



7-2008

164th Infantry News: July 2008

164th Infantry Association

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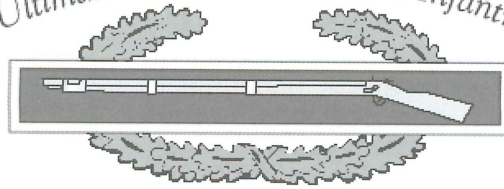
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The Ultimate Weapon the Combat Infantryman



THE 164TH INFANTRY NEWS

Vol. 49, No. 2

WWII and Korean War History, Lost ...

July 2008

“Dad Never Talked Much About the War”



This picture, the cover shot for Ken Burns' & Lynn Novick's "THE WAR" productions for the Public Broadcasting System, literally screams, "I don't want to talk about it... maybe I'll never want to talk about it." And many veterans never have.

Soldiers of "the Greatest Generation" came home, picked up the pieces, and started over -- rarely or never mentioning the war.

164th Soldiers who served in the Korean War did so as individual replacements in other units, and came home without a strong wartime unit affiliation. Because of this, they've not thought their stories significant.

But their silence has deprived their families of an important part of family history. It's a legacy lost. And it has left daughters & sons, nieces & nephews, grandchildren, & great grandchildren pleading and scrounging for information that will substantiate their soldier's part in the wars that shaped their lives, built their characters, and made boys into men.

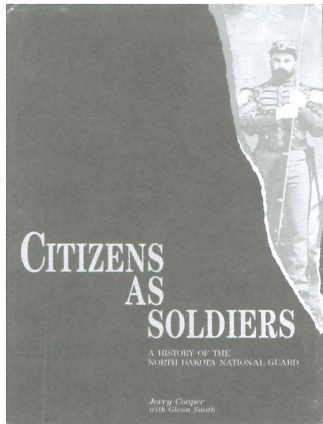
Families comb through old newspapers, 'google' the internet, research history books, and post notices in military magazines. These appeals for information can be seen in every issue of *The 164th Infantry News*. And if you haven't told your story, your family may someday be seeking that information, too...second hand. Many pages in this issue of the *News*, for example, "remember" our buddies who have answered the Last Roll Call. Their stories and photos have been gathered by relatives, as best they could, for a final tribute. The *News* values all this special information, but if you "were there", *your* stories are priceless gems that should be told now. And they're welcome in the *News*.

Awards Tell a Story, too

A significant part of soldiers' histories are the awards that recognize their actions. The number of individual awards within the 164th Infantry Regiment make it a highly decorated unit. Some of the WWII citations (mostly from Guadalcanal) are available from War Department documents at UND, but most are not. Awards are key to researchers because they put a person at a specific place at a specific time, performing a specific action. And they are precious to families seeking such information. If you are in possession of an award order, citation, certificate, letter, or commendation of any kind (including separation documents that list awards and decorations) for any 164 soldier, please send a copy to your Editor for inclusion in the historical files that eventually will be turned over to the 164th Archives at UND. These records will be available for researchers for generations to come. And UND is interested in adding Korean War info to the collection.

Sixty Five Years Since...Fiji

Fiji was a British colony during World War II. The Fiji Defence Force served with New Zealand Army formations, under the Allied Pacific Ocean Areas command. New Zealand was one of the first countries to declare war on Germany if you go by the local time, it declared war before Britain on 9.30 pm (NZT) September 3, 1939, Prime Minister Savage declaring war from his bed: "With gratitude for the past and confidence in the future we range ourselves without fear beside Britain. Where she goes, we go; where she stands, we stand. We are only a small and young nation, but we march with a union of hearts and souls to a common destiny."



The 164th on Fiji From "Citizens as Soldiers"

On 1 Mar 43, the 164th left Guadalcanal, not for the United States as the optimistic rumor held, but for the Fiji Islands, another French possessionwith such things as brick buildings, surfaces streets, movies, & canned beer. The main island, Viti Levu, with the biggest town, Suva, even had facilities suitable for USO shows. Perhaps best of all, the Fijis had no malaria.

On Viti Levu, the Regiment received 1.088 replacements to bring it back almost to full strength. The 164th had lost many of its original men on Guadalcanal, owing to casualties, disease, and other causes. While on Viti Levu, about fifty of the men volunteered for service in another unit, the 5307th Composite Unit, better known as Merrill's Marauders, which wanted only experienced jungle fighters. After a new Table of Organization for the Army Infantry Division came out in the summer of 1943, making the Regiments and Divisions leaner yet, members of the band (whose members had served as litter bearers and had performed other vital tasks in combat) for various other units as part of the reorganization. Large cuts in headquarters and service personnel decreased the authorized strength of the regiment by over 100 men.

With the addition of the new replacements, more training became necessary so the new men could learn how to work in squads, platoons, and companies. Instead of making units solely out of replacements, the commander filled out the existing ones with the new men, who thus received the benefit of serving with combat veterans. From these experienced soldiers, the green troops learned what to do in combat conditions and how to work together as a whole. In these field exercises, the rookies also learned that the men of the 164th were in good physical condition in spite of the hardships they had endured on Guadalcanal. The days of training were more exhausting to the new men than to the veterans.

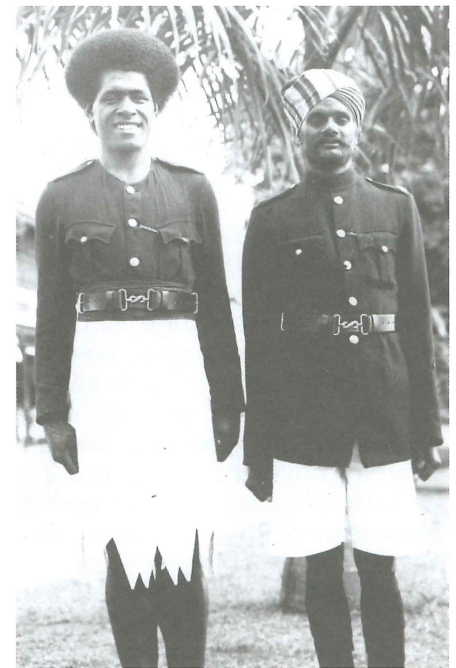
The replacements also received some indoctrination to instill in them a pride in the Regiment. The 164th had already compiled a very outstanding record of accomplishments, and it expected the new men to help maintain that standard. Those who shirked their duty jeopardized not only their own lives, but those of their comrades. Since combat required teamwork, the Regiment expected all to carry their load to ensure a maximum rate of survival. Above all, they stressed that the 164th did not abandon its dead and wounded, even when under extreme pressure from the enemy. To allow the enemy to mutilate the bodies of the dead or torture the wounded was unthinkable. The replacements learned that the Regiment expected much of them, but no more than the veterans demanded of themselves. When the Regiment received orders on 25 Nov 43, to prepare to move to Bougainville, it was ready for another campaign.

Current Military of Fiji

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

The **Republic of Fiji Military Forces** (RFMF), with a total manpower of 3,500 men, is one of the smallest militaries in the world. The 3,200 men in the active army are organized into six infantry and one engineer battalions, with approximately 6,000 reserves forming a further three. There was formerly one "Zulu" company of counter-revolutionary specialists, which was deactivated in late 2000 due to a mutiny by some of its members.

The first two regular battalions of the Fiji Infantry Regiment are traditionally stationed overseas on peacekeeping duties; the 1st Battalion has been posted to Lebanon, Iraq, and East Timor under the command of the UN, while the 2nd Battalion is stationed in Sinai with the MFO. The 3rd Battalion is stationed in the capital, Suva, and the remaining three are spread throughout the islands.

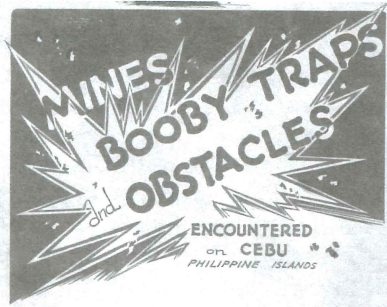


Two members of the
Fijian Police Force, 1943

Division Engineers: the 57th Combat Engr Bn

The 57th is probably most famous for building & improving roads and repairing the runways while attached to the 2nd Marines on Guadalcanal, but bet your bottom dollar that they supported the battle in many other ways:

Building bridges, fighting positions, obstacles, observation platforms, emplacing mines and booby-traps...as well as finding and blowing up all the same stuff built by the enemy engineers! LTC (ret) Victor Lander, who went through OCS with a bunch of 164 guys, says his platoon built the observation platform on the big tree near hill 260 at Bougainville. Thanks to Dave Taylor, WWII Editor of the *Americal Journal*, who has shared these images from a booklet assembled by the 57th Battalion. One can see that their documentation of enemy emplacements would be valuable intelligence for jungle fighters. More images from this booklet will appear in the *News* as the "65 years since..." timeline moves to Cebu.



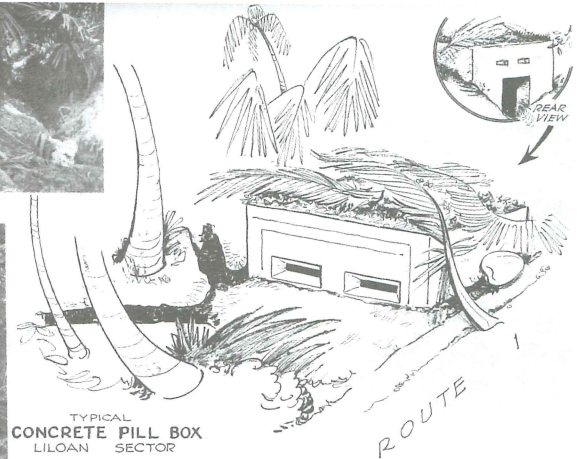
OFFICE OF THE FORCE ENGINEER
V-II OPERATIONS
AMERICAL DIVISION
(57th Engineer Combat Battalion)



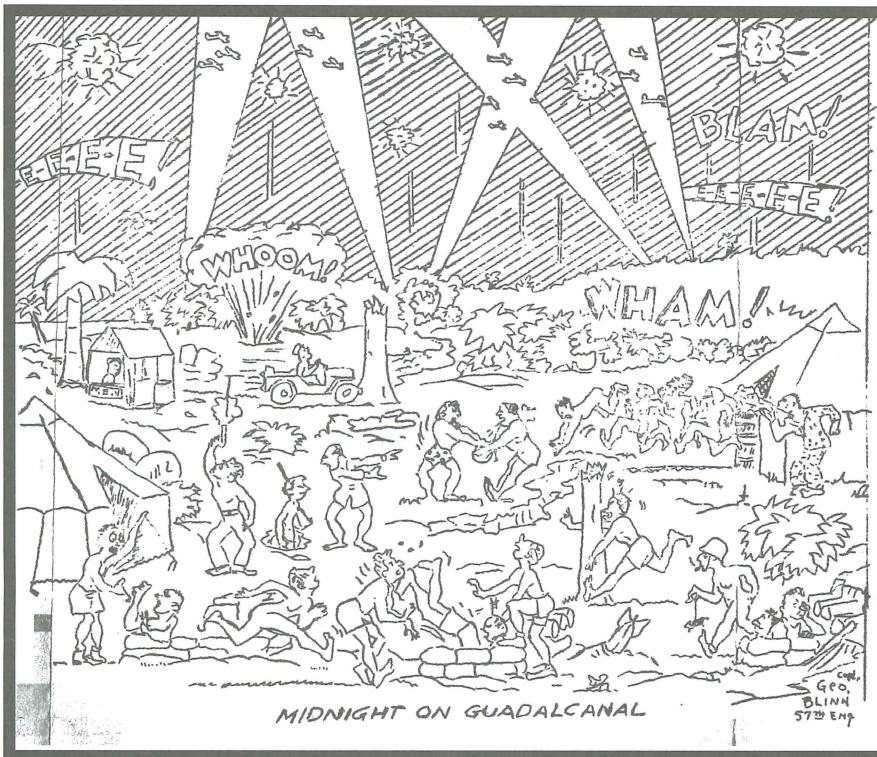
CONNECTING TRENCH ON RIGHT A



TYPICAL
CONCRETE PILL BOX
LILLOAN SECTOR



57th Engineers -- "Humor in Wartime" by Dr. Terry Shoptaugh



This drawing, by a member of the 57th Engineer Combat Battalion, was saved by Alvin Tollefsrud, who has shared it as an example of how soldiers "can retain a sense of humor, even under the most trying of circumstances."

Being a combat engineer was as dangerous as being a combat rifleman. Tollefsrud remembers an occasion on Guadalcanal when he and couple of other men from his squad were walking back toward Henderson Field when they were passed by a truck with about half a dozen men in it. "We learned later they were engineers who had dug up some old land mines out of the perimeter and were getting rid of them. The landmines were in the truck and were supposed to be disarmed. Anyway, they passed us and went on about a hundred yards behind us, when the truck just exploded. We hit the ground the minute we heard the blast, but you could feel the heat on your back as the blast went over us. Pieces of dirt and

trees and I don't know what else fell all around us. It was a big mess. I saw part of the truck frame later in one of the trees; it had flown in the air about forty yards and slammed into the tree. All those engineers were killed of course. There really wasn't much of them left to pick up."

The 57th Engineers were attached to the 2nd Marines and were in the Guadalcanal campaign from the beginning. They played a major role in developing Henderson Field, and built many of the roads and bridges that the American troops used to expand the perimeter and take control of the island. Like every other unit on the island, they had significant casualties from combat and malaria. But, as George Blinn's drawing suggests, like the rest of the troops they never lost their spirit.

A Family of soldiers Remembered: My Dad—My Son—Myself

By Sgt. Maj. (ret) Paul H. Longaberger, Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion.

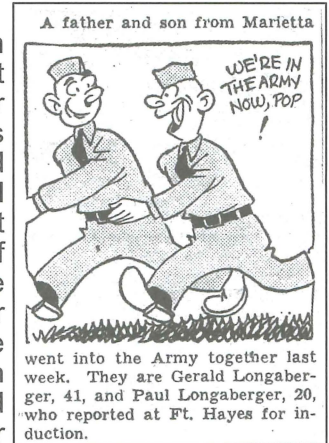


My Father's name was Gerald. My Son's name was Donald. Then there's myself. This is the Soldier part of my Family, about which I hope to relate a less than common story of our lives, beginning with the start of World War II early in the 1940's. I have an older daughter, Debbie, and a younger son, Kevin, who was not eligible for service due to age.

When the "Japs" struck Pearl Harbor, I had just turned twenty years old and learned quickly about a thing known as "the draft" in order to build our military strength. Through the early part of 1942, I made several attempts to join what I thought were more favorable branches of service, but failed to qualify. By July of 1942, I decided the draft was for me and was inducted into the service on the 30th of July, 1942. My induction was at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indiana.

Now, to talk about Gerald, my Father, and what fate had in store for us as Soldiers. I guess I hadn't stated this before, but during the Depression of the early 1930's, my Father moved our family from Dresden, (Central Ohio) to Marietta (Southeastern Ohio). My heritage is one of being from a family of Basket Makers of Quality. Although seldom recognized

for it, my Father was the original basket maker in this early era, but the Depression stripped him of being any great success like the current era has provided for other parts of the extended family. He never lived to see the multi-million dollar company that is now world reknowned as the Longaberger Company. Five or six years after our move to Marietta, my parents divorced, leaving my Mother with my younger sister. This meant that the bombing of Pearl Harbor re-ignited the "soldiering" spark in my Father. "Draft my son," he thought, "And I'll enlist and go with him." This he did, and much was to happen from that day on. This "soldiering" part in him went back to the early 1920's when he and my Mother married. He belonged to a National Guard cavalry unit quartered in Dresden. Each year they would go to Ft. Knox, Ky, for what was known as "bivouac". He served as Mess Sergeant for his unit and this had its rewards when they would break camp after the end of the week. He was given the remaining unused rations to bring home. I can well remember what a great treat this was for all of us since we didn't live with any over-abundance during the Depression years.



FATHER AND SON, LOOKING LIKE TWINS, JOIN ARMY TOGETHER

Gerald Longaberger, 41, Son, 20, Are Inducted at Same Time

Uncle Sam added a couple of fellows named Longaberger to his army yesterday afternoon in Columbus, a couple of fellows who have been pretty close to each other for the last 20 years.

They were 20-year-old Paul H. Longaberger and his father, Gerald, 41, both of Marietta, who showed up at medical examination and induction board No. 5 at 96 N. High St. and announced they would "sort of like to stick together."

They're almost twins in height and weight and Longaberger, senior, tanned and wiry, looks as youthful as his son. The father served a five-year hitch in the Ohio National Guard with a field artillery unit, rose to a first sergeant's rating before he quit. He doesn't care where he goes now. He said:

"The way the army is today, one branch is as good as another."

Longaberger, before he enlisted, was a foreman at the Marietta Fruit Package & Lumber Co., and his son drove a laundry truck following graduation from high school three years ago. A little too young for the last war, Lonaberger was due to be called in the next draft from his board. He said:

"I wanted to get in so I decided I might as well go along with the boy."

Reversing the usual custom, son took care of father yesterday as the pair went through the laborious processing at the induction board, with Paul toting their luggage and seeing that the boss didn't get lost in the shuffle.

Both father and son were born in Dresden, O., and have lived in Marietta for the last 10 years. The Longaberger women, Mrs. Marcey M., and the 17-year-old Wanda Fay, will remain at home for the duration.

"LIKE TO STICK TOGETHER"



FATHER AND SON INDUCTED HERE AT SAME TIME

Almost twins in weight and height, Gerald Longaberger, 41 (right), and his 20-year-old son, Paul, both of Marietta, yesterday afternoon appeared together at the medical examination and induction board No. 5, 96 N. High St., and joined the army. The father was a foreman for a lumber company and his son drove a laundry truck. They are shown leaving the induction board. Story on page 5.—Journal Photo.

to happen from that day on. This "soldiering" part in him went back to the early 1920's when he and my Mother married. He belonged to a National Guard cavalry unit quartered in Dresden. Each year they would go to Ft. Knox, Ky, for what was known as "bivouac". He served as Mess Sergeant for his unit and this had its rewards when they would break camp after the end of the week. He was given the remaining unused rations to bring home. I can well remember what a great treat this was for all of us since we didn't live with any over-abundance during the Depression years.

Now, back to my original story intent of the Longabergers in Service of their Country. When I left for Ft. Ben Harrison in July '42, my Dad was on the same bus contingent with me. As far as I know, we were the first Father and Son in Ohio to enter the service together. When the train wheels stopped rolling, and we had a temporary home, we were in the same camp. Camp Wolters, Texas, was picked for our basic training; however, this was the end of the line for any togetherness for Dad and I. He was assigned for Port Battalion duty (6 week cycle) and I was Infantry Training bound (13 week cycle). We were able to spend a few evenings together at the Training Center USO, but it only lasted for six weeks. At this time, my Dad was shipped out by troop train for Camp Stoneman, Ca, assigned to the 618th Port Co.

Longaberger Family of Soldiers (continued)...

SURPRISE MEETING

From San Francisco Examiner



A YULE REUNION—Shown with Mina P. Simon, USO club director, are Sergt. G. A. Longaberger and his son, Paul, an Army private, who met by chance upon arriving in San Francisco from different camps.

Sergeant, Son Meet in S. F.

Surprise Reunion Held By Ohioans at USO Party

G. A. Longaberger, 45, and Paul H. Longaberger, 19, were the first father and son to enlist in the State of Ohio. That was last July and they both lived at 319 North Seventh Street, Marietta.

