



SPRING EDITION

MARCH 2007

An Important Report from the Editor

It has fallen upon me to report to you the passing of one of the most dedicated and industrious members of the 75th's Association, Al Roxburgh of CN-289. It had been my privilege to work with this man during the past sixteen years on a number of historical WW2 projects. He died just after we mailed out our September issue of the M/C, and thus, his death could not be reported in that issue. He died of irreparable kidney failure September 28, 2006 at his home in Sacramento, California. He told me a week earlier that the problem was likely hereditary and that earlier the same ailment had been the cause of his mother's death. He chose not to prolong his life by undergoing daily dialysis treatments in a hospital, and returned home to die there. Since the early 1990s, Al had been responsible for single handedly soliciting, compiling, and publishing (the "PKG" he called it) all of the memoirs available from surviving 75th members... Mostly, those that dealt with the critical days at Christmas time 1944, when the division had been assigned to the 3rd Armored Division and was committed to combat in Belgium to fight in what came to be known as the battle of the Belgian Bulge. Reproduced below in his memory is a photograph taken of Al at the Kansas City reunion in August 1997, where he had organized and chaired the 75th Division Association's unique and memorable "History Sessions", memorializing those terrible days in 1944-45.



Alfred S. Roxburgh CN-289 - 1925/2006

More Remembrances from December 1944

As was the case for the last two or three issues of the Message Center newsletter, we have been publishing selected Remembrances written by our comrades, taken from the collection gathered by Al Roxburgh for his "PKG"... A compilation he assembled dealing with some of the more poignant memories of late December 1944 through early January 1945. The one to be featured in this issue is one written in early 1945 by Richard H. Montgomery, a Private soldier (later S/Sgt) with the 1st Platoon of the 290th's Company E, while he was in an Army hospital recuperating from wounds. It's somewhat unique in that the events he was reporting would have been extremely fresh in his mind and thereby, presumptively accurate because of that timing. Richard became an attorney upon his return to civilian life and practiced law in Seymour, Indiana. He died of leukemia on December 18, 1989. Unfortunately, the portion of his memoirs that dealt with the balance of his experiences in Europe have not been available to us, so whatever he may have written concerning the Colmar, Netherlands, and Germany campaigns are missing. Those that have come into our possession are as he wrote them. They are indicative of the accomplished reporter he proved to be. We continue then with his words:

The regiment, 290th Infantry 75th Division, arrived in Hasselt, Belgium on the night of 19th December 1944. We marched all that night and, finally, at dawn, arrived at our bivouac area in a large farmhouse. We spent all day [20 Dec.] packing our extra gear and moving it into a large storage room in Hasselt. The night of the 20th we loaded on

trucks and headed in the direction of the barely audible cannon fire. It was a cold, all-night ride, in which nobody could get any rest, the fourth such night, as the 40-and-8's had been equally as miserable. By this time, we had heard a rumor from the civilians that the Germans were coming. We laughed, as that was ridiculous and impossible, and everybody knew it.

In the morning [21 Dec 44], we stopped by some 155's that were bellowing interminably and had some heated C-rations prepared by the kitchen. Our last hot chow had been in France some time back. We waited around most of the day for orders, and, finally, marched up in front of the 155's about 500 yards and dug in. not too deeply at first, but soon we began to hear a terrific artillery barrage out in front of us and began to get scared—too scared to sleep, although we had arranged for a change of the guard. By morning [22 Dec], the holes were pretty deep. Some of the boys had hit water. It was plenty cold, but we still had all our equipment—shelter halves, blankets, and sleeping bags.

That same morning, a German paratrooper killed a civilian some place out in front of our positions. Still no military or official information concerning a German offensive. We spent [22 Dec] the day digging new foxholes 50 yards in front of the old ones. Some damn officer thought we did not have enough to do. By this time, everybody was at each others' throat. We were all dead tired and the boys were beginning to rebel. The captain had arranged for us to get some sleep that night in a barn with only a skeleton force out in the foxholes to guard the front. I pulled early guard that night from 7:00 p.m. to 11:00.

