's family is very musical and we have sung and played at many, many weddings, funerals, community programs and other places over the years.

Vernal is a good place to live and raise children and to be a part of the community.

DON M. WALKER

Born in Vernal, Utah to George F. and Rose Richardson Walker. I was the eighth of ten children. We lived on a farm in south Vernal and I enjoyed growing up there and working with animals. I was active in football and basketball in high school and also played the trombone in the band. I graduated in May of 1943.

Within a month after graduating, I found myself in Navy boot camp at Farragut, Idaho. I received the rank of Seaman 2nd Class. After this training I was sent to California for a short stay and put on a troop ship, zig-zagging all the way to Hawaii and then to New Caledonia.

One warm summer day while at muster, the Chief Petty Officer in charge asked if anyone in the group could play the trombone in a dance orchestra. I happened to mention to the fellow next to me that I could but surely wouldn't care to do that on this patch of sand. To my surprise, he raised his hand and pointed to me and said "this guy can." So for the next three months I played in the band. This became boring so I asked for a transfer. Looking back on it, I think it was a mistake because I was assigned to a destroyer, the USS LANSLOWNE, DD486. I soon found out I was in the fighting Navy.

Among other experiences, I was assigned to the projectile handling room of the ship. This was a very small area. Since I was very tall, it wasn't to my advantage. As we were in rough waters, one of the projectors came loose off the bulkhead and hit me on the head and knocked me out. After this, I was transferred to the main deck of the ship and stationed in a six-inch gun turret. When we were at "general quarters," this was my station. Other than that, I was a radioman.

From December 25, 1943, our ship participated in many battles from Guadalcanal to Okinawa, earning 12 battle stars, and ending up with the 3rd Fleet off the coast of Japan when the hostilities ceased.

On August 19, 1945, the Lansdowne was the second ship in line entering Tokyo Bay, escorting the USS South Dakota, Admiral Chester Nimitz's flagship. On September 2, 1945, after years of almost continuous combat, we were gratified and proud when the Lansdowne was one of four destroyers selected to take part in the surrender ceremonies. The Lansdowne went alongside the Yokohama Customs House Pier and took aboard the Japanese surrender party. They were transported to the vicinity of the battleship USS Missouri, then taken by launch to the battleship for the surrender ceremonies. After signing, the Japanese were returned to the Custom House Pier by the Lansdowne, completing the last official act of World War II.

One of the saddest experiences we had to witness was the transporting of American POWs from southern Honshu to the hospital ships in Tokyo Bay. They were really in bad condition, having been prisoners of war.

On October 18, 1945 the Lansdowne left Japan with the battleships California, Tennessee and five destroyers, and escorted these ships on a world tour en route home. The ports of call were: Singapore, Ceylon (India) and Cape Town, South Africa. The California and Tennessee ships were too large to go through the Panama Canal, so they had to take this route home. We entered the Brooklyn Navy Yard in New York on December 6, 1945. The Lansdowne was appropriately nicknamed the "Lucky L." All the ships in her squadron were hit at least once, and four were lost. Only the Lansdowne came through unscathed.

The Lansdowne left Brooklyn Navy Yard on January 17, 1946 for decommissioning at Charleston, South Carolina. I was then discharged 18 Feb 1946 and returned to Vernal.

KENNETH E. MANSFIELD

Born April 2, 1922 at Caisson, Colorado, seven miles east of the Utah State line on Highway 10 (dirt road at the time).

I grew up in this area and attended school in a one room school house that was located two and a half miles east of Baxter Springs and one and a half miles west of Caisson, Colorado, population: one old man who was the postmaster.

When I was seventeen I joined the C.C.C. and spent 18 months in camp at Massadona, Colorado, and was discharged April 1, 1941.

I could not find work in this area, so I went to Denver, Colorado and went to work at Lowry Air Base.

December 7, 1941, about 2 P.M. the news on the radio announced the bombing of Pearl Harbor, and my world was suddenly changed.

December 8, 1941, I walked up to a very long line of young men at the recruiting office of the U.S.M.C. in Denver, Colorado. However, I was only nineteen and didn't have anyone to sign me in, so I had to wait until May 20, 1942.

I arrived in San Diego, California on May 22, 1942, got out of boot camp about the middle of July, and was assigned to the 19th Regiment of the Third Marine Division.

We had about 6 months of rigorous training at Camp Pendleton, California and then were sent to Auckland, New Zealand. Another four months there and then we were sent to Guadalcanal, British Solomon Islands, where there were some Japanese still roaming around, and a lot of air raids.

We trained in jungle warfare about four months, then we were transported aboard ships about 400 miles north and invaded the Jap-held island of Bougainville. We went ashore at a place called Empress Augusta Bay. The jungle around the bay was very thick and once you were in the jungle, you couldn't see very far. The only good thing about it was that the enemy couldn't see you very good, either. We were on Bougainville from November 1, 1943 to January 1, 1944. We were relieved by an army division and sailed back to Guadalcanal for rest and more training.

Around the first of May or early June, we loaded the ships and sailed northwest to the Mariana Islands in the Central Pacific. In the first part of June 1944, the 2nd and 4th Divisions went ashore on the island of Saipan. The 3rd Division was held in floating reserve, so we went around and around for about three weeks. We had to go back to the Marshall Islands to refuel the ships, and then it was back to Saipan to go around and around for about ten days. Then the Navy released us to invade the island of Guam. We went ashore on Guam June 21, 1944.

It had been 56 days of water since we had left the Solomon Islands. It took 20 days to retake Guam, and we set up a permanent camp there.

February 10, 1945, back aboard transport ships and heading northwest. Each morning the air was a little cooler. The sixth morning word came that the 4th and 5th Divisions were ashore on Iwo Jima and were having a very bad time. Then three days later my unit was called in, and about thirty days later the place was secured.

We were sent back to Guam and upon arriving back there, we were informed that all of us that had left the states in February of '43 would be coming home as soon as they could get us transportation.

K. Mansfield

SHIRLEY F. SLAUGH
81st QM Co., 81st Infantry Division

I was born July 8, 1918 in Mt. Pleasant, Utah (my mother's family home). When I was five weeks old my father, Franklin G. Slauch, bought a truck in Salt Lake, picked up mother and me, and brought us to Vernal. Since then Vernal has been my home base, although my travels have taken me to many other places.

I was living in Wheatland, Wyo. and hauling gasoline from Casper to Denver when I received my orders to report to Ft. Douglas on June 8, 1942. From there I was sent, along with several hundred others, to Camp Rucker, Ala. where the 81st Inf. Division had just been activated. I was assigned to a QM Truck Co., which I thought was appropriate, considering my four years over-the-road experiences as a driver. However, I never got to drive a truck. On my second day, the First Sergeant took me from the parade ground where they were trying to show me the difference between my right and left feet. He said that he didn't have a company clerk, so he would use me temporarily until he got a regular clerk. I worked for four First Sergeants before I was transferred from that job. I found out why there was a paper shortage—we wasted a lot of it.

We stayed at Camp Rucker for ten months. Early in the spring of 1943, we convoyed to Tennessee for two months of maneuvers in the Tennessee mountains. From there we went to a desert training center at Hlyder, Arizona for five months of desert training. It was a lot different from the cool hills of Tennessee, what with sand and dust, rattlers and other varmints, and 115 to 120 degree temperatures. We eventually became accustomed to these things, and I decided that the desert climate was preferable to the hot, humid climate of Alabama.

On Thanksgiving Day 1943, we convoyed to Camp San Luis Obispo on the west coast for additional training. From there we moved to Camp Beale, our staging area where we prepared for transporting to the Pacific theater of operations. While there I had the privilege of sitting about fifteen feet from General George C. Marshall. He insisted that the NCO's sit in front, and I was on the first row.

We shipped out on a Dutch ship, the Kota Baru, for Pearl Harbor. We were assigned to a tent camp on the other side of the island. While we were there (about three weeks), we had the opportunity to see President Roosevelt, General McArthur and Admiral King as they drove by in a jeep.

We left Pearl Harbor aboard the Storm King. Our first stop was for one day at Guadalcanal for a rendezvous with the 7th Fleet. From there we went to the Western Carolines, in the Palau Island group. Our first beachhead was on the island of Angaur, a small coral island that was needed as an air base from which our planes could hit the Japanese in the Philippines. About ten days later we were transferred about eight miles away to the island of Pelelieu. The 3rd Marine Division had taken this island; then they shipped out for R & R, so the 81st moved in to take their place.

We stayed here for about three months, then went to New Caledonia for our own R & R. R & R is supposed to mean Rest and Recuperation, but to us it just meant lots and lots of work. By this time I was working in the Division QM Office, Transportation Section, and we were making plans to go to Okinawa.

Our ship (the Frederick Funston) was preparing to leave the harbor at Noumea, our orders were suddenly changed and we were sent to the island of Leyte in the Philippines. This was a break for us as the battle on Okinawa was much worse than Leyte. We were still on Leyte, at a small village called Dulag about 25 miles from Tacloban) when the Japanese surrendered.

In Sept. 1945 we again loaded up and headed for Aomori, a city of about 100,000, situated on Honshu. Their city had been fire bombed the previous summer. Most of the buildings had been destroyed and the houses were in deplorable condition. When I left there on Dec. 10th to take the train for Yokohama, the snow was about three feet deep and it was very cold. I felt very sorry for the people who had to cope with such unpleasant conditions. They were not responsible for the conditions that their leaders had put upon them.

I had to wait about two weeks for transportation out of Yokohama. No one complained when we were loaded in the hold of a freighter with canvas cots placed as closely together as possible. All we wanted was to get home. I received my discharge from Ft. McArthur, Calif. on Jan. 9, 1946. Evelyn and I were married the following day, and the train ride to Salt Lake was our honeymoon trip. We just celebrated our 50th anniversary in Jan. Fifty happy years.

I am still active in Veterans affairs—life member of the Am. Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars and hold offices in both organizations.

GEORGE LONG

I was born and raised in Ashley Valley, here in northeastern Utah. I was raised on our farm, which was part of my grandfather William S. Powell's early homestead dating back to 1877. I attended early school in Ashley, then finished my schooling at the Uintah High School where I graduated in 1934.

On Sep. 14, 1944, I was inducted into the U.S. Army and took my basic training at Camp Roberts, California. There were ten of us Uintah County boys taking our training at the same time at Camp Roberts: Norman Fletcher, Garr Jones, Rulon Lind, Jim Dart, Calvin Bennion, Robert Rich, Evan Slaugh, LaDell Slaugh, Darrell Huber, and myself. Most of us went overseas on the same ship. Rulon Lind was held back due to an infected tooth, and two weeks later went overseas and was later in the battle of Okinawa. The rest of us went to the Philippines.

We left San Francisco Harbor on Feb 24, 1945 and went to the South Pacific to New Guinea, where we helped make up a convoy for the Philippines. This convoy zig-zagged back and forth all the way north to Leyte in the Philippines. Part of Leyte and the port of Tacloban had recently been secured from the Japanese. We went ashore by landing barges at night, as the Japanese still had some air power in the area. We were glad to get off the Norwegian troop ship, as we'd been aboard her for thirty days.

At the replacement depot at Tacloban, most of us were split up. Some went to the Philippine Island of Mindanao, some to Luzon to the north, and I think one or two stayed on Leyte. I'll never forget the morning when Sandy Bennion got his call and was shipping south to another island. Sandy, as we all called him, came to the replacement depot with Garr Jones and I were in. He had tears in his eyes as he told us he was leaving. He felt so bad that the three of us were not staying together, as we'd been so close all along. We felt bad too, and put our arms around him and Garr said, "Sandy, we'll meet you in Tokyo." Sandy shook his head and, with tears running down his cheeks, replied, "I know I'll never make it." We all three had tears running as we tried to assure him that things would work out okay. It was a sad parting indeed. That was the last time we ever saw Sandy, as he was killed on Mindanao a month before the war ended. I'll never forget our parting that morning as long as I live. Sandy was the only one of our group who lost his life over there.

In a couple more days, Evan Slaugh, who we called Crane, Garr Jones, Robert Rich and I sailed north to Luzon and landed at Manila, which had just been liberated a short while. I think LaDell Slaugh and Darrell Huber went south to Mindanao, and as to the others, I don't know where they went. After a short stay at Manila, Garr Jones was sent to the 37th Division, and the other three of us to the 25th Infantry Division. Again, it was a sad parting as Jones and I were split up. We never saw each other again until the war was over and we were back in the states.

From Manila we were transported north on an old narrow gauge railroad after dark to what remained of a town called San Jose. Here we were again split up, with Slaugh and Rich going to the 37th division and me to the 35th regiment. Both units were a part of the 25th Infantry Division, which was stationed at Balete Pass to the north a few miles. Now I was alone, being separated from buddies I had been with since training and friends from my home town. I can't explain the empty feeling that came over me. I knew full well how Sandy Bennion felt that morning down at Leyte. Even though Crane Slaugh and Bob Rich were in the same division as I, we never met again until the war ended, and then I only saw Slaugh a couple times. Also, I got to see Darrell Huber a few times when in Japan. His outfit happened to be camped on the road a mile when we were stationed at Nagoya, Japan.

From San Jose I went by truck to an outpost where we recruits received weapons and equipment for our war fare. They took our gas masks, which we'd packed since landing at Leyte, and threw them into a pile and we never saw them again. We were orientated and left at daylight the next day, walking over the jungle trails to join our outfits. I was put in K Company of the 3rd battalion of the 35th infantry regiment. I was in the third squad of the third rifle platoon and assigned the job of second scout. On our first patrol we found that the lead, or first scout, had poor hearing, so he was pulled back to help pack ammo for the B.A.R. automatic gun, and I was given the job of first scout, a position I held the rest of our military tour. Kind of scary and very nerve wracking a lot of the time.

The weather was always damp and rained a lot. A lot of the time we'd have water in our fox holes. There were all sorts of insects, from mosquitos to blood sucking leeches. A lot of us got bad skin rashes and infection, which we called jungle rot. Everything was so much different from what it was in the good old U.S.A. We all had a lot of adjusting to do.

I had several interesting things happen, but there is one very special event of which I'll tell you about. The first major action that I took part in was an assignment where we had to break through and relieve a part of the first battalion which had been pinned down for some time near Balete Pass in this mountainous part of Luzon. Most of the action I saw took place in this area and on over in what was called the Congayan Valley to the north.

When our outfit broke through to the first battalion soldiers, they were one happy group. They had run very low on all supplies and had suffered considerable casualties. Trying to keep a low profile and hugging against some large boulders, I heard a man holler, "Butch, get your men and let's get the hell out of here." Around the big rock where I was crouching came this soldier with a haggard, tired look on his whiskered face, and as I took a good, quick second look, I realized it was Lyle Butcher from the Wounded area. His folks had operated a farm in Naples and I knew them well. We were both so jubilant that it was hard to find words to express our feelings. To meet like this and under such circumstances was really something. We just had a couple of minutes as he, of course, had to leave; but later, after the war ended, we got together on several occasions in Japan.

After three months of action my division was called back, and we started taking special training for what was to be later the invasion of Japan's mainland. So when the Atom bombs were dropped, bringing the war to an end, we were a very happy bunch, believe me. It was the news we all had been waiting for.

Following this great event, I spent several weeks at the 249th general hospital located at Clark Field on Luzon. I had yellow jaundice, along with some effects of skin rash, or jungle rot, as we called it. My outfit in the meantime, left for Nagoya, Japan. Later, after my hospital release, I caught a ship out of Lingayen Bay and rejoined my group in Nagoya. I'd got to see Evan 'Crane' Slauch a couple of times before leaving Luzon and, as mentioned earlier, I spent some time with Darrell Huber and Lyle Butcher while in Japan. How good it was to be with someone from home. My outfit moved three times while I was with them in Japan. Some places, like Nagoya, had really been hit hard with our bombing planes; but others, like Kyoto, in the northern part of Honshu, had never been touched. I got to spend a week at a rest area near the foot of Mt. Fuji, Japan's highest mountain, and this was quite a treat.

During the first week in August of 1946, I was sent to the states. As our ship docked at Seattle, Washington, some Red Cross workers met us and gave every soldier a quart of fresh milk. Boy, did it taste good, but you know, it made a lot of us sick for a while. I guess it was because we hadn't had any since leaving the states, only the powdered kind.

We went to Fort Lawton for a week, then loaded on an old style troop train and sent to Camp Pendleton, California where we were mustered out. I had attained the rank of sergeant and only lacked a little under three weeks of being in the service two years, of which over eighteen months was overseas. I spent a few days in California visiting my two brothers, who also had served in the military and had been discharged earlier. They boarded a Trailway Bus and headed home to my very special parents. This terrible war had been very hard on them, as it was all loved ones of our military personnel. To some who lost family members, words can't express their heartache.

Written by George Long
March 12, 1996

JOHN CARTER

After reading the accounts submitted by the members of the different military services and the different battles in which they participated, it would be a gross injustice to them if one who didn't know would think, "maybe it wasn't as bad as I thought." In these next few lines there is no intention to try to make heroes, nor any intention to exaggerate just a few of the events that took place and are positively documented. You might say, "for many, this is the rest of the story."

Over the many years, writers have written and documented the totally inhuman, brutal treatment of the millions of taken prisoners during WWI, WWII, Korea and Vietnam.

The completely barbaric atrocities committed by German, Japanese, North Korean, Chinese and Vietnamese soldiers simply cannot be comprehended by a normal, decent, human mind.

Of the military people I have visited with and accounts I have read, there are some that have a place in the story all by themselves.

Throughout much of their military training, combat soldiers and marines are trained discipline, self preservation, and the various ways to kill another human being. As thorough as this training may have been, nothing could have prepared these 17-24 year old young men what they were destined to encounter when they liberated the Nazi concentration camps in Germany, Poland and Austria.

One soldier of the 71st Infantry Division recalled that for 20 miles before they arrived at Buchenwald concentration camp, they began to smell the filth and stench they were to encounter. The stench was so grossly graphic and unreal to the decent, human mind. They were certainly not prepared for what they were to see. Bear in mind, these were damn tough, battle-hardened combat soldiers who thought they had already seen the worst of the worst. The 71st Infantry Division liberated more than 110,000 prisoners at the Buchenwald concentration camp alone. It was reported that when General George S. Patton came to view the situation, he bent over double and puked. Later, when General Dwight Eisenhower arrived, he did the same thing. There were many of these same kinds of concentration camps.

Several thousand books in many languages have been written about the holocaust and the concentration camp system of Hitlerism Germany. Over six million Jews and an estimated four million non-Jews died in the deaths in the Nazi extermination facilities. They were among the estimated 55 million persons who perished one way or another as a result of World War II. However, very few accounts record the impressions of the troops as they came upon the physical evidence of death camps.

Most of the people around the camps were deeply Nazi-ized and refused to believe what the 71st Infantry Division troops told them had happened within the camps. What did the 71st do? They rounded up every man, woman, and child and forced them to go inside and see for themselves what Hitler and his heinous SS troops had committed.

This experience of the 71st Infantry Division, as well as others, was burned into their minds and scars much deeper than any brand you could burn on the side of a cow. Although these brands are not visible, they are still there, and will be forever. One of these old 71st Infantry soldiers commented, "I am so glad to have been a part of stopping Hitler on the other side of the ocean. Just try to imagine what he might have done to our good old U.S.A., if he had had the chance."

71st INFANTRY DIVISION

Red Circle News

AUGSBURG, GERMANY



71st Division Association Newsletter

Vol. 10, No. 1

April, 1996

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 98
Hq, THIRD U.S. ARMY
9 May 1945

Soldiers of the Third Army, Past and Present

During the 281 days of incessant and victorious combat, your promotions have advanced farther in less time than any other army in history. You have fought your way across 24 major rivers and innumerable lesser streams. You have liberated or conquered more than 82,000 square miles of territory, including 1,500 cities and towns, and hundreds of isolated places. Prior to the termination of active hostilities, you had captured in battle 956,000 enemy soldiers and killed or wounded at least 500,000 others. France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia bear witness to your exploits.

All men and women of the six corps and thirty-nine divisions that have at different times been members of this Army have done their duty. Each deserves credit. The enduring valor of the combat troops has been paralleled and made possible by the often unpublished activities of the supply, administrative, and medical services of this Army and of the Communications Zone troops supporting it. Nor should we forget our comrades of the other armies and of the Air Force, particularly of the XIX Tactical Air Command, by whose side or under whose wings we have had the honor to fight.

In proudly contemplating our achievements, let us never forget our heroic dead whose graves mark the course of our victorious advance, nor our wounded whose sacrifices added so much to our success.

I should be both ungrateful and wanting in candor if I failed to acknowledge the debt we owe to our Chiefs of Staff, Generals Gault and Gay, and to the officers and men of the General and Special Staff Section of Army Headquarters. Without their loyalty, intelligence, and unremitting labors, success would have been impossible.

The termination of fighting in Europe does not remove the opportunities for other outstanding and equally difficult achievements in the days which are to come. In some ways the immediate future will demand of you more fortitude than has the past because, without the inspiration of combat, you must maintain - by your dress, deportment, and efficiency - not only the prestige of the Third Army but also the honor of the United States. I have complete confidence that you will not fail.

During the course of this war I have received promotions and decorations far above and beyond my individual merit. You won them, and your representative wear them. The one honor that is mine and yours alone is that of having commanded such an incomparable group of Americans, the record of whose fortitude, audacity, and sacrifice will endure as long as history lasts.

G. S. Patton, JR.
General.

[Reset from a copy sent by Tom Sweeney, Cannon Co Med Det, 5th Inf]

MAXIE CHAPOOSE

Born 11 Sept. 1920 at Ft. Duchesne, Utah. Attended local schools. Became active in the professional rodeo circuit. Maxie was a member of Green Turtle Cowboys Association, later to become PRCA (Professional Rodeo Cowboy's Association). Maxie was considered a world class rodeo cowboy.

When World War II started, Maxie knew he would be called into the military. He told me he decided that if he was to be an infantry soldier, he would join the U.S. Marines and maybe become a hero.

Maxie received his basic training at San Diego, California. Further training to become a sniper was completed at Camp Elliot, California.

Now the time to ship to the South Pacific had come. Maxie had a mind change and didn't see any need to become a hero. He decided if he could get sick enough, surely Uncle Sam wouldn't ship a sick man overseas. Maxie said, "if you haven't been Injun drunk, you haven't been drunk." He said he was really Injun drunk and far too sick to die. The Shore Patrol found him. They told him he could board ship and go to the States. Uncle Sam had trained him for, and if he was lucky, maybe he would come back. If he didn't, he would go to a federal penitentiary and never come back. He boarded the ship, sick and all. On July 1, 1942 his ship sailed for the South Pacific.

Port calls along the way included Tonga in the Fiji Islands and American Samoa. On the 7th of August, 1942 he arrived in the Solomon Islands. That was where the battle for Tulagi took place. Maxie decided these guys (Japs) were the ones who were responsible for him being where he sure didn't want to be, so they were going to pay for it. Maxie was a master at what he was trained for. The battle of Tulagi and the Solomon Islands took until the fall of 1943 to get the islands secured: accomplished by the U.S. Marine Raiders and Paratroopers.

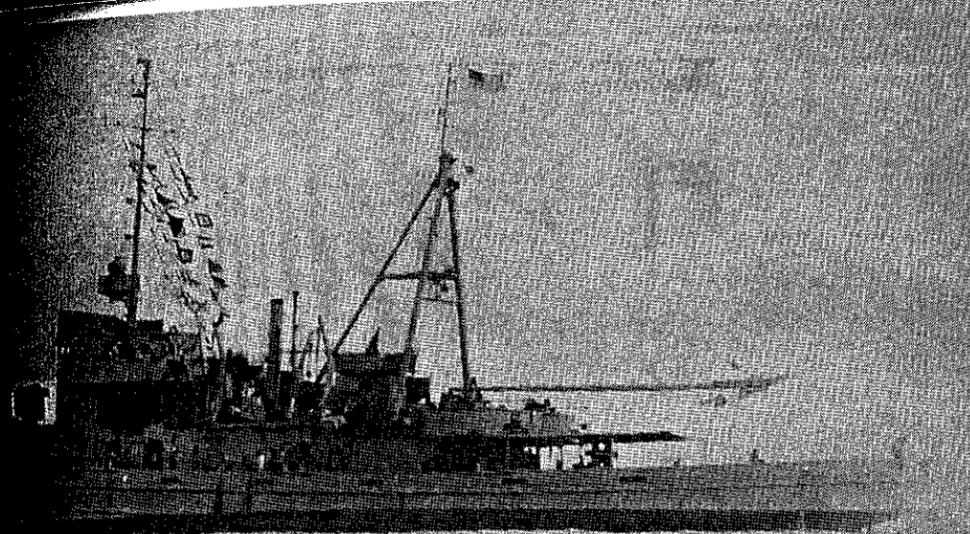
While eliminating Jap snipers, Maxie developed the dreaded fever, Malaria. He was flown out of the Solomon Islands to Espiritu Santo where he was put on a hospital ship. From there to New Caledonia, and then Auckland, New Zealand. After a short stay there, he went on to San Diego, California. Maxie spent several months in the hospital at San Diego recuperating from Malaria and his cruise around the South Pacific.

Maxie was discharged from the U.S. Marine Corps in 1944. He came home for a while and went to Canada. His mission to Canada was not to evade U.S. Service, but he tried to enlist into the Canadian Army. The Canadians told him he was a perfect fit for what they wanted and needed, but he had done his part and to go home. Some kind of a Ute Indian.

Maxie came home and went back onto the Professional Rodeo Cowboy Association Circuit. He rode bucking horses in such places as Calgary, Cheyenne, Chicago, Madison Square Garden in New York, and many other places.

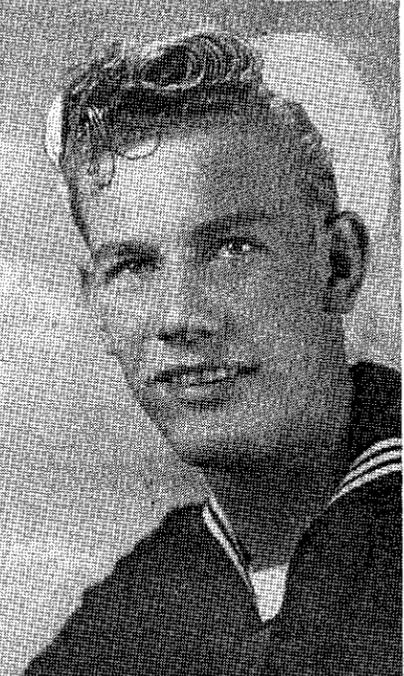
Maxie and Elaine were married and had their son, Max Jr. They have lived at Ft. Duchesne and have been successful business people for many years.

(Written by Duane Hall as told by Maxie)



COCP& ATF 101

DUANE CALDWELL
BMS 2/C (USN)



DUANE CALDWELL
BMS 2/C (USN)

I joined the navy when I was a Jr. in high school. Went to San Diego for Boot Training for four months and then spent six weeks under Marine training, learning hand-to-hand combat, and how to kill another man being. I was to join the Anfib's after leave.

When I returned from 30 day leave, I was transferred to Holtville, California, Double Creek Island, California, as a metal smith. We worked on TBM'S, TBF, F4's, F6's and F8F Bearcat. Nearly all the planes had seen action. No big deal, as the war ended. I finished my tour there. I was discharged at Treasure Island, California and was put in the Navy Reserve.

Korean War 1951

I was employed by Salt Lake Pipe Line in Ogden, Utah. In the mail one day I received the big envelope ordering me back to regular service. I had eleven days to report to Treasure Island, California. Ten days after I got to T.I., I was shipped out by air to Quadulene Island in the Marshall Islands.

I went aboard my ship, the U.S.S. Cocopa ATF 101: 140 ft. long, 30 ft. wide, powered by four main engines, and turned four blade 14 ft. prop. This ship is a sea going tug, designed to tow ships in trouble to the nearest dry-dock. Lots of power and only 17 knots full ahead.

I was discharged a 2nd class aviation metal smith and came back to active duty as a 2nd class boats mate.

To this day I have never figured out what happened. The ship was taking on supplies and fuel when we went aboard. I then found out we were going to Antiwetok Atoll.

When we got there we anchored out three miles and started taking on lots of fancy equipment. We had boxes all over the fantail. Before any box was broke open, the captain held a little meeting and told us what was going to happen and why we were there in the first place. We were going to help set off the first underwater H Bomb.

The crew spent over a week getting all equipment hooked up and in place.

There was a thirty-foot sound boat brought alongside, and I was put in charge of boat and equipment with a three man crew.

Our job was to circle and take the sounding on the bottom of the ocean, up to fifty miles out from Japtan Island. All shallow water was sounded by the smaller craft.

The weather was damn awful hot. Uniform of the day was shorts and T shirts.

It took two months to sound the bottom of the ocean to the point of fifty miles out. All cameras and field glasses had been taken away from us. This was a top secret mission. Even when it was over we were not to tell what we had seen. I don't really believe its going to bother anyone now.

While we were doing all of this sea work, there was another project going that I got to see on the hand. I had my pilot license and was able to help fly freight to an unnamed island, where 300 camp helpers were building a city made of all kinds of building material. It took them six months to complete it. The complete city was flattened when the H Bomb went off.

When the bomb was set off we were 25 miles from center SOUNDING, and within the hour we were hit by many tidal waves. We were completely covered many times.

After the excitement was over, we were all checked with geiger counter and then we started all over again, and two months later — job COMPLETE.

It was hard to believe how the bottom of the ocean had changed. All equipment returned, we headed for Harbor Dry-dock.

After repairs and a new paint job, we headed for Japan, top speed-17 knots. We did fine until we got to the Japanese Straits. Hit bad storm we could not get out of. The engine crew lost three of our four engines, with one engine we were only able to keep the ship going into the storm. Eighty-five percent of 100 men were seasick, four hours off. We were taking 25° pitches and 52° rolls. A person never moved without hanging on to something. We traded off on the helm and slept on the chow tables on blankets face down, letting our heads fall down to keep from falling off.

We were in storm eleven days and then finally made Sasabo, Japan.

We were in dry-dock for a couple months, then back to sea. We towed a number of ships into dry-dock. Then we were ordered to the Korean Coast. Two destroyers hit head-on in the fog, but were still afloat under their own power and headed for dry-dock.