The father was given a sergeant's stripes because he had been in the National Guard and the son is a buck private. Both were sent to Camp Wolters, Texas, for basic training and after six weeks they were transferred to different camps a thousand miles apart.

Yesterday, arriving in San Francisco on leave, they met by accident at a bus station. Both now are stationed in the Bay area at different camps and each was en route to the USO Christmas party at 111 O'Farrell Street.

Yes, they had a very merry Christmas.

I remained behind for seven more long weeks before being shipped out. We did have a stroke of luck on this shuffle with me also going to Camp Stoneman to await shipment overseas. In the lapsed time before my arrival, my Dad's unit had been transferred to the piers in San Francisco. I was fortunate in getting permission to visit him in "Frisco" for a couple of days. This was only possible because the ship ("cattleboat") to transport us overseas had not yet arrived. In the interim, Dad and I had the good fortune of the San Francisco USO entertaining us with quite a Christmas dinner with all the trimmings. I think this was almost the last good meal I had for three years. We really enjoyed it, although we knew we were soon to be separated again, not knowing for how long. As it turned out, we wouldn't see each other again for 30 months (plus). This meeting happened on the Island of Leyte in the Philippines, but many turns of events happened before that became a reality.

After being with Dad for a couple of days at

Christmas '42, I left for what was to be my first stop in New Caledonia on the last day of January '43. We stayed only a few days in Caledonia and were hustled right on out by another boatload of replacements headed for **Guadalcanal**. I had a real stroke of luck here, being one out of fourteen among a thousand replacements to be assigned to the 164th Infantry. The other 986 guys found themselves assigned to either of the other two regiments (132nd/182nd) of the Americal Division. Unfortunately, the 164th had already debarked for the Fiji Islands, where I was to join them on the last day of March, 1943. I was a "buck" private and was given the job of Company Clerk, working for **Sgt Maj Marvin Berg**, from Starkweather, ND. **Fiji** was to be our home until late in 1943, when we left for **Bougainville** to make our landing on Christmas Day, 1943.

In the meantime, Dad had floated out of San Francisco in late February '43, arriving at Port Moresby, New Guinea, in early April '43. He later was sent out to an island called "Good Enough" (very small), where they lived like the natives with a daily routine which later he told me he did get some enjoyment at times. His "cup of tea" was all the fish he could eat, roam around only in shorts and combat boots, and keep aware of anything that might be happening out to sea. He remained on this island with occasional trips to the hinterlands of New Guinea. He also had the good fortune to spend a two week furlough in Melbourne, Australia. I never had the opportunity for any furloughs during my entire career in Uncle Sam's Infantry. Good Enough Island we calculated to be some 350-400 miles from Bougainville. With this closeness, I had been offered a plane ride with the New Zealanders to Port Moresby where Dad would pick me up. But this was not to be. I had papers OK'd by our Battalion Commander and finally by our Regimental Commander, but was never successful in getting an OK from Division Headquarters. They cited the lack of knowledge on a possible quick movement.

I remained on **Bougainville** with the 164th through the battle for its control and about one year later, we set sail for **Leyte, Philippines**, landing there in late January, 1945. We ploughed our way West across Leyte to

Ormoc and then began our move North to **Abijao**. This was one of my toughest encounters with "Nips" and we suffered some casualties. It was in this area I received word that my father was at White Beach near Tacloban and if I felt I could backtrack back to Ormoc and cross the island, I was given the "Go" signal. Needless to say, I was on my way and with the way I travelled, I had nothing to prepare or pack. I made my way back into Abijao and helped load some cadavers for Graves Registration onto a LCM. I rode high on the loading ramp, in the boiling sun, and got part of my trip out of the way by going back into Ormoc. From there, I made my way back through Carigara (hopping rides with convoys) and on to White Beach. I was able to find Dad and we spent a couple of joyous days, recalling everything that came to mind.



GOOD ENOUGH ISLAND - SOUTH PACIFIC

MY "DAD" AT RIGHT IN SQUATTING POSITION

Longaberger Family of Soldiers (continued)...

Salute to a Marietta War Dad

Wide attention was attracted one day this week when a Marietta father and his son arrived together at Army induction quarters in Columbus. They were in the same contingent of men because they wanted to be together, and the father had volunteered. Under the heading, "Salute to a War Dad", the Ohio State Journal said editorially today:

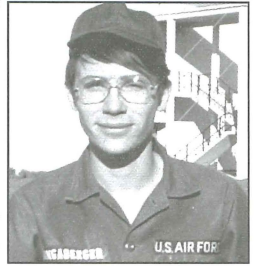
"When Gerald Longaberger of Marietta was inducted into the army along with his son, Paul, the other day, he did what 1,000,000 and more other American fathers would like to do and no doubt would if circumstances permitted. Very few dads, indeed, have stood by while their boys put on the uniform without the almost overwhelming desire to go and do likewise.

"As the elder Longaberger said, he and his son 'sort of liked to stick together.' For his sake and Paul's, we are glad they were able to. Not every war dad is so fixed. The responsibilities at home, the necessity of keeping the family together and of doing the individual job as best one can here on the home front are preventatives which most fathers cannot surmount, even if age limits and physical condition were not also against them.

"However, the spirit of the elder Longaberger in wanting to be with the boy he raised, shielded from the world, and guided in life's first steps is shared in brimming measure by the dads who just can't go to war. But they who stay at home salute the dad who goes to war alongside his boy, and if their well wishes mean anything in this queer cosmos we call our world, both Gerald and Paul will come marching home one day victorious to a better, braver world."

Dad was on his way back to the States, but it looked like I'd be "hanging in there" for a few more months. A few more Philippine encounters and then on the way to **Tokyo**. It came to pass that this was the way it was with my landing at Yokohama in early September. I spent a month with various duties on Honsho Island, going from one end to the other. Most of this time was spent destroying ordinance and aircraft. We didn't want it and they had no use for it then, or now. Left Tokyo on 15 October 1945, and arrived at Camp Stoneman 29 Oct 45. Went by troop train from there to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, arriving to be discharged on 9 Nov 45. Although I took a bus, train, and street car from there, I was so glad to be home I would have thought nothing about it if they had told me I must walk on in from there. Also had another glorious reunion with Dad, who had been home since late April '45. This feeling can't be described – only experienced.

My son, Donnie, who was the other Veteran of the family, smartly joined the Air Force during Vietnam wartime. He enlisted right out of school in June 1973 and was discharged April 1974. He found himself in a situation where training tools were in short supply and, having served his time, decided against going further. You would have to say, "He done his part – leave a part for others." After separating from the Air Force, Donnie was very traumatically killed in an auto accident in 1977.



Donnie Longaberger

I think of my Dad as the first Longaberger basket artist. He and his brother, Wendell, were the ones who wished to develop their basket making prowess; years later, Wendell's son, Dave, would be the one to resurrect his father's dream and build a company from nothing. Dad, who weaved fancy baskets for sale at County Fairs, and for trading for goods during the Depression, would have been a proud "Dutchman". I'd have loved for him to live long enough to see the family talent come alive under Dave's vision. Dad passed away in 1973.



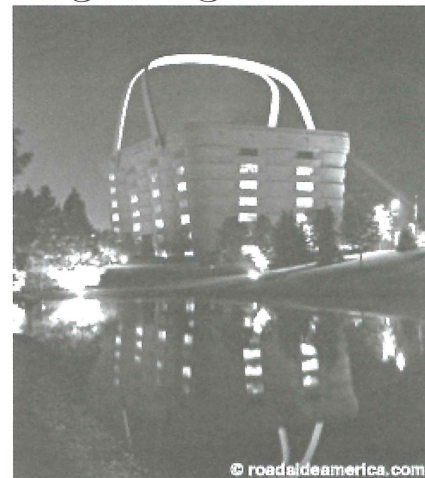
Paul & Thelma
13 Mar 08

whom I have lost completed contact. If any would like to drop me a note, I will answer while I am still able: **Capt Charles Walker, George Dingeldy, Raymond Sinkbeil, Louis J. Hanson, Jim Fenelon, Harry Dolyniuk, Alba Clancy (wife of Ellis), James Battafarano, Paul Dickerson, Edgar Sinkbeil, Walter Hickey, Joe Cuellar.** [Ed—all are members! **Mrs Knute A. Faasen and Lt Col Veon M. McConnel** are not.] If any are not listed here, it is because my memory has faded, but I would still appreciate a line or two. **Paul H. Longaberger, 507 Caroline Ave, Williamstown, WV 26187-1417**

After the war, I helped build, and worked at, a BF Goodrich plastics plant, then in car sales. Thelma and I have been married since 12 Sep 1946.

There are many special people in the 164th, some of whom I have lost completed contact. If any would like to drop me a note, I will answer while I am still able:

Longaberger Baskets



© roadsideamerica.com

Here's a company that gets into its own business! The Corporate Headquarters Building in Newark, OH, is a replica of Longaberger's Medium Market Basket, but 160 times larger. It's 192 ft. long by 126 ft. wide at the bottom, spreading to 208-ft. long by 142-ft. wide at the roofline. It is said to be a magnificent sight -- especially at night.

Paul's First Cousin, Dave Longaberger, who founded the company in the late 1970's, was the business visionary who not only tapped into the demand for hand-woven party baskets, but who dreamed up the idea of running his growing organization from the world's largest replica of one. Most of his employees, less farsighted than their leader, didn't take Dave's notion seriously when the plan was announced.

See more at www.longaberger.com/
www.roadsideamerica.com/attract/OHNEWbasket.html
www.worldslargestthings.com/eastertour/basketbuilding.htm



GUADALCANAL 1942-1943

MOH

UNDEFENSIVE 1950



Headstone for Woodrow Wilson Keeble

Story and Photographs by Merry Helm



May 17th was Woodrow Keeble's birthday, a good day for friends, relatives, and patriots to gather in his honor to celebrate not his age, but his legacy. It was a sunny day at the Sisseton, SD, Cemetery, where Keeble was buried in 1982. Forming a stirring backdrop were flags carried by Honor Guards and by members of the North and South Dakota Patriot Guard. A brisk breeze unfurled a swirling backdrop of stars and stripes as Keeble's stepson, Russel Hawkins, and grand-nephew, Kurt Bluedog, unveiled the headstone that will forever identify Master Sergeant Keeble as an Americal Hero.

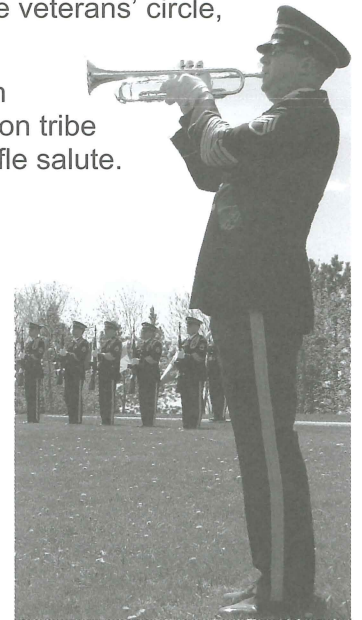


(Top R) Members of the both the ND and SD Patriot Guards line the north Edge of the veterans' circle, along with bagpiper Bill Dempsey, who played *Amazing Grace* during the unveiling.

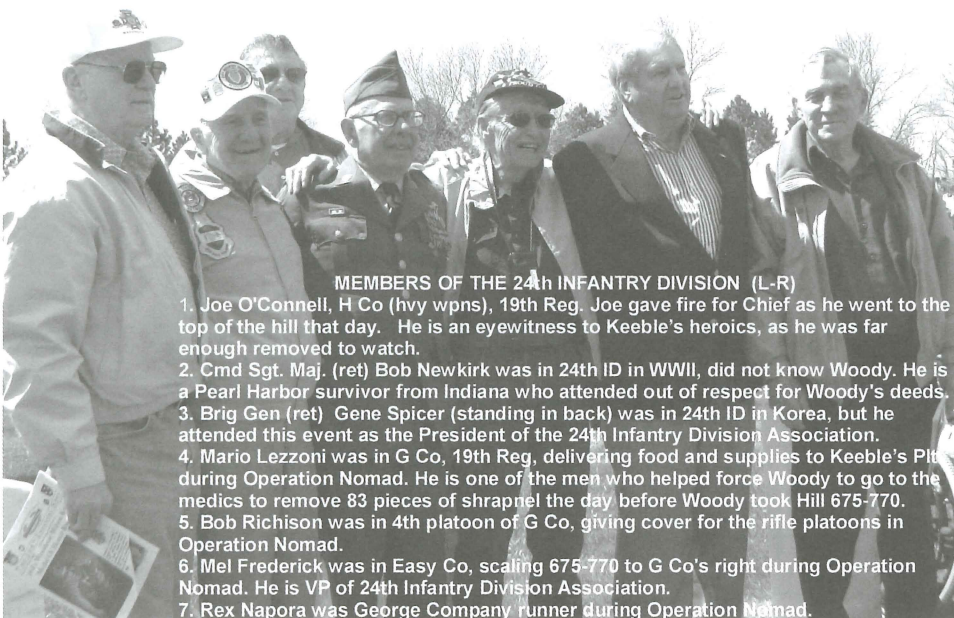


(L) Vietnam Veterans from Keeble's Sisseton-Wahpeton tribe stand watch and fire first rifle salute.

(R) A detail from the *Old Guard*, Arlington, VA, fire the second rifle salute followed by *Taps* played by their bugler.



(Below) Veterans of the 24th Infantry Division partook in a mini-reunion hosted by the *Fargo American Legion* the previous evening. Thirty members of the North Dakota Patriot Guard escorted them to the cemetery the following morning.



MEMBERS OF THE 24th INFANTRY DIVISION (L-R)

1. Joe O'Connell, H Co (hvy wpns), 19th Reg. Joe gave fire for Chief as he went to the top of the hill that day. He is an eyewitness to Keeble's heroics, as he was far enough removed to watch.
2. Cmd Sgt. Maj. (ret) Bob Newkirk was in 24th ID in WWII, did not know Woody. He is a Pearl Harbor survivor from Indiana who attended out of respect for Woody's deeds.
3. Brig Gen (ret) Gene Spicer (standing in back) was in 24th ID in Korea, but he attended this event as the President of the 24th Infantry Division Association.
4. Mario Lezzoni was in G Co, 19th Reg, delivering food and supplies to Keeble's Plt during Operation Nomad. He is one of the men who helped force Woody to go to the medics to remove 83 pieces of shrapnel the day before Woody took Hill 675-770.
5. Bob Richison was in 4th platoon of G Co, giving cover for the rifle platoons in Operation Nomad.
6. Mel Frederick was in Easy Co, scaling 675-770 to G Co's right during Operation Nomad. He is VP of 24th Infantry Division Association.
7. Rex Napora was George Company runner during Operation Nomad.



ND Senator Kent Conrad is visibly surprised when Bluedog and Hawkins present to him the sage-bound blanket that covered Keeble's new Medal of Honor headstone.



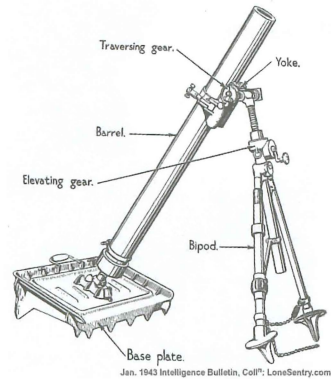
Guadalcanal 14 October 1942

Dear Editor: My name is **Warren Brodie**, and I was with **Company H** from December 1941 until March 1945 when I was rotated back home to Massachusetts. The buddies I met in Co H were the best ever. I now live in Titusville, Florida, about 15 miles from where the shuttle climbs into the heavens. It is a fantastic sight!

On the 'Canal, I was given the second squad of 81 mm mortars by Lt. Clark, the Platoon Leader. I served in that capacity the entire time we were there. On **Fiji**, the Table of

Organization changed, and the Third Platoon was eliminated with their 50 caliber machine guns.

The Mortar Platoon was made into three sections of 6 squads. I was given the Third Section and our group supported **G Company** on **Bougainville** and **Leyte** in



the **Philippines**.

I am sending a few pictures of the Mortar Platoon that were taken so many years ago. Recognize anyone? **Warren Brodie**, 5584 River Oaks Dr, Titusville, FL 33780

Reveille on Company Street, Fiji
Mostly Mortarmen



Just another picture of the Mortar Boys

Bougainville. After a 7 day so-called Road Block



Bougainville: after full field inspection



Guadalcanal Still Retains Many Scars of World War II Campaign

Man and nature slowly are eliminating the ravages of war, but veterans of the 164th North Dakota Infantry Regiment who fought with Marines on Guadalcanal would have no difficulty in spotting familiar sights on that far-off Pacific island.

Plentiful evidence of the great six-month battle of 1942 and 1943 still remains, according to a dispatch to the New York Times.

It was on Guadalcanal that Americans turned the tide of the Pacific war against the Japanese.

The 164th landed on the shores of Guadalcanal Oct. 13, 1942, to join battle-weary Marines. The North Dakotans became the first Army unit to take offensive action against the Japanese, at a cost of 145 dead and 257 wounded.

Henderson Field, the main airstrip of the Guadalcanal battle, now is covered with grass, the Times reports, but it serves the Solomon Islands' capital, Honiara, as a domestic and international airport.

Workmen are lengthening the field so it can take four-engine planes, and Honiara officials are wondering whether to tear down the gaunt steel frame of the long-unused wartime control tower that stands rusting in tall grass on the west side of the field.

Fighter 1, the second airfield built by the United States Marines within their tight perimeter on Guadalcanal, also still exists. It is sometimes used as an alternative to Henderson, but the aircraft parking area that the Marines built alongside it is serving as greens and fairways for the Honiara Golf Club.

The Lunga coconut grove of Lever Pacific Plantations, occupied by the Marines in their first three days on Guadalcanal and never given up, is still here. Beneath aging, bullet-scarred palms, cattle graze and occasionally stumble in a depression that was once a foxhole.

Faint tracings of foxholes and trenches still mark Bloody Ridge, south of Henderson Field, where Col. Merritt Edson and his Marine Raider Battalion fought off the first big Japanese counterattack of the Guadalcanal struggle.

Several miles east of Henderson, the quonset huts and wooden structures that once housed a United States Army hospital are occupied today by St. Joseph's College for Solomon Islands boys. The Roman Catholic college uses the operating theater for a chapel.

Between Henderson Field and the Tenaru River, a vast area that was built into one of the Pacific war's biggest American supply dumps after the Guadalcanal battle, is still marked as Hell's Point, still a forbidden zone.

Before the supplies could be used for United States offensives in the western Pacific, an explosion set the dump ablaze, causing one of the biggest holocausts of the war.

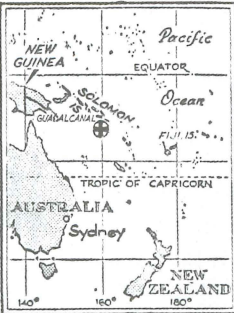
Men who have ventured inside the jungle-covered dump zone say it still smells of gunpowder. The area is littered with unexploded munitions and with sagging steel frames from storehouses.

The little city that was built



SCARS OF WAR: Bullet-scarred palms, shell and bomb craters still can be found on Guadalcanal 22 years after the fighting stopped. The Signal Corps picture above was taken Jan. 25, 1943. It shows a bivouac area and supply dump the day after Japanese re-

treated before U.S. forces, including the 164th North Dakota Infantry Regiment. Native carriers helped the soldiers move rations and supplies. The scene was west of Matanikau, with the Matanikau River visible in the background.



