



SUMMER EDITION

JUNE 2004

A FURTHER SELECTION TAKEN FROM THE McELROY ARCHIVE

Ed. note: The article that follows includes wartime retrospections by infantrymen that have been compiled by Al Hemingway, under whose name they were originally published in the November 1998 issue of VFW Magazine. Bob McElroy saw them there, was struck by their poignancy and wanted to share them with us. We dedicate their message here to those of our readers who have experienced the terrible feeling of aloneness, hopelessness, misery, and/or fear of tomorrow but for one reason or another have been unable to describe it to others...

The following article, COPING WITH COMBAT by Al Hemingway, copied from the November 1998 VFW magazine explains the risks faced by riflemen in the Infantry better than I [Bob McElroy] ever could. It was my good fortune to be assigned to Anti-Tank Company, probably because of my previous overseas tour of duty as an anti-aircraft artilleryman. The risks were somewhat less than that of a rifleman because our mission was mainly defensive. Occasionally, Anti-Tank Company men were used as riflemen when casualties were exceptionally high in the rifle companies. Anti-Tank Company had six or seven men KIAs and several more WIAs, for about a 12.1% casualty rate. In the 290th Infantry Regiment, the rifle companies suffered a casualty rate greater than 40%. Our company usually followed closely behind attacking rifle companies. But we never had to lead an attack.

COPING WITH COMBAT - by Al Hemingway

It is the infantryman who bears the brunt of combat in any war. How he copes with the trauma and goes on to lead a productive life is an age-old phenomenon.

"On the wall of the office of the Army General Staff was a poster of a World War II infantryman with fixed bayonet advancing against the enemy," wrote military historian Harry Summers, Jr. "Underneath was the caption, 'At the end of the most grandiose plans and strategies is a soldier walking point.' "

In WWII, Army infantrymen made up only 14% of that service, but sustained fully 70% of the casualties. The story was similar with riflemen in the Marine Corps. They were the tips of the spear.

Gerald Linderman's book, "The World Within War": America's Combat Experience in World War II (N .Y. : Free Press, 1997) explores in depth, what motivated and sustained this select group of veterans. The widely acclaimed film, Saving Private Ryan, brings the same theme to the big screen.

Tom Hanks' (the movie's star) character, Capt. John Miller, is ordered to go on a mission behind enemy lines to rescue Private Ryan. Ryan had lost three brothers, so a Ranger unit was sent to bring him to safety so that he could be sent home. At one point, when the squad is arguing whether or not to continue because of the risk of the job, Miller utters a very telling line. He says: "I don't know this Ryan, I don't care about him, but if bringing him back means my getting home to my wife and family sooner, then I'll do it."

A JOB TO DO

That one line epitomized the attitude of many combat veterans toward WWII. Raised during the Depression, they were brought up with a strong work ethic. That is simply: If you have a job, do it quickly and thoroughly.

But few imagined that work in the factory or on the farm could have ever prepared them for what lay ahead. As Marine Grady Gallant put it bluntly: "War is killing. Seeking out the enemy and killing. Killing without mercy. Killing for God and country."

Audie Murphy recalled later about killing; "I remember the experience as I do a nightmare. A demon seems to have entered my body."

Surviving required a hardening process. Recalled vet Paul Boesch: "Looking at him [a German] and knowing that it was I who had done this thing to him, I realized I should have felt some kind of compassion, yet I had none. It was as if I were a carpenter and had driven home a nail which secured one beam to another, the job I was assigned to do."

Yet very few were tasked with killing. "For so indispensable a role in the American accomplishment," Linderman writes, "their [actual fighting men] numbers were small. From a population of 132 million the military drew into service 16.3 million persons: fewer than 1 million, probably no more than 800,000, took any part in extended combat. In numerous theaters, fighting men comprised 10%, or less, of the military complement. Infantrymen, constituting 14% of American troops overseas, suffered 70% of the casualties." How this select group coped is the core of his book. Linderman describes it this way: "World War II, like war before and after it, confounded the expectations of those who entered upon its battles. Few other human activities are as certain as combat to alter substantially those who participate, and the American soldiers who survived more than a brief span of the fighting found themselves propelled through changes overthrowing, one after another, propositions that they regarded as both fundamental and assured."

