

ALAN

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C. M. KEARL PERSONAL HISTORY

I was born in Paris Idaho on July . 20, 1923. I was the fourth of six children born to Chase and Hazel Loveless Kearl. I was born in a frame house, the old Sutton House, and probably like most children that day in remote parts of the west, I was born at home. My father's uncle, Dr. Ashley, was the physician in attendance. The nearest hospital was ten miles away in Montpelier, an hours drive over dirt roads.

Paris was the county seat of Bear Lake County and was located about 10 miles north of the lake. It was colonized in 1863 as a result of the LDS Church policy to settle all of the land that they could surround their arms around in the vicinity of the Salt Lake Valley. The Homestead Act act of 1862 provided for a claim of one hundred sixty acres for each settler, with the opportunity to receive title to that land after five years of occupation. <sup>Brigham</sup> Young felt that the valley might easily be claimed by Gentile settlers from Washington (soon to be Idaho) Territory. It was his intention to use the Valley as a northern "outpost", after the establishment of which the land south to Salt Lake could be populated. The Shoshone<sup>e</sup> Indians were given the south end of the valley as a camping and hunting ground but in 1868 were relocated to the Wind River Reservation in Wyoming making the south end available for settlement. In 1869 Brigham Young called my grandfather, James Kearl, to move from Grantsville to Bear Lake as a part of the settlement. In August of that year he married a third wife, his grandmother, Merlin Eastham, a girl of 19, and 18 years younger than he. He took his cattle<sup>and</sup> his new wife, and moved them to Round Valley. He built her a one room log house and left his pregnant wife and family

vestock there for the winter while he returned to Grantsville and his  
ner two families which he relocated the followins sprins. Most of  
days residents of the south end of the valley are related to me  
rough one of his three wives and the intermarriages that have  
ured.

Bear Lake was an isolated, high (6,000 feet) mountain valley with  
short growing season of two to three months. Durins the winter  
nths the roads were impassable and the only traffic into or out of  
e valley was by foot. An apple or an orange in the middle of the  
nter was a rarity. It often froze on the fourth of July and  
ometimes snowed in September. The main occupation was farming and  
nchins. The main crops were grain and hay.

I remember very little of my first seven years spent in Paris,  
who, but I remember a few choice experiences. I don't recall the  
tes so will report them only as happenings, not chronologically. We  
re poor by todays standards, ~~and~~<sup>but</sup> it wasn't noticable because everyone  
s poorer. ~~and~~<sup>W</sup> we were one of the most prosperous and respected families  
the community. We had a radio, and a Model A Ford. The car was an  
en type with canvas sides, a tire on each front runnings board or on  
e rear and a tool box on the runnings board. The runnings board was a  
er about 10" wide outside the body of the car. You steered on this  
d into the car. The first car I recall was cranked to start and had  
ornament on the top of the radiator that had a vial which showed if  
e car was getting hot. We usually had to stop and let the car cool  
f and maybe fill the radiator on the long steep grades over the  
untains. We seemed to have a lot of flat tires which we fixed on the  
ot, or if we couldn't, we put on a spare and fixed it when we got

home. The service stations had big gas pumps that had a glass bottle up about 5 feet in the air. The service station attendant would physically pump 1 to 10 gallons, into the bottle, whatever you wanted, then put the hose into your tank and you would see the gas drain out of the bottle as it ran into your cars gas tank.

Early in my life we moved into the first home that my parents owned, the Jensen house. It was a white frame bungalow with a small front room heated by a wood burning stove. We had a big kitchen with a large black kitchen stove with a salvanized hot water tank behind the stove and a wood box close by. The little kids, Russ and I, had to keep the wood box full. The older boys took care of feeding the livestock and milking the cows, and I guess they chopped the wood. But I recall carrying it into the house and filling the wood box each night. To a little boy the winters were somethins to remember. I recall what to me at least was a path shoveled about two feet wide and so high you couldn't see anything but sky on the way to the garage or barn. We had an inside toilet (thank goodness). The home had two bedrooms- Mom and Dad had one and we five boys the other. We had electric lights but that is all I recall that we used electricity for. Paris had wide streets and people used to trail milk cows to pasture so we had a front picket fence and a fair size lawn. Mom always loved flowers and I recall a little flower bed near our front porch. It was usually planted with nasturtiums and we would butter a piece of bread to make a delicious (?) sandwich of nasturtium leaves.

