



3-2010

164th Infantry News: March 2010

164th Infantry Association

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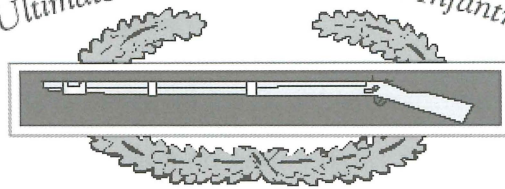
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The Ultimate Weapon the Combat Infantryman



THE 164TH INFANTRY NEWS

Vol. 51, No. 1

Timelines of History.....

March, 2010

Sixty-Five Years Since...

Cebu, Philippines

Timeline:

On 13 October 1942, the 164th Infantry Regiment reinforced the 1st Marines at Guadalcanal, to become the first U.S. Army unit to offensively engage the enemy -- in either theatre.

After that decisive victory, the Americal Division moved to the Fiji Islands for training, rest, & recovery in March, 1943.

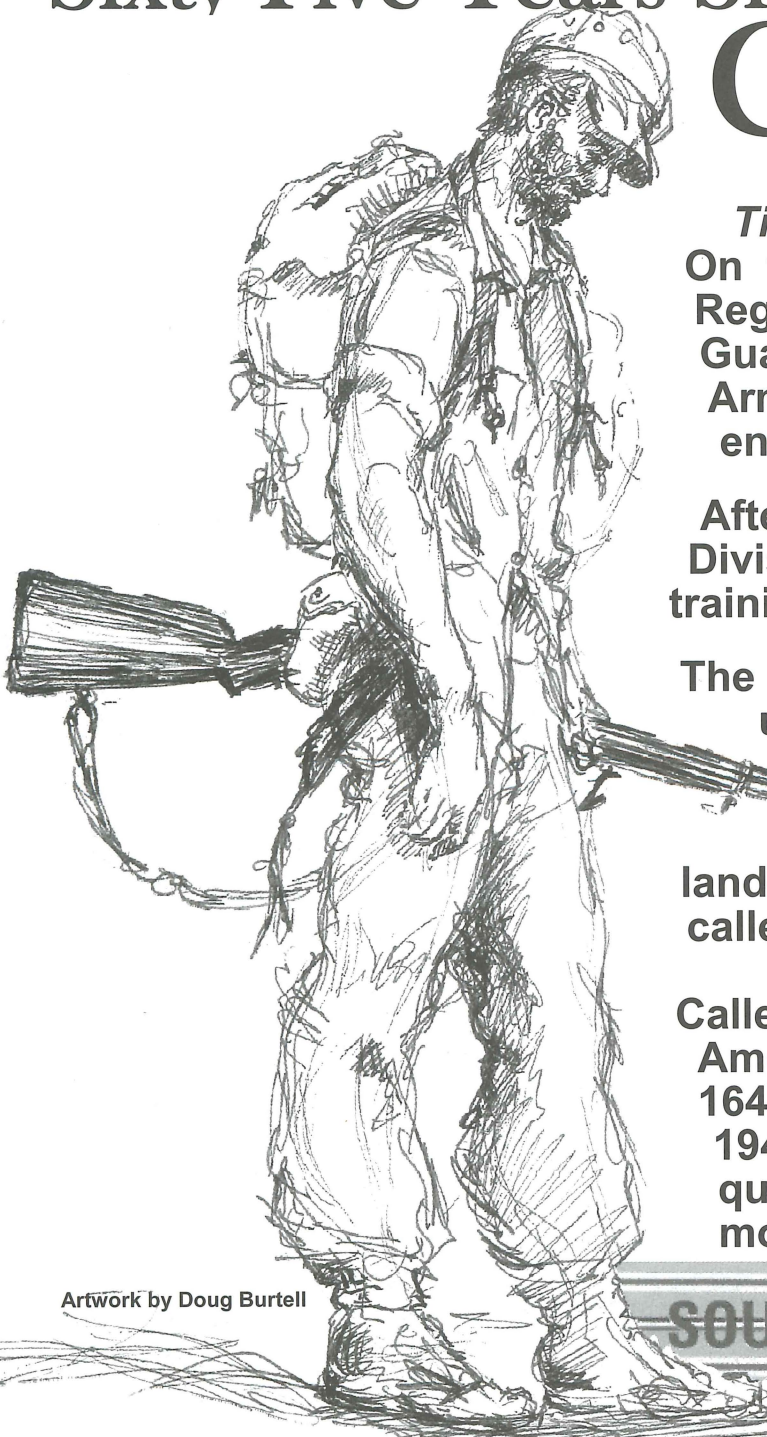
The 164th Infantry was the first Americal unit to land on Bougainville, arriving Christmas Day, 1943.

On 21 January 1945, the 164th landed at *Leyte*, the first stop in the so-called "mopping up" actions.

Called out of 8th Army Reserve by the Americal Division Commander, the 164th landed near Cebu City on 10 April 1945 to join the 132nd and 182nd in their quest to rout the enemy out of their mountain hideouts.

Artwork by Doug Burtell

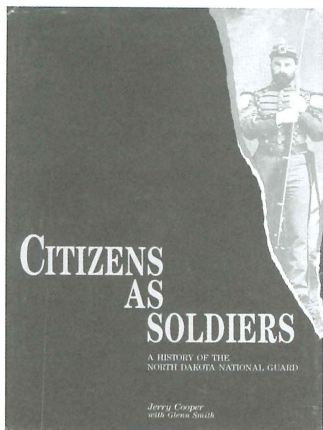
SOUTHERN PHILIPPINES 1945



The 164th On Cebu

From "*Citizens as Soldiers*"

SOUTHERN PHILIPPINES 1945



The operation for the Cebu invasion to take place on 26 March 1945, only a few days after the 164th had turned over their Leyte positions to other troops. The men of the regiment probably shed no tears over remaining on Leyte as a reserve unit.

Primarily because of the excellent harbor facilities at Cebu City, the island of Cebu became an important objective in the Philippines. The harbor, the second largest in all the islands (Manila had the largest), could handle up to ten Liberty Ships at one time. Because of its large capacity for cargo, Cebu City made an ideal staging area for future operations and General Headquarters, Southwest Pacific Area, had already selected it as a site from which American troops would leave en route to the first invasion of the main Japanese islands. A corps of three divisions, consisting of the Americal, the 44th, and the 97th, was to take part in the invasion of Honshu, code named Operation Olympic. Thus, although the Americans had no plans for major air bases on Cebu, the island assumed a key role in their plans.

The Cebu invasion nearly met with disaster. The 132nd and 182nd regiments ran into some well-placed mines at their designated landing beaches. Confusion and hesitation overtook the troops in this, their first beachhead landing, but fortunately the Japanese had no force in the vicinity large enough to take advantage of the situation. Soon the two regiments established a position on the beaches and proceeded to Cebu City, which they took with little opposition. Intelligence from Filipino guerrillas and natives on Cebu revealed that the main force of the Japanese, estimated at 12,500, was located just a few miles to the north and northeast of the city.

Of great concern to General Arnold, the reports also indicated that the Japanese had spent months arranging elaborate defensive positions there. The general had only two regiments at his disposal plus about 8,500 guerrillas, many of whom were still awaiting American arms. General Arnold had little confidence in the untrained guerrillas and did not consider them much of an asset.

As the two Americal regiments probed the Japanese defenses, the general had reason for apprehension about the tactical situation. The Japanese had indeed created extensive defenses. General Suzuki, who had ordered the preparations of the defenses on Leyte and then had departed, did the same on Cebu. After placing General Takeo Manjome in charge of the defenses of the area, Suzuki then departed for Mindanao. Manjome had done an excellent job with the resources available. He had constructed three rings of defensive positions, the inner two with tunnels connecting pillboxes, supply caves, and underground living quarters. He had stockpiled large amounts of ammunition, mostly for small arms, for he lacked artillery except for a few 75 mm guns, and enough food for weeks. Gasoline-powered generators provided electricity to some of the living quarters and supply caves. But Manjome had one very big problem—he lacked men trained for ground combat.

Of the 12,500 people that Manjome commanded, less than 2,000 were really combat troops, of whom some had escaped from Leyte. The rest comprised sailors without ships, air force maintenance men without airplanes, and a conglomeration of service personnel including about 1,500 civilians. Furthermore, their morale was quite low because of the adverse news about Leyte, Luzon, and, after 1 April 1945, the invasion of Okinawa. Undoubtedly the refugees from Leyte brought with them information about the formidable American forces in the Philippines. In spite of the propaganda still coming from the homeland, the realistic Japanese must have known that the Japanese sun was setting.

**"Give me the 164th!
Give me the 164th and
I'll have those babies!"**

As the 132nd and 182nd began to penetrate the outer defenses of the enemy, General Arnold reassessed the situation and devised a plan to surround them. The two regiments had formed a front on the southeastern edge of Manjome's positions. If another force could move behind the Japanese to the west and north, General Arnold believed that American artillery, mortars, and bombs would annihilate the entrapped enemy. Thus he

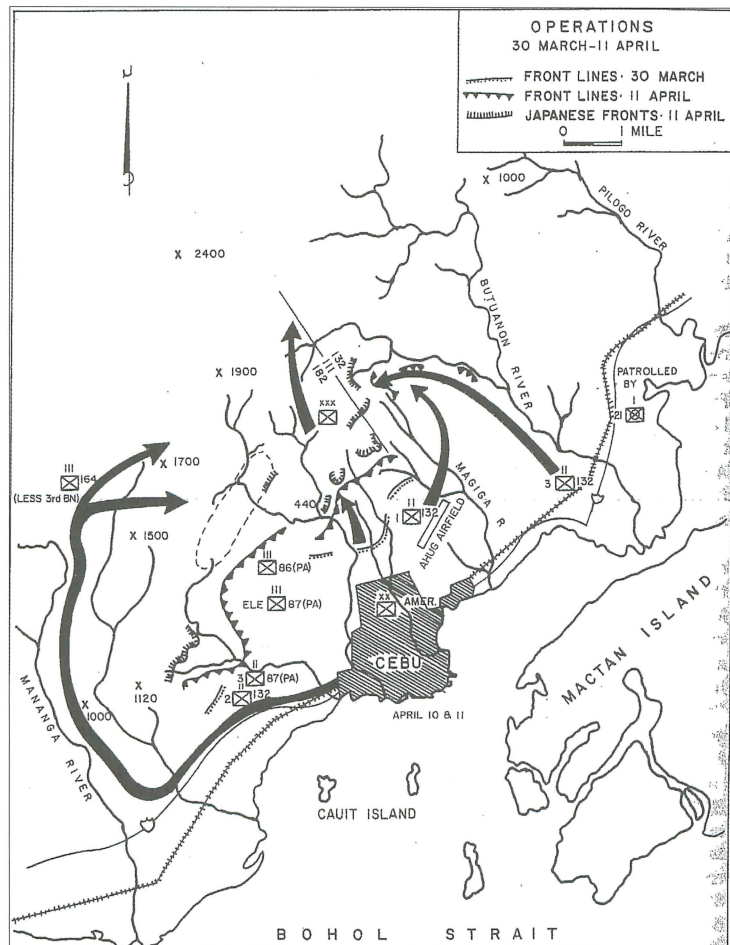
called Leyte to have the 164th sent to him immediately. He later recalled that he had pleaded: "**Give me the 164th! Give me the 164th and I'll have those babies!**" The general was evidently a persuasive man. The Eighth Army released the 164th from reserve and sent the regiment on its way to Cebu.

After landing near Cebu City on 10 April 1945, the 164th bivouacked west of the city. The 3rd Battalion, however, had orders to reload their equipment and themselves for another operation, the invasion of Bohol. The 1st and 2nd battalions got the assignment to proceed up the Mananga River valley, under cover of darkness, and to attack the Japanese from the rear. On the night of 11 April, the two battalions moved out, following the river bank where dense vegetation concealed their position. Although they reached their points of departure the next night, their line was too irregular for a coordinated attack, and they took up a new one twenty-four hours later.

164th On Cebu (continued...)

SOUTHERN PHILIPPINES 1945

On April 14th the 164th attacked, as did the other two regiments. Now General Arnold would "have those babies." But his plans went awry. First, the 164th had lost the element of surprise, and when it attacked, the Japanese were ready. Possibly, the Japanese occupying the high ground in the area detected the movement of the two battalions, even though it had taken place at night. Or a Filipino collaborator may have informed them of the attempted encirclement. Some Filipinos, albeit a small minority, did throw their lot in with the Japanese, even to the extent of fighting with them. Most likely Cebu City, with a population of nearly 150,000, harbored a few of these pro-Japanese natives, any one of whom might have been an informant. Second, and perhaps more important, the American forces never closed the trap envisioned by General Arnold. The 164th was supposed to make contact with the 132nd to seal the Japanese' into a pocket, but the 132nd had never located the position that anchored the enemies' left flank. Manjome took advantage of the door left open at that flank. Having devised an evacuation plan before the American invasion, he now began to carry it out. The presence of the 164th probably hastened his decision, as it was penetrating his inner defenses.



The attack carried out by the regiment resulted in some bloody fighting, especially in the vicinity of Bagbag [also called Babag] Ridge where the Japanese had strong inner defenses. On the afternoon of 15 April, after Company G attacked a hill near the ridge and captured it, a Japanese flare signaled mortar and machine gun crews to fire on the hill. The company had to evacuate after suffering three men killed and forty wounded, but the Antitank Company and the *Cannon Company** exacted some revenge by destroying most of the mortar and machine gun positions that had fired on Company G. On 17 April, when the company retook the hill and held it, they discovered a network of tunnels and caves and twenty-five dead Japanese who had served as a rear guard.

The 164th pressed the attack, as did the other two regiments, and on 18 April, Company F made contact with troops of the 182nd. By this time many of the Japanese had abandoned their strong positions and had left only enough troops on the ridges to protect the withdrawal. As the men of the 164th gained control of the Japanese inner defenses, they came upon caves and tunnels that contained large supplies left behind by the enemy. The regimental S-2 report for 20 April 1945 lists the following captured Japanese arms: an unestimated number of crates of rifles and parts, thirty cases of .30-caliber ammunition, five hundred to a thousand cases of knee mortar ammunition, three hundred to eight hundred cases of 75 mm shells, and seventeen cases of .25-caliber machine gun ammunition. Later

discoveries included tons of rice, bundles of new clothing, a phonograph and about a hundred records, and, probably to the amusement of the men, several pieces of women's undergarments. The latter probably belonged to Formosan or Korean women who served in the Japanese "comfort stations" in areas occupied by their troops. The Americans also found several cosmetic kits, bars of soap, and "U.S. issue toiletries."

General Manjome had prepared some of the most formidable positions the men of the 164th had ever seen. One patrol reported discovering a system of tunnels over seven hundred feet long, over five feet high, and four feet wide, with shorter passages off the main tunnel leading to sleeping areas. Heavy timbers reinforced the whole network. A complete telephone system provided communication throughout the entire labyrinth. General Robert Eichelberger, commander of the Eighth Army, believed that this defensive stronghold was more formidable than those later encountered on Okinawa.

*Editor: Does anyone have any info about the Cannon Company, who was in it, weapons, missions????

"Citizens As Soldiers: A History of the North Dakota National Guard" by Jerry Cooper & Glenn Smith was commissioned by the ND National Guard and published in 1986. It was reprinted in paperback in 2005. Contact your Editor if you are interested in obtaining a copy.

Southern Philippines

The U.S. Army Campaigns of World War II



Troops on the beach after the landing on Cebu Island. (National Archives)

Excerpt: Within a week of ordering the Panay and northwestern Negros operation, MacArthur ordered the execution of **VICTOR II**, the seizure of Cebu, Bohol, and southeastern Negros. Eichelberger gave the assignment to Maj. Gen. William H. Arnold's veteran **Americal Division, recently released from Leyte but without its 164th Infantry**, which was in Eighth Army reserve. Americal's first objective was **Cebu**, held by 14,500 Japanese. About 8,500 Filipino guerrillas, commanded by Lt. Col. James M. Cushing, kept 2,000 of the Japanese contained in northern Cebu. The remainder, under Maj. Gen. Takeo Manjome, held the area in the center of the island around Cebu City on the east coast. Although burdened by 1,700 civilians and

large numbers of poorly trained and equipped soldiers, about one-third of Manjome's combat troops were fully prepared for the upcoming battle, with extensive defensive positions around Cebu City. Arrayed in depth, the defenses did not include Cebu City itself. An outpost line initially built to be the main defensive line--ran through the high ground two and one-half miles inland beyond the coastal plain and overlooking the harbor. Concrete pillboxes, caves, and tunnels honeycombed the hills. Overgrown in the months since their construction, the positions now blended perfectly into the jungle foliage. A second line, the main defenses, lay a mile behind the first, while a last-ditch line stood behind the second. Additionally, the Japanese recently had sharpened their beach defenses, adding an intricate series of barriers, antitank ditches, and minefields.

For the landing site, planners chose a beach four miles west of Cebu City that was broad enough to accommodate two regiments landing abreast. The first wave of the Americal Division hit the beach at 0828 on 26 March after an hour-long naval bombardment. Although there was little active Japanese resistance, enemy mines destroyed ten of the first fifteen LVTs (Landing Vehicles, Tracked) to move ashore, inflicting numerous casualties and effectively stopping the advance. With the 182d Infantry on the west and the 132d Infantry on the east, subsequent landing waves stacked up behind the first, creating a huge traffic jam that stopped forward movement. Fortunately, the Japanese failed to fire their artillery at this lucrative target, and the Eighth Army escaped its first encounter with an elaborately mined landing beach at relatively low cost. At approximately 1000 beach traffic began to disperse as the troops cautiously picked their way through the dense minefield and pushed into abandoned Japanese positions. The advance soon quickened once pontoon causeways were rigged to circumvent the mine barriers.

General Arnold's men moved into Cebu City on 27 March, too late to keep the Japanese from destroying it. The next day Lahug airfield, two miles northeast of Cebu City, was captured, but now the troops of the Americal began to butt against the Japanese fighting positions in the outpost line. The 182d Infantry attacked two strongly defended hills a mile north of Cebu City on 28 March, securing one. As the regiment continued its attack the following day, the Japanese detonated an ammunition dump on the second hill. Company A, already understrength, lost 50 men killed or wounded in the explosion. Grimly resuming the attack on the 30th, the regiment finally swept the hill.

For several more days the division tried to grind through the Japanese lines beyond the city, attacking individual positions with tank-infantry teams and receiving crucial fire support from Seventh Fleet destroyers just offshore. Although the Japanese kept up a punishing fire from their automatic weapons and mortars, they slowly gave ground.

Although unsuccessful in his attempt to punch through the Japanese line quickly, General Arnold had gained its measure and devised a plan to envelop the Japanese right flank. **Obtaining the return of his third regiment, the 164th (minus one battalion)**, he secretly moved it by means of night marches twenty-five miles to the west, well behind the Japanese line on the American left flank. The division then attacked with all regiments on 13 April, striking the Japanese from two directions--from the front with the 132d and 182d and from the rear with the **164th**. Although the attack was not as successful had been hoped, the new threat forced the Japanese to withdraw. Recognizing that the continued pressure of air and artillery fire and the Americal ground attack would soon destroy his entire force, General Manjome ordered his troops on the night of 16 April to start pulling back into the mountainous northern reaches.