Cross Marks Guadalcanal

after the war as the capital of the British Solomon Islands rises above the waterfront to the west of the main Guadalcanal battle zone. The site of bright, tree-shaded Honiara — now populated by 6,000 people — saw little fighting, but after the Guadalcanal battle Americans built a road to Cape Esperance, a stretch of which now provides a main street for the city.

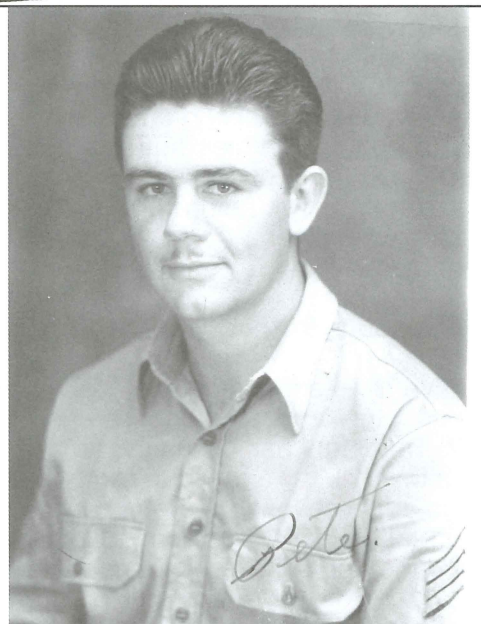
It is called Mendana Avenue, after the Spanish discoverer of the Solomons.

Almost everywhere Guadalcanal still rolls on roads the Americans built: their solid coral-topped construction still holds up today. But American bridges over the little rivers that ran through the United States perimeter — the Lunga, the Ilu, the Tenaru and Alligator Creek — have been replaced.

One American who saw wartime service on Guadalcanal is Alvin Blum of Elizabeth, N.J. Today he is a leading resident of Honiara. He settled here after the war with his wife, an American, and built a successful business; he owns a bakery, a motel, a movie theater and other enterprises. He also founded a sizable congregation of the Baha'i faith, of which he is a follower.

THE FARGO FORUM and Moorhead News

MONDAY, January 31, 1966 MORNING THREE



In the Last 164th News, you asked us to send items the we had that may be of interest. I've enclosed these two articles to be used if you want to.

**Pete Grant, Co G & E,
Eau Claire, WI**

Page 11—THE FARGO FORUM
Sunday Morning, May 7, 1944

N. D. Men Are Commended

Four North Dakotans and a Minnesotan serving on Bougainville have been commended for their performance while in combat with the Japanese, according to press releases from the public relations office there. They are:

S. Sgt. Peter Grant of Heaton.
S. Sgt. Hamlin Kjelland of Valley City.

Sgt. Kenneth E. McDonough of Valley City.

S. Sgt. Donald R. Robinson of Braddock.

T. Sgt. Arthur L. Chapman of Minneapolis.

When a suicidal attempt by the Japs to pierce the American perimeter at Empress Augusta bay failed, the company of which Sgt. Grant was a member was called upon to reconnoiter the fleeing Nips who still maintained a heavy rear guard action, protecting the main forces.

During the engagement, Sgt. Grant's squad was called upon to crawl forward and set up a line to enable the injured to be withdrawn. Even though the jungle was thick and the Japs only a few yards away, Grant's men succeeded in building up the line and laid down fire until the casualties were carried out.

When the officer in charge of his platoon was killed, Sgt. Kjelland assumed command of the unit and led it through the battle until he himself was wounded.

Kjelland's company was taking part in a patrol whose mission was to seek out information of the enemy, which had been repulsed and were withdrawing forces.

Kjelland was reported to have killed or wounded three of the enemy and he probably saved the lives of two forward scouts isolated from the patrol. Not until the battle was under control and the platoon reorganized did Sgt. Kjelland give up his command and consent to his own evacuation.

Sgts. McDonough and Robinson each were commended for leading their rifle squads during a fire-fight with the enemy and each having full control of his men at all times.

Sgt. Chapman, whose wife, Mrs. Ore Lee Chapman, resides in Valley City, took command of his platoon when the officer in charge was killed. One of the enemy holding forces, left to protect withdrawing troops, attacked Chapman's platoon but under his leadership the Japs were repulsed twice with heavy casualties to the Nips.

Swede Clauson's "Last Day in Combat"

By Swede Clauson, submitted by his sister Leatrice Cooper, with intro by Dr. Terry Shoptaugh

Vincent Clauson was born on October 2, 1918, on the farm owned by his father, Arthur, and mother, Ruth, near Kennedy, Minnesota. Vince wrote later that his parents "wrapped me up and put me by the kitchen oven to keep me from freezing to death." When his grandfather, August Clauson, first saw him, he said "Oh, see the little **Swede**," and Vince had the nickname 'Swede' for the rest of his life.

Swede's sister Leatrice Clauson Cooper, remembers her brother as a "sensitive, smiley child," who everyone liked. After he finished high school in Kennedy in 1936 he spent a year at Hamline, studying philosophy and religion, but lack of money forced him to leave college and find work. He tried to join the Marines in 1940, but was rejected by them, which left him "pretty doggone p***sed off." He was drafted into the US Army six months later and after his basic training was sent to the 164th Infantry, Company D, just before the regiment left California for Australia. Swede fought on Guadalcanal, where he was wounded, and again at Bougainville and the Philippines. In his short essay below, he recalls his last day in combat.



The war was winding down. It was **June 1945** and here we were, stuck up in the hills in **Negros** in the **Philippine Islands**. The war was over in Europe and we had lost all taste for combat.

Our unit [**Company D**] had been assigned impossible task of taking a hill where a couple of – do I dare say Japs? – had holed up and stubbornly refused to surrender. We could even hear them talking, but couldn't get at them. The hill was filled with rocks and boulders. It had no military significance whatsoever and they could have held us off with three or four guys, pinning us down. We were all very disgusted that our leaders had decided to take this hill at almost certainly one hundred per cent casualties.

Three times we had tried to take the hill and each time we were forced to turn back because of the withering fire they threw at us. The fourth time we tried we were determined to go, however the word was getting around that we were 'yellow.' That was the magic word that stung us, especially those of us that had been fighting for close to three years and had seen a lot of our buddies go down. We felt we surely were no better than they. It was obviously our time to go. 'This is it' were usually the last words we uttered when we went into a big fight and they were usually followed, by those of us who survived, 'the war's over for him, lucky guy.'

In my squad there was only one other soldier besides myself who was one of the originals. His name was **Joe Acosta**, a Mexican-American and a hell of a guy. He was acting corporal. He had been a sergeant a couple of times but had gotten busted for reasons best not disclosed. We had a long conversation the night before [this last attack] and this is about the way it went:

Joe: It's been a long war, buddy.

Vince: Yup.

Joe: Well, at least we've lived enough to know we've won.

Vince: Yup.

Joe: It's been a lot of fun, we've have a lot of laughs. Remember the time you got drunk in Fiji and chased one of the girls up a tree and cried because you didn't know how to climb a tree?

Vince: How could I forget it? That story has circulated all over the southwest Pacific!

Joe: Well tomorrow we storm that hill. I want you to climb that tree – you get what I mean?

Vince: Yes, you want us to go out in style, no regrets, no crying. I just hope there ain't babes up there.

We both laughed and he said let's get some sleep. Silently we shook hands. I turned to go but he called me back. Quickly he embraced me and said 'You've been a hell of a soldier.' My reply was 'Yup and so have you.'

The next morning we ate, but nothing tasted good as we knew we were about to move out. Then just before 6, a runner arrived and told us to return to the rear area. The attack had been called off. Joe told me he wanted me to lead the detail back. I'd never led a detail, but I just said 'let's go.' We got back to the assembly area and the next day I was told that I had enough points to go home. I was free from combat. That was a good feeling because I was sure I'd have been a goner on that last attack.

You know I went into the war all gung-ho and wanted to fight. But by the end, the fight had been taken out of me and I saw the foolishness of it. How futile war is.



Norman Samson Memoires

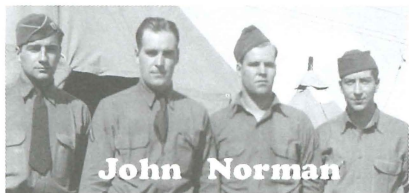
GUADALCANAL 1942-1943

Written by Norman in 2001 in response to a questionnaire from his grand-daughter, Jenna Guiltinan (now a Senior at Penn State), and sent in by his daughter, Susan Samson-Owen* (LM)



I joined the local National Guard unit [**Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, 164th Infantry Regiment. Cavalier, ND**] in January, 1940, while in High School. My brother, **John Samson**, was also in the unit [and 2 other brothers also served in WWII.] We were called into federal service in Feb 1941 and trained at Camp Claiborne, La, for one year. War was imminent at the time. Germany was invading several countries in Europe, and Japan was invading several Asian countries and inflicting terrible damage and atrocities. I was proud of the United States of America, the greatest country in the world. War was declared Dec 7, 1942. In March 1942, we sailed for the Pacific Theatre of War. We landed at Melbourne, Australia, in April. After a short stay, we moved on to Nounia, New Caledonia, and trained there til October, when we embarked for Guadalcanal. We landed there Oct 13, 1942, and became the first Army Regiment to go on the offensive in World War II: 164th Infantry Regiment, Americal Division. That bitter campaign lasted until Guadalcanal was secured. Japan lost over 35,000 troops in the **Guadalcanal** battle. The United States lost several thousand.

When we landed, we reinforced the Marines, who had landed on Aug 7, 1942. The enemy "Japanese" controlled all the island then. They controlled the sea, land, and the airfield. The Marines had taken the airfield, [which they named] Henderson Field. So, we had to endure daily air bombing and strafing, shelling at night from the Japanese Navy ships off shore, and the Japanese controlled the high ground around the airport. When [we, the US] recaptured Guadalcanal, it was a dramatic defeat for the Japs. Perhaps the greatest turning point in the Pacific War.



We embarked for **Suva**, Fiji Island, on March 5, 1942, for rest and recuperation from malaria and fatigue. Left Fiji for **Bougainville** island, also in the Solomons. Landed there Christmas Day, 1943. The Marines had landed earlier. Real tough living conditions. Trained every day at 12 noon. We controlled the airport & sea, and fighting on land was not as before.

Left Bougainville in Dec 1944, and landed on **Leyte, Philippines**, in January 1945. Moved to the island of Cebu, and captured that in about 4 weeks. Moved on to the Island of Negros and captured the city of **Dumagette**. The Japs had taken off for the hills. They were tenacious fighters and very few ever surrendered. Several officers committed hare kari, suicide.

Our soldiers in the Army did not hesitate to destroy the enemy. None of our men ever surrendered to the enemy. They [the Japs] had committed too many atrocities before.



**Col Samuel Baglien & Norman Samson
Yucca Valley, Calif**

In June, 1945, I was selected for rotation to the good old United States, along with two other men. On August 14, the day the Japs surrendered, we were on a troop ship in Pearl Harbor, taking on supplies and refueling. It was one of the happiest days of my life. I arrived in San Pedro, Calif, on Aug 21, 1945, and was discharged at Seattle on Aug 27, 1945, the greatest day in my life. I returned to Cavalier, ND, back to civilian life.

We spent over 600 days in combat during 42 months in the Pacific Theatre of War. Glad to be alive and 80 years of age [1991]. Medals I received were Presidential Unit Citation, Bronze Star, Combat Infantry Badge, Expert Rifleman.

Looking back, the strongest feelings I remember were losing several good friends in combat. It was a sad feeling to see 18 year old replacements arrive and be killed within three or four hours after arriving. All veterans'

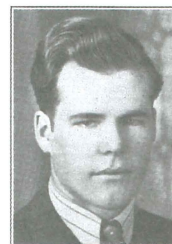
holidays are special to me, to honor all those who were killed in the war, or still alive and served.

Editor: Norman is listed in The Last Roll Call in this Issue. His wife, Virginia, passed away 1 October 2007, on their 61st Anniversary.

FOUR NORTH DAKOTA BOYS



Cpl. John Samson



FFC Norman Samson



FFC Lawrence Samson



Cpl. Sigurd Samson

Cpl. John Samson, born at Akra, N. Dak., Jan. 2, 1916 and FFC Norman Samson, born at Akra, N. Dak., Feb. 2, 1921, left Cavalier, N. Dak., Feb. 26, 1941, with the National Guard for Camp Claiborne, La. Later they embarked at San Francisco for New Caledonia, where they were for some time. They are now with the American Forces at Guadalcanal.

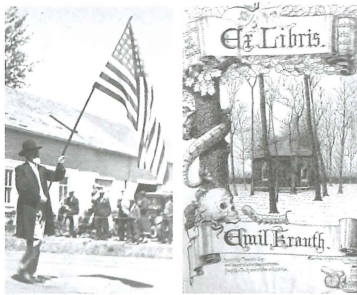
FFC Lawrence Samson, born at Akra, N. Dak., July 2, 1917, was inducted into the army July 29, 1942. Trained at Camp Robertson, Ark., and later at Camp Edwards, Mass., where he is serving with the Medical Corps.

Cpl. Sigurd Samson, born at Akra, N. Dak., April 26, 1919. Enlisted in the U. S. Marines in Oct. 1940, was transferred to Pearl Harbor, Hawaii in January 1941 where he has been since. He went through the attack on Pearl Harbor Dec. 7, 1941 without injury.

Parents of these American soldiers are Mr. & Mrs. Leo Samson of Akra, N. Dak.

Theodore "Ted" Conrath joined the Guard in 1940, at the time his parents and two young sisters had travelled to Germany to collect an inheritance and were retained there during the war. As luck would have it, Ted was sent to the Pacific Theater, another world away. Ted had "real bad malaria", according to Ted's older brother, Fred, now 90 and residing in Mandan. Fred was inducted into the Army in 1943 and served in the Commo Section of the 1st US Army Hqs after the landing at Omaha Beach. After the war, Ted returned to ND for a time, then headed to New York to pursue training in art.

Ted became quite famous in New York circles, with single-man shows, exhibits in prestigious galleries, teaching, and sales that earned a good living for him and his wife. He and passed away in 1994.



Ted's grandfather, Emil Krauth, came to the US with his wife in 1904, first settling in SD and then moving to a farm near Hebron, ND. He built furniture in Germany and had a book full of furniture sketches. He became a rather prominent citizen in Hebron, opening a Land Office and assembling a nationally recognized collection of butterflies. He always carried the flag at the start of the Hebron parades (far left). He had a library of over 1000 books, and

sketched his own "Ex Libris" (From the Library of...) nameplate (left) for his collection, with the motto: Hypocrisy, Treason, Lies & Villianry may combine—Truth & virtue will survive.



Ted, right, and a Co K buddy



Emil's daughter, Ann, (Ted's mother) was a "mixed media" artist, creating beautiful collages from glass, rocks, seashells, jewelery, beads, buttons, and the like. At left, is a glass collage by Ann Conrath. Caroline Conrath, one of Ted's younger sisters who spent the war in Germany with her parents, owns an art gallery in Mandan and displays her brother's works of art, as well as her own, her mother's, and her grandfather's. At the top of the page (left) is her 1993 portrait of Ted. Below, Caroline holds a portrait painted by Ted's first art teacher.



MR. THEODORE CONRATH WORKS on one of his paintings.

Hebron Artist Gains Recognition in East



Theodore Conrath of Hebron, is a North Dakota artist who is gaining considerable recognition in New York, where he has studied art since leaving the services of the armed forces early in 1944.

While he was home visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Conrath during the holidays, he told of some of his work and studies in New York.

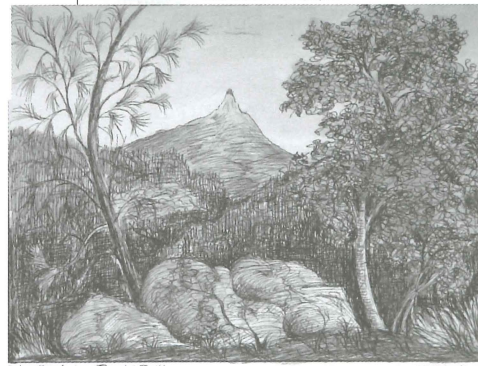
Many Hebron and North Dakota people will remember his busts of Walter Welford and



"THRESHING" is a painting by Theodore Conrath of Hebron which was exhibited at the National Arts Club in New York. The Hebron artist painted this oil from a sketch he made in the Fiji Islands while serving with the 16th infantry. It is one of the paintings which was praised by critics in the columns of the New York Times newspaper.

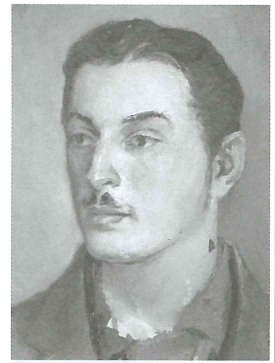
At Right: The Ann Conrath Gallery

The Ann Conrath Gallery, an imposing residence along the Interstate in NW Mandan is open by appointment.



At left, a sketch of Pinnatal Peak New Caledonia. Above, a couple of many news articles written about Conrath.

Art & Co K Photos from the Ted Conrath Collection

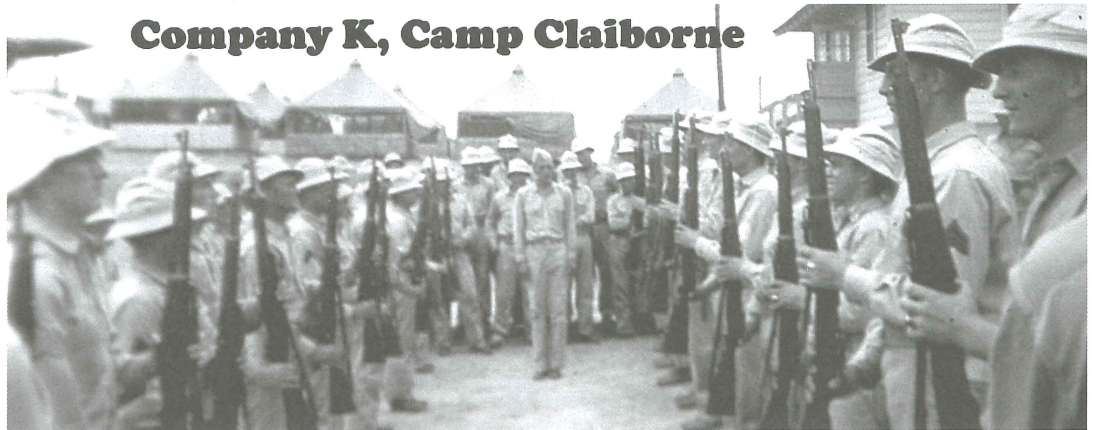
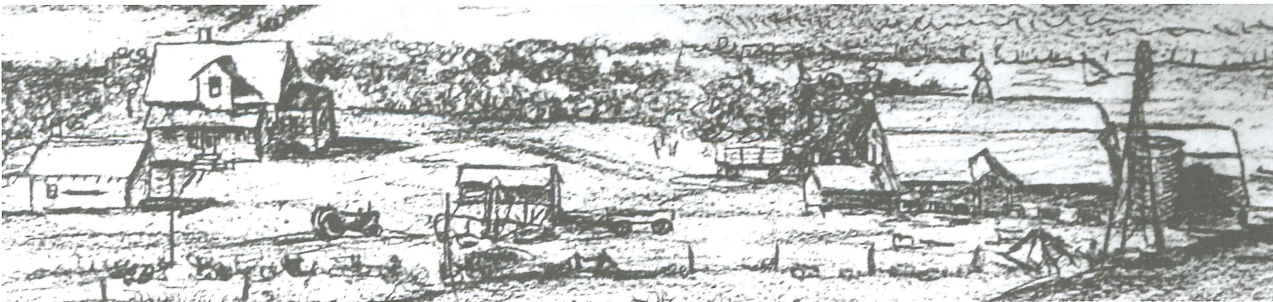
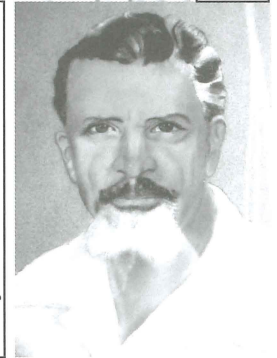


Ted Conrath 1940's
by teacher Zoe Beiler



Ted Conrath 1980's
by Caroline Conrath

Ted & Caroline's Father
by Caroline Conrath



Company K, Camp Claiborne

THIS IS THE STORY OF ELROY E. KESSLER by his son, El Patrick Kessler



Elroy Kessler was born in the home on the family farm in rural Anamoose, ND, on March 5, 1918. Elroy was an outdoor person who worked on the farms. During the depression years, Elroy looked for other additional work to help provide the basic necessities. It was at one of these "hired man" jobs that Elroy got noticed by the daughter of a particular farmer. Mother writes it this way "Taking a peek from our second story window, I saw our 'hired man'. It was a beautiful morning Oct 13, 1937. He looked like an outdoorsman, with a ruddy complexion and he walked with a heavy gait, someone who was always on the move. He was a hired

man after my father's heart, a farmer's heart."

