



FALL EDITION

SEPTEMBER 2005

### **Opening Notes from the Editor, Ray Smith**

I'm continuing to struggle as I try to find stories worthy of inclusion in our Message Center newsletter. Success has not always been forthcoming. As I searched for something this time, I recalled reading a memoir written years ago by a guy in K-289. It had been first printed in an early (March 1968) issue of the BulgeBuster, a letter written to his parents after hostilities ceased in the ETO. He was explaining to them what he'd actually been experiencing during those months when all of his letters home had been so judiciously censored to remove such information.

Of the several similar stories I came across while perusing old issues of the BB, this one particularly caught my attention because one of the experiences being described in it paralleled that of Richard Wiegand (also of K-289). Richard, you'll recall, had been identified nearly 50 years after the fact as the unrecognized soldier who had so heroically destroyed the lead tank to block a column of lethal German Panthers heading west from Grandmenil for Erezée, where its mission was clearly to cross the Ourthe River and head for Liege, an important goal in Hitler's strategy to regain the initiative in Europe.

### **Journal Entry by John K. Shelton, K-289: 21 Oct. 1944 to 20 May 1945**

The following journal excerpt, written as a letter to his parents May 20, 1945 by John K. Shelton of the 289<sup>th</sup>s Company K, is re-published here because of its significance to those of us who in years past have sought all available corroboration for incidents that occurred during the first few days of the 75<sup>th</sup>s commitment to battle in the Ardennes. It first appeared in the BulgeBuster issue of March 1968, 37 years ago. Not having been identified as a work protected by U.S. Copyright in the BB, its republication here is not believed to constitute a violation of copyright law. Also, it is not known whether either the writer, its recipients or their heirs are still alive, but their absence from the roll of living members of the 75<sup>th</sup> Association and/or its Associate Members would indicate they are not. However, neither is John K. Shelton's name listed elsewhere as a *deceased* member of the 75<sup>th</sup>, so his status is unknown. In any event, the AT Message Center newsletter gratefully acknowledges the contribution of this particularly succinct description of a rifleman's experiences, particularly those that took place during an action on December 24, 1944 when another member of his company, Cpl. Richard F. Wiegand, met his heroic death separately, but in the same tank vs. infantryman action along the western approach to Grandmenil, Belgium at Tru du Loup. We published the Wiegand story eleven years ago in the M/C for November 1994. John's account follows verbatim, edited only to correct grammatical and spelling errors not tolerated by a text editor:

May 20, 1945  
Lüdenscheid (Westphalia)

Dear Mother & Dad:

Now that the delightful interlude in my fighting career will afford the opportunity and since the lifting of censorship restrictions will permit me to relate incidents that I could not tell you in the past, I will give you, in their proper sequence, the highlights of my experiences since I left the States. Some of it may not be enjoyable reading, but if I wait until later to tell you the story, I might have difficulty in reconstructing the facts. So here goes.

To begin with, I left Camp Shanks October 20, and boarded a British transport. We set sail Oct. 21st and [were] at sea 19 days. It was a miserable ride. The food was by no means appetizing. I was really glad when we arrived at Liverpool on November 4th. We took a train to Swansea, South Wales, where we were put in tin huts. We stayed here for over a month and received further training. The only bad part of it was the weather for it rained every day. We were permitted to go to town occasionally and I had one trip to London.

On December 10th we abruptly broke camp and took a train to Southampton, where we boarded an LCI for La Havre, France. We had to wait four days in the harbor because the port had not been opened. After landing, we took trucks to a village about 30 miles from Paris, where we pitched tents in a field of mud. It rained constantly and we thought it was horrible that we had to be out in weather like that, but little did we know at the time that this was merely a foretaste of the dreadful events that lay ahead.

A week later we were put in "40 & 8s" and rode three days to a place on the Belgium-Holland border. You may get some idea of the kind of ride it was when I tell you that there was not room for us to sit down and that sleep was

impossible. We then took trucks to Darby where we dug in a defense position on the hills about the town and along the river. We did not know that a German counterattack was then under way. The enemy pushed to 2½ miles east of our positions and we had believed it was at least 30 miles to the closest enemy.