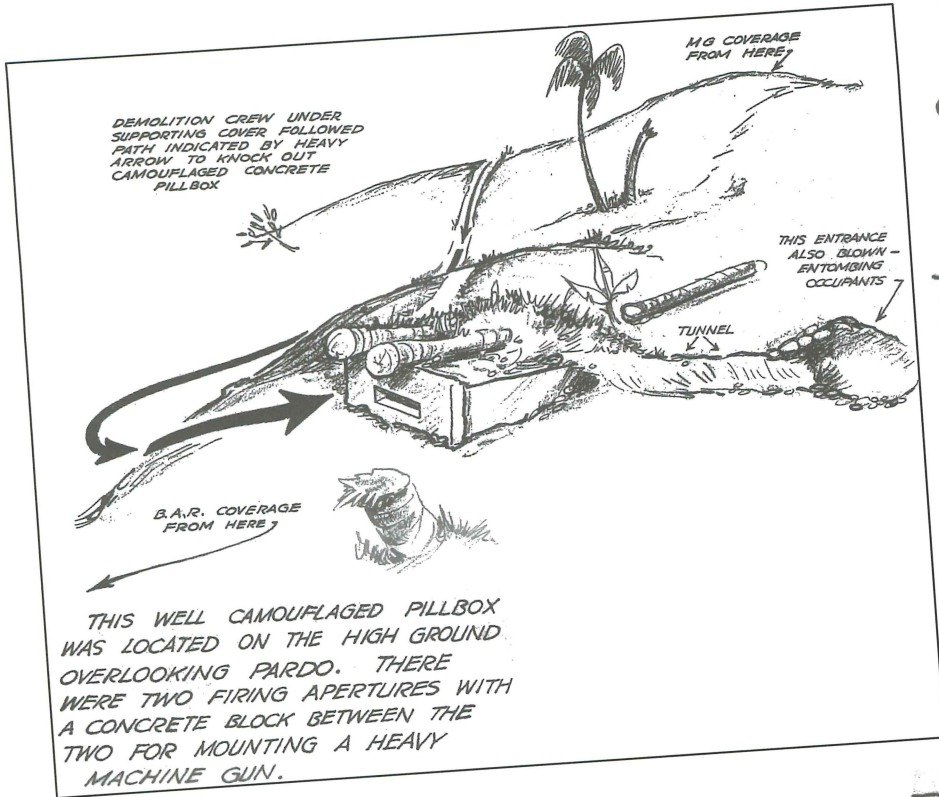
After clearing the remainder of the Japanese line, Arnold's men began pursuit on 20 April. Together with Cushing's guerrillas, they killed any Japanese who turned to fight. Still, thousands of Japanese gained refuge in the impassable northern region of Cebu, where 8,500 survived until the war ended. In the course of this grueling struggle, the **Americal Division** incurred 410 men killed and 1,700 wounded. Another 8,000 men were classified as non-battle casualties, most of whom succumbed to an outbreak of infectious hepatitis. In turn, some 5,500 Japanese soldiers lay dead. Major harbor and storage construction now began at Cebu City, from which MacArthur planned to stage three divisions for the invasion of Japan.

Japanese Defenses, Cebu

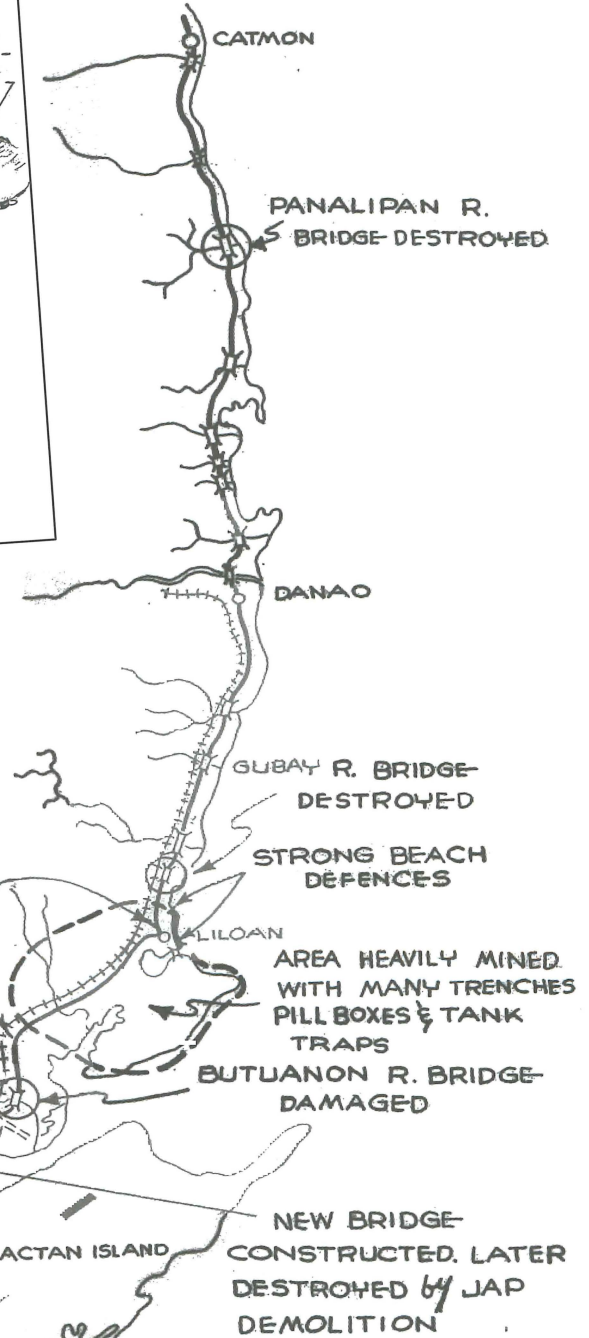
As documented by the 57th Engineer Battalion

SOUTHERN PHILIPPINES 1945

Thanks to Col (ret) Dave Taylor, Americal Division Association, for providing all the documents from the Division Engineers (57th)



GENERAL DEFENSIVE LAYOUT CEBU P. I.



ROAD BLOCKED WITH LARGE TREES

BRIDGE DESTROYED. WHEN JEEP HIT JAP MINE. BRIDGE REPLACED & DEMOLISHED SAME NIGHT by DEMOLITION

LAHUG A/F HEAVILY MINED

AREA INTENDED for LAST DITCH FIGHT. MANY STORAGE CAVES, COUNTLESS PILLBOXES WITH CONNECTING TRENCHES SEVERAL MINE FIELDS. ABANDONED 18 APRIL

AREA HEAVILY MINED WITH MANY TRENCHES PILL BOXES & TANK TRAPS BUTUANON R. BRIDGE DAMAGED

SUSPENSION BRIDGE DESTROYED
MANANGA R. BRIDGE DESTROYED. BY-PASS OVER R.R. BRIDGE

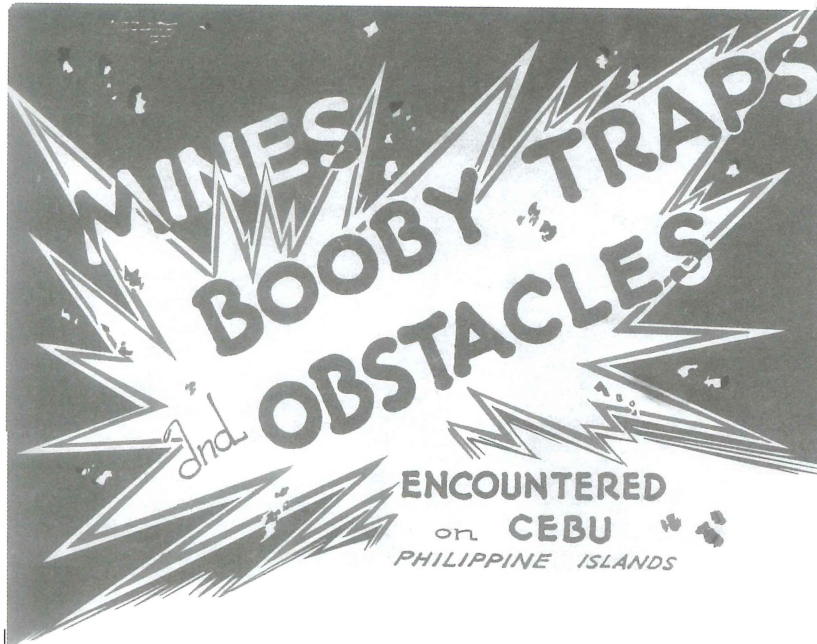
NEW BRIDGE CONSTRUCTED. LATER DESTROYED by JAP DEMOLITION

AREA HEAVILY MINED NUMEROUS BEACH OBSTACLES & ROAD BLOCKS. CONNECTED CONCRETE PILLBOXES

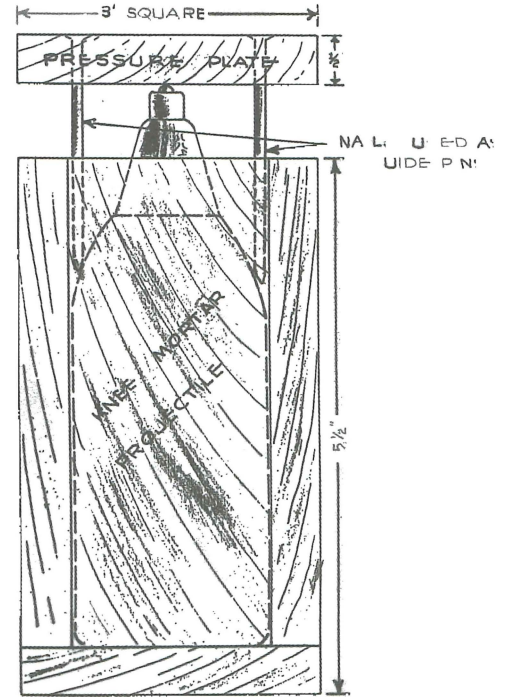
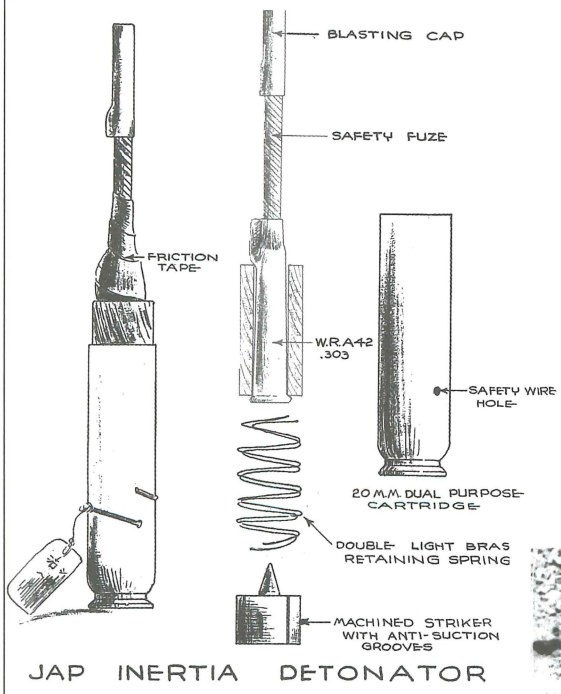
CEBU CITY 90% DESTROYED BY JAP-SET FIRES. HEAVILY MINED WITH DEPTH CHARGES, BOMBS ETC. NEARLY EVERY STREET BLOCKED. MANY CONCRETE PILLBOXES. ALL BRIDGES DAMAGED & DESTROYED

Mines & Other Engineer Stuff

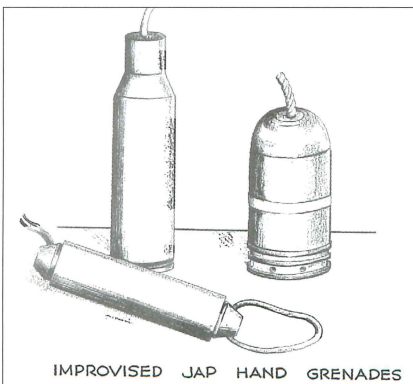
You're Glad they found before you did!



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



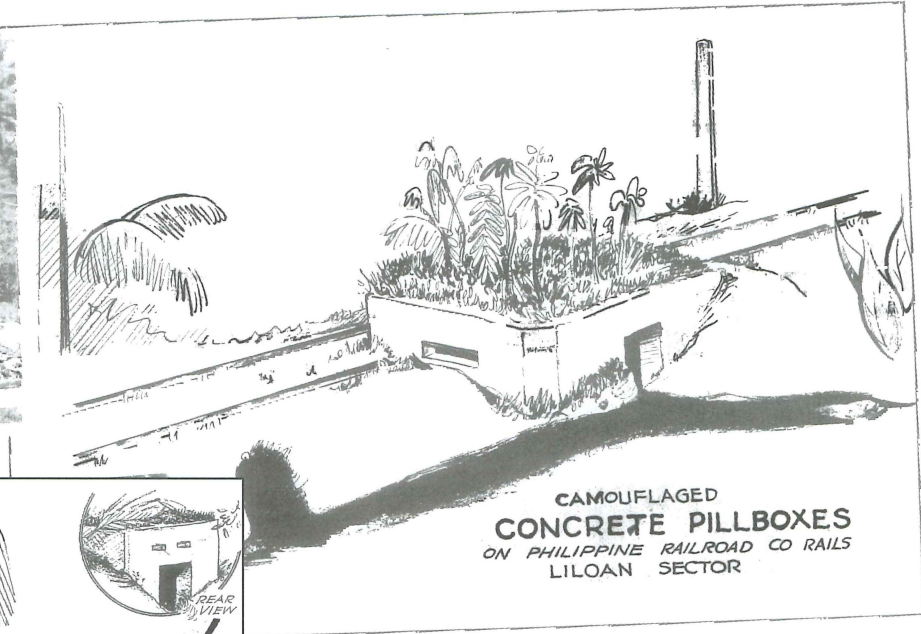
JAP BOOBY TRAP
FOUND NEAR DUMAGUETE NE ROS I.



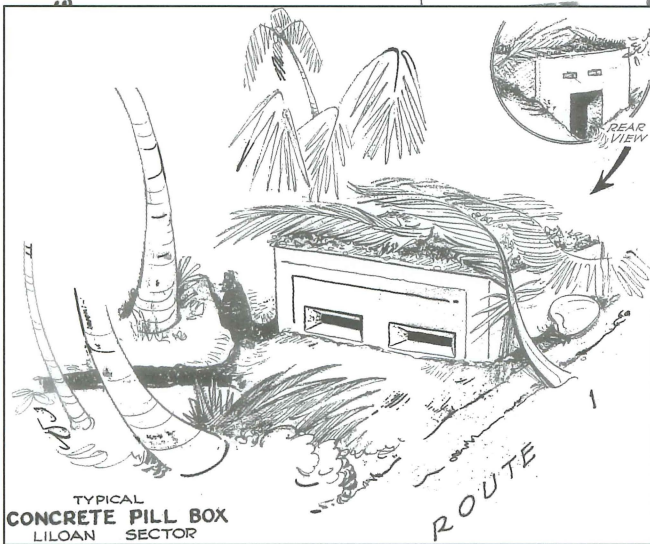
TWO 47MM ARTY SHELLS PAIRED UNDER SAME PRESSURE BOARD. MANY MINED AREAS CONSISTING OF 15-20 PAIRS OF SHELLS WERE FOUND IN CONSOLACION AREA. NO DEFINITE PATTERN WAS ADOPTED BUT THE SHELLS WERE SPACED ABOUT 5 FT. APART THE AREAS MINED WERE USUALLY ROAD INTERSECTION AND IN ONE INSTANCE, A NARROW STRETCH OF ROAD FLANKED ON BOTH SIDES BY RICE PADDIES.

“Sophisticated” Pillboxes

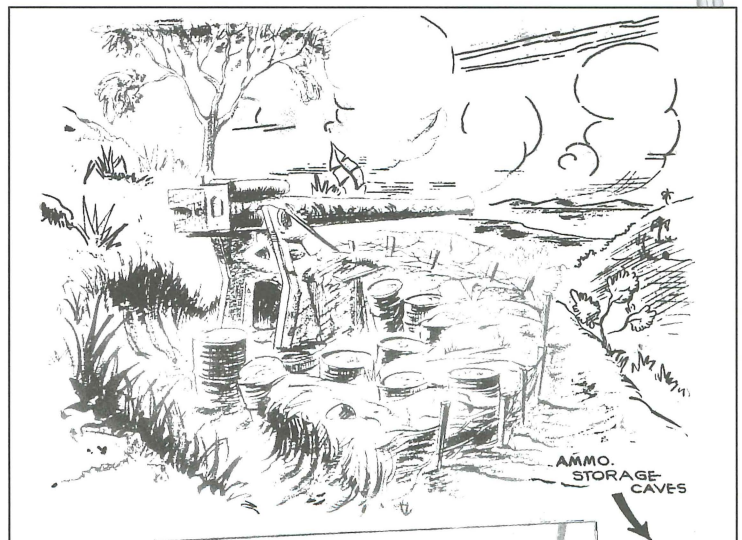
As documented by the 57th Engineer Battalion, Cebu



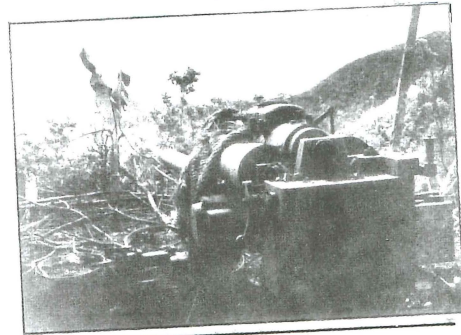
CAMOUFLAGED
CONCRETE PILLBOXES
ON PHILIPPINE RAILROAD CO RAILS
LILOAN SECTOR



TYPICAL
CONCRETE PILL BOX
LILOAN SECTOR

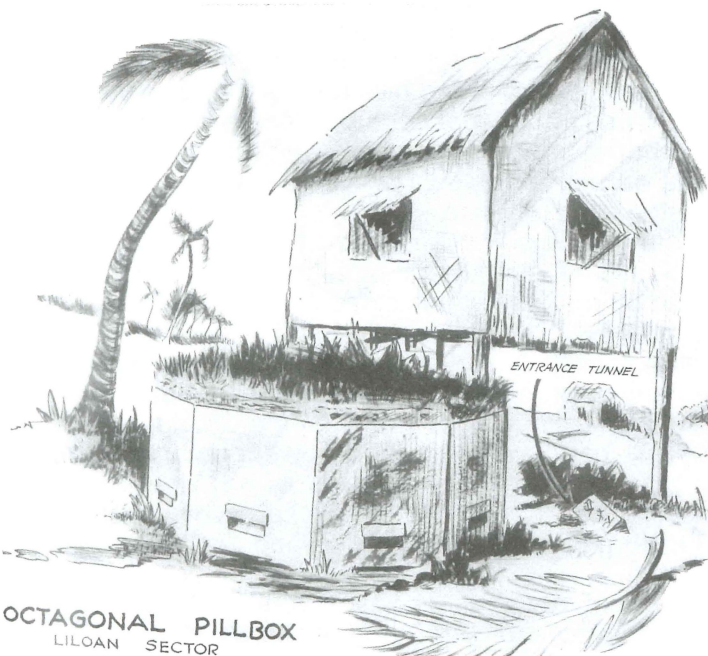


AMMO.
STORAGE
CAVES

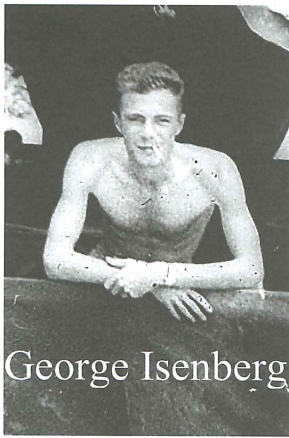


SHOWN HERE IS ONE OF TWO 6 INCH NAVAL GUNS FOUND IN THE BABAG RIDGE AREA. THE GUN ABOVE WAS FAIRLY WELL CAMOUFLAGED AND CAPABLE OF PLACING DIRECT FIRE ON LILOAN AND CEBU CITY AREAS. HOWEVER NEITHER OF THE GUNS WERE USED. LILOAN SECTOR CAN BE SEEN IN BACKGROUND OF PHOTO.