In back of our home was a garage and a big corral with a big slab barn and a chicken coop. We always had one or two milk cows, a few sheep, generally a horse just for riding, some chicken<sup>s</sup> and, of course,

a dog. Our horse, Queen, we got as a colt and she had some race horse ancestry. She was a faithful and dependable animal but one that "spooked" easily. Often she would shy across the road leaving us sittins in mid air. Delmar and Spence were real good riders and would take us behind them around the town at what I recall was "racehorse speeds". It was fun and exciting and Delmar and Spence were always real good to we younser kids. We tassed along on lots of fun outinds. I remember one time that Delmar and Spence were playing on the sarase and Delmar slipped and got a bis sliver off the wooden shingles in his rear end. I don't suppose it was funny to Delmar but to a little boy seeins his bis brother lay with poultices on his fanny, it was very impressive. Our old piano box sat beside the sarase foV many years. Once Del and Spence tied a cat up on top of this box. It either jumped or fell off and hanged itself. It was an accident, but I recall how badly we all felt and particularly Mom. She was always very kind to all animals and we always took any sick critter into the house to nurse them back to health. I assume five boys helped develop Mother's patience, but she surely was kind and seemed never to be cross or too busy to take care of us, our friends, or our pets.

Much of our food came from the garden or the animals we kept. Mother canned most of the veesetables we ate in the winter months. We also used to cure our own ham and bacon. Dad would butcher a pis and we'd sit at the kitchen table for several nishts rubbins the bacon and hams with a special treated salt to cure it so it would last for some time. I recall rubbins those darn hams for hours (it seemed) to get them as fully penetrated with salt as we thought they would absorb. In my early years I don't ever remember canned food from a store in our

house.

Mother churned her own butter. A chore I hated. She would put the milk out on the back porch in a container. We'd skim the cream off the top and after a few days we'd have enough to put in the old wooden churn and churn the butter. It seemed like it took forever to make it into butter and buttermilk. Mom would "fish" the chunks of butter out of the churn, eat it with a butter laddle, salt it a little and we had butter for the table. (Mom also used the butter laddle as a paddle on our hindside if we were in need of a reminding of somethings done, or not done. Dad used his belt or his razor strap for this purpose). We also had the bi-product of butter makings, buttermilk, to drink and after a while you acquired a likings for it. I don't recall any ice box or refriserator. I assume we had an icebox but <sup>I</sup> do recall putting the milk on the back porch, and <sup>S</sup> sometimes we'd find a mouse in <sup>the milk</sup> it and would have to feed the milk to the pigs or chickens.

I recall one time when we had sheep we had an old Rambouillet ram who was a real sore head, mean, with the usual big horns. The barn was on the far side of the corral from our back yard. We had to go through the corral to the barn to feed the sheep. Spence went out to feed them one night and the ram wouldn't let him back across the corral. He had to call Delmar to the rescue. Delmar (2 years older) was big enough to take a club and whack the ram to scare him away.

In most early pictures of we boys we were wearins dresses. I guess it eas easier for mom to make <sup>even in winter?</sup> than shirts and pants. A little boy graduated into short pants (at 4 or 5, the knickers) and finally long pants at 10 or 12. We had pets around our home most of the time. We had pet rabbits and I recall one time when, I guess the mother rabbit

died, and we fed the little rabbits (three inches long and 3/4 of an inch around) with an eye dropper. We would lay them on their backs and drop warm milk into their mouths. I guess they lived-I really don't remember that. <sup>I only recall</sup> ~~from~~ feedings them in the kitchen. Mom was always patient with us. Dad, on his visits to farmers and ranchers, would come ~~come~~ home with bum lambs that we children would mother and raise. (bum lambs were those whose mothers had died or rejected them and the shepherds save them away because they didn't have time to keep them alive.) We would often keep them in a cardboard box by the kitchen stove. We would heat milk, put it in a bottle and feed the lambs just as you kids do with your youngsters nowadays. They became such pets that my father had difficulties killing or selling them. Behind our house was a pasture and a hill we called Rocky Hill with an irrigation canal at the crest. It was one foot deep and five to six feet wide and on summer days we used to swim in this ditch, build slippery slides on it's clay banks and run naked through the willow patches that grew along the banks. They were the jungles where we hunted wild animals, built huts and beat out paths.

My father was employed, while we live in Paris, as the County Agent. He had graduated from Utah State Agricultural College (now Utah State University) in Agriculture. His duties included advising farmers on methods to improve productivity, organizing marketing activities, and in many instances acting as a veterinarian. His office was in the county court house and he would take us to see the jail in the basement of that building. I recall once when two prisoners were "behind bars" and it was pretty darn scary. One of his successful cooperative marketing efforts was organizing a Turkey Coop. The farmers would all

set their turkeys ready for market and sell them together to command a better price. Dad would usually have one or two turkeys to kill for the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays. It was a messy chore. You have to cut the jugular vein inside the throat through the mouth of the turkey and let it bleed. It was messy, but most impressive. We didn't just go to the store and buy them in a mesh bag, folks!!! The mutual often produced a play and I remember Dad acting in many of them. Bry was also an actor. I recall going to school early one evening with Bry dressed as Dan Cupid. He had (as I recall) a little costume, white trimmed with gold, not too different from a present day band twirlers costume, and he had a little bow and a quiver full of arrows. How "neat" it was to have a brother in an exciting part. Mother didn't raise any dummies but Bry was particularly intelligent. He had a reputation in the town of being a genius. He could read at five, skipped 3 grades and started at the Univ of Idaho at 14. there was a picture him as a small boy in overalls walking down the main street of town engrossed in reading the newspaper in the Salt Lake Tribune.

