

Ardennes Mountains, and we had to do it in blackout conditions. We could hear the German planes in the sky over us just waiting to see a light so they could strafe. To say the least, it was a little bit nerve wracking to come down those big mountains covered with snow and ice without any headlights at all and pulling guns. We had one or two trucks that didn't have all the power and traction they should, and we, actually at times, on the uphill grades, had to run the bumper of our truck against the rear of another truck's gun carriage and help push them up the hill. We came mighty close to going over the edge several times.

The weather continued cold and snow began to fall. The ground was deeply frozen and digging was a back-breaking task. At this time, the equipment issued to the unit was inadequate for winter warfare. There were no parkas, pyramidal tents, stoves or even fuel. Some few sections found billets in houses but the majority had to make out as best they could on the freezing hills. Shacks were built and some sections even burrowed into turnip piles for protection.

I remember one time in Germany, we went to bed in our bedrolls just out on the ground. By morning, there was about 8 to 10 inches of snow. Another time, we had to make a long run in our trucks in zero and below zero weather, several hundred miles. We had to maintain a man on our guns ready to fire because of planes strafing. It was so cold, you could only stand to be on the guns about one-half hour at a time. We would have to shinny out over the drawbar to relieve the man on the gun. This was while driving 40 or 50 miles an hour in zero cold. By the time we got where we were going, which was Metz, France, to guard Patton's gas dumps, many men had their feet frozen and some had to be shipped back to England. The outsides of both my feet got partly frozen, and they eventually turned a brownish color. Took years for that color to eventually go away.

Seemed like you were mostly hungry and cold. During one 3 week period, for 15 men, we received a five pound can of Spam and 3 round loafs of English bread a day. That was a lot of Spam sandwiches.



One time as we were in the truck going somewhere with some of our men in the back, we were passed by some large semi-type trucks loaded with C rations. We hadn't had enough to eat for some time, so my driver said he was going to pull up along the truck and we would try and get some rations. Our driver pulled up right alongside of the back of the other truck, both trucks doing 40 or 50 miles an hour, and another fellow and I climbed up onto the semi trailer and started throwing boxes of rations over into our truck. I think we got eight or ten boxes and then climbed back into our truck so that

Mitchell, our driver, could slow down and get back over into his lane. I don't know what would have happened if a truck had come from the other direction in those few minutes. We sure had enough to eat for a while though.

Another time, while camped in the winter, we were about to freeze. We didn't have enough extra clothes and coats and stuff. We also didn't have any clothes to replace the ones we had worn out. There was a large building a few miles from where we were camped, and we had noticed it was occupied by army personnel. We inquired and found out it was a clothing center. Most of the clothes were from casualties and such, and apparently they were bundled in bundles and shipped somewhere. Russ Mitchell, our driver, myself, and, I believe, Pat Kiley, borrowed a jeep and drove up to it. There were only a few people in the building so Kiley went in and pretended he was trying to find out information about another army outfit and engaged them in conversation. Russ and I drove the jeep around to a side door, sneaked in and threw two or three bundles of clothes in our jeep, then pulled back around and honked for Kiley to come. When we got back to the bivouac area, we found some of the clothes had blood on them, and some were pretty torn, but we got extra shirts, pants and overcoats out of it. (Pictures of 5 gallon Jerry gas cans to be shipped overseas)



We had a hard time getting what gas we needed, especially if we wanted to take our truck on unauthorized jaunts around the country. One time, we were near the town of Metz, France, guarding a huge gas dump supplying

Patton's tanks. Our guns were set up some distance from this dump. Planes would fly the gas in in 5 gallon cans, and they would be unloaded and stacked in these two huge piles. I would estimate each pile had thousands of cans and were probably ten feet or so high and probably a couple hundred feet long. We decided to sneak out to these and steal us some gas one night. These dumps were guarded by armed guards, and I don't know why we didn't get shot. We drove up to within about half a mile, left the truck and snuck in on foot. We each picked up two five gallon cans and started back for the truck. Seemed like those cans weighed 500 pounds apiece time we got them back. We were crouched over, trying to stay unseen, hoping not to stumble over something in the dark and especially hoping we didn't

have someone start shooting at us. Seemed to take forever to get back to the truck, but we did.

The French used a lot of coke for fires. It is a processed form of coal that burns very hot. We were in cold, mud and slop and couldn't keep warm. We had seen a huge pile of this coke in a big factory area and so we drove up to this place. Mitchell and I went barging in one of the big buildings there, and there were about ten or fifteen men at a table having some kind of conference or meeting. They asked us what we wanted and we told them we wanted a truck load of coke out of their big pile because we couldn't keep warm in our tents. They told us the Germans had mined the pile with explosives, and they were just beginning to try and recover some of it, so we couldn't have any. They did say they would give us an order for 50 pounds, and if we would take it around one end of the buildings, the man there would let us have it. One fellow wrote on a piece of paper and handed it to us. It was a huge pile of coke, maybe 20 or 30 feet high and covering what would be about 1/2 of a square city block.

We went back out and instead of going the way they had instructed us to go, we went the opposite way around the pile. When we got to the back of the pile, there was no one there, so we backed up to the coke and just started shoveling it in our truck. We didn't know whether we were going to set off a mine or not. We hurried and shoveled in 5 or 600 pounds in the back of the truck and then took off.

Railroad Yard at Metz, France



One of the chief of sections, a sergeant over a gun crew, asked to be relieved of his command. They asked me if I would take it and I told them no. I was already a corporal and sometimes acting sergeant. We had been under rotten conditions at Metz for some time. Below zero weather and partly frozen feet and trying

to live in tents and keep warm. Some idiot decided we needed to have a major inspection. A bunch of officers from headquarters came around to inspect us. The top man was a major. He was so damned drunk, he nearly fell off our gun when he climbed up to inspect it. After they had gone, my lieutenant came back and said that part of my crew were on report because the ashes hadn't been dumped from the stove in one tent. He said I would have to put them on work details and restrictions and everything.

I said, "Lieutenant, there is no drunken major going to come around here and tell me what's wrong with my crew. If you want to go and get a sober officer to inspect us, fine. If not, you can go to hell, because I'm not punishing any of my men." He said, "You know, I can court martial you and bust you for that."

I said, "Sir, I will save you the trouble." I took out my pocket knife and cut my corporal's stripes off and handed them to him. I also said, "I now formally apply for a transfer to the

other platoon, so I will no longer have to take orders from you." He said, "You will transfer over my dead body." I answered, "You keep me here and that is probably how it will be."

The next day, the captain came around and asked me to take my stripes back. I told him no way. If I had gutless officers that would let some drunk come and walk all over their men, I didn't want any part of it. He said he didn't think he would approve my transfer.

I said, "Sir, that is up to you. If you want to force me to stay, you will have a troublemaker from now on. The men respect me and I'll do all I can to stir them up against you."

He said, "I'll have a jeep here at 1:00 to transfer you over to the first platoon."

I hated to leave. I had been with that (the Seventh) gun section clear through training and most of the war. I had been corporal over the gun crews since back in the states and acting sergeant over the whole crew part of the time while our sergeant was acting platoon sergeant.

My sergeant came to me and told me if I was leaving, he was going to turn his stripes in, too. I told him no, that the crew needed one of us to stay and he shouldn't leave just because of me. He decided to stay. I was transferred over to the Second Section in the First Platoon.