45



OCTAGONAL PILLBOX
LILOAN SECTOR



George Isenberg

From Leyte to Cebu

By
George Isenberg, Co F

LEYTE 1944-1945

SOUTHERN PHILIPPINES 1945

As you read through these stories I wonder if you will notice the same thing I did. George is telling these stories as he recalls them and is getting increasingly bitter and ugly toward the enemy, the Japs. The stories aren't pleasant to read any more but then, neither is shooting at or being shot by an enemy. I know George to be a decent, kind individual but you couldn't tell that from these next few stories.

--Bev Isenberg

Abijau, Leyte

Leyte is a large island in the Philippines, a little south of Luzon where Manila is located. Its long east coast is open to the Pacific Ocean and offers many beaches ideal for landing troops. Tacloban is a major city on this island and beaches near Tacloban were the scene of the first US landing in 1945. In fact, these beaches are where General McArthur came ashore and made his, "I have returned" speech.

The 164th Infantry was not part of the initial landing at Tacloban being still busy at Bougainville at the time. We arrived at Tacloban in early March 1945 and were immediately assigned the task of eliminating a Jap parachute regiment that had made an attempt to retake the airfield at Tacloban. When the first part of the Jap unit parachuted in they were wiped out so fast that the rest of the regiment aborted the attack and departed hastily, eventually jumping into some open country in the northwest corner of Leyte. No US troops were stationed in that part of the island because until now there were no reports of Japs there.

We were trucked for thirty or forty miles, offloaded, and told to attack west to the beach town of Abijau north of Ormoc, then turn north and press the Japs in that direction. We were to eventually encircle them and eliminate them meanwhile ensuring they did not move south toward Ormoc, the largest city on the west coast of Leyte.

We worked our way west. There was very little resistance but it was scary to us. All of our combat until now had been in jungles and this wide-open space was eerie and upsetting to everyone. This part of the island was almost entirely open land that had been cultivated before the war but in recent years had gone to grassland. The terrain was hilly with many large almost flat areas. Some of the hills were separated by deep, rough draws in which there were groups of trees. At night we formed our usual perimeter and dug in as well as possible, continuing early the next morning. Each day we had one or two minor skirmishes with armed enemy who fired a few rounds and withdrew. We concluded the Japs were probably scouts from the airborne regiment with a mission of delaying us long enough to let them establish a solid defense.

Company F and the 2nd Battalion arrived at our initial objective, Abijau, a small fishing village at the head of a very pretty bay with a nice shallow beach. It had five or six huts on stilts about five feet off the ground, all of them deserted. We suspected the Japs had run off the inhabitants since there was no evidence of fighting and no bodies or graves to be seen.

We dug in to stay for a day or two while we patrolled to establish where the Japs had holed up. The days of rest were welcome. It gave all of us a chance to clean up and wash our socks in the surf and even to loaf a little. Patrols went out and came back without sighting either Japs or friendlies. They made a circular route, no two of them following the same trails when possible. When one patrol came in another went out immediately after a short debriefing of the returning group.

The total lack of people told us the enemy was not far away. The Phillipinos would not have left their villages unless they felt a strong threat. That meant we had to have a strong defense and we assumed the Japs knew exactly where we were.

The night was calm, with no noise loud enough to be heard over the sound of the gentle waves breaking on the beach. After the partial moon set it was very dark. Surprise, surprise! The Japs left us alone and the next morning we attacked north.



The first day was quiet. Only a few Japs were found and were either killed or captured based on whether or not he had a weapon in his hands at the time he was observed. We knew if he had a weapon he also almost always had a concealed grenade.

Our Company circled up the first night after a very long day with only two Japs to our credit. I was beat that night so I ate out of my pack, no hot food that night, nor any other day or night until we reached Ormoc. We had a couple of alerts during the night both of which turned out negative, and we were up and at it before daybreak. By MNT ("Morning Nautical Twilight") in Infantry talk, "light enough to aim and hit a man at 200 yards" we were spreading out in our lines again.

We started off going a little south of west. The morning was spent tramping up and down hills in knee high grass. There were no trees except a few scrubs in the draws. Many of the men were still nervous. So far the hills had not been steep but there were many little draws that had to be investigated. Sometimes we found small buildings which we reconnoitered if they were directly in line of march. If a building was found to the left of our path we searched it with what we called a "Fire Inspection" meaning a squad lined up and poured rapid fire into the building. Others stood watch in case anyone ran out as some did, but most of the runners didn't get far.

About noon the second day our extreme left flank was moving over a hill with a very steep drop off to our left. Down about 200 yards was another building. I lined up a squad on the edge of the hill. The machine gunner asked if he could get off a few rounds. "Well," I thought, "Why not?" He set up and we opened up on the building. What a shoot that was! The building must have been packed. Some of them made it into the woods but the field about 400 yards away from us was pretty well scattered with bodies. Remember these are the Japs who tortured their prisoners to death tied to a tree within hearing of our lines at night on Guadalcanal.

When things quieted down we moved on. I had two scouts ahead of me and a BAR man ten paces behind me. The rest of my platoon was scattered to my right. For some reason the scouts got too far ahead. In crossing a deep and rugged draw I lost sight of them. When I climbed up the far side of the draw I saw one scout going around each side of a small building. Just as I started to yell at them to cover each other a Jap jumped out of a window on my side of the building and started around it behind my scout.

Nobody else had seen him and I could not tell if he had a weapon, but he had his right hand in the area of his chest. I raised my .45 and fired once at about 20 yards. The Jap went down, my BAR man came running, and the scouts turned around. The scout who could see the downed Jap rolled him over as I approached, took one look then turned to me and said reproachfully,

"Sorry, Lieutenant, you just ruined a good pair of field glasses."

There they were laying on the dead Jap's chest, bent and bloody.

I said, "Leave him. Let's get going."

I knew that Jap's field glasses had cost him his life for sure. Had he been running so I could see both hands I might not have been so quick on the trigger. Oh, well, he deserved to die.

Angel

By George Isenberg Co F

LEYTE 1944 1945



A Filipino Boy chats with soldiers

After the successful completion of its mission to drive the occupying Japanese forces off the South Pacific island of Bougainville, the Americal Division was shipped to Leyte, one of the Philippine islands.

The 164th Infantry Regiment landed on Leyte at Tacloban in early March, 1945, was directed inland about a mile, and assigned a field in which to bivouac.

The troops put up their pup tents and began to relax after being crowded for days on shipboard. Their next mission was to work their way across Leyte, searching for Japanese outposts.

In no time at all what seemed like hordes of young Phillipino boys were hanging around the company area. The Captain told the First Sergeant to find out what was going on and when the First Sergeant returned he explained that these were orphans who wanted to work for us for their food. In talking to the NCOs in nearby units he learned this was happening throughout the command. Some of the kids were just runaways looking for

excitement but most were orphans. Some simply wanted a series of square meals. Others wanted to kill Japs who had abused them, killed their parents, or kidnapped and raped their sisters.

The Captain instructed the top kick to check them over, pick out a half dozen to keep and run off the rest. It wasn't that we didn't feel sympathy for these youngsters, instead it was a matter of feeding them. Our rations were restricted to three meals a day per person and six extra mouths were all we could provide for. That evening one "orphan" was assigned to each officer to assist our units in carrying loads, digging foxholes, and whatever other tasks we could find for them to do. (continued)

Angel (continued) By George Isenberg Co F

The boy who was assigned to me said his name was Angel and that at age 12 he was the oldest of the six boys. Since I had been given the job of supervising all of them I gave Angel the job of Boss Boy. He was to see to it that there were no problems and no stealing. All of the boys spoke enough English to get along. Angel spoke good English as well as Tagolic, his native tongue.

I explained to Angel that if his boys behaved well and did their work they would be treated well. If they didn't, they would be run off. Angel told me not to worry, he would see to it, and he did from that moment on. In the entire six months we were in the Philippine Islands we never had any trouble with our boys. Occasionally one of them would leave us but we never took on a replacement unless Angel approved of him first.

We soon started our first mission and during the days of our attack march to Abijau we watched the boys closely. They did well. Angel stuck with me, even during those occasions when we were under fire. He asked me to give him a carbine. This I could not do but he worked so hard to prove himself worthy of being a real soldier and a member of Company "F" that when we arrived at Abijau I gave him my carbine.

Angel was happier with that carbine than he would have been with a new Cadillac. He carried it over his left shoulder, muzzle down so that with a quick twist of his left hand he could have it ready to fire. He was learning fast.

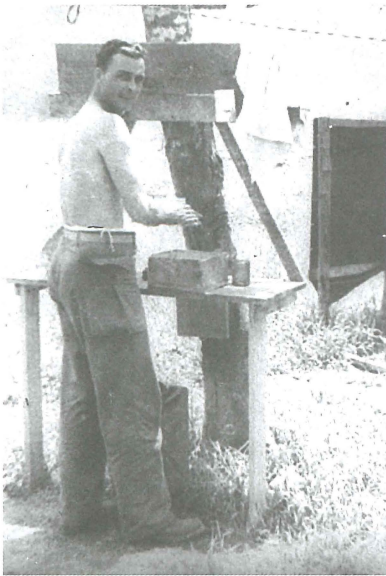
A few weeks after I gave Angel my carbine and ammunition for it, I was loafing (probably dozing) in my slit trench in the shade of one of the huts when a loud commotion brought me to sudden alertness. I sat up to see what was going on and there was Angel slamming his carbine on the ground and screaming at the top of his voice. I hollered at him to stop, but he continued banging his carbine on the ground and now I made out the words, "mamba, mamba, mamba," through his screams.

That got my attention and I sat up higher. Sure enough, Angel was beating a snake to death. When the excitement settled down we saw that he had killed a Black Mamba, a member of the cobra family, whose poisonous bite meant almost certain death. He killed it less than five feet from the patch of shade where I was resting.

Angel's carbine was ruined. The stock was broken and so was his heart. He thought he would lose the weapon forever. I thanked him for probably saving my life and he felt a lot better when I assured him I would get him another carbine, which I did as soon as I could.

Hospital By George Isenberg Co F

The 164 completed its mission of eliminating the Jap parachute regiment on the northwest side of Leyte. By mid-April we were bivouacked near Ormoc, a relatively large city. There we received a few replacements and did some training for another beachhead, this time on Cebu, an island about 150 miles southwest of Leyte.



CPT John Landeck KIA,
Cebu April 1945

I was the Executive Officer of Company "F", a rifle company. The Company Commander was **Capt. John Landeck**. I was his Exec. for almost two years and we had become good friends, almost like brothers. In action we always slept in the same foxhole because this enabled us to make decisions quickly in event of attack on our unit.

Co "F" was training on the fairgrounds. On the day in question I was checking the training of our 60mm Mortar section. I had not been feeling well for several days and thought I might be coming down with a bout of malaria. On my way to training I got a couple of extra Atabrine pills from the Battalion Surgeon in case I felt worse, then continued out to the class.

I was discussing some fine point of mortar support with the Sergeant when the next thing I became aware of was a radio blaring at maximum volume. I was lying on a cot in a tent. What luxury, the first time I had been in a bed for months. I looked around and saw other men laying on cots in a very large tent and the radios were blaring the news that President Roosevelt had died.

I came to the realization that I was in a hospital, so I just lay there for a while. I checked myself over. It seemed that I had all my parts and they all seemed to work, however weakly. I did not feel any particular pain nor could I see evidence of any bandages so I figured I had not been shot.

A ward boy came along. I stopped him and asked him what my problem was. He said I had come in unconscious six days ago with both malaria and dengue fevers. I had been flown from Ormoc in a reconnaissance plane and had been on intravenous feeding ever since. I asked, "When did the President die?"

He answered, "That was the first announcement that woke you up. I don't know any more about it than you do," and went about his business. (continued)

I threw off the sheet and started to get up off the canvas cot, but I didn't make it. Weak and naked, I sat there for a moment until a nurse came along and gave me a bad time about getting up. So back to bed.

In the next three or four days I gradually got to moving around and finally was discharged to the reception center which was right next door to the hospital

When I got there an Adjutant General Corps Lieutenant informed me in a most overbearing tone that I was now a transient officer subject to assignment to whatever unit needed me. I told him I was an officer in the 164th Infantry and wanted to be returned to that unit. He then added insult to injury and made it very plain that if I left his center and made my way back to my regiment I would be arrested and court martialled for being AWOL from his reception station. I started to tell off that rear area commando, but realized I was better off keeping my mouth shut. So I said "OK, sir."

The next morning right after breakfast I slipped out of the compound, caught a ride to the beach and walked along it looking for a boat or ship going to **Cebu City**. I had learned the night before that the **164** had made the beachhead there.

It took me another whole day to find a Landing Craft going to Cebu City. I got aboard and gave the Deck Officer my story and asked if I could stay aboard until they left.

He sent me to the Captain, a Navy Lieutenant who understood what I meant by rear-area stuffed shirts puffed up with their own importance.

He said, "OK, but keep out of sight." so I went below. I had nothing with me beyond my khaki uniform clothing, a pair of socks, a pair of combat boots and my two 1st Lieutenant bars. I didn't even have a razor, or more important, my ID Card.

As the sun rose we sailed for **Cebu City**. As soon as we got a mile off the beach I came up on deck to loaf in the sun. The more or less 24-hour voyage passed quietly with three meals a day in the Officers Mess and a nice berth in Officers Country.



A very skinny Isenberg

**“Is that you Isenberg?
Hell, you're dead.”**

“Hey, **Jelly Belly!**” I called. “How's everything?”

I didn't expect his answer. “Is that you Isenberg? Hell, you're dead.”

“I'm ready to bet my pay against that,” I told him. “Where in hell did you get that idea?”

“**John Landeck** took a mortar round in his slit trench. You always used the same trench so we figured that some of the parts they picked up belonged to you. I'm happy to see that's not true. Where you been?”

“I was in the hospital in **Tacloban** for a couple of weeks. Dengue and malaria. What about the Company? Anyone else killed?”

“Don't know, George.”

By that time the ship was tied up and the gangway was down. I saluted the Officer of the Deck, thanked him for the ride, left the ship without further ceremony, caught a ride to Regimental Headquarters to report for duty. The Adjutant looked up as I approached. “Well, good to see you back, Isenberg. Fit for duty I presume?”

“Yes sir, but how come Jelly Belly thought I was dead? Has any information like that been sent out? My God! I hope my wife hasn't been told!”

“No, nothing has been sent out of here. This only happened last night and they are still cleaning up the mess. Several other men were killed and some more were wounded. I don't have all the figures yet. I better talk to the Colonel about your assignment. Go on down to the Mess and get some coffee or something. I'll be down soon as I get through with the Old Man.”

I nursed a cup of coffee until the Adjutant returned with instructions that I was to report to Company “E”.

“You want to go up to **“F” Company** and see if you can find any of your gear?”

I answered, “I suppose so. I didn't have much to begin with and there sure won't be much left after that mortar round hit.”

“OK, Isenberg. I have to get back. Come see me when you've eaten and I'll find you a guide up to both areas. Glad to see you back.”

I thought, “He might be glad to see me back, but he'll never know just how damn glad I am to be back where my friends are!”

Cameras were prohibited because of some rule made by someone in higher headquarters; I suspect a minor official in the War Department Intelligence business. However, many soldiers had them and used them openly. There was very little chance they could take pictures of anything that would aid the enemy. I had a camera and used it with discretion.

Film was a problem. There were no Exchanges or stores. Through contacts with the Air Corps and Navy Airmen who were always willing to trade for souvenirs, anything Jap, I managed to get some black and white 35mm movie film that I hoped would fit my camera. It did. The next problem was the little cartridge that goes into a still camera.

While on Bougainville, I went up to Americal Division Headquarters one time when I had a day off and prowled around until I found a Signal Corps Officer. I traded him a Jap binocular in good condition for a handful of cartridges along with some developing fluid and fixer. I do not have the faintest recollection where I acquired a developing tank, but get it I did.



Ace Dawson, Bill Beuller, John Landeck, Jim Donnham

By this time I was fresh out of Jap souvenirs, but in business as a photographer, if I could come up with a dark room.

I had to get the film out of its big round metal can and into my little cartridges without exposing it. The solution I came up with was to have the cooks wake me at 4:00 AM when they got up. Then with one rain poncho under me in my slit trench under my bed and three blankets over me I crouched in the slit trench and in total darkness opened the film box, unrolled the desired amount of film, cut it, loaded it into the cartridge, and sealed up both the film can and the cartridge. Keep in mind that this was all done in a tropical setting where the temperature was in the high 70's at 0400. Sometimes the heat melted the emulsion off the film in the little cans and I never knew until I started to develop it. That happened about a third of the time.

Taking pictures was the easy part of the process. After I exposed a roll of film, the next step was the worst. The 0400 business under the blankets in the slit trench was repeated. Now by feel alone I had to take the film out of the cartridge, roll it up in the spiral affair that goes into the developing can, fill that

can with developer, drain it out at the proper time after agitating it, fill it with fixer, drain it out, and do it all under constant threat of asphyxiation from the strong odor of the chemicals. A crack in the lid of the tank required all this to be done by feel, at the same time trying to keep the sweat that poured off me from damaging the film.

Once developed and dried I cut the negatives into short lengths, and mailed them to Beverly with the hope they would get past the censor. Some did, some did not, but I never heard any more of those which did not. I never saw the printed pictures until I got home in December of 1945.

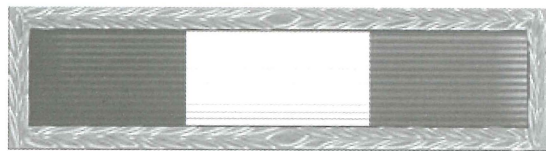


Al Manuel after a long patrol

George Isenberg's interesting stories and observations on Bougainville were printed in the July 2009 issue of the News. Additional articles will appear in the next two issues, following the timeline of "65 Years Since... Negros Oriental/ Bohol Mindanau" (July 2010) & "65 Years Since... Victory" (October 2010). Thanks to Bev Isenberg for emailing the stories.