We moved out at midnight [23 Dec], back up to the crossroads near the 155's. Here, we dropped packs and hand grenades were issued. There, we stood in ranks until daylight, waiting for trucks, which apparently were lost. When the trucks did come, it started to rain, and I was in an open truck. We rode all day in a tremendous convoy, which seemed to go through the same town (possibly Namur, Belgium) every three hours, regularly. We were fooling the hell out of somebody. My truck got lost from the outfit, but not the convoy. We were plenty miserable. Our feet seemed to be a part of the steel floor bed of the truck. The cold was unbearable. We had compensation, though. The First Sergeant, Melin, was in the back of the truck and just as miserable as the rest of us.

All that night, the convoy rolled on. The rain turned to wet snow. Finally, at dawn [24 December 1944], we halted on what appeared to be a logging road. We dismounted and formed a column on both sides of the road, with five yard intervals between men. My squad went off to the right flank, looking for snipers. We did not find them, and reformed on the road, where the General was passing out hand grenades to the men. I was already carrying a B.A.R. (Browning Automatic Rifle) and all the ammunition my frozen feet could move, so I did not take any. We moved up a mile or so, and dug in a perimeter defense around an AA (Anti-Aircraft) battery. There was not anything between us and the enemy, but nobody told us. About noon, our air force started coming over very high and in endless procession. The first group immediately began to draw German AA fire and about ten planes came down in flames, apparently disintegrating completely in the air. We did not see many parachutes.

Some dogfights developed with our fighters. A P-47 came over us about 100 yards in the air and a Messerschmidt right on his tail. Our AA battery swung their machine guns at him, but too late. The P-47 crashed and exploded. The Jerry tried to pull up, but he crashed, too. Then a P-38 started down. We could almost feel the pilot trying to turn his plane over, so he could bail out, but the controls would not respond. He tried three times, and then crashed and exploded.

We got up out of our holes to move out, and were lined up in the field. A P-47 dived on us as if to strafe, but he did not, thank God. We moved to a new location and dug in, stayed there for two hours or so, and moved back to a new place and dug in. About dark, we started marching. It was Christmas Eve. We walked to a new position, up a long hill. I threw away my gas mask on the way up the hill. We were all plenty disgusted, tired, and cold. They halted us at the top of the hill and brought up hot chow (and plenty of it). Our first hot meal in a long time and our last for a long time: forever, for some of us. The Colonel (probably Col. Carl F. Duffner, the commanding officer of the 290th Infantry) came and gave us a short pep talk. It did not do much good, at least not as much as the hot meal, by a long shot. Lt. Dowler sent me out to the right flank with orders to shoot at anything that moved. I did, and almost got a second Lieutenant. Most of the boys seemed sorry I had missed and expressed their regrets. We stayed there for what seemed like along time, and, finally, we moved, with as much silence as possible, and started a long, slow march through the woods.

We crept along for hours, it seemed, until the men were going to sleep every time we stopped. I saw General Mickle walk past once. He had on a soft cap, which stood out, as everyone else had on steel helmets. We had been briefed slightly and knew that we were supposed to move into a town [Wv], where our reconnaissance had reported there was no opposition. It was a poor job of reconnaissance, we found out later. Finally, we came to a halt and got orders to dig in. Everybody dropped in their tracks and immediately went to sleep despite the intense cold. We were awakened by a short artillery barrage, which was bursting high over a few houses we could see to mv left, and the attack commenced. Nobody could find anybody. The Germans replied to the machine guns with a few rounds of 88's and immediately silenced them. I heard shrapnel flying through the trees for the first time. My squad was together—too much together, and Sanchez, our first scout, who had seen action before on Attu, was trying to spread them out.

We hit the open field in front of us on the double, and in short rushes, advanced on the town [Wy]. There was a company in front of us (G Company), and they had already penetrated into the first street and had pushed on by the time my platoon got there. We reassembled on the street, and the officers came and told us to dig in—in the middle of the street! This was madness, and we tried to tell them, but they became more insistent. The 88's started coming in, and I ran into the nearest house, where I stayed, as my squad was supposed to remain there. Sanchez took off toward the "burp" guns, which were winging bullets our way. S/Sgt. Uhler, squad leader, and his assistant, Dobb, were attempting to dig in alongside a small building outside.