We didn't get in too much actual close quarter combat like the infantry. However, we did see a few nasty times. Remember once we had moved into the city of Mainz on the Rhine River. The Germans were still on the other bank of the river, and they would shoot machine guns at us when they saw us. The engineers were going to try and put a pontoon bridge across the river there. We were to set up right on the bank of the river and try to protect them with our guns, especially from mines floating down the river. As we were among the buildings along the river, we kept having someone fire at us. It was German Army snipers who had stayed behind in civilian clothes and were shooting out of the top window in the higher buildings. We were by a big Opera House. Massive marble pillars in front of it about three feet in diameter. A squad of infantry came marching along, and we told them they had better watch out for snipers. They must have known all the tricks because the lieutenant called two or three men over to him. They asked us about where the sniper was and we told them. The officer then told the squad to fall out and wait. Two men started walking down the street as if they didn't suspect a thing. Two more men with rifles ready, one on each side of the street next to the buildings, followed along a ways behind them. They hadn't gone very far until we heard shooting. The lieutenant went up ahead, came back, and told us we could move out if we wanted because the sniper wouldn't bother us anymore. He then assembled his squad and off they went.

Another time, we had an engineer come and ask us if we had any bazooka shells. These were real powerful, about the same as a small rocket and could knock out a tank. He said the Germans at night had been sending soldiers over in a boat. They were dressed in civilian clothes, and then they would become snipers. We asked what he was going to do with the bazooka shells we gave him. He said they waited with their bazooka and a spotlight right down by the river and listened for the boat to come. Then they threw the spot on it and blew it up with the bazooka. He said they had gotten a couple boats this way but had run out of shells.

We were ordered to take our 40 mm and 50 caliber guns right down on the water's edge on the bank of the Rhine River and dig them in. We were right in the town of Mainz. The engineers were going to try and put a pontoon bridge across the Rhine at that point for an attack. The Germans were expected to try and float mines down the river to blow it up. We were to shoot anything that came down the river.



Rhine River Germany

Some of us tried to get our lieutenant to let us go down as soon as it got dark and dig the holes, so we could just pull our guns down and drop in the holes. He told us no, that we were moving down at 11 p.m., all together. We argued with him, but he didn't have guts enough to make a decision on his own and wouldn't let us go. We had about seven volunteers ready to go.

We moved down at 11:00, hauling our guns by hand so we wouldn't make any noise. We knew the Germans were set up directly across the river from us because we had watched some of them with our field glasses. We weren't allowed to fire at them because we didn't want them to know we were bringing in a lot of troops for a push. We had just gotten down to our area and started to dig. Most of the men were digging the gun holes, and two or three of us were starting foxholes. The ground was quite rocky, and whenever someone hit a rock and made a noise, we would all have to fall flat on our faces because a machine gun would open up at us. As soon as it stopped, then we would start digging again. This slowed us up quite a bit. I don't think we had the holes over three or four inches deep, and it was probably a little after midnight.

Just then, a great big American tank, without lights, came lumbering out from a side street and stopped on the road right behind us. He was lost. He spoke to someone, and then got back on his tank. Instead of leaving as quietly as possible, I guess he wanted to get out of there, he gunned his engines full blast and took off. The Germans heard this and probably figured the push was starting because they started firing everything they had at us. There was

the river's edge, a little bit of beach area, a grassy strip where we were digging in our guns, then the highway and on the other side of the highway, the buildings of the town.

The artillery shells began hitting the first row of buildings and blowing them up. Mortar shells began dropping all around us. We heard one or two people holler that they were hit. Three of us had been digging foxholes fairly close together, me, a fellow whose last name was David and a Jack Cox. Cox and I had been together that day wandering through one or two of the big old churches back in the town. A mortar shell hit right among the three of us. It knocked me flat on my digging, and I don't know whether I was out for a minute or two or not. I called to Jack and couldn't get an answer. I then called David, and he said he had been knocked down but was okay. I told him I thought Jack was hit. David said he would belly over and get the phone and call the Lieutenant and tell him we had to get out. The lieutenant was in a nearby air raid shelter. I crawled over to Jack and he was all slumped over in a heap and not moving. David crawled over, cursing, and said the "looney" said we couldn't leave, and he would come take a look.

The same mortar that had hit us had sent a piece of shrapnel flying over into the gun hole and hit the sergeant in the cheek of his butt. The looney came up, told us to stay put and said he had to take the sergeant back. He and the sergeant took off running. I'll bet he didn't stay three minutes and didn't even check on Jack or anyone else. David was kind of a loner, a little older than I was, and a pretty tough individual. He stated what he thought of the looney and then got the phone again and called headquarters for the medics. He and I then took ahold of Jack's shoulders and dragged him across to the edge of the road. In about ten or 15 minutes, a jeep came with two medics, and we loaded Jack in and they took off. David and I then told the rest of the men to get to the air raid shelter. Most of them took off running and didn't even take their rifles. David and I gathered up three or four rifles apiece and followed them.

When we got to the shelter, there was the lieutenant. He asked if we had told the men they could leave. We told him we sure had, we were in the open, couldn't protect ourselves and couldn't see any point in anybody else getting hit. He then said he would have us court-martialed. David just quietly walked up to him, cocked his rifle, and said, "Sir, you are a yellow belly that ran and left us without leadership. You try and court martial Yancey or me, and I will see to it that the whole army knows you've been hiding in an air raid shelter. Don't you ever talk to me again and don't you ever take your eyes off me because I'll shoot you before the Germans have a chance." The looney's name, I believe, was Hens. The next morning the lieutenant transferred out of our outfit.

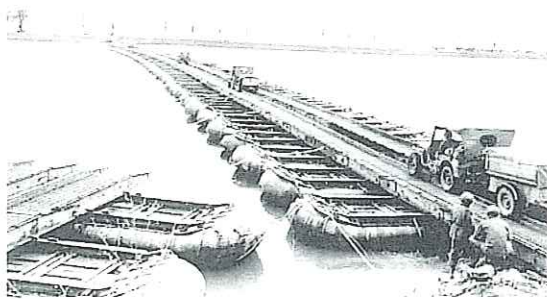
David and I went out the next morning. The mortar had hit the ground about 10 feet behind Jack and shrapnel had dug two little furrows straight through the grass and into his back. This was a shell that hit after we had been knocked down. The one that knocked us down had been an air burst. Jack had just thrown his shovel up with some dirt. A piece of shrapnel hit his shovel handle, went through the front of his steel helmet and helmet liner and entered his head right by his eye. The medics said that one killed him and he never knew he was hit by the ones in his back. I was about 15 or 20 feet to the one side of him, and David was approximately the same the other side. Why we didn't get shrapnel from that air burst, we never knew. This all happened March 28, 1945.

The actual crossing of the Rhine was scheduled on March 26, 1945. During the early part of the evening, the U.S. Navy arrived with assault boats and the 80th Infantry Division moved down for the crossing. A little later than the scheduled time, the artillery opened up a tremendous barrage which continued intermittently throughout the next day. The casualties on this Rhine crossing were considered higher than any other. Counterbattery fire followed and drove everyone into foxholes and gunpits.



During the course of the next two days, the longest pontoon bridge in the world (632 yards) was constructed across the Rhine under a heavy smoke screen. The expected air attack never materi-

alized and the only firing that the Battalion did was on the mission given to the first platoon of Dog Battery which lined up on the Rhine bank and fired on everything moving on the river surface above the bridge. This was to prevent sabotage of the bridge by mines or suicide demolitionists.



On the 31st of March, Charlie and one platoon of Able crossed the Rhine and set up a defense of the east bank and Headquarters moved to Wiesbaden. Baker and Dog Batteries crossed the Rhine on Easter Sunday, 1945.

Completed Pontoon Bridge across Rhine River

After the Rhine crossing, the deterioration of Germany was rapid. It was natural that the Battalion's mission would consist of protection of airstrips and main supply routes. Bridges had been consistently destroyed throughout Germany and required air protection. This last month of the war consisted of short missions and long convoys through central Germany, over roads congested with evacuees and displaced persons.

April 18, 1945, found the Battalion moving south into Bavaria. The larger towns were in shambles. Armored columns would clear a town of the German soldiers and all semblance of law and order would vanish until days later when the American military government would move in.

