

My MEMORIES OF WORLD WAR II

By

Captain Chester Earl Graham

In the Beginning

I never thought I would be writing a biography of sorts, but ... I was born March 1, 1918 in Oakland, California, the son of Donald Hooston Graham and Martha Earl. My parents, who met at the University of California, had three other children, Donald in 1914, Guy in 1916, and Martha Jane in 1924. Guy died in 1924 and Martha Jane is now Mrs. Robert McCarter. Dad was a rancher. We lived in the southern California desert before moving to Marysville in 1926, then to San Luis Obispo in 1932, and finally to Oakland in 1936. Don lives in Honolulu, Martha Jane in Fairbank Ranch, Southern California.

I graduated from the University of California in 1939 and then attended Boalt Law School at the University for one year. I was an ROTC (Reserve Officers Training Corps) 2nd Lieutenant and was called to active duty for one year in October 1940, which at that time was a one-year draft year. The Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia started a refresher course for those of us called into the Army at that time -- actually, this course was a guinea pig for the OCS (Officer Candidate School) 13-week course to follow. Upon graduating from the Infantry School, I was transferred to Camp Roberts, California much to my pleasure. I was assigned as a platoon leader, and later assistant S3 of a training regiment. The clouds of war were so evident at that time I requested that my active duty tour be extended for one more year, but December 7, 1941, the day the Japanese Empire launched its sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, made my request unnecessary -- I was now in for the duration of the war.

A young lady from Piedmont, California, Nancy Leland, and I were married on September 6, 1941. I was married to this lovely lady for 49 years; however, times changed and we were divorced. She lives in Santa Barbara, California. I have a daughter, Victoria, born the day after we parachuted into Holland (September 17, 1944). She has two girls -- Cindy Matthews, who lives in Medford, Oregon, and Nancy Price who lives in Walnut Creek but will be moving to Phoenix, Arizona. Nancy has two daughters and two sons. I have a son, Nicholas Graham who lives in the San Diego area (Encinitas) and he has a son, Randy, and a grandson who live in Santa Barbara.

When I was a first lieutenant, I was transferred to Camp Cooke, California, the land of wind and sand, which was an armored installation then. It is now Vandenberg Air Force Base. I was part of a new unit, the 807th Tank Destroyer Battalion. Everybody was new except a retread, Colonel Matthews, a reserve officer of no merit and a Captain Woodrow Joerg -- West Point 1939 -- who was a wonderful officer. Joerg later commanded the 551st Battalion as a Lieutenant Colonel and was killed December 25, 1944 in the Battle of the Bulge in Belgium. The 807th was a horseshit outfit.

I was the Regimental Duty Officer on December 6, 1941 when the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor the next morning by the Japanese woke up the whole post. Japanese subs bombarded the Santa Barbara coast. We were 50 miles inland and we went into a full-scale alert. I spent the night on the parade ground guarding it with a light machine gun under a 6X6 truck without ammunition. We were told that the ammunition would be issued later.

In the summer of 1942 a demonstration unit of paratroopers came to Camp Cooke to recruit members of the 807th for parachute duty. All personnel of the 807th had to attend. The paratroop

demonstration team extolled the merits of being a paratrooper, demonstrated hand-to-hand combat, and praised the camaraderie of the paratroopers, and then asked for volunteers. The applications for airborne duty came pouring in -- 18 of the 44 officers assigned to the 807th applied as well as 260 of 900 enlisted men. The 807th was gutted and suffered greatly. An Inspector General inquiry followed. The 807th did not go overseas.

The paratroop volunteers from the 807th were shipped off to Camp Blanding, Florida, near Starke in November 1942, a rainy and muddy month. After I reported in, I was posted as the Acting Commanding Officer of Company F, 508th Parachute Infantry Regiment. There were two other officers in Company F with me -- Lieutenants Hoyt T. Goodale and Fred E. Gillespie. They were both good friends and both were killed in action in Europe -- Gillespie in Normandy on June 6, 1944 (D-Day) and Goodale in the Battle of the Bulge in Belgium. The First Sergeant of F Company was regular Army. As we were forming for our first parade one day, he announced to the company that, "If you men don't carry your rifles properly in the parade, at the next parade I won't march with you." The company burst into applause. This first sergeant was later transferred to the 101st Airborne Division as cadre. During the Battle of the Bulge, one of our F Company lieutenants was wounded and went to the hospital. Lying in the next bed to him was a major -- our former first sergeant who had earned a battle-field commission in Normandy and was now a major, due to being in the right place at the right time.