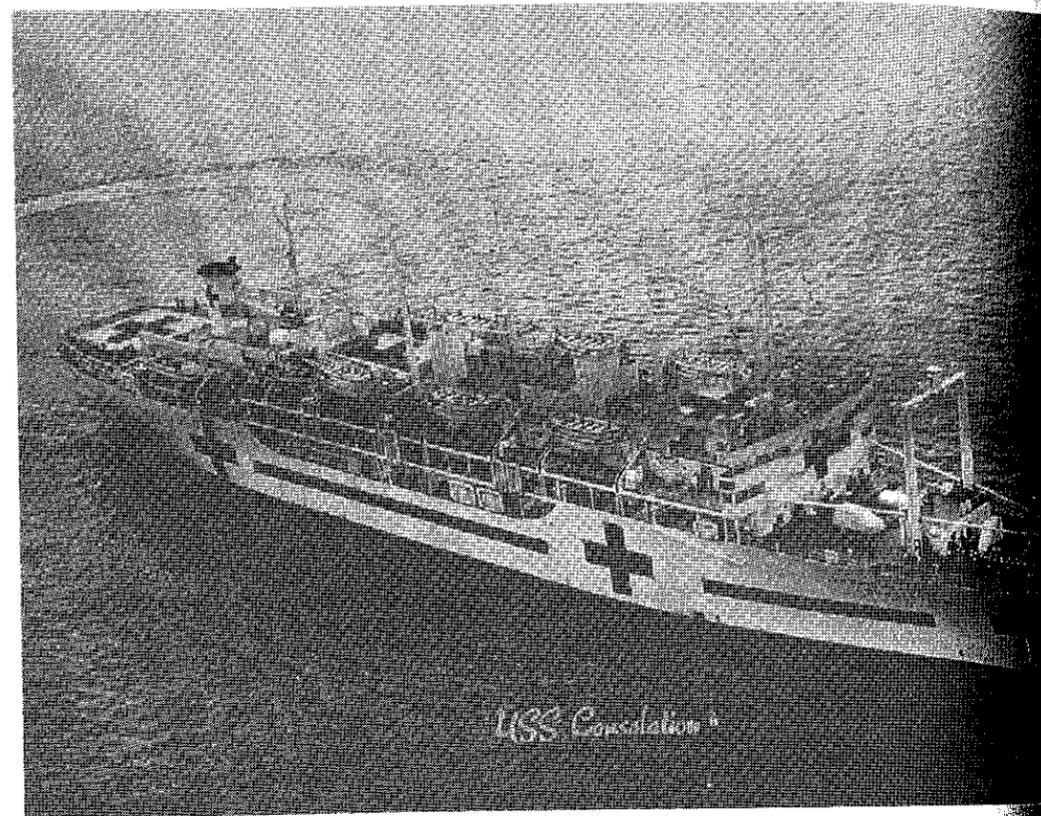
We were assigned to patrol duty until relieved. We spent 42 days on patrol duty. Our USS Cocopa was equipped with a 3"50 forward- twin 20's midships and quad 40's aft.

I have no idea how many times I piped General Quarters (GQ) Battle Stations.

We were strafed many times; we downed one enemy plane. Many times we had every piece of firearm equipment basting lead. Lots of casualties. Back to dry-dock for repairs and repaint and then to sea — towing

I was later transferred from the USS Cocopa at Japan to the hospital ship, the USS Consolation, San Diego, California. This ship was the most modern and well equipped in the world. There was a complete medical staff aboard, at least 50 nurses, and almost as many doctors, dentists, and technicians of all kinds. The Consolation was bringing the wounded from Yokohama, Japan, to Tripler hospital in Hawaii and to the United States.

I finished my tour of duty aboard ship, receiving my discharge at Treasure Island, California, and headed home to Vernal, Utah.



USS Consolation



1. Benson B. Hardy, Walnut Creek, California. S/Sgt Duane Hall, Vernal, Utah
548th Recon Tec Sqdn, Yokota, Japan. 67th Recon Tec Sqdn, Korea

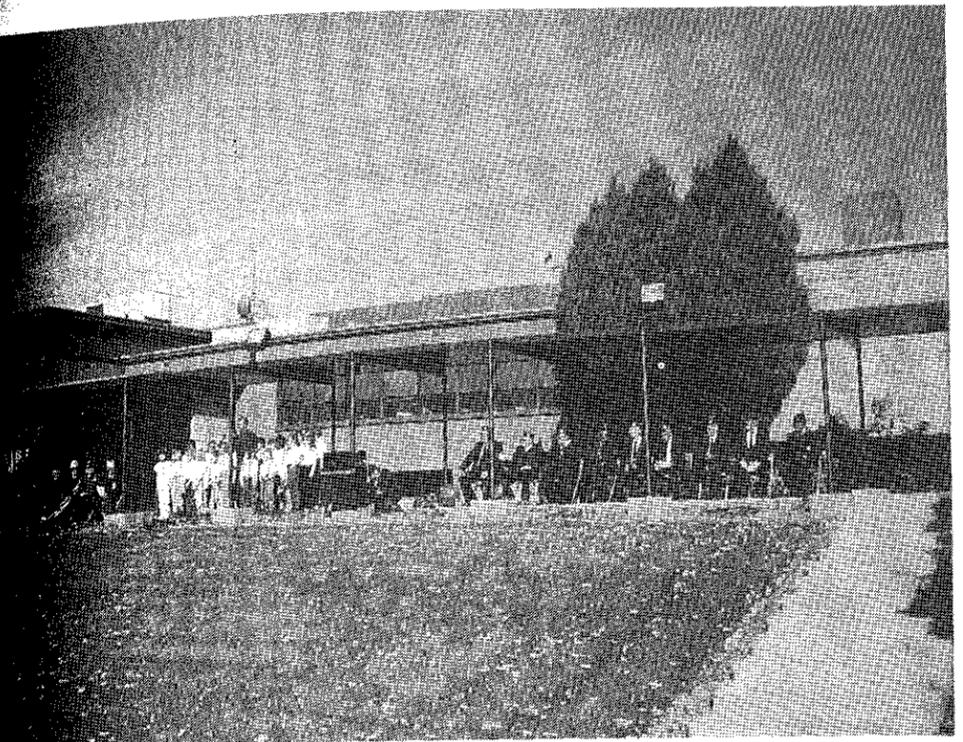
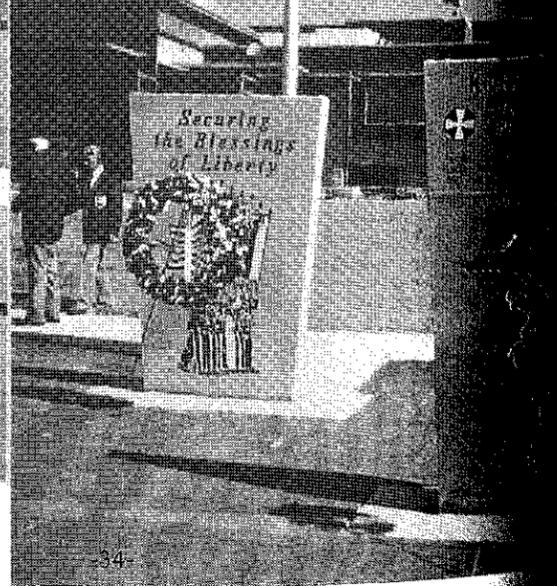
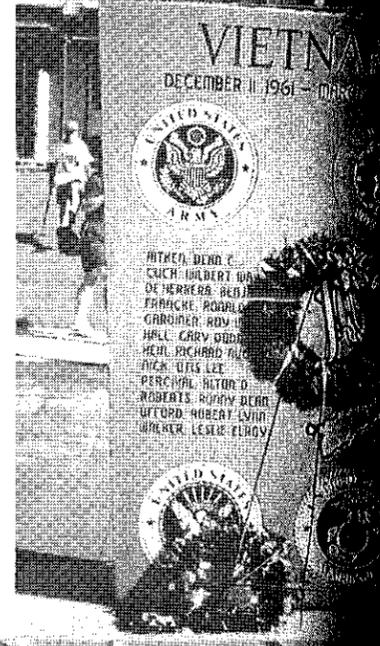
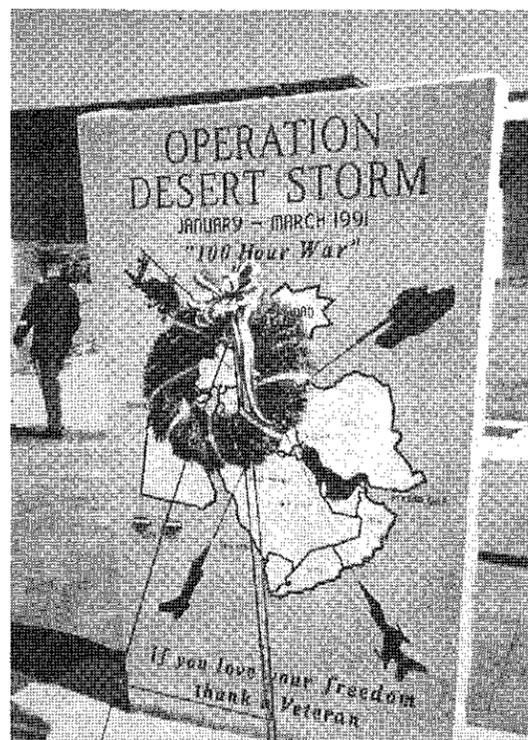
Post Commander Duane Hall, National Commander Alan "Gunner" Kent
Quartermaster Virgil McMickell, Clarence Peterson-Post Commander-Price Post

1996
'Dewey & June'
My beautiful wife of 50 years





92 year old widow of Ivan W. Atwood, W.W.I Veteran, placing wreath at Doughboy, in memory of veterans of that war.

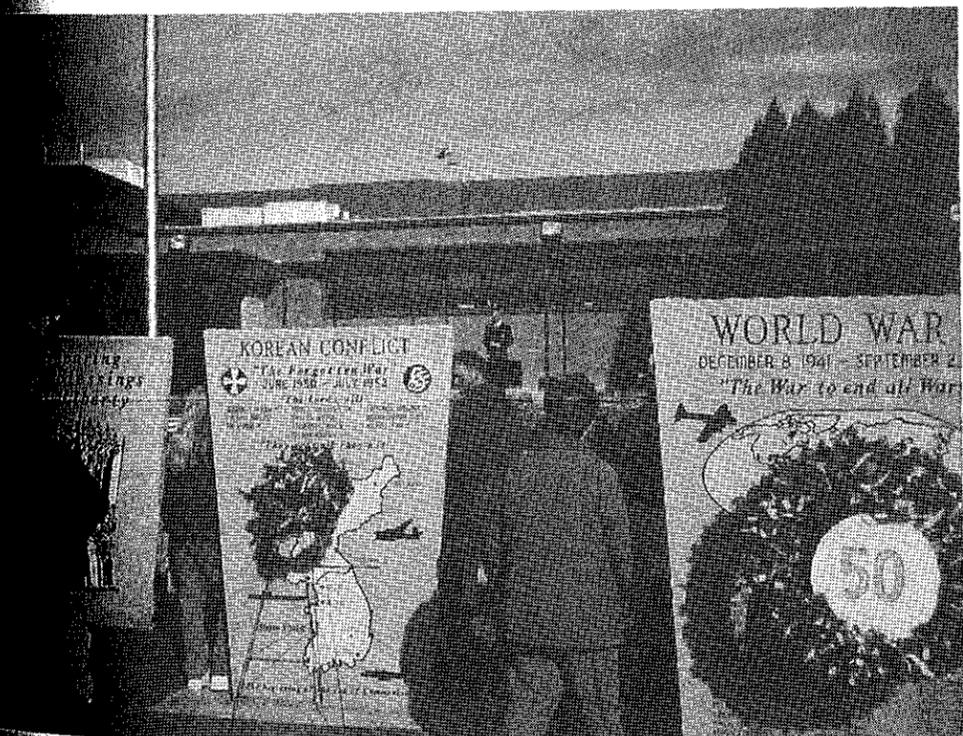


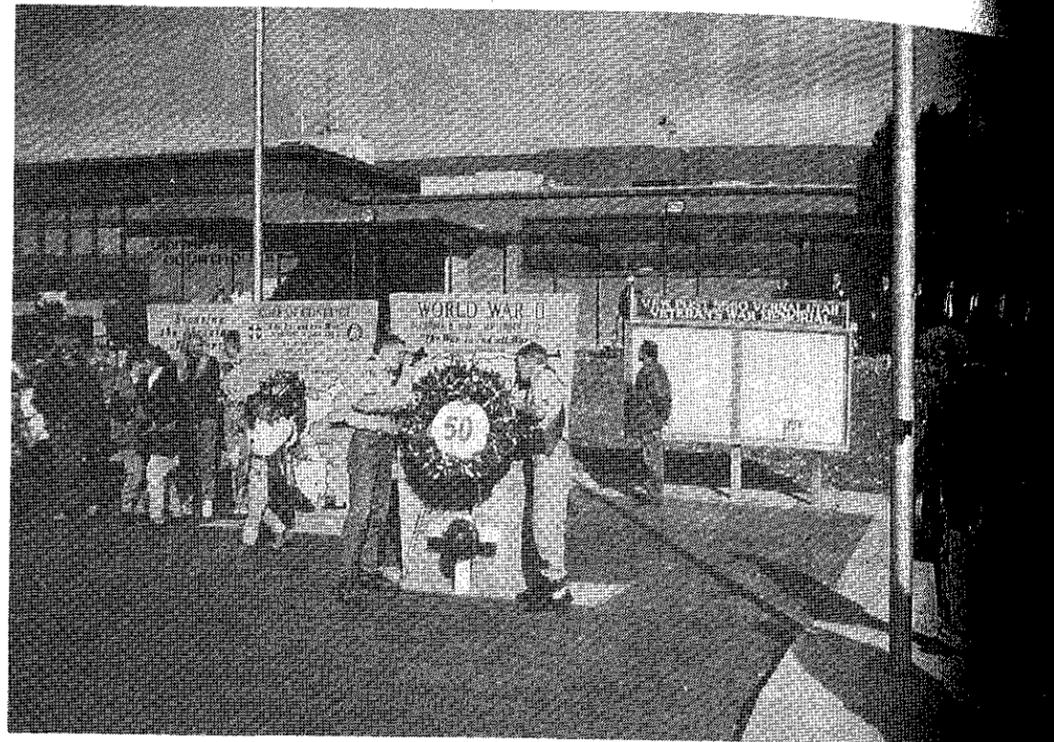
VETERAN'S DAY 11 NOVEMBER 1995

Group at left is Lt. John Powell, Commissioner Lorin Merrell, Col. David B. Hall, Commander Duane Hall.

Girls choral group assembled by Sharlene Howard and Joye Rowell.

Group at right is Jensen American Legion Post 124 Firing Squad.





Boy scouts placing wreath at W.W.II Memorial above white cross displaying W.W.II

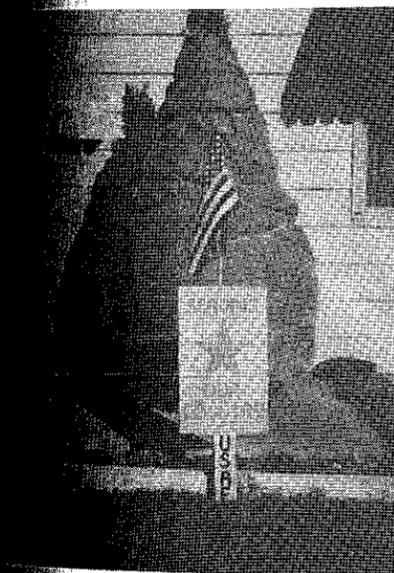


REUNION AFTER 45 YEARS

Duane Hall and B.C. McDonald
stationed together at Yokota Air Force Base in Japan in 1950

(Below)
W.W.I & W.W.II PATRIOTIC SYMBOL

Created by Duane Hall and placed with those families who have someone serving over seas



Blue star signs show support in Vernal

An old symbol of patriotism still warms the hearts of the families who receive it as Veterans of Foreign War commander revives World War II tradition.

Duane Hall, commander of the VFW Post 5560, was searching to find a suitable topic to present at the Veteran's Day Memorial last year. There were old Norman Rockwell paintings of the WWII home front with small banners with a single star, and an old song which played over in his mind called "The Gold Star Mothers" which led him in his search. He began to investigate the significance of the blue, silver, and gold stars which were displayed upon small banners during WWII.

He found the Gold Star Mothers actually began in 1917 when President Woodrow Wilson felt the families of American soldiers should be recognized as part of our country's support for our military efforts.

Small banners made of cloth with an appropriate colored star was usually hung in a front room window. A blue star symbolized a family member who was in active military duty. A silver star represented a family member who was wounded in active duty. The gold star meant that a family member had been killed in the line of duty. How the Gold Star banners were organized and distributed is still unclear, and not everyone who had a family member in the military received one.

Hall and Air Force veteran Irvin Haws recall seeing several banners around the Basin during WWII. There were approximately 2,211 men, and 35 women from the Basin who served in WWII. "People displayed the banners proudly," says Irvin. "The tragedy is when the star changed. Even if you didn't know the people, when they had a gold star, you knew that they had lost a son in the war." Along with the cloth banners were blue stars printed on cards which were displayed in picture frames. The framed stars are more common than the cloth banner, and some may be found today in antique shops and estate sales. These patriotic symbols of time gone by are rare, as the practice of the Gold Star banner became obscure during the Korean war.

Hall began working to re-establish this patriotic practice the country displayed so prominently during WWII. "What we have is a combination of style and durability," says Hall. "The sign itself is made in the same style as the original WWII

banner that belongs to Betty Zeller." Hall then placed the branch of the military of the family member below the blue star, and flying above the sign, he has placed a small American flag.

As the VFW commander, Hall has been trying to gather the names and addresses of military personnel from the Basin who are stationed overseas. The intentions of the VFW members have been to write letters of support to these young men and women who are serving our country. Hall also feels strongly about extending the same show of support to the families of these young soldiers. He made up some signs with each branch of the military, just to see how people would respond. He has presented six families who have sons overseas or stationed far away from home within the United States, with a blue star sign.

First to be presented with the new blue star sign was Irvin and Patricia S. Haws. Their son, Randall Haws, is a Company Commander of an attack helicopter company who is assigned to protect ground forces in Bosnia.

Haws is a 1982 graduate of Uintah High School, BYU and USU ROTC. He won the Bob Marshall award and went to Virginia to attend special schooling. He became a paratrooper early on, and now flies Apache helicopters.

Haws and his wife, Jana, along with their children, live in Hanau, Germany. She keeps busy while he is in Bosnia by taking classes to learn how to help take care of the families who are left behind.

Haws comes from a long line of military personnel. His father, Irvin, served in the United States Air Force from 1951-1955. Haws' grandfather was a "Dough Boy" who served in France. "It is tradition in our family," says Patricia, who is proud to display the blue star sign in their front yard. "We are grateful for the blessings that a free country provides us," says Patricia.

Irvin's brother, Hollis, and his wife, Rosemary Haws, also received a blue star sign. "We'd like to get these signs all over the country," says Hollis Haws. "They are a very nice symbol of patriotism and support." Their son, Sgt. Terry Haws, is in the 31st combat logistics support group. He teaches battle maintenance and repair on F16's.

Haws was born in Japan and is familiar with a military lifestyle. His father, Hollis Haws, served in the United States Air Force from 1954-1974.

Sgt. Haws knew he wanted to join the Air Force early in his young life. He had earned his pilots license and was eligible to drive a car. He is a graduate of Uintah High School. He served in Desert Storm. He is currently stationed in Aviano, Italy. His wife and three of his four children are living with him there. He reports that he calls home every week.

Duane Hall and his wife also have a sign in their front yard. Their son, Mitchell Hall, is a 1st Lt. United States Air Force. He is currently serving in Panama as an intelligence officer. He is a graduate of Uintah High School. He completed ROTC training here in Vernal. He later went to the University of Utah. He is married and has two children, two bulldogs. He and his wife are home over the Christmas holidays and will be returning to Panama on Jan. 3.

He is also familiar with the life as his father. Duane is the United States Air Force from 1948-1952.

Alden and Marjorie Maxfield play a blue star sign in their front yard for their son, Scott Maxfield. Maxfield is a graduate of Uintah High School and is currently in Vernal since he was assigned to Virginia to attend special schooling. He is married with three children. He served in Desert Storm and is currently stationed in Japan for three years. "We had yellow stars during Saudi Arabia," says Maxfield. "This sign is a reminder of our sons during Saudi Arabia."

Steve and Tamara Adams recently posted one of Hall's signs, for their son, Dustin Adams, currently stationed in Riyadh, Arabia.

Donald and Dorothy Adams have also posted a blue star sign to show support for their son, Master Sgt. Raymond Adams. Martensen is a graduate of Uintah High School and has served in the United States Air Force for 25 years. He is married with three children, and one grandchild. "We think these signs are a great way to show our support," says Dorothy Adams. "We have gotten away from that in our time we bring it back."

Capt. Randall J. Haws
B CO 2-227th Avn Bde
4th Avn Brigade
Operation Joint Endeavor
APO AE 09789

S. Sgt. Terry Haws
31 LSS/LGLT
PSC 103 Box 3649
APO AE 09603



JaNiel McMickel and Clyde Burns post flags atop WWII Prisoner of War Memorial during Veteran's Day presentation.

Residents turn-out for Veteran's Day presentation

Over 150 people turned out for the Veteran's Day presentation in front of the courthouse on Saturday.

Commander Duane Hall of the VFW Post 5560 was host for this observation of the 50th anniversary since the end of World War II. "Part of the reason we observe this day is that we have men and women from the Basin and all over these states who are right now a few hundred miles of a war. This day is not just for our soldiers who fought and gave their lives in past wars, but for those who are serving today, to be willing to give their lives for our country and the great opportunities that only a free country can offer for our children," said Hall.

The crowd recited aloud as Duane Hall led the Pledge of Allegiance. Then all stood in quiet reflection as Scouts Jason Woods and Duane Hall laid the wreaths in front of the memorials, and Virgil Burns and Clyde Burns posted the flags atop the Prisoner of War Memorial.

Devotion was spoken by David McMickel, followed by Veteran's Day speaker presented by George Long.

Message presented by George Long.

Scott Gardiner and a youth choir sang "God Bless the USA" and "God Bless America," under the direction of Joy Rowell and Sharlene Howard.

Commissioner Lorin Merrell was the guest speaker and shared his story of a "Uintah Basin Kid," written by Hall.

Duane Hall reminded the gathering of the 2,210 young men from the Uintah Basin who had fought in WWII. He said there were also 35 women from the Uintah Basin who served in the war.

Hall gave a brief history of the "Gold Star Mothers" which was organized in 1928 by President Woodrow Wilson. When one of these members had a family member who was serving in the military, a blue star was sewn onto a small flag and displayed in their window. As time went by, if that family member was shot or wounded, a silver star would be displayed. When a family member was killed, a gold star would be sewn onto the flag. Hall, accompanied by JaNiel McMickel, followed by Veteran's Day speaker presented by George Long.



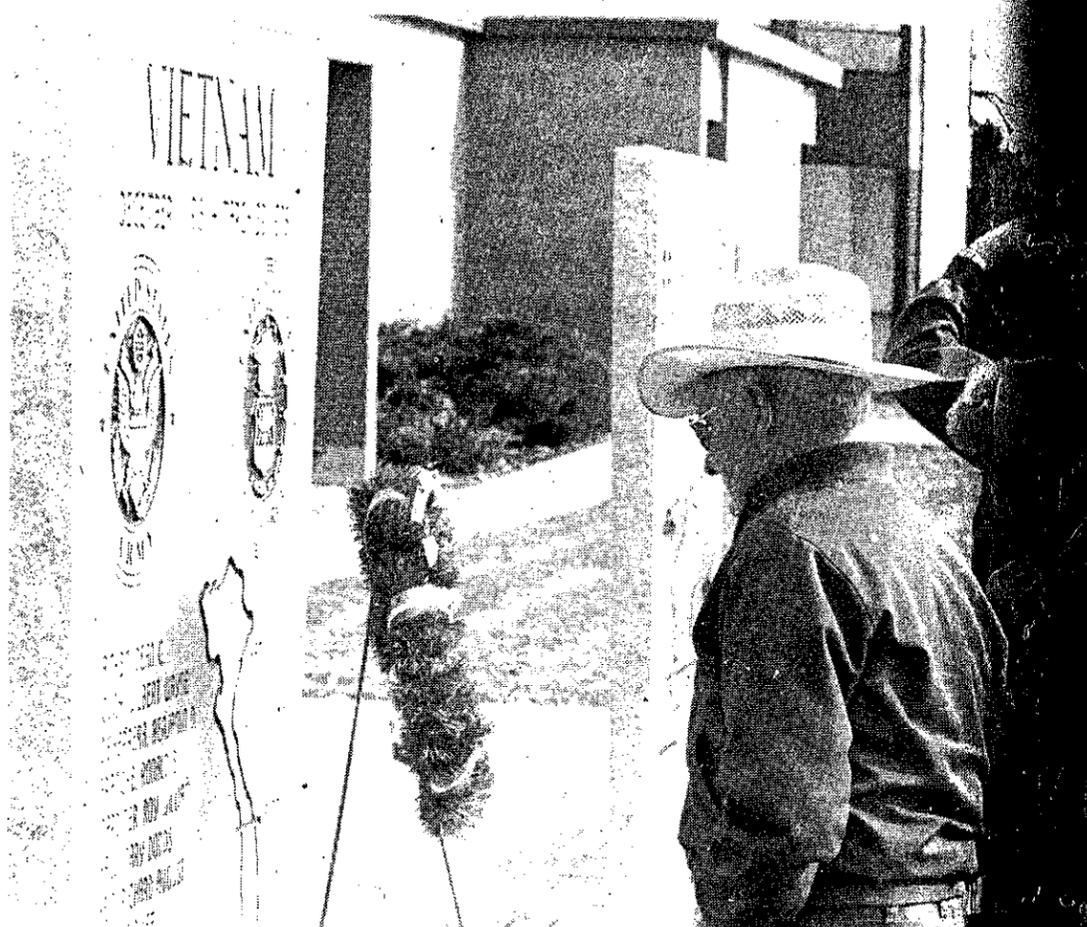
Gold Star flag.

Gardner on the guitar, sang the old song "Gold Star Mothers."

Betty Zeller displayed a flag that has been in her family since WWII. The flag had two blue stars and one gold star. The stars represented Zeller's brothers.

Also displayed were a special jacket and squadron shirt from the Vietnam War.

The American Legion Jensen Post #124 finished the ceremonies with a 21 Gun Salute.



Basin residents come to the memorials to honor Veteran's of Foreign Wars on Saturday, Nov. 16.

Morgan and Virginia Hall, looking and remembering their son

GARY DODDS HALL

killed in action in Vietnam

100 years of honor and duty observed

On May 27, at the War Memorial on the courthouse lawn, Duane Hall presented a short memorial service to those who have given us life and those who have given us the right to enjoy it.

Perhaps no one is more attuned than Duane Hall to the honorable line of men and women in many of the Basin's pioneer days. The people that traces their roots back to early Utah pioneers who struggled and fought to maintain a state where they were free to live and do as they saw fit, were accustomed with strong will and determination.

During the "Hard Winter" of 1914, the men in the valley made very critical decisions. When the men's families were starving, and glory are not an issue. From all of the volunteers, Charles Hall, Lee Hall, Dave Hall, Pete Peterson and Jim Peterson were chosen to make the perilous journey to Wyoming for food. They gathered to determine the most possible route to take to the north, Wyo. while the women packed blankets and what little they could send so that these men could stay well and strong while bringing back food for their families and neighbors.

The men traveled over Diamond Mountain down Grouse Canyon into the Snake River and then on to the Snake River, Wyo. They were able to bring their food and supplies back to the Basin. Toward evening, they had chosen to bed down for the night. Chellus Hall rallied them to harness their teams to cross the Green River while

they could. In the middle of the night, five cold, wet and tired men pushed on across the river and successfully completed their mission without casualties. This is considered by many today to be "the most unselfish and heroic act of humanity in the 100 year history of the Uintah Basin." At the time, it was just something that had to be done.

During the many years to follow, the people of the Basin enjoyed good times and endured rough times without compromising their moral standards. Regardless of their circumstances, they did not waver. The unpretentious and noble character of the pioneering people, has been passed on through many generations of families in the Uintah Basin.

In 1910 war threatened in Europe, and by 1914 the arms race was on. When the U.S. joined into WWI, 300 young men from Uintah County answered the call to defend their country. Fifteen of these young men gave their lives while fighting to keep their country free.

When Hitler came into power, there were already a number of young men from the Basin in the military. When the U.S. joined into WWII, an additional 2,211 men and 35 women from the Basin were called to serve their country. The men served in the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines and Coast Guard. The women's ranks were identified as: Army Nurse Corps, ANC; Women's Army Corps, WAC; Women's Air Force, WAF; Women of the Navy, WAVES; U.S. Coast Guard, SPARS.

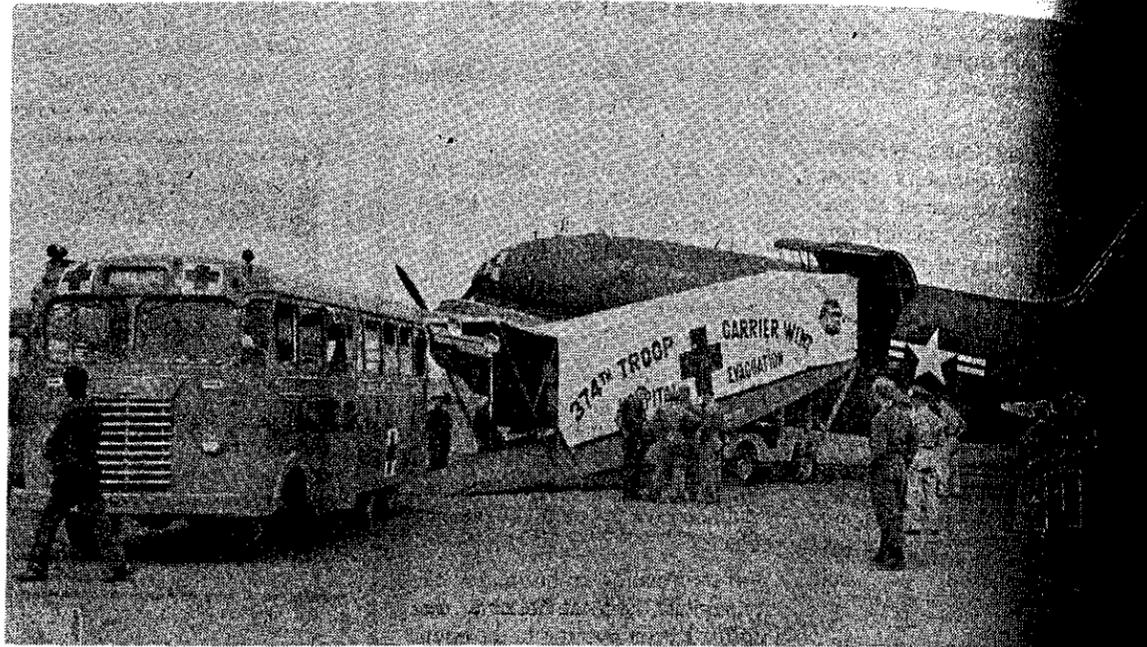
While this war was raging, mothers, fathers, family members, friends and neighbors did whatever they could to support their country by working in defense plants, ship yards, buying war bonds, gathering scrap metal from off the roadsides, and planting victory gardens.

