



SUMMER EDITION

JULY 2007

### **The AT Company's Latest Casualty:**

I'm distressed to report the loss of one of our most faithful supporters, Lt. (Ret) Robert F. McElroy. Bob died in the early morning hours of February 28<sup>th</sup> in the kitchen of his own home in North Babylon, LI, New York. His death was totally unexpected but considering the circumstances, was likely heart-related. Besides his wife and immediate family, he left an indescribable emptiness within Rob Smith and myself (Ray Smith) of the M/C staff for whom he had become a mentor, loyal friend, buddy, and regular contributor to our newsletter. The contributions both Bob and his wife, Tommie, have made toward the vitality of the M/C doubtless saved it from faltering several times since I became its editor 15 years ago in June 1992. I know that both Rob, our publisher, and I will miss immeasurably the leadership he provided during those civilian years he shared with us...And I'm just as sure his camaraderie will be missed by those of you who also came to know him since 1945. His photo with Rob Smith to his left, taken as they enjoyed a 75<sup>th</sup> Association meeting together last year, is reproduced below in his memory. We'll miss you, Bob.



### **Conclusion of Richard H. Montgomery's 1945 Remembrance:**

In this issue we bring to you the conclusion of Richard Montgomery's December 1945 journal, written as a member of Company E, 290<sup>th</sup> Infantry. We resume his recollections at the point where he and his "partner", PFC Herbert J. Brown, were finishing a new foxhole outside of Wy, Belgium. It had been begun by them on the 29<sup>th</sup> of December and was pretty much complete by the next day, December 30. Continuing, then.....

Brown was always hungry and had a terrific appetite for C-rations, which were getting pretty hard for me to eat, already. Brown always ate, even at night when we couldn't heat the rations in any way. The cans would be frozen solid, and it took quite a bit of effort to loosen a bite from the can. Brown would open a can on his two hours of guard and then sit it up on top of the hole. When I was standing guard, the smell of the food would make me hungry, and I would finish it off. The first night this happened, Brown couldn't figure out what was happening to the cans he was opening. The intense cold was giving us a terrific appetite. Occasionally, we would get some of the Army's D-ration, which was a chocolate bar. This bar was supposed to be consumed slowly in 30 minutes. I never saw one last over 30 seconds. They were so scarce that there was usually an argument over the distribution. In this position, we got water from another foxhole which somebody had dug and abandoned. We were so miserable that any fear of disease from water was the least of our worries.

On the 2nd of January 1945, the ration detail brought out mail, writing paper, and a copy of Stars and Stripes. We read in the paper about the German breakthrough and figured out from the map approximately where we were. This was our first knowledge of the matter, and we began to realize the seriousness of our position. Certainly, we weren't the well-informed soldiers that the papers in the States had led us to believe we would be. I think this was one of the most criminal errors the officers in our outfit made. Perhaps it was the company commander's fault (Capt. William S. Dillon was not liked by his troops). During the entire war, he never once came out to see where his men were or what condition they were in. Although we didn't particularly want to see him, anyway, it was his duty primarily to see to the health and care of his men. Writing on a B.A.R. magazine in my foxhole, I wrote my first letter home and hoped it wouldn't be my last.

On one occasion, we got orders from the company CP to send out a patrol behind our lines to look for a German tank. This tank was thought to be hiding in a haystack and every haystack in sight was to be set on fire with tracer ammunition. I got picked for this detail along with Sgt. Miller, Sanchez, and Gerstle. We went back a mile or so, and I never

saw so many haystacks. They seemed to be everywhere we looked. We investigated a few, decided the whole thing was ridiculous, and gave it up. We ran into another outfit, and they told us that they thought there wasn't anyone in front of them. Coming back in, we were standing on top of a hill for a rest and drew some artillery fire from the enemy. We were so far back from the line that we had become a little careless. They missed us, however. We came in through Company C, which was on our left, and I found that Leslie was missing in action (Bill Leslie had been captured by the Germans).

On the morning of the 3rd of January, Tupper came down to the hole and told us he wanted us to move back down to the edge of the woods. Brown was sent back to start the new hole. After an hour or so, I had cause to go back to my old hole to get something (I've forgotten what it was). When I got there, I found a tree burst right over the hole had destroyed quite a lot of our equipment. The lower halves of our overcoats had been thoroughly riddled and a cleaning rod had been cut in two, with the pieces curled up like fish hooks. By that time, we had also obtained sleeping bags and they were full of holes. Anyway, Tupper had saved me from getting shot up by making me move back.