I was pretty hungry, and with my little knowledge of French, talked an old lady into frying some ham and eggs for me and my assistant B.A.R. man, Dawson Jack Brown. They sure tasted good, and I began to feel a little better. My feet began to thaw a little, and pretty soon Jack and I went outside and started to dig in. Lt. Hipps came along and told us to move after we had a pretty good hole started. I had a few words with him, and he got pretty mad, so I moved, and as soon as he left, we went back in the house. The old lady went out to get us more eggs and was wounded in the foot by an 88.

Pretty soon, we heard the cry, "Retreat! Tanks are coming!" This retreat cost us plenty. We ran out of the town, and an airplane came down over us, and dropped three bombs, which, to this day, I feel were meant personally for me. I looked over my shoulder and saw them coming just in time to dive face-down into a little stream. We were ordered to dig in out in the open field. Jack told the lieutenant he was not going to dig his own grave, and to hell with it. We retreated back into the woods. Equipment was falling left and right—ammunition, rifles, overcoats, arctics, machine guns, gas masks, and even helmets. Men were running everywhere for their lives. All semblance of organization disappeared.

Finally, I heard T/Sgt. Tupper calling in his inimitable voice for the first platoon to reassemble. I threw my overcoat away, as did Brown, and headed for him. The lieutenant and three others went back into town to carry out some wounded. One was Red Collins, an Indiana boy and a good friend of mine. Tupper led the rest of us back into town. There were not many in the platoon who came. Then, Tupper and I went out to gather up rifles and ammunition for the men who were still in the town. Tupper led me over to where our third squad had been ordered to dig in. Two of the boys were still there, blown to "kingdom come" by an 88. I looked at them, but did not recognize either one. Tupper told me who they were. I still could not recognize them. Bloody helmets and rifles were laying in the street and in the yard where they were. Nine men in the third squad had been put out of action by that one 88. Collins died, making three dead out of the nine. Tupper and I took the rifles and ammunition. I remember one rifle, which had part of a man's forearm blown into the stock. Tupper wanted me to get it, but I took one look at it and told him I did not think the rifle would work.

We went down to the town church and put one man up in the steeple as a sniper. Some of the boys had brought in about eight prisoners and we had lined them up in the street. Then, Tupper led Sanchez, Brown, Gerstle, and myself out to the last house in town (that is, the closest house to the enemy), and told us to stay there. A mortar section was setting up on the street as we went inside the house. The house was strewn with German equipment—hand grenades, mess kits, camouflage suits, rations, and a large rocket I had never seen before. It was a panzerfaust, but that was unknown to me at the time. It scared the hell out of us just looking at it. There were two civilians in the house: one, a boy, and the other an old woman, evidently his grandmother, who was obviously out of her mind, probably from the shell.

A few shells came in and we ran for the basement. We were all in it and Gannon came running into the house to tell us they had retreated again, and nobody was left in the town, except us. What he said was pretty close to the truth and it scared the hell out of us. Just then, some one of us detonated a Jerry concussion grenade, which had been rigged up as a booby trap in the basement. It paralyzed Brown's left arm and just about put the finishing touches on the rest of us. Our nerves were almost gone. We decided to get out. We opened the door of the house and there was the mortar section spread out all over the street—all wounded, dead, or dying. Sanchez stopped to help the wounded and I went to look for Tupper with Gannon. We found him and he reassured us and sent us back to the house, promising to bring up help for the wounded and some support for us. We went back, then, and set up the B.A.R. (Gerstle was a B.A.R. man) on a table looking out of the windows on the ground floor. One side of the house was completely blind—that is, it had no windows on the side that faced the enemy.

We were expecting a counterattack at any minute, but with the number of shells coming in, we were afraid to occupy the top floors of the house, and it seemed like suicide to go outside and try to dig in. The ground was frozen solid as a rock and snipers were still firing at us occasionally. A building nearby had served as an ammunition dump for the Jerries and it had been set on fire, and besides the explosions, the light of the fire was casting light all over the street in front of our house. We talked the little boy into getting us some straw, with which we covered the basement floor, and, after discussing surrender and a few other items among ourselves, decided to let two of us get some sleep. Brown and I took the first shift from seven to nine. It was one of the most terrifying experiences I have ever had. I was so tired I was almost unable to stay awake, in spite of the danger.