As paratrooper commander Laurence Critchell remarked: "Combat is foreign to all other experience; nothing in ordinary life reminds one of it."

When [they] experienced combat, many of their high ideals were dashed. "Consideration of principles and larger aims diminished drastically as soldiers realized that they had no bearing in battle," concluded Linderman.

After comrades were wounded and killed, soldiers and Marines began to question their own mortality and wondered when "their numbers would be up." "The soldier's God," professed famed author and Guadalcanal vet, James Jones, "was a 'Great Roulette Wheel.'"

FEELING ALONE

Men on the ground had mixed emotions about their backup. Cartoonist and 45th Infantry Division vet, Bill Mauldin, probably captured the infantryman's dislike of tanks best when he said: "Foot soldiers stayed in battle tankers departed." [This is a bit of an exaggeration.]

Former Marine and writer, William Manchester, who served with the 29th Marines on Okinawa, noted this about artillery: "There (is) something grotesque and outrageous about a man safely behind fortifications, miles away, pulling a lanyard and killing other men who cannot see him, let alone reach him."

While certainly artillery support was appreciated, Linderman says in "The World Within War": "Infantrymen did not truly wish that the artillery receive less recognition or suffer higher casualties or kill the enemy in some more equitable fashion; they were simply deploring once again what they believed was the war's mal distribution of sacrifice; with their own lives the forfeit."

The American public idolized airmen. Highly decorated pilots became icons overnight. Air crewmen received 14 times as many medals as infantrymen. And while 52,000 Army Air Forces personnel were killed, veterans readily recognized the differences in their daily existences.

U.S. infantry units were kept on the line. On the average, British outfits were rotated after 12 days in combat; compare that to the U.S. Army's 60 days.

"There must be a hell hereafter for men who willfully make such hells here for us," wrote infantryman, Orval Faubus, in a letter home to his family.

An infantryman could withstand 200 to 240 days in combat, at least *according to those in the rear echelon*. [emphasis by Robert F. McElroy]

In reality, ex-Marine Eugene Sledge wrote in his book, "With The Old Breed on Peleliu and Okinawa": "The stare [two thousand yard stare] appeared on fighters' faces after 15 days."

Harold Leinbaugh, a vet of the 84th Division, concluded that "the soldiers...were able to endure 17 to 21 days without breaking."

Mental breakdowns under these conditions were all too common. On Okinawa alone in 1945, over 26,000 psychiatric cases were recorded. In WWII as a whole, 25% of all casualties were caused by "combat fatigue."

POWER OF PRAYER

The old adage that there are "no atheists in a foxhole" has some merit. Often infantrymen under heavy fire would utter: "God, if I ever get out of this, I promise that I will..." Some 83% of combat veterans in four different divisions fighting in Italy said praying "helped a lot."

On Peleliu, Marine George Hunt had a near-death experience when a tree toppled and almost crushed him to death. "Someone must be doing a lot of prayin' for you Skipper," remarked a Marine who witnessed the event." Hunt agreed: "Yes...there are several prayin' for me (and) I'm beginning to think it must do some good."

In a survey conducted near the end of the war, an astounding 79% of combat veterans thought that their experience had heightened their spiritual beliefs.

Self-discipline and respect played a part, too. "It's a citizen's army," said Mauldin "and it has in its enlisted ranks many men who in civil life were not accustomed to being directed to the back door and the servant's quarters. To taking orders, yes; but to taking indignities, no."

To maintain discipline, there had to be separation of officers and enlisted men, which, according to James Jones, " [caused] a lot more bitterness in World War II than historians allow."

Adds Linderman: "The worth of discipline in and of itself: obedience as the indispensable standard, trust in one's superiors, and high confidence that their commands wielded intelligence, courage, and true concern for the lives of the soldiers...these were not the values that infused American society. In World War II, its young men resisted a system of military discipline that had been designed as if they were."

BROTHERHOOD

One of the main reasons that infantrymen survive the terrible ordeal of combat is comradeship.