I have heard many combat soldiers say that they would never get in a sleeping bag. It was dangerous, but the intense cold caused Brown and me to practically live in ours. We stood guard in them and once went for a period of 24 hours without getting out of them or putting our shoes on. This probably saved my feet from going bad as fast as those of some of the boys who hadn't taken their shoes off since we started fighting. Taking your shoes off was a good way to commit suicide if you ever got in a position where it was necessary to retreat very rapidly, and this was a very important consideration in those days.

Brown came back from town with a chicken, and this he cooked in the woods behind our hole. Before the chicken was done, we caught an artillery barrage from the enemy, and I thought Brown was going to get hit before he would leave his precious chicken. The shells got a little too close, however, and cussing fluently, he made a dive for the hole. Incidentally, the chicken wasn't hurt and was the best thing we had tasted in a long time. We seasoned it with bullion powder, which comes in the dry C-rations and K-rations. Brown always prided himself on his cooking, calling it "Mother Brown's Home Style C-Rations."

We managed to find a pot in town and made soup out of the rations by adding water and breaking up the hard C-ration crackers in the soup. It wasn't too bad that way. At least, it was a change. We made another variation by mixing the powdered chocolate with snow.

I stayed in this position for two days, and then Tupper came down and moved me up with Sanchez to a hole that was back in the woods about 25 yards. Brown didn't like this because he wanted to stay with me, but Sanchez told Tupper he didn't want to be a squad leader unless I was his assistant. Sanchez always inspired me with a lot of confidence and I liked to be with him.

The 84th Division, to which we were attached, came up the night of the 4th and dug in behind us. The next morning, they attacked through our positions successfully and pushed the Jerries back a mile or so. When they attacked, I was watching off to the right where a German had been shooting at me for some time. I finally picked out a clump of bushes which seemed a likely place for him to be and let him have a full clip of B.A.R. ammo. He got up and ran, so I gave him another clip and he disappeared. He may have escaped, but if he did, he was probably captured because the 84th had cut him off from the rest of his men.

That night, on a ration detail, I heard a man moaning in the road. I stooped over him to see if he was a G.I. He wasn't. There was a tank coming, so I let him lay. I could have kicked him out of the way, but Germans weren't very popular with me at the time. Anyway, he might have been booby trapped or have thrown a hand grenade at me, but I doubt it. The tank finished him off efficiently and thoroughly.

Some of the details of this period of the campaign I have overlooked. The engineers had laid a mine field behind our positions and the ration details had to walk through this mine field, thus adding greatly to our worries. There was a path in the snow that went right between the mines, and since it [snowed frequently,] this path could become quite difficult to follow. One night, the engineers were called in to lay mines in front of our positions. They started the mine field, but the Jerries lit up the area with a flare and they departed. The next morning, we found piles of mines stacked about 75 yards from our holes, a threat to us if hit by an enemy artillery shell. All the mortars in the battalion had been put in the town of Wy, and the mortar sections would fire and then run for the nearest basement to get out of the way of enemy artillery coming back at them.

S/Sgt. Calloska, the platoon guide, cooked two chickens once for the platoon and rationed them out. He asked Gerstle how he liked it. Gerstle replied that his was "a little tough". To fully appreciate the remark, a little explanation is needed. We hadn't had anything except C-rations since Christmas Eve. Galloska blew his top at Gerstle, but everybody else had a good laugh out of it. Turkey was supposed to have been prepared for the troops for New Year's Day or Christmas, I'm not sure which. Our cooks sent ours up in mess kits, with each mess kit packed full of turkey, mashed potatoes, and peas. We got them two days after they had been prepared and they had become frozen. The potatoes and peas were inedible, and the whole meal had an odor about it that was highly discouraging. We ate the turkey, anyway.

To add to our general misery, most of the men had diarrhea, and it seemed that every time they would take down their pants, the enemy would throw in a few shells. It was a familiar sight to see a man cutting off his underwear with his trench knife. It was usually unsafe to take off your trousers and shoes in the front lines. In some cases, it would get so bad that a man would have to go back to the rear to look for new clothing, but the problem had to be acute before this [became necessary]. The cooks were particularly generous in giving us clothing, and Longelier, our company cook gave his complete uniform away so many times that it got to be a habit with him.