Toward the end of April, there were frequent movements to the south and east to the vicinity of Nurnberg along the Danube River. Battalion Command Post moved south from Forcheim 29 April 1945 to Beilngries and on the 2nd of May, crossed the Danube to Abensberg. The batteries continued on a single mission during these moves, protecting airstrips and Class III fuel dumps in the vicinities of Regensburg, Bathausen, Ingolstadt and Roth.

Later, it was getting toward the end of the war in Germany, (we felt) and we were camped in the Regensburg area. Some German civilians from a little town came and complained to our officers that there were some S.S. troopers hiding in the woods and then coming out at night and taking their food. Our officers decided to try and flush them out of the woods. There were only supposed to be three or four of them. The officer was going around asking for volunteers to patrol through the forest and get them. It was quite a dense forest. Quite a few men had already volunteered when they came to our tent to ask us. I told them that the war was too nearly over, and I wasn't about to walk into any ambush and get killed. My companion said he felt the same way. However, we did tell them we would go if they would take the trucks, hook up all of our quad mount 50 machine guns and spray the woods first. The other men thought that sounded like a good idea, and we talked the officers into it. This made an arsenal of 8 guns, 4 barrels to a gun, or 32 – 50 caliber machine guns. They would fire around 12 to 1400 bullets a minute for each quad mount or 1400 times 8 guns. This came to about 11,000 shells a minute.

We pulled up to the edge of the woods and formed a semi-circle so that our guns were firing a somewhat overlapping area of fire. The signal was given and for a minute or so, the bullets went like a rain storm through that area of forest. Every fifth bullet was a glowing tracer shell, so we could even see how many were going through the trees. It also made quite a frightening noise.

As soon as the firing stopped, we started advancing in a long line of men through the trees. There was a railroad embankment that cut through the forest at this area. We hadn't gone very far until we spotted three German troopers running across this embankment. We yelled at the men on our right, who were closest to them, and they took off after them. They caught them after a short chase and they surrendered. There was a veteran S.S. trooper and two S.S. troopers who were young kids, probably about 16 years old.

The men I was with continued through the woods for a ways and pretty soon, we came to an earth and log barricade. Behind it was a machine gun set up – aimed in our direction. These SS troopers had been all prepared for us. When they heard that fire power go off, they

thought the whole army was coming after them and they just left their gun and started running. They told us this after we caught them. It is hard to imagine how many of us would have been casualties if we had just gone walking into that wood, into that machine gun without having first spraying it with our machine guns.

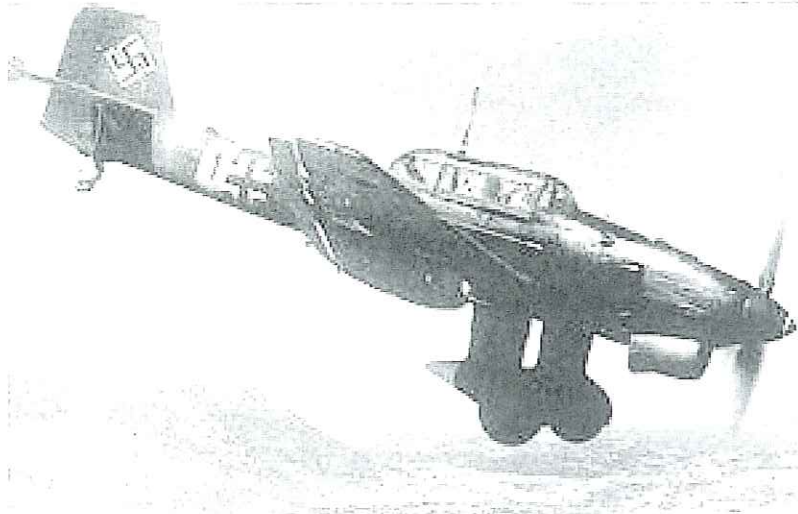


.Dense Forest Where Germans Were Hiding

Another time, as we were coming down out of higher country on slick roads, we had a close call. Usually in a convoy of any size, the vehicles in front can be going 30 or 40 miles an hour and because of trucks lagging and not keeping an even pace, starts and stops and so forth, the rear end of the convoy is doing 50 or 60 miles an hour. Seems like the last trucks have to go very fast to catch up and then slam on the brakes to keep from running into someone when the convoy begins to slow down. This day, we came down a long curving incline that led right through a town. The road was ice covered and partly black ice. The officer in the jeep, leading the convoy, suddenly decided he wanted to stop the convoy. His jeep was probably doing 25 or 30, so he just had his driver pull over. He then jumped out and started waving for the following trucks to stop. Well, the near trucks weren't going too fast, either, and they began pulling over to the side. Farther back, though, the trucks were going faster and began to slide as they tried to stop.

By the time our trucks got there, we were going quite fast, and there were trucks strung all over the road ahead of us. By the time we tried to stop, the highway was pretty well blocked. Trucks had slid off to both sides of the road, and their gun mounts were still out in the road. Our truck, with several men in the back, slid sideways, the truck jumping the curb, and slid right into the barrel of a 40 mm cannon sticking out in the street. The cannon barrel went right through the truck tarp cover and right between two men sitting on the side benches. Neither man was hurt. There were brick buildings on both sides of the road with just maybe 8 or 10 feet from them to the edge of the road. Our struck bumper, time we got stopped, was just a few inches from a brick wall – three of us sitting in the cab and here was this brick wall right in front of you.

Another truck, having no where to go, slid off to the side and hit a large tree, about 3 feet diameter, right smack on. It pushed the engine of that truck almost right down under the feet of the men in the cab, and the windshield was only a foot or two from the tree. The men were fortunately just shaken up. The truck was unloaded and abandoned there. There were eight or ten trucks piled up like that, but no one was hurt much. Several trucks and gun mounts were damaged a little but only the one had to be abandoned.



I think someone up there was watching over us one day. We had been in the Aachen, Germany, area and received orders to move out. It was morning, we had finished breakfast and were loading our equipment. It was a fairly clear morning. We had all of our big guns hooked behind our trucks and were about ready to climb

aboard and move out. Most of the men were just finishing up little things around the area. We were in sort of a little field with a few clumps of trees around. All of a sudden, we heard a Stuka dive bomber right over the tops of the trees. He was just barely clearing the trees and going about as slow as he could without stalling. The plane was so low and so close, we could clearly see the pilot, wearing goggles, looking out the side of his cockpit at us as he passed right over our group.

I think he and we both were so astonished, we just stared. If any one of us would have had a rifle in our hands, we could easily have picked him off. By the same token, he could have just as easily machine gunned us. I don't know whether he was trying to get back into Germany without being spotted and didn't want to fire or whether he was flying so low that he didn't even see us until he was right over us. However, I think he was trying to get back to his base, could have even been out of ammo because he just passed right over, gazing at us and didn't make any effort to return or anything. We would have been sitting ducks because our guns weren't ready to be fired or anything. It was quite a feeling to be standing there on this rather peaceful morning, in the middle of a war, and watch this enemy plane slowly flying over us and the pilot clearly gazing at us as we were at him.

We were at one time in a German town on the Rhine River. We had taken over a college professor's home. He and his wife stayed in part of it, and we moved into the rest of the home. He was friendly and liked to talk to us a lot. Claimed they never knew what Hitler was doing and was unaware of the death camps. We met some Dutch people while there. There were two couples who owned a large freight barge together. They had been caught in the war with a load of merchandise on their boat, and when the Germans were going to

confiscate their boat, they had sunk it in the Rhine. They had been there quite a bit of the war and were hoping to get back to Holland.