(Article taken from the Vernal Express May 29, 1996)

Ruth Wall Walker felt like she should join the war effort, and in 1943, she and a friend joined the Navy WAVES. "The main reason for women's organization was to release the able-bodied men for active duty overseas and other places," recalls Walker. "At first the women weren't accepted too well. But by the end of the war, they had proven their worth."

"I was assigned to the Port Director's Office in the Federal Building in downtown San Francisco and was the first WAVE in that particular department. Our office was responsible for gathering information about the personnel who were sent overseas on ships. We would compile this information and send it to the various ports by air mail so that when the ships came in they would know who was on them. We had various code names for the different countries and places where the men were sent. It was very interesting and confidential. We had to be screened very carefully and were not allowed to talk about anything concerning our work outside of the office. After a few months, more WAVES were brought into our office, as the feeling of importance of women working in the war effort increased."

"There were many shortages all over the country during the war. The entire country experienced sugar rationing, gas rationing and other things. I remember it would take three hours to get to Odgen by plane and about that long or longer to find a ride to Logan to visit my folks. It was only 35 miles away, but because of the gas rationing there wasn't much transportation. One bus a day. I remember standing in long lines to get a pair or two of silk stockings, which were not issued to us with our uniforms so we had to get our own. It was quite a thing."



In June of 1950, American soldiers transferred the bodies of 67 soldiers killed in combat in Korea.

The people of the Basin were not strangers to adversity and lean times. They again came to the aid of their families and neighbors and served their country with pride. Approximately 93 soldiers were killed in action, while at least 10 men and women were prisoners of war.

"It has been said, and rightfully so, that these men paid the highest price of all for this great country we live in," says Phebe Jane Merkley Hall, who recognized veteran Maxie Chapoose, and three-war veteran and WWII POW Artie Stocks at Memorial Day services. These men have since returned to make their

homes in Utah but were unable to attend the Vernal services. There are many in the Basin who have never forgotten what these men gave up so that they may be able to eat a hot meal, sleep in a warm, dry bed and raise their families in a country full of opportunity to those who have the courage to work for it.

Commander Hall also recognized the soldiers from the Uintah Basin who were first on the scene in Korea, Vietnam, Desert Storm and Somalia. "We've set aside this day for those who have died," says Commander Hall. "We can't afford to lose sight of the fact that right

now, we have kids in Albania, Korea, Japan, Panama, Bosnia, Germany, Turkey, Saudi Arabia. When it was necessary, the 358th command crew was the first unit of soldiers from the Basin to go to Bosnia, there were about 10 soldiers from the Basin there. May God bless the men and keep them safe."

While the great American flag waved at half mast, the American Legion members presented a 21-gun salute and Commander Hall closed the ceremony with the Pledge of Allegiance.

115th Engineers Combat Company B of Vernal, Utah WORLD WAR II 1941-45

The following men received commissions in the Army of the United States

Corporal, Frank S.

1st Lt. -Owner of Auto Parts House in Vernal, Utah

Sergeant, Clayton

Retired Lt. Colonel

Sergeant, John W.

1st Lt.

Sergeant, Kenneth A.

Capt. -Owner of over 1,000 acres of farmland in Moses Lake, Wash.

Sergeant, Norman

1st Lt. Air Force - Killed in action

Sergeant, Robert

Retired Lt. Colonel

Sergeant, Bruce L.

Captain

Sergeant, William C.

Lt. Air Force - Killed in action

Sergeant, Karl

Major - Deceased

Sergeant, Elwin

Major

Sergeant, Sterling

Colonel

Sergeant, Joseph

Captain - Deceased

Sergeant, Lynn

Captain - Deceased

Sergeant, John W.

1st Lt. - Owner of sporting goods bus. Army and Navy Store

Sergeant, John S.

1st Lt. - Deceased

Sergeant, Garth B.

1st Lt. - Deceased

Sergeant, George E.

1st Lt. - Deceased

Sergeant, Paul G.

Lt. Colonel

Sergeant, Howard G.

Captain

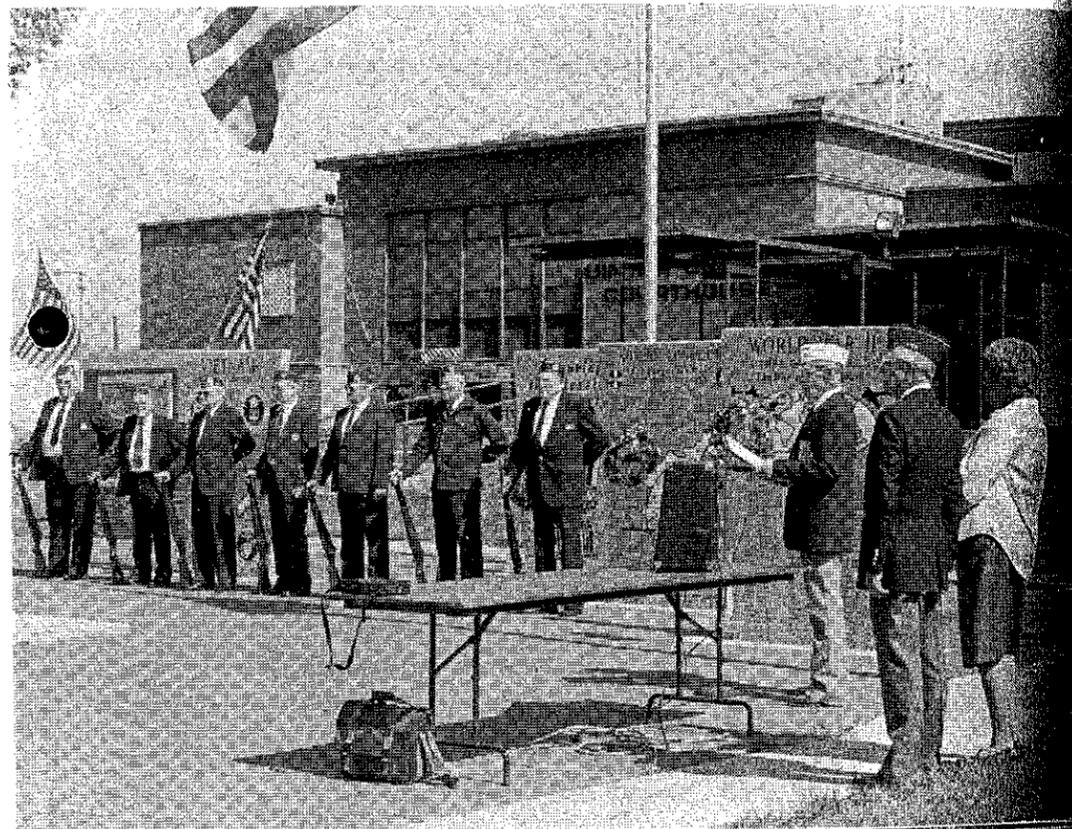
Sergeant, Maynard J.

Doctor M.D. Vernal, Utah

Captain - Housing Contractor

Captain - Contracting Co.

Memories



Members of the Jensen American Legion give a 21-gun salute to veterans at Memorial Day services hosted by Vets of Vernal.

JOHN WILLIAM POWELL

I graduated from Uintah High School in 1937. I worked for the Rock Point Canal Co. as ditch digger. That fall of 1937, I enrolled in school at Logan, Utah. It was Utah State Agricultural College all that time.

May 16th, 1939, I signed up with the Vernal National Guard, 115 Combat Engineers. In January 1941, I married my sweetheart, Crystal Martinsen. Our honeymoon was very short. In 1941, the 40th Infantry Division, of which we were a part, were inducted into the Federal Service. The division was sent to the state of Washington for Intensive Training Maneuvers; we were there during June and July of 1941. After the maneuvers we were sent to San Luis Obispo, California. There we underwent intensive training.

Sunday morning, December 7th, we were shocked: it came over the loudspeakers that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor. Our unit was immediately summoned to San Diego, California. We received live ammunition, we loaded our trucks and were on our way.

We were informed there had been a Japanese submarine sighted near San Diego. Our duty was to search the beaches for any unusual activities. Our commander, Colonel William Clough, made the decision to break up Company B, which was largely made up of Uintah County boys. We were displeased with the action, however, it was a wise decision. If something tragic had happened, we may have lost all of the boys from Vernal and the County.

Many of the men were sent to the South Pacific. Some were sent to the 341st Engineer Regiment, where they were preparing to go to Canada to build the Alcan (Alaska) Highway in order to get supplies to Alaska. Others were sent to the Aleutian Islands. I was among this group. This was April 1942. The highway was completed a year and one-half later. I received a commission in the United States Army and was sent to France with the 359th Engineers in preparation for the invasion of France. June 6, 1944. My unit hit Omaha Beach on the second day. We were all scared to death, but as trained soldiers we did what we had to do. Some of the young men lost their lives in mine fields, rifle fire and artillery fire. I am grateful to the good Lord for sparing my life. Many of the young men from Vernal and surrounding areas lost their lives fighting for their country and freedom.

Our assignment was to supply gasoline, motor fuel and aviation fuel to all the units fighting across France. It was very tough and scary trying to keep up and supply men with gasoline. We had to use tanks and vehicles on the front lines. We were laying pipelines, installing pumping equipment and building storage tanks. It was a night-and-day operation.

In November 1944, we were in Germany, Belgium, Luxembourg and the Netherlands. December 1944, our unit was near the town of Namur, Belgium building a 10,000 barrel storage tank for the army. It was snowing and very cold. It was very miserable and difficult in this extremely severe weather. On the morning of December 16th we were notified that the German army, several divisions, had launched a desperate offensive bid to capture Antwerp, Belgium. My unit was called to Maastricht, Holland to build bridges across the Meuse River in order for the U.S. 1st Army to cross and drive a wedge into the back of the German offensive. About 15,000 young men lost their lives in this battle: The Battle of the Bulge. The Air Force lost 414 planes. Some 600,000 Americans were involved. Some historians say it was the most costly battle ever fought by Americans.

I can say I am proud to have been an American soldier doing what I could for the freedom of my country that I love.

The war ended in late 1945 and in the spring of 1946, I returned to Vernal and Crystal and I bought a lot in Vernal. With the help of her father and 2 brothers, we were able to get a home built.

In the fall of 1946 I enrolled in school at the University of Utah.

After being employed for sometime in LaRell Anderson's meat packing plant in Vernal, I moved to Durango, Colorado to be a manager for Hi-Land Dairies. While still living in Durango, I owned and operated a sporting goods store.

Then it was back to Vernal to make a home in the beautiful place where we started. My life has been filled with exciting experiences of having a choice companion and a great family. We went on with four wonderful children: Yvonne, Roger, Michael, and Christine. We have enjoyed many choices in places we have lived and traveled in these beautiful United States of America. I am grateful for our lives in Vernal and the Uintah County.



Lt. John W. Powell
Crystal Martinsen Powell
Friends - Sweethearts - Married 55 years



1st Lt. John William Powell

U.S. Army, W.W. II-Europe

DAVID B. HALL

During the summer of 1941, I was completing the requirements for a B.S. degree at B.Y.U. The board was calling out numbers every few days, and I figured my number would soon be coming. I decided that flying an aircraft would be better than marching, so I volunteered for the U.S. Army. I was accepted right away and in September of 1941, I left Vernal riding on the bus, heading to a new way of life.

After completing pilot training and receiving a commission as 2nd Lieutenant, I was assigned to the Air Training Command as an Aircraft Instructor and Bombardier Pilot. I really enjoyed flying, and I flew until I had more flying time in a twin engine AT-11 aircraft than anyone else on base. The folks who were students at Maeser Elementary School during 1943 will never forget the time I flew real low over the valley and waved to them.

During this time I met and married my sweetheart, Trevelene Harber, and what a wonderful life we have had together.

At the end of World War II, I left the Air Training Command and was assigned to the 15th Air Force as a pilot in a four engine B-24 bomber aircraft. Our mission was to fly from Italy, over the Alps to Germany, drop our bombs and return.

My first mission was one I'll never forget. Just before "bombs away," our squadron was encountering bursts from the enemy. One exploded just below my aircraft, and we received several small holes in the fuselage. However, we were able to return to Italy without any further mishaps. After World War II in May 1945, I was assigned as the Commanding Officer of the Squadron until we were able to return to the United States in September of that year.

A few years after World War II, I was assigned to Germany as a pilot on the Berlin Airlift. I was there until the Airlift ended in September 1949. On the return trip to the United States, I was pilot on a C-54 four engine aircraft.

My next overseas assignment was to Korea during the Korean Conflict. Our base was called K-9 in Korea. I was pilot on a twin engine B-26 aircraft. I was assigned as the Group Operations Officer. We had three squadrons of sixteen aircraft each, and pilots to fly them.

After the Korean War ended, we were assigned to a base in Japan for seven months. Our orders finally came stating that we should return to the United States and fly the aircraft home. I had just received word that my new assignment would be as an R.O.T.C. Instructor at B.Y.U. All forty-eight aircraft assigned to us were able to return to the United States without one of us getting our feet wet. I flew a B-26 from Japan to Florida, a flight I'll never forget.

After my assignment of four years at B.Y.U. was completed, I was back in the pilot seat and enjoyed flying. A few more years as pilot and I was told that it was about time I had a desk job.

My next assignment was as Commanding Officer of a Radar Squadron in Morocco, Africa. The site was located way out in the desert, about 400 miles from the nearest Air Base. After a few months assignment, orders came through that this site would close and that I would be re-assigned to the good old States.

After 22 years, in August 1963, I retired from the United States Air Force as Lieutenant Colonel at Sawyer Air Force Base in Michigan and returned to Vernal, the best place on the map. It has now been more than 32 years, and I still enjoy the good things of life.



David Hall ... February 1941

Navigator and Chief Gunner
Pilot, Major David Hall
beside his B-26 Bomber
Major Hall earned the
to have this with
political goal.

Major Hall's wife Trevelene, in front of B-26 after he flew it to California from Korea.



ARTIE J. STOCKS

3 War Veteran

WW II-KOREA-VIETNAM

Artie J. Stocks was born September 13, 1922 on the family farm at Bridgeland, Utah. Artie's mother passed away in 1936 of a heart attack. Much of the burden fell on Artie's shoulders at age 14 to care for a sister and brother while his father was away at work. This was during the middle of the Depression.

Artie attended school at Duchesne for a time, then for a short time he attended Vernal schools. At age 17 he joined the Civilian Conservation Corps. While in the CCC's he was sent to Kamas, Utah to work as a Marine Recruiter visited their camp. Artie was very impressed with the sharp uniform and decided to join the United States Marine Corps on his 18th birthday.

In January 1941 Artie was assigned to a detachment of Marines in the South Pacific. That duty was to man anti-aircraft gun emplacements and also anti-aircraft gun emplacements. This duty assignment was on Wake Island. Wake Island was destined to be a state of the art defensive position. Only problem was, it was not finished. The Japs struck too soon. It did not get completed. Considering the very few Marines, Army and civilian workers, even though the Japs were finally able to over-run Wake, by their own doing they paid a terrible price.

At 0900 hours on Dec. 8, 1941, the U.S. Military strength on Wake Island was:

U.S. Marines	379
U.S. Navy	75
U.S. Army	5
Navy Hospital	<u>60</u>
Total strength	519

When the smoke cleared away on 23 Dec 1941, the Jap losses, by their own admission, was: 11 B-29 Bombers..... 5,700 Japs killed.

Losses to the U.S. Marines ... 96 KIA and 12 F4F fighter planes.

It is apparent the Japs thought they would have no big problem in invading Wake. It is also apparent a gross miscalculation. The Marines out-smarted and out-fought the Japs in every corner. There was no reinforcement for the Japs and none at all for the Marines. On Dec. 23, 1941, the Marines ran out of ammunition and other fighting supplies, and also so outnumbered, the remaining Marines had no choice but to turn Wake Island to the Japs.

The intelligent mentality of the Japs left something to be desired. Wake Island, Peale Island and Wilkes Island formed a horseshoe. Wake itself was pretty much horseshoe shaped, with Wilkes and Peale forming the ends of the horseshoe. After several raids with their bombers, the Japs thought the sailing would be smooth for their invasion. Major Devereux held his fire until the Jap flotilla was within 4500 yards. Then the Japs moved from east to west. The first ship hit was from a 5" anti-aircraft gun from Peacock Point. They continued west and caught it again at Kuku Point and Toki Point. It was just a matter of time until the Marines ran out of ammunition. By this time most of the construction workers were carrying ammo and other supplies.

On December 23, 1941, Major Devereux gave the heartbreaking order to cease fire. After all the Marines were accounted for, they were taken to the air strip. Here, their hands were tied with wire behind their necks, so if they tried to let their arms lower a little, they would be choked. Taken from Wake Island on December 23, 1941 were three U.S. Marines: Artie J. Stocks, Hoyle Chew and Bud Devereux. Also involved from Uintah Basin were three construction workers: Howard Mitchell, Wayne (Hoot) (Hootens) from Bennett, Utah and Clinton Stevenson from Mt. Home, Utah. They were working for

Morrison Knudsen Construction Co. It has been told that when the Japs found these three had found their way back to their country as civilians, they were executed.

On Wake Island, the Marines were separated from the civilians. The Marines were loaded aboard the Jap ship Nittsu Maru. The civilians remained on Wake. The next 44 months have to be described as a nightmare for these Marines. The food and treatment they received was totally barbaric. They arrived at Yokohama on 17 Jan 1942. On 19 Jan. '42 they left Yokohama and was shipped to Shanghai. They arrived there on 27 Jan. They were marched eight miles to Woosung prison camp. It has been said the guards were very brutal. Some of the Marines were taken to a nearby prison camp, Kiang Wang. This was called the Hell Camp for a good reason.

In May 1945 the Marines were loaded aboard freight cars and moved 700 miles north to Peking. They were then moved again on Jun 19, 1945 to the South Korean port city of Pusan. This was approximately 600 miles, taking 4 days. The food at Pusan was nothing but garbage.

On 23 Jun. 1945, they were loaded aboard a Ferry Steamer for a 12 hour ride across the Sea of Japan. They probably docked at Fukuoka, Japan. Here they were loaded into a railroad day car: 170 Americans and 88 Japs. Although the blinds were pulled, they knew they were headed north. Occasionally someone would pull a blind and saw the rubble ... all that was left of some towns. This told them the U.S. Airforce was pounding hell out of Japan. On 6 July 1945, they arrived at Hokkaido. Here, the food was a little better—cooked rice and fried grasshoppers.

On 14 Aug 1945, all the Japs in and around the prison camp began screaming, jabbering and crying. The Marines knew their ordeal was close to an end. On 11 Sep 1945, Major Devereux received the surrender sword from the prison camp commander.

At the time they were liberated, these Marines, who would normally weigh 175 pounds, were down to 120 pounds.

On 10 Sep. 1945, American rescue teams arrived to begin their processing to go home. The process was adjusting these men's systems so they could once again begin to eat good old American food. This process had to be gradual and took about a month. Artie was finally put aboard a Navy hospital ship and started toward the country he loved so much... United States of America.

While a POW, Artie received no mail. This is damn painful. The problem... no one knew where he was. One letter to his Dad is as follows:

Dear Dad:

Here is a letter from a long lost son, but I am hoping he won't be lost for long. I am in the States and my weight is about the same, 135 pounds. When you write, send some pictures. It would be nice to see you. As yet have not had a letter from you. Tell everyone hello and that I am still kicking.

As ever, your Son
Artie

I was told by a fellow POW that Artie was very tough, resourceful and shrewd. At times he would do some pretty raunchy stunts, and the Japs were dumb enough to believe it was their own blunders. Well, that was Artie.

Artie received an Honorable Discharge from the U.S. Marine Corps in February 1946. He went to Duchesne to try to put his life back together. Artie took whatever kind of work he could find. Artie had a tough battle trying to make the transition back to civilian life.

While visiting with Artie one day at the Veteran's War Memorial in Vernal, he told me that when the Korean War started, he felt that the Corps was in trouble and needed him. He re-enlisted into the U.S. Marine Corps so he could go back and serve his country. Artie did, in fact, serve a tour of duty in Korea.

After Korea, Artie decided to stay in the Marine Corps until retirement. During that time, Artie served in the Vietnam War. Yes, Artie served a tour in Vietnam, also. I asked him what he did. His answer was "A darn good Marine is supposed to do. Protect his country."

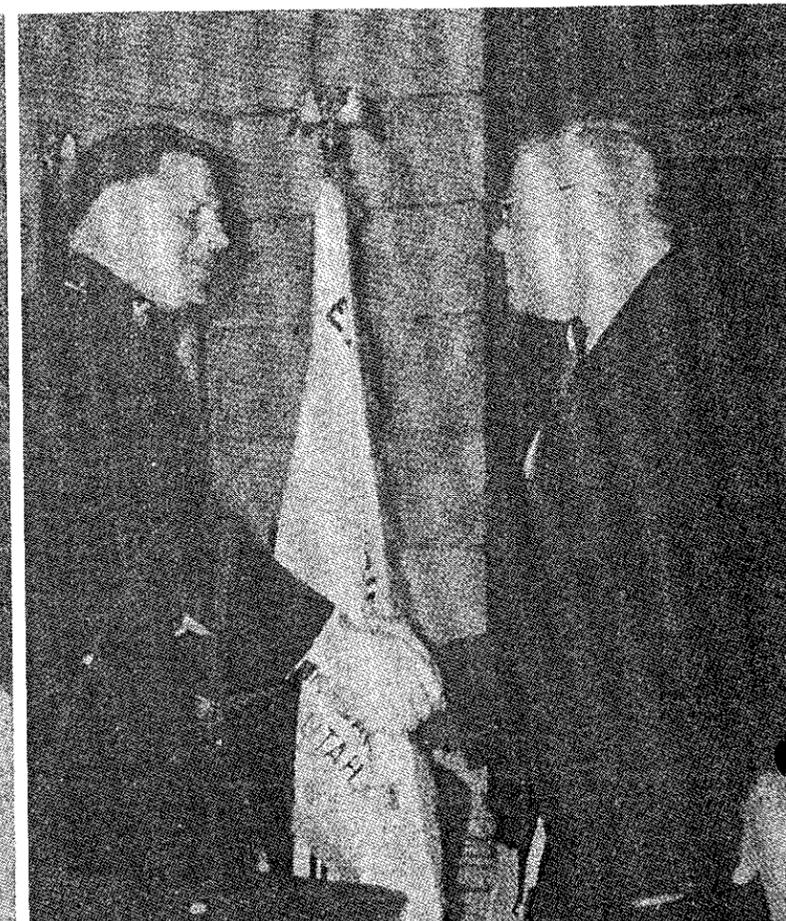
These lines are very few for a man who loved and gave so much of himself for his country. It was 22 years as a proud United States Marine.

In 1988 Utah awarded 135 Prisoner of War Medals. Among those receiving this medal were Artie J. Stocks, Hoyle Chew, Lester Barger, Mark Oberhansly, June Bastian, Howard Harmston, Albert Peterson, Anderson, Clyde Freestone, and Kay Jensen.

One day while in Vernal, Artie visited the Veteran's War Memorial. He told me when he walked up to the POW Monument and saw three names that he knew, his heart came up into his throat to where he couldn't breathe. He said when he walked over to the POW Monument and saw three other names, "This is a little piece of my life, twenty-two years as a Marine, ribbons all over my chest, discharged as a Senior Master Sergeant and totally unashamed of the tears running down my face. Finally someone cared." When entering civilian life, Artie married Doris Hartle from Vernal. They had three children. Thank you, Artie, for being the truly great American that you are.

Written by Duane Hall as told by Artie J. Stocks
Artie receiving Prisoner of War Medal

Artie & Doris



HOYLE CHEW

Jensen, Utah, February 1918. Attended Vernal schools. He entered the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) in Vernal in 1938. There was a two year limit on the CCC's, and Hoyle was discharged in 1940. In June 1940 Hoyle enlisted into the United States Marine Corps. He received his Basic Training (Boot Camp) at San Diego, California. In January 1941 he sailed for Hawaii. There, he remained and trained until November 1941. He then boarded ship and was assigned to Wake Island in the South Pacific. Stationed on Wake Island, now, was a garrison of 180 U.S. Marines. The U.S. Navy had a small group on Wake Island also: engineer officers and radio personnel. There were approximately 1,200 civilian employees. These civilians were in the process of building a United States military installation complete with barracks, hospital, fuel storage, warehouses and air field. It was to be a very important installation. The purpose of this military installation was to protect Pearl Harbor from attack. Either the installation was started too late, or the Japs struck too early. The base wasn't completed. The various reinforcements received during the last ten days of peace brought the total military on Wake to 519. Of these, 379 were U.S. Marines. They also received twelve F4F Grumman Wildcat fighter planes. With the very limited resources they had, they set up the best defense they could.

At 7:58 A.M., 8 Dec 1941, Japanese bombers hit Wake Island. Because of the International Date Line, the attack on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. You may say these were coordinated attacks. The military and civilian personnel on Wake Island had no way to know the immense forces that were being thrown at them. They did not know that many Jap naval vessels to pound them with ship-to-shore shelling. The Japs threw air raids at them one after another. On the first air raid, 8 of 12 of the Marine's F4F Grumman Wildcats were destroyed on the ground. Scores of lives were lost in these air and ship-to-shore attacks. On Dec. 9th U.S. Marines had two more reinforcements for Wake. Incoming was twenty-seven twin engine Jap bombers with fighter escort. These Jap pilots took on the lot of them and are credited with shooting down the first Jap bomber in WWII. The Marine's took out five more of their bombers. Darn good showing for a bunch of grossly under-equipped and under-trained guys called United States Marines. Both Marine's planes returned to base. The Marines, between the lines, built dummy artillery emplacements to make the Japs think they were a stronger force than they were.

On Dec. 11th the Japs began moving in for the kill: two cruisers, six destroyers, two troop transports and several LST's. They had no idea the caliber of manpower they had tangled with. At 6:10 A.M. the Marines opened fire on the Jap flotilla and at 7:10 A.M. were ordered to cease fire because the ships that were not on the island were out of range.

As the days passed, the enemy hit harder and harder. The Marines had less and less to strike back with. There were no reinforcements at all.

At 1:30 A.M. on Dec. 23rd, the Japs began coming ashore. There were several landing zones. The Marines by this time were so low in fighting equipment and so few men, they were unable to hold back the onslaught of Japs. As was written after by the Japanese Navy Minister, Admiral Shimada, "It was a slaughter that would make the Gods weep."

At 9:30 A.M. the order went out to cease fire. Wake Island was surrendered to the Japs. Only the man who had the honor to lead that walk could possibly know the feeling in the bodies of the surviving Marines at that point.

The military strength on Wake Island at the time war started was as follows:

U.S. Marines	379
Navy	75
Army	5
Navy Hospital	60
Total strength	519

The battle for Wake Island raged from 8 Dec 1941 through 23 Dec 1941. Total losses to the Marines were 96 men and 12 aircraft. By the Japanese' own admission, their losses were as follows: 11 Naval ships and more than 5,700 men killed. Enemy losses alone was more than 50 to 1 ratio. Small as these guys are so proud to be called United States Marines.

Late in the day of Dec 23rd, the Marines were grouped on the air strip. Here, the Japs tied them behind their back with telephone wire and barbed wire. They were left in this condition for many hours. To me by two men who were there, this was some of the nicest treatment they received. For many of them their food and treatment was totally barbaric.

The Marines were loaded aboard the Jap ship Nittsu Maru on 12 Jan 1942. They arrived at Yokohama, Japan on 17 Jan 1942. Then on 19 Jan 1942, they left Yokohama and sailed to Shanghai. They arrived at Shanghai on 23 Jan 1942. They were marched from Shanghai to Woosung prison camp, about eight miles. In the march and written, that the Jap guards at Woosung were very stupid and unbelievably brutal. Another prison camp nearby was Kiang Wang, at which some of these Marines were held. Kiang Wang was called the "hell hole" for good reason. In May 1945 the Marines were loaded aboard freight cars and moved 700 miles north to Fengtai near Peking. This train trip took five days. At Fengtai, the food and human treatment was worse than at Woosung.

On 19 June 1945, they began another boxcar trip. This was a four day trip to the port of Pusan, Korea. Pusan was even worse than Fengtai. The food was nothing but garbage.

On 23 June 1945, they were loaded on a Ferry Steamer for a 12 hour ride across the sea. They probably landed at Fukuoka, Japan. Here, they were loaded into a railroad day car: 170 American prisoners to hold 88 Japs. The Japs pulled the blinds, but the Marines knew they were headed north, and by the peak occasionally, they would see the rubble along the tracks and they knew the U.S. Air Force was bombing Japan. On 6 July 1945, they arrived at Takagawa, Hokkaido. This is Japan's northernmost island. Here the food was a little better-cooked rice and fried grasshoppers.

On 14 Aug 1945, all the Japanese people in and around the prison camp began sobbing, some were jabbering. The Marines knew something big and good had happened. Then someone told them they had surrendered. Right away conditions grew much better. They didn't learn for sure what had happened until Aug 1945, when the International Red Cross representatives were allowed in and told them Japan had surrendered unconditionally.

On 10 Sept 1945, American Rescue teams arrived and started processing the Marines for shipment home—U.S.A. This was completed on 14 Sep.

Hoyle was put aboard a hospital ship. A man who normally would weigh about 175 pounds, now weighed 97 pounds. This ship took him to Guam, then on to Pearl Harbor. From Hawaii he was flown to the good old U.S.A.

Of all the fears a man would have under these circumstances, the biggest fears would be to get back to his own country and, most of all, not being given the chance to raise his own family.

After several short assignment moves on the west coast, Hoyle wanted to re-enlist in the Marine Corps and be sent home.

Hoyle was honorably discharged late 1945 and came home. He was back in his own country, married and raised a family. Through the many years he has been gainfully and honorably employed.

At age 78 he is still the quiet, unpretentious, honest man who can still say, "I was proud to be a U.S. Marine and am proud to be an American."

(Written by Duane Hall as related by Hoyle)

Lester Barger United States Marine Corp. World War II Prisoner of War - 44 months

Born in 1921 in Vernal, Utah. Attended schools in Vernal. Lester joined the U.S. Marine Corp. on June 1940 along with his brother Dale, and Hoyle Chew. These three went through Boot Camp together. Lester and Hoyle stayed together, but Dale Barger received another assignment. Dale went to a Naval Air Station, Alameda, Calif.

Lester stayed at San Diego until January or February of 1941. From there, Lester was sent to Pearl Harbor for about six months, then was sent to Wake Island. Wake Island was his assignment until WWII started. When the Japanese attacked Wake Island, they didn't anticipate what they ran into. A few hours before the attack, the marines received a scratchy, almost inaudible message that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor.