We got some replacements (six for our platoon) on the evening of the 6th of January. That night, we also got orders to move and the whole company assembled in our platoon area. It was pitch dark and snowing a little, and since by this time, we were behind the lines quite some distance, some of the men were smoking. The officers were raising hell about this when an enemy plane, with its motors cut, came in and dropped three bombs. They missed us by about 50 yards. How this plane spotted us is beyond me. I don't think the cigarettes were visible, but it was possible. Anyway, there wasn't any more smoking. There were some tanks with us and they had their radios on. Probably, the plane came in on those radios. Nobody was hit, but a terrific amount of confusion was caused by this unexpected attack.

We marched all that night, and morning found us in a town that had just been taken. This was the town of Magoster, and it was full of snipers who proved to be very elusive, though not too effective. I did see one lieutenant with his ear shot away. He didn't seem to mind, and was still trying to get the sniper who got him. We moved through the town and dug in. Sanchez and I covered our hole with a barn door and some dirt. The Jerries threw in a barrage just before dark and got Gannon's (PFC Richard J. Gannon's) legs and killed one of our replacements who had been with the platoon just 24 hours.

We moved again the next morning, leaving Tracy (not listed under casualties) where he died covered with a blanket. This time, we dug in and built very secure fortifications with logs and dirt. That night, however, before we got a chance to sleep, we got orders to move. I was miserably tired by this time and my back was so sore from digging that I could barely stand up. On top of this condition, Tupper had given me an M1 rifle with a grenade launcher and a bag full of grenades. The M1 plus my B.A.R. was too much for me. I told Tupper I couldn't do it, so he suggested to me that the B.A.R. "might get hit by shrapnel". It was hit immediately. I set it up facing the enemy and took off with the standard equipment of an assistant squad leader ---an M1 with a grenade launcher attached.

Everybody was pretty disgusted to leave these new positions and take off again. We marched back through Magoster and soon it was apparent that we were lost. The C.O. went into a house and told the executive officer to take the men out some place and have them dig in. In this particular instance, we had no idea of even which way the enemy was. It was snowing and we were all ready to drop. Nobody dug in. Most of us got into a little gully which gave us some protection from the wind and, getting as close together as possible for warmth, went to sleep.

When we awoke in the morning, we were covered with several inches of snow and all of our equipment was frozen solid. One man, Hewitt, had taken his shoes off and couldn't get them back on again. His shoes had frozen and his feet had swollen. We went on and left Hewitt standing there in the snow holding his shoes in his hands. I never saw him again or heard what happened to him.

We then began an approach march. The snow was still coming down---wet, and particularly annoying. When we got to the final line of departure, Fiore fell over in the snow, moaning that he couldn't go any farther. Afterwards, I found out that he had acute appendicitis. Eventually, he got back to the platoon before the war was over and was made a buck sergeant. We met no opposition in the tack chat morning, the 8th of January, but Sgt. Getzy (Sgt. Edward Getzy) of second platoon was killed accidentally by his own hand grenade, and three other men were wounded in the explosion.

The positions we took that day were German dugouts. In one of these, I found a pair of German field glasses. A few prisoners were taken and we found [illegible].

On 10 January, we were sent out on the same mission and met some American tanks on the road. They were happy to see us, and the feeling was mutual. Sanchez and a sergeant from F Company went into a house on the other side of the road, and in doing so, were fired upon by a sniper. Sanchez got the sniper with his grease gun. The tankers found a prisoner in the basement of the house. This prisoner had the misfortune of possessing a Ronson cigarette lighter, and he met the fate both sides meted out in such circumstances.

When we returned to our positions, the battalion had left, except for two vehicles, which were gathering up the equipment left in the holes by the men who had been evacuated. Dodd (there is no "Dodd" on 10 Jan. casualty list) had been evacuated, and the rest of the six replacements were gone, plus some of the other boys who were in pretty bad condition. The officer in charge of the vehicles told us we were going to be given a rest. We rode the vehicles back to where the remainder of the company was. The men certainly needed a rest. They hadn't shaved or washed since before Christmas, and were a pretty rough looking lot.