On the morning of December 24<sup>th</sup> we (75<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division) were loaded in trucks and [driven] to a town about 30 miles to the Southeast. We waited there until nightfall. All around us the artillery was going full blast. It was a new and exciting experience for us.

That evening, we (Company K) started out marching. I was carrying the mortar which weighs 45 pounds. We walked uphill for several miles. I was just about ready to drop. Our artillery was hitting close to us. A dud landed but 10 feet away from me. At the time, I did not realize what it was. In a very few minutes, about 10 American tanks roared by us, heading in the direction from which we had come. It meant little to us. We kept marching on.

It was dark by now and a few minutes later, we heard more tanks coming. We kept on going, thinking they were more American tanks. Suddenly, someone ahead shouted back. that German tanks were coming down the road. We thought they were kidding but nevertheless my squad got off the road. Some went down the hill to the left, while others, along with myself, went up the hill to the right. In a matter of seconds, 8 Tiger [*most other accounts describe these as the smaller, 43-ton but equally fearsome Panther...Ed*] tanks came into view. Some of the guys were still on the road. The tanks stopped within a few yards of us and opened fire with machine guns. Selda, my assistant gunner, and I ran further up the hill away from the tanks. It was dark and they could not see us but they heard us and opened up with their 88s. We, Selda and I, hit the ground and huddled together. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion as a shell exploded above us.. The blast lifted me completely in the air. I felt a sharp pain in my back and knew that I was hit. However, we hugged the ground and did not dare to move.

Soon the tanks moved on down the road, crushing the jeeps that were on the road. and spraying the area with machine gun fire. As they moved out of range, I ran to the road to locate the guys in my section. Lying on the road and all around the area were the wounded and dead. There was general confusion as the air was filled with the groans of the dying and cries of the wounded for medics. I started helping as much as I could but there was so much excitement that I could do but little. A boy and I were trying to fix up a guy hit in the leg when a shell from our artillery landed very close to us and badly wounded the fellow assisting me. About 2 hours had passed and we were still trying to help the wounded when we heard the tanks coming back. We hid the best we could. They passed by without seeing us. I noticed that one, tank was missing. Soon it became daylight and we organized what was left of the Company (Co. K). We went on up the hill to dig in. I dug a couple of minutes and my back began to hurt me severely. Then I remembered that I had been hit. Tony took off my jacket, sweater and shirt. My undershirt was completely soaked with blood. A piece of shrapnel had lodged in my back. I went to the aid station where a medic removed it and patched me up. I knew that the company needed every available man so I asked that I be permitted to return. It was granted and I went back to the hill where they had dug in. It was now Christmas day 1944, and we had experienced our first contact with the enemy, far away from a decorated Christmas tree at 609 N. Monroe in Arlington.

Well, the contact with the enemy was costly. Among the dead was Bob Marlowe, a good boy and my close friend (he, Bill Ward and I are on the pictures taken in London. one of which was sent you). That afternoon P-38s bombed and strafed Grandmenil, a German held town 2 miles to our front. The pilots did not know we were so close, so they accidentally hit several of our men.

The Colonel, meanwhile, had learned that Grandmenil was the forward point of the German drive so he set about getting the town. He sent tanks into the town but they did not see much so they came back and reported that information. The Colonel ordered our Company (K) to go in alone and take the town. So, we marched the two miles to Grandmenil. On the outskirts machine guns opened up on us but they were soon overcome. The company made its way into the town, but suddenly two German tanks opened up on us. We had nothing with which to defend ourselves against these tanks. Many had been hit so that the C.O. decided to withdraw to the outskirts of the town. My squad leader went down so I took over the squad. We were the last to leave the town. A shell hit the boy directly in front of me. He was beyond recognition as a human being. We were trying to reach a wrecked building across the field where the rest of the company had already withdrawn. Machine guns opened up on us and we dropped to the ground and dug in. I observed a strong force of the enemy coming at us from the flank. I got up and ran to the building and warned the others.