Heavy clouds covered the island, hiding the approaching enemy aircraft. The bomber came in at 600 to 800 feet. The attack was so sudden that the anti-aircraft guns were knocked out before they could be used. For the next sixteen days, the islands were bombed at least twice a day. Naval guns pounded mercilessly at the islands.

On the third day, the Japs tried to make a beach landing. That was when they learned it isn't nice to mess with the U.S. Marines. The attack was stopped, and the Japs pushed back into the sea.

Relentless air attacks took more and more of the American defenses. The marines were given orders from General MacArthur to hold out for at least twelve days.

The Japs launched their heaviest attack at 3:00 a.m. on the sixteenth day.

They beached two large ships on the island, and hundreds of Japs came ashore. At 11:00 a.m. the marines were out of ammunition and supplies. There was nothing they could do but turn Wake Island over to the Japs.

The Marines were marched to the airstrip where they were stripped and searched. They were only allowed to put back on their pants and shoes. Their hands were tied behind their back with wire and looped around their necks. They were then taken to a camp to await shipment to Japan.

Eleven days later a Japanese cargo ship came in as close as it could get to the island. The prisoners were loaded onto small boats to be ferried out to the cargo ship. The prisoners were packed into the rat infested cargo holds. They couldn't all sit or lie down at the same time. Toilet facilities were a bucket. Beatings were common the rest of the day.

The prisoners were loaded aboard another ship and taken to Shanghai, China. Over the next two years, the prisoners built roads from Shanghai and Peking and up into Manchuria. After the roads in Manchuria were completed, they were put on a train and taken to Pusan, South Korea. While at Pusan the prisoners spent several weeks loading salt onto ships to be taken to Japan.

Lester and about 200 other Americans were loaded aboard a ship to be ferried back to Japan to be taken to a prison camp. Lester couldn't remember where they landed, but it looked like it may have been a Japanese island.

There, they were crammed into box cars and headed north. They passed through Hiroshima, Japan, several weeks before the Atomic bomb had been dropped. At one place the railroad had been bombed out, so the prisoners had to walk several miles to be loaded aboard another train to continue their journey north. While on this walk the Americans were exposed to extremely harsh treatment from the Japanese civilians.

They were taken to Hokkaido, Japan's northernmost island. It was here they were put to work in the mines. This is awful hard work, especially when you are fed two cups of rice per day.

On August 14, 1945, there was a real commotion in the prison camp. The prisoners learned the Japs had surrendered. Right away all conditions got much better for the prisoners. The guards began disappearing and the Japs began making drops of food and clothing.

Lester and the other prisoners were taken back to Tokyo. Here, they were loaded on U.S. Navy ships to be sent home. Lester, I cannot be completely sure, but I believe the first ship to load American POW's was the USS Lansdowne. A crew member on that ship was Don Walker from Vernal.

On the tape Lester sent, he made it very plain he would not dwell on blood and gore, mention of needless, brutal treatment and lack of food throughout his 44 month ordeal. Lester had Malaria the entire time. When Lester was put aboard a U.S. Navy ship in Tokyo Bay, his weight was 100 pounds. The scars on his body and mind are still there after more than 50 years.

Lester spoke very fondly of having been a U.S. Marine. Even more than that, the pride of his country.

Thanks to you, Lester, and the others like you for what you did so that we all can and should be the greatest nation on this earth.

Written by Duane Hall

WAR AND SURVIVAL—Memoirs of Mark L. Oberhansly

With additional comments by buddies, James Donaldson and Ed Seabourn

Spring 1994

Mark had given up; he lay nearly dead. Just yesterday he was trying to stand, and our hopes soared. It was hard to accept this turn of events, but as we climbed back into the well-worn truck Mark said, "Things aren't as bad as they seem." It was again, the spirit that stayed my Dad through over 50 years of ranching, as well as WW II—his time in a German prison camp.

Beginnings

Mark's country is the summer-scorched, eastern Utah centers around water turns. This is Mark's country—born in Hayden on the Ute Indian Reservation. A far stretch from Wyoming, with water enough for all to grow. At age 22 he began work as foreman of a large cattle ranch in Lone Tree, Wyoming doing what he had learned naturally -- "I was born on a horse," I've heard him say about one hundred times. The news of the War spread quickly through Wyoming. At 24 years of age, a permanent deferment was granted. However, being the type not to miss any action and patriotic as well, he enlisted in the War. Clive Gurr enlisted together at Mountain Home, Wyoming. They thought they would stay in the States, but about that would have it otherwise. Both ended up in England, but their paths never crossed during the war.

War Training

Mark distinctly remembers eating at the counter of Covey's Restaurant and Motel in Salt Lake City with his buddies before leaving for training. He left his Hudson in a nearby garage, but made the mistake of revealing the location to another GI, Shorty, who helped himself to the vehicle whenever he could and "ran the wheels."

Spokane Field claimed the most beautiful sunsets in the country. Here in Spokane, Washington, Mark had his first training. Then followed gunnery practice and the dropping of sand bombs at Muroc Proving Ground, California. It was surmised that this desert training was preparing them for Africa.

Mark graduated from Armament School at Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado. There he was in charge of instructing new enlistees about the care and use of the 50 caliber machine guns. In Salt Lake City, Utah, his experience was pulling tow targets in B-18 bombers. He writes:

"The wrench that we pulled the target with was hand operated and I practically stood straddle the bomb bay. Captain McGee got shot by one of the crews firing at the target about 250 yards behind. He was hit in the plane in and landed with one arm. The other one he lost.

"The most disagreeable part of his training came when he had an unqualified instructor in armaments. Although he knew everything but knew very little, in Mark's opinion. Mark was placed in the guardhouse to guard prisoners who had committed serious offenses—he found out how it feels to be taunted, and it gave him empathy for his later experience.)

Double Dose in Denver

Mark was sent back to Denver where his superior officer encouraged him to remain as Chief Instructor. However, his eye was set on getting "over there!" The harbor became destination for his first squadron—but Mark was left behind in a Denver hospital, with mumps! And if this were not enough, his immunization record was missing—the long series was given a second time!

(Perhaps because of this overdose of needles, giving shots was never a problem for Mark to animals or himself! Despite family protests, his yearly cold was doctored with an administered penicillin shot from an animal syringe with a "huge" needle!!)

To The War

Finally, Mark was sent to the European Theatre on the Queen Mary. They docked in September of 1942. He was stationed in Chelveston, Aerodrome—a rural farming area near England. The people there were fun-loving and in need of the positive, upbeat attitudes and stories of the American GIs. They showed their appreciation by having parties, dances, and inviting the GIs to their homes.

Mark belonged to the 305th bomb group, which was part of the 8th Air Force heavy bombing force. They flew the B-17 aircraft, better known as the "Flying Fortress." Mark flew the missions in the deadly ball turret and the rest as side gunner and bombardier.

James Donaldson (Snuffy), a member of his crew, recalls that the ten men (in their crews) were from the beginning. They were close and supportive of each other, even through their trials.

(Because he was about five years older than most of the men, and because he had more armaments, many guys saw Mark as a father figure and often came for help or advice.)

Peanut-Butter

The British loved American K rations sent in by the Red Cross—sardines, dried fruit, powdered candy, cookies and peanut-butter.

However, one Englishman sitting next to Mark in the mess hall took a huge spoonful of peanut butter for the first time. After wallowing it around and around in his mouth for several seconds, he finally spat it out. In his strong accent he commented, "I say, good chap, I do not think much of your peanut butter!"

The country boys, especially, enjoyed breakfasts in the mess hall—oatmeal, spam, and sausage with eggs from local farms. Dinners were less memorable with sauerkraut and more sauerkraut!!

(When squadrons were being separated out and shown where the various religious denominations met on Sunday, every church was called out but Mark's. The commanding officer asked him where he belonged to and Mark said, "The Mormon Church." The officer yelled out to another officer, "Where does he go?")

Colonel LeMay

Commanding officer of the 305th Bomb Group was Colonel Curtis E. LeMay. After five missions, he routinely pinned the "Air Medal" on each group member.

As he approached Mark, he dropped the pin. Both men bent over to retrieve it and bumped heads. "G-, you've got a hard head!" Colonel LeMay exclaimed. Mark was thinking the same thing of the commanding officer.

Air Raids/Bombing Missions

Sirens sent everyone running for shelter in zig-zagged trenches. Sugar beets or other vegetables were grown up and around these trenches, as well as against the net wire surrounding the base—food for the animals. Animals were fed the greens, sugar made with beets.

Flyers were "on alert" in good weather, anticipating air raids or bombing missions. Relaxation and fun in the local village. The favorite pub, just down the lane from the base, was the...

George, owners, counted the B-17s going out on each mission and again when they were coming back to the pub, when a crew or crew member was missing, they grieved as though they had lost a member of their family. (Account of owner's son, Brian Francis.)

On bombing missions, Mark awoke early to check guns, bomb racks, fuel, etc. They were briefed before leaving. They flew in formations of three—one in front and two behind forming an inverted V. On a mission, one or more squadron flew together.

During a mission, one or more squadron flew together. On a particularly rough mission, Mark laughed and said, "That's some of my ancestors shooting at us down here!" Mark was nicknamed "Swede"—and he always wondered why.

Mark's plane was badly shot up on various missions, and emergency landings were not unusual. Mark landed on the White Cliffs of Dover.

Mark completed 24 missions over France and Germany. Following the 25th mission, he was looking forward to a month break and trip home.

Last Mission

On May 17, 1943. The 8th Air Force planned a massive bomb run, employing 118 B-17s, Boeing B-29 Superfortresses. The targets were heavily defended submarine pens; daylight raid, no escort. They flew in a very large formation.

Following this 25th mission, Colonel LeMay was to commission Mark a lieutenant, as well as his crew. Preparing for takeoff, the anxiety of the mission was lessened for them as they excitedly awaited their expected commission.

On the "Memphis Bell," completing 25 missions with the original crew and plane, Mark's group had several planes and crew members from time to time. He remembers one pilot by the name of Smith who was very qualified. It was not long before he was promoted to a new assignment—probably instructor pilot.

At the time of their 25th mission, they had a new pilot who had flown only 3-4 missions, and he felt nervous about this mission and wondered if he should go. But the night before he chose to pilot the plane.

Mark remembers telling the section chief that the plane they were taking was too old, and he feared it would not make it back.

Journal Entry of Mark L. Oberhansly

Five of our crew were on their 25th mission, and all five had left packed duffle bags behind in the bomb racks, ready to go home. That day we bombed submarine pens in Lorient, France. After dropping our bombs, coastal artillery opened up on us, and a sky full of German fighters were coming at us also. They shot out one engine, and two others were on fire when the pilot rang the bail-out bell. The co-pilot was wounded, and after opening the escape door, he froze from fear and we could not push him out so he had to be jumped. After snapping the Navigator's parachute on him, I opened the bomb bay and five of us jumped out—then the plane blew up before any others could get out.

Bay of Biscay

We were picked up out of the water in the Bay of Biscay by a French fishing boat. The Frenchman took us to the coast of England, but a German patrol boat came from shore about that time and took us. We were in real trouble now.

Interrogation

After stripping us of everything, clothes, shoes, valuables, etc., they put some ghastly oversized things on us, including shoes, and then the interrogation began. I was kept in solitary confinement, no food, and

harassment over and over. When I finally got out, I discovered my buddies were no longer allowed to have thought I had information they could get out of me. During the process of interrogation, I gave them a book with my picture, name, rank, home address, names of family members, and much else for their correct information.

"I'll Come Back and Haunt You"

(Added Notes)

When Mark was advanced to position of bombardier, his closest friend, Orville Glenn, was in the ball turret.

On their 25th and last mission, he warned Mark if they got hit to get him out of that turret and back and haunt you!" (Comments like this were often heard.)

As fate would have it, they did get hit. One engine was knocked out and the other three were when the pilot gave the "bail out" order. Mark was in the front of the aircraft. He hastily assisted the bombardier who was on his first bombing mission, by snapping him into his parachute and both bailed out. The pilot froze in the pilot's exit door so did not jump, due to fear. The other three men went out the side door. The plane blew up with five men still aboard.

Bargaining for His Life

A French fishing boat pulled Mark out of the Bay of Biscay. He remembers giving a French fisherman, bargaining for his life; the Frenchman unscrewed a wooden knob on the stairs of the boat and hid it inside the hollow post.

Closer to shore, Snuffy and Ernie were being pulled under by their parachutes, so Mark asked the fisherman to save them, too. He was reluctant, as he believed it would take too much time. He was able to transport Mark safely to the English coast by leaving immediately.

Through insistence, the fisherman went closer to shore and picked them up. But as the German patrol boat spotted them.

Ed Seabourn's Account of May 17, 1943

As another member of the 305th bomb group, Ed remembers Mark's plane lagging behind and being in the formation and feeling special concern.

On the morning of May 17, 1943, at about 11:00 AM, we swung in toward Paris and fought a running gun battle with German fighter planes. We became crippled and slid out of formation. A plane coming up on our left that had also fallen out of formation—the plane on which Mark was a bombardier.

We fought the Germans from Paris to almost Lorient, and I counted from my position as leader of different fighter planes. During one of the last passes, four abreast, they blew up Mark's B-17.

A few miles on we were forced to leave our own B-17, six of the eleven survived.

It was dark when we met at the German air base near Lorient, part of Mark's crew and I were examined some of us and offered medical assistance only to Donaldson (Snuffy), who received a bump on his nose. The bubble became about the size of a golf ball.

We took the train from the Luftwaft base to Paris. There we found large crowds of people, Gestapo, and people who were looking at us as though they would have helped, had we been able to escape.

We changed trains and went on into Frankfurt, Germany where I remember seeing a woman with a purse and a hen stuck its head out. She got water from a fountain and let it drink from her hands. I had, no doubt, traded for it on a farm.

Steel Doors

We were in a jail in the center of town in a monstrous building. Seemed like they shut steel doors on us. They then put us in a cell with straw on the floor. There was a window blind on the wall. There was nothing but a concrete wall.

We slept on the floor listening to air raid sirens, but no bombs went off near us. Someone threw a compass in a compass—a prison official of some kind. I caught it and stuck it in the sleeve of my uniform because I didn't have one.

We were soon moved to the Frankfurt Interrogation Center and put into wooden rooms first, then taken to a holding pen and barracks where our interrogated over night. From here, they moved us into a holding pen and barracks where our other enlisted men were all telling each other what had happened to them. "Oberhansly" and

the Germans yelled, "What are you doing? You're both Germans—why are you fighting us?" We were there 4 days; then got on train and went into Stalag 7A, in a town south of Munich called Mooseburgh. We stayed from May to late September, then moved to Krems, Austria.

"Ready, Aim....."

The following experience is well remembered by Mark, Snuffy, and Ed. It occurred before arriving at the camp. Ed's accounting:

We were loaded into a makeshift bus, with wooden benches on each side and with a big spotlight on the front. Eight of us, eight guards, and a lieutenant in charge of them.

The bus was driven out into the country and stopped. We looked at one another when the Lieutenant

came out. "We were told to line up with our backs to the ditch.

Stand at attention! Ready! Aim!" yelled the German Lieutenant.

We all stood at attention—not a man wavered, begged or pleaded; just stood there looking right back at the barrels.

After a while, this German Lieutenant laughed like a mad man and yelled to relieve themselves and get out of the bus.

Believe me, we believe he would have ordered us killed had one man cried out or wavered in any way.

We returned to the bus and were taken to a barracks where we slept the night on steel cots without mattress or

Journal Entry of Mark L. Oberhansly

Stalag 7-A and 17-B

I was transported by bus, cattle-cars by train, and trucks, by day and by night until I had no idea where I ended up in Stalag 7-A prison compound and later was moved to Stalag 17-B in Krems, Austria. I stayed there for a total of two years.

Mark remembers seeing huddled Jews along the way, emaciated with big eyes. Their appearance was so pathetic.

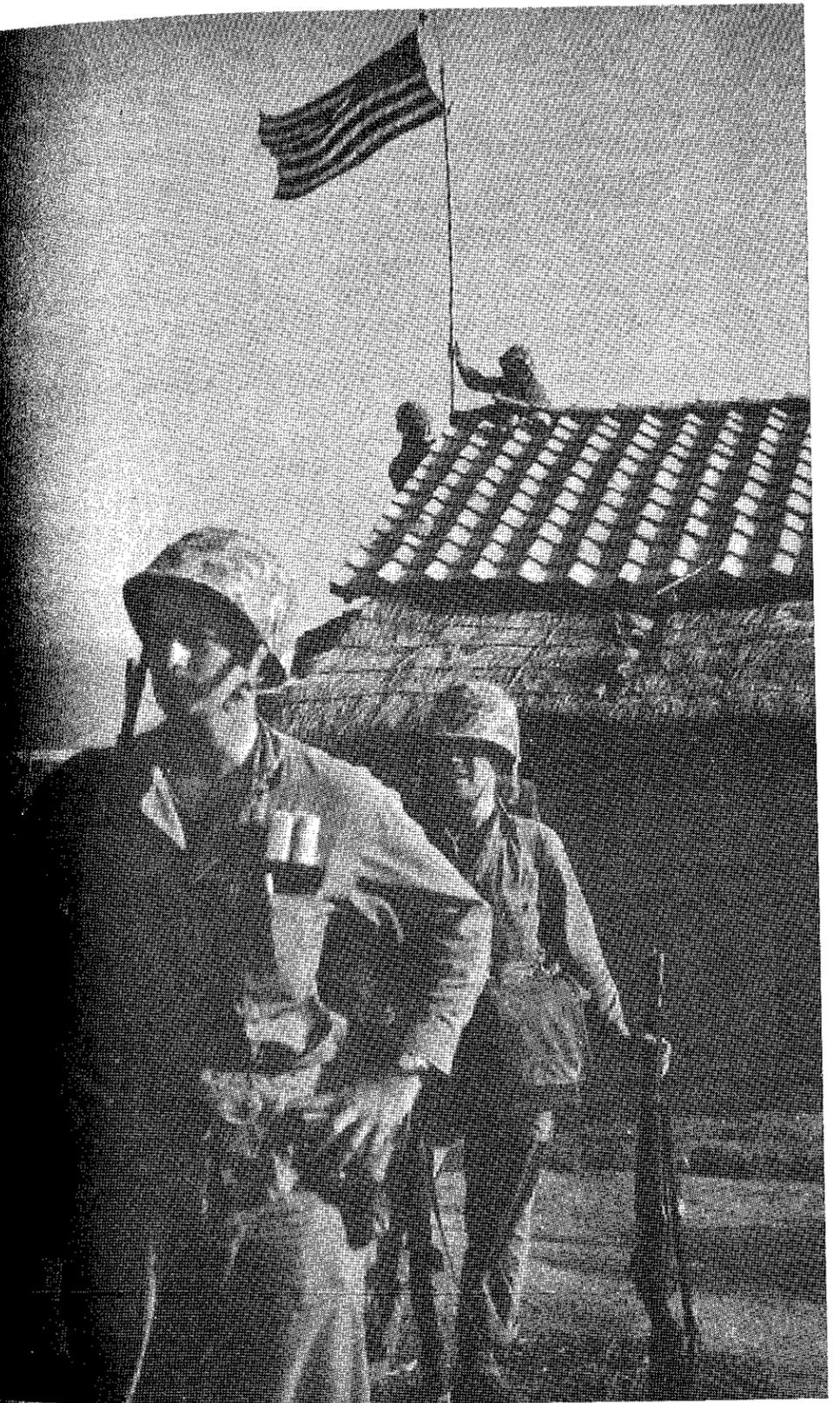
It was just as cold on that river as it is on the Duchesne River, or Jensen on the Green (rivers at home in the barracks didn't have covering over the windows, and wide cracks were all around the walls. We huddled together with nothing except one blanket per man, provided by the Red Cross. We huddled together and freezing to death.

When I was shot down, I was in excellent physical condition. This is the only reason I made it until the Red Cross started coming through, nine months later. We would have starved to death without this aid. The Red Cross sent much of it but gave enough to keep us alive.



7th
WAR LOAN NOW..ALL TOGETHER

U.S. Marines
Raised "Old glory" on Mt. Suribachi,
Iwo Jima
23 Feb 1945
-64-



7th Army Division
First Marine Division
Amid hell and shell, they raised our flag.
Seoul, South Korea
27 Sept 1950
-65-

I made it a practice to exercise by doing push-ups and walked a lot around the fenced area to keep up my strength.

When we ate, no more than once a day if we were lucky, we ate out of metal bowls. (The cows eat) soup was carried to us by Russian prisoners from an adjoining camp in a large wooden stick stuck through from one side to the other for them to carry it with.

Once in a while we received a piece of black bread, and if we were lucky, there might be a turnip in our soup. Occasionally we were given a little sauerkraut. The only protein we got was a weevil floating on top of our soup.

I felt most of the time like a horse must feel if kept tied up all of the time.

We endured waiting for the summer months. The surrounding country was so beautiful and the weather nice and warm.

Always we were under surveillance of German guards who had previously fought on the Russian front. They were so bitter and had no respect for life. They would pull the trigger over the fence. My first Christmas in prison I'd like to forget. We were singing carols, trying to make some noise when the guards blasted the camp with bullets, killing some of the guys.

I had a good friend named Lewis Clayton, who was from Santa Clara, Utah. He and I had been outside. We would have gotten away, but the guard dogs smelled us and we were put in solitary. We had attempted to escape two other times without success.

(The solitary pens spoken of were about 6 1/2' square, where they were kept for two weeks.)

To keep up our morale we joked, played cards, had boxing matches after I taught a lot of the tricks I knew in the game, and did anything crazy to force a laugh out of each other. It's amazing how much you can tolerate if your life is on the line.

The Red Cross in Switzerland, after several months, sent a few things into the prison—gloves, games, horseshoes, and a few books—the Bible among them.

The guards were sent from the Russian front where their nerves had cracked. They were men who had been ordered by doctors to leave the fighting—so were sent to guard the prisoners.

Maybe because Dad had grown up around animals and could sense when a cow was about to buck, or maybe because he knew the face of a hunted animal, he could sense the desperation of these guards and was always cautious. He watched men get their heads blown off for taunting the

Snuffy Donaldson's Memories of Stalag 17-B

"Hully Gully"

Mark and I had a serious craving for biscuits and smoking tobacco, so Mark traded my blue pants for a Frenchman for them.

We ate a lot of rotten sauerkraut, and bathed once a month in cold water, if we were lucky. When prisoners were sleeping, the guards would have their police dogs check the men at any hour if they hadn't escaped.

For entertainment, Mark and Louis Clayton often participated in boxing and sparring with each other.

The men enjoyed "Hully Gully," a game where the guys would dig a tunnel and put the tunnel in a slit trench. We would take turns running over it, packing it to look like old dirt—to fool the Germans.

Another pastime was making candles out of margarine, this being our only means of getting fat.

After two years of listening to radios received through trading "smokes" to German guards, we would soon be free.

Ed Seabourn Recounts Memories of the Prison Camp

"The Germans Never Found That Thing"

Things, times got tough. They'd cut off electricity for long periods, cut off water, march us out to hold the line. While they searched the barracks for different things—radios, for example. We did have crystal sets, and I managed to trade with some of the guards. Not far from where I slept, a radio was buried in the wall, and I was listening to it. The Germans never found that thing. One day the guards shot into the barracks one night. I remember looking out the back window and seeing one guard in the face.

"I remember eating hog food in a trough"

One day in April we were marched out (of the prison)—and for 296 miles in groups of 500. We were marching through the woods, streams, countryside in Austria. We'd walk and they'd put us in a trough along the way. If we got anything to eat, we had to steal it. I remember eating all the hog food out of tin cans.

During the march we climbed a big mountain. We usually stopped to rest occasionally, but one night we stopped. About 1:00 in the morning we began goin' downhill. My hips and legs were numb from the waist down. It was hard on you to walk downhill. We were put in a building with no room to lay down, so we stood and huddled together all night.

Finally we got into Lentz, on the German-Austrian border, and stayed in a barn that night. While moving out into a big haystack, we found 88 millimeter shells right under where we were sleeping.

We crossed a bridge back into Austria, and the bridge had bombs hung on it where they could blow it up. We marched across that thing and hoped they didn't decide to blow it up while we were there.

Roosevelt Was Dead

A few miles away from Lentz we stopped at a farm, and a German told us that Roosevelt was dead. I said, "The war will go on against you just the same." The old lady that was mother of the household was an old woman. Her daughters were on the floor scrubbing the rock floor with sandstone and soap. We were ordered to march and finally crossed back over the border and saw a German Concentration Camp where we were stacked in front. We marched by the entrance and thought we were being taken in.

For a few days we stayed at a beautiful farm where horses were raised. There we stole a chicken and boiled it.

We were marching through Bruneau, Austria—the town where Hitler was born, and seeing a big German Panzer.

We passed an aluminum factory and got into the woods. There they said Eisenhower told them to get us out of there, so the Germans told us to go in the woods and make a place to stay.

Shoulder blade of a horse...

One day we found but for a shoulder blade of a horse (no meat—just bone), which they gave me for 100 cigarettes. I had five men with 20 under them to cut cards for this shoulder blade. One man won, took it away to his room; the rest did without.

One day we heard cheering up on the road. It was an American tank. The captain said, "We can't help you—we don't know where we are—we're lost." There came a German tank from the opposite direction; it fired its gun barrel to gun barrel. The German told the American to stay still and he would go around. The American tank left.

About five days later, there were three jeep-loads of American soldiers and a full colonel's staff. The Germans guarding us threw down their guns and ran up and a bandolier of ammunition. First thing we did was get out to the farms for some food.

The American Army moved us into an aluminum factory where we were warm and out of the rain. We were entertained by a USO show, and the Colonel told us the war ended on May 7. The entertainment never had seen an audience like us—we didn't laugh at any jokes; we were too serious from our experiences. We could see no humor. The only thing that got applause was when the Colonel told us the war was over.

The next day we were flown out from the Luftwaffe Air Base at Lentz in C47s to Rheims. We were trucked into Paris where they were still celebrating the war being over. They put us into a public kitchen, and we got our first good food.

We were put on a train to Epanoil—with concrete fences. They took away our clothes and gave us uniforms for lice, bugs, etc. Then we were given more clothes and got first aid where needed.

From there we went to Camp Lucky Strike by train, which was an embarkation area for soldiers going back into Europe for the war and a debarkation for the US going back home. We were in the first train to go back into the US. I got on the "Admiral Benson."

A few hours out from Le Harve, we saw a floating mine with horns all over it and it was blowing the ship all to pieces. Circling around it, we sank it with 20 millimeter fire. On the fourth day we were in New York Harbor where we were disbursed to places of discharge near our home towns.

Snuffy's Memories of Trip Home

We boarded the Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, or one of the Liberty ships, which were the big ships that would carry soldiers back to America.

There were interesting stories to share—the Red Cross workers had warned the men not to eat too much on food because their stomachs had shrunk 25% while they were in the prison camp.

One man, however, ate 44 donuts and died. Another man overdosed on aspirin and died.

After The War

Mark returned to his home, married a beautiful woman, raised five children and thousands of dollars worth of war experiences were generally unknown to us until Snuffy and Ed came to visit.

As this old chapter of his life lay open, we heard amazing stories of courage, humor, and heroism that were absorbing.

Trek Back To England—50 Years Later

In September of 1992, the 305th members returned to England for what they called "The Invasion" for the 50th anniversary of landing in England. Dad and Mom returned to England for the first time. While in London they visited St. Paul's Cathedral, where was placed under glass an honor roll of the Americans killed or missing in action.

Each morning the Minister says a prayer and turns over one page for visitors to view. We waited in the long line slowly nearing the book, Dad commented "There won't be any names here." I encouraged him to look for his best friend, Orville Glenn, who had been trapped in the ball turret and was shot down.

Deja Vous

Finally in front of the honor roll, their eyes fell upon the two pages exposed for the day. Carefully turning the page, their eyes passed over names beginning with "F." Anxiously, they continued searching until it was—"GLENN," O.L., Staff Sgt., USAAF! Incredible, and somewhat eerie!—Being there 50 years later and seeing his best friend's name in a book of pages!! Orville has remained with him through all the years; but in a curious way, he was finally put to rest on

Survivors

Many days and many cattle have passed since the War. Like the brand that sears the hide of each new calf's ranch, these Veterans carry lasting marks from the War. They have created a protective coating to dull the darkest memories, but the shadows always remain. They have the War, but an equal test followed in resuming everyday life while with emotional and physical scars.

"Highlight of my life"

While visiting with Dad a couple of years ago—considering everything he had gone through, I asked if he would do it all over again. Without a moment's hesitation, and looking a little shocked by my question, he said "It was the highlight of my life! I'd do it all over again—in a minute!"
I want to live the American spirit!

Edited by Susan O. Famulary, daughter of Mark L. Oberhansly)

Note: The number "8" seems to be Mark's number.

Mark was enlisted on May 8

He was discharged on Sep 8

He was liberated on May 8

He and Fern married Oct 8

Clyde "Tom" Freestone

Interview with Tom Freestone (Clyde T. Freestone) POW during World War II.
Interviewers: Gracia Hirschi, Beverly Shewell.

This is an interview with Tom Freestone concerning his prisoner of war activities during World War II.

My name is Clyde T. Freestone and that is what I refer to as my army name. Few people ever knew me at such time as I reached my eighteenth birthday, which was on the 25th day of November 1941, I was in military service, as required by law, and learned that my name really was Clyde T. Freestone.

Shortly after that within about two weeks of my reaching my eighteenth birthday and I was still in high school at that time, I was down at my sister LeOra's house on a Sunday morning lying on the living room floor. A funny paper and a news flash came on indicating that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor, thus starting World War II as far as the Japanese were concerned.

As indicated, I was still in high school at that time, so the obvious thing was that I should continue high school and graduated in June of 1942. I was shown on the selective service list at that time as being A-1, but the area at that time was, interestingly enough, rather well filled up with individuals that were in the roster that were scheduled for induction into the service.

I was not called immediately and after waiting some time, concluded to go ahead and enroll in Utah State College. That's known today, because it was the policy for individuals who were enrolled in college and were in the R.O.T.C. program where they were getting some military experience, to at least permit them to continue at such time as they received their notice to go into the military service.

That's what I did, but after going up to Logan and getting into school I ran into a fellow who talked me into joining the Navy. So he and I hitchhiked from Logan down to Salt Lake City. I joined the Navy only to learn that there was a rule having to do with paper work, I suppose, that said you could not be A-1 and scheduled for induction that you no longer could enlist. Based on that I went back to school, finished the quarter and came back to Vernal and sat around all summer waiting to go into the service. I was notified that I was to report to Fort Douglas. This was in the late fall of 1942, and I was to report to Fort Douglas for a physical examination.