Lewis Mumford, whose son was a combat soldier in WWII, determined that men who fought together "knew comradeship and experienced love, sometimes to a degree far beyond their civilian experienced love... War, which plainly brutalized men, also raised some of them to a saintly level."

Carl Meinelt, a squad leader in the 5th Marines, watched as his best friend Ed Peterson was shot in the stomach on the beach on Peleliu. Over 40 years later, the two were reunited when he saw his friend's name in the 1st Marine Division Association directory. It was an emotional reunion when they saw each other at Meinelt's home in Waterbury, Conn. "He was alive. He had survived," Meinelt said. "It was so good to see him again." Not even the passage of some four decades had erased the bond that was formed between the two Marines.

"Men.....do not fight for flag or country, for the Marine Corps or glory or any other abstraction," wrote William Manchester in his book "Goodby Darkness", "but for one another."

This theme is repeated regularly.

Marine Eugene Sledge: "What was worse than death was the indignation of your buddies. You couldn't let 'em down. It was stronger than flag and country."

J. Glenn Gray, author, of "The Warriors" (1959), wrote, "The fighter is often sustained solely by the determination not to let down his comrades."

Keith Winston summed it up best: "There's a genuine bond you might call it survival...that brings every type man together."

CHANGED FOREVER

Most WWII combat veterans buried their fears and anxieties when they came home. They put their experiences behind them and proceeded to live their lives.

Years later, spurred on by the PTSD that occurred in some Vietnam veterans they began speaking out.

Sy Kahn, a veteran of the Pacific fighting, fought with his demons: "I was changed by the war, haunted in dreams and memory, rendered restless and sometimes alienated, sometimes more at home than abroad, sometimes a stranger everywhere, and in mysterious ways beyond my knowing, perhaps a casualty."

Many civilians looked upon returning veterans as different. And they were. Those who experience the rigors of combat undergo a metamorphosis.

Orval Faubus: "No one could ever fully grasp the horror and awfulness without being on the ground, not only to see, but feel the presence...and the to smell the sickening stench of the dead. Only those who have lived in this world [of war] can ever know what it is like."

Often by the public that had cheered them on to victory, some veterans withdrew into themselves, preferring the company of the few who understood what they had been through.

"The public," Marine sergeant Gilbert Bailey said, "Makes little...distinction between a man who faces death every day and another who is simply overseas. They all wear the same ribbons and tell the same stories."

Infantry vet Grady Arrington put everything in perspective when he said: "Only those men who have faced similar circumstance are capable of judging the rightness of our actions."

Linderman came to the same conclusion: "The loss of mental focus on all save the rudiments of survival; the petrification of the emotional reaction to events in and beyond battle; the reiteration of the combat moment into an apparently endless war whose sole movement was the approach of one's death, now resisted less by the will than by habit and reflex...here was the play of forces that immured combat veterans within the world of war."

A DUMB WAR EXPERIENCE - by Bill Kirk

First, I need to identify myself as having been a member of the Ammunition and Pioneer Platoon of HQ Company, 2nd Battalion, 290th Infantry Regiment and a long-time, postwar friend of my buddies in the regiment's AntiTank Company.

About three weeks into our participation in the "Bulge" [probably mid-January 1945], not having seen our trucks for several days and marching along some frozen road, one of our trucks passed us. When we had walked another half mile or so we caught up to the truck. On our way down this road, we had passed a [side] road ramping down into a ravine. At the truck we were assigned several tasks. Mine was to take several anti-tank mines and some rope to make a "daisy chain" of them and return to that ramp, go halfway down on it, place the mines and rope across the ramp width and wait until someone was sent to relieve me. Past experience told me that I would be forgotten about; but we all know what happens to anyone who questions an order, so off I went. I got there, about a half mile back from the meeting with our truck, and walked halfway down the snow covered ramp which I now could see went down about 150 yards, before it turned back upon itself. I tied one end of the rope to a bush on the wall of the ravine, and walked the chain over to the edge of the ramp.