It was necessary to keep extremely quiet, and with the floor being covered with glass and grenades, etc., this was very difficult. Brown yelled for me once and told me there were about 15 men outside, and he did not know whether they were ours or

theirs. We did not shoot and they disappeared. I went back to my window and settled down. A German sniper took off to my right and ran a full clip down a hedge row in front of me. I swung the B.A.R. at him, but it was too late. He had hit the ground. I was afraid to dust the area for fear that they would see my muzzle blast and blow our house down "toute suite". Then, I heard a sound directly beneath my window. I picked up a grenade, and shaking like a leaf, bent forward to see. It was a large pig, which was rubbing his back on the bricks under the window. The pig went a little farther and started munching on a German body, one that Sanchez got with his "grease gun" in the afternoon. The moon had come up and it was pretty clear in the field in front of us. All of a sudden, Brown called me and I jumped to see what he wanted. He said there was somebody outside. We waited in silence with our weapons at the ready. A civilian came around the corner of the house and Brown covered me while I grabbed him and dragged him inside. I tried to tell him in French that it was dangerous to be on the street. I was so nervous that I could not think of the words, and my attempt was almost useless. Brown tried, but we could not make him understand. Finally, we turned him loose and went back to our vigil.

The moonlight made things look human in the field, and I tried looking carefully for any movement. We knew that if they counterattacked, we wouldn't stand a chance. The quiet settled again and then was broken by three rapid shots and the most terrifying scream I have ever heard. This scream was followed by some soul-tearing moans, and then the poor man cried for his wife two or three times, and the gun opened up again. During this time, I was frozen stiff with fear. We found out later that some of the boys had shot a civilian. They had moved up and into some houses near us, but we were not sure which ones.

By this time, it was about 9:00 p.m. [25 Dec], and Brown and I went down to get some sleep. The bed in the straw was not bad. We had some German blankets and it was warmer in the basement. Brown and I both took off our shoes, as we figured we could never leave the house, anyway, in case of attack. We were so mad, mostly at our own officers that we would have surrendered probably at the first opportunity. Brown used to say, "Be the first to see the sunny Rhineland", and go through a pantomime of meeting a German soldier trying to surrender and throwing his [own] rifle down first. It is impossible for anyone to realize the feeling of despair that grips a man when his comrades abandon him.

We went to sleep immediately and were awakened by Tupper, who told us before we were fully awake that we were going out and dig in, *in front* of the town. I choked back some tears and told him this was suicide, but the officers were back in town and they wanted some place to sleep. The basement we were in looked pretty good to them, and they started gloating over it before we were out. This only served to make my anger worse. We moved out at 12:00 p.m. and that ended the battle of Wy. Belgium—the worst Christmas I ever had, and as far as casualties were concerned, the worst day we ever had.

Besides the nine men in my platoon, whom I have already mentioned, my squad leader lost his eyesight from concussion, and one of the other boys, Lutrell (Pvt. Charles E. Lutrell), was hit in the buttocks by a machine gun, probably one of our own which the Germans got when we retreated. Lt. Ackers (2Lt. Gareard Akers), leader of the heavy weapons platoon, was killed and the Lieutenant in charge of the third platoon lost his mind. His unit had been virtually wiped out. We never had much of a third platoon after that, and toward the end of the campaign we had none at all.

We moved out that night, the 26th of December, and dug in as ordered. We were unopposed in this operation. The cold was terrific, and a lot of us had no overcoats. While we were digging in, I heard a cry for help from behind us, and recognized the voice of Jacobs, one of the boys in the third platoon who had gone to ASTP with me. I asked him if he was hurt. He answered that he wasn't but that there were quite a few who were. We sent them a rescue party and found that these men had been lying wounded in the woods where they were hit for at least twelve hours---Sgt Sutch (Lloyd E. Sutch) with his brains exposed and six bullet holes in him, still alive; Morgan, the drummer, with his legs horribly mangled. They say that when they pulled Morgan out, he observed, "I guess I didn't dig my foxhole right." Jake was hit, too, but the others were in worse condition. (Note: "Jake" was probably PFC Robert L. Jacobs).