We hastily built up a firing line but a German tank that was supporting the enemy opened fire at us. We prayed for our tanks to show up, I noticed three knocked-out tanks near the building and got the idea of getting the machine guns from them and putting them to use. I managed to get 5 machine guns from these tanks and passed them out. In one of the tanks I had to go inside. The driver was in his seat but his head was missing. It was a little sickening. The enemy tank was hitting all around us. We had to yield more ground. Meanwhile, the Colonel summoned L & M companies and some tanks. Reinforced by these companies and with the aid of the tanks, we took most of the town. We set up a

defense in the town and started a house to house clean-up of snipers. We killed about 100 Germans and took around 200 prisoners. Many of them were mere kids.

The other battalions, meanwhile, had come up on our flanks to protect us. Thus, we had blunted the tip of the bulge in that sector. Ty Shelton's outfit, the 83<sup>rd</sup> [ID], was in action on our right but at that time I did not know he was in it. We stayed at Grandmenil for a few days in a defense position. It had started to snow and was getting very cold. Replacements were coming in. All that was left of my squad was Selka, Benny and Sheehan.

The next few days saw brief skirmishes but no major battles. About January 4th we moved in trucks to a rear area town where we were to have a 5-day rest. However, we were there but a day when we took off for the front to relieve the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne Division, several miles from St. Vith. The following 3 weeks in the Ardennes will long be remembered. Winter came on us in merciless fury. Blizzards, blinding snows, and icy foxholes were dreaded as much as the Jerries. It was here that so many were hospitalized. Walter Winchell made an appeal to the public concerning the 75<sup>th</sup>.

The following morning my company went by truck to a point 2 miles North of the [Lippe] canal and then took up positions in houses a mile further on. We were in reserve and thought that we would be able to get some sleep that night, but we moved out shortly before midnight. We approached the canal under heavy enemy shelling and dug in just this side of it. The crossing was scheduled at a time just before daylight. "I" Company was supposed to lead the attack, but they were pinned down by enemy fire, so "K" Company again was called upon to spearhead the attack.

All bridges had been destroyed, so we forded the canal and used ladders to scale the walls. This took the Jerries by surprise but they quickly rallied and met our leading elements with full force. One platoon of our company succeeded in a very clever flanking movement and wiped out an entire enemy platoon in an underpass of the Reichautobahn. A bloody firefight developed, but our riflemen were a determined lot and refused to stop advancing with no regard of life. Here we captured many enemy artillery pieces. The entire crews of many of them were wiped out singlehandedly by some of our boys. The death toll here was great, due to the enemy snipers who shot our boys until they were out of ammunition and then came running out with their hands up. It is their kind that are in this camp with me now, eating the same food as I eat, wearing G.I. uniforms, sleeping in huts while I sleep in tents, laughing at me when I take hikes in the evening, while they lie around the stockade reading or playing ping pong.

We fought our way into Ichern, and finally after crossing a smaller canal, into Castrop-Raxuel. There we held up to rest and send out reconnaissance elements. Some of the patrols never came back. Jerry had a trick of wearing G.I. uniforms and drawing our patrols into a trap. A case of mistaken identity resulted in the death of a very good friend of mine, but we will never make that mistake again.

We left Castrop on the morning of the 7th and proceeded to clear out the next two towns, for the enemy had withdrawn leaving behind only a few snipers. In many cases they were women. That afternoon we made our way to a huge country estate in a woods within sight of Dortmund. We waited for the tanks to come up but they were bogged down in the mud. The order was for Lugend-Dortmund to be taken that evening, tanks or no tanks, so we moved out into the attack.

Jerry machine guns were covering the fields adjacent to the towns, but they were quickly overpowered. The leading elements of the company entered the town with only scattered resistance, so the remainder of the company was summoned forward. It was now dark and we edged our way into the town. At first we thought that it was another pushover job with just a few snipers, but suddenly hell broke loose in all its fury. Machine gun fire and bazooka (Panzerfaust) fire came in on us from all directions. All around me were being mowed down. Many were killed before we were able to take refuge in buildings. A fanatical paratrooper counter-attack had begun. We were greatly outnumbered and had small firepower compared to the automatic weapons of a paratroop outfit, but we were ordered to resist to the last man. It was either kill or be killed. Paratroopers do not surrender.

