



SPRING EDITION

APRIL 2006

Opening Notes – Ray Smith, Editor

As you can doubtless tell from the tardiness of this issue, I'm still struggling with finding copy worthy of inclusion in a news letter. But while I'm doing the best I can to resolve that issue, other difficulties have developed to delay things, too. One has been the "crash" of my computer on January 4th which, besides the obvious inconvenience for me, brought on mental stress which, I'm told triggered an outbreak of cranial "shingles". After more than 60 days with it, I'm still feeling the effects of this awakened, dormant chicken pox virus. [And no, chicken pox isn't a place where chickens play.]

Besides my own troubles, I must tell you that Rob Smith has moved again and so has Jay Puckett, our "civilian" mentor on the Internet. In addition, within a month of each other, both Bill Nichols (December 10) and his wife, Marti (November 14) died. Jane Vosters, Jim's wife, also passed away at some indefinite time in the past year I would guess. Other recent regrettable deaths have been Lovell's wife, Cle Wallace, Harold Walsh (C Company Commander), and Predose Sittig past member of our Company's 2nd Platoon.

My thanks to Bob McElroy, who has done so well keeping me informed of our shrinking company's population. Address changes are noted on the Directory of this issue.

Some Appropriate Remembrances of a 289th Rifleman

My (RCS's) main source of copy for future issues will be selective memoirs from the collection gathered by Al Roxburgh for his "PKG", the title he chose for his unique Remembrance package...A volume he assembled dealing with some of the December 1944 – January 1945 episodes we shared. The one I've chosen to include in this issue is an excellent but lengthy account written by William (aka "Billy") Hitchcock. Billy was a scout in the 289th's C Company, 3rd Platoon. All things considered, and as many of you know, a platoon scout is a very dangerous position to fill while serving in the Infantry. Billy survived the war, but I'm sorry to say that he died in March 1999.

Later, perhaps yet this year, I plan to print a shorter but succinct account of several of the same actions as recalled by Bill's competent and highly-regarded platoon sergeant, Joe McClure. So now, Bill's story with minimal editing and mostly in his own words. Billy's Remembrance:

December 23: The entire First battalion was marching up the road toward the front [above Sadzot on the northeast flank of the Ardennes break-through called the "Belgian Bulge"]. It was cold and our company that night was laying in an open plowed field; and we were there all night. Around five in the morning a plane was flying close to the ground and went past us. As daylight arrived they organized a couple companies and we started across a field into the forest.

Things got all screwed up as some of the other platoons drifted too far away and got out of control. Being in the Army as long as I have been, I knew we were in a dangerous area. I told one fellow to quit wandering around like it is a picnic. Platoon T/Sergeant McClure was telling the men the same thing. As I remember him telling me he had seen a German soldier but he took off before he could slam a shot at him. It was not long before I heard a burp gun shoot for the first time. It was so fast it sounded like someone ripping a piece of canvas. Out of the thickets came Private Contrairs. He was of Spanish blood but was as white as a light skinned Irishman. He shouted that Sgt. Barnes had been shot and killed and that a medic of his platoon had run over to help him and he too was shot. A little later this tough medic emerged from the woods. He had been hit in the arm and a couple of the bullets had scraped his ribs. All those boys grew up in a hurry and when Sgt. McClure gave orders they listened.

Before Sgt. Barnes was killed I was scouting around our section and I ran across some German communication wires, so I cut them. I told the Sgt. about them so he sent a machine gunner right behind a bush and they were well hidden. It was not long before two Germans came trotting along with the wire in their hand looking for the break. They came right up to the machine gunner and did not see him. He hollered, "Hey". The last thing the two saw was that machine gun in action.

Our Company got together again and became more organized and the Sgt. had the boys dig in for the night. The next day they moved us out of there and put us on trucks. That night they rode us up and down the highway for most of the night. It was so cold we could not even keep warm huddled together.