With the advent of trouble brewing in many parts of the world during the late 1930's and early 1940's, Elroy and many of his local buddies enlisted in the ND National Guard, later to be called 164th Infantry Regiment, **Anti-tank Company**, Americal Division, US Army. In Feb 1941, this ND Regiment was joined by some additional men from neighboring states and sent to Camp Claiborne, LA, for training.

REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE
This is to certify that in accordance with the Selective Service Proclamation of the President of the United States
ELROY E. KESSLER
N.B. 3. 14. 36. Anamoose, N.D.
has been duly registered this 16. day of October, 1940
Signature of Registrant
Signature of Minister
Register for (Place) (Ward) (City or county) (State)
BE ALERT (Keep in touch with your Local Board)
D. S. S. Form 2 16-27105

NOTICE OF CLASSIFICATION App. not Rec.
Elroy E. Kessler
Order No. 12 has been classified in Class I-C
(Until (date for Class II-A and II-B only) 19--)
by (Local Board) (Board of Appeal (by vote of --)) (President)
1945 J. J. Michelson
The law requires you, subject to heavy penalty for violation, to have this notice, in addition to your Registration Certificate (Form 1), in your personal possession at all times--to exhibit it upon request to authorized officials--to surrender it, upon entering the armed forces, to your commanding officer.
DSS Form 57. (Rev. 12-10-43.)

On Dec 8, 1941, this unit was put on alert and shipped out to San Francisco, later to eastern Washington State and finally back to Fort Ord, CA. In March 1942, orders were issued to board the luxury liner "President Coolidge" and they set sail to the Marquesas Islands and Melbourne, Australia, to join other US forces enroute to New Caledonia for further training and island protection. Mother writes "we were encouraged to write to men in the service and soon after I received Elroy's APO address I began to write letters. Absence makes the heart grow fonder and soon my letter writing became a daily

enjoyment. Eventually, I was writing everyday-- on one mail call Elroy received 65 letters, the majority of them from yours truly. In October 1942, the 164th Regiment joined the First Marines in the battle for Guadalcanal and later participated in conflicts on the Fiji Islands, Bougainville, Leyte Island, and Cebu Island of the Philippines. Finally in March 1945, the unit was returning home after spending almost 30 months on the beaches and jungles of the Pacific Islands.

In the first week of April 1945, Rosella's letters were returned unopened and everybody hoped that Elroy would be home soon. On April 15, 1945, Elroy arrived in Harvey, ND. It was such an emotion to be home for Elroy that he was unable to get off the train until his brother Gilbert assisted him. After hundreds of letters over 4 years and a courtship of 3 weeks, Elroy and Rosella were married on May 6th, 1945, in Harvey, ND, and two days later left for a two week honeymoon at the Army's expense in Hot Springs, AR. Mother writes of this courtship, "Due to Elroy's quiet nature, there was no proposal for marriage, just Elroy informing me about a furlough in Arkansas and he would take me with him. Between the lines, he was asking, "will you marry me?" Elroy and Rosella eventually took over his parent's farm which fulfilled his dream of having his own place. Elroy had a real love for this North Dakota land. After 5 years of farming, filled with hail-outs and heavy rains destroying the crops, and cow and chicken diseases destroying their livestock and means of income, they were offered a partnership in a Martin, ND, lumber yard. They gave up their dream to be farmers. They remained with the lumberyard until it closed in 1957, when they loaded the family into their car and headed Lodi, Ca, where Dad found jobs for the next 23 years. Retirement after this was still filled with work. Mother writes 'Elroy has never been free from the need and love of work' and that is so true. In 1992, Dad suffered a stroke and it forever changed their lives. After 16 years of continuing struggles and pain, Dad's condition the last 3 to 4 weeks deteriorated. And, finally, on Tuesday evening, on February 26, 2008, with Mother at his side, he peacefully left this earthly life and was lifted up to rest, free of struggle and pain, through the pearly gates into the arms of our dear Lord.



Guadalcanal Vet Weds Harvey Girl

The marriage of Sergeant Elroy E. Kessler, veteran of the Guadalcanal and the South Pacific campaign, to Miss Rosella Graumann of Harvey took place on Sunday, May 6, 7:15 p. m., at the Mennonite Brethren church of Harvey.

Dr. L. J. Seibel of Harvey read the marriage service, and the Rev. J. Kepl, pastor of the Martin Baptist church, gave a sermonette.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Graumann of Harvey, and Sgt. Kessler is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Kessler of Martin.

The church was decorated with baskets of flowers, the American and Christian flags.

Pre-nuptial music was played by Delores Delk, and two numbers were played by Jeanette Schimke as the bridal couple entered the church. The church choir sang, "Under His Wing," during the ceremony. Miss LaVern Michelson sang, "We'd Rather Have Jesus," as the couple proceeded from the church.

A reception was held in the church parlor for many relatives and guests. Miniature flags and blue candles decorated the tables.

Mrs. Kessler taught school in Pioneer district, Wells county, during the past year. She is a graduate of Harvey high school and attended Tabor college at Hillsboro, Kan.

Sgt. Kessler, who entered service in February, 1941, served overseas in the Pacific area for 37 months. He wears, in addition to battle stars and theater ribbon, the Presidential Unit citation and Good Conduct medal. He saw action on Guadalcanal, Leyte and Bougainville.

Sgt. and Mrs. Kessler left for Hot Springs, Ark., on May 8, where he will rest for two weeks.

Bill Clark's Game

GUADALCANAL 1942-1943

by Richard Stevens, Colonel (US Army, retired), then-corporal, Company M, 164th Infantry Regiment



Corporal **William "Bill" Clark**, an affable young Nebaskan, came to **M/164** in February 1942. Bill was a member of a filler contingent of the same lettered company of the *134th Infantry Regiment, Nebraska Army National Guard*. Somewhere either side of twenty, Bill was just the kind of a guy you'd hope your kid sister would meet at one of those USO dances back home. Maybe five-ten, sandy-haired, quiet, good sense of humor, "regular" appearing in every respect. The dependable type. Bill's new M/164 assignment? To the First Platoon as leader of a heavy machine gun squad—the weapon, a **water-cooled Browning Caliber .30, M1917**.

The odyssey of the 164th Infantry Regiment from Fort Ord to New Caledonia via Melbourne, Australia, finally ended on the 9th of April, 1942. And soon, M/164 was busily at work – doing some training, but primarily as labor service troops assisting the Quartermaster Corps. Large quantities of supplies were arriving, depots and storage areas were being established.

M/164's disbursed and partly concealed bivouac area was somewhere Northwest of **Noumea**, the capital and port city. Small hamlets with names like **Dumbea** and **Pieta** were located well beyond walking distance, but not far away. Evenings, those of us who were not off working somewhere on a detail had free time in the bivouac area. Some of us, for example, enjoyed low stakes blackjack games.

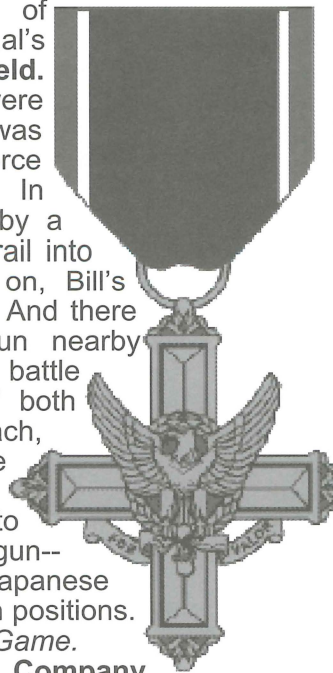
It was at those times that **Bill Clark** developed a game of his own—for himself, and for the members of his squad. At that time, all of our weapons, including the machine guns and the mortars, were with us in our tents – for maintenance, training, and easy access. The game Bill initiated was the timed, blind-folded disassembly and reassembly of his squad's heavy machinegun. Individual squad members, including Bill, were paired off man against man. Each of the pair took a turn. The fastest member won. Accuracy counted, of course. And the best of all at the game came to be Bill himself.

I well remember one evening in particular, when three or four of us passed by Bill's tent. We were headed for blackjack. But Bill was out in front, busily at his game. And he challenged us to compete with him, come one, come all. I'd been a long-time squad leader myself, back in the 137th Infantry and could disassemble the weapon down to its smallest component parts. But blindfolded? Never had. And off we went, leaving Bill at his game.

Which leaves us to consider the citation for the Distinguished Service Cross which Corporal William Clark was awarded for his manner of performance on the first night of Guadalcanal's 24 October 1942 **Battle for Henderson Field**. The members of the 164th's Third Battalion were inserted piecemeal into the battle that was raging in the late night darkness to reinforce **Chesty Puller's** First Battalion, 7th Marines. In the process, Bill Clark's squad was sent by a Marine guide up a narrow, muddy, jungle trail into the battle in progress. Somehow, early on, Bill's machine gun became disabled, inoperable. And there was also a disabled Marine machine gun nearby. **Coolly, Bill Clark took charge**. While the battle raged in near darkness, he "cannibalized" both weapons, taking undamaged parts from each, and reassembled them into one operable machine gun-- while casualties were occurring around him. And just in time to perform the pivotal role --with this machine gun-- in stopping a renewed and concentrated Japanese attack, straight at that portion of the American positions. *It was the payoff f-- the payoff for Bill Clark's Game.*

Unfortunately, Bill didn't stay with **M Company** for long after that. He was summoned away, never to return. Months later, there was a bit of news about him, passed on by one of the other Nebraskans who'd gotten it from home. Bill was back in the States, doing War Bond Drives. What a waste. But then, we were envious, too: was Ol' Bill Clark makin' out all right on those War Bond Drives?

Ed.—does anyone have a photo of Bill Clark???



The Award

The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the Distinguished Service Cross to **William A. Clark**, Corporal, U.S. Army, for extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy while serving with **Company M, 164th Infantry Regiment**, Americal Division, in action against enemy forces on 25 October 1942. Corporal Clark's intrepid actions, personal bravery, and zealous devotion to duty exemplify the highest traditions of the military forces of the United States and reflect great credit upon himself, the Americal Division, and the United States Army. Headquarters, U.S. Army Forces in the South Pacific Area, G.O. No. 39 (1943) http://www.homeofheroes.com/valor/1_Citations/03_wwii-dsc/army_c.html

Joe E. Brown 1942

GUADALCANAL 1942-1943

by Richard Stevens, Colonel (US Army, retired), then-corporal, Company M, 164th Infantry Regiment



Many Americans have formed their impressions of the USO from the TV – decades of Bob Hope's big-cast variety shows, or a young Sissy Spacek's poignant PBS Special, "Vera, USO Girl." But those of us who were there also remember individual personalities – athletes, actors, politicians – who didn't sing or dance or play musical instruments; who just came to visit for a spell, to talk, to sign autographs, to tell stories, to present informal "pieces of business." That's how **Joe E. Brown** came to the Canal sometime in December 1942.

It was a miserable day at the drab, tented, island hospital. Two nights earlier, Washing Machine Charley had miraculously cured a goodly bunch of patients, mostly there for malaria, by scattering his small load over one hospital ward and points nearby. By noon next day, the "cured" were gone. Those of us still too sick with malaria to go were dutifully drinking the Cure of the Week – liquid quinine. There are many possible reasons why no one on Guadalcanal ever seemed to get the same treatment for the same kind of malaria. Whatever, there appeared to be endless combinations of substances, dosages, and frequencies of medication. But liquid quinine had to have been the least user-friendly. Uncompromisingly awful stuff to get down, it made the ears ring loudly, ceaselessly. We were doing a small cup every four hours, six times a day.

A medical orderly passed the word. **Joe E. Brown was outside**; he was going to do a show. Five or six of us turned out into an overcast drizzle in our meager, ill-fitting hospital robes – feverish, ears ringing, miserable. Here was Joe all right, standing on a tiny hummock in the middle of the palm grove, redolent in field clothes – fatigues, soft hat, poncho. A couple of soldier escorts stood discreetly by. "Show?" This was going to be a show? Where was the music? Where was the stage? Where was his costume? Where were the props? We should have known better.

Joe was an old vaudeville clown – as familiar to 1930s movie-goers as Bob Burns, Ed Wynn, Martha Raye, or Judy Canova. He proceeded to recreate for us many of those hilarious comic routines of his that we knew so well – like his Elmer the Great baseball pitching routine. For a half-hour or so of magical moments, we forgot all about the weather, the hospital, our ailments. We were transported, instead, back to a world we thought we'd left behind -- we few and Joe E. Brown. And, no doubt, ours was but one of many stops for him on the Canal.

New Year's Eve 1945, I was on leave in Kansas City with orders in my pocket for Germany. My brand new bride and I took a long street car/trolley bus ride (who had a car?) to the Terrace Grill at the Hotel Muehlebach (Dancin' with Anson Weeks). Over our wine, I spotted Joe at a nearby table; he had just finished an evening performance of "Harvey" at the nearby theater. Made bold by the wine, I went over in Staff Sergeant's uniform, and thanked Joe for what he'd done for us nearly three years earlier. I recalled for him the miserable, improbable scene – how we'd felt before, during, and after his informal performance. He was very pleased, doubly so I'm sure, because he was with a tableful of other actors who overheard it all. Payback time.

1892



1973

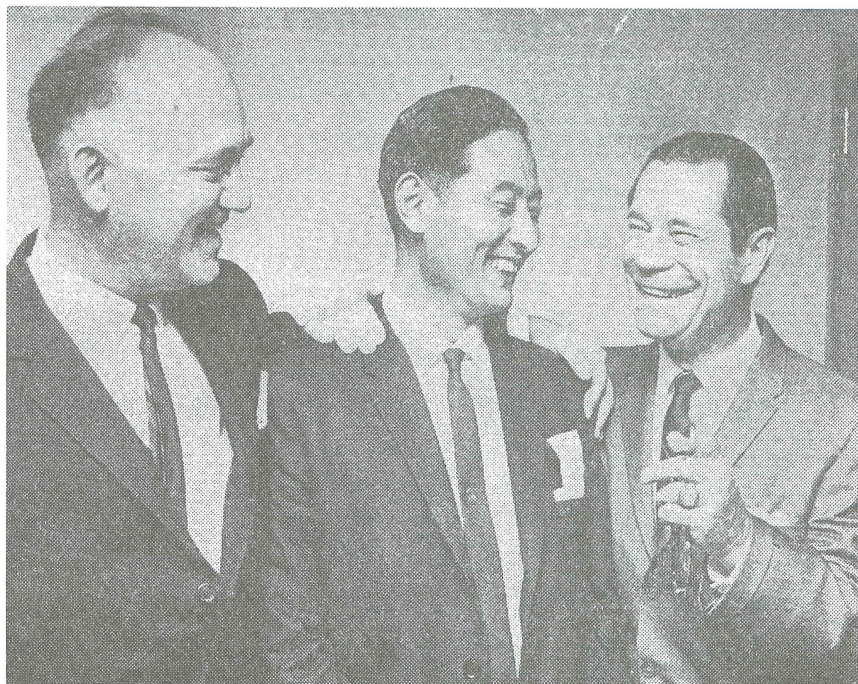
In the 1930s, he was a movie box office champ, pulling in more money than the Marx Brothers, Eddie Cantor, Wheeler & Woolsey, or W.C. Fields. Women as well as men enjoyed Joe, which may have accounted for the degree of his success. Over the years, Brown made dozens of movies, more than most comedians, but he was a success in vaudeville, musical comedy & revues, burlesque, light comedy and drama. He began as a boy acrobat, living a mean existence in the hard knocks show business of circus, carnivals, saloons and vaudeville, yet finding fame if no fortune as the "only acrobat in the world now doing a double body-twist and back somersault in one leap."

For Joe, the highlight of his life was his tours to the Pacific front lines in WWII. Over a period of nearly three years, while he neglected his stage and screen career, Joe E. Brown traveled 200,000 miles through jungle swamps and forests to bring a few laughs and cheer to those soldiers hunkered down in the fire zones. This record was unequalled until Martha Raye's later USO tours. Brown was awarded the Bronze Star, one of only two civilians in WWII so honored. The other was Ernie Pyle.

Reprinted from vaudeville.org, Frank Cullen, American Vaudeville Museum

Joe E. Brown 1963 from info sent in by Les Wichmann, Co B

During their final days on Guadalcanal, some of the men of the 164th had an opportunity to see a show put on for their entertainment by Joe E. Brown, a popular film comedian. He cracked jokes, often about his own facial construction (he had a very large mouth) and about the "invincibility" of the Japanese. Brown won the respect of the men on Guadalcanal because he was willing to come and lighten their hearts with a little humor, in spite of the possible danger. The men of the 164th later bestowed on him honorary membership in their Regimental Association in gratitude for his efforts. ---Citizens as Soldiers: A History of the North Dakota National Guard, by Jerry Cooper, Glenn Smith.



Minneapolis Tribune Photos by Pete Höhn

Something for the Boys..

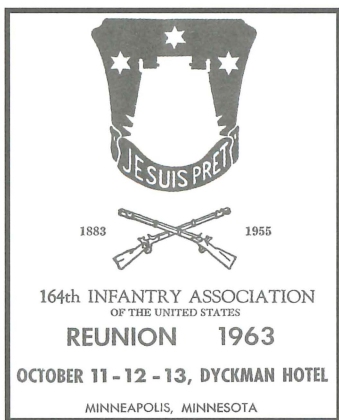
Joe traveled [200,000] miles, played in jam-packed halls, hospitals, gun emplacements, rainy ditches, jungle outposts. Once he climbed Canton Island's sole palm tree to entertain the solitary G.I. on lookout duty. Sometimes Comedian Brown would mutter prayers: "Listen, God, this is your kid, Joe.." www.time.com/time/magazine/article/0,9171,803447,00.html

War Stories

Joe E. Brown (right), the comedian, laughed Saturday at the Dyckman Hotel with two men who fought against each other 21 years ago today on Guadalcanal. They were Melvin Rivkin (left), 6124 Wentworth Av. S., and Yasuo Obi, Tokyo, Japan, who attended the 164th Infantry Association convention yesterday. Rivkin was with the 164th Infantry during the invasion of Guadalcanal Oct. 13, 1942. Obi fought with the 124th Japanese Infantry Regiment, and is the only member of the unit who survived the Guadalcanal battle. Brown entertained the 164th on Guadalcanal.