My Dad believed that we children should be ambitious, frugal, and industrious. He started us growing and selling agricultural products at an early age. I remember my older brother Del Mar, at the age of 12, taking our turn to water the small patch of beets that we grew. They watered from an open irrigation ditch and he would take Spencer, then 10, with him to sing to him as they watered in the middle of the night.

I recalled the night Phyllis was born. We were all at home and Mother and Dad sent us over to the neighbors, J. R. Pusmire's to play some games. Later when we went back home we had a cute little baby ✓

C. M. KEARL PERSONAL HISTORY

In 1930, when I was 7, my father, in the middle of the depression, decided that his work in Bear Lake County lacked opportunity so he resigned it and it was two or three months later that he accepted the position as Extension Agent for Franklin County with it's county seat at Preston, Idaho. To build enthusiasm for the move, he told us all the great things that we would find in the big city (5,000 people). Houses with central heatings, where all the rooms would be warm. Movies that would have sound, comedies, and cartoons. Paris's movies were silent with sub-titles. The first house we moved in <sup>to</sup> we rented from the Eames, ~~and~~ <sup>we</sup> lived there for two years.

Preston was a small farm community of 5,000 people. It had no manufacturings, only a few businesses to supply the commercial needs of the farmers in the northern end of Cache Valley. It seemed like most of the families in town were related to one another. The Millers, Eames, Hendricks, Merrills, and Daines were the socially prominent families. My father earned \$200.00/ month. That was the fifth best salary in the community. In that small community, our family had a reputatuion for <sup>i</sup>ntellect and academic superiority. Bry in particular. He was a fine debater, public speaker and writer. From <sup>y</sup> the age of 12 until he was 15 he was the local correspondent for the Salt Lake Tribune, beins paid 5 cents/inch for everythings that they printed. ~~and~~ He wrote a lot of articles for everyone <sup>that was</sup> ~~he set~~ printed.

I lived in Preston from the time I was seven years old until I was 19. I went to the Emerson Grade School from the 2nd to the 4th grade. Durins grade school days my father would often go into the hills durins the lambins season, in the early sprins. Sometimes he woud come to the



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school and take my brother Russell and I out for the day to go with him to one of the sheep camps. It was a wonderful experience to wander through the hills following the sheep trails. One of the highlights of these 3 years was when I won a book for reading the most books in my English class. I went to the Jefferson School from the fifth to the ninth grade and then to Preston Senior High, graduating in 1941. It was always assumed that we children would go to college. To do less would have been unthinkable. I was not much of an athlete. I was president of my Sophomore class, and debated but wasn't really good at it. My strong subjects in High School were mathematics and science. I took most of the science courses that were offered in the limited curriculum of the school system.

Social clubs were not permitted in High School but there were unofficial ones. I belonged to the boys club, called the Fads. Its sole function was social, mostly dances held in neighboring communities. Prohibition had just been repealed and in Idaho 3.2% beer could be sold in privately owned stores with harder liquor sold in a state liquor store. In an effort to belong and as a part of the youth revolt of our day, we would find someone to buy the cheapest brand of liquor that we could afford and would carouse in one of the neighboring communities where it was not likely to be reported back to our parents. Malad Idaho, <sup>at</sup> one of the taverns up Mink Creek Canyon or at a swimming pool at Downey Idaho were the favorite places to go.

Shortly after <sup>his</sup> graduation from college, my father had purchased an 80 acre farm in Nibley - 3 miles south of Logan, Utah. He considered this a form of economic security and potential retirement income. It was irrigated and required a lot of hand labor to plant, cultivate and

harvest its crops. He usually planted 14 acres of sugar beets, 5 acres of peas, 20 of grain, 20 or so in alfalfa, and 20 in pasture. My mother and we children would live and work on the farm during the summers. My Dad had a hired man, Lamont Leichman, who stayed on the farm the entire year. We would be there during the part of the year when it was necessary to thin, and weed beets, make hay out of the alfalfa, shock grain, herd and milk cows, irrigate the crops and all the other chores of a farm. I suffered badly from dust and pollen allergies for which I later took de-sensitizing shots. Because of these allergies much of the summer I spent in real misery.

It was the task of the younger boys to "tromp" the hay. (Pack it in the delivery wagon). We would also ride the derrick horse and later <sup>drop</sup> hay in the loft of the barn. All of these chores made me pretty miserable. Often my eyes were swollen and irritated. My mother finally refused to let them work me on these kind of jobs. The barn was a wonderful place to play. The derrick rope was ~~our~~ our tarzan swings and I still have an ugly scar where I hit a post in the barn and <sup>had</sup> to have <sup>five</sup> stitches ~~taken~~ to close up a bad gash in my knee.