Around noon of the next day the 24th of December, the trucks unloaded us off the road by a farm house with a big barn. I found out later that the barn was used by our medic's.

The Company got into formation and we marched into the woods where we soon met members of 509th Parachute Infantry Battalion. We were to relieve them. This Section was right along the firebreak where the gap started. The 509th Airborne were gathering up their equipment and I was kidding a short fat one. I told him, "I thought you guys had these Germans beat up and now you have to call on these young kids just out of high schools that still have peach fuzz on their face to do your job". Some 82nd Sgt. was getting a kick out of seeing him getting mad. The Sgt. said, "Now that is the way I want him to get mad at the Germans". It dawned on him and he started to laugh. I told him, "See there, I made you forget the war for a minute". It was getting late in the day and the Capt. ordered us to form up and we were going across the firebreak to extend our lines. I saw a dead German off to the side. He had been shot in the helmet on the left side right by his brain. He had on a camouflage outfit. I said, "Sgt., do you know what you are doing?" He said, "why?" I told him I saw a dead German back there. Sgt. McClure said we should be in battle formation!

Just then all hell broke loose up front and the men spread out like being under a strafing attack on the road and everybody started to fire towards the enemy. The fire fight lasted around a half an hour. We lost a couple of men and the Germans lost some. They finally took off.

Our Second Lt. took over and brought the men back across the firebreaks and back to our original lines where we had relieved the 509th PI Bn. We found out there were more than just a few Germans in that gap.

We dug in for the night. I personally thought since the Germans took off we should have extended the line like we started to do. The Germans had left and that ground should have been ours. We had won our first battle but being green we did not know how to take advantage of it.

The next day, around one o'clock, we got a new Captain. He came over from H company and seemed to be a darn good man. The First Lt., who was always demanding that he wanted clean mess kits, was gone. The replaced Company Captain was sent to the rear with Grave Registration, our first Sgt. was sent to Company B.

Our new Capt. sent out a platoon to attack the Germans in the gap. Our platoon was to come along its left flank and after the fire fight started we were to come in on the flank. The Germans had brought more men up into that gap and a hot battle ensued. Lead was flying all over the place. There was so many Germans that the platoon was being forced back. I, as a scout in the 3rd Platoon, saw men going back. I thought they were messengers letting the officers know what was going on, so I kept going forward. All of a sudden the firing became greater in the front of the 3rd Platoon. One of the runners ran in front of me with a dazed look. I grabbed him and threw him to the ground and got him behind a hump of ground where he could not get hit. The Germans after him turned their attention on me. Rollins had my cover and I was laying flat on the open ground and they centered their machine gun on me. I shoved my helmet off because it raised my head a couple of inches and turned my head sideways but those bullets were going by my ears so close that they didn't zing but instead sounded like Chinese firecrackers. Lying there flat, they thought they got me and took the gun off of me. Somebody opened up on our new Captain. I saw him around thirty yards from me. He got up and holstered for the next in line of command to take over.

I saw the machine gun that had been trained on me being pushed through the thickets. The tripod first and then the gunner and his assistants came in view. I got that damn gunner that thought he got me but just as I shot I heard a gun go off behind me. I whirled around quickly, ready to fire, and saw the face of Sergeant Allen. He had taken a shot at them too. I damned near crapped my pants when I heard him shoot because I thought one of them on the left flank got behind me. The ammo carrier for the German machine gunners must have figured it was time to get out of there and he jumped up and ran to the left flank. I threw a quick shot at him. He staggered and hit the ground and never moved. I know I got him.

Then all around the woods there was an eerie silence. Everything stopped. I found out that Rollins had been shot in the arm with an exploding bullet blowing a chunk out and he was in shock. I just helped him to his feet when someone crashed out of the thickets with his back to me and he was looking towards that part of the woods that was the left flank. Towards night that overcoat looked like a German but instinct told me not to shoot. I had dropped Rollins and I had my sight right between his shoulder blades. I hollered "hey". He whirled around with a surprised look on his face. I saw his red cross band on his arm. He was an American medic. I told him to get his ass across the firebreak. I again got Rollins to his feet and helped him across the firebreak and turned him over to a medic to give him first aid treatment. The medic that came out of that woods in front of me looked around six feet tall and wore glasses.