The promised rest raised spirits immensely, and when the trucks came to pick us up, the men started singing, laughing, and joking as they hadn't done (or what felt like an eternity). It was the first chance we had had to get the company together since we had jumped off on Christmas Eve. Quite a few of the men were unrecognizable with their beards and

dirty faces. Until a man spoke, you wouldn't know who he was. Voices were very important in combat, and were usually a lot better than passwords for recognition purposes.

We rode around till midnight that night in open trucks, and in very cool weather. It was a miserable ride and would have been more miserable, had we known what was ahead of us. It seems that the traffic control MP's re-routed us that night, and when we got off the trucks, the officers weren't sure where we were. They got their map boards out and went inside a house to talk it over.

We stood outside the house and stomped our feet, trying to get warm. After an hour or so of the ridiculous situation, we started marching and marched for twelve miles. I tried to fall out once and go in a house alongside the road, but the whole column followed me, and I had to lead them back on the road. Brown and Sanchez, however, stayed in the house and got a little well-deserved rest. We finally got to a town and the platoon was put in a barn to sleep. The barn didn't have a roof, but we burrowed into the snow and tried to get warm.

On the march, we passed 240 artillery pieces, 150 4.2-inch mortars, and finally heard the familiar ring of German machine guns. We had also passed part of the 82nd Airborne Division, who thought we were relieving them. For these reasons, we thought we were pretty close to the front. As a matter of fact, we were in front of it as we found out the next day, when an American patrol came into the town and informed us that the town hadn't been officially taken yet, and that in the hills on our left were the Germans...And on our right, also in the hills, were the American lines. We then got orders to stay inside all day. This we did, and that night we sneaked out of the town with 20-yard intervals between men and commenced the march back to where we had left the trucks. This march cost us quite a few men and weakened others to such an extent that they couldn't go much farther. Sanchez and Brown rejoined us and had a good laugh at our expense---they had missed ten miles of this foolish marching.

On the 14th of January, we got into a town, got a hot meal, and slept under a roof. The platoon was all in one small attic equipped with a stove. Brown found a feather mattress in a nearby house which was blown up. We went to sleep on that mattress. The combination of heat and hot food caused all of us to have terrific nightmares. Some of the boys got sick or woke up screaming.

When I woke up, I wasn't on the mattress, but had crawled out on the floor, still in my sleeping bag. I knew I was sick and was going to vomit as soon as I sat up, so I told the boys to unzip me and clear a path to the door. They did, and I made it down the stairs, out of the house, and was immediately sick as a dog. So were quite a few of the others, but we went back to take a shower that day in a quartermaster depot 20 or 30 miles away. We used our filthy underwear for towels and the quartermaster supplied us with some clean clothes. The Belgian people, seeing our miserable condition, gorged us on bread and jam that they could hardly spare. Some of the boys got hold of some whiskey and got drunk.

Meehan was examining Sanchez's grease gun and fired a shot through the wall of a room. The woman who was giving us her last loaf of bread, started crying and I thought she was going to have a nervous breakdown. It was almost dark when we got back to the company. We moved that night from division reserve to regimental reserve in another town, and my platoon was billeted on the floor of a café, with a battery of 105's firing from right behind the building.

We got a night's rest, however, and the next day we sat around the fire writing letters and discussing whether the shells going off around us were coming in or going out. A hail of shrapnel put an end to the argument, and everyone grabbed his helmet and hit the floor. The roof of this café was full of holes, and at night was probably visible to "Bad-Check Charlie", but he didn't bother us. It was in this café that I first got to know S/Sgt. Mosher of the second platoon, which was billeted with us.

We stayed in this town until the 17th, then left to help take Vielsalm. The Germans were retreating in our sector and we managed to get to Vielsalm quite easily. The division engineers even came up and threw a board across the Salm River so we wouldn't get our feet wet. Vielsalm was the largest town we had been in and it looked pretty good to us. General Prickett came up that day, and seeing the plight of some of our men, ordered his aide to take off his arctics (overshoes) and give them to Benedict, one of the men in my platoon.