OCT. 11-12-13, 1963

Joe lost a son, Captain Don E. Brown, who was killed in a bomber crash (in Calif). A few months later, Brown began his marathon journeys to entertain troops. "When you've lost your own boy," he wrote in his book *Your Kids and Mine*, "all other lads become your sons."



Honorary 164 Member Joseph Evans Brown was a guest at the 1963 Association Reunion.
Above: the cover of the reunion pamphlet.
Right, the biographies that appeared in the pamphlet



JOE E. BROWN

Born July 28, 1892 in Holgate, Ohio and began a career of entertaining in the summer of 1902, when he was only ten years old.

His 61 years in the entertainment field includes engagements with circus acts, vaudeville, musical comedy and the movies.

In addition to being one of the great entertainers, he also is renowned as a truly great humanitarian, having given unselfishly of his time for many charitable causes. Joe is president of Pony League baseball for 13 and 14 year old boys.

During WWII Joe entertained our troops at home and overseas. We of the 164th Infantry Ass'n can well attest that his mirth was the best therapeutic medicine we ever received. All in all Joe did 742 shows overseas.

In gratitude for his wonderful service to us and the entire nation we requested his attendance, not as an entertainer, but to be our honored guest.



YASUO OBI

小尾 善文

Mr. Yasuo Obi was born May 10, 1921 in Yamanshi, Japan and is a Japanese citizen. He graduated from Military college in 1941. From 1941 to 1946 he served in the Japanese Military Forces. In January 1942 he participated in the Japanese landings in Borneo and Cebu islands.

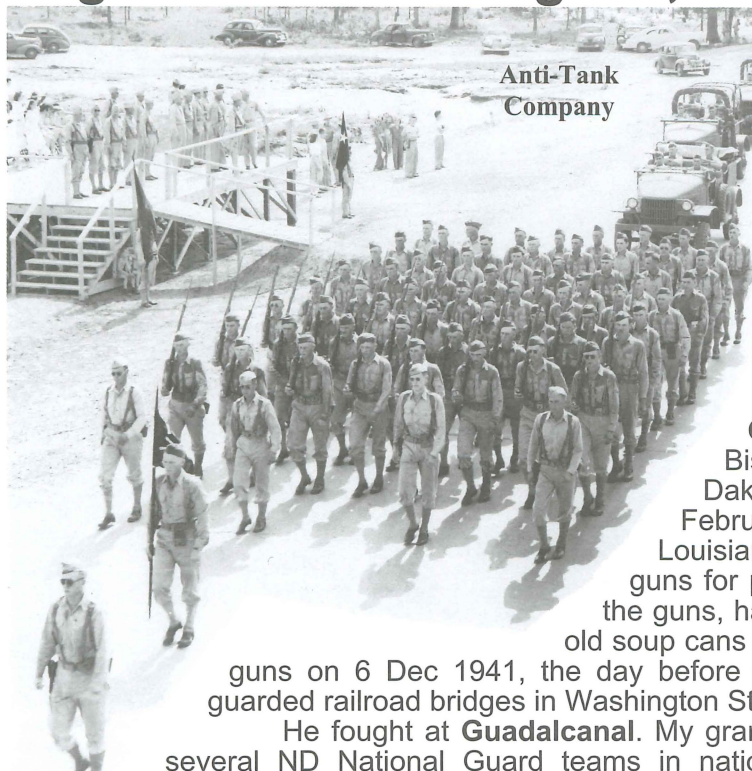
In August 1942 he landed in Guadalcanal as Regimental color bearer of the Japanese 124th Infantry Regiment. He participated in many battles on Guadalcanal and withdrew with the remnants of the Japanese forces in February 1943.

After leaving Guadalcanal he was promoted to Lieutenant and assigned to a headquarters unit in Burma. When war ended he was in Thailand and returned to Japan in 1946.

Mr. Obi graduated from the Agricultural College of Tokyo University in 1948. He is presently Vice President of a Japanese Food export Company.

Mr. Obi is married and the father of four children. He arrived in Minneapolis at 4:40 PM Saturday, October 5, 1963 to attend the 164th Infantry Reunion as an honored guest.

1Sgt John J. McLaughlin, Anti-Tank Co by his grandson, Tim McLaughlin



Anti-Tank
Company

Dad (James R. McLaughlin) and I have been trying to piece together his dad's (my grandfather) military service. We have no original records. My father said his dad, **John J. McLaughlin**, joined the 164th Infantry in 1919 at age 16. He originally belonged to **Company A**, Bismarck. He was asked to help organize an **Anti-tank Company** in Harvey.

In the report of the North Dakota National Guard's mobilization for World War II, Grandpa John is listed with the **164th Infantry, Anti-Tank Company**, First Sergeant, D.O.B. 2/21/1903, Bismarck. He entered the U.S. Army at Harvey, North Dakota, when the National Guard was Federalized on February 10, 1941. We know he was at Camp Claiborne in Louisiana. They apparently did not have any 37mm anti-tank guns for practice at Claiborne and used wooden mock-ups of the guns, had stove pipes for barrels, and practiced loading with old soup cans to simulate the shells. They received their first 37mm

guns on 6 Dec 1941, the day before Pearl Harbor. Prior to being shipped overseas, he guarded railroad bridges in Washington State.

He fought at **Guadalcanal**. My grandfather was an expert marksman and had been on several ND National Guard teams in national competitions at Camp Perry, Ohio. While on Guadalcanal, John had to kill a young Japanese sniper, a boy the same age as his own son, James (my father), and that bothered him the rest of his life.



Timboe, Meline, Schuler, Walker, Bride, Amundson, M Shirley, Jeffrey
Eidum, Smith, Poe, Jore, Krum, McLaughlin
1940 ND National Guard Rifle Team, Camp Perry, Ohio

John told my dad that one of his scariest moments was when he had his **Anti-tank Co.** at the end of **Henderson Field** and some new young pilots were taking off from the airfield. As one pilot was taking off, he reached for the lever to pull up his landing gear but he pulled the wrong lever; what he pulled was the bomb release and the bombs landed on John's position. Luckily the bombs had front propellers that had to make so many turns before being ready to explode. They went into the ground without exploding. John went with the unit to the **Fiji Islands** following Guadalcanal. He was separated from the service in Memphis,

Tennessee August 31, 1943. Following his discharge from the Army, he experienced many episodes of "shell shock" and frequent recurrences of malaria. He died November 27, 1954, at the John Moses Hospital in Minot, ND. His tombstone has the letters BSM, indicating he earned the Bronze Star Medal. We have been unable to locate a citation for the Bronze Star. Dad has many interesting stories about my grandfather. He went to Camp Grafton with him a few times.

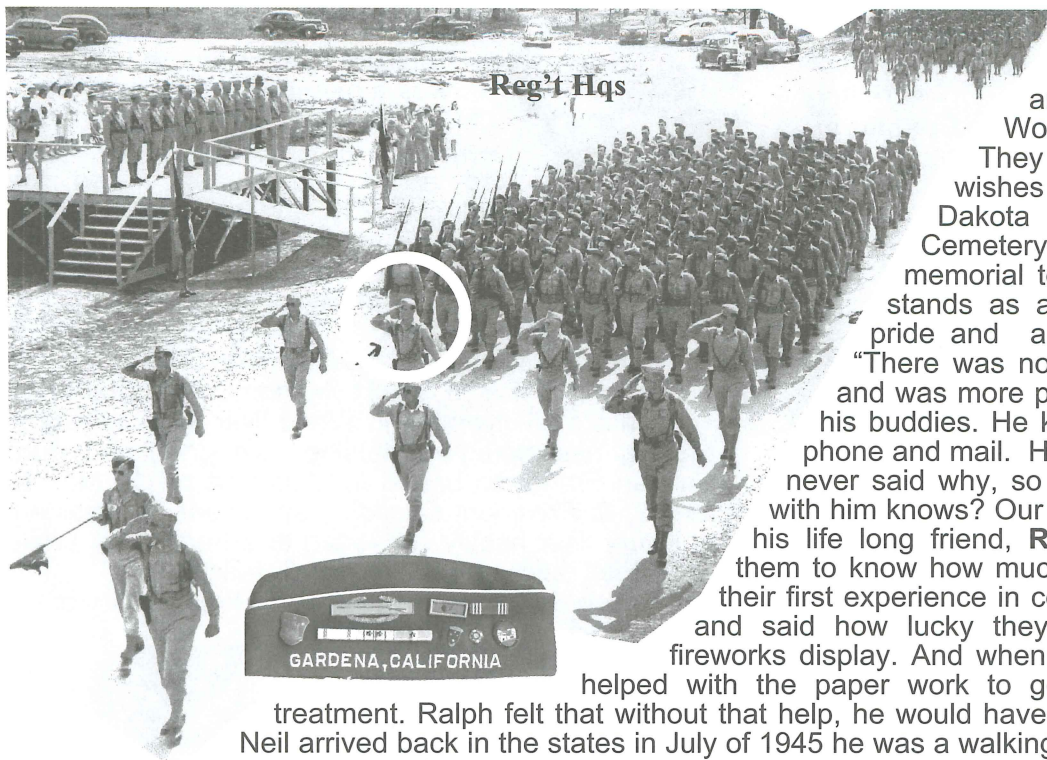
Dad (James R.) served in the **Navy** in **WWII**, from 1/11/43 to 2/1/46. His rank was Seaman First Class. He served at a number of US stations, including Great Lakes Naval training center, finishing at Jacksonville, Florida Naval Air Station, where he was discharged. His brother, Hugh, served on an aircraft carrier during the **Korean War** as an aviation ordnanceman. I became eligible for the draft for Vietnam, had my military physical, but they stopped drafting people 3 numbers short of me that year (1968?).

Chuck Walker provided us with a couple of photographs. We have been trying to find anyone else who knew my grandfather to get some further history and some anecdotal stories.

Contact **James R. McLaughlin***, 79 28th Ave NE, Fargo, ND 58102, e-mail Jrmclnd@aol.com, or me at timcl@minot.com.



James R. McLaughlin (age 18, Navy),
his brother Hugh (10), and their
father 1SG John J. McLaughlin (40).
27 December 1943



It was a long trip from California for Joan McAndrews and her younger sister, Sue Woodworth, but they didn't mind. They were honoring their uncle's wishes to be buried with his North Dakota buddies at the ND Veterans Cemetery in Mandan, where the memorial to the 164th Infantry Regiment stands as a granite-strong symbol of its pride and accomplishments. Joan writes, "There was nothing in his life that he loved and was more proud of than the 164th and all his buddies. He kept up with many of them by phone and mail. He had a nick name, "Slug", but never said why, so maybe someone who served with him knows? Our grandmother had a letter from his life long friend, **Ralph Rothrock**, who wanted them to know how much Neil had helped him during their first experience in combat. Neil pointed to the sky and said how lucky they were to see such a great fireworks display. And when Ralph got so gravely ill, Neil helped with the paper work to get him back to the U.S. for treatment. Ralph felt that without that help, he would have died out in the Pacific. When Neil arrived back in the states in July of 1945 he was a walking skeleton. His skin was yellow and he was thin from his bouts with malaria, but to his family he looked great."



Truman West & Neil



Art Larson & Neil



Neil & Harvey Bergren

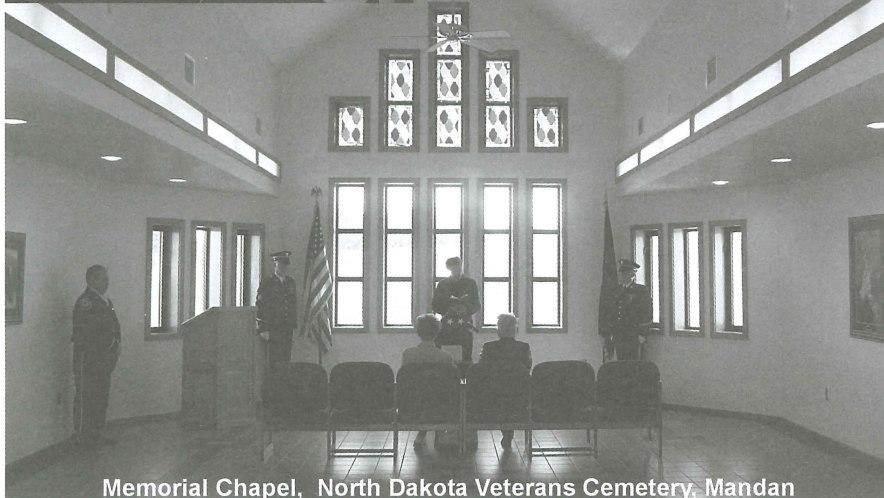
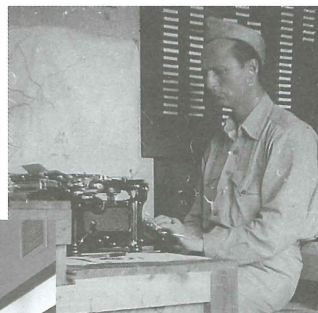


Mel Greuel & Neil at Walla Walla Armory



Cmd Sgt Maj (ret) Ken Clouston from the Mandan VFW Honor Guard presents the flag to Neil's nieces

Above left, the Pass & Review of the Reg't Hqs Co at Camp Claiborne. Miscellaneous photos from Neil's files, as well as his memorial service at the ND Veterans Cemetery.



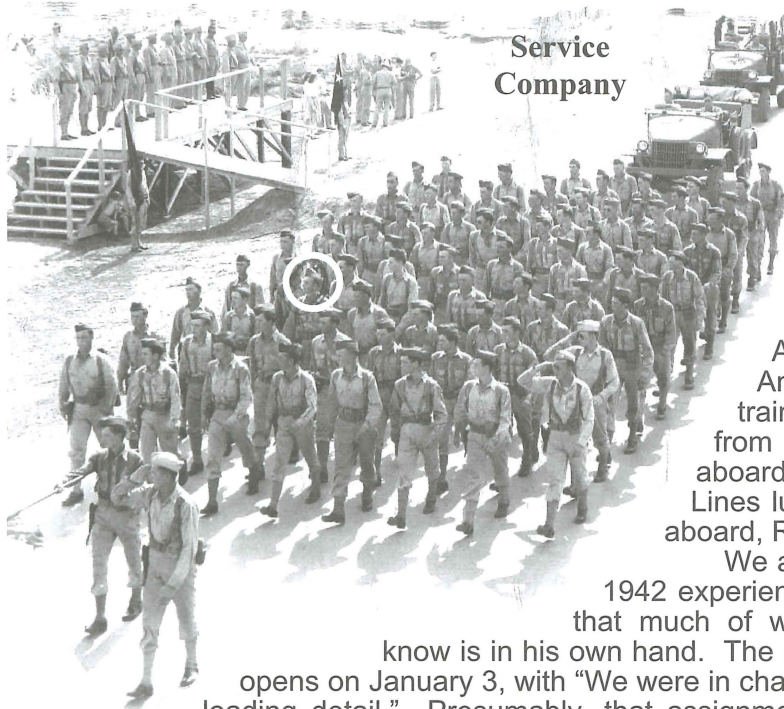
Memorial Chapel, North Dakota Veterans Cemetery, Mandan



Neil Tennyson and who? Charles Atlas?

REMEMBERING STAFF SGT RUSSELL OPAT

by his daughter, Gail Opat, and her husband, Philip Burns



Service Company

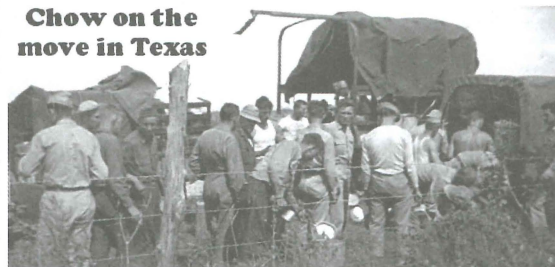
Staff Sergeant Russell J. Opat was a member of Service Co and "M" Company, 164th Infantry. He was born in St. Louis County, Minn, and as a young man joined the Roosevelt era's Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC). There he learned what was to be his lifelong profession – a chef, reinforced by a four-year stint as an Army Mess Sgt.

CCC duty led to signing up with the ND National Guard, followed by muster into the US Army on May 5, 1941 – somewhat ahead of America's involvement in World War II. A variety of training assignments stateside next, then departure from San Francisco bound for Australia on 19 Mar 42 aboard S. S. *President Coolidge*, an American President Lines luxury liner hastily converted to a troopship. While aboard, Russell received his Sergeant's rating.

We are very fortunate in that Russell kept a diary of his

1942 experiences, so that much of what we know is in his own hand. The account opens on January 3, with "We were in charge of a loading detail." Presumably, that assignment kept him pretty busy, as nothing is entered till March 6, when the unit left Walla Walla, Wa, bound for Fort Ord, Ca, where he wrote about "...cockroaches...what a mess. We are all dead tired but there is no time for a rest – we have a lot to do before we pull out for 'over there'."

Chow on the move in Texas



The sea voyage that followed was long and not particularly exciting, according to the diary. Boat drills, gunnery practice, sightings of exotic fish and birds, Army Band concerts, Equator-crossing celebrations, and occasional shots of contraband Scotch livened things up a bit, but as any soldier or sailor will recount, most of the time not much happened: "Nothing new, water, water, water!" And work, of course.

Finally, on April 8, the *Coolidge* reached Australia. After a few days, the unit left again, this time bound for New Caledonia, arriving on April 19 after a rough voyage.



Despite its name, New Caledonia was at the time French territory. Its governing authorities had the presence of mind to not throw in with France's Vichy leaders: a good idea, as the occupying Allied forces

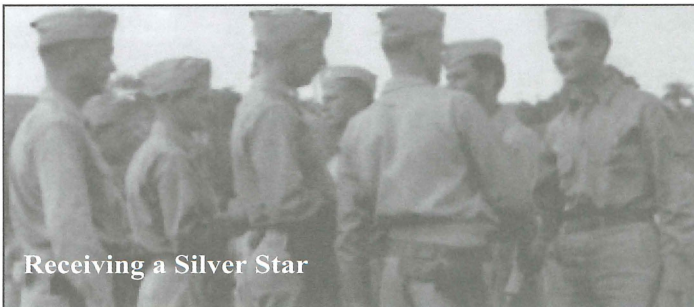
would have tossed them into the jail house for the duration had they done otherwise.

During its deployment at New Caledonia, the 164th was incorporated into the newly-formed (and uniquely named) Americal Division. Russell's account of the months spent there includes a lot of wheeling and dealing with locals for fresh food, condiments, and livestock – which usually meant evading the local bureaucrats and cops, as

everything was rationed and controlled. To Russ, it was far more important to put steaks on the menu for his guys than to support the local war effort.

On October 7, 1942 everything changed. With less than eight hours' notice, the 164th packed up and prepared to ship out for Guadalcanal aboard *USS McCauley*. They arrived "In sub-infested waters at 2 AM. Didn't get any breakfast. Stood on alert for three hours. Landed at 5 AM. I never knew any place could be so hot." The first air raid started at 11:00 AM, and "Corp. Fulbert got his head & arm blown off him (at) the first bomb. Another raid at 1:00, another at 3:00. This is war." Shelling from Japanese naval vessels started at 5:00 PM, pinning everyone down for over an hour. The unit then marched four miles, got shelled again, then marched four more, under fire the whole way. So much for the first day. Welcome to Guadalcanal.

The modest entry of October 16 typically understates what was to be an extraordinary event.