We radioed for help, but it was out of the question for reinforcements to arrive before the following morning, so we had to hold out at all costs until then. It was hand to hand combat the rest of that night. They threw everything they had in on us, but we pitched back what little we had, making every shot count. They hurled hand grenades and panzerfausts through the windows. The dead and wounded reached alarming figures.

Around 2:00 AM in the morning a new wave of attacking elements began to break through our defenses and in desperation the C.O. called for our own artillery to land right on top of us. In a matter of three minutes our 105s were busting all around us. Some of the rounds got our men, but it succeeded in breaking up the counter-attack. The enemy withdrew to the far end of town. Later that morning the tanks arrived and with their help we cleared the town. We were now in the heart of the Ruhr Industries, between Dortmund and Bochum, our immediate objective. From house to house and factory to factory we fought our way to a railroad junction on the outskirts of Bochum.

This was a heavily defended town, but its immediate capture was highly necessary, so we weren't surprised when the order came through to take the town proper. To get there we had to cross a field some 800 yards wide. We

knew the hazards in crossing that field and believe me, we weren't anxious to start. For two days and nights we had fought over a distance of twenty-five miles with no sleep and little food. Our 50 lb. weapons didn't make the ordeal easier. Nevertheless, after a ten minute preparatory artillery barrage, we moved towards the town. For the first time the enemy used 20mm anti-aircraft guns on us. At first we thought the projectiles whizzing over our heads were some secret weapon, but some of the old AA boys in the outfit recognized them as they burst in mid-air. We ran, crawled and made use of every possible terrain feature in our efforts to reach the town. It seems that only Divine guidance enabled us to make our way to the edge of town where we immediately prepared a defense as nightfall was setting in. The tanks meanwhile came in, so we felt somewhat safer that night and were able to get a little sleep. Around midnight we heard trains putting out from the other side of town--the enemy was withdrawing. Our artillery made it rather uncomfortable for them.

The next morning we found the town deserted, and we began the attack on our ultimate objective, The Ruhr River five miles to the south. Little resistance was met until we approached the river town of Witten. It was a beautiful sight to see the scrimmage line of GIs from our division and the 79<sup>th</sup>, as they approached the river on line. Two other divisions were approaching the river from the south and when we met at the river's bank, the Ruhr pocket would be no more. Our goal was just 1000 yards ahead.

We raced into town in a hail of enemy artillery and immediately set up river defenses. The edge of town was 200 yards from the bank. The moment one would step out of the house in view of the enemy across the river, he would find himself a casualty. Their snipers were excellent shots.

One machine gun squad took up positions in a nook in the river. They suddenly found themselves in the midst of an enemy platoon. The four of them held the enemy off until help could arrive, but three of them were wounded. It was here that I fired my first phosphorous mortar rounds. My squad succeeded in firing the houses in the area where the MG squad was trapped. The HE rounds added to the misery of the enemy. The second platoon arrived and either killed or captured the enemy outfit. The few prisoners they did take were only kids of 15 and 16, but they were deadly with a burp gun.

The house from which we operated was perhaps the most beautiful I've seen in all Europe. It was a Nazi doctor's home, big and modernistic, exquisitely furnished, virtually a palace. The maid was still there and the quarters were in a spotless condition. We had orders to leave the place just as we found it--but we were "kings for a day".

The next morning, the tenth of April, we went into reserve a few miles back from the river. The colonel wanted to cross the river and go beyond our corps objective. Luckily, the division and corps commanders foresaw that an unnecessary river crossing would be costly. Actually, we had attempted to cross the river on an unblown bridge, but cunning Jerry engineers blew the bridge seconds before we could cross.