The battalion commander came out that night and inspected our positions and ordered us to move (naturally). We did, and this time I was so mad I never wanted to see those "chicken" guys again, so I asked Tupper to put me and Sanchez in a position by ourselves. He did, and it was plenty dangerous, but we weren't moving all the time. We became sort of a connecting link between the first platoon on our left and the second on our right. We stayed there three days, and by that time, my nerves were getting a little better, and we were getting a little artillery support. I picked up an overcoat from a dead guy and got some other stuff out of the [the balance of Montgomery's account of December 26th events has been omitted due to illegibility of the manuscript].

After we had moved out of the town of Wy and dug in, the battalion C.O. (LTC Russell O. Harris) came up with part of his staff and looked over our positions. He complimented the officers on their choice of digging in on the reverse slope of a hill, and thus protecting the men from artillery fire. The truth of the matter was that the Jerries for the same reason had dug in on the other side of the hill, and we couldn't have moved much farther without getting into what might have become a fatal fire fight. Some cold C-rations were distributed to the men and a carrying party was sent out to get as many of the wounded from the third platoon as possible. Before daylight, we got orders to move again, and the men, exhausted and frozen, got their stuff together and we moved my platoon several thousand yards out on the left flank. Tupper dropped Sanchez and me in an exposed position somewhere between the second platoon and his own as sort of a link between the two platoons.

We couldn't tell much about where we were, since it was still dark, but we picked a spot alongside thick woods, and started digging in, with one man on guard with the B.A.R. while the other dug. When daylight finally broke on the 26th (more likely on the 27th day of December), there was a thick fog... Luckily for us, for we hadn't finished our hole yet. Before the fog had disappeared, we had completed our hole and camouflaged it with weeds and grass. Our position was in between a break in the woods, with thick evergreen woods on our right---so thick, a man couldn't stand up or approach through the woods without making quite a bit of noise. The woods on our left were fairly sparse and composed of hardwood trees. There was a machine gun located in those woods about 300 yards to our left. It was out of sight, but could give us a little supporting fire. On our right was the left flank of the second platoon; out of sight, but a strong position to which we could retreat if things got too bad.

The sun came out for a while and we took our overshoes off and tried to get them dried out. The steam rolled off them as the sun melted the ice on the inside of the shoes. I noticed my shoes were almost white. I can't explain this, except that it was probably frost, ice, or the salt from sweat that had worked clear through the shoe and frozen. Anyway, it disappeared when I held them near the tiny fire which Sanchez had built in the woods on our right. We found that by breaking off the small, dead twigs at the base of the evergreen trees, we could make a fire which would give off no smoke at all, and by doing this, we could cook our rations and make coffee or chocolate from our C-rations. We followed this procedure throughout the Battle of the Bulge, although it was necessary that the officer in charge knew nothing about it, since it was strictly against orders.

Then, Sanchez and I got some sleep by taking turns standing guard, and the five hours of daylight were gone and another night was upon us. Sanchez was called upon that night to go back into Wy and help carry out rations for the platoon. This was a fairly dangerous assignment, as the town was under shell fire quite often, and in coming back with your hands full, there was no insurance against walking into a Jerry patrol (the great distance between foxholes made this quite possible). Also, in town it seemed, the guards were ready to shoot on sight and, as often as not, the men out in the holes wouldn't know what the password was until somebody had been into town and managed to bring word of it back to the platoon. This was one of the functions of the platoon runner. Sanchez was gone until after midnight. When he came back he was dead tired and piled into the hole and went to sleep. We soon found that our hole wasn't big enough, and a little later Tupper came past, dead tired also, and added to our general misery by piling in on top of us. We all three spent the night that way---cold, wet, and helpless.

The next day we enlarged the hole and made it deeper. Water immediately filled it to a depth of several inches. I was hoping that it would freeze solid, but it didn't. So we started digging another hole. This one we dug long and shallow, with dirt piled up in front to give back some of the protection lost by the shallowness. Before dark, another man came out and said he wanted to stay with us. He was a big hillbilly from North Carolina, who had made himself obnoxious before combat by threatening to whip anybody who disagreed with him. We were glad to see anybody about that time, however, and didn't even bother to ask him where he had been the last 48 hours.