At that time there were other individuals that boarded the bus with me for the trip to Fort Douglas. Those individuals are Paul Batty; Reed Anderson, I believe Reed's dead now, you would know his wife; a fellow I believe we called Sandy Bowthorpe, I think he's Ed Jenkins son-in-law at the present time; and one of the Smuin boys from out in Davis Ward. So we boarded the Trailways Bus and reported to Fort Douglas for our preliminary examination and the tests that the service gave at that time.

I took the general classification test as it was called and because of the high scores that I was able to make, I was advised that I was eligible to go into the Army Air Corps as it was called at that time, into the cadet program. This would have allowed me to have obtained a commission as an officer and it sounded like that a young man would find to be quite romantic so I agreed to join the Air Corps and I'm not sure about the fellows that went out at that time, what their time frame was, but most of them fairly quickly found themselves in the infantry, as I recall.

I was returned to Vernal in the fall then, of what was now 1943, and about four days before Christmas, I was notified that I was to report to Fort Douglas for induction and this was quite hard on my mother because it was so close to Christmas and that kind of thing; but, in any event, I reported to Fort Douglas and was sworn into the service and almost immediately placed on an old army troop train and found myself in Denver, Colorado and, eventually, out at Buckley Field.

The purpose of that was to allow me to receive the basic training, and somewhere after getting into the training program, those of us that went into the Air Corps at that time were advised that because all of the technical schools that had to do with training pilots, bombardiers and navigators, which were the ones that commissions were awarded to, that we could now take a choice of either becoming gunners or other positions in the Air Force. This was quite disheartening to us.

In any event, again having an interest in flying, I elected to go into the gunnery school. Thus, I was sent to Nevada at—I know the name of the field there, but in any event, I was stationed at the air base in Nevada. I had my first trip in a plane at that point which was a B-17, the old flying fortress, which

was the plane that I eventually ended up in, and so I took gunnery training there in Las Vegas, and then there were various positions. Other turret positions in the B-17, a Chim turret in the late on. So I was trained to be a turret gunner and sometime in the summer of 1943, I was sent to Lincoln on a troop train for assignment for further gunnery training and, more particularly, to be joined to One of the things that occurred at that point in time was that everywhere we went to gunnery school had a big sign and that sign said, "gunner today and goner tomorrow." Then we began to realize that so many more gunners than they did pilots.

Leaving Lincoln, Nebraska, I went to Alexander Air Base and received further turret training and some other training incidental to B-17s and was scheduled to leave there for over seas assignment, meaning I had a fairly fast transition from civilian life to being overseas. The crew I was assigned to, Louisiana kinda came apart. We had some casualties due to accidents and illness and so on, and I was up; otherwise, I would have left for overseas assignment in September of 1944, but was assigned to a crew called the 10-4 crew, which meant that they were to leave on October 4th for overseas assignment.

This gave me about 30 days when I was just really marking time, and so I conjured up the idea that it would be nice to get back to Vernal, Utah and see my parents one more time. We had seen a sign that said "today and goner tomorrow," so it made us wonder what our stay on this earth might amount to. I figured out the idea that if I were to get a three day pass and take a weekend, I might be able to get on a Trailways bus in Shreveport, Louisiana and get to Vernal, Utah to see my folks, turn around and ride the bus back to Louisiana, which is what I did.

Fairly soon thereafter, we were shipped back to Lincoln, Nebraska with a new crew, and we were to fly our own plane to the European Theater. We didn't know where we were going. We thought we were going to the Pacific Theater because they gave us the type of parachute that was known as a back pack. When we opened the back pack, it had machetes and things like that. This was typical army bungling. However, we were led to think that we were going to the Pacific Theater, we soon found ourselves at the Army Air Base at Gander, Newfoundland. Gander, Newfoundland was the closest point on the North American Continent to the European Continent, and so we reported there to fly our own plane across the ocean to our assignment there. There was one little problem with that, which was that in order to have enough gas to make the trip, we had to very accurately land on the island known as the Azores, which belongs to Portugal and is about halfway between Spain.

If you miss those islands, if you're a young, green navigator, which is what we had at that time, you are due to take a bath. We flew our plane across there and, fortunately, found the Azores Islands. We flew over the ocean. We were able to land there and gas up, and then we were diverted to North Africa. By going to North Africa, we were able to hopscotch around various places there to avoid the German ground forces. We landed in North Africa and make our way to the point that was to become our eventual base in the Mediterranean.

On leaving the Azores, the first place I got to was a place called Marakesh, which is a city in the biblical times near the gates of Hercules across from Spain, and from Marakesh we hit many of the Mediterranean countries such as Algeria and had the chance to stay in Algiers, Casablanca, Tripoli, I believe that the first place we stopped in the North African area was Alexandria in Egypt. From Alexandria we cut back across the Mediterranean Sea and wound up in our permanent base, which was at a place called Foggia. Foggia is at the heel of the boot near the Adriatic Sea.

Almost immediately after hitting our air base, we were assigned to tents in the olive groves. Since we wanted heat, we had to furnish our own by getting a 55 gallon drum and putting a copper pipe in it. We were stealing hundred octane gasoline from the airplanes and starting a little fire in the drum. Not many of us were some pretty lively fires in those tents.

We were living virtually under frontline conditions in the olive groves there in Italy. Very soon after arriving in Foggia, we were told that there was a need to fly our very first bombing mission. We were to do a milk run. Of course, a milk run is not expected to be very difficult; and it was, in fact, a milk run.

The Germans, who had occupied all of the Balkans during that time were still in Greece. We were to do a B-17 that we brought from the United States, loaded it up with twelve 500 pound demolition bombs. We did the kind of bombs which were used by the B-17s, flew over to that point in Greece and dropped them. Thereafter, we had a fairly regular schedule of bombing.

Some of the places that I was involved with, the countries that I bombed were in northern Italy, a place called Austria. I recall the towns of Graus, Vienna, where I was later shot down, and a little town called Klagenfurt.

I always liked to bomb Klagenfurt, because they didn't have many anti-aircraft guns there. Sometimes you would have to bomb Klagenfurt because if you were flying your mission and had engine trouble or engine trouble would cause you to turn around, you could never bring the bombs back, you had to find a place to drop them. Klagenfurt became the place we liked to drop the bombs. In addition to bombing missions in Yugoslavia flying up to a place called Zigreb. In going to Zigreb, we flew very high. We also had missions into Czechoslovakia, the towns of Pilzen, Regeansburg, Germany. So I had an opportunity to fly over the Alps, both the Italian and the Swiss Alps many times. It always made you want to look down and see all those white needles pointing up at you. It always made you want to get out and walk at that point.

When we were enroute to our bombing missions, we were actually fairly well protected from fighter planes. We were escorted by P-51's, and they did an excellent job of escorting us most of the way to our targets.

On the other hand, eventually they would have to turn back, and this left us vulnerable to the fighters; but if you were in a fighting plane, it was called the flying fortress because of the great many guns that were on board. I had developed some kind of claustrophobia, and I didn't like the turrets. I preferred to be down in the plane where I could run back and forth from one gun to another and look out the windows and see the bombs striking on the targets.

Most of our targets, I suppose, were railroad yards, because the Germans were retreating out of the East, coming out of Russia and so on at that time, and so we were doing a lot of bombing of railroad yards. We went to Regeansburg, Germany, that was a fighter base for German fighters. That was a pretty interesting mission at that time.

It was the case that we always looked forward to accomplishing one more successful mission, because that was the time in the 15th Air Force, which incidently was the air group that I was with more particularly, I was assigned to the 429th Squadron of the Second Bomb Group. The Second Bomb Group was the oldest bomb group in the United States Air Force, having been organized in World War I, so this gave us quite a reputation to be in the Second Bomb group.

Q: Can I ask a question now?

A: Yes, you bet.

Q: Tell me about your crew. Was it a big crew, did you have any friends that were on that crew?

A: I'm glad that you asked that question, because ordinarily we flew ten men to a crew. Later on, when radar had been perfected, we would have one radar unit in each plane and we had a radar operator, thus we had the mickey ship or lead ship. So occasionally we were flying lead ship at times and leading the pack. But sometimes we would have eleven men, but most generally ten men to a crew.

As for friends, when I'd entered the Air Force in Fort Douglas, I became acquainted with a young man by the name of Fredrickson who came from Gunnison, Utah, and it became a very interesting thing because as we moved about to our training places in the United States, everytime I would go to a new base, there would be a young man by the name of Fredrickson. We did get separated for a time when I went to Louisiana and he went to Tennessee for his training. When I arrived overseas in Foggia, Italy at the air base, there was Fredrickson. We were pretty good friends, and I was concerned about him.

It happened that as we carried out missions against southern Germany on Thanksgiving Day 1944, it was a day that we have a flag of truce that day with the Germans, that no fighting would take place at that time in the United States, understandably, abided by that. The Germans retaliated by carrying out a big raid on us, so we were even for that escapade, on Christmas Day of 1944, the 15th Air Force out of Italy mounted a major raid on Germany, which was somewhat successful, I suppose; but much to my dismay, my good friend

Fredrickson was shot down. Such is the fortunes of war, I suppose. Other than that, I didn't lose any previous acquaintances or long time friends over there.

From time to time we would lose a crew member due to illness or injury from being shot or that. Actually, the original crew that I was with was virtually disintegrated by the time I was shot down.

Gracia: Was your plane hit very many times?

Tom: We had several planes because it was not uncommon to suffer a plane loss in the Balkans. As they would move back, they would take all of their guns with them and this meant that the German 88's and the 105's, which we feared very much, were all concentrated along the front where one day we would go up and have twenty-five guns shooting at us. We would go back and there would be over a hundred guns so the flak, as it was called, became very intense. We had a joke: when asked how the mission was yesterday, we would tell the crew going out the next day that we were enough to walk on it if you have to get out.

We had a number of planes shot up. We were also flying some fairly long missions, from Italy, which were missions beyond the amount of time that the B-17's were built for. Often on the return home we would "feather," as it was called, a couple of engines. You would fly with two engines in order to save gasoline, and when we would land on the runway in Italy, some of the crew chiefs said, "you have just enough gasoline in that engine to fill a cigarette lighter." Because of the runways that we were landing on, there were none of the cement runways like we see today, and the runways were made out of pieces of metal laid together in the mud of Italy. They were laid together which meant that the runways were very wobbly and they were also very uneven. They didn't have more of that type of runway than they needed to get you right off the ground; and one of the problems and this happened on occasion, if you were taking off and you had a head wind or something, it was hard to go to get off the ground. But we developed a strategy for that, and that was that you would stand the plane up, let it drop onto the runway. It would bounce, and when it bounced, you would pull the stick back. That would let you clear the ground. The only problem with that was that you had twelve 500 pound bombs hanging from the bombay and as you went up, the bombs would lift up in their shackles and if one had come loose, it would have been quite fatal. Such was the ingenuity of the American Air Force.

In any event, because of the hazards of flying early on, the policy was that if you successfully completed thirty-five bombing missions, then you could be rotated back to the states. But no one was making those missions, so they reduced that down to twenty-five missions. If you could make twenty-five missions, you could be rotated back to the states and those had to be twenty-five missions completed. Sometimes you would run into such heavy weather that we couldn't continue, or sometimes we would have to turn around things of that nature, so then we would have to turn around and come back, find a place to drop our bombs to base alone, which left us unprotected, as far as German fighters were concerned.

We had strategy involved with that and that is, if we were coming out of southern Europe, to avoid ground fire and avoid the air bases, we liked to fly down and get over the Adriatic Sea. When flying over the water and this gave us some protection, but that strategy nearly cost us our lives. Our navigator thought he knew where we were at, but he didn't, and as we let down from about ten thousand feet, which we usually bombed from, we thought we were over the Adriatic Sea. We had to go through clouds and were right over the famous city of Venice, Italy, the one that has all the canals. They were coming and they were waiting for us. That was one time the anti-aircraft was truly thick enough to walk on it.

We took several hits but were able to get that old plane back out over the Adriatic and back to base.

It was interesting, and I never recall in all the time that I was in Italy, of anyone being rotated back to the states. We knew of a crew that was on their twenty-third mission and had two more missions. They would have filled their quota and come home. On about their twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth mission, they were shot down, so the odds were really not in our favor.

As I have indicated, we were bombing railroad yards or marshalling yards, as they were called, and at the same time the Russians had forced the Germans closer and closer to the capitol of Austria, in Vienna. So we were bombing a city outside of Vienna called Linds. We flew a number of missions to Linds, had some crew members shot out of our plane up there, then came limping back, and by this time I had seventeen credited missions.

On the twentieth day of February 1944, we flew a mission to Linds, had two of the engines shot out and the plane pretty well shot up, as I recall, one or two of the crew suffered some wounds, but we returned to base. The next day and early the next morning we were given a new plane and told to go to Vienna, Austria, and that was our Waterloo. We were to bomb the railroad yards there and we were very apprehensive about this because where there had previously been a few dozen guns, there were known to be upwards of a hundred fifty to two hundred anti-aircraft guns. In carrying out a bombing mission, you seldom fly directly to the target you are going to bomb, rather you fly off to the side somewhere to what is called an IP, or initial point of interest. You hit that IP, then all of the squadron assembles in a direct line. You enter the bombing run, and as you enter you never vary, never take evasive action. You're on the bombing run no matter what's happening. No matter how thick the flak, you fly right through it. The rationale being that you're just as apt to get hit one way as the other, and so you fly directly through the very intense flak, as it turned out to be.

On the mission to Vienna, the flak was truly thick enough to get out and walk on. We did manage to drop our bombs, but we sustained numerous hits on our plane. Three of the engines were knocked out, and while it is possible to fly a B-17 bomber on one engine, it is not something that you are able to do and maintain altitude. So we then became to turn from the route that would return us back to Italy and fly toward the eastern front. We thought we were safely out of German territory and back over Russian territory, which had been held by Russia and the Russian soldiers. This we thought we had made it, but we were what they call "chickens," and those were the kind of planes the German fighters liked to pick on.

About the time that we got down to twelve thousand feet in altitude and thought we had it made, we were hit by the window, and here the German fighter planes were coming at us. Thinking we were safe, we were hit very rapidly, so we were starting to throw out everything that we could to lighten the load. In fact, we threw out some of the fifty caliber machine guns and all of the ammunition in the waist of the plane. We dumped everything we could to keep that old plane afloat, which left us at a considerable disadvantage. German fighter planes showed up. They were using, at that time, what we call 20 millimeter explosive shells. When they shot one of those at you and it exploded, they pretty well had a hit. So within almost a minute or two, we sustained hits which required us to get out of that plane as fast as we could.

I remember looking out the window as one of those German pilots was circling us in an old German plane, a Bf 109, and he was flying right by the window looking right in at me and I was looking right out at him and he had a great big smile on his face. So, in any event, the order was given to abandon the airplane.

None of us, as far as I know, had ever done any parachuting. Our parachutes were called chest type parachutes, that simply snapped into a harness on your chest. They were not worn in combat. We kept them in the plane so that it gave them some protection from having holes shot in them, in case you needed them.

So you grabbed one of those parachutes, you snapped it into the hooks on your harness and you jumped out of the handle. Being in the waist of the plane, it was my job to get the parachutes out and get the door open and get out of that ship. Ordinarily, I would be the first one out.

I got my parachute on and as I attempted to open the door back there, I found that I was unable to do so because the bullets had gone through the frame and turned the metal back and caused the door to be locked shut. To open the door, I backed up and ran at the door to hit it with my shoulder to knock it open. Much to my surprise, I went right on out. Somehow, having gone right on out of the plane taking the door with me, I don't remember pulling the chute, but I had presence of mind to take my first parachute ride. I pulled the chute and was soon afloat, but it appears because it was happening to others that went out at the same time, that we became subject to strafing from the German fighter planes.

I don't remember seeing holes in my chute and there are two webb straps that go up from the harness that's on the parachute, and go up to the parachute, and as I was coming down, my chute kept gaining speed and I looked up and saw that one of those webb straps, which are ordinarily about an inch and three quarters in width, had a hole through and I had about a fourth of an inch left on that one side of the web strap; which, if that had

broken, would have spilled the chute and my speed would have greatly increased at that point. But somewhere during all of that contact with the fighter planes, I sustained a shot in my arm and it began bleeding, kind of spurting blood and so on, but I managed to reach the ground, and so it didn't leave a sign where you were at and try to find a place to hide. The problem I had with my parachute, but blood was coming out of my arm and we landed in no man's land. I actually landed in a land between the Russian front and the German front.

Some of the fellows that came out after I did landed closer to the Russian lines, and they were unable to retrieve them. I landed closer to the German lines, and Hungarian troops under the command of a German officer came out with their guns and a little tank and quickly gathered me and at least a few other fellows up. We'd been told that under circumstances like that, the best thing that we could do was to get our magazine out of the handle of it and throw it away. So I jerked my old magazine out of the handle of it and threw it away. What was happening, the Germans didn't like us with taking prisoners, they had a way to take care of them. They'd come up, take your own gun, claim it was suicide; and so one of the very first things I did when I hit the ground was get my pistol and throw it way out in the snow.

When he came up he, asked me for the gun and I gave him the gun and he looked at it, but he had no ammunition in it.

Shortly thereafter, as I say, I was picked up and I was taken to a barn like building. My arm was bleeding and I was losing blood; and when they put me in that building, it so happened that there were a number of prisoners of war in there. One of those Russian officers came over immediately to me, he had a rag from someplace. I don't remember where he got the rag. I just remember looking at it and he showed me it was. He got that old dirty rag and he got it wrapped around my arm and got the bleeding stopped.

So I sat around there a relatively short time, and the Germans came back and they brought a man who must have been one of the most important individuals on that eastern front, that Russian officer came in and just looked at me awhile and left. But the thing that was striking about him was all out there he was dressed in a black leather uniform, much like the famous German officers and so on. He stayed and after a short time, he left.

We heard later that because Americans had showed up on the Russian front, the Germans wanted to check us out, because it had been rumored that the Americans were going to assist the Russians there, and I guess he was just checking us out to see if we were part of that.

He left, and so probably within the next 24 hours, I was picked up and taken to a place in Budapest in Hungary, and the name of that town was Popa. Popa, if you were to look it up in a dictionary you would find that it was a relatively small city, and it has an old dungeon that goes clear back to the Middle Ages and that was the place that they took me to, the dungeon in Popa, Hungary.

When they opened the doors and shoved me in there I was all alone, and I was surrounded by the most fearsome looking bunch of rag-tag political prisoners, enough to scare the wits out of you. They left one of the guards there with me, for whatever reasons, and in a very short time they took me right back out of that dungeon. But it was quite an experience to see the inside of that place, the poor creatures that were in there.

They took me out of there and took me to what amounted to a field aid station. They gave me a shot there and gave me what I later learned was sodium pentothal. We called it the truth serum, but sodium pentothal at that time was not well known, but they used that to render you unconscious, so to speak, to perform surgery, but it served the dual purpose of allowing them to interrogate you and get true answers.

So they took the slug out of my arm and I did spend a few days there, and at that point I became acquainted with a fellow who was a frenchman who was serving in the German army. He had been in the free French army, but they were captured by the Germans and were conscripted into the German army. He was a threat of killing their relatives if they didn't serve. I became acquainted with that fellow, and he was able to tell me about what became of my crew at that time and was able to tell me about my tail gunner who happened to be a fellow by the name of Ted Pennell from Freeport, Illinois. Ted had completed one mission in the war, he returned home to the United States for a short time and then volunteered to go back for a second tour.

Ted, being the tail gunner, had probably been about the second one out of the plane after it was shot off, and upon hitting the ground there in that cornfield area at no man's land in Hungary, there he was.

when he hit the ground. The Germans and Hungarians approached him to take him captive. They called to him to get up, according to the report I received, and I talked to him briefly afterwards. They called to him to get up, he was unconscious, and when he didn't get up (he was in the prone position) they thought maybe he was dead. They called to him, they said, and they took a shot at him.

They shot him in the bottom of his foot, and it came out his arch and that was sufficient to revive him but it was hard for him to recover from those because he did not receive proper treatment for that wound to his foot. I talked to him briefly after they brought him in there to treat him, but within two to three days he was dead. The last I knew he was buried in a cemetery or someplace near Popa, Hungary.

Eventually I received a letter from his parents in Freeport, Illinois just prior to my discharge out at Kearns. They were saying that they had heard that I was the last one to see him alive and asked me for information. I really don't know what to tell them so I took the letter to the Red Cross there at Kearns and they would forward the information that I had. I lost my tail gunner right there.

The next thing to happen was, that for reasons we did not know for a long, long time, near the end of our tour in the prison camps they started marching us to what eventually proved to be the western part of Europe. This consisted of hop-scotching us through different countries on foot, there occasionally we'd catch a train. They put us in an old truck; they seemed to want to have the Air Force prisoners, for some reason.

On the very first day we started marching from Hungary toward Austria, that we were going through the area where the battles had been raging between the Russians and Germans, and the Russians and the Germans hated one another.

As we were walking down the road there one day, on both sides of the road you'd see the corpses of the soldiers who had been killed in the battles there, and they were simply stacked up like cord wood, frozen stiff and they were scattered along the road as we were marching along there. The first day out as I was walking down the road, I saw a man with a hand sticking right up out of the road, just like a cop raises his hand; and as I went by I looked down and there was the body of a soldier who had red hair. They had run over him with a tank, and it had flattened him absolutely flat; but by missing the arm, it had caused the arm to stand up in the air so he was waving at us as we went by.

We did hear that at some point along there, that it was not unusual in those old front roads for them, if they were looking for logs to throw in the chuck holes, that they would just throw some of those frozen corpses along that road. So it was not unusual as you went along that road between Budapest and Vienna to see some of those bodies piled up frozen and such.

Upon arriving in Vienna, Austria, which was mostly on foot, as we were hiking along there I was having trouble with my arm, which had become infected. It was running and was beginning to smell pretty bad, and so they took care of it.

When we got in Vienna, Austria, they put us on an old train, evidently to take us where we were headed. It happened in the old dilapidated car that we were riding in. The German soldiers came in, they were looking for the American POW's in there, became very hostile; beat some of us up, and one of the German soldiers backed one of our officers in the head. There was quite a fracas there.

They took us a short distance in those trains; then we found ourselves out walking again. It wasn't very long before we learned that Flegus, as they were called by the Germans, were not very popular in Germany. They were the American flyers because we had been the ones dropping the bombs on them. Occasionally we would see another prisoner of war in the group that we were being assembled with. Our numbers grew as we were marching along, but they hated the Flegus.

When we got to Stuttgart, Germany, we were mobbed. The civilians were lining the roads as we were marching through Stuttgart and the guards with their police dogs, that's what we were always guarded with. I hate police dogs so bad.

The dogs were our best friends, though, because they served to keep the civilians away from us because they would attack you with a club, a pitch fork, or anything like that. I was on the outside of the group as we were marching through Stuttgart and kinda holding my arm out and had two or three shoves and kicks. But the thing that bothered me most was that an old lady began running along the side of me, and when she got round in front of me she spit right in my face, which made me feel pretty bad.

We continued until we got out of Stuttgart and got over along the Rhine River. Following along the river, we would get on an old train for a little ways, but mostly we were walking.

It later became clear that our destination, at least at that point in time for whatever reason, was the western part of Germany, Frankfurt on the Main. Enroute to Frankfurt on the Main, we approached the Swiss border. We were about thirty kilometers from the Swiss border at that time. We were being marched at night for our own protection, I suppose, and as we approached a little town called Alm, all we could see was fire and smoke, and it became apparent that Alm was in flames.

This was a time in the war when a maximum effort was being put to defeat the Germans. The British planes were bombing Germany during the day and the British were bombing them during the night. The Lancaster bombers out of England came in and they had bombed the town of Alm, which was the residence, the birth place of the well known German, General Rommel, who had been in charge of all the operations in North Africa. Rommel's wife lived in Alm at the time we were there.

As we got into Alm, it had been totally destroyed. The only building I remember seeing in Alm was a white church right in the middle of town and it was untouched, all the other buildings were gone. We were told by our German guards that we needed to get through Alm and get out of there as quick as we could. The German residents returned, because they would be so angry when they came back that our lives would be spared if we found us going through there.

Gracia: Were the Germans able to speak English?

Tom: Interestingly enough, they were able to speak English. The German that was in charge of the Hungarian soldiers that picked me up when I was shot down, had lived a good share of his life in New York and had several children there and spoke very fluent English. To some extent they could speak English, but they rather quickly picked up a few German words as we went along.

As we were hurrying along to get out of the town of Alm, very fearful in fact, after the German guards had turned us and told us to get out of Alm. They led the pack getting out of there because they were not subjected to abuse, and so on, so the group took right off to get out of Alm.

I had been suffering with my arm and fatigue and for sometime had been lagging back of the group. When they sped up to leave the town, I was left behind just a little bit. I remember we made a turn away from the church to go a different direction and as we made the turn and started along, I heard a noise on the side of the road. There was a rather deep bar pit there and I walked over to the side of the road and looked down. There was an American Airman just lying there, kinda whimpering and crying. So I called to him and told him to get on and get out of there, that they would kill us if we didn't get out, and he responded by saying that he couldn't get farther; he was done for. So I clamored down that bar pit and got that fellow out of there and got him back to the group. I put his arm around my shoulder, and the two of us staggered down the road and managed to get out of Alm in time to avoid being probably killed. There was no question in anyone's mind that that's what would have happened. I learned that his name was Gale Elmer, and that he was from Springville, Utah.

Sometime after getting back to the United States and being out of the army, we were living in the Gardiner house over here at that time, and Connie and Judy were young girls. One night a knock came at the door. The girls went to the door. I was sitting in the front room and I heard some fellow say, "Is this where Freestone lives?" They said it was, and he said, "Tom saved my life." They invited him in and he told me the incident to them and what had taken place. I kinda lost track of Gale Elmer, at that point in time.

Much to my delight and amazement, when we got up to Frankfurt, Germany, I ran into a fellow named Fredrickson. He and I had left Fort Douglas together and met at different bases in the United States. When I got to my base in Italy, there was Fredrickson. He was shot down on Christmas Day, as I previously mentioned, and when I got up there in Germany, there was Fredrickson. That was kinda rewarding to run into a fellow that I had known.

Eventually we arrived, by way of walking, in the town of Frankfurt. We were taken to a place that I believe to be Frankfurt, and Robert Downard, who spent some time in Germany, went to some of the places. He confirmed some of the locations and so forth. We went to a place that I believed to be the only place there in Frankfurt, Germany, and they took us down and threw us in the basement.

I clearly recall that, because some of the fellows were so exhausted at that time that they collapsed on the floor in that little room. It had an old rock foundation around it and they just collapsed on the floor. Immediately the rats came out and began running around them. I looked at those rats and that was the first

experience as I had. I looked in the corner of the room, and for some reason I'll never know, when that room was built, someone had fitted a little timber, probably like a 2 x 6, from one wall to the next wall, about the ground, and so I was able to clamor up onto that little timber across that corner and huddle there rather than lay down on the floor with the rats.

The next day we were taken out of there and taken to a place and again, Robert Downard had a chance to call the sweat box. We were taken into an interrogator. He spoke very fluent English and so on. He asked me questions and, of course, I replied in the way we had been trained to, "I can't tell you that. All I can give you is my name, rank and serial number." He just smiled at me and said, "Oh, you will tell me." So they took me out of there to a place which was later known as the sweat box. The sweat box was where they put people to condition them for interrogation.

When they put people into that little cubicle, it was solitary confinement. As you walked in, on the wall there were three switches. One of the switches was a light switch, one was a refrigeration switch and one was a heat switch. So they could create any combination of conditions that you would like in there to get you hot, to get you cold, to get you in the dark, and so forth.

My stay there was a matter of hours, but while I was there, I had the opportunity to see where people had been kept for long periods of time, because you could see where they had marked the days on the wall and some of them had obviously been kept there for a long period of time.

Because of my experience at the sweat box, I was released from there, I believe, because of the intervention of the Swiss Red Cross because I was wounded and, therefore, they could not hold me prisoner in those conditions.

After that, quickly, we were then put back on the road and started marching again. This time we were headed for southern Germany. We didn't know why till afterward what was going on there; but, an effort was being made by the Germans to create a hostage force. A hostage group of about 40,000 men, many of which were flyers to take them to Hitler's retreat, a place called Bertzgarten, outside of Munich. The Germans, by this time, knew they were losing the war, and Hitler conceived the idea that if he had a force of several thousand of the flyers, that he would be able to obtain better surrender conditions. It was because the powers that be: Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin, about that point in time, announced that they would be brought to unconditional surrender, and his strategy didn't work.

In any event, having left the sweat box, we were headed down the road once again in the direction of southern Germany. About the first day out we were taken, one or two of us were taken to a holding area out in the country, which had barbed wire around it and had simply a shelter there, something like a picnic pavilion and, when we were there, we were given what was called a Red Cross package, in which were life savers. It would include chocolate bars and dry crackers, a package of cigarettes, a can of soup and something like that.

Upon arriving at that holding area, I was given a Red Cross package and, somewhat to my surprise, I was with one of my crew members, a fellow named Louis Fifield, who was the plane engineer and he was from New Hampshire. From there on, Fifield and I were together a good share of the time. He was a huge fellow, probably 230 or 240 lbs., but before we got out of our subsequent experiences, he was weighing about 100 lbs. due to lack of food. He had just become a shell.

Gracia: Didn't they give you any medical attention at all?

Tom: Nothing at all. So we left the field station. I'd run into Flywheel, as we called him, his name was Flywheel. They started marching us down the road again and eventually we arrived down in Germany, called Bielefeld. That's where the Hein's and all those people came from, and the name of the prison camp there was Bielefeld. One of the largest prison camps in Germany, it was filled with Russian prisoners, American prisoners, British prisoners from Dunkirk that had been there for four years, what they called political prisoners, etc. from the Balkans. There were huge barbed wire compounds with prisoners in various compounds. They had very deplorable conditions. The compound I was put in, all the Germans gave us was one horse blanket that turned out to be a horse blanket left over from World War I that they had actually used on their horses. That was the bedding we were given. There was a huge canvas tent, of a sort, and they had wooden pallets so that you could sleep on the pallets with this German horse blanket over you.

At that time of year, you see, we were getting along in March, and it's cold and let me tell you, that when

the food gets short, the only thing that you think about, talk about, dream about is food. Sometimes you would spit out of your mouth and onto the blankets and pallets. When it would do that it was cold enough to freeze. You could see the saliva frozen on the blankets there.

We were being held in Stalag 3 there at Nuremberg, and I had one very interesting experience. I was arriving at Stalag 3. American prisoners and British prisoners were supposedly subject to the Geneva Convention that was signed after World War I in Geneva, Switzerland, which mandated the treatment of prisoners of war. The Russians had not been signatories to the Geneva Convention and that meant that the Germans could do anything to the Russian prisoners that they wanted to, and they did. We'd see them being used for forced labor to do tasks for the Germans as we were being marched through the country and those kinds of things.