Upon getting to the outside of the ramp, I looked over the edge, down into the ravine. WOW! There were two large circular revetments, each with a 120mm mortar set up in the middle, ammo piled nearby, and maybe 5 or 6 Germans walking around. What a time for a couple of grenades! No grenades for us, though. Only for the rifle companies. I had only my carbine. Should I try knock off those Germans? We weren't normally supposed to fire unless fired upon, but what a chance to kill a few of the enemy and maybe knock out a couple mortars! I couldn't see around the forest growing on the side of the ramp, so what was further down the ravine? Maybe the whole German Army?

I had no instructions and had been told not to think...Not even to dream of "thinking". My instructions were to set up the "daisy chain" and I had done that. We had also been told that shots fired at any place but at the front confused the leadership, so I decided to wait awhile and see what might take place. A truly "dumb" situation. I was scared that someone would discover me, and that is what would have happened if some German had decided to take a walk up that ramp. I suspect that a few shots would have been fired, I would have returned the fire, but nothing would have been accomplished. There hadn't been enough snow falling to cover the mines, and the ground was too hard to dig a foxhole for myself. I supposed that if a Panzer tried to come up the ramp they would have shot me, pulled the mines to the side of the road, and gone on their merry way. I couldn't call for help because our squad had no communications gear, so I retreated to the wall of the ravine and, as I said before, waited to see what would happen.

I waited in the freezing cold for maybe 4 hours until twilight. I knew I couldn't find my way back in the dark, and I hadn't been relieved, so I hung on until the last minute before leaving the mines in place and walking up the ramp and then back down the road, looking for the rest of the squad, truck, or whatever.

As I had expected, they had gone on and it took me a long time to find them.

This and a few other circumstances have bothered me over the years as I've thought about and relived them. I wasn't afraid, but what might I have done otherwise that would have been more appropriate for a soldier to do under the same circumstances?

A CLOSE ENCOUNTER WITH BUZZ BOMBS - Another contribution by Bill Kirk

We had crossed the Rhine, maybe two days or so earlier and had stopped for awhile. We were in an open area, and had pulled off the road. While we were stopped there it got dark, and guards were posted. It was a clear, crispy cold night. We found some dwellings, farm dwellings, I'd guess, though I don't remember for sure. But we did get off the trucks and into some warmer places.

In the middle of the night I went on guard duty. It was dark but clear. Looking east, you could see the outlines of the terrain ahead, lit up by the war going on ahead of us. It got colder the longer I was on guard, and a strong wind came up. I heard what sounded like an artillery spotter's airplane at a very low altitude, buzzing about 300 yards to my left. He kept circling, and then started blinking a light at the ground and in code which I couldn't make out. Then somebody on the ground started replying to them, also blinking in a code I couldn't make out.

I wondered whether I should do anything about this, so I called out at the top of my lungs for the sergeant of the guard. The wind was blowing so loudly that no one heard me. Should I fire a few rounds at that business? Could it be U.S. forces communicating? I was also afraid any of my rounds might hit our troops on the ground in that area, really not very far away. I thought of firing a few rounds into the air just to get some attention, when the flashing stopped and the plane buzzed away. So.....that ended that.

About an hour later, while I was still on guard, I heard from the south, about a mile or so away, a light "Boom" sound, followed by a bright yellow flame, like the flame when first you allow the flow of acetylene out of the nozzle of an acetylene torch that forms a wide, loose flame before oxygen is cut in. The flame rose in the sky to maybe 1000 ft., then dropped over and started back down for a few hundred feet, then began to burn brightly, then went out and was shortly followed by a smaller flame that flew over my head making a ragged sound. A V1 ["buzz bomb"], no doubt. After all, we had seen and heard them back in the Bulge.

Then the process was repeated, and another flew over my head. Again I tried to alert the sergeant of the guard, but no luck, so I fired a round into the air. That got a response all right: A threat to have me court martialed. However, upon seeing the phenomenon for himself, the sergeant ran off and may have reported the episode to higher authority. I really don't know in just what way he reacted, but I think that somehow the word got to higher levels. About a half hour later, from behind me came pahboom, pahboom, pahboom, and shells (large caliber) started flying over my head. I don't remember how many there were, but they were exploding in the general area where I had seen the launching of the V1's. But the launches stopped, and I went off guard and heard no more of it.