Bombed out city of Nuremburg, Germany



One experience we had that was a little different happened in France. We were set up at a big railroad yard guarding it from bombers. Was very cold and in the middle of the winter. It was either at Strasburg or at Saarlautern, both quite close to each other and both on the German-French border. I'm quite sure we were at Strasburg, though. We had been detached from the 7th army we were with and sent temporarily to the (I think) 1st army. (We served with the 3rd, 7th and 9th armies.) We went through Saarlautern, which was German, and it had been bombed to a big pile of rubble. I would guess it was a town bigger than present day Salt Lake City, and there was hardly a building standing clear through the main section of town. Our bulldozers

had just pushed the bricks and rubble up into huge piles to make a roadway through it. We were told to dig in at Strasburg at this railhead. The soil was a gummy clay and frozen solid.

We had explosives with us – blocks of TNT about the size of a pound of butter. They had to be set off with a blasting cap. You could handle them, throw them around, even put them in the fire and they wouldn't explode. Anyway, we couldn't dig the ground with our shovels and picks so we would pecker a hole down a foot or two and put 2 or 3 pounds of this explosive in it and set it off. It would blow 2 or 3 hunks of ground loose about as big as a large plate, and three or four inches thick. That much TNT would have blown a whole truck to pieces, but it didn't hardly dent that frozen ground. After one week, we only had our gun hole about 18 inches deep. We finally just gave up. Anyway, there was an old boxcar near us, and we used it to store all our 50 caliber and 40mm shells. There was also a Negro battalion set up right across the road from us, mostly truck drivers and such.

Late one evening, one of our men, who didn't have too much in the way of smarts, decided to wash some clothes. He didn't want to do it out in the cold, so he took a couple buckets into the boxcar, one with gas in it and one with water. He lit the gas afire and set the

water on top of it to heat, and then he went away and left it. The gas fire melted the old tin bucket it was in and set the boxcar on fire. A couple of other men and I were out on our gun on guard duty. It was now quite dark, probably 7 or 8 in the evening. We saw smoke and flames coming out of the boxcar door and so did some of the other guys around. It was becoming too much to try and get in it, and we knew it had a lot of ammo in it, so most of us just found somewhere to hide. We just watched it from the little hole we had for our gun. Pretty soon the shells started exploding, and you would hear them come whizzing over your head. The Negroes thought they were in an air raid. They were in these big pyramid tents, and they just started pouring out of them, trying to find a place to hide. Some of them were naked, in shorts, in pajamas, running around in the snow and yelling. It was quite a circus. Someone finally got a fire truck out to us, but there wasn't anything they could do, because of the ammo, except watch it burn.

V-E Day, (Victory in Europe) May 8, 1945, was greeted with apathy for the most part in Germany, although Baker Battery (my battery) displayed a little night fireworks around Third Army Headquarters that caused comment from General Patton himself.

The final tactical mission was assigned the unit on May 5, 1945, when it was given defense of the Danube crossings and Third Army Headquarters at Regensburg. Line batteries set up at Regensburg, Deggendorf and Barbing.

After cessation of hostilities, the Battalion was ordered non-operational, that is, the batteries could now reassemble, establish a central kitchen and go into bivouac. Gun sections had been living for six months as almost self-sufficient units with their own kitchens and all the equipment for separate subsistence..

On May 25, 1945, the Battalion was given a brief occupational assignment in the Forcheim Kreis, a beautiful mountainous part of Bavaria known as Bavarian Switzerland.

The battery bivouac areas were in beautiful settings. At this time, the men were allowed to visit places of interest in the surrounding vicinity. On the Third of July, the Battalion received permanent change of station orders and began movement westward towards France. The Battalion rolled into Camp New York, one of the Assembly Area Camps near Suippes, France.

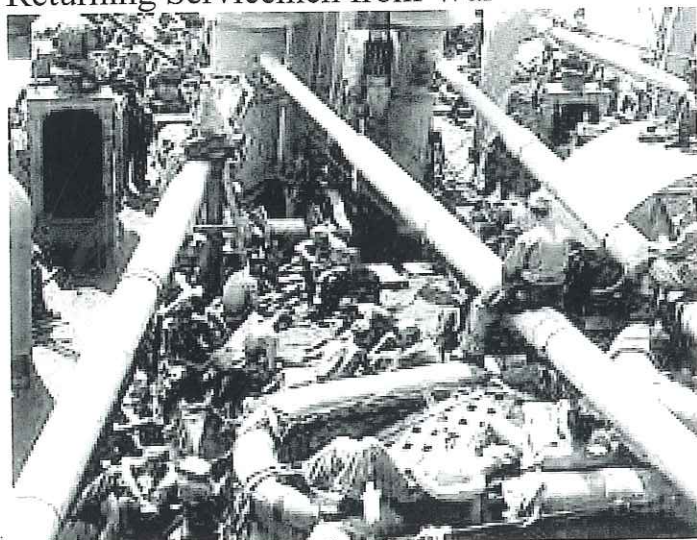
The assembly Area Command was established in Rheims, France. Camps were set up, all named after American cities, to handle troops returning from Germany, processing them to be shipped either to the Pacific Theater of Operations or to the United States. The Battalion's mission was a duty with Army Postal Units and various other duties for the Assembly Area Command. Personnel was divided into thirty separate detachments sorting mail and guarding prisoners. Battalion Headquarters was established in Epernay, France.

We were still at the Regensburg area when the war with Germany ended. We were then moved to Rheims, France, and to Epernay, France, about 70 miles or so from Paris. We were told we would be sent over to the Pacific and we were already making up change orders for our equipment and everything when they decided the war with Japan was about over and we wouldn't be going.

They decided to let you go home according to the number of points you had. You got points for each month of service, major battles you were in, etc. I had 5 major battle stars. There were a few old timers that had a lot of points and they shipped right out. There was myself and three or four others who had five or six points higher than the rest of the battalion. They told us they would transfer us to a battalion that had as many points as we did so that we could get home sooner. We were transferred to a hospital unit made up nearly entirely of Jews from Brooklyn. We sat and waited with this outfit for about two months for orders to go home.

Meanwhile, the battalion I had served with, that had less points, got orders to go home just a week or two after they transferred me. I got a postcard at our hospital unit in Le Havre, France, from a good buddy of mine, Ned Cass, telling me that he was already home.

Returning Servicemen from War



We finally did get orders to go home, sailed from Le Havre, France, hit rough water right after leaving Le Havre, and sailed for several days trying to get around it. After about four days, we were still as far from New York as when we started. Took us about 10 days to make the crossing. I was sick nearly the whole time and lost about 15 pounds weight. I only weighed about 160 pounds when we got back to the States. Have never been able to ride any kind of motion ride,

merry-go-round, whip, etc., since that time without heaving all over. Used to could ride roller coasters and everything.

Another fellow that lived in Oregon and I were sent right away on a train for home. I was to be turned loose back at Fort Douglas, Salt Lake City, where I had started from. I left Fort Douglas Feb 17, 1946. For me, the war was about over. Some of it had been quite miserable, hard and bad. Some of it had been better, and some strong friendships had been made. I had been offered a staff sergeant rating if I would stay one more year in the Paris area and help run the large post office we had been working in, but I wanted no part of it. I was anxious to get with my wife, Thelma, whom I loved dearly and who was coming to Salt Lake to see me. What a joyous sight to see Thelma as I came out of Fort Douglas. Thelma was very good to write to me and I so looked forward to her letters.



Honorable Discharge

This is to certify that

ADAM E YANCEY 39 914 467 PRIVATE FIRST CLASS
F67TH ANTI AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY BATTALION

Army of the United States

*is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military
service of the United States of America.*

*This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest
and Faithful Service to this country.*

Given at SEPARATION CENTER
FORT DOUGLAS UTAH

Date 17 FEBRUARY 1946

Whitson
The undersigned is a member of the
Army of the United States and is authorized to sign
this certificate in the name of the Army of the United States
and in the name of the Country
of the United States of America.