Philippines Presidential Unit Citation –Flag Streamer

17 OCTOBER 1944 TO 4 JULY 1945



Philippine Presidential Unit Citation (PUC)

This emblem was awarded to members of the armed forces of the United States for services culminating in the liberation of the Philippine Islands during the Second World War. The conditions were the same as would be required for award of the Presidential Unit Citation of the United States. The award is made in the name of the president of the Republic of the Philippines. The ribbon is slightly larger for the Army and worn on the right breast; for the other services, the ribbon is the standard size. Authorized for units of the armed forces of the United States in recognition of participation in the war against the Japanese Empire during the periods Dec. 7, 1941 to May 10, 1942, inclusive, and Oct. 17, 1944 to July 4, 1945, inclusive. The ribbon has three wide stripes of equal width--the blue is to the wearer's right. The ribbon is enclosed in a rectangular 1/16 inch gold frame with laurel leaves.



Philippine Liberation Ribbon

Is awarded for participation in the Philippines Oct. 17, 1944 to Sept. 3, 1945, if personnel:

- 1) Participated in the initial landing operations on Leyte or adjoining islands from Oct. 17-20, 1944.
- 2) Participated in any engagement against the enemy during the campaign on Leyte and adjoining islands. Personnel are considered as having participated in such operations if they were members of or present with units actually under enemy fire or air attack, or crewmembers in an airplane under enemy aerial or ground fire.
- 3) Served in the Philippine Islands or on ships in Philippine waters for at least 30 calendar days during the period Oct. 17, 1944 to Sept. 3, 1945.

Persons who meet more than one of the conditions above are authorized to wear a bronze service star on the ribbon for each additional condition under which they may qualify. It is a red ribbon with equal blue and white stripes in the center. The blue stripe is worn to the wearer's right. Authorized device: Service star

164 CAMPAIGN CREDITS & UNIT CITATIONS-- WWII

FROM: Department of the Army Pamphlet 672-1 [Authorized Unit Awards/Credits]

Campaign Credits: [1 "battle star" on the Asiatic Pacific Theater Campaign Ribbon for each campaign]

11= Guadalcanal; 13=Leyte; 16=Northern Solomons; 20=Southern Philippines

A= Assault Landing: Antitank Co [Arrowhead authorized on Asiatic Pacific Theater Campaign Ribbon]

F= Foreign Award 56: Philippine Presidential Unit Citation (PUC)

O= Army of Occupation Medal with Japan Clasp

N= Navy Presidential Unit Citation (PUC)

R= Remarks: Guadalcanal Campaign (11) was without the Cannon Company

GO= General Order WD=War Department DA=Department of the Army

164th Infantry Regiment, Americal Division | (11), 13, 16, 20..

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY PAMPHLET

UNIT CITATION

AND

CAMPAIGN PARTICIPATION

CREDIT REGISTER

672-1

A—Cebu Island, 26 Mar 45, WD GO 109-45, Antitank Company.

F—56, 7 Dec 41-10 May 42 or 17 Oct 44-4 Jul 45, DA GO 47-50.

O—3 Sep-15 Nov 45, Japan

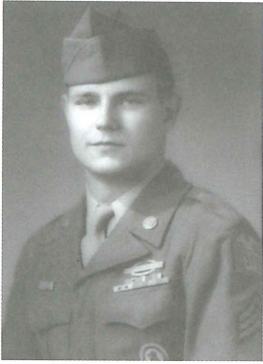
N—PUC—7 Aug-9 Dec 42, DA GO 73-48, as amended by DA GO 78-48.

R—(11) campaign, less Cannon Company

WWII Experiences

By Kenneth Sandhop, Co B

SOUTHERN PHILIPPINES 1945



About February 1944, I got a letter from the draft board to report for a physical. I passed I-A and in March I got a letter from the President saying Greetings! To make a long story short I was inducted April 27th 1944. The Deputy Sheriff of Douglas County (Washington) gave me a ride to Waterville as I wanted to go in with young fellows I might know from home...Wrong!! There was just the two of us. We got off the bus at Fort Lewis Washington at midnight. Another young fellow and I became G's. I got # 39474556 and he got # 39474557. *[Editor-we traced Ken's buddy, starting with this service number to get a name, DOB, home state, then googling, etc. He lives 27 miles away from Ken!]*

After receiving clothes, shoes, haircuts etc. we spent days marching & testing to see what we were good for. (Draftee's for the Infantry). We also trained heavy weapons and field artillery. We got shots and more drilling before going to our training company.

About the middle of May we were assigned to the 94th Infantry Training Regiment in the East Garrison of Camp Roberts. Our training started and all went well so for the first week in June we were on the Preliminary Rifle Instruction Range and over the loud speakers came the recorded voice of General Eisenhower telling us that the Invasion of Europe had started. Big Cheers!! The war was over ...wrong!!! The next week we got rifles and learned to shoot them. We had our first meals in the field and learned why they call the meals the Army Mess; Sand and dirt in everything. The sixth week we were on the infiltration course and learned what it was like to crawl under live ammo and to have some one shoot close to you, beside you and over your head. One of the strange things I saw in the desert was a plane that flew over us. The strange thing was it didn't have any propellers. We didn't think too much about it at the time. I found out later after the war that there were aircraft without props. They were jet aircraft. At that time there were few to see but we did see it.

After 17 weeks and a 50 mile march, a 10 mile speed march in 54 minutes with full field gear we graduated from Infantry Training. Boy, were we tough!! We thought we could whip our weight in wild cats.

In early November we set sail for who knows where. The time aboard ship was spent playing cards, physical exercise, eating three times a day. We would line up to eat with 1500 people to feed three times a day this is no mean task. We ate standing up. Our bunk was a canvas cot with 18 inches between cots. We played cards whenever we could. Hearts, casino and we could always find a crap game or poker, if we had money.

When we crossed the Equator and the International Date Line this made for a whole day to initiate the new men (us). They shaved our heads fed us color pills gave us salt water showers and made us do crazy things all day. After that we were no longer Pollywogs but honest to God Shellbacks.

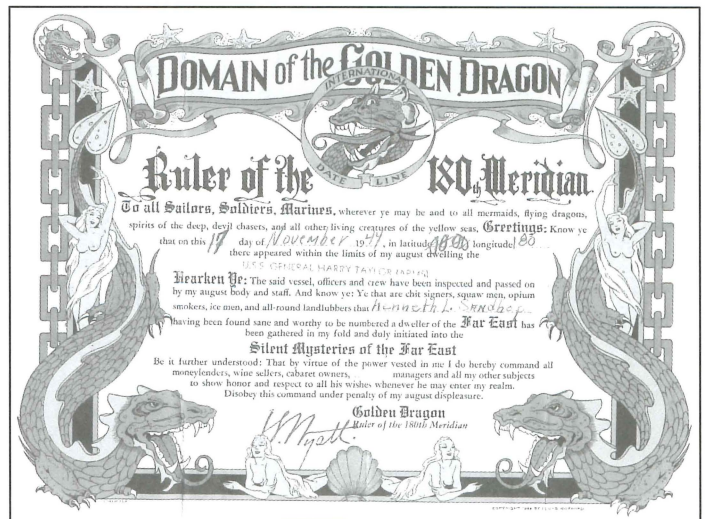
The ship's routine for dumping garbage gave some amusement. "All hands lay aft of the fantail", then a crewman with foreign accent would sing out "Doomph da Garbage". Overboard it would go on cue.

After what seemed forever we sighted land!! What was it, no one knew. We came into this huge harbor and started to unload. Then put us ashore. While waiting to go ashore we could see natives on shore. And what we noticed was they had red hair. Now this looks real funny when the natives are coal black. Our new home was New Caledonia.

Trucks were waiting for us and we went in to town there on out to Camp Tweas for more training and interviews and assignment. Each Friday night we would watch old movies! Watch fights on Friday nights. See football games, put on by other inductees and play cards. We spent Thanksgiving in New Caledonia and all too soon we boarded ship to take us on to the war.

We landed on a god-forsaken piece of rock called **Bougainville (Solomon Islands)** and waited for our names to be called to be assigned to our new outfits. 1500 men and it went on for hours. Finally there was just three of us left-- the guy calling the names and me and another guy. His name was **Scagolonia** from Iowa. The two of us were to be replacements for **Company B, 164th Infantry American Division!** I had never heard of the division. I asked what was its number and was told it had no number. I thought this has to be a joke. (Everybody knew all divisions were numbered that was drilled into us at basic training). The Joke was on me.

They took us about ten miles and put us in a leaky tent and told us to wait. The next day the company clerk came for us and put us in our new platoon tents and introduced us to our Platoon Sergeant and we met our new buddies of the **2nd squad, 2nd platoon**. While we waited to ship out to the Philippines we went on a patrol to help us get the idea of what jungle fighting was like.



The week before Christmas we were to ship out so we had Christmas dinner with all the trimmings early. When our ships didn't get there to pick us up we had another Christmas dinner! On our trip to **Leyte P.I.**, I had my 20th birthday. What a day... no cake or ice cream this year. We got into the harbor and before we could unload we had three aircraft attacks. Makes you feel helpless when you are aboard ship and just have to wait for the air raid to end. After debarking we marched about ten miles and they bedded us down in a big field (of mud). Right behind us was a 105 Artillery Battery and they fired all night (no sleep). The next day we took over the area that the 77th Division had and we moved into their huts (and their foxholes). We bedded down four to a hut and had four men on guard for one hour, then we changed places. We had just got in our bed when the Japs played us a visit!! That is when I found out why no white clothes. I stood out like a beacon on a sand bar in my new white underwear. I got out of my clothes. Bare naked at least I didn't make a target.



**David Nelson
Company B**

The next day we left to go across the island to dig out the Japs that were hiding out in small pockets. My foxhole buddy was **Sgt. Dave Nelson**. For the next 30 days we were like glue at night.. He would sleep one hour then it was my turn. He taught me how to stay alive. After we got across the island they decided to send us back to see if we could find more holdouts. On the first day out our squad was told to take the next hill. I was first scout and just as we got about three feet from the top a Jap raised up and shot Dave. We didn't make it to the top of the hill that day! On the way back I picked up **Dave** and brought him back to the lines but his wounds were too bad and couldn't save him. This is what I got the Bronze Star for. After that I had a succession of foxhole buddies: a Mex boy till he went home, a fellow by the name of **Mauldin** who was a cook by trade! When he got dysentery he had to be a rifleman till they said it was safe for him to cook again. I found that being first scout had its advantages. The Japs would let the first man go by a position so they could bring more of our men under fire. It was a tough lesson I did not forget.

After the **Leyte** Battle we waited to go to **Cebu (Philippine Islands)**. They sent about twenty-five of us, then for three days the tide wouldn't let them pick up the rest of the company. Finally, we all got together on **Cebu**. At that time they were short of NCO's and I was made Sergeant five months after basic training. I went from private to Sergeant (in one jump). On **Cebu** they felt we could sneak around back of the Jap lines and catch them between the 132nd Infantry and us. We moved only at night and had to stay hidden all day till dark then off again. Just as we were to make the big push up the hill at daybreak, one of our guys struck a match to lite a cigarette. Boy did we stand out in the glare of that flame. When we got to the top of the hill the Japs were all gone. We took up positions and waited that's when we got the word that **President Roosevelt had died** on Friday the 12th. Most of us could not remember any other President. After making contact with the 132nd that was coming up the face of the hill, we went back to the rest area to get ready for the **Invasion of Negros**.

We loaded onto LSI's (Landing Craft Infantry) for the trip, when we got there gang planks were pushed out from the sides of the craft and we walked off into the water down town. It seems we had beached on a sand bar and it was about six feet deep. We had on all our equipment plus all the ammo we could carry and we sunk. The only thing we could do was walk then till we came up out of the water. Pity the ones who were five feet tall. Lucky for us we had no Japs waiting for us. We got unloaded and started for **Dumagette**, the big city of the island and marched in with no opposition. It seems the Japs had fled to the hills. That's where they liked to be so they could look down on us as we tried to get to the top. This always made the ground real expensive. After about 30 days of warfare we secured the island and went back to **Cebu** to get ready for the next place.

This time it was **Japan**. While we were in this rest area the 1st atomic bomb was dropped. Then the second one and the war was over.

We had all ready started to load for the invasion of Japan so it didn't take us long to shove off for the main island to occupy before they changed their minds. We pulled into the **Bay of Tokyo** September 8th as the peace treaty was being signed aboard the Missouri and everyone was waiting to go home. We took over Atsugi Air Field and settled in for a long stay. One of the things we did as the occupying forces was to inventory war material. We found that the Japs had stockpiled enough weapons to arm every man woman and child. Had we invaded the battles would have taken more lives than the atomic bombs did.

Award of the Bronze Star Medal

General Orders No. 181, September 1945

Sergeant Kenneth L. Sandhop 39474556, Infantry, United States Army. On 28 February Sergeant Sandhop, then a Private, was a member of a platoon patrol which had engaged the enemy in a fierce fire fight. Sergeant Sandhop moved forward behind his squad leader under heavy enemy machine gun, mortar, and grenade fire. When the squad leader was hit and fatally wounded Sergeant Sandhop ran forward under the covering fire of another rifleman. He then assisted in pulling the wounded man to safety. The enemy was within twenty yards of the wounded man, and Sergeant Sandhop was completely exposed to their direct, heavy fire. Sergeant Sandhop's courage and willingness to risk his own life to save the life of a comrade lived up to the highest traditions of the United States Army.

They established the point system to discharge the oldest men and send some division's home. I didn't have enough points so I was sent to the 1st Cavalry. About this time they told us if we re-enlisted they would have us home for Christmas. It sounded good to me so I signed up for 18 more months. We were put into the 2nd Engineers Special Brigade an amphibious outfit. We got to the good old U.S.A and landed at Fort Lewis. It didn't take them long to send us home!! All the family was at Aunt Louise's house for Christmas-- it was the first time since 1940.

~~Food, Drink and Rations~~

As near as I can recall chow was not a big holdup either on troop trains or a ship. Amazingly, we got three meals a day! When we had cold cereal we split the side of the box poured in milk first and sugar. This way no bowl to wash.. On the trip overseas most of the guys were sea sick. So the result was it was never crowded. We took turns going to mess on the ships. First the port side would eat first and the starboard side would eat second. We would line up and the line would serpentine through the ship. We always had three meals a day with the exception of the Dutch ship *Hollanda*. We went to **Leyte, Philippine Islands** on *Hollanda* in 16-19 January 1945. On that ship the noon meal was an apple and a sandwich. We did not go hungry.

When we got to the **Philippine** Islands, our kitchens never tried to keep up with us so we ate old rations. C Rations, K Rations etc. The K rations came in a box about the size of a Cracker Jack Box. It had matches, cigarettes, toilet tissue, hard biscuits (hard tack), cheese and stuff like that. The box was coated with wax so we could use it to heat water for instant (powdered) coffee. The first of its kind was called George Washington Soluble Coffee and tasted like the sweepings from the log cabins at Valley Forge. The C Rations were something else. One can was beef hash, vegetable stew, and pork and beans.

Now while the war in Europe was in full force, they got the lion's share of everything. Men (replacements), ammo, food, you name it. Most of our stuff came from Australia. Well they didn't know beans. Whenever the sun would shine on the beans, they would blow. Needless to say we did not eat them if we could help it. The Australian sugar was unrefined. It had large granules and was pretty brown. One day they sent some fresh sides of beef! One of our men was a butcher by trade. They made us the best steaks and at dawn the next morning we were to push off on a big drive to catch the Japs unawares. The beef was just a little tainted. It had been un-refrigerated. We couldn't get our pants up for about eight hours.

One day our rations got hijacked by the Japs, and we were without food for about three days. When we got Hungry enough we dug camotes (sweet potatoes) and cooked them in our steel helmets and flavored them with salt tablets. We had been told not to use the pot as a cooker due to a coating on the metal, but it did work. Now I must mention the drink that came with the rations. The flavors were Concord grape, imitation orange, and imitation lemonade. ...Just add water mix and shake. Tastes like nothing else. Real battery acid.. We also had tropical butter and chocolate. We tried to cook some eggs with the butter. It never melted and the eggs stuck to the pan.

A mention of the cigarette industry is in order. I am not sure that the American tobacco companies didn't start World War II to get rid of the excess unused varieties. To mention some there were Domino, Chelsas, 20 Grand, and unsalable other brands. When shipped to the tropics in cans like those holding Planters Peanuts they were opened by our trusty **P-38** can opener. Everybody had one and I still do. They were hinged and folded flat. It is very handy for cans of pork and beans etc. The only opener we didn't have was one for the steel beer cans. We solved this by using our bayonets. Now a hot can of beer was an experience to open. The minute air hit the beer it started to spurt. First plunge the bayonet down, twist quickly raise the can and drink before it emptied into thin air. We had a native beer called tubba. If you drank too much you tended to loose all control of all your joints and the hangover the next day was a real experience. Back to the cigarettes, once they were opened they had a tendency to mildew and the taste would take away your breath. Smoke two packs and you lost your voice.

One time when we got our cigarette rations one of the fellows named **Mitchell Pillarick** got three packs of Camels and thought he would save them for the next day. He set them up on the edge of his fox hole. In the middle of the night a Jap tossed a grenade. When it went off he ended up with six packs of half cigarettes.

~~On Patrol~~

Just remember I am trying to recall from 50 years ago so bear with me. My war years were not that bad and I do not recall with terror any time in the three years. I am able to recall with fond memories mostly. You tend to help each other through bad times and thank your lucky stars that bad times were few and far between.

Going on patrol was always an experience! Keep at least five yards away from any other people as one shell on one machine gun could get a lot of people and the Japs just loved to shoot into a bunch of dumb bells. Movies never portray patrols accurately since they are always clumping people for more action per scene. Combat was very much like the show "Patton" and "The Longest Day". The shooting didn't last long, but you could always get hurt if you let your guard down for a minute.

The jungle is never quiet, always noisy with birds, monkeys etc. If you can't hear noise ahead of you, look out for an ambush as all the birds leave when humans are around. Bugs were something else, we had mosquitoes, leaches, spiders, roaches, anything that walked crawled or flew, we managed to get in the way of it. You never put your shoes on without shaking them out first. There were snakes but I guess we smelled so bad they left us alone. Least wise I never saw any.



If we were at full strength, a company was about 200 men but malaria, wounds, etc, would take a toll and 75 was about average. The way an army squad is set up it has two NCO's a Staff Sergeant, a Buck Sergeant, one officer usually a 2nd Lt, one 1st Scout, 1 Second Scout, two B.A.R. (Browning Automatic Rifles) six riflemen who help carry ammo for the B.A.R. men.

Water was always at a premium. We all carried two canteens, one 1st aid kit, with a bayonet, a shovel, a machete, plus food, cigarettes, a poncho, a shelter half, and an extra pair of socks, plus what else you thought you would need for instance toilet tissue, matches. Etc.

We always started the day with everyone awake at daybreak. Then eat chow and if you were moving out you would go. The day ended about three in the afternoon so you could eat clean rifles, cut a fire lane chop all weeds down make a clear path around the perimeter so no one could sneak up on the foxholes. One man on guard, one man asleep as long as things were quiet. How many men you had determined how big a perimeter you had. At dark everyone needed to know who was on your left and right and if another company was next to you who they were. Any one moving around that you did not know had to be up to no good. Now if we sent out a night patrol you had to have a sign and a counter sign to tell who was friendly and who wasn't.