Upon arriving at Stalag 3 and going through the big double gates that were guarded by German soldiers with machine guns etc., and always those damn German Police dogs, as we went through the gates, the Russian prisoners were repairing the fence or digging holes or something there, and the German guards were standing around them surrounded there, and I would estimate there were 15 or 20 of those Russian prisoners, and the American prisoners. As Americans come through the gate they began crying to us for cigarettes, cigarettes. Apparently, the Russian prisoners had people that were coming in would have cigarettes, and cigarettes were very valuable to some of the prisoners.

When we went through the gate, I had a part of a pack of cigarettes in my flying jacket. I had a hole in my sleeve, I, in fact, still have and it still had the hole in the sleeve where the slug went into my arm and it was a part of a package of cigarettes in the pocket of my flying jacket. I used to trade my cigarettes for chocolate or a bit of food or something. I liked the food much more than the cigarettes.

So I had part of a package of cigarettes and as we went in, some of the prisoners were begging for cigarettes and they flipped them a cigarette. I did what later proved to be a very foolish thing. I pulled out a package of cigarettes out of my coat and threw it over to that group. They immediately became very excited, and a bunch of dogs fighting over a piece of meat. You could see pieces of cigarette paper flying in the air all over the place. The German guards jumped in and were using the butts of their guns to strike them and to break up that riot. Immediately, it nearly scared us to death because we could see what was happening. In fact, later on they came around and tried to find out who threw that package of cigarettes to those prisoners. Needless to say, I didn't admit to it.

Anyway, we spent some time there in Stalag 3 and it was at that point in time that we were the hungriest, because the Red Cross packages had been cut off when we entered that prison camp. The daily fare consisted of one bowl of soup each day and one loaf of German rye bread. There was something interesting about that German bread, and I love it to this day. The thing that was interesting about it was that the loaves were small loaves of bread, and it told you how long Hitler was preparing for war because in the past they had made large loaves of bread, the year they were made was stamped. Some of them going clear back into the 1930s, and some of them were still covered with sawdust, because they were stored for years in sawdust.

When I say given a loaf of bread, every 17 men got one small loaf of bread and one bowl of soup each day, and they gave us an old knife while they stood there. The loaf of bread would be cut into 16 slices, and we were always glad when you could be the one to slice the bread because after you got 16 slices, the loaf would be a little bit thicker.

The soup was largely water, but eventually we got soup that had little cow peas in it. The Germans had little cow peas that are very small, and those cow peas had been infested by a little black beetle, and they would put those cow peas in the soup and boil it up and that would be soup of the day. When they would boil the soup, the little beetles would come out of those holes and would float on the top of the water, but when you ate the soup you ate the beetles, you ate it all.

Another interesting thing was even at that time, the Germans were still using horses for pulling artillery just like they did in World War I, and we knew the war was going to end because at that time we saw the guns flashing. Sometimes the guns were getting quite close and every time we'd hear a big bang, and every day there would be fairly good chunks of red meat in that soup and, of course, we became very interested in the German guards, who were living on essentially the same bill of fare we were, that they gathered up the bodies of those that had been killed in those battles, and we were getting a little horse meat in our soup from time to time. The only trouble was, there wasn't more of it.

Anyway, that was kind of the nature of our stay in Stalag 3, but then just before Easter morning, we were summarily notified that we were going on the road again, and so on. Easter morning, very early, we were notified that we were going on the road again, and so on.

Our destination, which turned out to be a trip down through the Black Forest and down through Bavaria, and then back roads. I remember after we had been on the road about thirty minutes, turning and looking back at the road, and you could see the city of Nuremberg in the background as we were marching along.

We had quite an incident right at that time. As we were going down the road, we looked up in the air and saw a group of German fighter planes. Right behind them came three American fighter planes chasing them. We were excited at such a display and we began jeering at the German guard and waving our hands and having a good time to see that happen, but much to our dismay, something else took place. In that group that left Stalag 7-A to go through the Black Forest to another destination was about 2,300 prisoners of war. Some of those were downed airmen. They seemed to like to get all the airmen that had been shot down. Some of them had been in the air for about four years, and they were placed at the head of this column of 2,300 prisoners being marched down the road with the Germans and their dogs.

Our delight at seeing the American planes soon turned to dismay because the American planes did not seem to be that was marching down the road. They circled around and came in behind us without us really knowing what was going on. They were P47s; they had a small bomb attached to the bottom of their plane. They were flying down the road behind us, bombed and strafed our column. Of the 2,300 that were in that column, about 1,000 eventually reached the destination down by Munich.

It was again my lucky day because I was near the rear of the column, but we were bombed and strafed by the American planes outside of Nuremberg and very heavy casualties at that time. After the planes cleared out, we were told to march, and about eleven o'clock that night, we could see a big fire down the road and we were told to get down to the fire that we were going to get a bowl of soup. Since I was at the end of the column, by the time I got to the fire the soup was gone, so I got a bowl of hot water. Many of us would not have survived, but the Red Cross knew of our plight and began sending trucks loaded with Red Cross packages. Some of the packages were out of Canada, some were out of Australia, and some were American packages. We began to get Red Cross packages, which literally saved our lives.

As we were marching down through Bavaria we were just living in the trees and the countryside, and we were told not to get away from the road because Russian, American and British troops surrounded the area. If you tried to get away, you would get into your own lines as anyone else's. No one was trying to escape. It was evident that the war was going to end fairly soon. So we marched along each day, and that march turned out to be a seventeen day march. I remember being one place down in the Black Forest. We were in a farming area and looking for a place to lay down that night. I walked over and there was a pig pen and it had some pigs in it. The old farmer had filled the pen full of nice, yellow straw. So I elected to kick those pigs out of the way and get into the pen and lie on the straw that night. It was a wonderful bed, except when I got up the next morning, I was aghast. Looking down on my arm, there were great big blue cattle lice crawling all over me. In any event, after a few days on the road, without further incident and subsisting on Red Cross packages, we arrived back at the town of Munich. Munich was a place I failed to mention. We were kicked around in the town of Munich, and we were taken to a prisoner of war camp called Stalag 7-A. It had a lot of prisoners in it, and that was where they were holding this hostage group. It was from that point that I eventually was freed.

Stalag 7-A had big tents in it, but it was so crowded that we had to take turns lying down, and when you got a place to lie down, everybody slept on their side and everybody turned in unison because it was that way. We were getting Red Cross packages fairly regularly. They had oatmeal in them and they had cocoa in them, so we were able to concoct a very filling meal by mixing the cocoa in the oatmeal and eating that. We were there until the 29th day of April of 1945. On that day, very early in the morning, we saw three American planes fly right over the top of the prison camp, which surprised us greatly, because the Americans were so careful to abide by the rules having to do with prison camps.

As the American planes went over the prison camp they did a barrel roll and kept right on going, and we saw that was some kind of a signal, and immediately, firing took place outside the prison camp. There was a train flying up there and someone must have hit it with a heavy cannon because that train flew clear up in the air. We saw wheels flying in every direction. We could hear small arms fire out by the gates by the prison camp. At the gates were, there was a huge German flag on a pole. In a matter of minutes the German flag came down, and the American went up. Out of the hundreds of POW's there, there wasn't a dry eye in the camp. It was an experience that is unbelievable.

After that, the gates of the prison were thrown open and tanks came in, along with soldiers. The division that was there was the 14th armored division, which was General Patton's division. You can read about this, and so on.

JUNE BASTIAN GERMAN POW DURING WWII

Bastian makes successful escape from Germans

War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things; the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks that nothing is worth war, is much worse. A man who has nothing for which he is willing to fight, nothing he cares about more than his own personal safety, is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself.



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MRS LEA T BASTIAN

VERNAL UTAH

THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES ME TO EXPRESS HIS DEEP REGRET THAT YOUR SON FIRST CLASS JUNE BASTIAN HAS BEEN REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION SINCE FOUR JANUARY IN BELGIUM. IF FURTHER DETAILS OR OTHER INFORMATION ARE RECEIVED YOU WILL BE PROMPTLY NOTIFIED.

J A ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

9C3AM JAN 29.

June Bastian, who was held by Germany as a prisoner of war in World War II, states that the above expresses his feeling. He agrees that war is ugly. He says that for 30 years after the war was over, he did not want to talk about it or remember it. Later came the realization that he really wanted to tell so that others could understand that war sometimes was necessary, and that there are things that are worth defending with one's own life, if called upon to do so. Bastian volunteered for service in October 1943. He served with the 513th Parachute Infantry Regiment. He was trained as a demolition specialist and Combat Infantry Parachutist. He was assigned to 17th AB in Ardennes Rhineland, Central Europe.

He was wounded in the Battle of the Bulge in Germany in January 1945 and taken prisoner of war. With two others, he escaped near Limberg, Germany, and was so severely malnourished that he spent many weeks in hospitals.

As a paratrooper and demolition expert, it was his job to blow bridges so that American troops could get through, or to keep German troops from gaining advantage.

When he was captured, he had been assigned to destroy a bridge so that 38,000 American troops could be moved. He and his Company, 288 men strong, in the middle of the night, moved in.

There was a terrible encounter with German troops, and of the 38,000 men, only 11,000 came out. His Company had only 25 survive.

They were completely encircled by German troops and tanks. When their Major realized that there was no hope, he told them, "We've done all we can—you know what to do."

So they destroyed all their weapons, and June says, that with some thought of destroying his identity, he also took off his paratrooper wings and pushed them into a snow bank. He said he doesn't know why he did it, because the way he was dressed (the devils in baggy pants) it was obvious who he was. He hid his wings.

They were captured and taken to a prison camp in Limberg. The German officer who spoke to them when they were captured spoke excellent English, and they found out that he had been educated in Missouri.

Life in prison camp was a matter of existence. Not everyone made it. They slept on a straw mat on the floor. They were so crowded, one could hardly move without stepping or falling over another.

Lice, fleas, all kinds of bugs took their toll. They had no blankets and every morning their shirts were covered with blood from lice. Their food, such as it was, consisted of a piece of bread every afternoon at 4 p.m.

If they were not there when the bread arrived, they did not get anything until the next day. German guards would call out for 100 men to work. Most tried not to get called out at the 4 p.m. hour, but sometimes they did. If they hesitated, they were moved at the point of a rifle. In some cases, prisoners were shot on the spot.

Life in the prison camp was being detailed to work outside in freezing weather, with inadequate clothing and very little food. There were British, Russian and Indian (India) prisoners. They were all kept separate. Bastian said once in a while they saw the Indian prisoners playing volleyball. No Americans had enough to do anything like that. There was always hope that they would find a way to escape.

One day in the middle of March 1945, they noticed outside their building a large pit which was filled with potatoes and covered with straw. The Germans were moving the straw away and loading the potatoes on trucks.

Prisoners realized that American lines were getting close and the Germans were abandoning the camp.

Air attack aids escape

That night, 87 prisoners were loaded on an 8x40' box car. They did not know where they were going or how far they were going. The train finally stopped in a tunnel, and stayed there for a couple of days. Without engines, the smoke in the tunnel nearly choked the men to death. They finally moved out. Shortly after moving out, American planes flew over and strafed the train. They were unaware that this was a train of prisoners. The strafing was intense, many were killed or injured. During this confusion, Bastian and two of his companions escaped into the marshes by the road.

The three men were attempting to make their way to the American lines. They walked at night and hid during the day. There was one time when they were hiding in the woods—they had formed deep depressions under leaves and covered themselves. They did not dare move because they might be seen.

"Boy, that was cold, laying under those cold, wet leaves," Bastian recalled. "The Germans kept looking around but did not see us, so we got away. That was the only time that I was really scared."

They had been gone from the prison camp for six days when they took refuge in the trees, where they stayed for two days. They again attempted to reach the American lines. On the way, they met eight French soldiers who had been prisoners for nearly eight years. They were in complete rags, with no recognizable features of any kind. They had rags tied around their feet.

Since most of them did not speak English, they were afraid that they would be taken as the enemy. Bastian hid a piece of white rag tied to a stick. Bastian and his two companions accepted the French soldiers and took them along on their way to the American lines, which they eventually reached.

Bastian said one of the best things that happened to him when he reached the American headquarters was when he got deloused. He said that felt nearly as good as getting something to eat.

A lesson in life

Looking back at his experiences, he says it was one of the best things that ever happened to him—being in the service and being a prisoner. It made him realize many important facts of life. When receiving orders for combat he had been indoctrinated with the thoughts that in war it is a "you kill him before he kills you" attitude and encouraged to hate the enemy.

He said now that, had he been a German boy raised as the members of the German troops, he no doubt would have been a soldier for Germany, just the same as he was a soldier for America.

Both sides were doing what they thought they had to do, and personal hate had no part in the right or wrong of the action. He said he has no feeling of animosity toward any of the Germans, even his captors who treated him so cruelly. He thinks that we must learn to forgive, because we cannot go on with hate in our hearts. When we realize that every soldier on each side of the conflict was doing what he felt he should do as a citizen of his own country.

Bastian said that some of his worst memories of the war are remembering his family at home worried about him, not knowing where he was or even if he was still alive. His mother constantly thought of him and prayed for him. He discovered after her death that she had been writing to him everyday. Even though she could not mail any letters to him, she wrote in a notebook.

When word was received that he was missing, she still wrote.

Along with others who have been in combat situations, he feels he was protected and guided by his faith in the Lord. He feels that his experiences have drawn him closer to the Lord. For a long time, all he wanted to do was forget everything about the war. He says he came to realize that he had a message to pass on—not to forget, but to forgive. Not to hate, but to be willing to do whatever is necessary to protect and defend whatever in life is important and worthwhile.

Now retired, he lives with his wife, Pauline, in Colville. He is interested in community affairs and is active in his church. He is a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the American Legion and Ex-Prisoner of War.

U.S. TROOPS INSPECT GERMAN PRISON CAMP

Troops of the First U.S. Army are shown at the entrance to the German POW camp at Limberg. Prisoners were liberated March 28, 1945.



This is the straw-strewn floor of a barracks in Stalag XII A, where hundreds of American POWs were forced to sleep. Quarters were made of stone and wood shelves or straw on the floor. They removed their clothing. All the panes of the windows were out and there was no heat and no bathrooms. It was winter and as low as 10° below zero. If the POW's were sent on details with German guards when the soup was served, they received nothing.

JUNE BASTIAN

Born 29 May, 1923 in Vernal, Utah, the son of Jacob Wilford Bastian and Leah Timothy. He was the fourth son in a family of eight children. Liked to fish and hunt. Had many fights on the lawn. Rather fit the situation of a boy named "Sue." Could it have been because of his name, in the summer he worked for Harold Davis as a shepherd, watching over 2,914 sheep, because the shepherd was activated into the National Guard. He played the baritone horn four years in high school and one year in college. He won highly superior baritone at the Western Band Contest in Ogden, Utah in 1941. He graduated from Uintah High School and left one week after graduation to work for the Southern Pacific Railroad out of Ogden, Utah, in the desert, on the steel gang, laying track. November 11, 1941 he settled in Seattle, Washington, and worked at Puget Sound Naval Shipyard at Bremerton as a shipfitter until the war escalated, when he decided to join the army. At Fort Douglas, Utah in 1943, he volunteered to be a paratrooper. His experiences were many, being captured in the Battle of the Bulge at Bastogne, Belgium. After his return from the war, he took flying lessons and became a private pilot. On 15 June 1949, he was married to Pauline Dial in the Salt Lake Temple, by Joseph Fielding Smith. Pauline, the second child and daughter in a family of six children, born 8 Mar 1931 in Ogden, Utah, to Napoleon Dial and Altha Mathews Dial. During early childhood, the family lived in Willard, Pleasant View, Ogden, Utah. Her father was a farmer and she learned at an early age to take responsibility working in crops, raising chickens and vegetables of all kinds, topping onions, sugar beets and picking up potatoes. Rode a horse to put hay in the barn and trampled hay on the rack out in the field and helped to feed the chickens. Early schooling was at Loren Farr and Mound Fort schools in Ogden, Utah. These are all happy memories, even though during the depression money was scarce. It seems we had what we needed and with the help of our parents, it was a secure childhood. On Saturday afternoons we attended the movies, admission ten cents. (On Sundays we were in church. Moved to Pleasant View and attended North Ogden school until 1938 when the family moved to Spokane, Washington, settling in Spokane Valley in the Community of Spokane, on a 15-acre farm. The family raised vegetables for the cannery and also sold to customers who came to the farm. Graduated from eighth grade at Millwood grade school and attended West Valley High School. Was on the badminton team, which won first place in the County in 1947. Liked art class and worked on the yearbook staff and was class representative. Was very shy and blushed easily. The family moved across the valley to Veradale, and attended Central Valley High School the last two years of high school and graduated from CVHS in 1949. Represented Spokane Valley in the Miss Spokane County Pageant in 1949. During school he worked for Montgomery Ward, Vogue Hat Shop, the Bon March'e Palace and Dishman State Bank. Now she married June Bastian whom she had dated for three years. June started serving his apprenticeship with Hazen Yeager Funeral Home in Spokane in June 1949, and attended Eastern Washington College at the same time. He went to Los Angeles, California where he attended school at College of Mortuary Science. After graduating in the top of his class, the family, which was beginning to increase, returned to Spokane. June became assistant manager of Hazen Yeager Funeral Home. In 1961, with three more daughters in the family, they moved to Colville, Washington where they purchased Violette Funeral Home, and changed the name to Bastian Funeral Home, which was their home and business in one. June managed the business, was the PR, playing on the golf course, active in service clubs and was often to speak at funerals. He was the snow removal man for our block during the winter, which was a job of the Congregational Church, going the extra mile on another block to remove snow for the Catholic

time.

We all worked together, setting type, printing order of service folders, keeping things clean, as the used our rest-room and the living room was the music room with a piano and an organ and was used for when everyone would not fit in the adjoining chapel. We began calling home the "Fun Home" because we have so much fun as a family.

Shortly after moving to Colville, land was purchased where a garden was planted every year. June helped and one year we canned 50 quarts of raspberries, 85 quarts of string beans, 60 batches of jam, all in the garden. We also raised our own beef. With the business and nine active children, we were always busy.

The children grew too fast and started leaving for college and missions. June was on the High School and we decided to sell our business and build a house out on our farm. For the next few years, June was working for funeral homes when extra help and vacation coverage was needed.

On October 15, 1985, June entered the hospital having TIA's and was flown by Life Bird to VA Medical Center in Seattle where he underwent brain surgery for an aneurysm, which was bleeding. He was in intensive care for almost a month. Three days after surgery he had a stroke on his left side. For two months Pauline was every day at his bedside like a private nurse.

June left the hospital for a few hours on Thanksgiving day to have dinner with his family. His brother Derrill was the taxi, transporting the wheelchair and us. We flew home December 13, June in a wheelchair with a cane and being supported by someone holding onto a belt he wore especially for that purpose. June's left hand was not working yet, he had one good arm and hand, but couldn't use the left one. He had been in intensive care everyday he was out of intensive care in VA in Seattle and they wouldn't release him to come home until he had shown them he could dress himself, cook and take care of himself with one hand. We took him to a physical therapist in Colville and with lots of pain and work, he could finally walk without a cane and use his left hand. He became stronger with exercise and taking care of the farm and cattle. Soon, you couldn't tell how long it had been that he had been through so much and had a stroke.

In October 1987 he was ordained patriarch in the Colville Washington Stake and is still active in that capacity. The garden is planted every year and the cattle are still in the pasture, a beautiful setting for the children and grandchildren to come. We have 19 grandchildren.

While daughter Michele was attending BYU, she met Linda Lau from Hong Kong. She lives with us and comes to our home. Her family being so far away, we have become her family here. She is now married and has five children. They call us Mom and Dad and the children call us grandma and grandpa. So we have 21 grandchildren, us grandma and grandpa.

THE STATESMAN-EXAMINER of Colville, WA published the following article headed:

REAL PEOPLE

June and Pauline Bastian

By Sharon Jones (April 1, 1987)



The love and appreciation that can grow between a husband and wife during almost forty years of marriage is a beautiful thing to behold. June and Pauline Bastian of Colville exemplify that feeling.

The life-threatening experience June underwent a year and a half ago has greatly deepened his appreciation for his wife, and perhaps it also made her more aware of her love. June lay unconscious for nearly five days following surgery in Seattle for an aneurysm of the brain, and was hospitalized for a month more after regaining consciousness. The doctors did not expect him to live.

"Because of her, I made it," felt June. "That sweetheart came every morning at 8 o'clock and sat beside me until 8 or 9 at night for sixty days in a row and sat beside my bed. Such love and loyalty and faithfulness! It all came, and my family came. I would also like to say how much I appreciated all the cards and letters that were offered by the people in Colville in my behalf. Other churches than my own had prayers for me and I am so thankful to all of them."

Facing death was not new to June. He came very near to it many times during his military service in World War II, and even chose to have a close relationship with it in his profession as a mortician.

But while June and Pauline are familiar with death, they are not preoccupied with it. Life offers much to them, and they welcome it. Parents of nine children, the Bastians have only their youngest, Rachel, living at home, but they are a very close family and are frequently involved in activities relating to family. Eighteen-year-old Rachel was married March 27, and Pauline has been working for months on decorations for the wedding reception in their home.

"The older kids have always encouraged the little kids," remarked Pauline. "They were interested in what was going on. We have always wanted to help each other through the good and bad times."

Both June and Pauline were born in Utah; June in Vernal, May 19, 1923 and Pauline in Ogden, March 19, 1924, but they didn't meet until years later in their church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints,

in Spokane. "I waited three years for her to grow up," recalled June, and Pauline remembers most impressed by June's dancing ability. "Our first date was to a dance at the Natatorium Park where Stan Kenton and his band were playing."

They enjoyed all of the big bands. "We saw Louis Armstrong at the Armory, and it was all of them."

"June's family was very musical and played instruments," mentioned Pauline. "My father played the violin and played for orchestras."

June grew up in Vernal where he was born to Jacob Wilford and Leah Bastian. Regarding the name, he said, "My mother liked the name and she decided when she had the next child the name would be June, and that was it. I suffered with it, it caused a lot of fights, but I won them all, and I have a desire to change it."

There were eight children in the Bastian family, and after high school graduation June left home as was expected. "That is the way life was. You were supposed to go out into the world and make something of yourself," he said.

Since Vernal was 180 miles from a railroad track, (a fact that caused the town to become a post office history around the turn of the century) June had never seen a train. But he got work at the Southern Pacific Railroad in the Nevada desert.

That fall he went to Seattle where he hoped to work for Boeing. Instead he spent a year as a shipfitter at the Puget Sound Navy Yard in Bremerton, before joining the military service after World War II was in full swing.

"I volunteered for the paratroopers and then as a demolition specialist," he explained. He was attached to the 101st Airborne. "My job was to jump behind the German lines at night and blow up what needed to be blown, and then make it back." June made 85 jumps before he didn't make it back. He was captured at Bastogne, Belgium late in 1944 and spent the next three months in a POW camp. The experience caused him to lose 40 pounds during those three months.

In March, 1945 the prisoners were being shipped by train deeper into Germany. A train was bombed the train, not realizing it was a prison train, and killed hundreds of prisoners. But June and others managed to hide in the marshes during the chaos and made their escape.

"It took us nine days to make it back to the American lines, evading German troops who were in the area." Details of the escape are fascinating, but space limitations prevent as full a story as would be desired.

June spent eight months in the hospital following the ordeal. After discharge, he returned to Washington where he attended college at EWJ in Cheney, later graduating with a degree in Mortuary Science from the University of Washington in 1953.

It was in Spokane that he met Pauline Dial, the daughter of Clessie and Alpha M. Dial. He moved to Spokane from Utah when Pauline was in the eighth grade, and she graduated from Central High School in 1949. A few days later, on June 15, 1949, she and June were married.

"I have always loved work as a challenge, and I get this from my mom, who is a real hard worker," Pauline. Her admiration for her mother is evident. "She has always been a go-getter and a great example of me of sharing and caring. She has taught me if it is worth doing, it is worth doing well."

Pauline's role as a wife and mother is probably the most important to her in life. "Nothing else did seem like an overwhelming project," she laughed. "It was fun, and I have learned many things from my children, and they have helped me improve my life."



Charles R. Thompsen
PRISONER OF WAR
SAGAN, GERMANY



January 27, 1945

Saturday, January 27, 1945 Center compound, Block 51, Combine "L", the table has been cleared and a bridge is in progress with several kibitzers overseeing the execution of its progress. No one makes any bets since these players take the game seriously, and the losers will have to do the dishes and pick up the jugs for tomorrow. The game will end at lights out, at 22:00 hrs., still over two hours away. Each combine follows much the same pattern of lifestyle. Some men are lying in their bunks, while some have gone over to a neighboring block to visit a friend, but more likely, to see if they can pick up on some new rumors.

Rumors are rampant throughout the camp and have increased steadily for the past week, when we were unable to hear the sound of artillery from the approaching Russian army to the northeast of us, and we have had reports that some small arms fire could be heard.

At about 21:00 hrs. word was received at our block: "Pack up and be ready to leave at eleven o'clock."

Here is a list of the twelve men in combine "L":

NAME	CREW POSITION	DATE	SHOT DOWN
George H. Ziegler,	Bombardier B-17	10/10/43,	Munster
Thomas D. Striebich	Bombardier B-17	9/06/43	N. France
Thomas J. Doran	Navigator B-17	8/17-43	Regensburg
William J. Harrison	Bombardier B-17	8/17/43	Regensburg
Henry P. Shotland	Pilot B-17	8/17/43	Regensburg
Charles R. Thompsen	Copilot B-17	8/17/43	Regensburg
Dan M. Williams	Pilot B-17	10/10/43	Munster
Fred J. Frey	Copilot B-17	10/10/43	Munster
William S. Northington	Navigator B-17	6/20/44	
John F. Gentile	Pilot B-24	1944	
Arthur J. Mancuso	Navigator C-47	1944	
Leon J. Cooning	Navigator B-17	1944	

Here is a copy of my notes:

Jan. 27, 1945 Orders to evacuate at 11:00 pm. Sunday, January 28, 1945 Each man was issued a mess parcel as we were leaving camp. Left camp 4 AM., Started marching at 07:50, Went 17 kilometers and "Snow 4", 1700 of us slept in a small church, really crowded, no heat, no room to even sit down.

Jan. 29: Hiked to S.W. of Friwaldau 18 km. put up in a farmyard, snow, cold, freezing. Refugees all along road, many in real bad shape.

Jan. 30: Stayed over in barnyard.

Jan. 31: Moved 28 km to Moscow. Miserable, cold, snow, after a long wait we were put up in a factory, in ovens. It's good and warm.

Feb. 1. Stayed over today in kiln loft. Given 1/4 loaf of bread today.

Feb. 2. Still in ovens. Received 1/3 cup barley and 1/5th Red Cross parcel per man. Due to march again

Sat. Feb 3rd. Hit the road early this morning, marched about 22 km. Good weather, snow gone, we were into parties of 50 to 150, scattered out, slept in barn, bought hot water for cigarettes, went to bed, it rained all day. Either town of Graustein or Glounheim.

Sun. Feb. 4th.: Marched about 10 km. to Spremberg, Stopped at noon at Abwehr Military Station, we were given a cup of barley soup. Marched through town, boarded a train, 50 men per car, old 40 Hommes/Cheveaux train at 5:30 and tried to settle down.

Feb. 5th: Very little movement of train, still in cars, very crowded and miserable, was let out of cars, unable to catch a cup of water from leaky engine.

Feb. 6th.: Train moving fairly well now. No water today, was not allowed out of train.

Feb. 7th.: Arrived at Moosburg about 3:00 pm (Stammlager VIIA.) We were moved into a prison camp, herded into sheds with straw on wet ground.

Feb. 8th.: I now know how a sheep feels in a shed. Catching a cold, all of us a bit sick, I've never seen so many sick men at once before. Bad Goon meat?

Feb. 9th.: Feeling better today, but can't eat much. We were given a ration of bread, 1/6 loaf per man, a pat of butter and boiled potatoes that were cold before we got them. Moved this night to our new quarters. We were deloused and ran into a barracks type building, 400 men per building, triple deck bunks, wet, musty, stinks of tresses, stinks of gas to beat hell. Not very favorably impressed.

Feb. 10th. Too sick to eat. appel at 8:00 am.. Filthy place, 400 men so far with just a chicken run for exercise. Goons ready to shoot for the least excuse. No coal, no fires.

Feb. 11th.: Feel rotten all day. Made margarine lamp to heat one tin can of water at a time, so at least we can have a cup of hot coffee. Goon soup at noon, filthy garbage, but it is warm and something to eat. A few hot spuds at 4:00 pm. They are cold so we peeled them in hopes of heating them tomorrow. Chaplain and Padre had their respective services this am.

Feb. 12th.: Goon water (for drinking) scarcely warm at 7:00, Appel at 8:00 indoors, Rain all day, feel good. Goon soup at noon, half dried string beans, hot and good for hungry men. 416 men in our barracks. Showed us for first time in over two weeks, what a sight. Goon soup at 6:00 pm. Warmed some spuds and a can of meat in a Kriegie lamp, also a cup of coffee each. Now six of us eating together, Fred Frey, George Zerk, W.J. Harrison, Tom Doran, Bill Northington and I. Two pieces of bread tonight. One cracker for brew. It is raining. When is this damn war going to end?

Feb. 13th.: Goons brought in hot water at 6:45 so we each were able to mix up a 1/2 cup of soluble coffee. Got a thin slice of bread with a thin sprinkling of sugar. Appel at 8:00 outside, parade ground under water. It is raining, and occasionally, the sun came out. Made a new wick for our lamp from a part of my belt and heated some cans of water. Fred Frey and I scrounged for butter cans and made a pan, then fried 2 cans of spuds.

Received first Red Cross parcel since getting here. We had 1/2 RX parcel per man, plus another parcel to be shared by our tier of 12 beds. Got Goon soup at noon. This evening received one quart can of jam and 12 spoons of sugar for 12 men from the Goons. Had an air raid last night and two today. We were given one package of breakfast cereal and one piece of bread for brew. Played a few hands of bridge, Bill Northington and I against Harrison and Bill Rye. Lights are to be off tonight at 10:00, so we can open the shutters and get some place out. It's so stuffy and smoky after four hours of lock up that you can't see the length of the barracks. No coal and no fire for heat. Now air raid.

Feb. 14th. Valentine's day. The day started out raining but cleared up so we had sunshine but a cold wind. Had spuds, and sausage from the Goons. Also had jam on a slice of bread for breakfast and brew. We fixed two pieces of meat and vegetables, mixed with potatoes and Pate and cheese spread heated in our new burner. Hot and really a treat. Well, Russians are fighting in Soreau, 20 to 25 miles west of Sagan. Keep 'em coming. The R.A.F. is out again. We can go to sleep hearing the music of bombs.