L. D. CRAIN
MAJOR FA



Honorable Discharge

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and Faithful Service to this country.*

Given at SEPARATION CENTER
FORT DOUGLAS UTAH

Date 17 FEBRUARY 1946

Whitson
This certificate is a privilege of the
Army of the United States and is awarded by the
Army of the United States to the Army of the United States
and is not to be used for any other purpose.
The Army of the United States is a part of the United States
Army and is subject to the laws and regulations of the United States
Army.

L. D. CRAIN
MAJOR FA

ENLISTED RECORD AND REPORT OF SEPARATION HONORABLE DISCHARGE

1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL YANCEY ADAM E			2. ARMY SERIAL NO. 39 914 467	3. GRADE PFC	4. ARM OR SERVICE CAC	5. COMPONENT AUS
4. ORGANIZATION 567TH AAA (AW) BN		7. DATE OF SEPARATION 17 FEB 46		8. PLACE OF SEPARATION FORT DOUGLAS UTAH		
6. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES 910 NO SHILLING ST BLACKFOOT IDAHO			10. DATE OF BIRTH 29 AUG 24		11. PLACE OF BIRTH GROVELAND IDAHO	
12. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE SOUGHT SEE 9			13. COLOR EYES BLUE	14. COLOR HAIR BROWN	15. HEIGHT 6' 0"	16. WEIGHT 175 LBS.
18. RACE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> WHITE		19. MARITAL STATUS <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> SINGLE		20. U.S. CITIZEN <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES		21. CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND NO. FARMER 3-06.10

MILITARY HISTORY


22. DATE OF INDUCTION 19 MAY 43		23. DATE OF ENLISTMENT NONE		24. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE 26 MAY 43		25. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE POCATELLO IDAHO	
SELECTIVE SERVICE DATA <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES		27. LOCAL S.S. BOARD NO. 1		28. COUNTY AND STATE RICHMOND CALIF		29. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE SEE 9	
30. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY AND NO. GUNNER AA 601				31. MILITARY QUALIFICATION AND DATE (I.e., infantry, aviation and marksmanship badges, etc.) SHARPSHOOTER RIFLE M-1			
32. BATTLES AND CAMPAIGNS NORTHERN FRANCE ARDENNES RHINELAND CENTRAL EUROPE							
33. DECORATIONS AND CITATIONS AMERICAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS SERVICE RIBBON EUROPEAN AFRICAN MIDDLE EASTERN SERVICE RIBBON GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL AR 600-68. VICTORY MEDAL							
34. WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION NONE							
35. LATEST IMMUNIZATION DATES				36. SERVICE OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL U. S. AND RETURN			
SHALLPOX JUL 44		TYPHOID AUG 45		TETANUS AUG 44		OTHER (specify) TYPHUS OCT 45	
DATE OF DEPARTURE 14 OCT 44		DESTINATION EAME THEATER		DATE OF ARRIVAL 25 OCT 44			
37. TOTAL LENGTH OF SERVICE				38. HIGHEST GRADE HELD			
CONTINENTAL SERVICE		FOREIGN SERVICE		CPL		28 JAN 46	
YEARS	MONTHS	DAYS	YEARS	MONTHS	DAYS	US	9 FEB 46
1	4	26	1	3	26		
39. PRIOR SERVICE NONE							
40. REASON AND AUTHORITY FOR SEPARATION CONVENIENCE OF GOVERNMENT R R 1-1 (DEMOBILIZATION) AR 615-365 15 DEC 44							
41. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED NONE						42. EDUCATION (Years) Grammar School 8 High School 4 College 0	

PAY DATA

43. LONGEVITY FOR PAY PURPOSES YEARS 2 MONTHS 8 DAYS 29			44. MUSTERING OUT PAY TOTAL \$ 300 THIS PAYMENT \$ 100		45. UNEMPLOYMENT DEPOSITS None		46. TRAVEL PAY \$ 9.90		47. TOTAL AMOUNT PAID BY DISBURSING OFFICER 127.84		48. GRADE OF DISBURSING OFFICER RN ARMSTRONG CAPT ED	
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INSURANCE NOTICE

IMPORTANT IF PREMIUM IS NOT PAID WHEN DUE OR WITHIN THIRTY-ONE DAYS THEREAFTER, INSURANCE WILL LAPSE. BANK CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER OF THE U. S. AND FORWARD TO COLLECTIONS SUBDIVISION, VETERANS ADMINISTRATION, WASHINGTON 25, D. C.												
49. KIND OF INSURANCE Nat. Serv. <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> U.S. Govt. <input type="checkbox"/> None <input type="checkbox"/>			49. HOW PAID Allotment <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Direct to V. A. <input type="checkbox"/>		50. Effective Date of Allotment Discontinuance 28 FEB 46		51. Date of Next Premium Due (One month after 50) 31 MAR 46		52. PREMIUM DUE EACH MONTH \$ 6.50		53. INTENTION OF VETERAN TO Continue <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Continue Only <input type="checkbox"/> Discontinue <input type="checkbox"/>	

 RIGHT THUMB PRINT	54. REMARKS (This space for completion of above items or entry of other items specified in W. D. Directives) LAPEL BUTTON ISSUED ASR SCORE (2 SEP 45) 59 INACTIVE SERVICE IN ERC 19 MAY 43 TO 25 MAY 43	
	C 3915	
56. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING SEPARATED <i>Adam E. Yancey</i>		57. PERSONNEL OFFICER (Type name, grade and organization - signature) H S ORVIS 1ST LT AC <i>H S Orvis</i>

WD AGO FORM 53-55
1 November 1944

This form supersedes all previous editions of WD AGO Forms 53 and 55 for enlisted persons entitled to an Honorable Discharge, which will not be used after receipt of this revision.



SEPARATION QUALIFICATION RECORD

SAVE THIS FORM. IT WILL NOT BE REPLACED IF LOST

This record of job assignments and special training received in the Army is furnished to the soldier when he leaves the service. In its preparation, information is taken from available Army records and supplemented by personal interview. The information about civilian education and work experience is based on the individual's own statements. The veteran may present this document to former employers, prospective employers, representatives of schools or colleges, or use it in any other way that may prove beneficial to him.

1. LAST NAME—FIRST NAME—MIDDLE INITIAL			MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL ASSIGNMENTS		
LANCEY, ADAM E			10. MONTHS	11. GRADE	12. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY
			2. ARMY SERIAL NO. 39 914 467	3. GRADE PFC	4. SOCIAL SECURITY No. Unknown
5. PERMANENT MAILING ADDRESS (Street, City, County, State) 910 North Shilling Street Blackfoot, Bingham County, Idaho					
6. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE 26 May 43	7. DATE OF SEPARATION 17 Feb 46	8. DATE OF BIRTH 20 Aug 24			
9. PLACE OF SEPARATION Separation Center, Fort Douglas, Utah					

SUMMARY OF MILITARY OCCUPATIONS

13. TITLE—DESCRIPTION—RELATED CIVILIAN OCCUPATION

ANTIAIRCRAFT ARTILLERY AUTOMATIC WEAPONS CREWMAN: Was a member of a antiaircraft artillery battalion in the European Theater of Operations; assisted in setting up and operating a 40MM gun; inserted clips into the autoloader, adjusted the firing lever, and fired the gun by pressing the foot pedal; operated elevators to aim the gun; assisted in the servicing and repairing of the gun.