Those summers were full of pleasant adventures. The summer and the farm had its share of fun. We would swim in <sup>the</sup> canal which ran through our property or in the Losan River. This was a chance to sneak a smoke and feel big. We used to build rafts from railroad ties and float down the canal. We would dam the canal at the railroad culvert to make a swimming hole until the railroad maintenance men would pass by and tear it out. My oldest brother, Del Mar, would often drive us to a bend in the Losan River, where we'd skinny dip on a hot day. When we were in Preston we'd go to an irrigation reservoir (Blacklers) at the

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east end of town. A boy was a man when he would swim the 300 yards across the reservoir. Sometimes we'd be evil and buy a package of cigarettes for the gang to share, or we'd ~~be~~ really wicked and get some beer also.

My mother would pay us for all the beet thinnings and weedings at a very much reduced rate from the normal, but still we would save a dollar or so by being paid for the work we had to do anyway. Mother would walk out to the fields between meals and help the child who was having trouble keeping up with the others. She'd sometimes bring some of the delicious home made root beer she made or just a pitcher of cold water. She kept a very careful ledger with an account for each child. Each couple of <sup>weeks</sup> we'd go home to Preston for the weekend and the dollar or two ~~we~~ had earned would be a fortune. We'd have a <sup>7</sup> big Saturday night. Movies <sup>at that time</sup> ~~then~~ cost 10 cents and a box of popcorn a nickel. We almost always went to the Saturday afternoon movie, <sup>n</sup> after earning our ticket by passing hand bills around town.

During the summer months we would herd cattle on the railroad right-of-way to supplement our own pasture. It was a lazy job. We read through many books to use up the time. The only requirement was to keep them from straying and to get them off the tracks while the afternoon train passed. We ~~would~~ often lay large nails on the track for the train <sup>n</sup> to roll flat and then we'd take hours filing them into knives. It's a wonder we didn't derail the trains since we'd use the largest nails that we could find.

Mother grew a small patch of strawberries each summer which we'd pick and sell from door to door in Logan. She'd sell a case for 1.00, which was her mad money for the winter months. ~~W~~ We younger boys would

have rodeo's, trying to rope and ride the calves. We would often entertain ourselves with track meets between Russel, Bryant, and I.

When I was 9, we moved from the rented Eames house to a home in the 1st Ward, then one in the 4th ward and finally to a house my father had built on Oni<sup>e</sup>da street. (which ward?)

My dad thought that we children should be kept busy at all times and he worked hard and was very successful at finding us jobs. When I was ten I had a paper route. First a Salt Lake Telegram, and evening paper.

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On the 23rd of January, Mary left Clarksville for Utah. The day after, the 24th, the Division Artillery was to board troop train for Camp Myles Standish, a part of the Boston POE.

We arrived at Myles Standish on January 27th and were there until the 5th of February. Standish was one of a dozen camps that fed the Boston POE. There we drew all missing items of clothing and equipment. We took shots for Typhus and had several lectures on "musts" for overseas. Abandon ship, security, and that sort of thing. 50% of the Battery had passes every night and for some, Camp Myles Standish was a two weeks drunk. I took one pass to Boston and saw Lillian Helms' "The Searching Wind". My last American city.

We boarded the USS "Brazil" on the 5th and on the 6th we sailed from Boston. The "Brazil" was once the USS North Carolina but was changed to Brazil and became a part of the South American lines. Reportedly she was one of the larger commercial ships. Our second day out at sea we joined ships from New York and Norfolk to form a convoy. It was rumoured and later proved true that we were shipping over with the 86th Infantry Division and the 13th Armored Division. In our convoy we had some 40 ships including one baby flat-top, the 22,000 ton class. We slept ~~on A Deck~~ on the Promenade Deck. We had canvas bunks in tiers of 4 high and being out on the deck ventilation was good but conditions of the troops in the holds were very crowded and poorly ventilated. Our days program included 2 very poor meals a day and a snack at noon and two abandon ship drills and some calasthetics a day. The rest

of the day was our own and was spent on the weather decks, shooting craps, playing cards, reading and writing. There were two <sup>MOVING PICTURE</sup> shows a day but the crowds were limited through the available space so that most of the troops saw only one film during the voyage. I worked in the ship library so that the nights went much faster than otherwise they would have in the holds where no lights were permitted. Our 8th day at sea the naval escort fired depth charges all day and night and the troops were kept in quarters.

*It was rumoured that a German sub was following our convoy. If so we either sunk it or gave it the slip because no ships were sunk.*

After we got in the channel our convoy broke up with some ships going to Northampton and some to Marsailles, France. We sailed to Le Havre.