I went into town that night for rations, and found they were late, so I went to sleep in the company CP for a while. When they woke me up they told me that there had been a big counterattack and the platoon needed ammunition, which I was to carry out immediately. I got back to my hole safely and asked Sanchez what had happened. He told me that he had been standing up outside the hole, smoking a cigarette when about 20 Jerries had come up to the open space between the two woods -- to a position about 200 yards from him -- and started shooting at him. He jumped into the hole and fired two clips from the B.A.R. at them before they took off.

I didn't know where the platoon was and Sanchez did, and since there was a lot of shooting still going on in that sector, he wanted to go find out what was happening. We started to leave, but the big hillbilly started crying and said he didn't want to be left alone. Sanchez decided to get rid of him and told me to stay while he took the hillbilly with him out to the platoon. Thus, we got rid of a nuisance who had been of little use to us anyway. I never saw him again. It was said that after he got back to the platoon, some enemy shells came in, and caused him to begin crying. Tupper sent him back as a shell-shock victim.

Sanchez came back dead tired that night again, and fell asleep immediately. I didn't have the nerve to wake him, so I stood guard for eight hours or so, straight. It was just beginning to get light, and my eyes being accustomed to the dark, I over estimated the light and tried to light a cigarette. The wind blew the match out the first time, so I lit another match and took a drag off the cigarette. The Jerries must have seen my match, for they threw a terrific barrage of about 15 shells right at our position. Shell fragments screamed all around, and I thought I'd had it for a minute or so. The shells did kill a dog which had been hanging around us, but didn't touch either of us in the hole.

During all this time, the artillery was being brought up and we were giving them a little more than we had the first day. We could never see the artillery, but the sound of "outgoing mail", as our shells were called, was becoming a little more prominent than the incoming variety. During the long nights, the enemy was plastered with white phosphorous from our 4.2-inch mortars, which were tremendously effective. These shells have a real beauty, when seen from a distance. One hit a high-tension wire about 1500 yards in front of our position one night and the shower of flaming white phosphorous resembled a tremendous display of fireworks, exceeding anything I had seen on the 4th of July. I was always

glad that the Jerries never had this chemical in the quantity used by our army. It was one of our most effective weapons and the Germans hated it.

Every afternoon, just before dark, a German plane would come in low over the trees in front of our foxhole and release rockets into the main street of the town of Wy, then it would turn and come in on a machine gun strafing run. We had orders not to fire at this plane...Why, I don't know, but I think I would have fired if I had ever had a good chance. I never did. He would come and go in a matter of seconds. The boys named this plane "Bad check Charlie", after the habit of the doughboys in the Pacific Theater.

Once, a tanker walked past our hole holding shreds of his left hand with his right. Later, somebody said he had blown it off himself with his .45 pistol. This may or may not have been true. Once, I went over to where third platoon had been slaughtered. There were two boys still lying there dead where they had fallen. Their faces were covered so I couldn't tell who they were. Equipment was strewn all over the slope of the hill and I picked up an axe and some clothes for the bottom of our hole. I also found a toothbrush. I had lost mine, and since my gums were beginning to decay rapidly, this was quite an acquisition. Whenever we needed anything, we could find it in the area which some of the boys called "Purple Heart Hill".

On the 28th of December, Sanchez decided we needed another hole, so this time we moved over into the thick woods on our right and dug in. This hole was covered over with logs, and on top of the logs was about four feet of dirt. I think we could have taken a direct hit. The hole had one fault, however. The entrance was too small, and we had to make the hole big enough for only two men. Brown came back to us that evening and we had three in the hole. His arm was back to normal and he told us he had been sent out on a patrol to recover the dead body of one of the boys from the company. Before going, he left his wallet with \$160 in it with one of the boys in the platoon, Brown never lived to get his money back (PFC Herbert J. Brown, Jr. is listed as a 29 December casualty). The platoon sergeant was wounded that night and went to the hospital.