We took off one day and made a big sweep. We found three Japs and dispatched same. On the way back I was about in the center of the column. A Jap jumped out of the brush hands up and jabbering a mile a minute. Now I had heard that they weren't to be trusted. Just as you would relax they would slip you a grenade. Well as a result I just about swallowed my teeth. The whole encounter scared the crap out of me. I captured him and it was the first one my outfit had captured in over a year. It looked like he was ready to quit. If he had a weapon he would not have been captured. I took a second prisoner on the island of Cebu in the Philippines (April 1945). **Mike Depussey** had just been to school to learn about explosives. He set this charge in the mouth of a cave. When it went off, he had failed to put anything on it, so it just swept the floor of the cave. Three Japs ran out after it had gone off with their hands over their ears. It must have made one hell of a noise inside that cave. One ran to me, so I took him in as a prisoner. I don't know about the other two but I don't think they were as lucky. I had to take him to G-2. You asked why I captured the Jap? When a man stands up with no weapons and wants to quit fighting, if you kill him then it is murder. If he has a weapon and comes at you then you are just protecting yourself. I captured two in about a period of four months which had to be a record. My outfit hadn't captured that many in four years.

~~Never volunteer for any duty!!~~

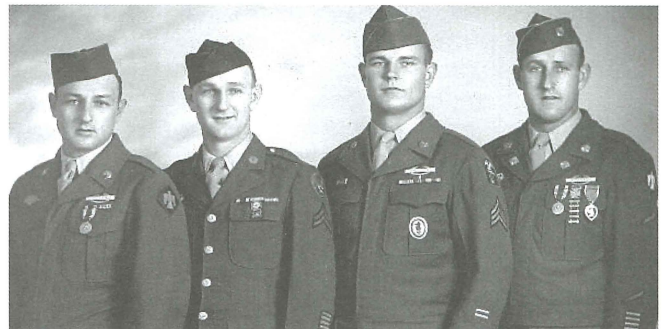
We were up on top of a hill and they needed someone to go down and get the natives and bring them up. I said I would go as we hadn't seen a Jap for about a week. So I would not have to carry my old M1, I took a carbine (real light). On the way back I looked over to the side of the trail guess what. About ten Japs hiding out. I flipped what I thought was the safety of the weapon and released the ammo clip instead. Lucky for me the B.A.R. man (**Forest Nearhood**) took care of them.

I was made 1st scout when I first joined the squad! They wanted me to carry the B.A.R. I said I would just as soon not, so they made me 1st scout to show me who was boss. It wasn't too bad as you only had to lead the company once every fourteen or fifteen days at most. Except if you were good at it. The captain wanted the best scout forward so lots of times they would call me up to help out. It helped me to be color blind since the color pattern of camouflage stands out if you are color blind like I am.

I was real lucky all the time the war was going on!! I was never wounded and only came close twice but lucked out each time. The first time we were going forward and the light mortars were firing over our heads. All of a sudden I heard one leave the tube with a funny sound. Well it hit right beside my left heel buried it's self in the ground and never went off! I took off as fast as I could go and put about 70 yards between me and it. As far as I know it's still there. The other time they sent a M5 tank with a 105 howitzer mounted on it to knock out a pillbox. I was about twenty yards to the left when the shell hit the pillbox. A hot piece of shrapnel zinged over and burned a hole in my pants leg. No blood no Purple Heart. Thank God.

My second scout was **Pvt. James Drennen** from Huston, Texas. He was always limping so we called him step and a half. We got onto a hill when the Japs decided we should not be there. So they ran us off. Down the hill we went with a machine gun popping at our backs. Then we went under a log and into a deep hole. We had to stay there about two hours before we got more guys to help us get back, and drive the Japs out of the area. He didn't limp going down that hill.

One of the fellows was named **McCullah**. We called him eight ball. He never carried ammo, water or food. If he needed some he would beg for it. Years later in San Diego I saw him and he had enlisted in the Marines and was a Sergeant. When the Marines got to the border of China and Korea I thought of him and wondered if he got there and didn't have any ammo?



Sandhop Brothers: Don-Air Corps 'til 1945 then 45 Div; Robert-National Guard in Alaska 'til 1945 then Air Corps; Ken -164th; Howard-wounded at Omaha Beach, then 45 Div

~~Jungle Patrols~~

When going through heavy jungle there was not much chance of meeting a Jap patrol. We would have to hack through the vines and growth. We traveled through the undergrowth in a single line. The first scout would cut his way with a machete and by the time the last man came along it was a well beaten path. If you came by thirty days later and no one else had used the trail you would have to cut a new path as it would be overgrown again. If it wasn't overgrown you had a good chance of meeting the opposition and an ambush. Also the Japs posted snipers along a well traveled path and pick off anyone who wasn't alert.

Everyday we had a new password and a new countersign. You didn't dare forget as the guy saying the password had a loaded gun and a hair trigger. No counter sign quick shot as you didn't want to come in second least, not like a counter punch in a boxing match. At six feet nobody missed. On Bougainville, a guy got cut off and lost on one patrol. He found his way back three days later after dark and when the sentry (the guy on guard) seen him he said the password. Well his countersign was three days old and he started in anyway over the barbed wire. When the guard snapped the safety off, he stopped til they were sure he was one of ours. He was barefooted as he had lost his shoes.

The jungle had vines (bougainvillea) and what we called wait a minute vines. They had lots of stickers and if you started past they would hook you. If you didn't wait a minute the vine would tear a big hole in your skin just like a sharp knife. There were always lots of flowers but we never had time to smell them. We had other things on our minds. There was a rainy season and a dry season. Not much difference. It rained all the time and when it wasn't raining the humidity was off the scale. With a bar of soap you could shower and if it stopped raining just wait five minutes and it would start again.

~~Life in the Foxhole~~

Each day had 24 hours; eight of these were for sleeping. Ten hours were for travel. Three for morning and three for the afternoon and evening. Mornings, afternoon, and evening were for getting ready for night. We had to eat, shave, cleanup, take care of our equipment etcetera. In this time also Recon patrols if called to. You needed to know where the enemy was if possible. It wasn't good to set up next door to the enemy. On a Recon patrol you never wore a steel helmet, so if someone appeared in front of you with helmets on it wasn't ours. A full company was 208 men plus weapons from D Company, medics, communications phone and radio, artillery observers, air force liaison, etc. So a reinforced company at night was quite a big group. We always set up in a circle perimeter that would be fifty or sixty foxholes. But with wounds, sickness, comings and goings about twenty foxholes would be average.

Two men to a position, if you had time it was a foxhole in front with a sleeping hole in back. The sleeping hole would be a little over six feet with a deep end so you could sit on the edge with a deep pit to put your feet in and be able to look over the edge with just your head exposed.

One man asleep one man awake for an hour. So in eight hours you should get to sleep at least four. It never worked out that well. So everyone was always tired all the time. The dark hours were from eight at night till three in the morning. Do not leave the foxhole at night for any reason. If you did you got shot at and at that close quarters nobody missed.

Everyone had a machete, which was used to cut grass, weeds, small trees, and to always make a clear field of fire. The machine guns were set up to help defend the front of the company with a designated field of fire. Also the mortars were set up to shoot without hitting a tree limb as that would spray our positions with shrapnel and we did not want that to happen. All rocks were mentally marked, as the damn things tended to move around at night when a guy got sleepy.

The jungle is never quiet. If all noise stops monkeys, birds etc. it's because they hare disturbed by humans. You never took off your shoes as the centipedes and scorpions liked to crawl inside. Leaches were a problem and the never ending mosquitoes were always with us. They even hitched rides on the troop ships and went with us from place to place. Cockatoos usually were the best alarms really putting up a fuss when disturbed. The Jap's would crawl for hours to get close so you always had to be alert. Flares could be called for but it would make you night blind the rest of the night. If time permitted you put up barbed wire if not then booby traps and wire with cans with rocks in them to make noise to give advance warning. Simple rules for all: no smoking, no talking, no unnecessary movement after dark. To face the enemy with a max of 20 yards at night each night was a real emotional experience for each GI in a foxhole.

I'll tell you of one night on **Leyte**. It was about midnight and my foxhole buddy had just awakened me to take over. He must have not been too alert as I had just sat up when I saw this big guy coming at me at about six feet away. Needless to say, he never got any closer and once the first shot was fired everyone in the company joined in. After shooting 10 minutes they got a cease fire passed down. There had been only one Jap and he spent the night groaning as I had got him in the belly button. It takes a long time when that happens.

In the Philippines, we never needed to call for artillery. I was always amazed that the Japs would try to infiltrate one at a time. If they had kept out of our way we would have been sent someplace else and they would have been left alone. They proved that they could live off the land for 40 years without supplies. It's funny how in a year overseas only a half a dozen nights in a foxhole stand out or only seven or eight patrols bring back memories. I guess we remember just fragments or we would never be able to cope with life.

~~God in the Foxhole~~

At night the foxhole is a very lonely place if you believe that man evolved from lower animals. You know that the only help you will get from your maker is the comfort that there is a better hereafter. You are sure that he will take you up and make a place for you but do not expect him to help you at the expense of the other guy. You know you are trained well and you ask for help to stay alert and if the worst happens for God to take your spirit to be with him.

Everyone prays for help and a simple "now I lay me down to sleep" at night. The Lord is my shepherd and Our Father who art in Heaven are a lot of help on long lonely nights when people mean to harm you-- just don't forget when danger seems past. If you have no faith you have no hope and all the guys that believed in nothing or were sure that God would protect them didn't last long.

~~Life as it Was~~

Water was always a problem. Everyplace was always raining about every fifteen minutes. If you wanted to bathe, take off your clothes get out in the rain, soap up and then rinse off. It was very effective. Not wanting to get caught at night with no shoes, everyone wore them, even when sleeping. Wet feet wet socks tended to give everyone jungle rot on their feet and toes. Aboard ship they gave you salt-water soap for bathing as fresh water was only for drinking.

When I first went overseas in November of 1944, my sister Ethel sent me a package. It had among other things a box of hand made chocolate candy made in Cashmere Washington by the Cashmere Café and Confectionery. To make the story short and to the point when the box was opened the chocolates looked perfect. But the heat and the humidity had done a job on the creams. The chocolate covers look perfect but the cream was gone and they looked like thimbles just shells.

The first days on Leyte, we were close to the beach and our kitchen had hot chow for us before we took off across the island. Now there were a lot of horses running loose around the area so we would hop on the horses back and ride to the next hill. These horses were not very big and our feet would just clear the ground. They were not Shetland or Welch pony but miniature horses. I am six feet tall so you can see how big they were. The kids would hang around to get hand outs of chow whatever we didn't want. Also they were crazy for gum and chocolate. We didn't care for it but I guess if you haven't had any for 4 years it would be a real treat.

In the Philippines we would get the girls to wash clothes for us and they did it by kneeling by a stream, pounding the dirty clothes with a rock till they were clean. If your clothes were torn they could mend them. Their sewing machines were Singer Models but not with electric motors. These machines had hand cranks.

The shipping industry invented a prefab troop ship. The general series took 30 days from keel to float. They were built by the American company, the Kaiser Corporation. Each was built in sections and welded together for final assembly on an assembly line rather than the traditional build starting with a keel and building up. They were known as Kaiser's Floating Coffins. They tended to come apart and sink in heavy seas, as some of the seams weren't welded too secure. On the way back from Japan, the ship I was on got caught in a typhoon. We lost two men overboard. Never found the life rafts or the men. The anchor flopping on the front of the ship caved in about 40 foot of the bow. We may have lost as many from friendly ships as unfriendly fire.

The pay in the Army in 1944 was \$50 per month for a Private. That's \$1.666 per day per man. They took out \$32.50 per month for allotment to mother, wife, or next of kin. \$6.50 for Life insurance. Till September

there was \$6 for laundry and dry cleaning. \$1 for a hair cut then they paid me \$5 supplementary pay so they could show I had received some money in the 1st six months. They expected you to buy razor blades, soap, shampoo, toothpaste and all this stuff. If I hadn't made Sergeant, I would have probably still owed them money when the war was over. At that time Sergeants made \$100 per month. I used up all the war bonds I bought before I got in and had one nickel in my pocket when I got off the boat in New Caledonia. In November 1944, I still owed the Red Cross \$20 I borrowed to go to a relative's funeral before embarkation. They never let me forget I had borrowed it and were at the pay table their money each month. This is why I never give anything to the Red Cross ever.

I had my 85th birthday and 63rd wedding anniversary in January. I still have health problems, but life is good. I have my wife & all 5 boys are very good to me, 6 grandchildren, 1 great grandchild, & 2 more will make their entrance in the next two months I had a heart valve replacement, double pneumonia, twice, congestive heart failure, kidney failure. To make along story short, I went into the hospital on Jan 25th '09 got out and home June 25th '09. Oct was eye surgery on my left eye, Nov deep lens implant on my right eye. Thank the Lord I wasn't in any pain with all that stuff, but being on my back for so long wasn't any picnic. Bless you for your time and if I could travel, I would be at all the reunions.

Wedding January 1947.
Ken & Dorothy
Then and Now



Lesley Aldrich, Co I Marauder From India to China

by Anna Jauhola, Wahpeton Daily News November 16, 2009 (reprinted with permission)

GUADALCANAL 1942-1943

Daily News
On-Line From: Wahpeton, ND and Breckenridge, MN.



Lesley Aldrich spent eight years in the North Dakota National Guard. During that time, he was deployed overseas to fight in World War II, his first mission being at Guadalcanal in 1942. After training at Camp Claiborne, La., Company "I" 164th Infantry left for the Solomon Islands to help in the first offensive in the South Pacific. "They brought us there to help the Marines," Aldrich said. "We got in there just about the right time. The [Japanese] were about to take Henderson Air Base." The 164th spent three months at Guadalcanal defending the air base.

"We were the only outfit that got the Marine citation for a fighting unit," Aldrich said. After the battle was over, the 164th Infantry traveled to Fiji for rest. Each soldier was issued a new gun because the months of fighting wore out their original guns.

While in Fiji, Aldrich said the military was asking for volunteers to join Merrill's Marauders, a group that trudged up the Ledo Road from India to China to make a safe path for United States provisions. "We walked from India to China," Aldrich said. "I was 198 pounds when we left and 137 when we got out." They survived on K-rations, about 3,000 calories a day.

The Allied forces had been flying provisions from India to China over the Himalayas, but the fuel was costing so much they decided the Ledo Road needed to be taken from Japanese possession. "We were behind [Japanese] lines, all our supplies were dropped in by parachute," Aldrich said.

Merrill's Marauders took three to four months clearing the road. Three different columns went steadily from India to China. "We'd hit the [Japanese] and get the heck out of there," he said of the fighting style. The Marauders fought five major battles. Aldrich remembers being told they would only fight one and be sent home.

The last battle was to save Myitkyina Air Base in northern Burma. He said once the battle was over, combat engineers and Chinese flew in on gliders and planes and took Merrill's Marauders back to India to a hospital.

During the 3 1/2 month march, the roughly 3,000 troops walked over mountains, through the jungle, and treacherous enemy territory. While in the mountains, Aldrich remembers being able to see Mount Everest.

When he arrived at the hospital, the Red Cross asked if they could do anything for the soldiers. Aldrich requested they find his brother, Wally. He gave them his Army Post Office number and found Wally just a few miles from the hospital. By 10 p.m. the same evening, after having showered and shaved, Aldrich and his brother were reunited. "The problem was he didn't recognize me at first," Aldrich said. "When I looked in the mirror I didn't recognize myself. I had a three-month old beard and weighed 137 pounds."

Aldrich found out another soldier had taken his orders to go home. Officials caught that soldier before he got on the train and Aldrich began another long journey across India. He was in charge of four rail cars carrying U.S. supplies. There were no bridges across rivers, so at each river, they had to unload the cars, hire natives to transfer the cargo to the next train and continue the journey.

"It took a month to get across India," Aldrich said. They finally arrived in Pakistan and flew out of there on a C-47 to several islands, Egypt, Tripoli and Casablanca as part of a rest and relaxation trip before going back to the U.S. Aldrich traveled with 12 men and was in charge of the group. They voted each time they landed on how long they would stay at each place. Usually it was about a week, he said.

The flight from Casablanca to New York was the most memorable because they had to land on a small island due to a storm. When the flight resumed the next day, and they began their descent over New York, Aldrich remembers hearing French diplomats commenting in the seat ahead of him, "You see, I told you every American has two cars." When he looked out the window, Aldrich said the roads were congested with vehicles.

When he returned to the U.S., Aldrich was stationed in New Mexico where he met his wife, Stella. They were married in 1944, and the military said he was to be discharged soon, but needed his service at a prisoner of war camp in New Mexico. He was sent to help guard 1,500 SS officers, most of which could not speak English. He then spent six months as a military police officer in Texas. Finally, he was discharged in July 1945.

The couple decided to move back to Breckenridge after Aldrich was discharged and have lived here ever since.