MILITARY EDUCATION

14. NAME OR TYPE OF SCHOOL—COURSE OR CURRICULUM—DURATION—DESCRIPTION

None

CIVILIAN EDUCATION

15. HIGHEST GRADE COMPLETED	16. DEGREES OR DIPLOMAS	17. YEAR LEFT SCHOOL	OTHER TRAINING OR SCHOOLING	
18. NAME AND ADDRESS OF LAST SCHOOL ATTENDED			20. COURSE—NAME AND ADDRESS OF SCHOOL—DATE	21. DURATION
4 years High School	Diploma	1942	Arc Welding, National Defense School, Richmond, California.	1 month full time
19. MAJOR COURSES OF STUDY				
Academic				

CIVILIAN OCCUPATIONS

22. TITLE—NAME AND ADDRESS OF EMPLOYER—INCLUSIVE DATES—DESCRIPTION

FARM HAND, GENERAL: Was employed by E. Yancey, Blackfoot, Idaho, for two years, 1941 to 1943; assisted in the planting, cultivating, and harvesting of hay, wheat, and potatoes; fed and cared for beef and dairy cattle, hogs and horses; drove a wheel type tractor and a 2½ ton truck; serviced and made minor repairs and adjustments on the truck and tractor.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

23. REMARKS

None

24. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING SEPARATED

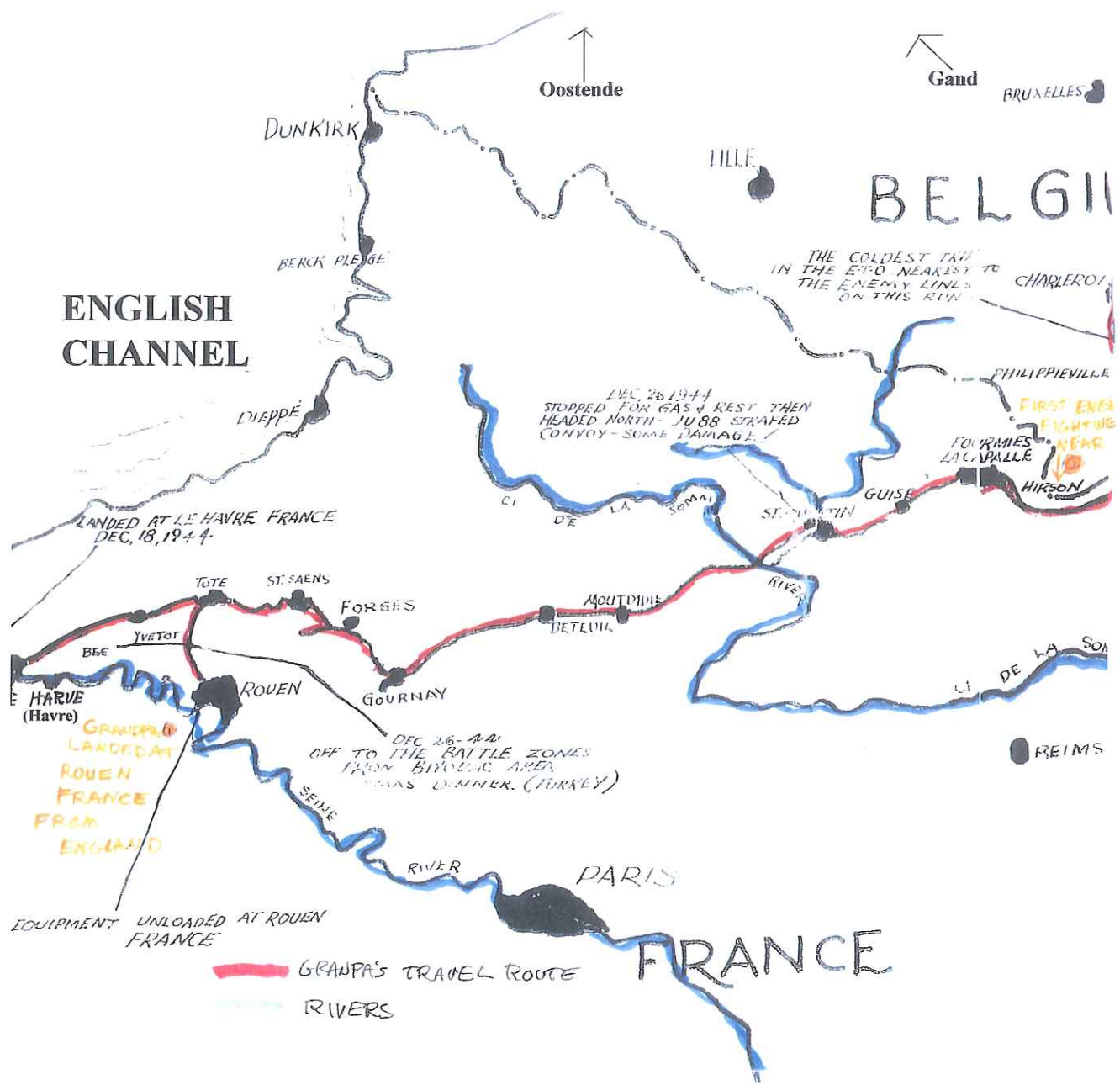
Adam E. Yancey

25. SIGNATURE OF SEPARATION CLASSIFICATION OFFICER

W. T. Doidge

26. NAME OF OFFICER (Typed or Stamped)

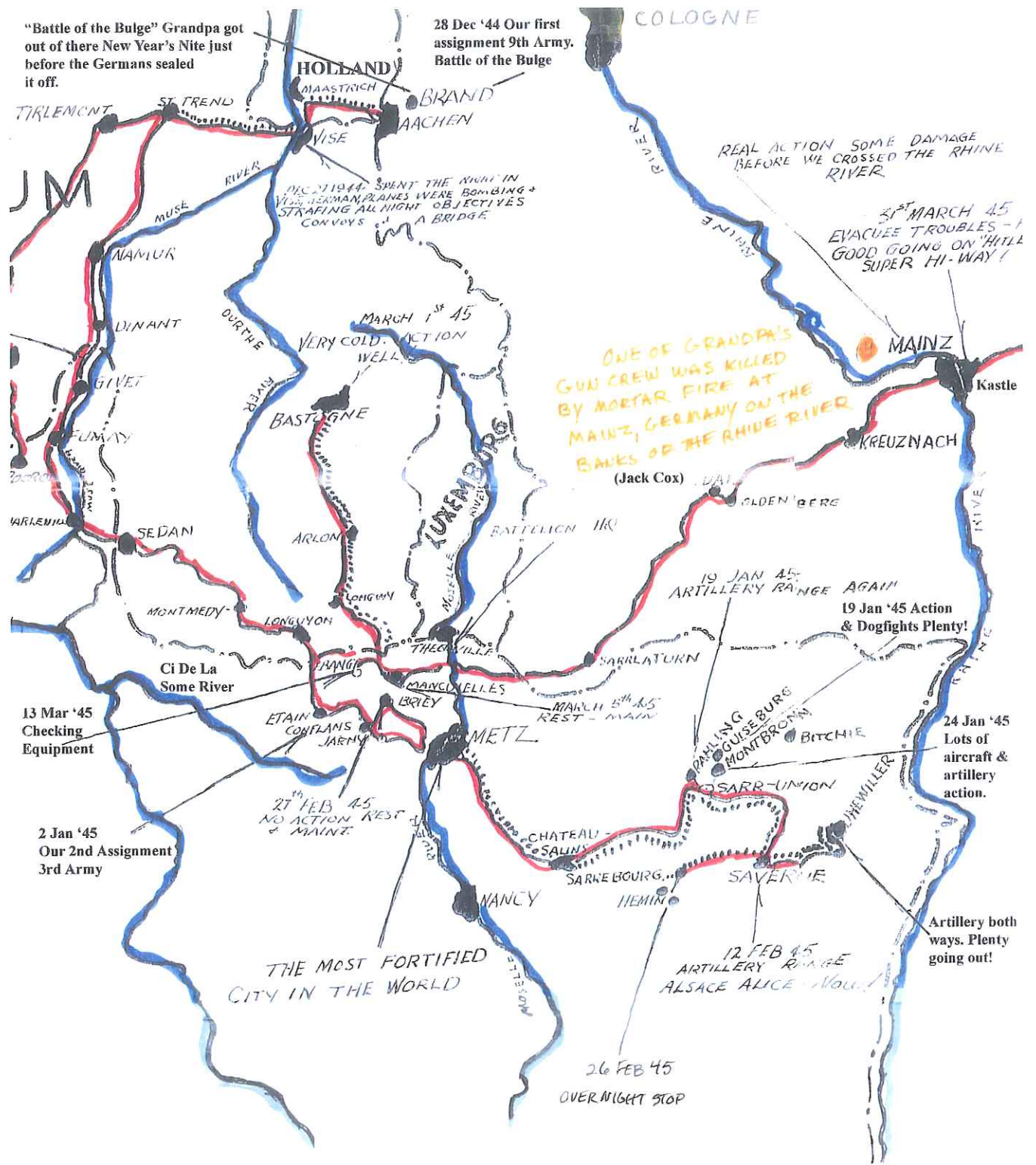
W. T. DOIDGE, CAPT, AGD



Map 1

"Battle of the Bulge" Grandpa got out of there New Year's Nite just before the Germans sealed it off.