Although all the firing had stopped, the Company was spread out because of the fire fight. I climbed into a fox hole with my friend Wilson which was near the firebreak. I could look into that area for quite a ways just in case they tried to come into our defense line. Soon I heard a couple of Germans talking in loud voices. I said to Wilson, "I wonder

what they are saying". Tom said, "one is telling Otto to watch that the limbs of the low trees do not snap back and hit him in the face". No German came into our line and Lt. Hungate took over the Company. Assessments were made of the damage to our Company. How many were wounded and killed. Then all the platoons went back to the section they had been assigned to and everybody worked on their fox holes.

Some of the assessments of the afternoon battle were as follow:

The Second Platoon was sent into the gap to try to contact the enemy. They were advancing on the left side of the woods where the Third Platoon, under the command of Lt. Tom Woods and Platoon Sgt. Joseph McClure were. Billy Hitchcock was the first scout and his job was to keep his eyes to the front, left and right just in case more Germans were moved in the night before. I was told by Sgt. McClure to especially pay attention to the Second Platoon to the left.

It was not long before we heard gun fire and it began to get heavy. I saw what I assumed was a messenger moving backwards among the trees but what was really happening was the Second Platoon had run into a large number of troops and were being forced back.

One soldier, as I was told later, Abraham Matza, who was hit in the leg was told to crawl back towards the firebreak. He told his Sgt. that it was a slight wound and that he would cover the platoon's withdrawal as he was a Browning Automatic Rifle man and the platoon would need its fire power. The Second Platoon did not just rush back out of the woods but fought a delaying action instead.

The Third Platoon's job was to come up on the flank when the Second Platoon made an attack but that was not possible as the Second Platoon was moving back and we had not received a message or any signals. So I advanced until I was fired upon and hit the ground, and our platoon had to start doing our fighting from there.

I would just be repeating what I wrote before about my part in the battle and seeing our new H Company Capt. killed when he got up and hollered for the next in command to take over.

Later I talked to Bob Keller when this fire fight was over and someone from the Second Platoon gave Lt. Woods a picture of just what was going on. Lt. Woods and the runner prepared to go back into that woods. Pvt. Drews, the runner, told Keller that it was hotter than hell and that lead was flying all over the place and he sure hated to go back to where the fighting was going on. Later on, Lt. Woods was killed and so was Pvt. Drews.

I found out from PFC Bennie Rollins, the soldier I had thrown down behind a hump of ground that was wounded by an exploding bullet, that he saw Lt. Woods laying there and he was quivering all over. Bennie came back to the front and he was wearing the brass casing of the exploding bullet on a chain around his neck.

PFC Matza gave his life protecting the men of the Second Platoon and he took a heavy toll of Germans before they got to him. I heard he got the highest award. Sgt. George McCall told me that Matza had parents in a German slave labor camp.

Another story was Leonard F. Trottier who had crawled in front of a German machine that was so well camouflaged that he never saw it. The German was the only one manning the machine gun and he gave up to Leonard. He was brought back to the Company and gave Lt. Hungate the story. Hungate told him to take him down to the prisoner of war camp and be back in five minutes. Leonard told Lt. Hungate no I'm not going to shoot the man. He spared my life for his. Hungate took out his pistol and shot the German dead right in front of him. I will say one thing for Hungate, he became the Company Captain and a tough one. I guess he figured he was not sent overseas to cuddle the enemy. But in the case of Leonard Trottier he was wrong.

Another boy of my squad, Alton J. Pace was hit and while he lay there wounded, the Germans bayoneted him to death.