Feb. 15th, 1945. Good all day today. Nearly everyone in camp is afflicted with fleas and bedbugs and have been war on them. Received two books for our tier of 12 men to read in two days from our very small library. I am coming down with a bad cold and feel miserable tonight, but no wonder, I have had wet feet since leaving Sagan. I put in for new shoes. I moved over to the Center Compound one year ago today, from the South Compound. Two air raids nearby last night. None yet tonight.

Feb. 16th. Up at 06:30; 1/2 cup of hot water, made coffee and one slice of bread and jam. Appel at 8:00 till 8:35, got more slice of bread with a sprinkle of sugar. Spent one hour in library line, got cold but 10:00 Appel over at 11:20. Slop called soup & two pieces of bread and canned salmon plus cheese and a cup of coffee heated by our margarine lamp. Got shelf and put it up. Worked on burner. Got a cold potato salad, one cup of coffee, two pieces of bread and pate spread for supper. Cleaned dishes, bread, 42 slices per loaf. One slice of bread and jam for brew. Cut Doran's hair with sewing kit scissors. Good job too. Air raid today, seen 4 wings of American bombers fly overhead, heard bombing at 2:45 for about an hour. Men are still chasing lice, bedbugs and fleas. I have some Goon powder, can see results. Received a potato ration this afternoon and wrote a letter home, first since Sagan.

Feb. 17th. Much the same today as yesterday. Two appels, 8:00 and 10:00 am. Cold meals, one cup of nearly hot Goon soup at noon. Can hear heavy bombing somewhere near this afternoon. Fred and I spent all afternoon on a new burner, getting disgusted with this place. Today marks 1 1/2 years as a Kriegie.

Feb. 18th. Sunday. One thin slice of bread and jam for breakfast, then 3 hours out at appel, cold and freezing. Got a cup of Goon soup, two slices of bread with a hunk of blood sausage for dinner. We are low on margarine so had hot today, cold spuds and a slice of bread for supper, one bread and jam with cracker for brew.

Feb. 19th. Some more men got out last night, so had a total of 4 Appels today. Our bread ration was cut today to 1/7th of a loaf per man per day. Other items of issue are: A couple of small potatoes, a small pat of margarine, then sometimes a piece of cheese or blood sausage, one tbsp sugar. At noon we get a 1/2 cup of Goon soup. One bowl for each two people so most of us have our own tin can to eat from. Fred and I finished a blower combination and fried spuds for supper, real good, but one man could eat our 6 man's ration. I still want more. We heated 2 cups of coffee each on Ken's electric emersion heater, a touchy business. The lights start to dim it's time to ease off. We heard today that Sagan fell to the Russians after bitter fighting.

Feb. 20th. We're in a hell of a mess, the Abort, (Out House), is over flowing and flooding all over the yard. We were on Strike and wouldn't respond to their call for Appel and stayed in our barracks until more guards came and fixed bayonets and drove us out. Once out in the yard we just milled around like cattle till it was possible to count us, more guards were brought in. They made all kinds of threats to our compound Senior concerning both us and him. The Commandant, a Colonel, came in shouted, threatened and blustered and settled down to a conference with our Col. Puritan and block commanders. We were promised to get the house cleaned up, promised to be treated as officers, get boilers for hot water, and other points that would improve our living conditions. Promised cooperation in getting rid of our lice, bed bugs and fleas that we are still dealing with. Strike lasted 3 1/2 hours, terminated with an orderly appel and resumed the rest of the day as usual. In the afternoon the Goons brought in propaganda posters and sheets wanting us to join them in fighting the Russian Mongolian Bolshevism. All Goon rations cut by 1/8th. God knows we are getting little enough now. Two air raids today.

Feb. 21st. Two or three inches of wet snow fell last night, had a quick appel today. Goon soup tastes different today, and even fish cheese tastes good. It is either better or I am hungrier. Made a small frying pan with two cans this morning. Air raid at noon. Snow is melting and sloppy outside, but still snowing.

Feb. 22nd. Life proceeding as usual, Blocks 33 and 34 going to the Snake Pit while barracks are fumigated and clothing being deloused. Expect to be in Snake Pit at least three days before reoccupying barracks. Rumor of us moving to a convent at, in or near Nuremberg. A P-51 and a P-38 had a circus in view of all of us in the afternoon, as air raids continued into the evening.

Feb. 23rd. Up at the usual time, Appel at 8:00 that lasted 45 minutes, some more boys ran away and we had to have a hell of a time making their figures match what they should be. They can't count, anyway. Received orders at Appel to be ready to move at 09:30 to tents, then Snake Pit, while this hole is deloused. We were busy all day, grabbing meals when we could. At 4:15 pm we had another Appel with our block having done the Kriegie tag inspection. Another notification. We move out at 08:00 in the morning. Air raid today, 11:00 and 1:30. I made a good prune whip spread, so good that we couldn't save it so we ate it. Some letters have been received in the last few days, but not to me.

Feb. 24th. We've been pushed and driven around all day. Out with our packs at 8:00 then stood in rain and mud for 2 1/2 hours and finally moved into big tents, blankets, clothes and everything wet. Our noon soup was hot and warm garbage, 1/2 cup for each man. Burned straw to heat water for coffee, had two slices of bread. Another air raid in afternoon, 2,000 or 3,000 French prisoners were moved into camp. We were moved back into our barracks to make room for them. Barracks was full of gas, beds were knocked down and apart, without tools we got them back together and settled in, then had another long Appel in mud and water all over the ground, feet cold and wet as is everyone else. My hatred for the Goons gets more intense everyday. Air raid again. NEWS: The Allied big drive in the west began. (keep 'em coming)

Feb. 25th. Sunday. Appel at 08:00, Catholic mass following outside. At 10:00 Protestant services in blocks. At 11:30 saw allied bombers going southwest, also saw P-51s, buildings shook and windows rattled with bombs dropped, really pounding someplace, probably Munich, three hour raid, this is music to our ears. News report good, long Appel, cook and eat in the dark, no lights, no water, locked in the barracks, probably in the middle of the afternoon bombing. Goons are becoming more unbearable every day. Only one week more of Red Cross parcels at half rations left, so it looks like we are going to be going hungry around here, unless there can be some way to get some in. Our planes shoot up everything that moves, transportation is becoming practically impossible. Air raid tonight.

Feb. 26th. Day went pretty well, two Appels, Goons tightening down, Air raids as usual. Wrote card home.

Feb 27th. Fair day, with life moving as on previous normal days. Big air raid with planes overhead and shaking buildings. Got English Red Cross parcel today, several cans damaged and moldy clean through. Lots of full parcels moving to Nuremberg or Switzerland. Lice, fleas and bedbugs are eating us up. Many of us are out of cigarettes. War is hell, especially on civilians and prisoners. Keep the drive in the west going. There have been gone from Sagan one month today. Sky is overcast and occasional rain. Air raid again.

Feb. 28th. Still overcast and occasional rain. Air raid is right on schedule.

Mar. 1st. Everything is the same as usual.

Mar. 2nd. Bitter cold and wind blowing.

Mar. 3rd. Bitter cold with wind, snow and hail. We received our last Red Cross parcel today. Bill Smith had inspection today, Col. Smith. Wrote letter home.

Feb. 21st. Cold wind and blizzard all day. Cold as hell. Most of the boys are out of cigarettes, I still have 8 packs of Prince Albert. Fred got me two good knives for 30 cigarettes. Air raid this a.m. Boy, what I give for a warm fire and a good, square meal.

Feb. 22nd. Snow, wind, and damn cold, miserable weather. Goon rations are again cut.

Feb. 23rd. No change.

Feb. 24th. Weather still rotten. Most everyone out of cigarettes, so I have been rationing out mine. Have a touch of flu, so stayed in bed and tried to keep warm. Our food for the day: one slice of bread with a little sugar on it for breakfast. Noon: 3/4 cup of soup and two thin slices of bread, one with cheese. Mid afternoon we heated water for tea by electric homemade emersion heater. Supper: Two pieces of bread, one with very thin slice of cheese of Goon issue, plus some potatoes that we reboiled. We are cutting up our bed boards for fuel. At 8:00 we brewed up another cup of black tea, no cream or sugar, and one half piece of plain bread. The boys sit around all day talking and planning the big meals they will have when we get out of here and back to our homes. One nearly starves listening to them.

Feb. 25th. Feeling somewhat better today. Made sick call, excused from standing two more Appels. Got hot water this morning, the cookhouse must have got in some coal ... Just heard that 72 cars of Red Cross parcels arrived in Moosberg. Thank God for the Red Cross, maybe we will eat again. 8 cars are to stay here, the rest to be distributed elsewhere.

Feb. 26th. Still a flap on about parcels. Weather still miserable, was weighed today at sick call, 123 pounds. Air raid today. O.K.W. news report good for us.

Feb. 27th. The day same as others. Still miserable weather, cold and wet. Red Cross parcels came in today, a considerable improvement in morale. One American parcel for every 4 men. The Red Cross is sure to be in Heaven. Future food situation is looking bad. We have 2,070 men in this Lager. There sure was a lot of exciting rumor going around for a while last night. "The War is over" The boys don't put much stock in it. We wish it were true. May the near future materialize this rumor is my prayer, and good weather.

Feb. 28th. Sunday. Still the same as last week and continuing bad weather.

Feb. 29th. P-51's and Bombers having a hay day around here.

Feb. 30th. Received an English parcel for the six of us. Made a good oatmeal brew. Used 1/2 can of oats, three slices of bread cut up real small, about 1 1/2 ounce of sugar, 1/2 box of raisins, boiled it and served 6 of us with a bit of condensed milk poured on it. Thick and really delicious.

Mar. 1st. Same damn bad weather as usual.

Mar. 2nd. Weather cleared up this afternoon and things even look better. Air raids as usual.

Mar. 3rd. Sun out today and good warm weather, nearly everyone out sunning. We are really a sorry-looking bunch of men. Every action speaks of tired old men. One week of good weather with something to eat and a chance to clean up would do wonders for this motley bunch.

Mar. 4th. Today marks our anniversary. We have been prisoners for 19 months too long. Today we got word that Goon rations are to be cut again. It won't be long at this rate till they cut out all of our food. But to make up for this bad news, we have been notified that we are to go on full parcels beginning Monday morning. It is a relief of nearly all of us that if we ever get out of this hell hole, we will never get far enough away from the Goons to be hungry again. Had a regular Saturday morning inspection today. A hell of a note, we are back to our

customary bad weather. Wrote another letter today. It's a hell of a job saying nothing, but if it gets through to home they will know that I am O.K.

Mar. 18th. Sunday: A pretty good day today. Boy, does a bit of sunshine do wonders for this place. I purchased three eggs today for 8 cigarettes each, and we had three cans of powdered eggs that we had. We had a swell supper of about 3 1/2 eggs each with fried potatoes and a slice of spam on a piece of bread (another slice of bread with a sprinkling of sugar on it. Then for brew, we cooked a pan of chocolate (with a can) with a can of bread crumbs to thicken it. Boy, what a feed, but 6 times as much would have suited me. I hold of a Scattergood Banes book, pretty good. I am studying a book on metal work and electricity. I can get the books.

Mar. 19th. Another good day. Getting along fine when we can have good weather and have some things. We didn't get our parcels today, so we are strictly on Goon rations: 5 very thin slices of bread, three 1/2 cup of garbage soup and a like amount of potatoes. Boy, could I go for one of those good old meals. Had a picture parade today, and watched groups of airplanes fly overhead for about an hour.

Mar. 20th. First day of spring, and it is a perfect day. Air raid today. For four hours planes flew overhead. I've never seen so many planes before in my life, and they seemed to never end. Keep

Mar. 24th. Had Kriegie tag inspection and picture parade, searched barracks yesterday. We were out all day the air raid, beautiful formations of bombers and fighters went directly overhead, no opposition, probably from Nuremberg. Tom Doran is sick and unable to eat today. I cut Harrison and Frey's hair today. Still would weather.

Mar. 25th. Just another wonderful day, things going well.

Mar. 27th. Weather turned rainy - April showers, but it is warm. Tom Doran feeling sick yesterday, not eating but a bit better today. Tom went on a walk today and had a swell dinner and brought back a piece of bread, 1/2 box of raw spuds, 1/2 box of carrots and a few onions. We will have a big stew as soon as we can get some cans together to make us a big pot or pan to cook them in. This place sounds like a factory with everything pounding, making pans and stoves, etc. Fred Frey took seriously sick today so they took him to the hospital. Reports are that he has pneumonia and possibly appendicitis. We wish him well. He is one hell of a swell guy.

Mar. 30th. Still rainy April weather. Now only one Appel a day at 8:00 each morning. No word on if we are O.K., cut his hair this morning and also Dixon Kendrick's. Watching reports of the west front, really don't want 'em coming. I want to go home.

Sunday, April 1 through Sat. April 7, 1945. Continuing mix of spring weather. Rain and cold, then some sun and wind. Heard from Fred Frey. He is doing better - had pneumonia. Received some Indian parcels, so I have been busy cooking up some new dishes. I made a nice batch of pancakes and some good rice pudding. I think I am getting too bossy with my combine ordering meals, cooking and jumping on anyone who expresses any opinion contrary to any I have. Bill Rye is with us till Fred gets back. The Luftwaffen has taken over this camp for the Abwehr. We have had a few letters trickle into camp this past week, but none for me. News reports that there have been some damn good advances by the armies in the east toward Wien. And especially the west, we are hoping that they take us out of here soon.

Apr. 8th. Sunday. Things going pretty well. I really cooked up a super rice custard pudding, even better than more.

Apr. 9th. A big flap today. Over 2,000 men from the South Compound moved in with us. We are really crowded now, men sleeping all over the ground. No parcels today, but a partial gash ration of Argentine bulk. We have a gram cut on potatoes and 140 gram cut on bread per week. Another big flap, the boys from Nuremberg are marching down here. I just finished making a cooking pan today, and am working with Bill Rye on another one.

Apr. 10th. I met many of the fellows of the South Compound whom I knew, and the fellows that I lived with for months that I was with them in their camp. It was nice to see them and renew old friendships. It's nice to see new faces and hear new stories. Conditions in this camp are really crowded now with about 4,000 men in the South Compound, which is about 10 or 12 acres in size and has 6 barracks and 6 large tents have been put up. We are sleeping and living with 400 men per barracks and the rest are assigned to the large tents, still many are sleeping and living in the open on the ground. During bad weather they crowd into the barracks and sleep on the ground under them, and in the aisles, and all over the place. One has to be careful after dark when moving around to avoid walking on people.

Apr. 11th through 15th. Sunday. We are having good weather but with the intermittent showers that fall, it is hard to sleep who are sleeping and living outside. Sunday there was L.D.S. church services for the Center and the South Compound men, so I attended. 18 of us present, Lance Kell taking charge and leading the singing. Bainhill gave an introductory speech, I was asked to give opening prayer. A song was sung before and after the prayer. Bill Hawkey gave a timely inspiring talk about New Testament commandment "Don't covet thy neighbors house or food. Dee Butler talked on preordination or something like that. Sang another song, Lyle Mower gave a prayer. Service lasted a total of 50 minutes. There are fresh rumors that war will be over very soon. The trench lines were lined with stakes and woven willows to keep them from caving in. Now the Kriegies are tearing out all the trench lining to use as cooking fuel, and today they are tearing down the fences between the barracks. A couple of Goon guards came in and pleaded with them to not tear it down, but the boys went right ahead. Later, there was a couple of shots. I wonder who got it today. Those Goons don't miss often or shoot in vain. Later, I saw the man who had been shot. He had been climbing the fence. He was wearing a jacket or overcoat with a large P painted on the back and the star of David on the front. Last week I traded my gold High School class ring to some Indian prisoners for most of a Red cross parcel. Today, we have orders by our senior officers to prepare to evacuate this place, or at least think of the possibility.

Apr. 20th. Everyone is in high spirits and expecting to see home again soon. The 7th Army is fighting in Regensburg, 45 miles away. The 3rd Army is southeast of Regensburg and planes are passing overhead in droves. We are all prepared for an evacuation, but not expecting one. Last night an announcement was made to the effect that an agreement was made between the Allied Powers and the O.K.W. that they were not to move any more Prisoners of War from the path of the advancing armies. This is the best news in a hell of a long time. More POW's from Nuremberg have been coming in all week, so we have about 15,000 men in camp now. Met a pilot, Peter Dempsey, Capt. He flew one tour in P-38's and was on second tour flying a P-51 when he was shot down. I also saw Clair Penners, a P-38 man who was shot down, so I have heard from and of many of my buddies. It was Dad's birthday yesterday. Sure wish that I could have been home to see him. I built another cooking pan and finished it today. I think that I will now have enough cooking pans to cook with till the war is over. The war has been liberated, which could be any day now. We can hear what is claimed to be artillery fire when things are quiet at night. We have no trouble hearing the bombings, or even feeling them. Many times the windows rattle and dishes jump around on the shelves.

Apr. 21st. Saturday. It was raining all day today. We were scheduled for a Saturday morning inspection, but it was called off. We are not expecting to be here too much longer. The Allies are only 30 kilometers from Munich. To the southwest and northwest are the 7th and 3rd Armies. Regensburg has fallen to the 3rd Army and Patton is on his way to Munich. We have unofficially taken over the camp. We have Goon guards, but they are more of an ornament than anything else. We have our own guards and Provosts to keep order and prevent us from going into town for a beer, as several fellows have already done. The Goon guards will open the wire for a cigarette or two. There are holes in the wire where we can get through to other camps and even to the city except for our own guards. There is a lot of trading going on. I saw a Rolex perpetual self winding Swiss watch sold for one American Red Cross parcel and a loaf of bread. The watch is valued at \$85.00. All kinds of watches are being traded, particularly anything gold. The Serbs, Poles, French and Italians are the most valuable, for two cartons I could get the best watch in camp. At 10:00 this morning Munich radio announced that Bavaria was opposing the S.S. and revolting. Their intentions are to cease senseless slaughter and sue for a separate peace from Germany. The Revolutionaries have nearly total

control of Munich and are having skirmishes with the S.S. All possible arrangements have been made for the eventuality of an evacuation. The war is soon to be over for us so we can soon be at our long-dreamed-of home with eats, beds and some place to take a bath, even have warm water to wash in.

Sunday, April 29th, 1945. No more Appels, but we are getting back to Army life. We had reveille at 09:00 and are scheduled to have an inspection at 11:00 hrs. There is a rumor that American Troops are on the way. At 09:00, I've got to go out and check up on it. 10:30 quite a bit of excitement, artillery and machine gun fire outside of camp. Several bursts of machine gun bullets can be heard swishing overhead, everyone can see is staying real close to the ground, heavy explosions are being almost continuously heard. Our officers are ordering us to return to our barracks, but many of us stay outside so we can get lower to the ground when the bullets are flying and have a chance to see what is going on. 11:00 am. There is a full-on machine gun fire and intermittent artillery fire just outside of camp. This is exciting!

Just heard that several men in camp were wounded. 12:40. Boy, is there a flap on, the American flag just went up over Moosburg. We can see it from here. 1:00 pm. The American flag just went up in camp, what a sight, what a feeling for us. Excitement in camp is at its peak. The war is over for us, even though bullets are still flying. I followed the crowd down to the main gate and saw the American flag flying over the camp. 02:10 pm. It was reported that a jeep with two generals, followed by a tank loaded with G.I.s, entered the camp, paraded through it then went back out. Talk about cheering - wow - Group Captain Willis and General Patton were the ones riding in the jeep. There were hundreds of Kriegies crowded around and just outside the gate. General Patton arrived and climbed up on a tank and welcomed us back under Allied control. Someone there with his two pearl handled revolvers, one bolstered on each side. Someone asked "when are we going to get out of here?" He said that in the rear ranks of the Army, a department had been set up to take care of POWs but with the estimated 129,000 in this camp, it could not be done overnight. He said it was his job to fight and that he had the Krauts on the run he would chase the bastards into their Bavarian lair and wipe them out. There is much speculation as to how soon we will leave. Everyone is cooking up their super special meals with everything that they have left by way of celebration. It is reported that 20 Goons were killed in the battle this morning, and 75 captured. The rest must still be running. What a day, a long awaited day.

10:00 pm. Well, the afternoon passed with considerable excitement and emotions on the part of everyone. We finally settled down and had our supper and brew and now we are talking of big things that we will do at home. WHAT A DAY . . .

Apr. 30th. Excitement is still high, but life must still go on. We are free, but there is no change in our situation. We have additional food, we use our own supplies to prepare our meals and still wait to get out of here. I went through the fence and walked along a path into Moosburg. Several places along the path, I noticed hastily shed German uniforms and guns, one place along a road was a dead soldier. In town, I looked in the large church and walked along what I believed to be the main street. I saw no people and most windows were shuttered. I did not feel very comfortable, so I returned to camp.

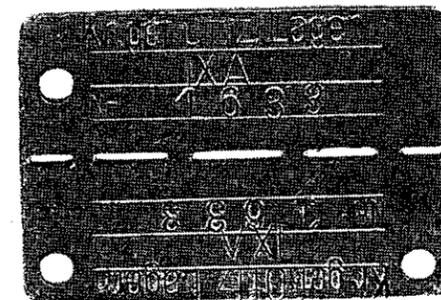
May 1st. We are still here. Today is very miserable, cold, rain and snow mixed. General Patton came to see Gen. Lee and Gen. Von Fleet and inspected camp. I got a good look at him. He is a big healthy man. I was assigned guard duty tonight, 10:00 till 2:00. It was wet and cold and snowing most of the night. Guard duty is a farce. You can't stop the Kriegies from going out if they decide to go, so most of the night I spent helping them through the fence without snagging them. I got stomach cramps, was sick and went to bed at 1:15, I went back to the barracks and bed. I never warmed up till morning.

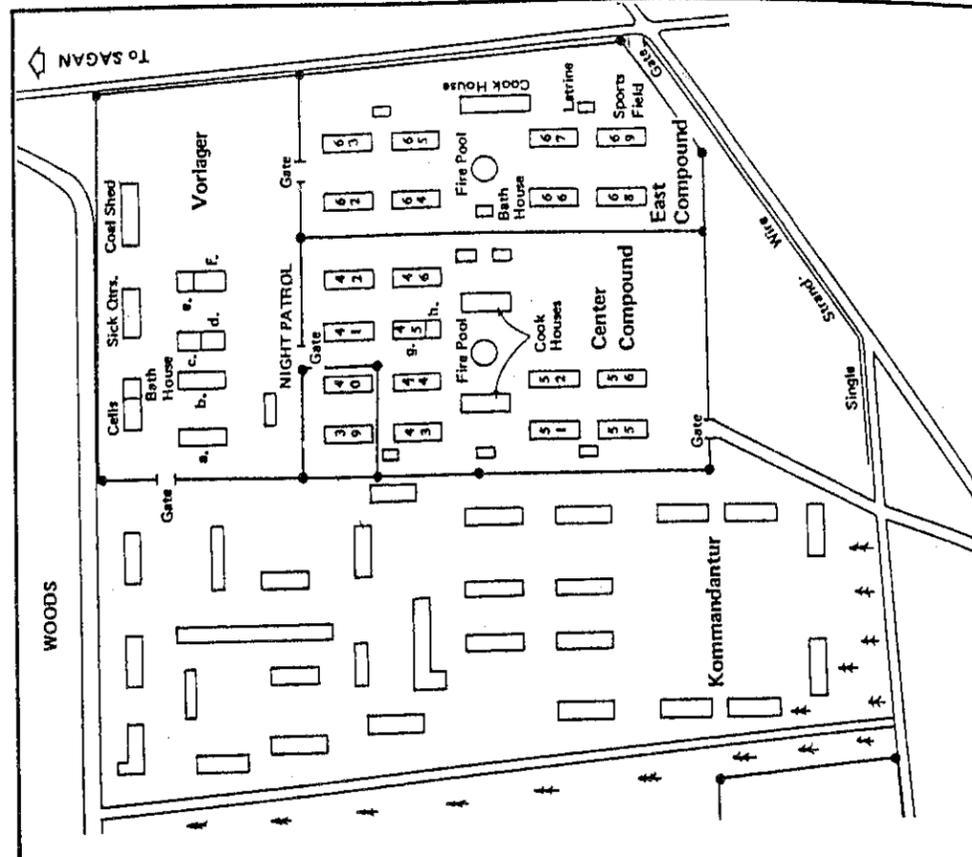
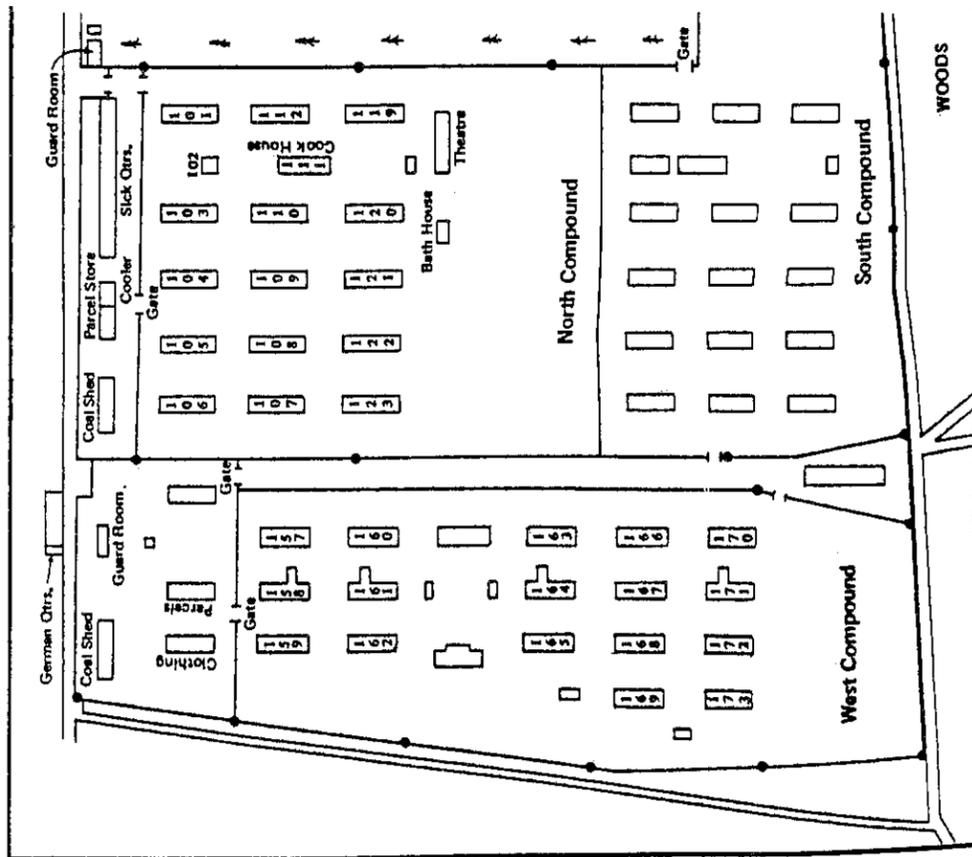
May 2nd. Still feel bloated and miserable. Have caught a good cold. It is reported that we are to all be evacuated out tomorrow by plane. I sure hope we have good weather, planes can't fly in this.

May 7th. The French POW's were first to be trucked to an airport and flown home. Then other nationalities followed. We were organized into groups of 25 to make up a flight load and we left Moosburg, and went to Ingolstadt Airport and waited for a flight. At the end of the first day, two of us walked to a farm house and stayed there all night. We provided some food and the ladies fixed our dinner and breakfast. Back to the camp.

The French POW's were first to be trucked to an airport and flown home. Then other nationalities followed. We were organized into groups of 25 to make up a flight load and we left Moosburg, and went by truck to Ingolstadt Airport and waited for a flight. At the end of the first day, two of us walked to a farm house and stayed there all night. We provided some food and the ladies fixed our dinner and breakfast. Back to the camp we stayed till Wednesday afternoon then flew by C-47 to Rheims, France. There we found everyone waiting for us. I was in a line till about midnight to get my turn in a shower and a set of clean clothes, some food and a physical. Tom Striebich was sick, so they took him to the hospital.

In the afternoon we were flown by C-47 to Le Harve and hauled by truck to Camp Lucky Strike, about 100 miles from Dieppe, where we still are this date, May 18th.





STALAG LUFT III

a. U.S.S.R. Barracks

b. Sentry Post

c. Red Cross Parcel Store

d. Book Censorship

e. Gate

f. Single

g. Wire

h. Gate

i. Gate

j. Gate

k. Gate

l. Gate

m. Gate

n. Gate

o. Gate

p. Gate

q. Gate

r. Gate

s. Gate

t. Gate

u. Gate

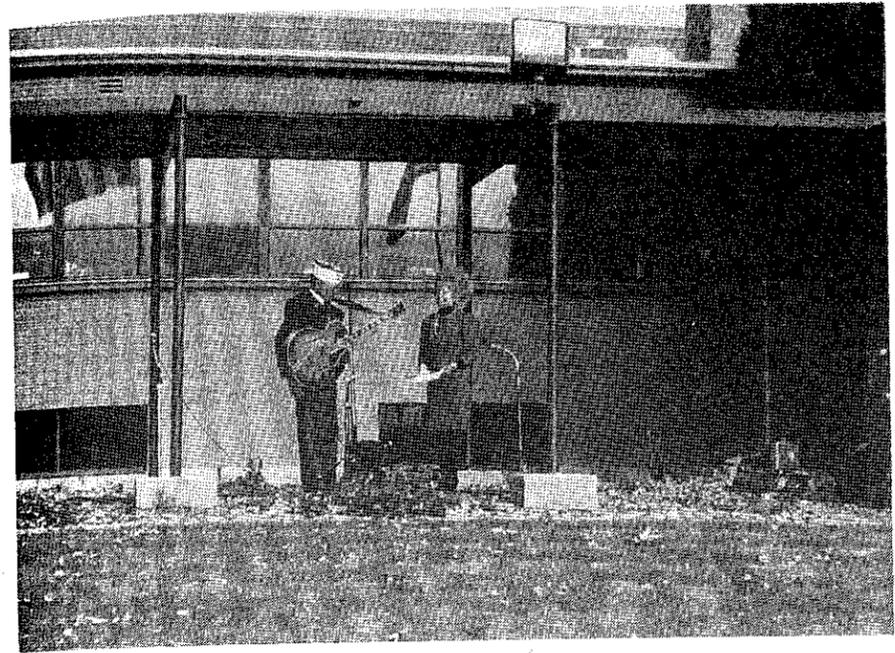
v. Gate

w. Gate

x. Gate

y. Gate

z. Gate



Commander Duane Hall and JaNiel Gardner preparing to sing "Gold Star in Her Window"



Duane Hall sings "Gold Star Mother" during Veterans Day Program. JaNiel Gardner backs him up on vocals.