We landed February 18th and disembarked the following day, Feb 19th. We landed at a pre-fab dock built of large steel pontoons welded together. The port even then was in a state of destruction and most unloading of supplies was being done in the harbor by amphib trucks. We were loaded into semi's and rode some fifty miles to Rouen where we transferred to 6 x 6's and went to the billets our advanced party had found near <sup>CASCOEUL & MORTAINVILLE</sup> Pierrers-Sur-Andelle and Bushy.

Our billets and home until April 1st was a chateau, or a large french home, built by a collaborationist who was then waiting trial by the RFI. Behind the Chateau was the <sup>BURNT-OUT</sup> shell of a bicycle wheel factory. Before us, Jerry troops had lived in the house and had dug-out quarters and fortification on the grounds. There were three graves behind the house. German Infantry, Air Corp, and a Polish Labor Troop. Their writings and pictures were found all over the hous and Cpl Fiock fished one of their rifles out of a nearby creek.

We were at Perriers-sur-Andell but a few days when on the 24th all the truck drivers were called out to go to Cherbourg to haul supplies to the 1st Army. We went by 6x6 to Bushy where Red Ball drivers picked us up and hauled us to Cherbourg. We slept the night of the 24th in French Barracks at an Allied Airfield outside of Cherbourg. We were there all the next day (25th) and found that the following day we were to drive peeps to a first army ord depot at Amay, Belgium. That afternoon Richard Weber and Valentine and I went into Cherbourg and I sold a couple of bills for 100 francs per 2.00. The guys who bought them did well. Weber saw his cousin at a Red Cross Club and we listened to war tales from guys there. We paid the Red Cross 2 cents for coffee and 1 for donuts. The following day, 26th, we got our peeps and drove to Paris along the Red Ball Highway and the route of Patton's 3rd. Through some horribly battered cities like St Lo and St Mere G'Elise. Some with no single building standing in a whole city which to us then and still is, horrible. The farther from Cherbourg we got, the less the evidences of war. Fewer burnt-out tanks at cross-roads and less fox-holes and mines along the roads. I drove a peep with Reuben Bercovitch. That night we stayed at an Ordinance Depot and a former Cavalry Barracks in the Port of Vincennes, a suburb of Paris.

Passes were given to Vincennes only and since we were coming back through Paris I refused one and say a show. The next morning the rest of the guys came back with tales of French girls bartering for a packages of cigarettes or 100 fr. Of corners where they collected and in a ging-song of half French, half English, ~~trye~~ to talk GI's into going with them

and if they were unsuccessful, ~~making~~ lewd and insulting remarks.

The next day we drove through Soissons to Chaleroi, Belgium and that night stayed in Chaleroi, a mining and steel town, in a Belgium military school. We got passes that night and I went in and spent all night looking up MP's and the 18th AA Group Headquarters in hopes that I might locate Del Mar since I had reason to believe that he was near Liege. Later it proved that he was at Antwerp. Chaleroi and all of Belgium was very industrial and modern. Most of the people spoke English and American Cars were common. The next day, the 28th, we drove along the Albert Canal past miles of Ammo piles along the roads to Amay, and back to Chaleroi for the night. Stayed at Soissons the next night and on the 31 got in Paris.

We stayed in Paris 2 days, 2nd and 3rd, and got passes to Vincennes which we went into Paris on. We spent most of the time sight-seeing, by ourselves. Visited the Arc De Triumpe, Luxembourg Palace and gardens, Notre Dame Cathedral, Palace de Invalides (Napoleon & Foch's tomb) and saw a french movie and an English one. We were to have gone back to Cherbourg for more vehicles but Bonnem knocked it in the head and the 4th arrived at the Chateau and the Battery.

We were at the Chateau, Perriers-sur-Andelle, until the 1st of April. Combat Command A had their headquarters in Bushy and all the rest of the units were in the area around it. During that time we got in our equipment in ~~the~~ *small loads.* and proceeded to unpack it and get it in shape. Guns had to be cleaned and everything had to be unpacked and checked over. There we drew our trucks and half-tracks and tanks and they all had a 6000 mile check. We drew basic loads of ammunition and had some



training in mine detection and laying. I drew one of the first of the 23 six-by-six's in the battery so that I was kept busy driving. Each night I went to Mortainville where I joined with a CC"A" convoy to the gas dump in Rouen. Rouen was a large inland port on the Loire river and a very active supply base. The gas and oil was brought in from the channel by tanker. In Rouen was one of the most perfect examples of precision bombing of the war. An entire city block <sup>was</sup> flattened with a magnificent cathedral that had suffered no more than broken windows. It was a German supply base during the occupation and it had received a great deal of pounding by us. Each day we went after gas at 1800 and got back around midnight. Occasionally I made a special trip during the day and took a load <sup>of</sup> to the P-X where they drew a double P-X ration. Leon Winters went with me all the time and would get off in Rouen and visit the houses while I got my load of gas. We used to sell the cigarettes we bought at 50¢ a carton for 10.00 and that kept me in spending money. Cigarettes sold in Paris for 2.00 a nickel package, 5¢ soap sold for 80¢. We had double guard on the gate, our ammunition dump and to guard the chateau so we spent our time on guard and improving the grounds by laying brick walks and building fences. Some of the boys got passes to Paris but Bonnem said our trip was our pass and it was. There was lots of "chicken" then.