We found a beautiful house that the Jerries had just left. Wine was poured in glasses on the tables and some Jerry equipment was still in the house. We drank the wine and found it was very good. Lt. Dowler came around a little later, and seeing the half-empty bottles all over the room, exclaimed, "My God, you didn't drink that stuff, did you?" Sanchez replied, "Hell no! It might be poisoned." After the lieutenant left, we finished it off. We put guards out and went to sleep, but were soon awakened and told we had to move out to the next town, called Neuville.

We expected opposition, but didn't meet any, and the men dug in around the outside of the house we were in. We took turns standing guard. On the 18th, the 3rd Battalion tried to take the next town up the road, called Burtonville. They met heavy opposition, and Brown, Sanchez, and Miller volunteered to go up and bring back their prisoners. The road was under sniper fire and when Sanchez came back with the prisoners, he told me he wanted to go get those snipers, and I said I'd go with him. However, he had to take the prisoners back to Vielsalm, and in the meantime, our battalion got orders to clear out the snipers. It was decided that the whole battalion would be needed, so we moved out of Neuville and started an attack in the afternoon.

We crossed a field and got into the woods where the snipers were, but they called artillery in on us and we had to retreat. Lt. Howler was wounded in this retreat (2Lt Dean C. Dowler is listed as a casualty on 29 January 1945. We pulled back across the field and dug in. This was the 19th of January. That night we got a substantial number of new men and two new officers.

There were about 40 replacements for the company and they sure picked a terrible night to join us. A blizzard was starting, and the snow, which so far was only about fifteen inches deep, was getting deeper. Luckily, they had a lot of equipment, such as shelter halves, sleeping bags, and dry blankets. The old men had lost most of their stuff by that time. Tupper came past my hole and asked me if I wanted to go into town and get some straw. This we did. S/Sgt. Foss was evacuated that night with frozen feet (no S/Sgt. Foss was listed as a casualty).

The next day we attacked again, with Company F in the lead. We drew artillery fire while crossing the field and we had to send for tanks to help us out. We sweated out the artillery while the tanks were coming, and then started the attack again. McCauslin (PFC Clarence McCauslin), a B.A.R. man who was right in front of me at the time, stopped a machine gun bullet and went down. We retreated again, and I noticed that Tupper was bleeding in the face. A bullet had glanced off a helmet in front of him, and a piece of the bullet had hit him in the cheek. There were a lot of men lying in a gully in the field, and they had their heads buried in the snow. I thought they were dead, for there were shell holes all around them. When I asked if all these men were dead, one of them raised his head and said, "No, I'm not, but that guy over beside you is." F Company hadn't retreated and I remembered McCauslin was lying out there. S/Sgt. Calloska and I went to get him. He seemed to be okay. The bullet had hit him in the thighbone, but hadn't come out anywhere. I gave him one of my last two blankets, and he said he'd write us from Chicago, which he did.

We went back up then, this time to stay. S/Sgt. Renick of F Company charged across an open space of 75 yards and threw a grenade into a Jerry machine gun nest, killing three, and wounding the other one with his rifle. Renick then made a mistake that cost him his life. A Jerry came out to surrender, but when Renick got out of the Jerry hole he was in to take him prisoner, another Jerry sniper shot him through the heart. Another man who had crossed with Renick stuck his head out of the Jerry hole and the sniper fired a round at him. The bullet hit the loose dirt or parapet of the foxhole and blew the man's lower jaw completely off. When I got there, this man was still alive, but blood from the wound had frozen on the front of his uniform. He could move his eyes and the sight was too much for me. I told Tupper that if that ever happened to me, to be sure and put me out of my misery immediately. We didn't have any morphine for this man because the medics were busy elsewhere with the wounded. I don't think anyone could die a much more pitiful or miserably slow death than that boy did.

The Jerries wouldn't let us alone, and an artillery barrage was thrown in on top of us while we were digging in. This cost us Benedict (not listed) from my platoon and I don't know how many from F Company. Some of the replacements were also hit, but I didn't know them so their loss didn't affect me the way the loss of Benedict and McCauslin did. The Jerries then counter attacked, and it was only Tupper's order for everybody to fire whether they saw anything or not that saved us from another rout.