12 December 1994
Vernal, UT 84078
VFW Post 5560

Commander Bezzant:

Commander, let me say first how much Quartermaster Virgil McMickell and I enjoyed the gathering at Post 2379. It was a very uplifting experience to meet and visit our National Commander-In-Chief, Gunner

We talked of getting an article in the Utah VFW News. I'll present it in a very condensed form.

Not the want, but the need of such a memorial was realized in April 1952. A place where a young man just returned from overseas could go and sit and try to make the transition back into the world he knew, and try to pass from his mind the world he had just left.

In April 1992 the wheels began turning to bring this memorial into reality. Members of Post 5560 built poles, poured concrete for the poles, and built the new base for the World War I Doughboy. As commander of Post, I met with County Commissions, City Councils, church groups, scout groups, and many civic organizations to explain our mission. Our project was very well received. Configuration and design was discussed many times. Many towns were visited to get ideas. None would fit our town. The memorial we have built is unique in that there is no other like it.

To finance our project we decided to lay a brick floor. The brick in the floor were sold at \$3.00 each. This made it possible for young people age 3 to people in their 90's to be able to say, "I helped."

A tremendous amount of labor and machinery was donated. Art and craft shows were put on with the proceeds going into the memorial fund. This memorial is valued at about \$90,000 and is paid for. Our memorial was financed and built by Post 5560 — no tax dollars were involved.

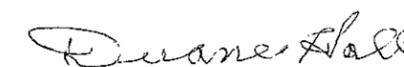
We began this project in April 1992 and dedicated in November 1993. We are very proud to have had the speaker of our dedication, Chief Justice Gordon R. Hall, World War II veteran and Vernal native.

Our memorial since November 1993 has been the scene of Memorial Day Services, Veterans Day Services, World War II Remembrance, Korean War Remembrance, church group meetings, and scout group meetings.

One of the most memorable and touching events for me took place about 3:00 A.M. I couldn't sleep so I drove to our memorial. As I drove up, I saw this old man. He was on one knee, head bowed down, with his hand touching a name on a memorial. He stayed in this position for about 15 minutes. I can only imagine the size of the tears in his eyes. Shoulders slumped and steps slow, he finally went down the street. This scene made this memorial very worthwhile.

This memorial was built that all who see can be reminded of the price some have paid that all can enjoy in our tremendous country we have been blessed to live in.

Thank you,



Duane Hall Commander
Post 5560

DUANE HALL

Born and raised in Vernal. Went to and graduated from Vernal schools. Enlisted in the U.S. Air Force at the age of 17.

Received Air Force basic training at Shepard Air Force Base at Wichita Falls, Texas. Graduated from Photo Intelligence School at Lowry Air Force Base at Denver, Colorado in July 1949. Took an ocean cruise on USS William O Darby.

Arrived at Yokota Air Force Base outside Tokyo, Japan in January 1950. June 25, 1950, on Yokota was a day of maximum activity. Early the morning of 25 June, the North Korean Army began the invasion of South Korea. Yokota was a B-29 Bomber base. These B-29's flew a lot of our photo missions. Planes left about 10:00 AM to get some photo coverage of what size invasion force we were faced with. In the afternoon our photo intelligence analyzed the photos. We knew from the size of the invasion force there was going to be a hell of a fight before this was over.

That same evening a detail of men was called out from my squadron to report to the flight line. This was when a massive personality change took place in a group of real young U.S. Air Force Aircrew. We transferred 67 bodies of U.S. soldiers into C-54 Cargo planes for their trip home. Sgt. Raymond Hardy had been through WWII. When this job was complete he looked at us and said, "fellars, now you know a little about what war looks like."

Later that fall, I was transferred to Korea. A very short stay at Pusan, then on to Taegu. Stayed a few weeks at Taegu, and then on to Kimpo, 22 miles northeast of Seoul, South Korea.

While stationed at Kimpo, I was detailed one afternoon to hand carry some reports to 8th Army Headquarters in Seoul. By the time I got started back to Kimpo, it was late in the afternoon. Being late in the evening, I knew I was faced with a cool night in some hole beside the road. Just about sundown, here came a jeep. He stopped and took one look and said, "For hell sake Hall, get in." The driver of that jeep was a classmate of mine from Uintah High School, Virgil McMickell. We hadn't seen each other since high school. We didn't see each other again until after we were discharged. Although I didn't get to see him, another classmate was in this area at that time—Clyde Burns. There were many others of the Uintah High School class of 1948 all over and around Korea.

Late in the summer of 1951, an RB-26 left Kimpo to take night photos of an airfield in the extreme northeast corner of Korea. Now, how were we to know they had built Vladistock Harbor facilities right where we wanted to drop some flash bombs? Some really classic photos came out of this mission. The fireworks display they put on showed us how much they appreciated our presence.

In Korea in the first few hours, at least 67 American soldiers were killed. All the battles for each town when they were taken, and again when they were re-taken. At the entry of China into the war, many tens of thousands of Chinese were thrown against our Marines and Army. U.S. forces were outnumbered probably 100 to 1. With the U.S. Navy sitting in Hamhung Harbor and Wonsan Harbor, along with U.S. Navy planes and U.S. Airforce planes pounding back the Chinese and North Koreans, until evacuation was completed. Through all this, the Army and Marines built an airstrip off which U.S. Airforce C-47 Cargo planes could evacuate American G.I.s. Needless to say, the Chinese took tremendous losses.

Many times, in spite of shortages of food, ammunition and especially warm clothing and blankets, the American GIs somehow found a way.

There are many paths to our Lord. These GIs were never ashamed, with tears in their eyes to pull off their battered helmet and ask, "Please Lord, don't ever let this happen in my country, to my family." After that, things seemed to get a little easier.

After Korea, there was Vietnam, Somalia, Desert Storm, and some lessor fire fights, including the current situation in Bosnia. Thank God for the American GI and what they do for our country.

There are not enough adjectives to describe the purpose and value of all of the women services in the U.S. Military. One unit that will stand out in the minds of many GIs is the Army Nurse Corps. Many soldiers would not have come home if it had not been for these nurses.

In March 1952 all of our closest buddies had come home. Mervin Taylor from Ontario, Wisconsin and I were the last of our close knit group. Colonel Shuyler Harris, Squadron Commander, called us into his office and told us it was past time so he was sending us home. The next day we boarded a C-47 Cargo plane and flew into Feamcom, just outside of Tokyo, Japan. We processed out, then was loaded aboard the William F. Buckley, a troop transport ship; along with a little over 10,000 other army and air force people. We left Yokohama Harbor and went in a straight line for San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

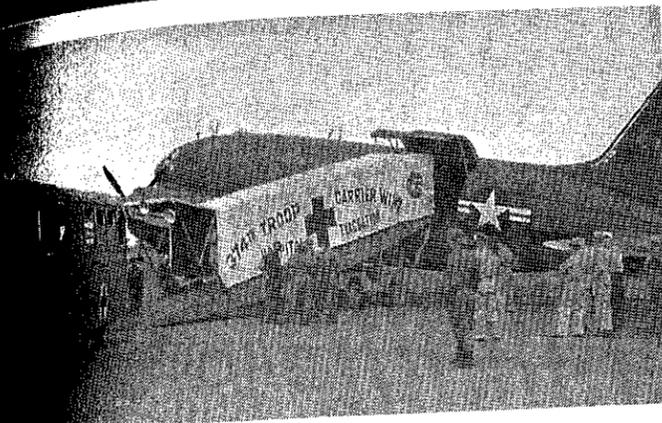
Now if you haven't been seasick, you ain't been sick. I have been seasick. About ten days out Mervin had been top side and came down and said, "come on Hall, they are serving ice cream and strawberries up top." Man, did that taste good. . . . until it hit bottom. I ran to the rail and shot strawberries half way back to Tokyo. The rest of the cruise was sick, but uneventful, until we approached the Golden Gate Bridge. Everyone was ordered top side in class "A" blue uniform. The seagulls, there by the thousands, are the best bombers in the world. They never miss. Sure stinks up a uniform.

Arrived back in the United States in April 1952. In November, I married the greatest woman in the world -- my high school sweetheart, Merlene McNeill.

Came home to live and raise a family in the best place in the whole world, Uintah Basin.

We have three sons and a daughter: Clark, Stacy, Sharlene Howard, of Vernal, and Lisa Mitchell Hall, U.S. Air Force, Panama.

Thank God for all these blessings.



Tachikawa, Japan 25 June 1950.
Transferring bodies of 67 soldiers killed in Korea.



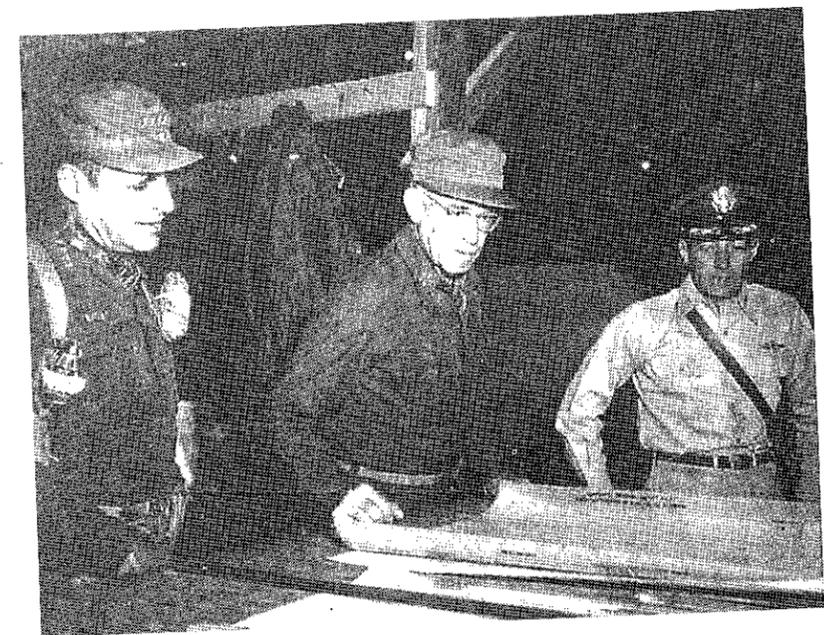
Mission 100,000 67 Rec Tech Sqdn
Kimpo, 1951



Capt. Brunson, Sgt. Delaney,
Sgt. Duane Hall



Mitchell Hall, Taegu, Korea 1950



Visiting 67th Rec Tech Sqdn, Air Field Section, 1951
Chairman Joint Chief of Staff Bradley
4 Star Gen Ridgway 5 Star Gen Omar Bradley



Playing in Enlisted Men's Service Club - - Tokyo

Standing at left with guitar. . Duane Hall. Sitting with guitar. . Mervin Taylor, Ontario, Wisconsin.

Sitting with mandolin. . David K. Hitson, Bonanza, Ore.

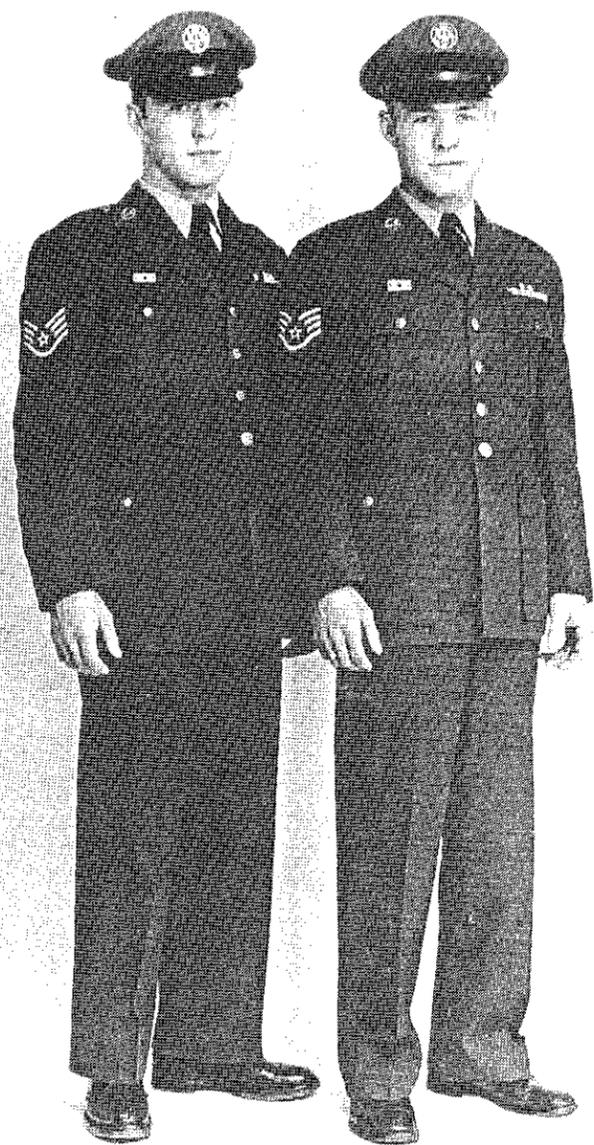
Sitting with fiddle. . David W. Denny, Fairfax, Virginia

This photo was among the first color photography processed in the Far East..March 1950

548 Recon Tech Sqdn Yokota AFB Japan

Subject Merlene McNeill
Date 1946
Since 1952





S/Sgt Duane Hall S/Sgt Wayne Hall
Both Korean War Veterans
Served in same war at different times

VIRGIL LYNN MCMICKELL

Was born in LaJunta, Colorado to Ercil Lorenzo and Dora Merkley Feb. 27, 1930. When I was two years old we moved back to Jensen, Utah. I attended school in Jensen and Vernal until May 1945, when I quit school and went to work in the oil fields in Rangely, Colorado for Loffland Bros. Then in Jan. 1948 went to Gillette, Wyoming with Miracle & Wooster Drilling until fall of that year.

Floyd (Bud) Reynolds, a cousin, decided to join the service. Went to Salt Lake on the 5th of Jan., 1949. All branches were full except the army, so we were inducted into the army Jan. 17th, 1949.

We did our basic at Fort Ord, California with the 4th Infantry Division. Bud was in one company and I was in another. We started our basic the 20th and finished eight weeks later. We got a 15 day leave to go home before being shipped overseas.

Reported back to Stockton, California. Bud shipped out four or five days before I did. I left the U.S.A. for Japan on the General Simmin B. Buckner (troop ship). Docked in Yokohama, Japan Replacement Depot. The last time I saw Bud, he was walking guard duty there.

I was assigned to a Combat Engineer Unit stationed at Sasebo, Japan as a road grader operator. Around 30 days after joining that outfit, an opening came up to go to Engr. Maint. school and went to Osaka, Japan. When I finished the Engr. Maint. Heavy Equip. school, I was assigned to the 79th Engr. Maint. Company at Fukuoka, Japan. The 24th Inf. Div. had a company stationed across the bay from us, and when the Korean conflict broke out, they shipped us with the 24th Inf. Division in July 1950 on the same ship. We docked at Pusan, Korea; they unloaded the 79th Engr. Maint. Company, and we helped unload the 24th Inf. Div.

Between 10 & 15 days after arriving in Korea, they transferred to the 54th Engr. Maint. About 30 days after joining the 54th, I was flown back to Japan, to Osaka General Hospital with a hernia. After two weeks in the hospital, I was shipped back to Inchon Replacement Depot on the General Simmin B. Buckner.

After spending 14 days in the Replacement Depot because they couldn't find the 54th Engr. Maint. Co., just one day before being assigned to a front line Inf. Company, one of the 54th Engr. Maint. trucks came into Replacement compound. When it left, I was on it. When we got back to Seoul, I reported to the Commanding Officer of the 54th and let him straighten it out. It took eight months for my personal records to catch up with me. In the two weeks I was in the hospital; the company had moved from Toegu to Seoul. The next few months we advanced from Toegu to PJongyang.

The 54th Engr. Maint. had quite a few emergency repair crews, which did a lot of moving from one Engr. outfit to another and hospitals. When the North Korean and Chinese pushed the troop back, the 54th moved back as far as Changwon. From Changwon, me and two more men went to Miryong to repair some pontoon bridge boats. While working on the boats under the bridge, my kid brother went over it with his company. We didn't know this until we were both discharged. The only guy from home that I saw or talked to from home was Duane Hall, and this was outside of Seoul. Me and my buddy were coming back from a job and Duane and his buddy were walking down this road, going back to their base. That time of evening or night was no time to be on that road.

When I left Korea to come home, me and a few other guys were at the D.M.Z. Panmunjom setting up a generator for the lighting and electric equipment. The D.M.Z. was the dividing line between North and South Korea. It was also the neutral territory where the peace talks and the signing of the peace treaties took place. From Korea to Japan and onto the U.S.A. Docked at Seattle, Washington, 5th day of Dec. 1951, and arrived home around the 7th or 8th of Dec.

My stepsister Madge Atwood introduced me to Kenna Sue Oaks and on the 17th of December we were married. After spending a 30 day furlough at home, I went back to Fort Ord, California and was assigned to Fort Huachuca, Arizona. My wife and I went by bus to the new base, which was to be an Army training base for the Army and Air Force.

In June the new troops started arriving for training and I received my discharge from the Army June 13, 1952.

Worked in Utah, Colorado, and Wyoming. We had five children: Paula Sue, Randy Lynn, Michael Dee, Tami Marell and Rena Dawn. Michael was injured in a head-on car accident and died a day later, Nov. 10, 1975.

My wife's brother, Paul Norman Oaks, was killed in North Korea on Nov. 9, 1950.

ALAN REX BATTY

Born August 29, 1951 in Vernal, Utah to Lilly Mae Murray Batty and Rex Harold Batty. I was the youngest of five children and was reared on a farm down on Ashley Creek. In the last few years, the golf course bought the farmland that I worked and played on for so many years and they put in nine new holes. This was where I spent my "growing-up" years, and there was always plenty of work to be done. However, we always managed to find the time to do the fun things boys seem to love to do. My brother, cousins and I spent many hours swimming, hunting and camping out in the lower fields.

I attended Uintah High School, where I graduated in 1969. One had taken quite a few Machine Shop classes and I had a desire to become a machinist after graduation. I applied for and received a scholarship from the Lion's Club to help with my education.

The summer after high school graduation, I went to work for the Uintah School District. I worked all summer and saved money to get ready to go to school. In the fall of 1969, I attended the Photo Technical College where I received a certificate in machining. I enjoyed attending school in Photo and enjoyed working and learning about machining. I liked the challenge of being able to create something with my hands out of metal.

On August 14, 1970, I married Connie Kae Spruell, daughter of Joella and N.N. Spruell. I have known Connie since I was in first grade and she was in kindergarten at Central School in Vernal. We started dating in high school and in the spring of 1970, I asked her to marry me.

In June of 1970, I went to work for a machine shop called Bemsco in Salt Lake City. I had worked there for about eight months when a U.S. Marine Corps recruiter called me and said, "Mr. Batty, you are going to be drafted." I told them I knew that, since my draft lottery number was 69. He told me he would like me to consider joining the Marine Corps. I told him that I would if I could sign up for two years. I knew if I was drafted into the army, it would be for two years, and I did not want to go for any longer than that. I had only been married a few months and had no desire to sign up for a longterm.

The recruiter worked with me and after ironing out a few details, I joined the Marine Corps and signed up to leave in March of 1971.

On March 15, 1971, one flew to San Diego, arrived at the Marine Corp Recruit Depot and began Boot Camp. I had never been any further from home than Salt Lake City, and it was a real eye-opener when I saw California for the first time. People lived a totally different lifestyle than I was used to. I learned a lot in the next ten weeks at Boot Camp, but the thing I learned the fastest was to dislike D.I.'s. They said they were going to teach us to be obedient, respectful and responsible. I felt I had already learned these things from my parents. The things they taught me that I had not learned at home were how to kill another human being and how to protect myself from being killed. This was definitely a different idea for me and, of course, in the back of my mind was the thought that the war in Vietnam was in full swing. I knew the possibility was there that I would need to know all I could about how to defend myself against someone trying to kill me.

After Boot Camp I was assigned as an 0311 in the infantry. I then went for more training in what they called I.T.R. and Bits. After weeks and weeks of training, I was sent to be based in Okinawa with the Third Marines. I knew I would be overseas for about a year or so, and I had a real bout of homesickness. I really missed my family and my home, and I had a hard time leaving everyone to go overseas.

One of the first places we went from our home base was the Philippines. I could not believe how poor the people in this country were, and it made me begin to re-evaluate my own life and learn a strong appreciation for the things that I had and for the great country that I belonged to. I knew that if I ever got back to the U.S., I would never want to leave again. After spending some time in the Philippines, we returned to Okinawa for about a month and then were sent to Japan.

We were assigned to do cold-weather training at the base of Mt. Fuji. I really could not understand them sending us to Japan for cold-weather training because I had never pictured Japan as being cold. However, I learned very quickly, that it does get cold there, very cold!

I enjoyed Japan, and saw quite a bit of the country. I could not believe how crowded Tokyo was, and how many people there were in such a small country.

When we returned to Okinawa, we were placed on stand-by to be sent to Vietnam. We were on stand-by for about two weeks, and everyone was pretty tense wondering what we would be getting into. Finally, our orders came and we were sent to Ben Wai Airbase, where we were to be security guards for the Airbase. This was a frightening time. We were shelled many times while I was there, and felt I was close to danger and death much of the time. I have pieces of shrapnel that I had dug out of the walls of the buildings where we lived and worked, and I had no doubt that if I had been in the way of one of those things, I would have been shipped home in a box.

Things were winding down in Vietnam and it wasn't as bad as it could have been, but I was not sorry when it was time for my orders to change and I was sent back to California.

I spent the rest of my two years of service in California and on March 15, 1973, one moved to Granger and went to work for Accuracy Machining. Two days after my first son, Dale, was born, I moved to Heber with the company. My daughter, Misti, was born while we lived in Heber, and when she was about a year old, we moved to Midway. However, I still worked for Accuracy Machining, since Midway was only a few miles away. Our third child, Amanda, was born while we lived in Midway.

In 1980, one had a strong desire to return to Vernal, which had always been "home" to me. I moved my family and went to work for Intermountain Concrete. I continue to work there as the batch-plant operator and have never regretted the move.

After moving back to Vernal, we had two more sons, Daniel and Benjamin. I love the Uintah Basin and this great valley we live in and plan to spend the rest of my life here.

I have developed a great love for my country and respect for those who have given so much to make it the free and wonderful land it is. I love the great flag that represents us and this great land. We have so many riches and so much freedom to be grateful for. I am proud to say that I am an American and am grateful that I had the opportunity to serve my country. I do love it with all my heart.

MITCHELL HALL

Born 29 Feb 1968 in Vernal, Utah, to Merlene and Duane Hall.

Attended Vernal schools and graduated from Uintah High School.

Entered active reserve U.S. Air Force. He completed his basic training at Lackland AFB. As an enlisted man, Mitch attained the rank of Sergeant.

Enrolled at University of Utah in the Fall of 1988. While at the University of Utah, he enrolled in the Air Force ROTC program. Mitch graduated from the University of Utah 1992 with a 3.7 GPA.

In the Spring of 1992 Mitch had completed his ROTC program and received his commission of 2nd Lt. During the commissioning ceremony, Mitch was awarded the 'Dean's Award' for Outstanding ROTC Cadet of the year. Four Universities were involved in the Commissioning ceremonies. Mitch was the Cadet Commander for these ceremonies.

Mitch and Faye were married in Vernal in August 1992.

After receiving his commission, Mitch was called to active duty. He was assigned to Goodfellow AFB at San Angelo, Texas. While there he received advance training in Photo Imagery, as well as other Intelligence categories. After six months he completed this advanced training and was assigned to Howard Air Force Base, Panama Canal Zone.

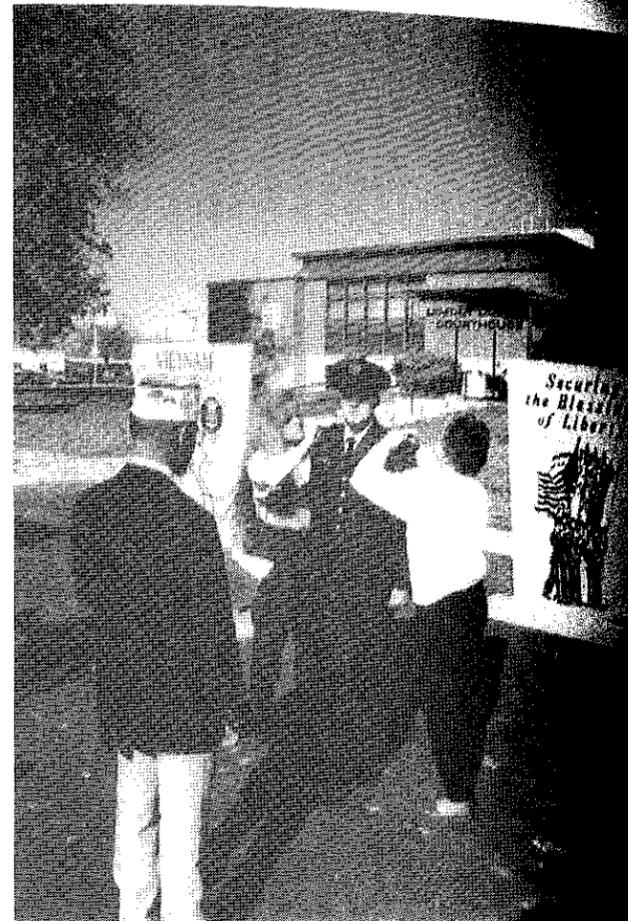
While on leave from Panama in October 1994, he received his orders promoting him to 1st Lt. The orders were read and his 2nd Lt. bars were changed to 1st Lt. by his wife and his mother, on the Veteran's War Memorial in Vernal, Utah.

While at Howard AFB he had various assignments in the Intelligence Community, one of which was Executive Officer to the Commanding General.

Currently Mitch is on temporary duty to Quito, Ecuador. This assignment is in the American Embassy as military advisor to the Ambassador.

He will report back to Howard AFB this Fall to complete his 3 year tour of duty.

Mitch will receive his promotion to Captain Oct. 1996.



Post Commander Duane Hall reading orders promoting Mitchell Hall from 2nd Lt. to 1st Lt. in the United States Air Force. October 22nd 1994

Shown is Mitch's wife Faye and his mother Merlene pinning on his silver Bars.



Promoted to Captain, Holloman Air Force Base. Alamogordo, New Mexico. October 22, 1996

Promotion of Captain Mitchell Hall

Mitchell Hall, United States Air Force, was promoted to Captain on 22 October 1996. Captain Hall was also recently reassigned from Headquarters U.S. Southern Command, Quarry Heights, Panama, to the 49th Fighter Wing, Holloman AFB, NM. Captain Hall is now the Chief, Electronic Intelligence Section of the 49th FW.

Award of Defense Meritorious Service Medal to First Lieutenant Mitchell Hall

First Lieutenant Mitchell Hall, United States Air Force, distinguished himself by meritorious service while serving as the Counterdrug Directorate's Chief Regional Analysis Section and as the Tactical Analysis Team Officer-in-Charge, United States Embassy, Ecuador, for the Directorate of Intelligence, United States Southern Command, Quarry Heights, Panama, from 15 February 1994 to 16 September 1996. Lieutenant Hall established an operational counterdrug analytical structure that provided operational counterdrug elements critical counterdrug target packages and actionable intelligence. Lieutenant Hall was responsible for ensuring that U.S. and Allied Nations Law Enforcement elements could plan successful counterdrug operations. He successfully managed time-sensitive counterdrug intelligence by insuring theater level intelligence databases were maintained and then produced tactical intelligence products. His collection and analysis efforts specifically supported the Drug Enforcement Agency, United States Custom Service, and United States Country Team counterdrug operations throughout Central and South America.

Award of Joint Service Achievement Medal to First Lieutenant Mitchell Hall

First Lieutenant Mitchell Hall, United States Air Force, distinguished himself by exceptionally meritorious achievement while assigned to the United States Embassy, Quito, Ecuador, from 15 March 1996 to 20 August 1996. Lieutenant Hall served as Officer-in-Charge of the Ecuador Counterdrug Tactical Analysis Team. In this position, he firmly established the Tactical Analysis Team as a viable intelligence asset to the Embassy and the Country Team by developing and overseeing the implementation of the first comprehensive focus for counterdrug operations. Lieutenant Hall's efforts enhanced and expanded support for counterdrug efforts within the U.S. Embassy Country Team—increasing the effectiveness of the counterdrug effort. In one operation alone, Lieutenant Hall's offices provided direct, time-sensitive intelligence and support to the Embassy's counterdrug effort which resulted in the seizure of over 500 kilograms of cocaine, and the arrest of over 35 narcotics traffickers.



OATH OF OFFICE--CAPT MITCHELL HALL

I, MITCHELL HALL, HAVING BEEN APPOINTED A CAPTAIN, UNITED STATES AIR FORCE, DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR THAT I WILL SUPPORT AND DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES AGAINST ALL ENEMIES, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC; THAT I WILL BEAR TRUE FAITH AND ALLEGIANCE TO THE SAME; THAT I TAKE THIS OBLIGATION FREELY, WITHOUT ANY MENTAL RESERVATION OR PURPOSE OF EVASION; AND THAT I WILL WELL AND FAITHFULLY DISCHARGE THE DUTIES OF THE OFFICE UPON WHICH I AM ABOUT TO ENTER, SO HELP ME GOD.



49th Fighter Wing



Holloman AFB, NM

Capt Mitch Hall
UNITED STATES AIR FORCE
49th Operations Support Squadron
Chief, Electronic Intelligence

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Commander-In-Chief
United States Southern Command
Quarry Heights, Panama

LT Mitchell Hall

Thank you for your dedication and support.

BARRY R. McCAFFREY
GENERAL, USA
Commander in Chief



STEVEN L. CONWAY

I am a 1992 graduate of Uintah High School in Vernal, Utah. I joined the army on 21 January 1993, and attended basic training at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, and Advanced Individual Training at Fort Belvoir, Virginia for Utilities Equipment Repair. Upon completion of training, I was stationed at Fort Stewart, Georgia and assigned to Charlie Company, 724th Support Battalion (Main), 24th Infantry Division (Mechanized). In August 1993 I was deployed to Somalia in support of Operation Continue Hope with the 598th Maintenance Company, 13th Corp Support Battalion, 507th Corp Support Group (Airborne), from Fort Benning, Georgia. For service in Somalia I was awarded the Army Achievement Medal, Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal, and the United Nations Service Medal. Upon leaving Somalia on 15 December 1993, I returned to Fort Stewart, Georgia where I stayed until 1 March 1995, at which time I was stationed at Coleman Barracks, Mannheim, Germany, with the 414th Signal Company (NATO). I am currently working in support of Operation Joint Endeavor, Bosnia, and I am scheduled for discharge in March 1997.

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Duane Hall

**A DREAM SINCE 1952
BEGAN DESIGN 1992
DEDICATED 1993
DESIGNED BY DUANE HALL**