Lieutenant Colonel Roy E. Lindquist (later Colonel) was the Regimental Commander. I remained with Company F through 13 weeks of basic training at Blanding, through our parachute training at Fort Benning, Georgia in March 1943, and then to Camp Mackall, North Carolina when I was reassigned as the S3 (Operations and Training Officer) of the 2nd Battalion, and Captain Francis E. Flanders assumed command of Company F. Captain Flanders, a fine officer, was killed in Normandy June 7, 1944 (D-Day +1). He had been captured by the Germans and was loaded onto some trucks along with many other American prisoners and were headed back to a German POW camp when the convoy was strafed by an American P47 fighter plane killing many of the prisoners including Captain Flanders. In September 1943, I was assigned as the Commanding Officer of Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion of the 508th and remained in that position until August 1944 when I became the Regimental Liaison Officer.

A wonderful part of my Army life was the wonderful people with whom I lived, ate, slept, and worked 24 hours a day in a man's world. Each man was warmly accepted as a member of the group and all enjoyed the camaraderie of close friendships. When WWII came to a close and the men began to depart on their long journeys to their homes in the states, I saw men who had served -- no, been part of our family group, better explains it -- break down in tears as they were bidding their comrades farewell. The family that they had been a part of was being destroyed, and the wonderful friendships which had developed were now coming to an end. We did not realize then that we would meet again at the 30 annual regimental reunions which we enjoyed and where we could relive those days and events for short snapshots and then depart for another year.

My wife could not understand my feelings. She felt that, "your memories of the 508th are most important to you." She could not understand, for instance, when Stan Nordwall called me late at night and wanted to talk. I couldn't hang up. Stan was a Chippewa Indian and a good man who was involved with his tribe in liberating Alcatraz. When Stan was leaving our family in Europe after WWII to return to his family and friends in the states, I went over to him to say goodbye and to wish him well. He looked downcast and said, "I am going back to an Indian reservation and will be just another damn Indian -- here, I am a person -- accepted and liked. He later rejoined the Army and worked in personnel.

Several years later he was at the Dayton reunion with no room -- the hotel goofed -- so, he roomed with me. Stan married and lived in Florida. They had a son who was a very accomplished musician. Stan was a hard worker and always had a smile on his happy face. He and his wife presented me with a beautiful bedspread they had made and had members of the company sign it. I am writing these memories after so many years. I just answered the telephone and it was George Fairman, "Just touching base." Yesterday, it was Pat Ott, the day before, Zane Schlemmer, then, long talks with Bill Nation, Francis Lamoureux, and Frank McKee whom I haven't seen in 15 years, and Bob Broderick up in Washington. Marvelous thing, the phone! Have to check on Lucille Shanley, Irv Shanley, and Mark Alexander, the best officer I ever served under for 3 days. Colonel Alexander passed away May 21, 2004 in Campbell, California.

I am proud to have served in the 508th Parachute Infantry Regiment and prouder still to have been a member of Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion of the 508th. The men in this Company were the finest men I have ever known. These very loyal young men had their particular characteristic traits which changed as the days and events of history changed. They were magnificent. The family of this Company measured quite favorably against the best -- and they were the best. As we progressed through our very rigorous training and hard-fought battles in combat, I saw a group of young, raw recruits evolve into a magnificent close-knit family -- a fraternity that has lasted for many years after the end of hostilities of WWII. I am proud to have been a member of the family of Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion. They were a remarkable group of brave and true paratroopers as evidenced by their deeds on the field of battle.

When I first reported in to the 508th as a First Lieutenant at Camp Blanding, the 2nd Battalion was commanded by Captain Louis Mendez. He was a challenging personality. I remember the first officers' meeting he called when he handed me a pencil and told me to talk for five minutes about the pencil. Another time when I walked into his tent wearing my cap, he said, "Lieutenant Graham, is your head cold. You are under cover." He was a very interesting and beloved man. Camp Blanding was built on a swamp. Two feet down was mud and water which was very unpleasant.

Major Thomas J.B. Shanley (later Lieutenant Colonel), Class of 1939, West Point was the Regimental S3 at Blanding and assumed command of the 2nd Battalion at Camp Mackall about April 1943 and was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel about the same time. Colonel Shanley was a small man with a large amount of ability. Major Louis G. Mendez, Jr. (later Lieutenant Colonel) was assigned as Commanding Officer of the 3rd Battalion at Blanding and remained in that position throughout the war. Both Shanley and Mendez were class. Lindquist was pompous -- they were not.