The 12th of April we were called on the line again, this time another river town as our objective. The terrain in this region was very hilly and we hiked up and down hills all afternoon in a blazing sun in an attempt to avoid the heavy concentration of enemy artillery just across the river. We had just started the attack when a delayed message arrived that the 79<sup>th</sup> had relieved us and we were in corps reserve. We then retraced our steps, and early the following morning staggered wearily into awaiting trucks. That was our last day in a front line area. A few days later the Ruhr pocket collapsed and we returned to Castrop-Raxuel as a temporary military government. There we were told to prepare to go to a hot spot. The corps commander rained praises upon us, so we were prepared for the worst. We were to relieve the 83rd on the Elbe bridgehead, but the strategy there changed and instead we went to Lüdenscheid, Germany as occupational forces.

Our job at Lüdenscheid was general policing. The thousands of foreign slave laborers were a big medical and food problem. They were pitifully undernourished. Their standard of living was as low as could be imagined; disease was epidemic. The Russian slave laborers had parties and dances all night long. They were a gay and carefree lot. On the night of May 9, everyone went wild with joy. It was the birth of a new world.

The Germans in our area met their defeat stoically. They were cooperative, in fact over-cooperative in many ways. We lived very comfortably in our German homes and most of the soldiers were sorry to leave on June 1.

Our next and present assignment brought us here in France where we are operating the redeployment centers. Many of us, battle-wised and battle-scarred, will be leaving soon for more days of combat. But there are those we leave behind. We shall keep faith.

There is a concrete monument in front of our tent that everyone salutes upon passing. On that monument is inscribed the names of some of the real heroes of the war--our representatives in that world of eternal peace. They fell beside me in combat. I saw them die. There was Marlowe with that girl back home he was to marry; Fausset with his dreams of attending Northwestern University; Ward with the little girl waiting back in Cincinnati; Kendrick, who needed but 1/2 year to get his B.S.degree; Bernichhi, the lawyer from Boston with a brilliant future; Leba with his devoted wife and baby back home; Roberts, the Iowa farm lad, who never did a wrong in his whole life, and many, many more close friends whom I had come to know, love and respect.

What are they thinking now? What would they say if they could speak to me? If it were possible for me to dial the Spiritual Hinterlands and ask to talk to one of these honored heroes, he perchance would ask: "Are the lights on again in America?" Yes, pal, they are burning brightly once more. "Are the schools open and are church bells ringing on Sundays?" Yes, pal, children are playing in the school yards. unmolested by bombs and bullets and people are free to worship in the church of their choosing. "Isn't that what we fought for?" Yes, pal, but you.. . you see. . . --"Now, now, buddy, cheer up, we did not lose our lives. . . we exchanged them for this freedom which you assure us our loved ones are enjoying back there in America." I get what you mean, Pal, and I'll never let you down and I know that in the slow unfolding of time a grateful America will carry on this fight for liberty and freedom and will, whatever the cost, maintain them in prosperity. So, Pal, from this abode of earthly activities, I say:

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,  
Dear as the blood you gave;  
No impious footsteps here shall treat  
The herbage of your grave,  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While fame her record keeps,  
Or honor points the hallowed spot,  
Where valor proudly sleeps."

--- Dr. John K. Shelton, Jr.  
formerly of Company K - 289<sup>th</sup> IR, 75<sup>th</sup> ID

### **Final Editorial Notes from Editor Ray Smith**

Bob McElroy e-mailed me Saturday, August 13<sup>th</sup> to say that Cleo (Cle) Wallace suffered a stroke on May 24<sup>th</sup> but is at home now, undergoing rehabilitation -- and according to Ses is slowly improving. Regrettably, Ses' eyesight is failing and will likely prevent him from attending the 75<sup>th</sup> Association reunion in Chicago, as he had planned. I'm certain that cards and/or letters to tell them we love 'em would raise the morale of these loyal ATers. Their address is posted as usual on the next-to-last page of this issue. In a separate message, Bob also relayed the information from Bill Nichols that Marti had recently undergone surgery for cancer. She, too, could use some attention from all of us to help get her through this crisis.