The night of the 28th was another night of hell. The moon was out and Sanchez was standing guard with the B.A.R. at the mouth of our hole. A Jerry had come up on our left across the clearing and was firing his burp gun intermittently. This German weapon had a terrific rate of fire ---- so fast that it sounded like one continuous explosion or "burp", and hence the name. Sanchez woke us up, and since we were all practically on top on each other, we were very uncomfortable. Brown had to answer a call of nature and I wanted to get out and crawl down there to where I could get a shot at Jerry. We spent the night like that---Sanchez refusing to move for fear of being seen, and Jerry firing away like mad with his smokeless powder, which we couldn't see. Just before daylight, Sanchez let him have a clip of B.A.R. ammo, and we didn't hear any more from him.

On the 29th, we started digging our new hole and adding a rear entrance so we could get out in case of a frontal assault. Tupper came along and stopped us, saying he wanted us to move out with the rest of the platoon. He also wanted Sanchez to take S/Sgt. Uhler's place and me to take Sgt. Angelica's place. Angelica (Sgt. James J. Angelica) had been wounded on Christmas Day.

Brown and I dug in again then, and Sanchez went to another position. The platoon was dug in along the edge of a woods with machine gun support. Van Vorie's squad, the one so badly hit in Wy, was in reserve. It was late at night when Brown and I finished our foxhole and covered it up. We were dead tired and felt that if they were going to come and get us that night, we might as well both be asleep as awake, so we both went to sleep. Our hole was covered over, and we had managed to get some straw from a stack which was out in front of the lines by 50 yards or so. By walking straight out to the stack, we were fairly safe from view by the enemy. This new position was under intense artillery fire at least three times a day, sometimes more. When we left the area, every tree in the woods was full of shrapnel and almost everyone in the platoon had experienced some pretty close calls. Our only casualties were from a shell which hit practically in a foxhole. The blast gave one boy shell shock. His name was Long, (PFC Norris C. Long), and he was from Indianapolis. The other boy was only slightly wounded. Luckily, the shell had gone past them before it exploded and they hadn't caught the full strength of the blast. It had already snowed by this time, and by morning our new foxhole was fully camouflaged by the snow. When the enemy shelled us, great areas in the snow would be blackened, but usually within a few hours, the snow would cover it all up. Brown and I were sort of stuck out on the right front of the platoon---about 200 yards out to the right and 150 to the front. We could have given the platoon some good support from this position, but in case the main part of the attack hit us, we would have been out of luck.

(To be continued in the next issue of the M/C)