On the 1st of April we moved out for Germany. The first night we got as far as Cambrai, France, the second Chaleroi, Belgium, then through the tip of Holland and the 3rd of April to Ubach, Germany.

The moment we crossed the border it seemed like we were in a ghost land. Every single building showed evidence of violence and every tree was posted with signs warning against fraternization. No single person was to be seen in the streets or around the country. The next day all the Artillery Battalions in the Division, the 412th, 413th, and 414th, joined to form Divarty and we moved to Stommeln, some 10 miles from the Rhine, between Cologne (Koln) and Dusseldorf. We were to furnish the Artillery support for a crossing of the Rhine by the 86th Inf Div and the 82nd Airborne Division so the firing btrys dug in on the plains in front of the Rhine and a mile from it.

Service Battery stayed in a school house in Stommeln and each night we delivered gas to the batteries. Usually an all night job. All driving was black out with only the two red dots <sup>from the</sup> ~~from the~~ *Black out tail light of the truck ahead* size of a dime to guide you. At night the whole Rhine was a mass of fireworks and pyro-technics, parabolic trails of fire from tracers and then the thud of big guns. When the infantry divisions crossed the Rhine one of our Captains went with them and set up an OP in a church tower on the other side. The Divisions retreated back across the Rhine and he was captured and later recaptured in about three weeks. The Jerries used railroad 220's and knocked out a "C" Battery half track but no one was injured or killed. The Infantry divisions crossed the Rhine for one day and then recrossed. It was a diversionary action drawing troops from the Ruhr Pocket (Roses Pocket) west to the Rhine.

On the 11th we pulled out of the Stommeln and joined the Division at Gielenkirchen. We passed through Julich and Duren and

Aachen. On the Julich plain was the hardest fighting in Germany. The entire country side was mined, and lined with foxholes and plastered with barb-wire entanglements. Duren looked as if it had been pounded to dust by artillery and air. Roads had to be bulldozed and the statue of Bizmark had been blown <sup>180°</sup> ~~completely~~ around upon its base. We crossed the Rhine at night on a pontoon bridge at Bonn and drove all night out of the Rhine Valley into the high country to the south of the Ruhr. Several times during the night our column was fired upon from the heavy woods on either side of the roadx. The next morning we arrived at Dorchhiem Germany, a town to the south of the Ruhr Pocket and about 35 miles from it, where we were to have been reserves for the troops cleaning up the pocket. We stayed in the town hall and waded through piles of ration books and forms of all kinds used by the German Government. We were so close to the lines where Germans were being captured and killed that the people were extremely hostile to us. Two days after we arrived, on April 12th, all the truck drivers were called out to haul supplies to the 1st Army. We recrossed the Rhine to a supply point at Andernach on the bank of the Rhine. We picked up loads of 10-in-1 rations and drove all night to Frankenau, where we unloaded the rations and picked up loads of German 1st Army PW's just captured in the Ruhr. That day we heard that Roosevelt was dead and everyone was afraid that Truman was a weak-sister. The people in that town were the most hostile I'd ever seen. It seems the night before the PW's had broken out of their enclosure and the guards had shot several. Leon Winters and several others went down where the prisoners were arriving and being searched. Everything they had which might be used as a weapon

or anything they had which the GI's wanted they took. Belts, knives, ropes, scissors, and so forth. Some of the things that happen weren't exactly Geneva Convention but their worst treatment was at this point. Most watches or anything of real value had been taken by the front line troops that captured them. The prisoners were loaded into trucks, 60 per truck. A 2nd Lt whose brother had been killed the day before was in charge of loading the troops and he took no delays in loading them. I had a load of wounded prisoners and so only had 40 and even then they broke my bows and sprung the bed of my truck very badly. That night we were driving with our light and a lone German plane strafed our column. Leo D. Dopp was driving and I was sleeping when it happened. They stopped the column and two Germans went for the roadsides. Walker and Stoneking both shot and one German was killed instantly and the other wounded. They took the one man to a German home nearby and the other they left where he lay. That night on the way to Andernach one of the trucks rolled <sup>over</sup> but with the exception of a few sprains among the prisoners there was no casualties. After driving two days and nights with no sleep it was surprising that there were not more accidents. As we drove through narrow streets of the towns on our way back to Andernach and the PW enclosure, civilians lined the streets and threw food of all kinds to the Germans in the truck, who were probably eating much better as prisoners than the civilian populace. The roads were covered with food of one kind and another that had missed the truck for which it was intended.