28 Dec '44 Our first assignment 9th Army. Battle of the Bulge

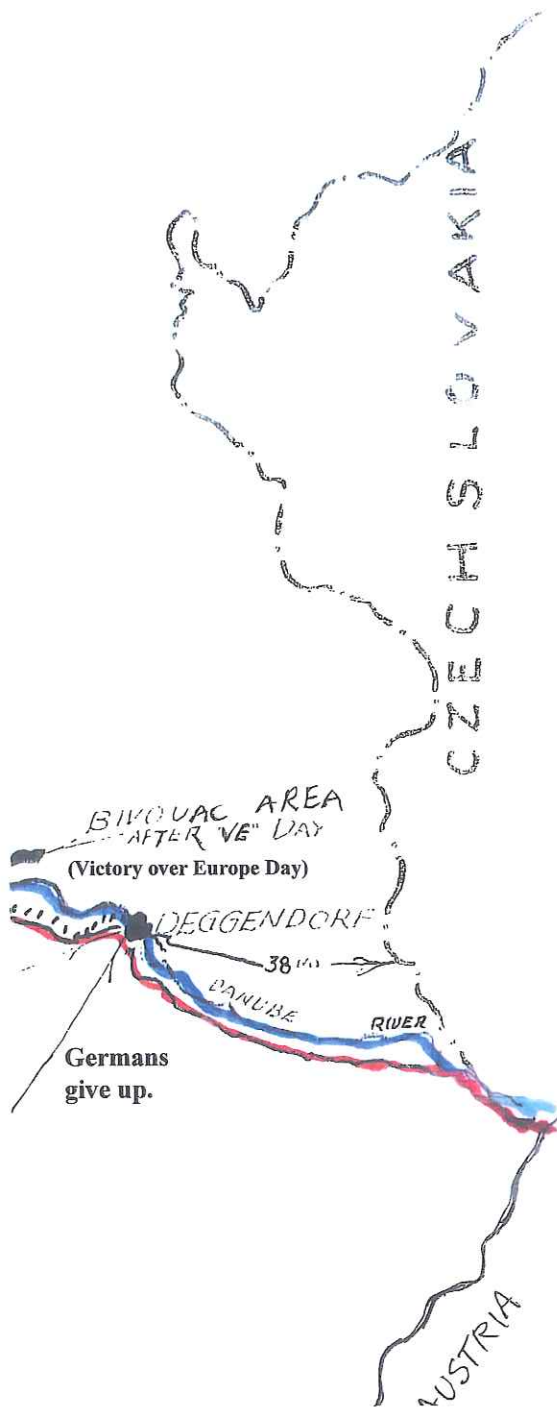


Map 2

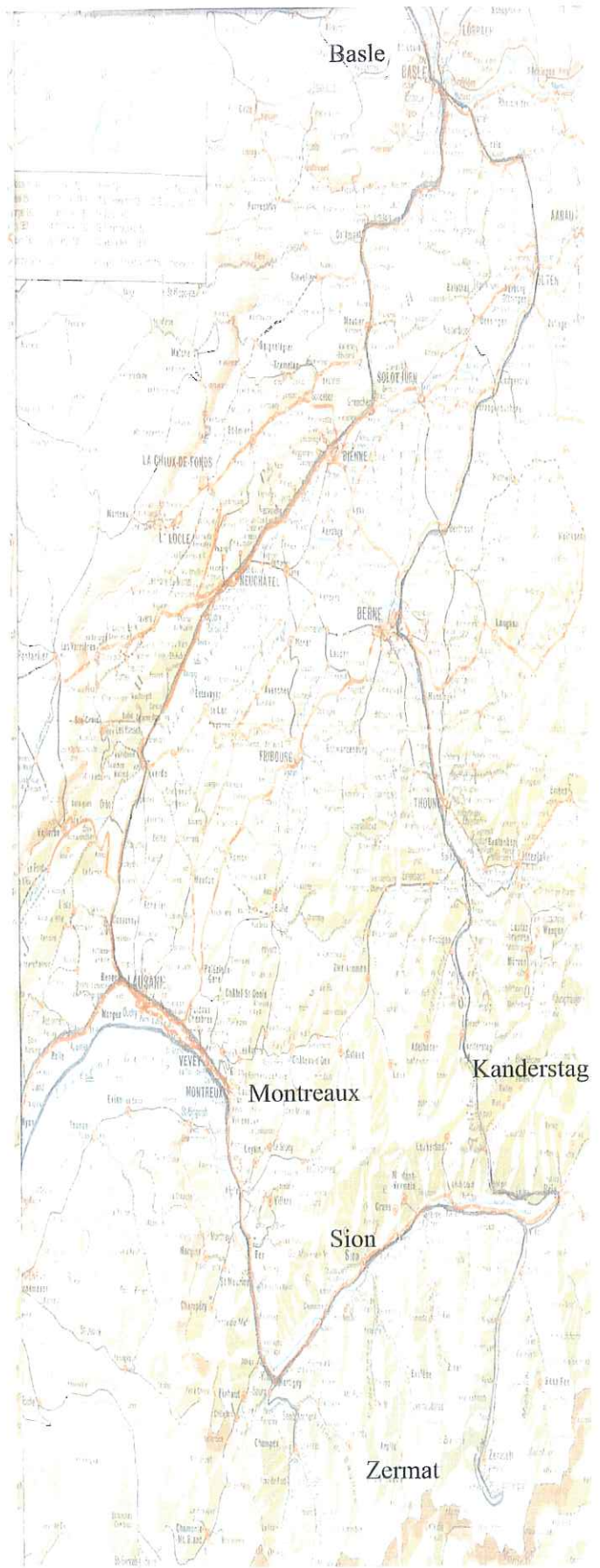


Map 3

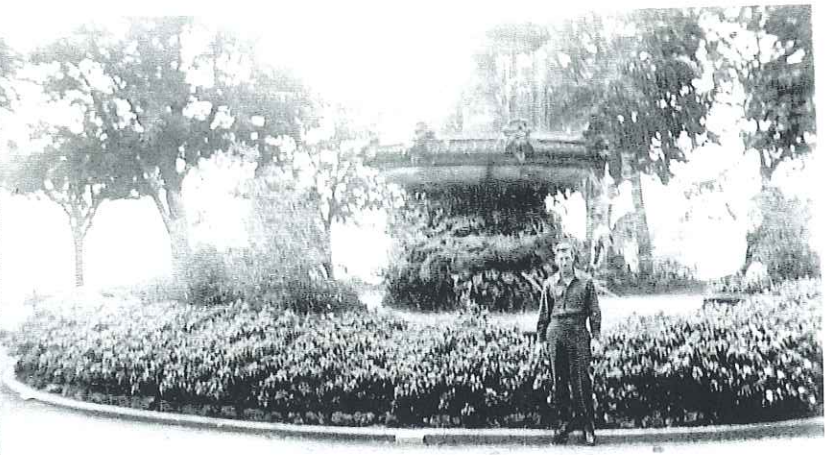
CHEMNITZ



Map 4



Part of Switzerland



Me at Montreaux Switzerland

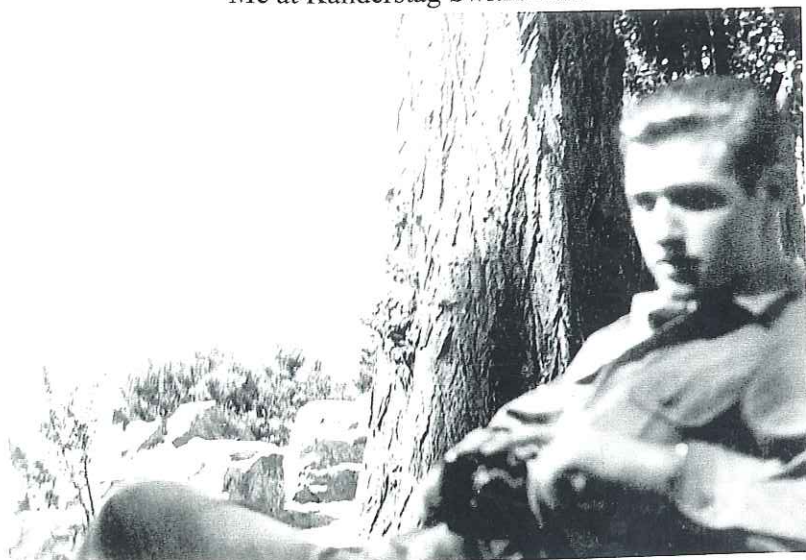
Me and a Swiss Mountain Climber



Me at Sion



Me at Kanderstag Switzerland



Taking a Break



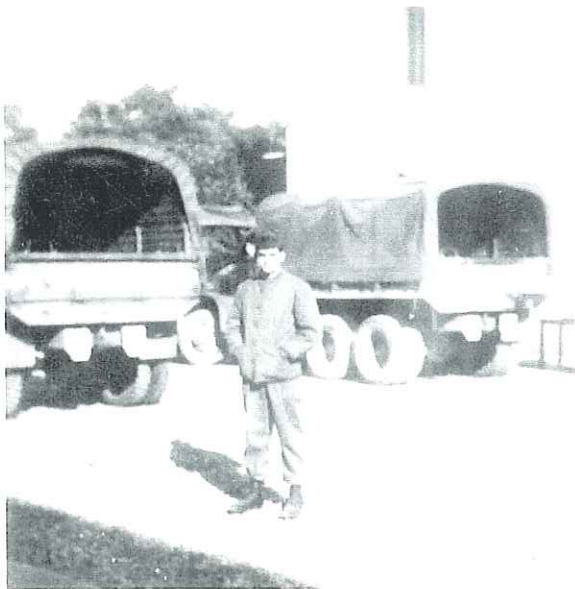
McCorkle, Yancey, Covington at Gornergrat
10,000 ft. The snow was pretty bright.



McCorkle and Yancey at Kanderstag