Receiving a Silver Star

RUSSELL OPAT (Continued..)

"We were shelled again. Four 14 inch shells missed Frenchy's (a buddy) and my trench by about 8 ft. Capt. George W. Newgard got his leg blown off. I carried him out during the shelling. I never knew I had so many nerves until they started to shoot." For his actions under intense enemy fire that day, Russell Opat was awarded the Silver Star. He mentions the award in his last entry to the diary, on October 20: "Received commendation from Col. Moore for carrying Capt. Newgard out."

Russell Opat survived Guadalcanal, and the campaigns that followed, leaving the Army on June 18, 1945. He later married Donna Blazina and raised two daughters. He successfully owned and operated restaurants and cafeterias in Sauk Rapids, Minn, and the Twin Cities. He and Donna traveled extensively to revisit sites and people he encountered during his time with the 164th, and he kept in contact with Army buddies and even old Japanese adversaries for the rest of his life.



Russel & Donna Opat present an Honorary 164 membership to Guadalcanal veteran Captain Yasuo Obi, Tokyo, 1977
(See pg 17 this issue.)

GUADALCANAL 1942-1943



There were 7 or 8 of us from Casselton who were with the 164th Infantry, as was Major Louis Kittel [Army Air Corps]. Louie flew in to visit us Casseltons who were stationed at Camp Claiborne, La. After the visit, we took Louie out to the airport where his plane was. He took off, did a couple barrel rolls, then left. We got

back to Lester Wichmann's car and heard on the news we should all report back to our base as Pearl Harbor had been bombed by the Japanese. We were ordered to strip down our tents and Monday morning, we boarded a train headed for the coast of California. The train car I was in had chicken shit on the seats. It was an older model, so I was able to crawl under the seats to get some sleep. We arrived at Los Angeles and had to keep the shades drawn on the train. That night we pulled out for San Francisco, where we ended up at the cow palace with straw in all the stalls, so we all moo'd like cows and moved in.

On Christmas Day, 1941, we left the Cow Palace headed for Umattilla Ordinance, Ore, and I was on KP duty on the train. We arrived at 3 am and swept out the barracks and then were loaded onto trucks headed for Pendelton, Ore, where we did guard duty at the airport. We then left Pendelton for Boise, Id, where we did guard duty on Gowen Field airport. We left Boise for San Francisco, where we left from Pier 42 on board the ship USS President Coolidge. After 21 days of seeing nothing but water, we pulled into Melbourne, Australia, where we met an American ship who raised the colors "Old Glory" and all of us hooted and hollered to see Old Glory again. We unloaded supplies onto 3 Javanese ships which we boarded for New Caledonia. When we went for chow, we walked through the Javanese quarters and it stunk so bad I would hold my breath as long as I could.

Memories from Vince Powers

164th Infantry Band

They had a baker on the ship who baked real good loaves of bread. Rudy and I were on guard duty where the fresh bread was laid. Every now and then, we'd see a hand come up and grab a loaf; we just looked the other way. On New Caledonia, we had extensive training and then headed for Guadalcanal.

As we boarded the ship, they gave us helmets. We landed on Guadalcanal on October 13th and unloaded supplies on the beach all day. That enemy Jap sub shelled us so we headed for the jungle where, at night, you can't see your hand in front of your face. Here, some of us by our voices went into the jungle and then the moon came out and a Marine came and said, "Come on, I'll take you to Henderson Field where you can get some rest". We walked about an hour when the Jap Navy started shelling us with 13-14-15 inch shells. My buddy and I headed for the jungle and found an old Jap dug-out, which we crawled into and stayed for the night. Next morning, we ate a coconut, but had no water so we finally found a mess sergeant of the 3rd battalion and asked him for water. He said "No", so Rudy and I took the safety off our M-1s and pointed our guns at him; he then said, "Help yourself". Such was our initiation to Guadalcanal.

On our first offensive, one group of buddies went up a ravine but the Japs had machineguns covering the area and they killed the whole squad. The Colonel wanted to send up another squad, but our Lieutenant said "We'll go, but you lead us." We never had to go. Another incident while fighting the Japs—we put white arrow markers to show where the Japs were (in front of the arrows). Two P-40 planes with bombs on their bellies showed up. I ran down to the ocean to see all the action. I saw the first P-40 come in low and saw the bomb tip forward, so I jumped into a foxhole. Well, the bombing pilots bombed us instead of the Japs. We got out of that O/S. In the last battle with the Japs, we killed 2000 Japs and they soon left the Island.

Vince R. Powers, Band, Hamilton, Montana

REMEMBERING JOHN LANDOWSKI, Anti-Tank Co.

By his children Fran Dvorak, Wayne Landowski, & Cathy Lyle

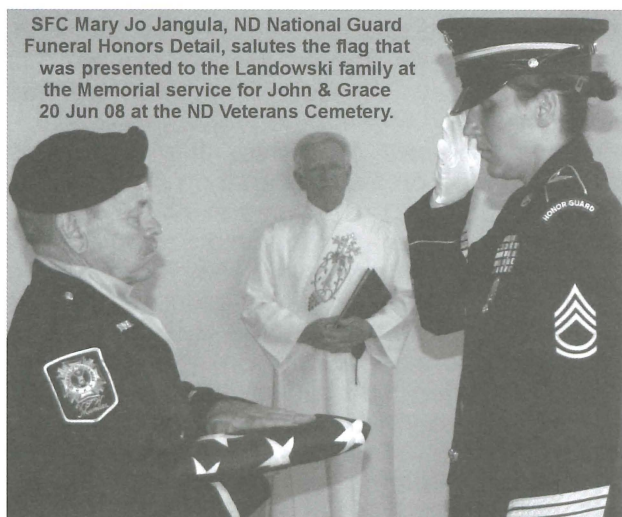
GUADALCANAL 1942-1943



Johnnie was proud to serve his country. He was called for duty in May 1941 and assumed he would be home to help with the harvest that fall. In a letter to an Uncle and Aunt in January of 42, he said, "Now that we are at war, I wouldn't get out of the army for all the money in the world.....too bad I am not at home to come down with a load of spuds. But I don't know if that will ever happen again. I sure hope so. This being here would be all right if the folks wouldn't worry so much."

He was so pleased and proud when he was invited to return to Guadalcanal in 1992 and talked about that trip often. In an interview, he said it brought back many memories of the other soldiers he served with. He shared a special bond with these men and enjoyed visiting with them at the reunions of the 164th.

He did not talk about the war until after we were grown. He told us how hungry he was during the war. He said he had eaten rice prepared in every possible way, including uncooked, and one time he ate a restaurant-size container of fruit cocktail. He never ate either again.



SFC Mary Jo Jangula, ND National Guard Funeral Honors Detail, salutes the flag that was presented to the Landowski family at the Memorial service for John & Grace 20 Jun 08 at the ND Veterans Cemetery.

He also talked about a night in the jungle when it was cold and rainy. They were afraid to move in their hammocks as the enemy surrounded them. It was a very long night.

The incident that he thought about a great deal was the evening he and another soldier were on guard duty. They saw someone moving at a distance, shouted out a warning and subsequently shot at the figure. The next morning, when it was safe, they found they had shot a young man carrying water. He was saddened by civilian deaths during war. He recently said, "there are good people all over the world."

Editor's Note:

I met John Landowski on the "50 year" trip to Guadalcanal in 1992. I was the trip coordinator. During registration at the Army Air Facility, Bismarck, John was joking around, generally giving everyone--including me--a bit of good natured grief. We laughed and I immediately dubbed him the trip "Troublemaker" (there's one in every crowd). When everyone had boarded the military aircraft, I walked down the aisle asking for a volunteer. Nobody moved. I asked again for just one volunteer. The guys glanced around, nobody spoke, and nobody moved. These guys had learned Army Lesson #1 - Never Volunteer For Anything! "Well, then, Troublemaker", I said, "you're it. Landowski, front and center." He walked up from the back, a very strange look on his face. I announced that John would have the honor of sitting in the "jump seat" in the cockpit with the pilots during take-off. Everyone chuckled and was visibly relieved--turns out they all thought we must be over-weight, or something, & whoever volunteered would get kicked off the flight. I said, "This will be a good trip - but you guys will just have to learn to trust me!!" All the travelers got their chance to view the world from jump seat, but John didn't let them forget that he was the first. And it was a great trip.

--Shirley J. Olgeirson

Benjamin Parkos Sr.

passed away 29 Nov 02.

Ben proudly served in World War II with the 164th Infantry Division of the National Guard, Devils Lake. He was injured in battle at Guadalcanal, and his life was saved by a fellow soldier and friend John Londouskie of Grand Forks.



Parkos

---Saving a Buddy earns John the Silver Star ---

III. AWARD OF THE SILVER STAR:

By direction of the President, under the provisions of the act Congress approved 9 July 1918 (Bull. 43, WD, 1918), a Silver Star is awarded by the Commanding General, United States Army Forces in the South Pacific Area, to the following-named enlisted man:

JOHN A. LANDOWSKI, (37028605), Staff Sergeant, Infantry, United States Army, for gallantry in action at Bougainville, Solomon Islands, on 23 January 1944 wherein he exposed himself to enemy fire and, despite the pain of his own wounds, successfully rescued a fallen soldier. Home Address: Drayton, North Dakota.

John's sister, Mary Stewart, from Drayton, writes, "Johnnie was mentioned in Ben Parkos' obit. I'm sure that is what he was awarded the Silver Star for. I remember Ben's folks coming to the farm, wanting to give money to be put in Johnnie's account for doing what he did. But, of course, my family would not accept it. The boys never talked much about the war, but I know Bennie was badly wounded and Johnnie went out into the line of fire and rescued him. As far as I can remember, Johnnie was stricken with malaria, was very ill, and was put on a Red Cross ship and sent back to the U.S. Johnnie was a great brother, and I usually made homemade ice cream for him when we had family gatherings. We had so many good times at the 164th Reunions. He and Adam Miltenberger were good friends and he always attended the reunions, too.

REMEMBERING RAYMOND ARNESON, Hq 1st Bn

GUADALCANAL 1942-1943

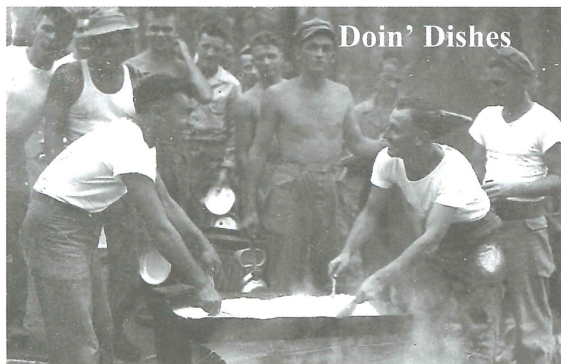
by Helen Breeden* (LM), his daughter



My Dad (Arnie) enlisted in the CCC's in April 1937, attended Business College, and worked at Drayton State Bank until May 6, 1941, when his induction into the Army sent him to Camp Claiborne, LA. During his time in Drayton, he met Irene Landowski. They discussed marriage, but going against mom's wishes, he decided it would be best to wait until he returned.



After the attack on Pearl Harbor, the unit was sent to California. They were set to go to Bataan, but the Army changed their minds and scattered the unit up and down the West Coast area. My dad and his buddy, **Ray Sinkbeil**, were sent to Helena & Missoula, MT, for 12 weeks. They were teletype operators and kept track of the troops, ordered food and other administrative duties. In March 1942, they returned to Calif and spent three days at the Cow Palace in San Francisco getting their immunizations. My dad and Ray S



snuck off into town during that time and found themselves at the Pickwick Bar. They encountered a man who was described as 'rich' and he treated them to an evening of food and beverage. Word is they got 'gassed up'. No doubt that man felt sorry for the boys going to war and that was his way of thanking them for serving their country.

Ray S. remembers my dad celebrated his birthday on sea, as they sailed for Australia, then on to **New Caledonia**; the infamous **Guadalcanal**; **Fiji**, where they spent nine months; then on to **Bougainville** for one year, spending Christmas Day 1943 there. In June 1944, dad's name

was drawn to be sent back to the United States for a furlough. The picture of my dad leaping out of the car was taken then. My mom had written on the back of this photo "and you thought I couldn't get you" – Oct 1944. Looks like he was more than ready to jump into her arms.



Norman, Papa's younger brother, who would have been 14 when he was home on furlough, recently described his brother as so thin and frail that he didn't know how he could hold the bowl of potatoes being passed around the table. After his furlough, he could have chosen to stay in the US, but he decided to serve in the

SERVICE OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL U. S. AND RETURN			
36.	DATE OF DEPARTURE	DESTINATION	DATE OF ARRIVAL
	18 MAR 42	SPTO	8 APR 42
	12 APR 42	SWPTO	20 APR 42
	4 JUN 44	US	8 JUN 44
	1 DEC 44	ETO	10 DEC 44
	4 OCT 45	US	9 OCT 45


European Theater. Two of his brothers were there also – Oliver

and Palmer. We don't know much of his time in Europe other than what was on his AGO 53-55 – **Rhineland & Central Europe**, with the 274th Infantry Regiment, 70th "Trailblazer" Division, 7th Army.

Discharge day – 18 Oct 45 – he wrote was "the 'happiest day of my life.' I do not know a lot about my dad's years in the Army – he just did not want to talk about the war, but was so proud to be a veteran and an American. He would have shed a tear when his grandson, Jeff, played Taps at his interment on his birthday, April 2, at the VA Cemetery in Boulder City, NV.



My dad married Irene Landowski (**John Landowski's** sister) upon his return to the US. Tired of shoveling snow, they moved to Calif in 1960. Raymond was an accountant with the U.S. Postal Svc and founded the Pomona Postal Credit Union. He retired in 1979 to Boulder City, NV, where he helped organize the KofC. They enjoyed RV-ing with friends, always taking their two grand-children on summer trips. The kids called him Papa, and before long, he was Papa to everyone! He passed away just 10 days before their 62nd wedding anniversary. Irene looks forward to hearing from those who knew Ray and seeing everyone at the 164th reunion this September in Valley City. Contact **Irene Arneson**, 1173 Elam Street, Henderson, NV 89015, 702-375-8447

 The 70th Div served in ETO Dec 44-Oct 45. It liberated over 1000 allied prisoners of war at Stiring-Wendel, then crossed the Saar River and captured the heavily fortified city of Saarbrucken. Their patch shows a poised axe.

NEW MEMBERS

Loren W. Ellis (WWII), Co F, 2110 Duncan Rd. # 21, Bloomer, WI 54724, bushki@bloomer.net See pg 21, July 07 issue

NEW MEMBERS JOINED FOR LIFE!!

Frank Borreca (LM)(WWII), Co ?, 2924 Amherst, Houston, Texas 77005

MEMBERS WHO RENEWED FOR LIFE!!

Elizabeth A. Koster (LM)*, 7374 Chico Way NW, Bremerton, WA 98312-1036 [niece of Wm "Billy" E. Jakle]
 Dr. Fred F. Drew (LM)(WWII), Medic, 1st Bn, 1164 Cardiff Ct, San Jose, CA 95117
 Walter V. Johnson (LM)(WWII), Co D, 704 2nd Ave SE, Apt #4, Rugby, ND 58368

NEW ASSOCIATE MEMBERS* (identified by *)

Dandy Stewart*, 4 S. Grand Fork, Edmond, OK 73003 [Vietnam Veteran, friend of Joe Castagneto & Bill Tucker]
 Stephen Nelson*, 1684 W Sherrie Dr, Flagstaff, AZ 86001 [son of Thurston D. Nelson, Co L]
 Terrance Nelson*, 2014 NE 159th Ave, Vancouver, WA 98684 [son of Thurston D. Nelson, Co L]
 Nancy Giersweskie*, Rt 1 Box 31, Hawley, MN 56549 [daughter of Thurston D. Nelson, Co L]
 Gov. George Sinner*, Fargo, ND [Former Commander in Chief of the North Dakota National Guard]
 Nicholas Keller*, 2538 Jay's Nest Ln, Holiday, FL 34691 [great great nephew of Al Wiest (LM)(WWII), Co M]
 Nicholas I. Coyle*, 2065 Woodland Dr, Apopka, FL 32703 [father was in 1st Marine Division]
 Irene Arneson*, 1173 Elam Street, Henderson, NV 89015 [widow of Raymond C. Arneson, Hq 1st Bn] See page 23
 Rosella Kessler*, 9450 Century Oaks Lane, Elk Grove, CA 95758 [widow of Elroy Kessler, Svc Co] See page 18
 Nancy Kessler-Sperro*, Century Oaks Lane, Elk Grove, CA 95758 [daughter of Elroy Kessler, Svc Co]
 Mary Lou Stewart*, Box 155, Drayton, ND 58225 [Sister of John Landowski, AntiTank Co(?)] See page 22
 Lyle Osman (LM)*, 503 Coralie Dr, Walnut Creek, CA 84597-2516 [brother of Albert J. "Twinks" Osmon, Co L]
 Caroline Conrath*, 4415 Old Red Trail, Mandan, ND 58554-1358 [sister of Theodore Conrath, Co K] See page 12-13
 Lloyd Ingebretson*, 1480 West Main, Apt #2, Carrington ND 58421 [Co F*]
 Rita Fox*, PO Box 27126, Minneapolis, MN 55427 [Daughter of Clement "Murphy Fox, Co D]
 Timothy Fox*, 28506 15th Ave N, Hawley, MN 56549 [Son of Clement "Murphy Fox, Co D]
 Bonita Lindseth*, 5011 34th Ave NE, Rugby, ND 58368 [Daughter of Clement "Murphy Fox, Co D]

NEW ASSOCIATE MEMBERS JOINED FOR LIFE!!

Joan McAndrews (LM)*, 4815 Lee Ave, La Mesa, CA 91941 [niece of Neil Tennyson, Co B] See page 19
 Sue Woodworth (LM)*, 10941 W. Hutton Dr, Sun City, AZ 85351 [niece of Neil Tennyson, Co B] See page 19
 Susan Samson-Owen (LM)*, 14032 Quailridge Dr, Riverside, CA 92503 [daughter Norman Samson, Hq 1Bn] See pg 11

ADDRESS CHANGES

George Isenberg (WWII), Co A, P.O. Box 358, McArthur, CA 96056
 Shirley Sommars*, 3124 S Wheeling Way, Apt 202, Aurora CO 80014-3636
 Lynn Kloster (LM)(WWII), Band, 570 Mystic Harbour Ln, Schaumburg IL 60193-3843
 Alexander Turner, 2375 Range Ave Apt 196, Santa Rosa CA 95403-9448
 Thomas Trenbeath (LM)*, 925 Alberta Ave. Bismarck, ND 58503-5501
 Jean Van Tassel (LM)*, 1538 Quail Run Dr, Lewiston, ID 83501-5600
 Joe Juen, 14375 57th St N, Stillwater MN 55082-6405
 Joe Hobot, 8809 Columbus Ave S, Bloomington, MN 55420-3017
 George Hopkins (WWII) Co H, 813 3rd Ave NE, Mandan, ND 58554-3221
 Ardis Mathews, 2605 Poetters Cir, Fairmont, MN 56031-1717
 Gerald Pierson (K) Co F, 1709 25th Ave S, Apt 331, Fargo, ND 58103

CORRECTIONS

Tim McLaughlin (LM)*, 720 4th Ave NW, Minot, ND 58703 [grandson of 1SGT J.J. McLaughlin, Anti-Tank] See pg 10


THANKS FOR THE DONATIONS!