We returned to Dorchheim for one day and were called out again. This time to Gottingham where we picked up rations from C-47's and took them beyond Kassel to Weida to a former Wehrmacht camp and airport

9-9-9

that had been converted into a class I supply dump. Inside the cantonment area was an arms factory and on a R-R siding was a freight train loaded with new guns of all kinds that had still their factory grease on them. All the pistols were gone but some of the boys got machine guns and ammunition. In some of the hangars there were still a number of german planes standing as if the mechanics had just gone out to lunch. We picked up 9th Army Prisoners of War at Welda and hauled them back to an enclosure. There were many high ranking Naval Officers captured who were serving with the Wehrmacht as field officers after the german navy was lost. That night after delivering our prisoners we set up the guns and fired tracers into a side hill until it was too dark to load the guns. The next day we returned to Dorchhiem.

On the 18th of April we left for Kitzengen, several hundred miles above Munich. We drove all day and night by way of Frankfurt and arrived the next day at Sutzfeld. I went with Task Force 1 and "A" Battery. We were in the area of Kitzengen for a week getting ready to go into combat. We drew supplies from Wurzburg. During that time nearly every night a lone German plane came over our positions firing sporadic bursts to get the ground troops to open up and give away their position. It served mostly as a nuisance and had been named by the troops on the Cherbourg peninsula, "Bedcheck Charlie" because of his regularity just as the troops were getting ready to sleep. We were originally assigned to the 3rd Army and thought that we were heading for Czechoslovakia but were re-assigned to the 7th army. We were to work with the 42nd (Rainbow) Division and the 45th (Thunderbird) Division on our flanks in a sweep to Munich. We pushed south and crossed the Dan-

10-10-10

ube at Donauworth through cities left burning by our planes and tank tanks. Most of the progress of the tanks was made at night and many nights we went through cities that were still in flames from the combat troops of the days fighting. We'd follow the firing batteries all day long and at night gass up the M-7's and tanks and then in the morning we'd hurry back to a supply dump and catch up to the Division again at night. The day we passed through Danauworth the Germans were still carting away their dead. We usually took German Prisoners back to the supply dumps where the Division stockade usually was located. The division took Dachau and the next morning when I went through the town it was swarming with gaunt political prisoners from Mauthausen Concentration camp in their striped uniforms. A couple of the parolees just realizing their freedom insisted that they give me a case of butter that they were delivering for the Germans. We stopped a day on the outskirts of Munich and poised for what was to be a push through Munich to Austria and to the edge of the Alps.

The 45th Division took Munich and we skirted the town and went on to Wasserberg where we crossed the Inn River. About that time the Germans were surrendering almost as fast as they could find the American troops to surrender to. It was still only the 1st or 2nd of May and yet we knew that the war must be nearly over with so many Germans giving in so easily. At nights we no longer bothered to post a guard and all night long we'd hear the Germans pass our column on their way back to Munich where they could surrender to the American Military Police. We passed through Altenmarkt and Stein to the town of Freillasing on the outskirts of Salzberg, Austria and were in the town of Dorphen the day the war officially ended.

11-11-11

The next day I drove north to Ottingen by way of Munich after mail and for the first time since I landed in Europe I drove at night with lights. It seemed like an entirely new world to drive with lights.

We spent some time near Dorphen searching prisoners for the proper discharge papers and collecting guns, knives, weapons, maps and anything the GI's wanted and finally moved to Mittergarching. We were there one week when we were told that there was trouble in Trieste, Italy between General Tito's partisans and the allied forces and we were to make a forced march to be there in case of trouble. We got only as far as Friellassing when different orders were issued and we stayed there a couple of days. We then went from Friellassing to Trostberg, Paling, and Lansing. Most of the time I made a daily trip to Rosenheim to the class III dump there after gas. The rest of the battery spent their time as road blockade guard and doing first echelon maintenance on their vehicles. I went by way of Traunstien to the Autobahn and then to Rosenheim. Occasionally we'd haul french displaced persons to Rosenheim or Czechs to Pilsen or else Jerries to some enclosure.

For the occupation troops they were establishing rest camps and our division had one at Priem on the Cheim See. It was supposed to have been the haven of Bavarian Kings and featured swimming, boating, fishing, athletics and sightseeing excursions to the famed Königsschloss (Kings Castle) an extravagant palace built by King Ludwig II. Some of the battery visited Berchtesgaden, some fifty miles away, but I was always some other place and missed both places.