The Jerries were dressed in white snow suits and were invisible, but the terrific firepower which we threw at them drove them off. One or two surrendered. We sent one of these out to tell the rest to surrender, but they told us to go to hell. The Jerries then tried a few tricks on us. They yelled for medics in English, thus adding to the general uproar. Some of the men tried to flank them, but didn't succeed. One of our new lieutenants, Lt. Latimer, them blew the head off the Jerry whom Renick had wounded. At the time, this act revolted me. I thought there had been enough bloodshed for one afternoon.

The boy with his jaw shot off had been thrown out of his hole and the snow was beginning to cover him up, as it had already done for Renick. (Note: There is no Renick listed under January casualties. It is highly possible that he may have been listed as missing in action as a result of not being found in the snow.) As darkness came, the officers decided to pull back across the 75 yards, which had proved so costly, in order to give us a field of fire. This we did, leaving behind us a few mounds of snow, which was all that indicated where the dead had fallen. The blizzard, which was still raging became worse as we started digging in. Our hands would freeze as soon as we stopped digging, but since only one man could dig at a time, one of us would freeze while the other dug with the seriousness of a man digging for his life (which is exactly what we were doing).

About one o'clock, and just before we had completed our hole, we got orders to move. This was just about the last straw, but we obeyed. I found that T/Sgt Engle (T/Sgt. Harlan Engle) and S/Sgt. Lazenby (not listed as a casualty) of the second platoon had been severely wounded, along with some of the other men in the platoon. One of the new lieutenants went to the hospital with shell shock and frozen feet. His feet were undoubtedly a lot more tender than those of most enlisted men. We moved out to a fire break in the woods and advanced in a column of two's right into what should have been where the Jerries were. Our battalion commander had a nervous breakdown and the Battalion Executive Officer, Maj. Mansuella, a bumbling idiot, was in charge.

He sent out a patrol and ordered the rest of us to dig in on the right hand side of the fire break. We started digging for a while and then got orders to move up. This time we started digging in on the right. All this time it was snowing and

sleeting. We were all covered with ice. Snow slid down our necks, adding to the general misery. We stayed here for an hour or so, then got orders to move back. This moving up and back happened once too often for some of the boys. Harris and Humphrey, two of our old men, fell over in a snow bank and went to sleep. I never saw Humphrey again. Harris came back to us after the war was over. Tupper had been evacuated, at last. He was gone. I didn't know what had happened to him (Tupper appears nowhere in the casualty lists). S/Sgt Galloska was in charge. Gerstle told Galloska he couldn't stand any more of it and asked if it would be okay for him to go to the aid station. George told him to take off. About 15 minutes later, Sgt. Penska and I decided we couldn't take any more, so we told Galloska we were going back to try to find a house to sleep in, and that we would be back in a couple of days. We walked back in snow that was usually three or four feet deep, and even over our heads in some places. By daylight, we found an American tank and got some C-rations and a copy of Stars and Stripes from them. We finally got back to a road, where a jeep driver, Bettenhausen, found us and lifted us into his jeep. We were frozen stiff and could barely walk. He took us to the battalion motor pool, where one of our company cooks, Kelso, carried us into a house, rubbed our feet, took off our wet clothes, cooked us some hot cakes, and put us to bed. Penska's feet were in bad shape. When he woke up, they pained him so much, he went to the aid station and they evacuated him.

On the 22nd of January, I went to Burtonville, where the company CP was, and walked from there out to the platoon, about a half—mile outside of town. There wasn't much left of the platoon. Tupper was back, and Sanchez, Brown, and Miller had come back from Vielsalm, after taking a good rest, which they deserved. The platoon was pulled back into town that night and foot inspection was held. Tupper was evacuated. He had gangrene, a wound, and frozen feet.

Galloska also went. This left S/Sgt. Van Vorie in charge of the platoon. Brown was also tagged for evacuation, but refused to go. Miller, Sanchez, Brown, Van Vorie, and I were all that were left of the old men and replacements. Sanchez and the company commander were to go to Paris the next day for a 3-day rotation pass. We got an attack order at two o'clock that night and jeep drivers, regimental guards, company clerks, cooks, and any others available were brought up to help us. Miller was put in charge of the third platoon, which was reactivated for the occasion. We didn't have any mortar section left at all, and the company had four old men left with one machine gun. S/Sgt. Carmody, in charge of the second platoon, fell down the stairs of the house and sprained his ankle. He didn't want to go anyway, being a pretty smart Irishman. Sanchez told the C.O. that he thought it was the C.O.'s duty to stay with the company under such circumstances, but the C.O. said he was going. We told Sanchez he'd be a damn fool not to go, so he did.