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

ADDRESSES & PHONE NUMBERS for AT-290TH IR

<u>NAME</u>	<u>PHONE</u>	<u>STREET</u>	<u>CITY</u>	<u>ST</u>	<u>ZIP</u>
Anderson, LeRoy V. (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
Black, Velma (Bill's widow)	unknown	Infinia at Kensington - 613 N. Main	Kensington	KS	66951
Blake, Jean G. (Charles' widow)	513 984 5589	9840 Montgomery Road	Montgomery	OH	45242-6425
Bondaruk, George	203 378 0689	25 Franklin Avenue	Stratford	CT	06497-5239
Boyle, William B. (Ruth)	812 546 4948	P.O. Box 35	Hartsville	IN	47244-0035
Bradley, Connie M (Rudy G.'s dgtr)*	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 rd ST NW	Paris	TX	75460-3727
Coldwell, Mary (Robert's widow)*	unknown	13309 E. 43 rd	Independence	MO	64055
Daehler, Ralph H. (Sylvia)	319 652 3737	700 Pershing Road	Masquoketa	IA	52060-2402
Daniels, Rudy [or "Rubbie"]	770 613 0389	4286 English Oak Drive - Apt D1	Atlanta	GA	30340-0000
Denegre, John	203 795 4843	289 Merry Circle	Orange	CT	06477-3417
Dionne, Norman R. (Regina)	603 524 2867	9 Sargents Pl - Lot 56	Gilford	NH	03249-2268
<i>Dole, Robert</i>	913 483 4274	1035 N. Maple Street	Russell	KS	67665
<i>Elbon, Arthur</i>	408 356 5041	Pueblo De Los Gatos, 420-28 Alberts Way	Los Gatos	CA	95032
Ellis, Paul B. (Rosemary) K/290	803 547 4913	104 Hilton Head Court	Fort Mill	SC	29715-9758
Fary, Raymond E. (Irene)	219 836 7974	8254 Madison Avenue	Munster	IN	46321-1627
Files, Ira (Flossie)	501 352 7515	Rt. 1, Box 56	Ivan	AR	71747-0000
Gase Jr., Virgil C. (Seattie)	513 858 1254	998 Hicks Blvd	Fairfield	OH	45014-2853
Graves, Betty C. (Paul's widow)	859 987 3754	19 E. 19 th St	Paris	KY	40361-1156
Grimm, Elide Lucy (Tom's widow)*	512 452 2354	1904 Wooten Drive	Austin	TX	78757-7702
<i>Guhl, Paul J. (Betty)</i>	860 536 1626	45 Sequin Drive	Noank	CT	06340
<i>Harter, John (John Benfield's grndson)</i>		<i>moved to Sitka May19, 2003 - promised fwdng address not rec'd</i>			
<i>Harter, Vicki (John Benfield's dgtr)</i>	253 535 2966	11901 Alaska Street S.	Tacoma	WA	98444
Huchingson, W. Paul	unknown	21910 Country Woods Drive	Fairhope	AL	36532-4453
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, Lena Mae (Tuckey) C/290	814 696 5774	811 Hedge Street	Hollidaysburg	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)	503 775 2222	3825 SE 80 th Avenue - Apt 417	Portland	OR	97206-2390
Puckett, Jay R. (Janet)	913 961 5839	1024 S 11 th Street	Louisburg	KS	66053
<i>Raze, Grace J. (Dalton's widow)</i>	unknown	unspecified retirement home			
Raze, James Dalton (Dalton's son)*	703 569 9027	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, Jessie (Al's widow)	916 485 4226	2719 Laurel Drive	Sacramento	CA	95864-4950
Sheridan, Peggy (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. (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 the publishing date of this issue.
 Some italicized entries may have become outdated due to lack of address change notification.
 * Indicates a paid contribution despite qualification for a complimentary subscription.

AT-290 KIA/WIA AND TAPS

KIA

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

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

Russell Hedberg	Hdq Plt Recon Sgt	details unknown
(?) Holtzhauser	driver, unk Plt & 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, France

Post-War Deceased

Lennie Dale Bell	Hdq Plt Mail clrk	2 Nov 1994 - Lebanon, KS
John F. Benfield	4 th Plt T/Sgt	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	2 nd Lt 3 rd Plt Ldr	1995 (reported BB Jan 96)
Robert C. Coldwell	3 rd Plt	1986
Paul W. Costinett	Capt, pre-ETO CO	1987 Los Angeles, CA
Woodrow W. Fisher	1 st Lt AT ExO	1960
Lawrence R. Gillen	Capt, AT CO in ETO	22 Sep 2000: Maryland-heart failure
Paul C. Graves	2 nd Plt 1 st Sqd SSgt	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 SSgt	Oct 1984 - Smyrna, GA
Charles Grose	2 nd Lt., Hdq Recon,	details unknown
William F. Groves	Hdq Plt Supply SSgt	1999 - Muncie, IN
Russell Hedberg	Hdq Plt Recon Sgt	details 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. Lauand, Jr.	3 rd Plt 3 rd Sqd	18 Sep 1995-Westwego, LA-of cancer
Michael Malinak	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	details unknown
Fred Marsh	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	1967
Alexander Moir	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd SSgt	1 Oct 1984-Cleveland, OH
William C. Nichols	1 st Lt- 3 rd Plt Ldr	10 Dec 2005-Cheyenne, WY
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	2 nd Lt 1 st Plt Ldr	28 Dec 1997-Springfield, VA
Alfred S. Roxburgh	2 nd Plt-B CN-289	28 Sep 2006-Sacramento, CA, kidney failure
William J. Rogers	1 st Plt driver	3 June 1999-Springfield, IL - heart
Predose Sittig	2 nd Plt 3 rd Sqd	October 12, 2005 -Eunice, Louisiana
William J. Sheridan	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	April 17, 2006 - Guilford, CT
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 comments correcting the above information directly to the M/C Editor: Raymond C. Smith, 2365 Lakeridge Drive - White Bear Lake, MN 55110-7412 or by e-mail to raysmith111@comcast.net