Years later I was working at the White Motors Company on St. Clair and East 79th Street in Cleveland and during a lunch break a group of men got on the subject of the Battle of the Bulge. A man from the 2nd Armored Division, Andy Lorange, was telling about his experience on that front and when he had finished I started to talk about our battle in the woods. I got around to Alton Pace and how he was murdered. I told them that Tom told me he was from Thomas, West Virginia and that his father was the town's Blacksmith. One of the men standing near me said, "Bill, Tom was my cousin and his father always wondered what happened to him". I told him, "Just to tell his father that Tom died a brave soldier". Which he did, fighting for his country.

Somebody said something about hot chow coming up, so in the mean time everybody started to improve their fox holes or slit trench. Sgt. Butsicaris, my fox hole buddy, and I had a slit trench because we ran into sand stone about a foot down, so we piled up rocks all around us and fixed it so we would have a good view to our front

I layed my hands on about 30 hand grenades and had them stocked neatly as if on a shelf. We also got plenty of ammo for my M1 and for the Greek's Grease Gun. Then I sat in that trench and studied every angle of approach to our hole, both left, right and in the center. In the dark I would know just were to toss the grenades if attacked.

It began to get dark in that forest a little after four and word came over from H Company, who was on our right, that an air burst of an 88 had killed their supply Sergeant and his assistant in their fox hole. Later on, A Company sent word to be on the look out for Germans because one who had approached their area and was halted by a PFC who

failed to ask for the pass word because the German said he was an officer checking the boys to see that they had gloves and food. When he got close he killed the PFC by shooting him. Before the A Company's men could react, he ran off into the dark. "Make sure you ask for the pass word" was good advice by A Company, because it came into play for our Company that night.

About ten o'clock B Company was marched through our Company area and across the fire break and into that part of the gap where we had been fighting the last couple of days. The Germans must have pulled back, maybe because of the fight that day, but more likely to attack us that night because we had given them so much trouble. Their idea was to wipe us out. B Company could not have been all the way dug in and even at that the Germans probably got the surprise of their life to find a company of men had moved in on ground they thought they owned.

Nothing happened until around 12 midnight, when off to my right, down by the fire break across from A Company I heard our Browning Automatic man shout "halt". Francis DeBolt made no mistake. He asked for the pass word. The German did not know it and then and there a gun dual started. The German's Burp gun was firing tracers and for some reason DeBolt's BAR gun had a clip. You could see the bullets crossing one another and DeBolt scored. The German had a death grip on the trigger and he let out a death scream as his bullets arched in a circle in the air. Those Germans had gotten almost on top of our fox holes and they opened up with machine guns, burp guns, rifles and grenades. They were using a lot of tracers. What I did that afternoon of studying out the land in front on me came in handy and I know those Germans were getting a good taste of our pineapples. The hand grenades, or potato mashers, smelled like rotten eggs. I was pitching them out there like I was having a try-out for the Cleveland Indians.

They backed off and all became quiet. You could hear one of their officers having roll call. I had never heard that before in battle. Reorganized, they came charging up along our defense line calling us every name they could by their tongue. Yonkies, Betty Grable, lousy bastards. They hit us like mad men and again we held. Back again for roll call and one of them was wounded in front of us so bad that he was moaning and calling for his German mother...Mudder, Oh Mudder!

While they were having roll call, our men began to taunt them by hollering at them, "Hey Henie, we got Betty Gable up here with us..." or "Did you Germans have your suppers? Come up, I'll give you a belly full of lead".

They came, charging up again like they were insane. Shouting and screaming half German and half English. They were so fanatical they seemed to abandon all reality of life and were going to bust through our lines at any cost. It got so bad that the new Captain Hungate ordered our own artillery on our own lines and the Germans started to use their 88's. The shells came in so close. You would all of a sudden feel a big vacuum of air, a swish and the big explosion. One shell threw a big rock in the air. It came down on my fox hole and onto my buddy's back. The Greek's eyes got big. He said, "Hitch, I am hit". I ran my hand down his back. I lifted the rock off and told the Greek, "You're not hurt." For revenge he sprayed the front of our fox hole with his grease gun.