In a different vein, I found another BB excerpt that might be of interest to those of you who remember Burtonville. This one was in the BulgeBuster for April 1965. A couple of years before that issue published, in the Spring of 1963, a past member of the 290<sup>th</sup>s K Company named Ellwood W. Brown (grade unknown) revisited the battle European battle sites he remembered so well. One of them was Burtonville, Belgium. His comments follow:

"...We used Vielsalm as a base of operations. I got to Hoy the first town I could remember [which] we came through going into our first attack on Christmas Eve, 1944. I located our company positions in our first defensive position. I needed the help of some of the natives because they had cut the woods we were in and the new growth fooled me at first. Many of the holes were still there although pretty well caved in. On up the road was Beffe the site of our second engagement. There were a few familiar landmarks, but all the buildings have been completely rebuilt and a few new families have moved there. Next came Daventave where we spent a mighty cold night. Not far outside Vielsalm was the town of Burtonville where K Co. spent a few days. Everything has been rebuilt there except for the church and the first house we came to. It was still the same as when we left - the only real reminder of the war. We met an old lady who was in the basement of one of the houses while we were there and she was thrilled that we had taken the trouble to come back. It was a Saturday morning on the farm and they stopped work, called in friends and relatives, and we talked, if you could call it that. They only spoke French and a little German, but with Beryl's high school French and my little German plus a lot of sign language we had a ball. they put together a dinner that was excellent and brought out wine they had been saving for a special occasion. It made you feel wonderful to receive such a reception so far from home. We visited numerous places in the same general area and the same feeling struck me at each place - how peaceful it was with the wind softly whispering through the trees, birds singing in the fields, clouds drifting by and people working so diligently in their fields. Yet it was here the terrible roar of war had raged a few years before..."  
*Noted by the BB editor: Ellwood is now [in 1965] an Infantry Major at Fort Benning.*