Steffen, Raymond	\$ 10.00	Castagneto, J (Schrship)	\$ 80.00	Todd, Donna	\$ 10.00	Larson, Alys	\$ 40.00
Stewart, Mary Lou	\$ 13.00	Smith, Elva	\$ 5.00	Hannel, Anton	\$ 15.00	Heinz, Gregory	\$ 40.00
Love, Robert	\$ 20.00	Ellis, Loren	\$ 5.00	Mutchler, Lynn	\$ 20.00	Swenson, G. Ida (Schlrshp)	\$100.00
Beatini, Michael	\$ 35.00	Docktor, Donald	\$ 10.00	Osmon, Lyle	\$ 25.00		
Castagneto, Joseph	\$240.00	Ryan, Kim	\$ 10.00	Salsman, Evelyn	\$ 25.00		

AWOLS AWOLS AWOLS AWOLS

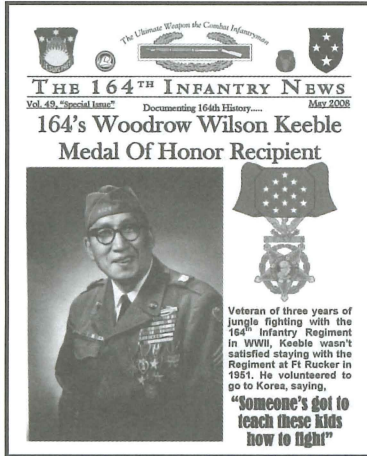
ACAMPORA	JANUS	DAVIS*	MICHAEL J.	GUTTERUD*	MARGARET	OLSON	BETTY	SYME*	CASANDRA
ALME*	COLLEEN	DE MARIA	FRANK	HENDRICKSON *	RUBY	RUSTAD	THEO K	THORFINNSON*	MARGARET
ANCHUKAITIS*	MELANIE	EBERLE	HAROLD J.	HESS*	SHIRLEY	SCHLEICHER^	PAT	TONGEN*	JOYCE
ANDERSON	LLOYD	EMRAH (WWII)	JOHN R.	HILFER*	SHERRY	SHINE*	JONI	WACHTER*	JEFF
BUSCH *	GERTRUDE	ETCHEVERRY*	JOHN	KUCZKO (WWII)	GEORGE	SHINE*	ROBERT	WHITMAN*	ETHYL
CASCIO	NICK	FISCHER	PAUL F	LANDER (WWII)	VICTOR	SLAIS*	FLORENCE	WIIK (WWII)	HENRY M
CASTAGNETO*	LAWERANCE	FLO (WWII) (K)	FRED T.	LEGAARD (WWII)	OLE N.	SMITH *	LUCILLE M	ZIMMERMAN	DUANE
CASTAGNETO*	NOELLE	FREEMAN, JR*	Wm Warren	LIFFRIG	DUANE R.	SMITH (K)	ROGER S		
CHRISTIANS (K)	STANLEY	GJESVOLD	WALLACE	MINKS (WWII)	MARION	STRAKA	MAX		
DAHL	NEIL D.	GJEVRE	ALDEN H	OGREN*	Margeurite	SUTTON*	ROSEMARY		

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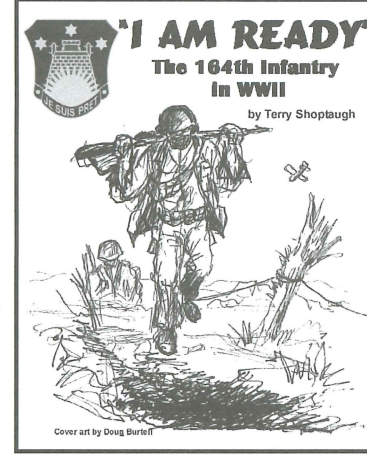
65 Years Since Guadalcanal.
The October 2007 issue of *The 164th News* contains the historical timeline of Americal campaigns and the stories of the soldiers who fought the first Army battles of WWII. More copies are available for suggested donation of \$2.50 per copy to pay for mailing & printing costs or \$1 if no mailing is required.

Send your request & donation to 164th Infantry Assoc., c/o Editor, P.O. Box 1111, Bismarck, ND 58502-1111



Keeble's Medal of Honor
The May 2008 issue of *The 164th News* contains the historical timeline of the Korean War and is dedicated to the memory and heroic acts of 164's Woodrow W. Keeble. More copies are available for a suggested donation of \$2.50 per copy to pay for mailing & printing costs or \$1 if no mailing is required.

Send your request & donation to 164th Infantry Assoc., c/o Editor, P.O. Box 1111, Bismarck, ND 58502-1111



164's Book: "I Am Ready"
Five Chapters of the book about the 164th are posted on the web! Go online at home or at your library to review them & give the author some feedback!

Dr. Terry Shoptaugh,
MSU Moorhead,
1104 South 7th Ave.,
Moorhead MN 56560
218-477-2343
shoptaug@mnstate.edu

Go to www.mnstate.edu/shoptaug then Click "164th Infantry in World War II" link.

Annual Reunion
12-13-14 September 2008
Valley City, ND

Reunion Coordinator Secretary/Treasurer
Patricia L. Drong, Box 192, Sanborn, ND 58480

Let the News tell your story.
Each story, photo, or newspaper clipping is a piece of 164th history that needs to be preserved. I'll scan everything and send it right back to you.
Mail to Editor, *The 164th Infantry News*
Box 1111, Bismarck, ND 58502-1111
Or email: Editor164InfantryNews@hotmail.com

Oops! Pen & ink changes Oct 07 News:
Page 4 Bottom paragraph:
Change 132 to 182 (Arrived 12 Nov 42)
Change 182 to 132 (Arrived 8 Dec 42)
Pages 14-15: Change all instances of 1/164 to 3/164
New catch: Page 5: Change AR 800-8-22 to AR 600-8-22

Next Issue:
65 Years Since...Bougainville
Send your Bougainville stories, pictures, newspaper clippings to the Editor by 1 September (Please!)

Speaking of Stories...
"Why aren't there more stories of Korean War service???", you ask.
Because...you haven't sent any in.
(I can't make them up, you know — Ed.)

Deciphering your Mailing Label
If you served in either war, the label should have **(WWII)** or **(K)** after your name.
*Means Associate Member (spouse, family, friends, or other interested persons).
(LM) Means Life Member (it's only \$50!).
If your label isn't correct, let us know.
(Please include your **unit** on correspondence — we're missing that info for a lot of members and spouse/family associate members).

Seeking info: Merrill's Marauders.
An old issue of the News published a partial list of "experienced jungle fighters" from the 164 who volunteered for this duty. I'm seeking additions to that list, as well as information on additional training, locations, timelines, missions, stories, as well as letters, news clippings, & separation documents—Did the Army keep it's promise to release them early?

DUES, NEWS, & VIEWS FROM MEMBERS & FRIENDS

Put the Reunion on your Calendar: 12-14 September 2008



Shirley: You said if I had any other photos to send them in. Well, here's one! "A geisha and Ed Bartz, Tokyo, Japan, December '45".

Editor: So, I asked...
No, there was no real "rest of the story". I attended a play (*kabuki* I believe) in which she performed and I met her later. She spoke English very well. I think her name was Miyoshi. I went to a USO and danced with some Japanese girls. Seemed strange -- a few months earlier they were the enemy. I enjoyed the March

issue of the *164 News*. Great as always. I called Edie Tuff, had a nice long chat. So long for now,

1st Sgt Edward Bartz (LM)(WWII) Co M, Hamburg, NY edbartz1914@webtv.net

Dear Editor: You included an instruction to notify you regarding **WWII** and **Korea** veteran status on page 28 of the March 2008 *164 Infantry News*. My newsletter address does not include a (K) indicating Korean War service. I enlisted in **Co E, 164** in 1947 (age 16). I was activated with the 164 in January 1951 and served in **Co E, 164** until released from active duty in August 1953. I returned to the N Dak National Guard at Williston and was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in 1954. I later served with the National Guards of Oklahoma, West Virginia, and Wyoming, and with the USAR in various places. I retired as a major in 1976. Sincerely, **Leland C. "Lee" Marchant (K)**, Laramie, WY ltarsand@wyo2u.com. *Editor: Thanks. It's nice to know that someone is reading the "fine print" ☺*

I really enjoy the newsletter, but I have to ask for a correction in the March edition. On page 27, you say that I (James R McLaughlin) am the son of Ken McLaughlin. He is no relation, but I knew him well. **My father was 1st Sgt John J. McLaughlin** and was a member of the **Anti-Tank Company** of the 164th on **Guadalcanal**. Likewise, my son Tim McLaughlin, the new member listed on page 29, is the grandson of John J. McLaughlin, not Ken. I am also a veteran of World War II, but was in the Navy. I can understand how you were confused, and know that Ken passed away a short time ago and also attended reunions. **James R. McLaughlin***, Fargo, ND *Editor: Well, this was a Mc-Whoops on my part! See their story on page 14*

Please renew my dues for *The 164th Infantry News*, in honor of my dad, **Everett S. Hultman**, a member of **Co L, 164th Infantry Regiment**. Gary Hultman*, Eveleth, MN

Col Shirley: I have just recruited another Associate Member to our 164th Infantry Association. He is a very good friend of mine and Bill Tucker. He is **Vietnam veteran, Dandy Stewart**, from Okla. Enclosed is a check for \$150: \$10 for his membership, \$40 for the scholarship fund, & \$100 for the News. **SGM Joe Castagneto (LM) (WWII), Co A, Lincoln, AL**. P.S. Great March News

Hi Guys. Take out my dues, use the rest as needed. We're having the coldest, most snowy winter since we moved here 13 years ago!!! Somebody call Al Gore! God Bless.

Alys Larson*, Nampa, ID

Dear Bernie: I'm enclosing an article [about the Keeble Medal of Honor] that appeared in our local paper this morning. I remember the effort that was put forth by so many, and reported in the "*164th Infantry News*" from time to time. Master Sgt. Keeble's family and friends can be finally so grateful and proud! It's always a delight to receive and read the *164th News*. I wish those who are able "to carry on" the best and many, many thanks. Very Sincerely, **Shirley (Welder) Sommars***, Pueblo, CO

Hello. Enclosed is my life-time membership subscription. We so enjoy your Newsletter and this issue is simply packed with interesting articles. And we're delighted to see the long-overdue Medal of Honor Ceremony for Native American Sgt Keeble at the White House. We saw it on the PBS Jim Lehrer's Newshour. President Bush did a great job of reading the heroic measures that amazing man performed. We hope you all saw it. Again, for all the hard work and effort you put into the Newsletter, we give thanks! **Elizabeth Koster (LM)***, Bremerton, WA [niece of **Wm "Billy" E. Jakle**, listed MIA Jan 43, KIA May 43.

Dear Patricia. Enclosed is a check for the Newsletter. I



enjoy reading it. I'm sending a picture of **me** (on the left) and **Sgt Campbell, Cebu, Philippines, 1945**. We were assigned to the Heavy Weapons Platoon, **Company D, 164 Infantry, Americal**

Division. Bob Love (LM) (WWII) Spring Hill, FL

Patricia: Enclosed is a check for 1 year of *The 164th News*. We enjoy reading it so much and appreciate great Americans who have served our country over the years. Thank you so much for sending the March issue to us, in memory of **Earl "Pinky" Johnson**. He was such a proud member of the 164th and such a good friend. We miss him so much. Thanks again for the great work you do! **Doris and Jim Cobb**, Coulee Dam, WA

Kabuki (歌舞伎 *kabuki*) is a form of traditional Japanese theatre. Kabuki theatre is known for the stylization of its drama and for the elaborate make-up worn by some of its performers. The individual kanji characters, from left to right, mean *sing* (歌), *dance* (舞), and *skill* (伎).

DUES, NEWS, & VIEWS FROM MEMBERS & FRIENDS

Dear Shirley: I am donating \$100 to the 164th Scholarship fund, in memory of my husband, **Sgt Kenneth D. "Swede" Swenson**. He passed away at the VA Hospital in Mpls, Jan 17, 1962. He was a member of the 164th, Co M. I do enjoy the magazine. I was 86 years old in January and remember Pearl Harbor. I was working at NW Bell Telephone that day. Ken was at the movies – all personnel were told to return to base. We were going to be married when he got leave from school at Ft Benning, but all leaves were cancelled after Sun, Dec 7th. He said the sky was full of aircraft and noise, with all the planes taking off all that day and night. He was granted a Christmas leave – special 4 or 5 days – for our cancelled wedding. He made it to Mpls by Army plane and train to Grand Forks. We were married Christmas Eve and he had to leave Xmas Day. I spent two weeks in Hermiston, OR, before they left for California and overseas. **Alice Quam** was with me and she married **Donald Armstrong, Co M**, while we were there. We did not see them for a long time. I have a scrapbook and memoirs of **M Co & WWII**. Are you interested? **Mrs. Ida Genevieve Swenson***, Grand Forks, ND

Editor: Yes!!! I'm interested in photos, albums, documents, news clippings, and memoirs!

I was invited to Mary Simpkins and her husband's home in Florida on 3 April. Mary is the Daughter of Col Al Wiest. I suggested we go to Vito's Chop House in Orlando, where I had been in 2002 with my son Larry's Viet-Nam Army Helicopter Pilot Assoc. Reunion. The manager came to our table to greet us and remembered my son's group from the reunion. The conversation went into WWII and Guadalcanal. Mary was telling him about her dad and he broke in and said his Dad was with the 1st Marine Division. He stayed about an hour and a half with us. We talked about our reunion and he might attend as a guest, as I suggested that someone might remember his dad. As we were leaving he went and five engraved Steak Knives with Vito's Logo. It ended by me asking if he would like to be an Associate Member--he didn't hesitate to say Yes, so I am sending his membership dues.



Nicholas Keller watches SGM Joe autograph a 2007 reunion sign at last September's banquet.

Also, Mary's cousin came to the reunion last year with her son, Nick, and is coming to our reunion this year. Nick is very interested in the military and wants to come to our reunion every year. I asked his mother if I could sign him up as an Associate Member. She gave me the OK, and I'm sending his dues, too.

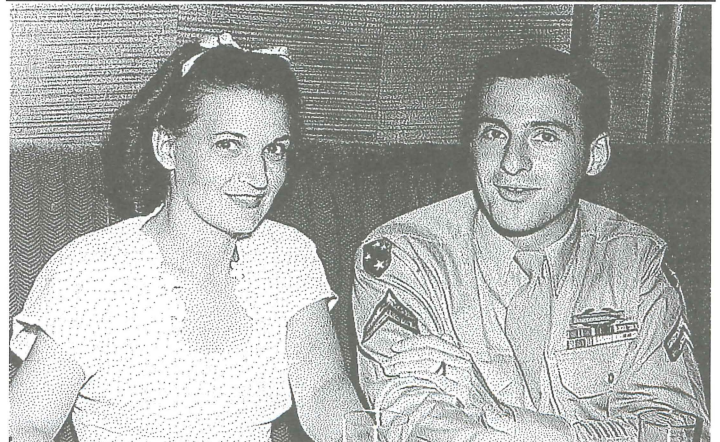
Enclosed is a check for \$200: \$10 for each New Member; \$40 for the Scholarship Fund; \$40 for the Assoc; and \$100 for our NewsLetter. The new members are Nicholas I Coyle, whose father was in the 1st Marine Division, Guadalcanal, & Nicholas Keller, great-great-nephew of Col (ret) Al Wiest.



Col (ret) David Taylor, shown at left as a 2LT in 1968 and Col (ret) in 2008, is the new **Commander of the Americal Division Veterans Association**, as of 1 July. He is the past Editor of the *Americal Journal* and is the

current WWII editor & WWII historian. The *Journal* and the *164 News* have been sharing some stories and research, and your editor appreciates his assistance and professionalism. As new ADVA Commander, he plans to attend the 164th Infantry Reunion in September.

Greetings to all those who served during World War II and after. My father was **Thurston D. Nelson, Company L, Hillsboro, ND**. Dad always had a special bond with you guys and I can remember him and my mother attending reunions back in the 60s, 70s, 80s, and 90s. I know these were wonderful times for them, visiting with you and your wives. I would like to continue my membership; enclosed is a check to include my brothers, **Terrance** and **Stephen Nelson**, and sister, **Nancy Giersweskie**, as a gift to them. All the best to each of you; your sacrifice is deeply appreciated and remembered. **Eric Nelson***, Turtle Lake, NN



Above: New life member, **Dr. Frank Borreca** and his wife. Frank was signed up by his son, Chris, whom your editor located through Locator on the Americal Website. Chris explains that his Dad's "Dr." is in Education....he was set to work in business when he got back from the war but, in the dentist's office, ran into the special education director for NYC who convinced him to become a teacher. He relocated to Houston in 1956 to start a program called "center for the retarded" now known as "Center Serving Persons With Mental Retardation" (see <http://www.cri-usa.org/en/cms/?10#aboutHistory>). He still goes in about 3 times a week to see how things are going! His address is **Dr. Frank Borreca, 2924 Amherst, Houston, Texas 77005** *Ed—Dr Borreca has not yet informed us in which Co he served.*

A man went to a prison to visit an inmate. The Guard told him that only blood relatives could visit the prisoner in question. The man said, "Sisters and brothers have I none, but this man's father is my father's son". How was the visitor related to the prisoner?

DUES, NEWS, & VIEWS FROM MEMBERS & FRIENDS

IN SEARCH OF...

Hi, I would be interested in all information on my uncle, **2nd Lt. Carl E. Vettel**, KIA at **Guadalcanal** on 21 Nov 1942. Thank you, James Anderson, weight36@msn.com



Seeking anyone who might remember **Father John "Pat" Twomey**, who served as Chaplain with North Dakota's 188th Field Artillery in the European Theatre. Contact his grandson, Jay Booth, 206 Eighth Ave, Unit #3, Brooklyn, NY 11215, johnb@econotek.net, 201-988-2515

Seeking information on **Howard Noland**. Here's all we know: He lived in Elliott, Illinois. Father's name was Martin, Mother's name Ingar. He was killed in his 20's at **Guadalcanal** in 1942. Buried at Pom Popadon Church graveyard a few miles from Elliott. Thanks, Larry Jensen, moses55@mchsi.com, 217-396-7362



Ray Hall, nephew of **LTC Robert K. Hall**, seeks information from anyone who knew his uncle, Robert (Robin), who was commander of the 3rd Bn on **Guadalcanal**. Especially seeking photos. Rahall@bis.midco.net or 701-222-4655

J. C. Wendell Criswell, Co F, is seeking anyone who may have known him for verification of service for VA claim. His records were lost in the St Louis fire. He has not signed up as a member at the time of this printing, but your editor is working on it! Contact your Editor with info.

Son/grandson seek information about the service of **Alfred Ciesla**, **Anti-Tank Co**. He probably joined the 164th at Bougainville. He passed away in 1986, and his records were burned at St Louis. Reply to David.Ciesla@usfc.com.

Does anyone remember my dad, **Charles Eugene "Gene" Thomas**, **Anti-Tank Co & Company M**? He passed in 1997 and never talked much about the war. Stacy Thomas sthumasdakota@gmail.com

Seeking information about **2LT Dayle F. Flegel** O-410110, **Company K**. Joe Montague montague8708@verizon.net

To reply: if you don't have email, please send any info you have about the above personnel to your Editor, POBox 1111, Bismarck, ND 58502-1111

FOUND from postings in the March News...