At Camp Blanding in October and November 1942, the Regiment was filled entirely with volunteers all of whom were subjected to tough physical and mental examinations to determine their fitness to be airborne soldiers. Initially, there was a small cadre of regular Army officers and noncommissioned officers. Of 6,000 enlisted men who were processed, only 1,800 were selected, and only 500 of 2,200 officers passed the rigid requirements successfully. Our 13 weeks of basic training was very efficient and designed to weed out those incapable or unable to become paratroopers. The same training was for all personnel -- officers and enlisted men. The Regiment went to Fort Benning in two-week serials and took jump training in March 1943. We then moved to Camp Mackall, North Carolina for eight months of tactical training before shipping overseas to the European Theater of Operations (ETO) in late December 1943.

On Tennessee maneuvers in 1943, we made a tactical training parachute jump onto wheat fields

on a very hot day. What an experience! The heat waves from the parched wheat created updrafts thereby defying the laws of gravity and causing many troopers to float incessantly. These slow floaters had to be ordered down. Officers and Noncommissioned Officers on the ground had to shout up to the floaters to pull down on their risers to partially deflate their parachutes and thereby increase their rate of descent.

One day we marched and maneuvered, had early chow, and slept in our pup tents until 2300 hours when we were awakened, assembled with full field packs on our backs, marched for 24 hours, and then tented again. Our blankets were rolled inside our shelter halves along with tent poles, pins, and rope, and then formed into a horseshoe shape to fit around the top and sides outside our musette bags. Toilet articles and other small items were packed inside the musette bags and the bags were attached to a harness and carried on our backs. That was one of the few times I went to sleep walking. When I slept, Major Shields Warren steered me and then I steered him while he was sleeping. It is easy to sleepwalk. You just watch the feet of the man in front of you, and when the column stops, you run into him.

At this second camping area, Colonel Shanley prescribed where the officers were to pitch their pup tents. I dropped my gear on the ground designated for my tent and went back to check on my troops. When I returned to my tenting area, my tent poles and pins were missing, so I slept with Captain George Simonds, the battalion S3. In the morning Colonel Shanley was very upset with me because I could not find my tent poles and pins until I told him that I gave them to some men in my company who needed them. Later, I found out that the first area we bivouacked in had been inspected to see if the area was properly cleaned and policed. Some units were criticized by the amount of equipment that was left behind. The men of Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, my unit evidently did a good policing job because I never heard about it, but other units did.

During a three-day rest period in bivouac out in the woods on Tennessee maneuvers Colonel Shanley told me that he would be gone for 24 hours and that Major Shields Warren would be in charge of the battalion. An hour later, Major Warren told me that he would be gone for 24 hours and that I would be in charge of the battalion. Now I knew that my wife was in Nashville. She had been in California. We had a baby boy who died after one day. I was there and had to tell her so. But now she was in Nashville and I was in the woods on bivouac, so I told Lieutenant Tibbetts that I would be back in 24 hours and that he was in charge. With walnut stain on my face and in a dingy jumpsuit I got a ride to Nashville and spent the night with her. Major Warren found out about my little escapade and thought it was bad but funny. He told Colonel Shanley, and I found out many years later that Colonel Shanley had written a scathing report about the incident. I found out about the report from Stan Nordwall at one of our regimental reunions. Stan said that he had reenlisted in the Army and was serving at the Pentagon in Personnel when he ran across efficiency reports submitted on our officers, including mine. He told me that he destroyed the report written by Colonel Shanley and prepared a glowing report on me for my file. Such a friend!!

Normandy, France

On D-Day June 6, 1944, after the jump, my group of approximately 80 men met with Colonel Shanley's group of about 120 men on the outskirts of the town of Picauville. He and Major Shields Warren decided that Picauville was too heavily defended and would be too much to try to capture with just 200 men. So they contacted Colonel Lindquist by radio who told them to move to Hill 30 and hold it. Hill 30 was the high ground in the area and from it they could control a major road junction and the causeway across the Merderet River. At 2400 hours on D-Day the

200-man force was split into two columns with Shanley leading the left column and Warren the right. Lieutenant George Miles and I were to bring up the rear. On the way to Hill 30, Miles and I went behind some trees to relieve ourselves when a shot was fired and Miles was hit in the groin. A medic checked him and said it was too serious a wound to move him and might be fatal if he was moved. So the medic injected a shot of morphine into him to ease the pain and he was left there with two canteens of water. Two days later we recovered Miles.