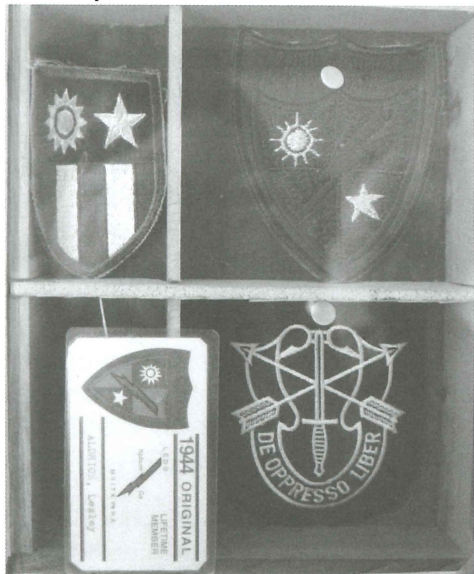


Lesley Aldrich points out fallen comrades on his copy of the Company I, Wahpeton, picture roster. Woody Keeble also served in this unit. Photo by Anna

Lesley Aldrich, Co I (continued)

“The armchair critics had a lot to say about Merrill's Marauders, but they were far from the trackless jungle where these men fought on when nothing was left but their gallantry.” From CPT Fred O Lyon's Story at <http://www.marauder.org/article1.htm>

At right, a copy of the order assigning Aldrich to Task Force 5307 (Composite). Below, his shadowbox contains a collection of patches and Marauders Association life membership card. Photo by Anna Jauhola



SO #5, HQ 5307 COMP BATT (PROV) 2 JAN 44. (Cont'd)

COMPANY "C"

OFFICERS

Capt.	MORRISON, LOUIS J.	O-365911
1st Lt.	HILLEN, HAROLD W.	O-1286642
1st Lt.	LAFORE, WILLIAM (NMI)	O-1289101
2nd Lt.	SOLUSTAIN, MATHEW (NMI)	O-1306836
2nd Lt.	MORRISON, PETER C.	O-1315086
2nd Lt.	WHELAN, JOSEPH T.	O-1513114

CHIEF SERGEANT

Stephenson, Larry W.	20846693	Gobb, Ronald C.	16011499
		Draiss, Oliver L.	38208170
		Gala, Charles M.	38997770
		Gablin, Joseph E.	6147409
		Hall, Leslie J.	35003301
		Lahay, John D.	36278092
		Lawson, James L.	33045369
		Little, Earl (NMI)	3557007
		Maddock, William H.	6148492
		Ollila, Walter H.	36701348
		Olson, Oscar E.	16004160
		Peschall, Alton B.	14035024
		Phillips, Charles E.	6973286
		Rotinas, Vernice G.	15002379
		Duple, Harry A.	6930289

STAFF SERGEANTS

Baniator, John B.	6972457		
Dinkin, Joseph (NMI)	1282071		
Pongrats, Frank J.	7024512		

SERGEANTS

Aldrich, Lesley H.	20711247		
Horton, Lester A.	14030510		
Boyd, Helen E.	17009169		
Seighan, Henry I.	6148410		
Dumblow, Clou S.	35094419		
Cook, Allen M.	34370468		
Osebrowski, Edward F.	12011259		
Weatheringill, Gerald R.	16016092		
Palix, William (NMI)	6871846		
Philkewick, Edward J.	12016451		
Howlett, John J.	6892228		
Kellum, Harvey R.	14007471		
La Hale, Paul D.	20640659		
Moehner, Ray C.	20150247		
Pasternak, Mieczyslaw (NMI)	6147587		
Potara, Rupert B.	37028418		
Reid, Ernest (NMI)	3712571		
Roemling, Harold G.	17012950		
Sergi, James (NMI)	13009507		
Witman, John (NMI)	6674030		

TECHNICIAN FOURTH GRADE

Maddy, John R.	34130716		
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CORPORALS

Barton, Howard T.	13010371		
Beckman, Arlie A.	35035103		
Brown, Lewis E.	34160396		
Brook, Louis J.	36222875		
Kinnio, Ralph B.	12003248		
McDonagla, Ralph E.	36243909		
Tyrrell, Fred W.	36313559		

TECHNICIAN FIFTH GRADE

Adams, Lerin W.	36025027		
Arbuckle, Wilbur W.	37237621		
Bass, Anthony G.	36043062		
Bess, Louis G.	39158191		
Bennfield, Clyde B.	34558876		
Binkford, Walter A.	20109956		
Biganicki, Joseph (NMI)	6139816		
Braconato, Jack E.	39401245		
Brouillard, Gerard J.	20104747		
Bryner, Thomas W.	39030664		
Gannon, Joe (NMI)	36403599		
Carey, Reneo G. Jr.	32639519		
Carter, John W. Jr.	33521097		
Casano, Vincent J.	35027242		
Oaulfield, Henry J.	6968408		

ND Marauders

Rank	Last	First	MI	Service #	Bat.	C.T.	Comp.	LastRC	164
Sgt	Aldrich	Lester	R.	20711347	1st	White	C	Breckenridge	Co I
Cpl	Anderson	Morris	S	20711607	3rd	Khaki	L	dob7Jun21*	Co L
Pfc	Codding	Jack	A	20711261	3rd	Khaki	L	1987?	Co G
Pvt	Cole	Robert	W	20711137	3rd	Khaki	L	1Dec77	Co F
Sgt	Doeling	Noble	F	20710805	3rd	Khaki	L	4Oct89	Co B
Pfc	Doucette	Edmond	L	20711141	3rd	Khaki	L	1Jan71	Co F
Pfc	Griffiths	Harold	J	20710895	3rd	Khaki	L	dob28Mar22*	Co C
Cpl	Griffiths	Lawrance	O	20710874	3rd	Khaki	L	22Apr81	Co C
S/St	Grotte	Joel	B	20710688	3rd	Khaki	L	28Oct05	Co A
Pfc	Holt	John	G	20710941	3rd	Khaki	L	3Dec08	Co C
Pfc	Jantzen	Gordon	W.	20711277	Hdq	Hdq	Det	1Jan85	Co G
T/5	Kavonius	William	G	20710659	3rd	Khaki	L	1 Mar81	Co A
Pfc	McCrea	Russell	W	20711179	3rd	Khaki	L	11Jun01	Co F
Pfc	Moen	Howard	M.	20711180	Hdq	Hdq	Det	dob6Oct18*	Co F
Pfc	Nelson	ray	R	20711528	3rd	Khaki	L	20Apr95	Co I
Sgt	Overby	Allen	H.	20711242	1st	White	B	26Sep80	Co G
Pfc	Peyton	Leo	J	20711251	3rd	Khaki	L	dob12Oct20*	Co G
Pfc	Schultz	Edgar	R	20710664	3rd	Khaki	L	9Dec84	Co A
Pfc	Walsh	Carroll	D	20710750	3rd	Khaki	L	1Jan82	Co A
Pfc	Westerhausen	James	D	20711208	3rd	Khaki	L	27Jul99	Co F

At left: A list of ND Marauders from the assignment orders that are posted on the Marauders website. A search for service numbers starting with "2071" found these original ND soldiers who volunteered for service in TF 5307. Soldiers assigned to the 164 at a later date cannot be easily tracked since there are no 164 rosters of names or service numbers to match up with the Task Force orders. If you know of any other 164th soldiers who volunteered for the Marauders, please let your editor know.

All WWII ND National Guard personnel had service numbers starting with 2071. The other 4 digits were usually assigned sequentially based on the alphabetic roster at each unit.

Text from the order: The following personnel, formerly members of this organization [TF 5307], were transferred since arrival of this organization in this theater to the units and on the dates indicated. From 1688-C to Det. of Patients 181 General Hospital

Sgt Minnehan, Bernard T. 20711411 5 December 1943 \ Co I Last Roll Call 28Oct05
 Cpl Overbeck, Harold L. 20711188 6 December 1943 \ Co F Lives in Spokane, WA
 PFC Williams, Lloyd M. 20711365 5 December 1943 \ Co I dob9Feb09*,

*No date of death records found

The Marauders Website

Merrill's Marauders Association

INDIA-BURMA 1942-1945



During World War II, an All Volunteer group of young men came together in the jungles of Burma. From different life styles and every part of the country they came to fight the enemy, each for their own reasons. During their campaigns they were apparently forgotten, frequently lost, occasionally mutinous, and almost always "Magnificent". This site is dedicated to these brave men who served their Country as **MERRILL'S MARAUDERS**

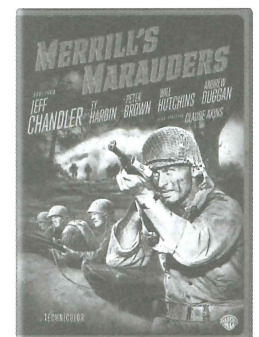
This Web-Site Is Hosted By ROBERT E PASSANISI, Merrill's Marauders Association Historian, who served with the Marauders as a member of the White Combat Team, 1st Battalion.



www.marauder.org

This fantastic website has much to offer researchers, historians, and the curious.

- Original assignment orders to the 5703rd Composite Unit (Provisional),
- Orders & alpha listings transcribed to Word (for easy searching)
- Read a copy of the Marvel Comic book about the Marauders
- View still pictures from the 1962 Movie starring Lee Chandler
- Last Roll Call • Ranger Hall of Fame • Photos
- Patch collection • Fightin' Preacher • Rations • Maps
- Tribute to Medics • Statistics about Weapons used, with sound effects!



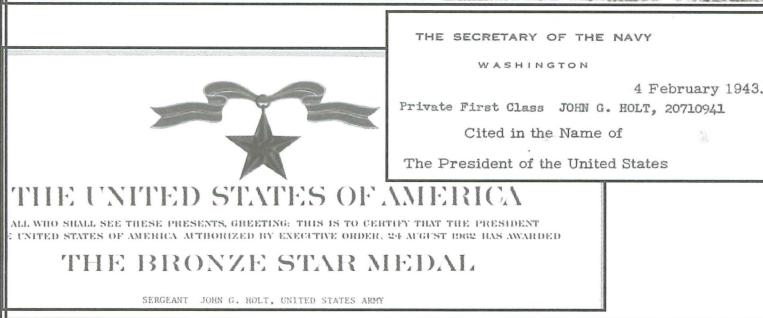
John Holt, 164 Marauder -- "Points" -- Goin' Home



Gen. Stillwell and a few of the "Marauders"

Left: **164 Marauder John Holt** is in the front row middle in this 1945 photo in Texas with General Stillwell (front row, far right).

From John's son, Army Command Sergeant Major (retired) Larry Holt: "Yup, Pa was a BAR man in the Burma Campaign. And, no, I can't say that I have any stories about him being with Merrill, at least those that could be shared with the public. A battalion-size unit behind enemy lines using every possible means to survive is exactly what you and I would expect. Ugly. He did tell me when he returned stateside, he was debriefed by some brass before taking leave. Their guidance to him was to say nothing. In particular, their concern had to do with elements of the Chinese Liberation guerilla units of Chiang Kai Shek who would occasionally try to intercept Army supply drops in the jungle. Apparently, this was an area of sensitivity between "allies". Pa said if the Chinese happened to get to a drop before they did, they'd shoot their way through to secure their ammo & rations. Politically, that was the wrong answer. As I said earlier, for six months, it was all about survival. He never shared much until his very late years."



How the "Points" System worked

In an effort to be fair to everyone, a system known as the ASR or Adjusted Service Rating was developed (known universally as the "points" system). This was set up so that men could be sorted according to how long they had been in uniform or overseas the longest. Men were awarded points as follows:

- * 1 point for every month in service since 16 Sep 1940
- * 1 point for every month overseas since 16 Sep 1940
- * 5 points for every award of the Purple Heart (for a wound)
- * 5 points for every decoration
- * 12 points for every child under 18 (maximum of three)

The magic number at the end of the war that would allow a man to be discharged was 85 points (44 for WACs). After men with 85 points or more had been discharged, the Army would slowly lower the point total needed to go home. This meant that men who had served overseas would be discharged first, and men who had been in combat would be the first of those to leave. When the war in Europe ended, men with the most points (known as "high-point men") were shifted to units where everyone had a similar point total. These high-point units were sent home and the men discharged. Men with fewer points would have to wait until the discharge point level dropped. The low-point men were shifted to low-point units and prepared for redeployment to the Pacific Theater. Those with the fewest points, and hence had probably done the least fighting, were slated to be sent home in a unit, given a furlough, a period of refresher training, and then sent off to fight Japan. Luckily for them, the war ended before they were needed. Once back in the States, a returning soldier was sent to a separation center. Assuming his point score was enough for discharge, and he wasn't one of a handful of men who had skills listed as being scarce or in high demand (such as an Asian language translator or radio intelligence control chief), he was processed out and on his way home within 48 hours. Robert A. Lynn, Florida Guard, AllExperts.com

AUXILIARY PUBLICATION OF THE WILLISTON DAILY HERALD

April 28, 1945

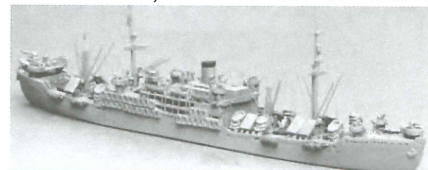


With the Americal Infantry Division in the Philippine Islands -- Hitting the homeward trail after three years' service in the Pacific are these four Williston, N. D. soldiers. From left to right they are: Pfc. Lloyd Carson, son of Mr. and Mrs. K. Carson; Pfc. Clifford Gustafson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Gustafson; Tech. Sgt. James Cecil, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cecil, and Staff Sgt. Earl Cherry, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cherry. The North Dakota infantrymen fought at Guadalcanal, Bougainville and the Philippines with the Americal division. (Photo army press relations)

A Small World—Experiences of an Old Soldier by Sgt Maj Paul Longaberger



I have another WWII story to tell you, parts of which evolved while I served as a non-commissioned officer with the 164th Infantry. On an August morning in 1942, I embarked on a bus trip to Columbus, Ohio, that would terminate in a return to Marietta, OH, in late November in 1945. I left home as the greenest of recruits, having never owned or fired a gun during my first 20 years. This changed at once, when about one week later, I found myself assigned to an Infantry Replacement Center, known as Camp Wolters, TX. At this center, I absorbed 13 weeks of what would be called on complete Army indoctrination with all the “goodies” twice removed. In Nov '42, it was on to Camp Stoneman, Calif. This trip was by the “enjoyable” advantage given to most infantry—the luxuries of a troop train. Five eventful days through the Mojave Desert lowered our expectations so that we were not surprised by our “ride” to New Caledonia. It was our “home to be”



Boschfontein model /www.steelnavy.com

for many days, in the form of a very old Dutch cattle boat reverently named the “*Bosch Fontaine*” We departed on 8 Jan 43 and landed in Noumea, **New Caledonia** on 30 Jan 43. Since we were replacements for the Americal Division—namely the 164th infantry—we had to “tread water” on New Caledonia for a little less than 3 weeks when we boarded the ship “*American Legion*” for a five day trip to Guadalcanal, Arriving on 28 Feb 43.



USS *American Legion* (APA-17) circa 1944-45

Name:	USS <i>American Legion</i> (APA-17)
Acquired:	(by the Navy) 22 August 1941
In service	26 August 1941-20 March 1946
Reclassified:	AP-35 to APA-17, 1 Feb 1943
Capacity:	Troops: 107 Off, 1,537 Enl Cargo: 120,000 cu ft, 2,500 tons
Complement:	Officers 43, Enlisted 639
Fate:	Sold for scrap, 5 February 1948

Guess what? Only 14 of us (out of 1000) were assigned to the **164th Infantry Regiment**. The other 900+ were assigned to the 182nd and 132nd Infantry Regiments. Now guess what? The 164th Infantry had sailed from Guadalcanal for the Fiji Islands for a well deserved R&R the day before. We fourteen were then attached to the 182nd for rations and quarters. We remained there a little over 3 weeks before sailing with the 182nd on 24 Mar 43. We went through New Hebrides with a short port stopover, and then arrived in Fiji on 30 Mar 43. The 164th was quartered at **Camp Samabula**, a few miles from the Capital City of Suva. After a little over 8 months—a few weeks of rest and the greater part of the balance of time being spent in tactical maneuvers, the Regiment was ready for contact with the Japanese once again. Sailing from Fiji 19 Dec 43, the 164th went ashore on **Bougainville** on Christmas Day in 1943.

The **Bougainville** Campaign lasted for a year and was “long and stressful”. The 164th then departed aboard the **Lew Wallace** (Liberty Ship, commissioned 29 Jul 42, for **Leyte** in the Philippines on 9 Jan 45, landing after some “grounding problems” on 30 Jan 45.

We moved across **Leyte** generally East to West, and then up the West coast from Ormoc, contacting the Japanese mostly attempting to retreat to the Northwest so they could try to get to the main island of Luzon. Most of them failed and they met their fate in the Philippines, where in earlier days they caused such terrible miseries for many Americans. Our time on Leyte was a little over 4 months and then we made the beachhead at Talisay, Cebu, PI, on 9 Apr 45 for the attempt to secure the island of Cebu. With many prisoners being taken, the threat from the Japanese on Cebu was drawing to a close in the latter days of July/August 1945.

The whole purpose of my writing this story is the encounter that stands out foremost for me. It happened on the **Negros Oriental, PI**. We embarked in several LCI's for a trip that would be accomplished the same day. The troops used in this encounter were 1st and 2nd Battalions of the 164th. The 3rd Bn had previously been assigned the task of securing **Bohol, PI**. After about 2 months, and a million memories, we had accomplished our mission in the Negros and returned to our bivouac area in Cebu. Things were closing in on the Japanese on Cebu, and also becoming more grave to their homeland. Plans were being laid for the 164th to sail into the Southern areas of the Islands of Japan. I personally was on board the *USS Navarro* on 2 Sep 45. I did not know for sure our real destination. It was revealed to us as we made our way north from the Philippines that we would be landing at Yokohama, Japan, as all arrangements had been made for the expected surrender to the US forces in the Tokyo Bay area. I went ashore in Yokohama on 9 Sep 45. What a long trip it had been, and my thoughts were of going home.

They quartered us in a Japanese Naval Training Center. We had things to do that we had come a long way to handle, and we set about accomplishing this while waiting for that ship home. They found one for me (Believe this? Today I do not know the name of the ship which brought me home!), and I left Japan on 15 Dec 45, arriving at Camp Stoneman, Calif, on 29 Oct 45. This meant I'd have to cross the Mojave Desert again on a troop train! Arrived in Camp Atterbury, IN, on 7 Nov 45 and was back in Ohio on 9 Nov 45.

Incidentally, I had to accept a transfer to Service Company in the 169th Infantry, 43rd Division, in order to get a quicker ride home. With all my caring to belong in the 164th Infantry, my discharge reads 169th Infantry.

My arrival back home found conditions somewhat changed after a 3 year (plus) absence. The State of Ohio had granted returning veterans compensation of \$20 weekly for a total of 52 weeks. This was meant to subsidize our well-being until a job could be found. It was known that B. F. Goodrich planned to build a plastics plant in the area, so I waited for approximately 4 months and found myself employed. I began with this company as a common laborer, working for sixty-five cents an hour, but was very glad to be back in the civilian work force. I worked my way into Company management, only to find that company politics would see my termination after 18 years.

During the first year of my return from military service, I met and married my present wife, Thelma. By doing the "math", you'll find that she and I have celebrated our 63rd wedding anniversary. We also were very blessed with 3 children, 4 grandchildren, and 5 great grand children! With my job loss at BFG, I discovered when you reach the age of 40, you dare not be choosy in your job hunting. I hired in as an automobile salesman and it turned out to be the finest of happenings. I retired in late 1979.

The 164th Infantry Regiment in World War II

I'M ON BOARD ON ONE OF THESE LCIs!



164th Infantry Regiment disembarking from LCIs at Negros Island, the Philippines.

Approximately 4 years after our marriage, the wife and I built ourselves a new home which was finished in 1950. Over the next 40 years, we made several additions and improvements to it. It is one of those improvements in 1991 that created my story of things to come. My son-in-law was doing some carpentry work on a deck. I was contributing with some minor work and "eating" some of the flying sawdust. Over the 2 to 3 days we were at this project, I began to notice some itching,

accompanied with some pain, my right face and scalp, including my right eye. The condition worsened, so I went to the emergency room where it was determined that I had a pretty severe case of shingles. Yes, they do affect other areas than the waist, back, and stomach, and I am still under treatment for this condition nearly 19 years later. My right eye is useless and I have post herpetic neuralgia on the right forehead and scalp area. Remember—early treatment could lessen the severity of shingles. I didn't heed the advice of others and it has been both miserable and costly.

For some relief, I sought treatment from a local doctor, by the name of **Jose Alba**, who had developed a digital acupuncture method. After several treatments, a little expensive, not covered by Medicare, I felt I couldn't venture further with it. During my visits, I naturally questioned the Doctor about his Filipino background and what part of the Philippines he considered his home. His reply: "Very doubtful that you would have heard of it with so many islands for you soldiers to oversee." I told him he might be surprised how diversified we were in our efforts to rid areas of his homeland of the Japanese intruders. With that, he revealed that his home was the small city of **Dumaguete in the Negros Oriental**. He could not believe that I, as a member of Hqs, 2nd Bn, 164th Infantry, made a landing almost in his front yard on 24 Apr 45. The 2nd and 1st Bans made the landing for liberation of those Filipinos being victimized in the City and other parts of Negros Island. We remained there for two months and grew to know some of the residents, particularly the young ladies who begged to do our laundry for any meager monetary compensation. I have in my possession two letters from two of these persons. They wrote to me after we had sailed for Japan a couple months after leaving Dumaguete. Their names at that time were Miss Lucrecia Consul, San Juan St, Dumaguete, Negros; and Polly Doria, 212 Isabel Samplor, Manila, Luzon. I give you these names, since I know how small our world can be, and who knows—possibly these young girls also did your laundry along the way?