I have found info about 2nd Lt **Charles E Grytness** from **Co E**. He was killed by a sniper on Nov 23, 1942, as he was leading a patrol. He was reinterred and sent home to Madison, SD, and laid to rest in June 1948. He was a sergeant and company clerk for the 164th and went to Camp Claiborne. He attended OCS in New Caledonia and graduated in October and was reassigned to **I Company**. The info came from the SD WW2 memorial site which has biographies called the Fallen Sons and Daughters of SD in WW2. Charles wanted to stay with the men in his unit but had turned down several offers to go to OCS and finally relented and went. His parents were given his Purple Heart on Feb 4, 1943. A big relief to our family to solve this mystery. Scott Legaard*, Eau Claire, WI



I am sending \$75 to cover the life Associate membership of **Lyle Osmon**, and a "donation" to cover the back issues you'll send to him. I called him and, as I mentioned, he had not heard of the Association but was very enthusiastic about the Guadalcanal stories. Lyle's brother, **Twinks**, along with the High School Principal and Football coach **Jug Newgard** were killed shortly after the 164th landed on the **'Canal**. I think there were about 15 +/- KIA's from **Co. L**. Anyway, Traill County was hit hard both in the Pacific and in Europe.

I think part of the problem with getting stories from the Korean War vets is after we went into the Army as a unit, we were scattered all over the world as replacements. A few from our unit even went to Europe! Units tend to gather and retain anecdotes, stories, and legends. Individuals often would like to forget the whole thing and move on. I had nothing to do with veterans organizations, until I was talked into going back to Korea in 2001. The day when the events of September 11 happened, I was standing on the DMZ looking at three sites where I had dug bunkers and spent the winter of 1951-52. After that trip, I acquired a new perspective and go to reunions of several groups.

As to the questions of Guard experiences etc., I'll try to recall some memorable events--what other kinds are there now? The times we tend to talk of are the good, odd, and funny things that happened. The bad and scary things don't come out until after a few beers and dropping the shield of private fears. It is difficult to talk about the latter, and harder to write about them. Maybe it is self delusional but it seems to me there were a lot of coincidental happenings that got me into the Guard, To Rucker, To Korea, and--for sure--back in one piece.

I am very happy that **Keeble** finally got the Medal of Honor. I didn't know him, but knew of him from Camp Grafton and from Rucker. **Duane Holly**, then a lowly 2nd Lt., and I played on the 164th Basketball team at Rucker.. **Duane Bergan**, a Lt. in **Co. L**, had been on **Guadalcanal** and knew **Keeble**, told stories about him and some of the other guys from Hillsboro.

I left ND in 1959, and pretty much lost contact with everything back there until I returned for a visit in 1992. **Lars Grant** and I reconciled and had a great visit. The old Armory was gone! The Guard was an Engineering unit, I think. Which was good, enough of the infantry! I suppose you know **Arnie Gilbertson**. He was our first Sgt. in Alabama until he got called to go to Korea and I took over that job. I had two years of ROTC at NDSU. There weren't many college attendees in our group so I was a PFC acting first Sgt. That lasted about a month and I got the call to go to Korea too. I was still PFC but my records read "acting Sgt" so I became a rifleman. I'll fill you in on the strange journey later. **Duane Anderson (K)**, Sacramento, CA

Co L soldiers identified (from March issue, Page 19) **Back:** Lewis



Borsheim, Harold (Hadda) Baglien, Norman Harbo, Charlie MacIver, Edward (Jackpine) Rafinski
Front: Harold (Mac) McClinstock, Knute Wigestrang, Earl (Killer) Borsheim, Harold Kragtorp, Donald (Nip) Arneson.

DUES, NEWS, & VIEWS FROM MEMBERS & FRIENDS

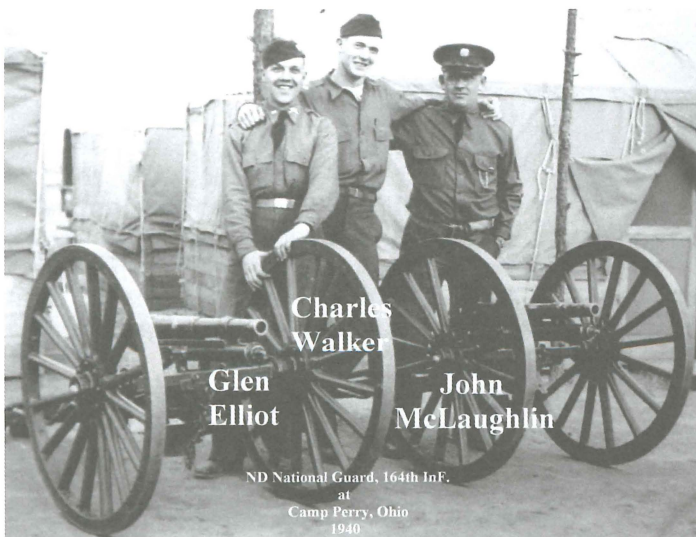
(Editors Note: This is an Excerpt of an article by Ms. Muellenberg of the MetroWest Daily News, Framingham, Mass. It was reprinted in the *Americal Journal* with permission) Photo: Americal Veteran Albert Vandette, courtesy Art Illman, Chief Photographer, MetroWest Daily News.) Your editor wrote to Vandette after the article appeared in the *Americal Journal*; no response received. See Last Roll Call.)



In 2006, 87-year-old Albert Vandette was presented with his military medals, including the Purple Heart and Bronze Star. "I kept thinking about it," Vandette said of why he decided to seek help in getting his military honors. He served as a private first class in the 164th Infantry, Americal Division, having enlisted in 1941 at the age of 22 and served until 1943. He was wounded on Guadalcanal fighting the Japanese in December 1942.

Dear Editor: Enclosed is payment for the 164th Infantry News annual dues for myself; my brother, Tim Fox; and my sister, Bonita Lindseth. We are the children of 164th Co D's Tech Sgt Clement "Murphy" Fox. For the readers who are not aware, "Murphy" died on 20 Feb 04 at his farm home near Felton, MN. Our Dad had very few last requests, but he did ask to be buried next to our mother with a headstone of military issue. Last year, when my sister applied for his headstone, the Veterans Service Officer in Fargo told her, "I have reviewed your father's military records, and I would like to have him considered for an additional medal. Her recommendation was approved, and in 2007, 164th's Sgt Clement Fox was posthumously awarded a **Bronze Star Medal** for his service to our country. A few days before his death in 2004, I asked my Dad if there was anything else I could do for him that evening. He said, "Pin the medals back on my (recently dry-cleaned) uniform and gather together my photos from the War. He thought about his buddies in the 164th to the very last. Please send my very best wishes to all those connected with the 164th -veterans, family, and friends. Our family would enjoy hearing from you. Sincerely, Rita Fox, POBox 27126, Minneapolis, MN ritafox69@gmail.com

The photo below was submitted with the McLaughlin story on page 14. The weapon is a WWI vintage "pounder".



Chaplain's Comments by Rev. William T. Elliott (reprinted with permission from *Americal Journal*)

Memories can bring wonderful thoughts and warm feelings of nostalgia. Then there are times when a memory hits us as if we stepped on a land mine and we are brought to tears and we weep. I was watching a movie recently and a scene brought feelings and thoughts of many years ago. All of a sudden, I remembered Nick and I went through basic training together and were buddies the way frightened teenagers are when facing a grown-up war. Nick was killed in the islands and the memory of him had faded in the some sixty years that have passed. ...but now I remembered and started to cry like it was yesterday. Memorial Day is important for all Americans because we should not forget the pain and the labor, the dreams and the sacrifice of all who went before us. **I do believe that we who are veterans have a special responsibility to hold up our memories for all to behold.** It is often said that you can only share your experience of being in harm's way with another who has trod the same path. Yet we need to speak out. War is too serious for us to ever take lightly, or to forget, or to let fade in the minds of coming generations. [We need] to remember all the Nick's who did not come home. God bless them for the ... freedom they helped preserve for future generations.

My brother, **Vincent Clauson**, didn't talk much about the war when he first returned in 1945. The war was finally over and victory had been won. However, in later years, he spoke of it often, sometimes with my husband, Sy Cooper who had also been in World War II. Vince often attended the 164th Infantry Reunion with his buddy, **Ernest "Sparky" Aufero**. Sparky hailed from Massachusetts and still managed to get into the



Americal Division. They had many escapades together, as Vince also had with **John Tuff** and **Herb Laultt**. Having a friend like Sparky for 60 years is a rare thing for you young people reading this. But it is a sort of a wonderful thing. I am guessing that when you have faced death head on with another person, those feelings last for a lifetime. My brother became my mentor and friend. He introduced me to many wonderful interests, among which was my lifelong interest in diverse people in places like the **Fiji Islands, Cebu, Philippine Islands, Guadalcanal, Bougainville**, etc. I admired Vince for his dedication to country, family, & friends, and his strong faith in God. We participated in several peace and justice movements together which led me to have an avid interest that remains for me to this day and which I try to share with my grandchildren. Many of Swede's friends became my friends. He will always live in my heart along with fond memories of a lifetime of love.

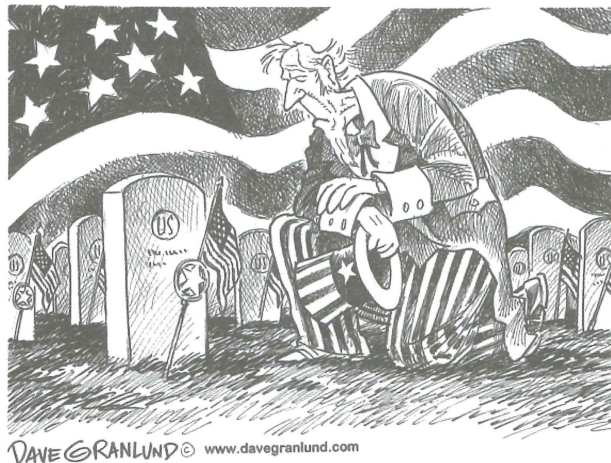
Leatrice Cooper, Minneapolis area

Last Roll Call

164th Infantry Regiment

As Known on 30 June 2008

L. Lawrence Armstrong (WWII) 18 Apr 08
Raymond Arneson (WWII), Hq 1st Bn, 28 Oct 07
Vincent R. Clauson (WWII) Co D, 30 Mar 08
Martin A. Edinger (WWII) Co F, 1 Mar 08
Paul T. Gray (WWII), 27 Jan 08
Elroy E. Kessler (WWII), AntiTank, 26 Feb 08
Raymond J. Kreidlkamp (K), Co G, 28 May 08
John A. Landowski (WWII), AntiTank, 8 Jan 08
Eliseo Martinez (WWII), Co K, 2 Apr 06
Norman Samson (WWII) Hqs 1st Bn, 26 Feb 08
Albert P. Vandette (WWII) 24 Nov 07
Neil A. Tennyson (WWII) Reg't Hqs, 17 Oct 07
Allen E. Westmark (WWII) Co K, 23 Sep 07
Col (ret) Charles Wilz (K) Co K, 8 Apr 08

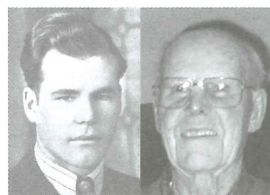


DAVE GRANLUND © www.davegranlund.com



John Andrew Landowski, 89, died 7 Jan 08 at Valley Eldercare Center, Grand Forks, ND. He bravely served in the 164th Infantry Regiment from 1941-1944 and received the Silver Star and two Purple

Hearts. In 1992, John, with other veterans, returned to Guadalcanal on a 50th anniversary of WWII tour. He regularly attended Reunions and helped raise funds for the 164th Memorial at the N. D. Veterans Cemetery. He was preceded in death his wife, **Grace**. He is survived by son, Wayne; daughters Catherine & Frances; 4 grand- and 2 great grandchildren.



Norman Samson, 87, passed away 26 Feb 08 in Vista, CA. He joined the National Guard in Cavalier, ND, and served with Hq 1st Bn 164, until Aug 1945. He received the Bronze Star, Navy Presidential Unit Citation,

Combat Infantryman Badge, & Expert Rifleman badge. He was a member of the 164th Assoc, and went on the 1992 trip to Guadalcanal. He is survived by 6 children: Sandra, Shirley, Susan, Norm, Shelley, Ronald; & 4 grand-children. His wife, **Virginia**, preceded him in death on their 61st anniversary on October 1, 2007.



Vincent R. Clauson, age 89, died 30 Mar 08 in the Mpls area. "Swede" is survived by son Vince; stepdaughter Juanita, sisters Frances & Leatrice, niece Gloria, and 8 grandchildren. He served with **Co D**. Photos from

Cp Claiborne and the 2005 164th reunion.



Raymond C. Arneson (Arnie), 88, died peacefully at the Nevada State Veterans Home 28 Oct 07. Ray enlisted in the CCC in Apr 1937. In May, 1941 he was inducted and sent to Camp Claiborne. Ray proudly

served both the **Pacific & European Theatres – Guadalcanal, Northern Solomons, and Rhineland, Central Europe**. He was discharged 18 Oct 45. He is survived by his wife of 61 years, **Irene** (**John Landowski's sister**); daughter Helen; 2 grand- & 4 great-grandchildren. He was a member of the 164 Assoc.



Elroy E. Kessler passed away 26 Feb 08, just 7 days prior to his 90th birthday. He served in the **AntiTank Company** from 1940 until discharged in April 1945. He was a member of the Assoc. He is survived by his wife

of 62 years, **Rosella**; children El, Nancy, & Scott; 5 grand- and 4 great grandchildren.




More...Last Roll Call



Allen E. Westmark, born 17 Mar 1919, died in the Port Angeles, WA, area on 23 Sep 07. He served with **Co K**, Dickinson, and had been a member of the Assoc. No obit was found. Thanks to Leah Calbreath, and her website dedicated to Co K, for the photo. Visit Co K @ www.dickinsonlibrary.org




Col (ret) Charles "Chuck" Wilz, 75, lost a battle with pancreatic cancer on 8 Apr 08. He mobilized with Co K, 164th, to Camp Rucker, AL, later serving as **1st Sgt of Company G, 38th Regiment, 2nd Infantry** 

Division in Korea. He saw action at Heart Break Ridge, Bloody Ridge, Pork Chop Hill, and Old Balou. He is survived by wife, Marilyn; sons Col (ret) Greg, Guy, Maj (ret) Gary, and Maj Grant Wilz; daughters Gwen Beckler and Col Gigi Wilz; & 14 grandchildren.



Martin Adam Edinger, 86, passed away 1 Mar 08 in Texas. Martin was born in Edmund, ND. He received the Purple Heart with the 164th in the South Pacific. He is survived by his wife of 61 years, Marcella; 3 sons; 5 grand- & 5 great grandchildren. He was not an Assoc. member.



Ray Kreidlkamp, Vice President of the 164th Infantry Association, died from cancer May 28 at his home under the care of his family and hospice. Ray mobilized with **Company G**, served in **Korea** with **Company I, 32nd Regiment, 7th Division**, and was separated from 

active duty on 29 Sep 52. He earned the Combat Infantry Badge, UN & Korean Service Medals, and Korean Presidential Unit Citation. He is survived by his wife, Betty; children Karen, Susan, Lori, & Kevin; 8 grandchildren.



Neil Tennyson, Reg't Hqs, died 17 Oct 07 in California. A memorial service and interment was held at the ND Veterans Cemetery. He is survived by his nieces Joan McAndrews and Sue Woodworth. Marguerite,

his wife, passed away in 2005.

Eliseo I. Martinez. A short clipping from an old *Americal Journal* taped to a 1950 Co K photo given to the Editor, stated: "*Eliseo Martinez seeks information and fellow veterans of, Co K, 164 Inf, 1941-1945.*" The "reply to" address was Calif. A search in addresses, obits, then the Social Security Death Index, showed he was born 19 Nov 17 in Puerto Rico, lived mostly in Calif, and died 2 Apr 06.



Albert P. Vandette was listed in "Taps" in the spring *Americal Journal*. He passed away 24 Nov 07 in Massachusetts. He served with the 164th from 1941-43 & was wounded at Guadalcanal. He is survived by wife, Dorothy; and 2 daughters. He was not an Association member.



L. Lawrence Armstrong, 91, passed away 18 Apr 08 in his home state of Massachusetts. He earned a bronze star in WWII and was a member of the 164 Assoc. He is survived by his wife of 58 years, Alma; son, Larry; 1 grandson and 1 great grand son.

Paul Thomas Gray, of Laguna Woods, CA, died on Friday, 26 Jan 07. He was born July 8, 1919 in Mpls, MN. He was a member of the 164th Infantry Assoc.



In Our Thoughts & Prayers

If you notify us that a member has passed, please try to include a photograph as a tribute to our departed friend/comrade.



Associate Member **Marguerite V. Onufroy**, 87, Williston, died March 7, 2008, at Mercy Hospital, Williston, from complications from surgery. She was the wife of **Frank Onufroy**, who mobilized with **Co E** during the **Korean War**. Frank preceded her in death at the Mercy Hospital on September 30, 2006, after 56 years of marriage. She is survived by son, Frank; daughters; Paula & Patricia; and one granddaughter, Patricia.



Virginia Samson, wife of **Norman Samson, Hq 1st Bn**, passed away on their 61st wedding anniversary on 1 Oct 07. They were married after he returned from the war, and made their home in Cavalier, ND, operating a café and bowling alley, until moving to California. Norman joined her in the great beyond on 28 Feb 08. Read his memoires on page 11.



Grace Landowski (pictured at left) wife of **John Landowski, Anti-Tank Co**, passed away in 2007. John's only son Wayne, died of cardiac arrest on 5 Jul 08 at age 60. John is listed in LRC this issue. Also, see page 22

Associate Member **Ruth Ike**, 84, Williston, died April 24, 2008, after battling cancer. She was the widow of **W. Percy Ike, Co E**. She is survived by daughters, Karen Margaret, 4 grandchildren, and 10 great-grandchildren.

Just FYI: **Col (ret) Vic McWilliams**, 93, passed away in May 2008. He joined the ND National Guard in 1937; served as Commander of Battery C, 957th Field Artillery in the European Theatre until 1945





Notes from your President!

**Greetings from your Valley City
164th Reunion Committee!**

As you will see in the "Last Roll Call", our very capable Vice President of the Association and the President of the Co "G" 164th Infantry Committee lost his long battle with cancer. Ray will be greatly missed by us.

We are preparing for the 164th Infantry Association 2008 Reunion this fall. Make sure you return your ticket stubs. The money they bring in helps keep the "Newsletter" coming to you.

We will have the 188th Army National Guard Band as entertainment again this year. Lots of food and visiting are planned. Come and enjoy in comradery.
Sincerely,

Bernie
Bernie Wagner



**164th Infantry Association ~ 62nd Reunion
September 12-13-14, 2008
VFW Club
Valley City, North Dakota**

Hotels/Motels

Americinn: 280 Winter Show Road; indoor hot tub and pool, jacuzzi, meeting room, executive suites, cribs and rollaways available, suites with fireplaces. 701-845-5551 or 1-800-634-3444.

Super 8: 822 11th St SW; family restaurant next door, outside outlets, cribs, small pets allowed. 701-845-1140

Wagon Wheel Inn: 455 Winter Show Road; indoor pool, jacuzzi, meeting room, executive suites, complimentary continental breakfast. 701-845-5333 or 1-800-319-5333.

**Your Reunion Coordinator:
Patricia Drong, P.O. Box 192,
Sanborn, ND 58480**



THE 164th INFANTRY NEWS
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Box 192, Sanborn, ND 58480**

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2007-2008 Association Officers

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In Memory...Vice President Raymond J. Kreidlkamp 1932-2008

Secretary/Treasurer & Reunion Coordinator: Patricia Drong
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