The approach march cost us two men in my platoon. Van Vorie, who had withstood the entire blizzard, fell over in the snow totally exhausted. Brown had a terrific attack of cramps and doubled up in the snow. Severe cramps were one of the accompanying features of the intense diarrhea which we all had by this stage of the game. In the assembly area, one of the regimental guards set his M1 down on his foot and blew it off. This left me in charge of four men, none of whom I had ever seen before.

We jumped off through the 30th Division and through about four feet of snow, which made us sitting ducks for the Jerries. S/Sgt. Mosher, in charge of the second platoon, was on my left. F Company was on my right, the four replacements and the first hog behind me. The Jerries were in front of me. I shot out the barbed wire of a fence, crossed that obstacle, and jumped down into a ditch, which filled my shoes with water but hid me from the enemy for a minute or so. A Jerry machine gun opened up on F Company and dropped five of their men. When I came out of the ditch, I saw three Jerries taking off to the left and I fired two shots and got the middle one.

My company crossed the field successfully and gained the protection of some small fir trees, which were weighed down with snow. Shells started whizzing over our heads in all directions, and while this was going on, my diarrhea got the best of me. There wasn't much I could do about it, except "let it freeze," as one of the jeep drivers advised me to do. We crossed these woods and came to another clearing about 500 yards across. The Jerries were in full view in front of us and we opened up on them, at the same time calling for artillery. Our company executive officer was in charge of the company, and without telling me, sent two of my remaining four men out to cross this clearing. F Company sent out two men also, and as I was watching, I saw a Jerry pick up his rifle and fire two shots. The two men from F Company were shot dead at 500 yards. One of the two men from my platoon was visible in front of me and was waving a bloody hand to us and yelling for help. I detailed the remaining two men to go, but they were hesitant, so S/Sgt. Mosher went with me and we brought him in by turning him over and sliding him on top of the snow. He was a Chinese named Lee (Pfc. Wing H. Lee), and was shot through the left thigh and right ankle. A stretcher was brought up and he was safely evacuated, I suppose, but I never found out.

Then the Jerries retreated. The 3rd Battalion relieved us that night, and we moved back into Burtonville for a well-deserved night's rest. Thus, the Battle of the Bulge ended, except for one more incident. We were supposed to be safe in Burtonville, but our platoon medic, Salvo (Pvt. Carlo J. Salvo), stepped outside the house and a mortar shell came in and the blast took off the ends off two fingers of his right hand (Salvo is listed a 24 January, 1945 casualty).

*Richard H. Montgomery's journal of his Belgian Bulge experience ends with the comment: "On the 25<sup>th</sup>, we were sent down to the Colmar Pocket [France] to help the First French Army reduce that bulge".*