Now back to Dr. Alba. I asked him what he did on the Island prior to the arrival of the US Army. "I was just a young boy and I was sent to the mountains to stay with friends and stand guard over our treasured water buffalo. We fought back hard when the Japanese tried to commandeer our water buffalo. We used these animals for many things." This story was told, hoping to re-ignite some of the many memories of those of you who were there. Let me read YOUR story!!

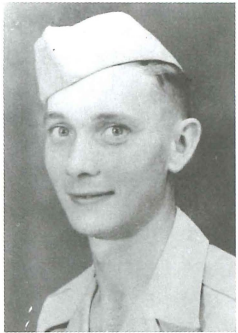
Respectfully yours, Paul H. Longaberger, Williamstown, WV Sgt Maj, 2nd Bn, 164th Inf.



Mitch Casey/The Marietta Times

Dr. Jose Alba performs acupuncture on a patient, using electronic equipment. A needle inside the instrument measures 3 millimeters long. Patients, however, can select the classical method, in which longer needles are inserted.

Remembering Bill Woods, Co A



My grandfather, William A Woods, was wounded on the 17th of April 1945. It was quite a severe wound in the back -- mortar or artillery I guess. The unit S-2 report was interesting. I'm also going to send a letter to the National Archives for a copy of the order awarding his purple heart. Maybe that will shed some light on it. The GO number was on his discharge, as was the fact that he served with Co A, 164th Infantry in Bougainville and the Philippines.

He never talked much about those days. He was a very quiet man. He did however on one occasion, when he had seen a pair of my jungle boots, tell me that the boots he had worn did not have a metal sheath in the bottom. He went on to say that his unit made a practice to move the platoon / patrol leader throughout the formation when on a movement to contact, as the Japanese would shoot anyone around the radio man first. Other than that, he didn't mention anything, nor did I ask.

My family has served, I suppose, since the Revolutionary War in some capacity. When we are needed we answer the call. That's not a story that is any different than millions of others throughout history but it is ours as well. My great grandfather served in WWI, grandfather in WWII, cousins and nephew in Vietnam, and I served in the infantry with the 3rd rangers in Somalia; 82nd airborne in Honduras & Panama; & 10th Mountain Division in Haiti before retiring in 1995. Sometimes I wished I'd signed up for submarines!

I have several pictures of the area my grandfather served in the South Pacific. We found them in his old trunk. I am very proud of his service and miss him very much. He was a good man. I know not one person who has ever spoke a cross word about him.

I'm hoping that someone may remember my grandfather, or maybe recognize the pictures or recall the events on Cebu when he was wounded.

I would like to thank the soldiers of the 164th. Each and every veteran is a hero in my eyes and they always will be. God Bless.

Wayne Ellison, New Johnsonville, TN njpd@tds.net



17 April 1945

81 mm mortars silenced an enemy mortar at (23.3-54.0). This weapon had fired nineteen rounds into the 1st and 2d Battalion areas during the night. Co F sustained one man KIA and one man WIA.

Shortly after midnight a small enemy party tried to infiltrate into the Regimental rear area supply dump. They dropped a demolition charge in the area occupied by Co A, 121st Med. Bn, which WIA three men. One enemy was WIA.

Early in the afternoon Co G advanced on Hill #5 and secured it two hours later. Co G discovered a network of trenches and caves on the hill. They also found twenty-five dead Japs killed by Artillery, Cannon, Mortar and rifle fire. A flank patrol to Hill #6 was fired upon by enemy mortars 2d Bn T-38 Gun knocked out one pillbox at (22.4-54.3) and partially destroyed another at (22.5-54.3). Following the offensive direct fire of a Co H-7 on enemy emplacements, Co B moved in on the remaining emplacements near (23.3-55.2). Co B KIA three Japs on ridge at (23.3-55.1) and occupied and searched the entire group of enemy emplacements. They found one Jap KIA, apparently by Cannon fire.

In the afternoon, supported by fire from Co's B and D, Co A occupied a burnt ridge at (22.9-55.3). Co's A and B took positions in their defense and Co G secured positions at (22.9-55.2) and (23.0-55.2).

Anti-tank Co set up a 37mm gun position at (22.9-55.1) and accounted for four pillboxes. They also got a hit on a cave, sealing it at the mouth.

30. Military Occupational Specialty and No. Rifleman 745		31. Military Qualification and Date (i.e. Infantry, Aviation and Marksmanship Badges, etc.) Combat Infantryman	
32. Battles and Campaigns Northern Solomons GO 33 WD 45 Southern Philippines GO 67 WD 45			
33. Decorations and Citations Philippine Liberation Ribbon and One Bronze Star GO 23 Hq USAFFE 4 AP Service Ribbon and Two Bronze Service Stars Good Conduct Medal Purple Heart GO 2			
34. Wounds Received in Action Hq 58th Evac Hosp 45 --AP Theater 17 Apr 45			
35. Latest Immunization Dates		36. Service Outside Continental U.S. and Return	
Smallpox 27 Dec 44	Typhoid 24 Oct 44	Tetanus 23 May 43	Other (Specify) Typ 15 Nov 44
Date of Departure 28 May 43		Destination AP	
Date of Arrival 21 Jun 43		4 Oct 45	
37. Total Length of Service		38. Highest	

The Best Jeep in Town: A 1943 Ford

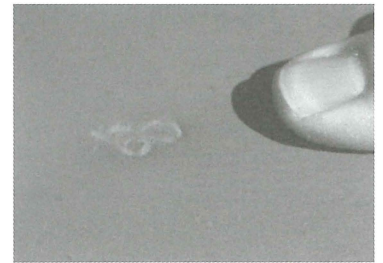
By Jeff Bloom



Zach is in the driver's seat of the Jeep that Jeff displayed during the 2009 Reunion in Valley City,

In fact, in many cases the Ford GPW part is actually marked with a Ford "F" of either block-style or script-style. These "F" marks can be found on almost every part of a Ford GPW right down to the bolt heads. The picture at right shows the fancy Ford "F" stamp that's on the right front fender.

The WWII jeep came from the factory with a substantial list of accessory items such as tools, jack, spare parts kit, hand crank, tire pump, etc. In addition to the factory supplied accessories many vehicular accessories were also added by the military before putting the jeep into service such as axe, shovel, and collapsible water pail. The jeep became such a workhorse that they were often loaded with ammo crates, weapons, tents, stretchers, rope or whatever could be hauled that was worth moving with the troops.



Above: this Jeep is packed for action: shovel, jerry can, canvas bucket, barbed wire (just in case), canvas top, netting, ropes, ammo cans and boxes, box of grenades, field table, map & accessory case, Red Cross Christmas package, field table, & a licence plate that says what he is!



On February 13, 1943, the Texas Ford Plant in Dallas rolled out their first jeep. This particular Jeep, GPW 98984 (hood #2026706) was produced at the Dallas plant and has a delivery date of (Monday) February 22, 1943. The Dallas plant produced a total of 95,346 jeeps and 6,286 military trucks. The jeeps' official life expectancy in combat was only 3 months. This jeep was owned by a rancher for many years in Texas until I acquired it in 2006. It is an ongoing project of restoration and I enjoy driving it in parades and taking it to public displays for veterans. My step son Zach is always excited to come along and help because he gets to ride shotgun most of the time.

WWII Army Jeep Hood Registration Numbers

WWII Military jeeps had Registration Numbers (also commonly called hood numbers) assigned to them. These numbers took the place of, and performed the same function as, license plates do on civilian vehicles. Hood Registration Numbers were assigned by the U.S. military accounting/procurement dept. The military got an authorization to purchase a specific number of jeeps, say 40,000 jeeps for example, so in the contract the military assigned a block of 40,000 numbers to the vehicles produced under that contract. Willys or Ford was then given the contract, and the jeeps were stenciled with a hood number as they rolled out the door at the end of the assembly line at the factory. So it was all specified in the contract that they would have an assigned block of numbers, but there isn't a perfect correlation between the hood number & the serial number because the numbers did not go hand-in-hand. The only thing for sure is that all Army Jeep hood numbers start with a "20" followed by 6 digits. The "20" indicates it's weight/model classification as a quarter-ton jeep (G-503 1/4ton Reconnaissance Vehicle). The USN (and USMC through the US Navy Dept.) purchased jeeps under their own US Navy contracts. These US Navy contracts did not follow the same "20" + 6 digit (8 digits total) hood numbering system that the US Army used on their Jeeps.

For more info on Jeeps and Lots of other great military stuff, visit Brian's Military Jeeps at <http://www.ijeepparts.com/index.html#M1A1> (Text used with permission)



In March 1943, Bill Dailey, at the age of 18, answered the call of our county's local draft board along with 41 other Clay County [NC] youth. Debbie Joe Ferguson, in her book, "Walk Through Hell," vividly describes events our foot soldiers experienced during WWII. Bill marched through hell while serving in the Pacific Campaign during WWII and survived to relate his experiences.

Bill began his march by first being inducted at Camp Croft, SC, and was sent for basic training to Ft Leonard Wood, MO. There he completed his four weeks basic training and was given additional six month training in heavy weaponry. He was then deployed to the Solomon Islands where he joined the American division fighting in the Pacific Campaign under the command of General Patch. He was assigned to the 164th Infantry Regiment. At Bougainville Island he helped defend a strategic air field. While serving at this duty station, Bill ran into Max Anderson, a radio man, and Clay Rogers, both were serving in other units.

His company landed and fought on three different islands in the Philippines: Leyte, Negros, and Cebu. It was at **Bougainville** where Bill proved himself as a heroic foot soldier. His company routed out Japanese soldiers from all these islands either capturing or eliminating them. It was during these battles that Bill distinguished himself by being awarded 17 war and campaign medals. Among these were the Bronze Star with 1st Oak Leaf and V Device, Purple Heart, Asiatic Pacific Campaign with two Bronze Btl Stars, Victory Medal, Army of Occupation w/Japan Clasp, Good Conduct, and the Combat Infantry Badge. While being interviewed Bill had a smirk on his face when asked about his Good Conduct Medal. He replied, "I didn't get caught." When asked about his Marksmanship badge he said, "I had good practice shooting squirrels and deer."

Bill's heroic bravery is best described in the book, "Under the Southern Cross," while in battle on **Negros Island**. "In a local attack in the objective area June 12, a 164 Infantry platoon ran into such heavy enemy fire that it was forced to withdraw after suffering half-dozen casualties. One of those hurt was Pfc. William H. Dailey, of Shooting Creek, N.C., who was first wounded by an enemy hand grenade and then blown over a 12-foot cliff by the impact of the explosion. After he had rolled an additional 20 yards down the steep bank and despite the painful wounds in his neck and left arm,

164th INFANTRY
DATE: 12 June 45
PAGE: 1
S - 2 JOURNAL
MAPS: El Siple River 1:250,000
G.P. LOCATION: Durrugoto, Oriental Negroes

File No	Time In	Remarks	Road By	Dp By	DI
1	0700	Red: All units negative for the night. White: All units negative for the night.			
2	0930	PA Liaison Officer: Zamboanga 10 June. Venenin Guro and Podo Potoic, the later living at barrio Tibangoes 15.9-11.35 say that on the Setio of Danao near Tibangoes 3 Japs w/grenades and 1 rifles appeared in Setio looking for rooterops. This happened June 9,45. The Japs gave under shirts and pants in exchange for rooterops.			
3	1145	Natives report seeing 5 Japs with packs and armed with grenades about 3 Km north of Dakesbalep 0700 today. They were moving toward Lonongan Sugongon????			
4	1330	Red: Co A now engaged in fire fight via 14.00-12.18 with unestimated number of enemy riflemen also receiving hand grenades and auto weapons.			

Dailey, an action squad leader, rejoined his unit, supervised the evacuation of casualties and saw to it that his squad was safely withdrawn." He was awarded the Purple Heart and Bronze Star with "V" device for his heroic action.

Bill recalled other incidents. On patrol, his squad encountered fierce enemy fire and had to retreat. Firing his automatic weapon, he pinned down the enemy. While exercising this maneuver Bill witnessed two of his comrades killed by a hand grenade tossed by one of the Japanese. In making his own retreat, Bill, unconsciously grasped the red-hot barrel of his gun. He recalled the excruciating pain.

Another incident he recalled was during the landing on the beach of **Bougainville** (Solomon Islands) doing a mop-up operation.



2nd Plt, Co A, on Hill 608, Bougainville

Bill Dailey, Co A (continued)

The Japanese had suffered many casualties from air strikes on the island and had buried their dead in open areas of the jungle. His unit exiting from the landing crafts was ordered to reassemble on the beach and march into the jungle. Reaching an open area about three miles from the beach the unit prepared to camp and began digging foxholes. Some of the foxholes had to be relocated as they were being dug on top of buried Japanese soldiers. He recalled that throughout that first night on **Leyte**, the Japanese bombarded the beach with aircraft strafing, bombs, and mortar shelling. The next morning he saw foxholes blown apart and dead soldiers lay everywhere. At **Leyte**, Dailey's squad of 12 members set up an ambush along a path the Japanese used when visiting a spring. When the Japanese soldiers converged on the spring they were eliminated. Bill recalls letting one get within six to eight feet before he took evasive action. Also on **Negros** Bill participated in a mop-up operation when Japanese soldiers fled to the hillside. He said, "We went after them."

On **Cebu** beaches in 1945, Bill's unit did amphibious training for in preparation for invasion of the Japanese Mainland. The task force was on its way to the mainland and was six days out when the war ended. The task force landed in September 1945 in Yokohama, Japan. Bill spent time in Yokohama before being shipped back to the states.



Co A Tents on Leyte

Following the war Bill took advantage of the GI Bill in a Farm Training Program. Soon after completing this course, he began doing part-time plumbing for his neighbors and others which turned into a full-time vocation lasting for some 40-plus years. He plumbed many of the homes in Clay County including mine. Bill and his wife Willamae, now deceased, are the proud parents of three children, and have seven grandchildren and three great-great grandchildren.

Bill still maintains contact with four of his war buddies living in Ohio, Kentucky, Alabama, and Louisiana. He lamented that he is fast losing his buddies as he started out keeping contact with 12. He says to his knowledge there are three WWII veterans living in the Shooting Creek area. Bill is an active member of the VFW, Legion, and AMVETs.

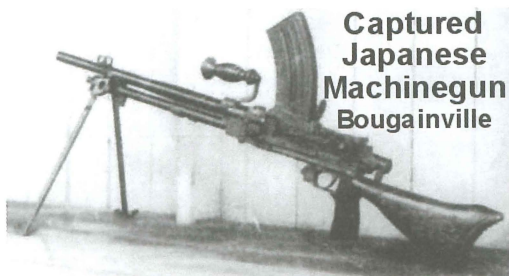
Bill said, "I am proud of all my medals and awards and I am happy that I served my country."

Max Anderson Co A radioman



The above story first appeared in the December 2009 edition of the George Lee Post 532 American Legion News-letter. Photos from the Bill Dailey & Clint Meschke collections.

Captured Japanese Machinegun Bougainville

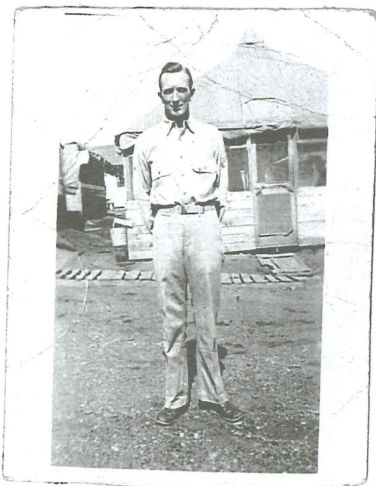


LEFT TO RIGHT; FRANCIS BRYON, GENE BRINKMAN, WALTER HICKEY, PAUL DICKERSON, AL BROWN AND WILLIAM DAILEY, 164TH INFANTRY, COMPANY A. SECOND PLATOON. Picture taken in Lexington, Kentucky at a Reunion in 1999

A snapshot in Time: Wm A. Hall

By Lois Hall, Sandpoint ID, wife of Wm A. "Doc" Hall

GUADALCANAL 1942-1943



*Wm A Hall
Camp Claiborne
1941*

This is a "snap shot in time" about the Company F men while they were stationed in Trout Creek, Montana, during December 1942 through February 1943. After this assignment, the Company was shipped back to California and then to the South Pacific. While they were in Trout Creek, the men were assigned to guard the rail road bridges, trestles, and tunnels from Sandpoint, Idaho, to Thompson Falls, Montana. There were about 60 soldiers in "F" Company. The headquarters for the Company was the "community hall" in Sandpoint, and railroad cars served as their barracks.

The first impression of the soldiers of Trout Creek was "we are really out in the boonies". Some found the bar and dance hall as a way to while away the off duty hours. A local 15 year old accordion player and locals on guitar & piano, were joined by Harry Grossman, also an accordion player in a band that provided a great break for the off duty time and the soldiers danced away the hours. Others chose to enjoy the hospitality of the friendly people of the local area. The community of Trout Creek opened their homes and hosted soldiers for home cooked meals.

Veteran memories

From here to 'Hell'

By Daily Bee staff

William A. Hall of Sandpoint served in World War II. He enlisted in North Dakota National Guard Medical Detachment in Bottineau N.D. February, 1941 at age 20 (his father had to sign for him to enlist.) He was discharged in Fort Lewis, Wisc. on Aug. 20, 1945. He served in the South Pacific Theater (war zone area) for more than three years taking part in Guadalcanal, Bouganville and Philippines and New Caledonia action.

Before going overseas, his outfit, the 164th Infantry, Company 7, 2nd Battalion was stationed at Sandpoint to guard the railroad bridges. There were outposts from Sandpoint. His headquarters were at Trout Creek, Mont. in January of 1942.

Hall said that the Guadalcanal was "120 days of 'hell'."

Hall and his outfit were on patrol one time, and got to far for supplies to get to them safely. So they had no food for five days. On the return trip the smell of food made them so hungry that they ran over each other.

From Guadalcanal, he was sent to Fiji for 90 days of rest and relaxation. He had a bad case of the malaria fever. This was one of the five times that he had it.

They couldn't wear medical arm bands, because the enemy would always try to shoot the medical personnel.

From Sandpoint Daily News (Idaho)

He and his two brothers were on the same island at the same time. With each casualty he attended to, was the fear of one of them could be his brother. He didn't stop fearing until the day one of his brothers was wounded and was shipped off the island, and the other was transferred to another post.

He has received the Bronze Star Medal for heroic achievement, Asiatic Pacific Service Medal, the American Defense Service Medal, the Good Conduct Medal, and the Phillipine Liberation Medal with one Bronze star.