All during the battle my M1 did nothing but jam. I laid it along side of the slit trench and kicked the bolt back and forth as I used it. It jammed on every shot. All those grenades I stocked up saved my life and the Greek's because I was not about to die without using them and use them I did.

The battle raged long into the night and each time we beat off an attack there would be the lull and the roll call and toward morning few names were giving the "ya" sound.

Remember the name Otto, whose buddy told him to watch the limb does not fly back and hit him in the face? His name was coming up quite a lot and then he too was not answering "ya" when his name was called.

Finally it was over around 5:30 and all became quiet but we still stayed on the alert just in case. After a battle like this everybody was at a feverish pitch and you couldn't sleep. You kept wondering how many of your buddies made it through the night.

Daylight no sooner hit than Sgt. McClure and McCall were out of there fox holes to check up on the men and the damage that was done.

You could see the ferocity of the battle by the dead men jailed up in front of fox holes and a couple of dead Germans hanging half way in fox holes, that the American soldier's gave their all. The trees had fresh splinter marks where the many bullets from all types of guns had hit and limbs knocked down by artillery mortars and grenades.

I got to my friend, Bob Keller's, fox hole. He told me that Leonard Trottier had been killed along with Robert E. Matney. Leonard had been shot in the brain. The Germans had gotten right up to their fox hole and were spraying both soldiers. Keller, about ten feet away, turned his BAR gun on them and they both fell dead in that fox hole.

I found out years later that Leonard lived through this ordeal. Before they loaded the dead on a truck, some conscientious 75th Medic took the pulse of all the men. When he came to Leonard he felt a pulse. He was rushed to the nearest field hospital where they did for him what they could and then flew him right back to the states. What had saved Leonard's life was the cold weather. Where he had been shot in the head the blood had frozen like a plug, keeping him from bleeding to death.

Although he has to use a wheel chair and a cane and a walker, Leonard is alive today. The bullet had hit the mechanical part of his brain. He keeps sharp by fishing with his brother and joining chess tournaments. He enjoys the games and sometimes he wins a little prize money.

At the height of this night battle some men were sent over to A Company to get much needed ammunition. Some came back but one Sgt. Garland T. Purcell. He apparently got confused in the dark and walked into the Germans line. A few days later when the battalion got orders to move forward, they found him. He had been knocked down and bayoneted in the back and left for dead. At some time he must have come to. He had gotten out his small Bible, a page was opened and his face was laying on that open page. The blood had run out of his mouth from his wound onto the Bible's page.

Garland was a very compassionate person and as a Company Clerk, if word came to him of a tragedy in one of the Company men's family, he was right over to regimental headquarters, getting the red cross to set up an emergency leave. You could always count on Garland. His parents must have been killed because two aunts brought him up and he was so shy that he would not take a shower in front of the men. There was nothing wrong with him. That is the way he was brought up. He would wait until one or one thirty when everybody was asleep before he would use the shower room. All the men missed him. He was one swell person.

I did not see it, but Bob Keller told me that during the day after this big battle, that Colonel Smith appeared on the scene with some staff members and they were carrying a board with a map showing where our soldiers were and the Germans. Blue and red thumb tacks. Some sniper still in the woods threw a shot his way and he leaped down in the fox hole and drew his Patton like pistols and was shouting "let me at them". Some private told him you cannot get them down here, you have to get out of the hole where you can see them. I will tell you if Bob Keller saw it, I believe it. He was as tough a soldier as ever hit the front lines. Sgt. McClure told me that Major Fluck was up there during the night of heavy fighting and he was crawling all over the place giving encouragement to the men.