I wondered, and still do, if my call got the response that stopped the launching, but I never found out. I would find it hard to believe that I was the only G.I. on guard who understood the meaning of what I saw, but I would like to believe it.

Within a couple of days we found out that it indeed had been a V1 launching site. I heard that two sergeants from the rifle company that took the site drank some of the synthetic alcohol fuel and were sickened by it; one died and the other suffered brain damage. They'd both be the only men left in their company. As best I can remember, one of them was named Martinez.

That's all for now, folks!

Ray Smith, Editor

Rob Smith, Treasurer and Publisher

ADDRESSES & PHONE NUMBERS for AT-290 IR

<u>NAME</u>	<u>PHONE</u>	<u>STREET</u>	<u>CITY</u>	<u>ST</u>	<u>ZIP</u>
Anderson, LeRoy V. (Anja)	210 579 3126	1802 Fantasy Woods Drive	Houston	TX	77094-3464
<i>Berry, Gordon</i>	616 363 6074	1225 3 Mile Road NE	Grand Rapids	MI	49505
Black, Velma (Bill's widow)	unknown	Infinia at Kensington - 613 N. Main	Kensington	KS	66951
Blake, Jean G. (Charles' widow)	513 984 5589	15 Falling Brook	Cincinnati	OH	45241-3243
<i>Bondaruk, George</i>	203 378 0689	25 Franklin Avenue	Stratford	CT	06497-5239
Boyle, William B. (Ruth)	812 546 4948	P.O. Box 35	Hartsville	IN	47244-0035
Bradley, Connie M. (Rudy G.'s dgtr)	unknown	5655 Cedar Grove Road	East New Market	MD	21631
<i>Brown, George A.</i>	508 477 1144	Box 1439	Mashpee	MA	02649-1493
<i>Claypool, Edward L.</i>	903 785 1197	123 23 rd ST NW	Paris	TX	75460-3727
Coldwell, Mary (Robert's widow)*	unknown	13309 E. 43 rd	Independence	MO	64055
Daehler, Ralph H. (Sylvia)	319 652 3737	700 Pershing Road	Masquoketa	IA	52060-2402
Daniels, Rudy [or "Rubbie"]	404 286 8457	4115 Green Hawk Trail	Decatur	GA	30034
<i>Denegre, John</i>	203 795 4843	289 Merry Circle	Orange	CT	06477-3417
Dionne, Norman R. (Regina)	603 524 2867	9 Sargents Pl - Lot 56	Gilford	NH	03249-2268
<i>Dole, Robert</i>	913 483 4274	1035 N. Maple Street	Russell	KS	67665
<i>Elbon, Arthur</i>	408 356 5041	Pueblo De Los Gatos, 420-28 Alberts Way	Los Gatos	CA	95032
Ellis, Paul B. (Rosemary) K/290	803 547 4913	104 Hilton Head Court	Fort Mill	SC	29715-9758
Fary, Raymond E. (Irene)	219 836 7974	8254 Madison Avenue	Munster	IN	46321-1627
Files, Ira (Flossie)	501 352 7515	Rt. 1, Box 56	Ivan	AR	71747-0000
Gase Jr., Virgil C. (Seattie)	513 858 1254	998 Hicks Blvd	Fairfield	OH	45014-2853
Graves, Paul C. (Betty)	859 987 3754	19 E. 19 th St	Paris	KY	40361-1156
Grimm, Elide Lucy (Tom's widow)	512 452 2354	1904 Wooten Drive	Austin	TX	78757-7702
<i>Guhl, Paul J.</i> (Betty)	860 536 1626	45 Sequin Drive	Noank	CT	06340
<i>Harter, John</i> (John Benfield's grndson)		<i>moved to Sitka May19, 2003 - promised fwdng address not rec'd</i>			
<i>Harter, Vicki</i> (John Benfield's dgtr)	253 535 2966	11901 Alaska Street S.	Tacoma	WA	98444
Huchingson, W. Paul	504 469 4581	4153 Loire Drive	Kenner	LA	70065-1747