*Ray Smith, Editor*  
*Rob Smith, Treasurer and Publisher*

**ADDRESSES & PHONE NUMBERS for AT-290<sup>TH</sup> IR**

<u>NAME</u>	<u>PHONE</u>	<u>STREET</u>	<u>CITY</u>	<u>ST</u>	<u>ZIP</u>
<b>Anderson, LeRoy V.</b> (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
<b>Black, Velma</b> (Bill's widow)	unknown	Infinita at Kensington - 613 N. Main	Kensington	KS	66951
<b>Blake, Jean G.</b> (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
<b>Boyle, William B.</b> (Ruth)	812 546 4948	P.O. Box 35	Hartsville	IN	47244-0035
<b>Bradley, Connie M.</b> (Rudy G.'s dgtr)*	410-228-1643	1210 Stone Boundary Road	Cambridge	MD	21613-2854
<i>Brown, George A.</i>	508 477 1144	Box 1439	Mashpee	MA	02649-1493
<i>Claypool, Edward L.</i>	903 785 1197	123 23 <sup>rd</sup> ST NW	Paris	TX	75460-3727
<b>Coldwell, Mary</b> (Robert's widow)*	unknown	13309 E. 43 <sup>rd</sup>	Independence	MO	64055
<b>Daehler, Ralph H.</b>	319 652 3737	700 Pershing Road	Masquoketa	IA	52060-2402
<b>Daniels, Rudy</b> [or "Rubbie"]	770 613 0389	4286 English Oak Drive - Apt D1	Atlanta	GA	30340-0000
<i>Denegre, John</i>	203 795 4843	289 Merry Circle	Orange	CT	06477-3417
<b>Dionne, Norman R.</b> (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
<b>Ellis, Paul B.</b> (Rosemary) K/290	803 547 4913	104 Hilton Head Court	Fort Mill	SC	29715-9758
<b>Fary, Raymond E.</b> (Irene)	219 836 7974	8254 Madison Avenue	Munster	IN	46321-1627
<b>Files, Ira</b> (Flossie)	501 352 7515	Rt. 1, Box 56	Ivan	AR	71747-0000
<b>Gase Jr., Virgil C.</b> (Seattie)	513 858 1254	998 Hicks Blvd	Fairfield	OH	45014-2853
<b>Graves, Betty C.</b> (Paul's widow)	859 987 3754	19 E. 19 <sup>th</sup> St	Paris	KY	40361-1156
<b>Grimm, Elide Lucy</b> (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 grmdson)		<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
<b>Huchingson, W. Paul</b>	504 469 4581	4153 Loire Drive	Kenner	LA	70065-1747
<b>Ingles, Ernest</b> (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 <sup>th</sup> PL	Portland	OR	97202
<b>Kirk, William</b> (Peg)	410 228 7377	110 Choptank Avenue	Cambridge	MD	21613-1625
<b>Kolarczyk, Frank M.</b>	219 397 2778	3731 Elm Street	East Chicago	IN	46312-2225
<b>Krause, Michelle</b> (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
<b>Lauland, Cary J.</b> (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
<b>Louder, Howard M.</b> (Tuckey) Hq/290	814 696 5774	811 Hedge Street	Hollydaysburg	PA	16648-2259
<b>McElroy, Robert F.</b> (Tommie)	631 669 8251	163 Van Buren Street	W. Babylon	NY	11704-3410
<b>Moir, Janet</b> (Scotty's widow)	unknown	19201 Pearl Road-Retirement Apt. 236	Strongsville	OH	44136
<b>Nelson, Gilbert M.</b> L/290	781 449 0258	99 Fairfield Street	Needham	MA	02942-4525
<b>Nichols, William C.</b> (Marti)	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
<b>Pildner, John A.</b> (Lynetta M.)	440 998 2721	1806 E. 36 <sup>th</sup> Street	Ashtabula	OH	44004-5804
<b>Premazzi, Deona Louise</b> (Lee's widow)	541 296 6440	1024 Whitman CT	The Dalles	OR	97058-4563
<b>Puckett, Jay R.</b>	913 677 0190	6931 Broadmoor Street	Overland Park	KS	66204
<i>Raze, Grace J.</i> (Dalton's widow)	unknown	unspecified retirement home			
<b>Raze, James Dalton</b> (Dalton's son)*	703 569 9027	6008 Merryvale Court	Springfield	VA	22152-0000
<i>Rezach, Howard</i> (Janet)	920 684 6148	1314 S. 16 <sup>th</sup> Street	Manitowoc	WI	54220-5612
<b>Rogers, Connie</b> (Bill's widow)*	618 457 2211	1203 W. Hill Street	Carbondale	IL	62901-2463
<b>Roxburgh, Alfred S.</b> (Jessie) CN/289	916 485 4226	2719 Laurel Drive	Sacramento	CA	95864-4950
<b>Sheridan, William J.</b> (Peggy)	203 458 9733	5 Paddock Lane	Guilford	CT	06437-2809
<b>Smith, Raymond C.</b> (Molly)	651 429 1051	2365 Lakeridge Drive	White Bear Lake	MN	55110-7412
<b>Smith, Robert M.</b> (Caroline)	904 268 1305	3580 Pall Mall Drive #403	Jacksonville	FL	32257
<b>Snow, Gloria Bell</b> (Len Bell's dgtr)	913 722 6385	5017 Reinhardt Drive	Roelund 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
<b>Uremovich, Niklos</b> (Katie)	513 753 5887	3678 Bristol Lake	Amelia	OH	45102
<b>Wallace, Lovell R.</b> (Cle)	805 649 2224	130 Sunset Avenue	Oakview	CA	93022-9750
<i>Yack, Donald M.</i>	435 353 4432	Box 241	Neola	UT	84053-0241

Note:

Bold, non-italic print reflects a valid subscription through 2005

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.