On Hill 30 we were short of all kinds of supplies including water. I remembered that a farmhouse where I landed had a well with an old-styled pump and handle. We asked the farmer if we could draw some drinking water from his well and he agreed providing that we filled our canteens only during the night. He said that the German patrols were active in the area during the day but not at night. I came to know the family that lived in that farmhouse after the war. The farmer's name was Georges Marion. On one visit to Normandy after the war I stopped by to see that family to thank them for letting us use their water and I asked the owner how dangerous it was for him and his family during the Normandy invasion. He smiled and pointed to a nearby newly-built house and said, "One of your men left a torch (flashlight) in the old house that was standing there and when the Germans found it they burned the house to the ground and killed the lady who lived there. Oh yes, it was very dangerous!" Georges Marion is a good friend of mine and I see him every time I go to Normandy. He and his wife and family are good people and they always invite me to dinner whenever I visit. Their two-story house is built of sturdy stone blocks and is 300 years old. Monsieur Marion's father was shot and killed on June 10, 1944 by a man who joined our company just before the invasion. He "wanted to see if he could shoot a man." What a tragedy!

Nijmegen, Holland

During the Holland operation I was the liaison officer between the 508th and the 82nd Division Headquarters. I first became the Regimental Liaison Officer after we returned to Nottingham from the Normandy operation. This assignment as Regimental Liaison Officer was a most enjoyable and interesting duty. I spent the nights with the Division and each morning I picked up reports and left in my jeep with my driver for Regimental Headquarters to pass the reports to the Regimental staff. While at Division I visited with various staff members and helped out in the G3 Section and at the end of the day I returned to Regimental Headquarters with reports from Division. I saw places I would never have seen if I just stayed in the regimental area and I met some very interesting people at the higher echelon. I knew all of the division staff and the other regimental commanders and was included in the planning of operations and briefings. I was 'bigoted.'¹

Prior to the Holland jump I sat in a high-level briefing at division headquarters. Colonel Lindquist was told by General Gavin to move to the Nijmegen Bridge as soon as Lindquist thought practical after the jump. Gavin stressed that speed was important. He was also told to stay out of the city and to avoid city streets. He told Lindquist to use the west farm area to get to the bridge as quickly as possible as the bridge was the key to the division's contribution to the success of the operation. After we were dropped in Holland, I went to the 508th Regimental CP and asked Colonel Lindquist when he planned to send the 3rd Battalion to the bridge. His answer was, "As soon as the DZ (drop zone) is cleared and secured. Tell General Gavin that." So I went cross-country through Indian country² to the Division CP and relayed Lindquist's message to Gavin. I never saw Gavin so mad. As he climbed into his jeep, he told me to, "Come with me --

¹ 'BIGOT' had been a code word used in planning Normandy operation. Chet's use here is a slang term that grew out of the code word and meant he was "in the know", i.e., fully briefed on the operations.

² "Indian country" is a slang term for "enemy territory"

let's get him moving." On arriving at the 508th Regimental CP, Gavin told Lindquist, "I told you to move with speed."

After landing and reporting to Colonel Lindquist I went from the 508th to the 82nd CP with a radio operator and a guard, I arrived at the road from Groesbeek to Nijmegen. A farmer greeted us and advised us to hide in a nearby ditch along the highway saying, "The Germans are coming." So we watched from our hiding place as the Hollander waved at a convoy loaded with Germans with one hand as he poured brandy for us with the other. After the convoy passed, the Dutchman said, "I have waited five years for this day." When I reported to the G3, Colonel John Norton, he asked me about my trip and if I had seen any Germans. I replied that I had seen none other than the convoy. He had heard of some Germans in the area. That night, a troop train of six or seven passenger cars passed through the Division CP and General Gavin was furious. It didn't happen again.

At one point in Holland after the fighting tapered off, the regiment was on "the island" between Nijmegen and Arnhem and was attached to the British. At first, the 50th Division was there and was later replaced by the 43rd Division. I stayed with whichever division was there. I found out that the British wanted some American coffee and that the 508th wanted a large British tent for Colonel Lindquist, so we traded six cases of coffee for the one tent. The 43rd had a rugby team and scheduled games with other British units. I played six games with them -- four miles from the German front line. Such is life!