Sgt. Butsicaris and me had a forward fox hole so it did not pay for anyone to be crawling that far forward. They would not be alive so we did not see the Major but I knew he was around. He always was when things got hot. You could count on that. I would not have wanted him to crawl and expose himself to the Germans to be killed.

The Major and Sgt. McClure counted 82 dead Germans in our front and that after noon John Bales and I got the sniper. I went down along the rest of the line and spoke to Daniel Colyer and DeBolt. I wanted to see how all our company made out.

I came back up to my slit trench and Sgt. Butsicaris was talking about all the tinsel that the air force had dropped in the woods to foil the German radar. They decorated our trees on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth. We watched as some of our fighter planes were battling the Germans. One of our planes was smoking and going down and everybody on the line was hollering, "jump, jump".

That was such a big raid on Germany by our B-17 that they said the first planes were bombing Berlin and turning around and coming back when the last ones were taking off from England.

I got my hands on a Stars and Stripes paper and I was reading it in the slit trench. Some Air Force pilot was telling how much he respected those Infantry men and Artillery and Armored outfits. He said he could get in his plane, make his mission, land back at the airport and get a hot meal and sleep in a clean bed but those poor bastards below him were freezing their cans off. Eating cold rations, walking and fighting in hip deep snow and sleeping in fox holes in unnatural cold weather. I told the Greek that I respected that pilot because he helped bomb the Germans armor and strafe their artillery and troops. They did an awful lot to help us and they saved lives.

We stayed up in the woods in our fox holes for a few more days and finally word came up we were going to be relieved and as we were marching out of our section a tree burst killed Pvt. James V. Petrillo. He was a small Italian boy with big pop eyes and a voice like a bull frog. People got a kick out of him. I was near Capt. Hungate when he got the news and he said "When I heard little Eight Ball got killed I could shed a few tears". Eight Ball was his nick name.

I had developed a tickling cold which had me coughing constantly so when our formation came out of the woods and in front of the house and the barn that the medic used, they said, "anyone for sick call go into the barn". They had some folding chairs sitting in a circle and I sat in one. It was warm in the barn and because of lack of sleep on the front the warmth made me drift off to sleep. I felt a tap on my shoes and the medic told me to take off my shoes. I told him I had a cold and came to get some cough syrup. He said, "take off your shoes, I was told to check everybody's feet" and sure enough mine were frozen.

I was put on a truck with some other soldiers and taken to the 16 General Hospital and that was the end of the Battle of the Bulge for me. I never got back to my outfit until they were on the Maas River in Holland.

Before the trucks left, Sgt. McClure told me that one of the other Sergeants the day before had killed seven Germans in the fire fight in the Gap like he was hunting rabbits down south. I guess the ferocity of the fights finally got to him. He said the Sgt. was sitting by a tree when they got to him and the medic finally, with help, got him back for help.

I also talked to James Lynch a Sergeant in our platoon. He told me that during roll call, the Germans were having, that they called out the name Otto and he had not gone back for roll call apparently because he did not want to come back up through the hail of lead we were throwing and he laid in front of Lynch's fox hole. When they called his name he answered "ya" and Lynch filled him full of lead.

Another young Italian boy was sent back, he was shell shocked.

To summarize the situation in the Gap as a fox hole private and First Scout:

As far as the Germans were concerned, it was ground they held and they were moving more troops into it for a big attack to even widen the Gap to bring up more heavy equipment. The town of Liege was their target. Near A Company's area was a good road and if they could shove C and A Company out they would widen the Gap by several thousand yards and a bigger gap would be a thorn in the side of the 75th and the 509th Para Infantry Bn.

Sadzot happened to be a spot in the Gap where there were no troops to stop them and when they hit that area they were also hitting the rest of us. We were fighting like hell to survive ourselves. The first battalion 289th did a magnificent job in the woods that night. The Germans could not push A, B, or C Companies out of the area.