Last edited 08/24/2005

## AT-290 KIA/WIA AND TAPS

### KIA

Francis T. DeVault	4 <sup>th</sup> Plt 2 <sup>nd</sup> Sqd	17 Jan '45 near Burtonville, Be.
William P. Hulsey	3 <sup>rd</sup> Plt 2 <sup>nd</sup> Sqd	after 25 Dec '44, near Soy, Be.
Wilbur A. Isaacs	1 <sup>st</sup> Plt Sergeant	date unknown, in Korea
Carl Sieg	1 <sup>st</sup> Plt 1 <sup>st</sup> Sqd	25 Dec '44 friendly fire, Ny, Be.
Lino Silvani	2 <sup>nd</sup> 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 <sup>st</sup> Plt 1 <sup>st</sup> Sqd	Easter 1945 - Land mine
Alexander Moir	1 <sup>st</sup> Plt 1 <sup>st</sup> Sqd	Shrapnel, left arm - evac
Bud(?) Scheidt	3 <sup>rd</sup> Plt jeep drvr	Shrapnel, arm, land mine Colmar Fr.
Niklos Uremovich	1 <sup>st</sup> Plt 1 <sup>st</sup> Sqd	25 Dec '44 Friendly fire
Donald Yack	4 <sup>th</sup> Plt 2 <sup>nd</sup> Sqd	Feb. '45 at Colmar, Fr.

### Post-War Deceased

Lennie Dale Bell	Hdq Plt Mail clrk	2 Nov 1994 - Lebanon, KS
John F. Benfield	4 <sup>th</sup> Plt Sergeant	17 Apr 1988 - Seattle WA
Bill(y) B. Black	4 <sup>th</sup> Plt 2 <sup>nd</sup> Sqd	18 Jun 1998 in WV, of an aneurism
Charles Blake	3 <sup>rd</sup> Plt Ldr	1995 (reported BB Jan 96)
Robert C. Coldwell	3 <sup>rd</sup> 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
Paul C. Graves	S/Sgt 2 <sup>nd</sup> Plt 1 <sup>st</sup> Sqd	15 Jan 2005: Paris, KY
Clayford T. (Tom) Grimm	2 <sup>nd</sup> Plt 2 <sup>nd</sup> Sqd	13 March 2003 - Austin, TX
Lawrence H. Groover	1 <sup>st</sup> Plt 3 <sup>rd</sup> Sqd	Oct 1984 - Smyrna, GA
Charles Grose	Hdq Recon, 2 <sup>nd</sup> Lt	unknown
William F. Groves	S/Sgt Hdq Supply	1999 - Muncie, IN
Russell Hedberg	Hdq Plt Recon Sgt	unknown
John Joseph Heiterer	AT Co. Clerk, Sgt	12 Jul 1994
Justice Horton	3 <sup>rd</sup> Plt driver	1995
Frank T. Kysar	4 <sup>th</sup> Plt	1992
Joe Lassiter	unknown	1977
John D. Lauand, Jr.	3 <sup>rd</sup> Plt 3 <sup>rd</sup> Sqd	18 Sep 1995-Westwego, LA-of cancer
Michael Malinak	1 <sup>st</sup> Plt 1 <sup>st</sup> Sqd	unknown
Fred Marsh	1 <sup>st</sup> Plt 1 <sup>st</sup> Sqd	1967
Alexander Moir	1 <sup>st</sup> Plt 1 <sup>st</sup> Sqd	1 Oct 1984-Cleveland, OH
Edward K. Norfleet	1 <sup>st</sup> Plt 3 <sup>rd</sup> Sqd	13 Aug 1989-Venita, OK
Orland H. Parsons	Hdq Plt 1 <sup>st</sup> Sgt	12 Oct 1997-Cincinnati, OH
Lee A. Premazzi	Hdq Plt driver	6 Jan 1997-Portland, OR
Ben G. Premo	4 <sup>th</sup> Plt 1 <sup>st</sup> Sqd	unknown
Dalton D. Raze	1 <sup>st</sup> Plt Ldr 2 <sup>nd</sup> Lt	28 Dec 1997-Springfield, VA
William J. Rogers	1 <sup>st</sup> Plt driver	3 June 1999-Springfield, IL - heart
Carol C. Smith	? Plt S/Sgt-2 <sup>nd</sup> Lt	1960
Edward S. Stewart	Hdq Plt Comm Sgt	1991
Willard S. Strawn	4 <sup>th</sup> Plt 2 <sup>nd</sup> Sqd	circa 1988
James B. Vosters	4 <sup>th</sup> Plt Ldr 2 <sup>nd</sup> Lt	3 Feb 1997-Miami FL
John P. Webster	Hdq Plt Sgt/2 <sup>nd</sup> 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