I had a room in the division headquarters building complete with a parachute for cover. A British soldier woke me up in the morning with a cup of tea. When that division moved on, so did the parachute. One day the division operations officer asked me if I wanted to see the attack on the Germans that was about to take place, so, we climbed into our jeep and fell in with a convoy on the highway. Our jeep driver began cussing and told us to hang on as he turned and swerved out of the convoy. We were in a German convoy! We drove around for a while but saw no action so we stopped at a square that looked quiet and peaceful and ordered beers at a café. Then several Tommies came across the square and told us to get out of there because we were in between the British troops and the Germans. The Tommies were a British patrol. We left in a hurry! The regiment was situated west of the Arnhem/Nijmegen road where there were apple and cherry trees near the brick factory. One of the joys during this period was to fire on the Germans who had to go to the bathroom.

In Holland while at Division Headquarters one day I was told by the Division G3 of the proposed crossing of the Waal River by the 504th Parachute Infantry Regiment. The Nijmegen Bridge was heavily defended by the Germans, and the Division Commander, General James Gavin, found it necessary to send a force of men across the river to outflank the enemy to expedite the capture of the bridge. My driver and I went to the electric generator plant, parked the vehicle and found a suitable spot from which to watch the crossing. The crossing took place in broad daylight mid-afternoon on September 20, 1944 in 26 flimsy, collapsible, canvas assault boats, some with no oars, which were furnished by the British. Promised air support to bomb the fort occupied by the Germans on the other side of the river did not materialize. The men were carrying the assault boats with one hand while carrying their weapons and other gear in the other hand. As they approached the riverbank, the Germans then realized what was happening and began laying down a heavy volume of deadly fire all across their front. There were many casualties. The men showed great courage in view of such overwhelming and disadvantageous odds. Some men had fallen out of their boats and could be seen swimming in the river while others were lost in the river or were being dragged ashore by rescuers. The crossing was not private. Just about every Brit and American officer not on duty elsewhere was there. Too bad tickets weren't sold!

General Gavin, of course, was there and was very emotional during the crossing.

After the Battle of the Bulge in February 1945, the 82nd Division moved back to Camp Sissone for rest and recuperation and in theater reserve. I was assigned as the S3 of the 3rd Battalion under my friend and a man I greatly respected, Colonel Louis Mendez. I was also assigned the additional duty as JA (Judge Advocate) and presided over a court-martial of a man arrested for rape of a French woman. Colonel Roy E. Lindquist, the Regimental Commander of the 508th called me in and told me that I was to find the man guilty for “good relations with the French.” He was furious when I dismissed the case for lack of evidence presented by the prosecution. Either the man was guilty or not guilty but not prejudiced by the Commanding Officer.

During that time at Camp Sissone, Colonel Shanley rode around on a Vespa-type motorcycle. He was called the “Green Hornet.”

During this period at Camp Sissone the regiment was detached from the 82nd Airborne Division and assigned to SHAEF (Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Forces) under the direct control of the First Allied Airborne Army. As the end of the war in Europe was drawing to a close, the regiment was moved to airfields in the vicinity of Chartres, France and was placed on a 24-hour alert to parachute onto prisoner-of-war camps in Germany in the event the Germans resorted to atrocities. Situation maps were updated frequently to show the current positions of the front-line, quickly moving American forces in Germany. Working on 24-hour phase lines, reports from the advancing units kept us abreast of the condition of POW’s being liberated from which we could determine the necessity of dropping our parachutists on any trouble spot. By 1300 hours each day we could determine if a parachute mission would be necessary. If none were necessary, the troops were issued 24-hours passes to Paris. We lived in large tents at Chartres and each tent could hold about 40 or 50 men.

In March 1945 after the Battle of the Bulge while the regiment was resting at Camp Sissone, France, the division scheduled a rehearsal for landing elements of the division in Berlin. This rehearsal really pointed out the problems we would have encountered. I worked with the division G3 and G4 sections on the problems.