Ingles, Ernest (Ruth Brown)	517 437 4704	1341 Hudson Road	Hillsdale	MI	49242-9345
<i>Jarrell, Melvin</i> "Bill" (Buelah)	302 629 3062	Route 1, Box 318	Seaford	DE	19973
<i>Johns, George Randall</i>	503 236 2274	3728 SE 35 th PL	Portland	OR	97202
Kirk, William (Peg)	410 228 7377	110 Choptank Avenue	Cambridge	MD	21613-1625
Kolarczyk, Frank M.	219 397 2778	3731 Elm Street	East Chicago	IN	46312-2225
Krause, Michelle (Groves' dgtr)*	unknown	1208 N Finlandia CT	Muncie	IN	47304-9093
<i>Lauland, Byron J.</i> (John's son)*	504 348 7651	2776 Colony CT	Marrero	LA	70072
Lauland, Cary J. (John's son)*	504 689 4286	5026 Trahan St	Marrero	LA	70072-7656
<i>Lauland, Eric J.</i> (John's son)*	504 341 8911	1035 Cedre Dr	Westwego	LA	70094-4533
<i>Lewis, Charlotte A.</i> (Rudy G.'s dgtr)	410 228 3272	6033 Corners Wharf Road	Cambridge	MD	21613
Louder, Howard M. (Tuckey) Hq/290	814 696 5774	811 Hedge Street	Hollydaysburg	PA	16648-2259
McElroy, Robert F. (Tommie)	631 669 8251	163 Van Buren Street	W. Babylon	NY	11704-3410
Moir, Janet (Scotty's widow)	unknown	19201 Pearl Road-Retirement Apt. 236	Strongsville	OH	44136
Nichols, William C. (Mart)	307 634 4575	1124 Cactus Hill Road	Cheyenne	WY	82001-6121
<i>Parsons, Nina</i> (Orland's widow)	513 853 2987	5263 South Ridge Drive	Cincinnati	OH	45224
Pildner, John A. (Lynetta M.)	440 998 2721	1806 E. 36 th Street	Ashtabula	OH	44004-5804
Premazzi, Deona Louise (Lee's widow)	541 296 6440	1024 Whitman CT	The Dalles	OR	97058-4563
Puckett, Jay R.	913 677 0190	6931 Broadmoor Street	Overland Park	KS	66204
Raze, Grace J. (Dal's widow)*	703 569 4996	5621 Bellington Avenue	Springfield	VA	22151-2702
<i>Rezach, Howard</i> (Janet)	920 684 6148	1314 S. 16 th Street	Manitowoc	WI	54220-5612
Rogers, Connie (Bill's widow)	618 457 2211	1203 W. Hill Street	Carbondale	IL	62901-2463
Roxburgh, Alfred S. (Jessie) CN/289	916 485 4226	2719 Laurel Drive	Sacramento	CA	95864-4950
Sheridan, William J. (Peggy)	203 458 9733	5 Paddock Lane	Guilford	CT	06437-2809
Smith, Raymond C. (Molly)	651 429 1051	2365 Lakeridge Drive	White Bear Lake	MN	55110-7412
Smith, Robert M. (Caroline)	904 268 1305	3580 Pall Mall Drive #403	Jacksonville	FL	32257
Snow, Gloria Bell (Len Bell's dgtr)	913 722 6385	5017 Reinhardt Drive	Roeland Park	KS	66205
<i>Sutton, Robert L.</i>	812 522 4454	614 North Park	Seymour	IN	47274
<i>Swift, Edward L.</i> (Ann) A/290	606 744 6594	103 Hampton Avenue	Winchester	KY	40391
<i>Uremovich, Niklos</i> (Katie)	513 753 5887	3678 Bristol Lake	Amelia	OH	45102
<i>Vosters, Jane</i> (Jim's widow)	unknown	unable to deliver March 2003 issue - no response to later queries			
Wallace, Lovell R. (Cie)	805 649 2224	130 Sunset Avenue	Oakview	CA	93022-9750
<i>Yack, Donald M.</i>	801 353 4432	Box 241	Neola	UT	84053-0241

Note:

Bold, non-italic print reflects a client's renewed subscription in 2004.

Some italicized entries may have become outdated due to lack of communications.

* Indicates a paid contribution despite a survivor's qualification for a complimentary subscription.