*Ray Smith, Editor*

*Rob Smith, Treasurer and Publisher*

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

<b>NAME</b>	<b>PHONE</b>	<b>STREET</b>	<b>CITY</b>	<b>ST</b>	<b>ZIP</b>
<b>Anderson, LeRoy V.</b> (Anja)	281 579 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	Infinia at Kensington - 613 N. Main	Kensington	KS	66951
<b>Blake, Jean G.</b> (Charles' widow)	513 984 5589	9840 Montgomery Road	Montgomery	OH	45242 - 6425
Bondaruk, George	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
Claypool, Edward L.	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> (Sylvia)	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 - 1343
Denegre, John	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	Huttig	AR	71747 - 9801
<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. (Betty)</i>	860 536 1626	45 Sequin Drive	Noank	CT	06340
<i>Harter, John (John Benfield's grmdson)</i>		<i>moved to Sitka May19, 2003 - promised fwdng address never rec'd</i>			
<i>Harter, Vicki (John Benfield's dgtr)</i>	253 535 2966	11901 Alaska Street S.	Tacoma	WA	98444 - 2317
<b>Huchingson, W. Paul</b>	unknown	21910 Country Woods Drive	Fairhope	AL	36532 - 4453
<b>Ingles, Ernest</b> (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 <sup>th</sup> PL	Portland	OR	97202
<b>Kirk, William</b> (Peg) (chg to cell phne Mar '07)	443 521 1277	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
Lauland, Byron J. (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
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
<b>Louder, Lena Mae</b> (Howard's widow)	814 696 5774	811 Hedge Street	Holidaysburg	PA	16648 - 2259
<b>McElroy, Thomasina</b> (Bob's widow)	631 669 8251	163 Van Buren Street	West. Babylon	NY	11704 - 3410
<b>Moir, Janet</b> (Scotty's widow)	unknown	19201 Pearl Road-Retirement Apt. 236	Strongsville	OH	44136 - 6938
<b>Nelson, Gilbert M.</b> L/290	781 740 2573	301 Linden Ponds Way - Unit 407	Hingham	MA	02043 - 3736
<i>Parsons, Nina (Orland's widow)</i>	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
<i>Premazzi, Deona Louise (Lee's widow)</i>		<i>Mar 2007 mail not forwarded</i>			
<b>Puckett, Jay R.</b> (Janet)	913 961 5839	1024 S 11 <sup>th</sup> Street	Louisburg	KS	66053 - 8406
<i>Raze, Grace J. (Dalton's widow)</i>	unknown	<i>Unknown retirement home</i>			
<b>Raze, James Dalton</b> (Dalton's son)*	703 569 9027	6008 Merryvale Court	Springfield	VA	22152 - 1231
<i>Rezach, Howard (Janet)</i>	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, Jessie Al's widow</b>	916 485 4226	2719 Laurel Drive	Sacramento	CA	95864 - 4950
<b>Sheridan, Peggy</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)	904 743 6933	5353 Arlington Expy - Apt #11M	Jacksonville	FL	32211 - 5575
<b>Snow, Gloria Bell</b> (Len Bell's dgtr)	913 722 6385	5017 Reinhardt Drive	Roeland Park	KS	66205 - 1508
<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
<b>Uremovich, Niklos</b> (Katie)	513 753 5887	3678 Bristol Lake	Amelia	OH	45102 - 2618
<b>Wallace, Lovell R.</b> (Cie)	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 Sep 2007.

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

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

File last edited 03/17/2007

## AT-290 KIA/WIA AND TAPS

	<u>KIA</u>	
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 driver	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 T/Sgt	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 aneurism
Charles Blake	2 <sup>nd</sup> Lt 3 <sup>rd</sup> Plt Ldr	1995 (reported BB Jan 96)
Robert C. Coldwell	3 <sup>rd</sup> Plt	1986
Paul W. Costinett	Capt, pre-ETO CO	1987 Los Angeles, CA
Woodrow W. Fisher	1 <sup>st</sup> Lt AT ExO	1960
Lawrence R. Gillen	Capt, AT CO in ETO	22 Sep 2000: Maryland-heart failure
Paul C. Graves	2 <sup>nd</sup> Plt 1 <sup>st</sup> Sqd SSgt	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 SSgt	Oct 1984 - Smyrna, GA
Charles Grose	2 <sup>nd</sup> Lt., Hdq Recon,	unknown
William F. Groves	Hdq Plt SupplySSgt	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. Lauland, 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
Robert F. McElroy	Lt.- 2 <sup>nd</sup> Plt Ldr	28 Feb 2007 -W Babylon, NY
Alexander Moir	1 <sup>st</sup> Plt 1 <sup>st</sup> Sqd SSgt	1 Oct 1984-Cleveland, OH
William C. Nichols	1 <sup>st</sup> Lt- 3 <sup>rd</sup> Plt Ldr	10 Dec 2005-Cheyenne, WY
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	2 <sup>nd</sup> Lt 1 <sup>st</sup> Plt Ldr	28 Dec 1997-Springfield, VA
William J. Rogers	1 <sup>st</sup> Plt driver	3 June 1999-Springfield, IL - heart
Alfred S. Roxburgh failure	2 <sup>nd</sup> Plt Bty B CN289	28 Sep 2006-Sacramento, CA-kidney
Predose Sittig	2 <sup>nd</sup> Plt 3 <sup>rd</sup> Sqd	October 12, 2005 -Eunice, Louisiana
William J. Sheridan	1 <sup>st</sup> Plt 1 <sup>st</sup> Sqd	April 17, 2006 - Guilford, CT
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 corrective comment 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](mailto:raysmith111@comcast.net) Last edited 6 March 2007