Finally

In July 1945 after the war was over, the regiment was moved from Camp Sissone to Frankfurt, Germany to become occupation troops and to serve as the honor guard for General Dwight D. Eisenhower at his new headquarters in the I.G. Farben Building. I was the S3 of the 3rd battalion under Major Alton Bell. Colonel Mendez, who had moved up to regimental headquarters as Executive Officer, called me in and told me that the regiment was inheriting a rest center on Lake Geneva from the 13th Airborne Division. The center was the Hotel Royal located in Evian, France, known for its fresh, pure, clear water. Lake Geneva is mainly located in Switzerland but 19 miles on the south side is owned by France. Colonel Mendez and I flew to Lyon, France in two small L4 planes and spent the night in a nice hotel with a bidet in each room. The next morning we climbed back into the L4’s and followed the river leading to Evian and landed at Annecy where we were met by members of the 13th Airborne Division who took us to the Hotel Royal. After briefly discussing the details of occupying the hotel Colonel Mendez departed and I remained as the Head Innkeeper. Twenty enlisted men and two officers were assigned to help me run the rest center. One of the officers was Lieutenant Jean Trahin and the other was a medical doctor whose name I cannot remember. There were two jeeps and three trucks assigned to the rest center for our transportation.

The hotel came complete with the French staff that was used by the 13th. Such items as blankets and other equipment belonging to the US Army were transferred to our control from the 13th. The owners of the Hotel Royal also owned the Hotel Splendide on the French Riviera. The two hotels swapped staffs winter and summer. We drew food rations from a US Army supply depot in Lyon. There was plenty of food and the hotel staff served delicious meals which were free for our guests. The hotel could accommodate 120 men at a time and each group stayed at the hotel for one week. When a new group of 120 men came down to Evian from Frankfurt in trucks, the old group returned to Frankfurt in the same trucks. Each new group received an orientation soon after arrival explaining to them the rules they must obey during their stay at the hotel. (1) No uniform regulations. (2) No restrictions on travel. (3) Stay out of jail. (4) Be ready to load trucks when it's time to return to Frankfurt. (5) Stay out of Switzerland.

Some men went to Italy, some to England, and some to Northern Ireland. We took some of the noncommissioned officers (NCOs) on a tour of the town, including the beach area, restaurants, churches, and the jail, where the beds were made of stone. The hotel bar served wine, beer, and brandy at very reasonable prices. We made arrangements with a local wine merchant for our bar supplies. He had money to buy liquor supplies but he had no transportation to get to the wine country, so we furnished the transportation and he bought the supplies and sold them to us at cost.

The Hotel Royal was built for the English King Edward in 1905. The famous Evian water is bottled here and sold under that name at "Le Source Cachet." After living in Army barracks, tents, and even on the ground without tents the men of the 508th enjoyed the luxury of the Hotel Royal for their short stays there and were sad to see it come to a close after only six weeks. The OSS (Office of Strategic Services) Headquarters was located at Annecy under control of the brother of John Foster Dulles. Lieutenant Trahin and I had lunch with them one day.

Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion personnel were a wonderful group of men. At Camp Mackall, North Carolina they accepted me as their new Company Commander. I was blessed with some great noncommissioned officers like Ken Schroeder who was our First Sergeant and a great help to me, George Christ, the Communications Platoon Sergeant, Bob Brand, the Machine Platoon Sergeant, and Howie Smith, the Mortar Platoon Sergeant. George Christ was also a member of the cadre when the Regiment was first organized at Camp Blanding, Florida. These NCOs were outstanding leaders. The entire company functioned like a well-oiled machine and they were a family of young men who liked each other. We also had two outstanding NCOs in our supply room -- Francis Benedict and Paul Gugliotta. Bob Speers, who was a section leader/forward observer with our mortar platoon during the war, also served outstandingly as the Regimental Association's President for three years after the war. Lieutenant Ed Ott, who was the mortar platoon leader during the war, also served as Association President and as Parliamentarian for the Association. Lieutenant Jean Trahin also served with the mortar platoon during the war and after the war was a Major General with the Army National Guard. Lieutenant Ray Sanders was a great asset to the company as the Communications Platoon Leader, as was Lieutenant John Zarembeki. Lieutenant Les Pollom, who was the Company Executive Officer and Machine Gun Platoon Leader, was a thorn in my side. He resented my being a Captain since his Army service number was lower than mine. My quarters at Camp Mackall were next to Colonel Shanley's. He and I ran together and spent some free time chatting and discussing events of the day.

But all in all -- I served with friends and saw so many things which I cannot and will not forget. I stayed in the Army Reserves for 10 years but because the Army then required me to take two weeks training camp in July, and my business as a Manufacturers Representative required me to

be in Chicago for the Housewares Show, and then the Hardware Show, I had to make a choice. I represented companies at these shows and was told I had to be there -- or else, so I retired from the Reserves and an interesting life.