AT-290 KIA/WIA AND TAPS

KIA

Francis T. DeVault	4 th Plt 2 nd Sqd	17 Jan '45 near Burtonville, Be.
William P. Hulsey	3 rd Plt 2 nd Sqd	after 25 Dec '44, near Soy, Be.
Wilbur A. Isaacs	1 st Plt Sergeant	date unknown, in Korea
Carl Sieg	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	25 Dec '44 friendly fire, Ny, Be.
Lino Silvani	2 nd Plt	Aug '44 (M Co, 39th Inf) Ste Lo, Fr.

WIA (probably did not return to AT-290 by war's end)

Russell Hedberg	Hdq Plt Recon Sgt	details unknown
(?) Holtzhauser	unk Plt unk Sqd	Shrapnel in thigh or arm (at Rhine?)
Fred Marsh	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	Easter 1945 - Land mine
Alexander Moir	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	Shrapnel, left arm - evac
Bud(?) Scheidt	3 rd Plt jeep drvr	Shrapnel, arm, land mine Colmar Fr.
Niklos Uremovich	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	25 Dec '44 Friendly fire
Donald Yack	4 th Plt 2 nd Sqd	Feb. '45 at Colmar, Fr.

Post-War Deceased

John F. Benfield	4 th Plt Sergeant	17 Apr 1988 - Seattle WA
Lennie Dale Bell	Hdq Plt Mail clrk	2 Nov 1994 - Lebanon, KS
Bill(y) B. Black	4 th Plt 2 nd Sqd	18 Jun 1998 in WV, of an aneurism
Charles Blake	3 rd Plt Ldr	1995 (reported BB Jan 96)
Robert C. Coldwell	3 rd Plt	1986
Paul W. Costinett	AT CO, pre-Europe	1987 Los Angeles, CA
Woodrow W. Fisher	AT Exec Officer	1960
Lawrence R. Gillen	AT CO in Europe	22 Sep 2000: Maryland-heart failure
Clayford T. (Tom) Grimm	2 nd Plt 2 nd Sqd	13 March 2003 - Austin, TX
Lawrence H. Groover	1 st Plt 3 rd Sqd	Oct 1984 - Smyrna, GA
William F. Groves	S/Sgt Hdq Supply	1999 - Muncie, IN
Charles Grose	Hdq Recon, 2 nd Lt	unknown
Russell Hedberg	Hdq Plt Recon Sgt	unknown
John Heiterer	AT Cmpny Clerk, Sgt	12 Jul 1994
Justice Horton	3 rd Plt driver	1995
Frank T. Kysar	4 th Plt	1992
John D. Lauand, Jr.	3 rd Plt 3 rd Sqd	18 Sep 1995-Westwego, LA-of cancer
Joe Lassiter	unknown	1977
Michael Malinak	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	unknown
Fred Marsh	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	1967
Alexander Moir	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	1 Oct 1984-Cleveland, OH
Edward K. Norfleet	1 st Plt 3 rd Sqd Cpl	13 Aug 1989-Venita, OK
Orland H. Parsons	Hdq Plt 1 st Sgt	12 Oct 1997-Cincinnati, OH
Lee A. Premazzi	Hdq Plt driver	6 Jan 1997-Portland, OR
Ben G. Premo	4 th Plt 1 st Sqd	unknown
Dalton D. Raze	1 st Plt Ldr 2 nd Lt	28 Dec 1997-Springfield, VA
William J. Rogers	1 st Plt driver	3 June 1999-Springfield, IL - heart
Carol C. Smith	? Plt S/Sgt-2 nd Lt	1960
Edward S. Stewart	Hdq Plt Comm Sgt	1991
Willard S. Strawn	4 th Plt 2 nd Sqd	circa 1988
James B. Vosters	4 th Plt Ldr 2 nd Lt	3 Feb 1997-Miami FL
John P. Webster	Hdq Plt Sgt/2 nd Lt	1970

NOTE: Please direct all corrections relating to the above information directly to the M/C Editor: Raymond C. Smith, 2365 Lakeridge Drive - White Bear Lake, MN 55110-7412 or e-mail to raysmith111@comcast.net