McCorkle at the lake in Montreaux



Ira Cochrane



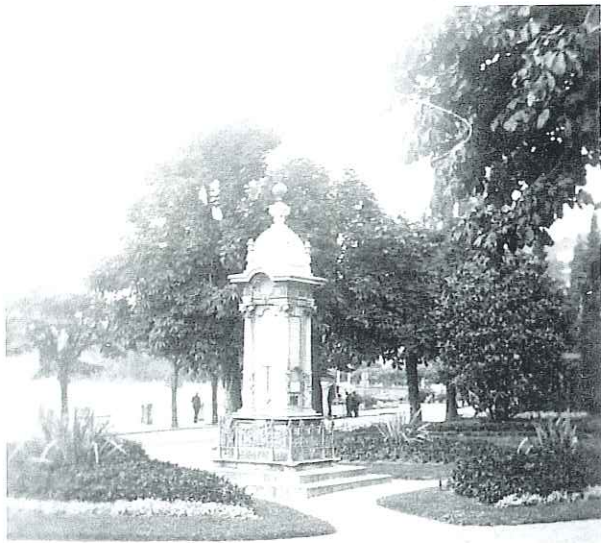
Some Buddies



Building in Basel



Small town we stayed in . . . looked just like the picture.



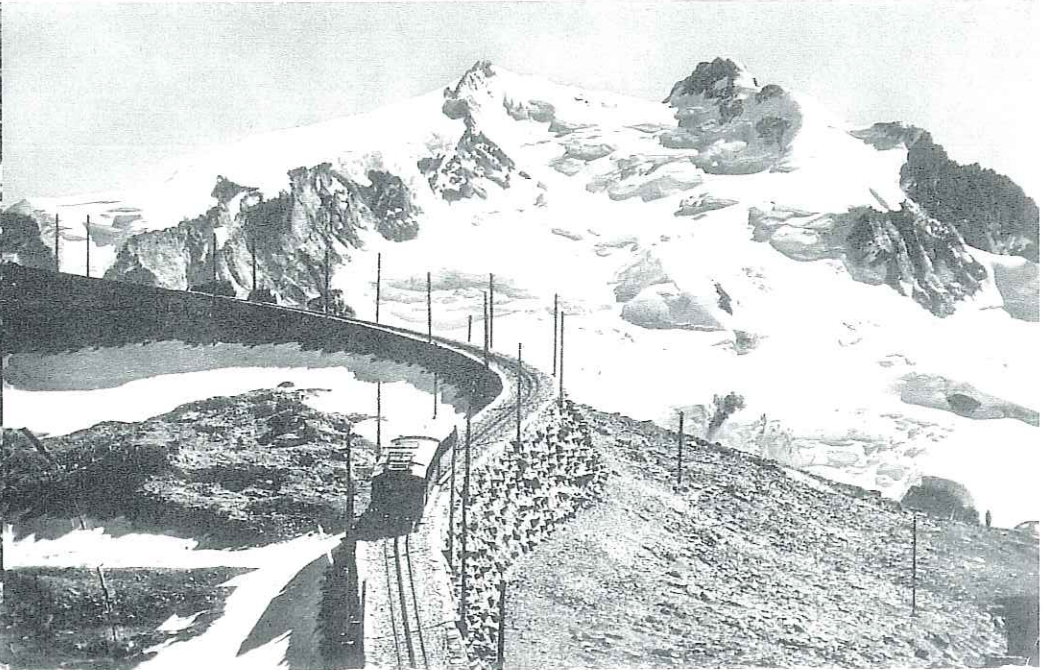
Montreaux Switzerland



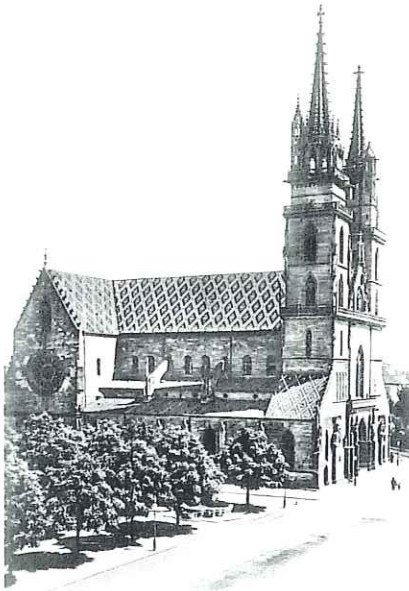
The first town we stayed over in.



Statue in the Park across from our hotel in Basel.



A special train we took up into the mountains, up 10,000 ft. Zermatt - Gornergrat



Cathedral in Basel



Lausanne - We only stayed here a short while.



Zermatt - Bietschhorn - Aletschhorn



Train Station in Basel