The [A Co 509th PI Bn] attacked the Germans that broke through the four point two mortar men [B Co 87 Mortar Bn] the next day, [28 Dec 44] and were driving them back towards A, B, and C Companies. We could hear the battle drawing near. I know A Company 289th was ready. C Company 289th was ready and so was B Company 289th. The battle was just on the hill behind us and the German artillery was firing over our heads into the battle area. If they started to appear over the hill they would have been sandwiched right between the 509th and the first battalion of the 289th [CO CCA called up the 2d B 112 Inf Regt to aid in the attack to drive the Germans back out of the Gap].

It became quiet and it was over. In those desperate days all the American outfits, attacking south from the Manhay-Soy-Hotton Road, the 75th ID, 82nd PIP, 28th ID, 83rd ID, 3rd AD, 517th PIR, and the 509th PI Bn did a magnificent job. The 75th played a big part in helping to contain the Germans in the Bulge and to finally push them out and back into Germany.

Sgt. Joe McClure told me that people like Robert Keller come along once in a life time and Joe is right. I am glad that men like Bob Keller, Joe McClure, George McCall and most of C Company people came along in my life. They are like all the people of the 75th - great.

Bill Hitchcock
Feb 1994

A Closing Thought from the Editor

THAT'S ALL 'TIL FALL !

Ray Smith, Editor
Rob Smith, Treasurer and Publisher

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Ingles, Ernest (Ruth Brown)	517 437 4704	1341 Hudson Road	Hillsdale	MI	49242-9345
<i>Jarrell, Melvin/"Bill" (Buelah)</i>	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
Lauland, Byron J. (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
Lauland, Eric J. (John's son)*	504 341 8911	1035 Cedre Dr	Westwego	LA	70094-4533
<i>Lewis, Charlotte A. (Rudy G.'s dgtr)</i>	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
Nelson, Gilbert M. L/290	781 740 2573	301 Linden Ponds Way, #407	Hingham	MA	02043
<i>Parsons, Nina (Orland's widow)</i>	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. (Janet)	913 961 5839	1024 S 11 th Street	Louisburg	KS	66053
Raze, Grace J. (Dal's widow)*	unknown	c/o James Raze - 6008 Merryvale Court	Springfield	VA	22152
<i>Rezach, Howard (Janet)</i>	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)	904 743 6933	5353 Arlington Expressway - Apt #11M	Jacksonville	FL	32211
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. (Ann) A/290</i>	606 744 6594	103 Hampton Avenue	Winchester	KY	40391
Uremovich, Niklos (Katie)	513 753 5887	3678 Bristol Lake	Amelia	OH	45102
Wallace, Lovell R.	805 649 2224	130 Sunset Avenue	Oakview	CA	93022-9750
Yack, Donald M.	435 353 4432	Box 241	Neola	UT	84053-0241

Note:

Bold, non-italic print reflects a client's valid subscription through April 2006
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 04/01/2006

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

Lennie Dale Bell	Hdq Plt Mail clrk	2 Nov 1994 - Lebanon, KS
John F. Benfield	4 th Plt Sergeant	17 Apr 1988 - Seattle WA
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
Paul C. Graves	S/Sgt 2 nd Plt 1 st Sqd	15 Jan 2005: Paris, KY
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
Charles Grose	Hdq Recon, 2 nd 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 rd Plt driver	1995
Frank T. Kysar	4 th Plt	1992
Joe Lassiter	unknown	1977
John D. Lauland, Jr.	3 rd Plt 3 rd Sqd	18 Sep 1995-Westwego, LA-of cancer
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
William C. Nichols	3 rd Plt Ldr-1 st Lt	14 Nov 2006-Cheyenne WY unk cause
Edward K. Norfleet	1 st Plt 3 rd Sqd	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
Predose Sittig	2 nd Plt 3 rd Sqd	12 Oct 2005 of cancer at Eunice, LA
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 him at raysmith111@comcast.net