On June 1st I drove in a convoy to Strasburg to haul GI's to the railhead there for their furloughs in Paris and London. We drove by Munich and Ulm. Stayed all night at Ulm and slept next to a church in whose graveyard Edwin Rommel was buried. The next day we drove

12-12-12

to Strasburg over the route the 7th Army took into Germany. The roads had been mined all the way and were terrible. We stayed in Strasburg a week waiting for troops returning but none ever came. We drove around the country during the day and walked the streets of the town at night. The French 1st Army had headquarters in Strasburg and so Americans were treated quite badly. In one month 500 vehicles were stolen in the town and so it was impossible to leave anything without a guard. Finally one of the 8th Infantry trucks broke down and we had to go to Nancy for repairs. Nancy was a rest center for the 7th Army and there were a couple of Red Cross canteens and some shows to see and cokes and do-nuts. After two weeks we went back to division headquarters at Priem with no men and found out that there were never any expected. The Btry had moved to Paling.

Paling and Lansing were the last two towns we stayed in. We were the occupation troops for both until the S.P. (Security Police) began to arrive to take over. Life in general was pleasant there. We pulled guard every couple of days and drove now and then. Occasionally we'd mass with the Battalion at Titmonning and have a parade in some one of the German towns. You could never quite tell whether the Germans were impressed or were sneering at our lack of military bearing.

Most of the men in the battery were spending their nights with German girls. After a war that had killed several million of the young German men the girls, with Hitler's moral teachings, encouraged illicit affairs and non-fraternization became a joke with both officers and men laughing at it and having clandestine affairs. Lots of the fellows spent their evenings in the small forests around the country hunting deer.



13-13-13

On June 19th I had what I thought a mild case of diarrhoea and finally when cramps became quite bad I went to Titmoning to the Bn Surgeon, Captain Barnhart. I was sent to the 220th Division Medics and then to the 112th Evacuation hospital, in a field along the Autobahn near Preim, where I was operated on for acute appendicitis. The operation took place in a tent and took some 30 minutes. I was out of bed on the 24th of June and on the 29th of June I was trfd to the 6th Convelescent Hospital at Nuremburg for recuperation. Our Division was scheduled to ship to the US and go to the Pacific after a 30 day furlough and I was quite anxious to get back. The 6th Conv-alescent Hospital had 900 patients of which better than 800 were taking treatment for Social diseases contacted in France and German. There was no separation made and I worried all the time I was there. On the 4th of July I was discharged and had the alternative of going to a Replacement Depot or having an officer from my Battalion call for me. I finally found a 2nd Lt willing to sign that he'd deliver me and I started hitch-hiking back 250 miles to the Austrian border. I rode in the back of a load of cokes and that night at Division headquarters at Priem I caught a headquarters peep back to the Battery. I got back a week before they were ready to leave.

On July 13th we left Lanzing for Le Havre. Part of the group wen went by train and part by truck. I was in the truck convey and drove with Carl Burguard from Petersburg, Michigan.

13 July 1945 -- Left Lanzing, German to the Autobahn. Went through ~~Ma~~ Paling, traunstien, Munich, Augsburg, and bivouaced on the outskirts of Ulm. 14 July 1945 - Left Ulm - Autobahn through Karlsruhe, Stuttgart, Mannhiem and Kaiserlautern. Crossed the river Rhine at Hannhiem. Bivouaced on the end of the Auto bahn at Kaiserslautern. 15 July 1945-

Kaiserslautern into France. Through Homberg, Rohrbach, Saarbrucken, St Alvoid, Metz, Verdun, Le Gheppe, Riems, Soissons and bivouaced Soissons. 16 July 1945 Left Soissons, through Pontarcher, compiegne, Arcy, Catency, Nointel, Clermont, Bresles, Beauvis, Pierriers, Gournay, Pommerval, Dieppe, Bourg Dun, St Vallery-en-Caux, Camp Lucky Strike. On the 16th we arrived at Lucky Strike. Del Mar was at Bolbec, Fr and I had written him that I was coming and about when. The moment we got there I immediately went to the Red Cross and tried to get his unit on the phone. They had barely cleared to his headquarters when he walked in. I spent that night talking to him and the following day I went to his camp and stayed overnight with him. We drank some beer, and cham paigne and played pinochle. The next day Del Mar went to the rest camp at eht Riveria in the souther part of France. We were at Lucky Strike until the 25th of July. We packed equipment, played some ball, saw movies, and sweat out lines at the Red Cross waiting for coffee and donuts.

On the 25th of July we boarded the US Army Transport "Hermitage" a navy ship from the same pier in Le Havre that I disembarked. Embarked at 0900 and sailed at 2053.

The trip back was uneventful. The meals were better and there were no drills as on the way over. We spent most of the time on deck sleeping in the sun. I was detailed to help serve the mid-night snack for the ships guards at 2300.

We docked at New York on 2 August 1945. A blimp accompanied us the last half day playing records and greeting us and then a naval ship with a band and freinds of thos abouard came out to meet us in the harbor. We went by Ferry to Elizabeth and then to Kilmar whe within 24 hours we were on our way to reception stations. Mary met me in Chicago the day I got my 30 day recuperation leave from Camp Grant.