He recieved the Bronze Star for the Guadalcanal incident November 10, 1942, when he administered first aid on two seriously wounded comrades, while under heavy enemy rifle, machine gun and mortar fire. He assisted in moving them to safety, and to get more medical help. He gave aid to one of the fellows with a serious wound to the back of the head. The soldier asked, "Will I make it, Doc?" Bill said, " Yes, you are going to make it," while thinking all the while that he wasn't. And what a surprise to see the man drive into our drive 37 years later. He had a metal plate in place of where the wound had been.

All of these buddies are very special to him. There is a close friendship that is hard to explain to anyone.

700-1989

Some of the men in "F" Company were

Alvin Paulson from Carrington, ND, who was a Lieutenant at the time.

William A. Hall was nicknamed "Doc" because he was a medic for the Company.

Harry Grossman from Anamoose, ND

Allen Tilelapaugh was the Company Cook; everyone called him "Tippy". His last known address was Seattle, WA.

Tudar Rouche, Fargo, ND, the jeep driver.

Bob Simmons

Harry Overbeck, last known to be in Spokane

Duane "Ole" Appeldinger of Carrington, ND

Howard Mike Brown

Lyle Mollet, Bottineau, ND

Jack Cina, Viroqua, WI

Duane Abledinger, Kensel, ND

George "Stretch" Elliot, Minneapolis, MN

John Paulson, Carrington, ND

William Lawler, Miles City, MT

Orville Laber, Salinas, CA

Cliff Martin, Washburn, ND

Roy R. Summers, Devils Lake, ND

William A. Hall was born and raised in Bottineau, ND. In 1941, he joined North Dakota Army National Guard unit in his home town -- the Medical Detachment, 164th Infantry Regiment. After training at Camp Claiborne, his unit was assigned to Guard Bridges and railheads in Idaho and Montana, during which he met his future bride, Lois. He and Lois were married 6 January 1945 in Bottineau. They lived in Trout Creek, MT; Tonasket, WA; and Spokane, WA, before moving to Idaho where they owned a dairy farm until retirement in 1986.

William A. Hall, Co F (continued)

Bill served in Guadalcanal, Bougainville, and the Philippines, and was discharged from the Army in Fort Lewis, WA, on 20 August 1945. He and Lois were married January 6, 1945.

"Doc" Hall died of age related caused 27 May 1996 at his home in Sandpoint, ID. Lois is an Associate Life Member of the 164th Infantry Association. Two sons, Kenneth and Warren, reside in Idaho. Lois has signed up grand-children, Tony and Kelly Hall, as Associate Members so they can learn about the rich history of their grandfather's WWII unit.



SGT. HALL GETS BRONZE STAR

With the Americal Division Somewhere in the Southwest Pacific:—The bronze star has been awarded to Sgt. William A. Hall, son of Arthur J. Hall of Bottineau. Sgt. Hall has been serving in the Southwest Pacific for thirty one months. Before induction he was engaged in farming near Bottineau.



Sgt. Hall is a member of a medical detachment in the Americal Division. It was while serving at Guadalcanal that he won this award, and in addition to that, he was included in the Presidential Unit Citation awarded the First Marine Division, reinforced. The following is a brief account of how he won the bronze star.

"For heroic achievement in connection with military operations against the enemy at Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands. Demonstrating outstanding courage and resourcefulness, Sgt. Hall (then Pfc.), while under enemy rifle, machine gun, and mortar fire, administered first aid to two seriously wounded comrades and assisted in moving them to safety.

"He is credited with saving these two men's lives. Had it not been for his quick thinking, they would have died. It is just another example of what our medical men are doing in aiding the war effort. In addition to being exposed to enemy fire, he has lived with the infantrymen at the front lines continuously."

Sgt. Hall himself says: "My experiences aren't any different than the next man's. I was scared plenty. When ever I went on a combat patrol, all I could think of was getting back safely. Being glad at gives you a funny feeling and not only that but you a lot. Life seems much than ever before."

HEADQUARTERS
AMERICAL DIVISION
APO 716

GENERAL ORDERS }
NO. 115 } 20 July 1944

* * * * *

BRONZE STAR MEDAL - Awards.....II

* * * * *

II - BRONZE STAR MEDAL.—By direction of the President, under the provisions of Executive Order No. 9419, 4 February 1944 (section II, Bulletin No. 3, WD, 1944), a Bronze Star Medal is awarded by the Commanding General, Americal Division, to the following-named officers and enlisted men:

* * * * *

Technician Fourth Grade WILLIAM A. HALL, 20711727, Medical Department, United States Army. For heroic achievement in connection with military operations against the enemy at Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands, on 10 November 1942. Demonstrating outstanding courage and resourcefulness, Technician HALL (then Private First Class), while under heavy enemy rifle, machine gun, and mortar fire, administered first aid to two seriously wounded comrades and assisted in moving them to safety. Home address: Mr. Arthur J. Hall (father), Bottineau, North Dakota.



Center-Tudor Rouch



Lt Alvin Paulson
& wife & daughter

What Would You have Done? Would you have spoken up?

NORTHERN SOLOMONS 1943-1944



By Richard Stevens, Colonel, U.S. Army Retired -- Then Corporal, Company M, 164th Infantry

The Japanese 2nd (Sendai) Infantry Division, the major attacking force in the October 1942 Battle For Henderson Field, was one of the oldest divisions in the Imperial Japanese Army. It was formed in Sendai, Miyagi Prefecture, Northern Honshu in 1871 as the Sendai Garrison. During the 1930's, it saw combat in both the first Sino-Japanese and the Russo-Japanese Wars in Manchuria. In the latter war it gained a reputation for excellence in 1939 night operations.

Early in World War II the 2nd Division participated in the capture of the Dutch East Indies (now Indonesia). With that victory under their belts they were transported to Guadalcanal in small groups, in various sized vessels, during September and early October 1942, to augment Japanese forces already active on the island. Some of the "booty" which 164th members accumulated from individual enemy's effects following the Battle For Henderson Field included quantities of colorful Japanese occupation currency for the Dutch East Indies. It was so convenient to include in our letters headed back home later on.

All three of the Infantry regiments of the 2nd Division were involved in the October 1942 Battle For Henderson Field. It's 16th and 29th Regiments attacked in the sector defended by 1/7 Marines, 2/164, and 3/164. All three Japanese regiments suffered significant casualties in the what for them was an almost unbelievably arduous experience.

These three regiments landed on Guadalcanal with a total of about 7,000 men. By 20 November there were only 3,200 remaining of whom about 1900 were considered to be capable of duty. Combat, sickness, injuries and starvation had taken a heavy toll.

At the end of the Guadalcanal campaign, in early February 1943, the Japanese were able to skillfully evacuate about 10,500 survivors from all its units at night, by sea, "under our very noses." As Admiral Nimitz reported, "Until the last minute it appeared the Japanese were attempting a major reinforcement effort." Instead, all except a very few were spirited away. This included the remaining members of the Sendai Division. That's the background of this story, with emphasis on the 164th's encounter with the Sendai Division in October 1942.

This is where I come into the story. In the 1952-53 of a long Army career (35 years) I served in Korea with the 25th Division. Wouldn't it be nice, thought I, when eligible to apply for an inter-theater transfer to Japan? The wife could come over, an Army family experience. but imagine my surprise to learn, when my transfer orders did come through, that I was being assigned to Headquarters, 24th Division in - - Sendai. What if while there, a couple of years, at least, I were to encounter one or more Guadalcanal veterans of the Japanese 2nd Division?

In my first days in the BOQ in Sendai (my wife could come in four months, the waiting period for family quarters), I found a fellow Captain transferee from Korea to be an old friend, just assigned as the Post Provost Marshal. The local and regional Japanese civilian police were honoring him soon with a welcoming dinner. He could bring a guest, would I care to join him? I would.

The dinner was held in what was probably a gymnasium, with a raised stage on one end. Across the front of the stage was a long dais, a single line of the VIPs. The main floor was completely full of long rows of picnic-style tables - - occupied by Japanese policemen seated ramrod straight, all in matching black duty uniforms, not an empty seat in the house. There must have been hundreds of them. My friend and I, also in uniform, were seated in the middle of the dais on either side of he who commanded this entourage. His English was modest, but an able Japanese police interpreter sat just behind us.

This was May 1953. It was only just a bit more than ten years since the fighting on Guadalcanal. Many of those seated before me in the hall had obviously served in the World War II in some capacity, including their leader who sat beside me. In the 2nd Sendai Division? On Guadalcanal? In the Battle For Henderson Field? I had but to ask. The interpreter would be able to accurately convey my questions.

I agonized over the matter in my mind, began to have some serious doubts. Would I be seen as an Ugly American, giving offense, pouring salt into still unhealed wounds? I pictured once again the scene before us on the mornings-after of the Battle For Henderson Field - - hundreds upon hundreds of Japanese fatalities. And I wasn't the Guest of Honor here. My friend was - - he would be spending an unknown period ahead working closely with our hosts. So I decided to wait, say nothing now. After all I would be in Sendai for a while.

Excepting that within the following month the entire 24th Infantry Division was ordered to prepare to move back to Korea earliest. An Armistice was soon to be signed between the opposing sides in Korea. One of the provisions would be that no non-Korean nation could increase the size of its within-Korea forces after the signing. It was a concerted, round-the-clock endeavor. But the bulk of the 24th Infantry Division was returned to Korea ahead of the Armistice. During the remainder of a long Army career I was never again to be assigned to Japan.

Had you been "in my shoes" that long ago evening in Sendai, what would you have done? Would you have spoken up?

Fred Flo, 91, is longtime veteran of military, marriage

By DEBBIE L. SKLAR



San Clemente resident Frederick Flo, 91, has had quite a military history. And quite a personal history -- he has been married to the same lady for more than six decades. Here's a closer look:

Q. What's your title?

A. Frederick T. Flo, brigadier general, retired, California Army National Guard.

Q. What are you retired from jobwise?

A. After the last years of my active-duty service, I worked for Sperry Remington as regional manager for the 15 Western states, including Alaska and Hawaii, and retired from Sperry as well. Altogether, I completed 40 years of military service.

Q. What were your career dreams as a kid?

A. I always dreamed of being somebody -- an architect, builder, military leader -- through, I believe, reading many, many books about all those subjects.

Q. Why did you join the service?

A. This was my real desire starting in college at UCLA, where I really found myself during ROTC training and where I met and knew the fabled Joe E. Brown, whose son, Don, was our then cadet colonel and where I was commissioned as a second

lieutenant in the Army in May 1939. Incidentally, I saw Joe E. again on Guadalcanal in December 1942.

GUADALCANAL 1942-1943

Q. Tell us what it was like to serve.

A. Service to your country is very heartwarming and gratifying, especially when you are with a group who has the same desires and interests in wartime and combat situations, such as it was in the Guadalcanal campaign. This was where our Army regiment was a part of the 1st Marine Division. During those terrible months, I was awarded the Silver Star, the Bronze Star, the Valorous Unit Award and several others, and some of my friends were awarded the Medal of Honor.

Q. What are some of the places you were stationed? Do you have a favorite?

A. I have been stationed in San Diego, Fort Ord, Calif., twice, Guadalcanal, Fort Benning, Ga., Camp Roberts, Calif., Camp Adair, Ore., Fort Leavenworth, Kan., Japan and Korea. My favorite place is Fort Benning, where my son was born.

Q. You have been married 68 years -- what is the secret?

A. My wife and I were married on June 18, 1941, four days after she graduated from UCLA, and she is still with me. Better said, we are still together. The secret is manifold, but love, listening, working together is our answer.

Q. How did you meet her?

A. At UCLA, I was the house manager of my fraternity and one day I saw her playing ping pong with one of my fraternity brothers. That night, I told my roommate I was going to marry that gal, whom I did, and he was one of the ushers at the wedding two years later.

Q. What was the best part of serving our country?

A. Teaching and leading my men in whatever category and situation we were in was the most gratifying part of my service to our country.

Q. How about the most challenging?

A. When faced with a combat situation, it was a real challenge to prepare and carry out the mission that you must perform as the leader of your troops.

Q. Do you have a motto or life philosophy?

A. The same as the one for the regiment to which I belonged in 1942-43: "Je suis pret" -- I am ready. I am now and always have been a doer in whatever way I can to help anybody and everybody.

Q. What are you thankful for?

A. Being here and remembering everything about all of these years and still being able to express it. Makes our day, every day.

Heroes/mentors: Gen. George Patton; Gen Robert O. Shoe, a fraternity brother at UCLA in 1938

Would like to meet: Gen Douglas MacArthur and listen again as he spoke at West Point in his farewell speech

Family: wife, Lucile; two children, Eric and Betty; two grandchildren, Eric and Kristin; two great-grandchildren, twin boys Michael and Sean

Favorite quote: "Always do everything you ask of those you command." -- Gen. George Patton

Hobbies/spare time: golf, writing, reading, games, computer

Education: degree in business administration from UCLA in 1939; attended Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., in 1950

Retired Brig. Gen. Frederick Flo of San Clemente saw 40 years of military service, and he and his wife, Lucile, have been married 68 years.

Sharing a soldier's story

Wednesday, November 25, 2009 By JENNIFER ABEL Staff writer



An archive of historical documents that spent the last 50 years in a New Britain attic will soon make its way to the documents collection of the University of North Dakota.

The documents are mostly letters that city native Emil Irving Blomstrann wrote to his family while he fought in World War II's Pacific theater. The letters — along with postcards, newspaper clippings and other ephemera — fill two boot-sized shoe boxes. Blomstrann passed away this Veteran's Day at the age of 93 and his widow, Lois, has been reading the letters and reminiscing about days gone by.

"We married in 1969," she said. "We met at the New Britain art museum. I had been working there for 25 years, and he was the photographer ... I had been divorced. Irving had never been married. He was 53 at the time." Lois was 45. "We were married for 40 years. He was very artistic, not just with his artwork but his photography."

But why is the work of a man who — except for the war — spent his whole life based in New Britain being sent to a university in North Dakota?

"He was drafted from New Britain, and when he got to the south Pacific they had just fought the battle of Guadalcanal, which was a big one, and he fought with men from North Dakota. The 164th infantry. All the [soldiers'] reunions we've been to have been in North Dakota." Next to her refrigerator is a corkboard covered with photos — many of children and grandchildren — and she pointed to one picture of three smiling white-haired men. "This was the last reunion we went to. There were only three men from his company there."

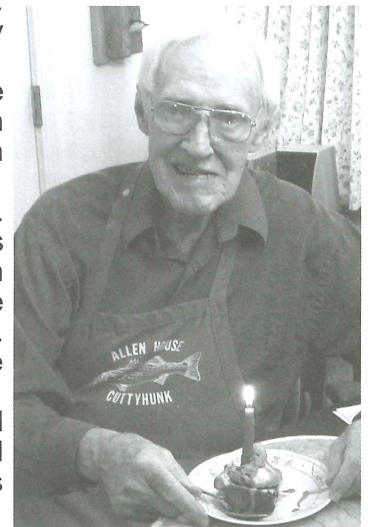
Another photo shows Blomstrann wearing a black tie covered with cartoony images of ghosts and pumpkins. "Irving's birthday was Halloween. This was his Halloween tie. When the undertaker came by and asked for a picture for the paper, this was the one ... I took it with a digital camera. Irving worked with color photography when it first came into being. It was new and different. He couldn't process the photos himself; he had to go to New York to have them developed. It's much simpler to do it with a digital camera!" She laughed at the difference.

The home where Lois Blomstrann lives is neat and organized except for her kitchen, whose countertops on the day we visited were covered with piles and boxes of letters and several art books for which her husband did the photography. Chief among them was a two-volume boxed set titled "American Silver in the Yale University Art Gallery." "He specialized in photographing silver. It's very difficult to do it properly." But silver wasn't all he photographed; another art book was titled "Samuel Colt Presents — Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford." Blomstrann spent 30 years as the Atheneum's staff photographer. "When he did the Colt collection in Hartford, he went all over the country photographing firearms. Texas, Wyoming, all over."

Photography was not his only artistic talent. Among the letters were Christmas cards whose pictures [he] had drawn himself, and what looked like a decorative wine-bottle cork in the shape of a 1940s pin-up girl.

"This is a piece of wood from a broken cot in his supply tent. Irving started to carve it, and when the guys asked 'Who is that?' he said 'It's just the head of a girl.'" One of the guys, a fan of actress Gloria DeHaven, wrote her a letter, and she responded with an autographed photo and other memorabilia. So Blomstrann carved the wood piece specifically to look like her. [He also sculpted a bust of Gloria — photo at left]

"Every time Gloria DeHaven's birthday came around we had to have a cake. He couldn't remember when my birthday was!" Lois laughed, and pointed to a photo of Blomstrann before a cupcake with a single candle. "This is Irving a few years ago with his Gloria DeHaven birthday cake."





There were news clippings scattered amongst the letters; while stationed in the south Pacific, Blomstrann wrote letters and articles for his hometown paper. Lois read one headline out loud: “New Britain man combat writer.’ This was in the Herald.” The dateline reads “Southwest Pacific,” and someone used a pencil to write “1944” in one corner. Another Herald clipping, reprinted on this page, showed a letter Blomstrann wrote to his minister describing the troops’

Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Her attention turned away from the clippings and back to the letters. “I just opened those this morning,” she said, motioning toward a box stuffed full of letters with early 1940s postmarks — and envelopes rubber-stamped with the purple letters “Passed by Army Examiner.”

“I’ve never read some of these letters,” Lois said. None were addressed to her, of course — it would be another generation before the two met. Most were to Irving’s mother or sister.

“I thought this one was interesting. He wrote it when he was coming home.” The letter is written in pencil and dated Nov. 20, 1945, three months after V-J Day. Lois started reading.

“He said, ‘Dear Mother, Yes, to quote the words of Doug’ --he meant General Douglas MacArthur-- ‘I have returned.’” The letter described how happy he was to leave Japan and be in the US again.

“He signed it, ‘With heart-pounding love, Irving.’ That’s what brought the tears to my eyes: ‘With heart-pounding love.’” She put the letter down and let her fingers roam idly over others in the box.

When does she plan to send the archive to North Dakota? She sighed. “Well, as soon as I can get myself together. Irving had a stroke in April, and was at [a nursing home] for three months, then I brought him home. People said I was crazy to do that, but I said, ‘I want him home.’”

When they were still dating, and Lois worked for the Museum of American Art, she chartered a bus for a museum field trip. “We both fell asleep in the back of the bus, and his mother said, ‘Now that you’ve slept together, you ought to get married.’”

They met and courted in a museum setting, and spent their entire married life in the art community. Even after Lois retired from the art museum, she remains active in the local art scene to this day; when she left the Museum of American Art she was instrumental in founding the New Britain Industrial Museum — where she now volunteers as a guide — and is an active member of the city art league. But these interests have been temporarily placed on the back burner while she winds up her husband’s affairs.

In reading those letters Irving wrote a quarter-century before he became her husband, did she discover anything new about him? She paused before answering. “No, I don’t think so. In 40 years I got to know him pretty well ... he was very patient, very kind, very intelligent, very caring ... his letters just prove what he was the rest of his life.”

BLOMSTRANN’S LETTER TO THE MINISTER:

Dear Pastor Fredeen:

Thanksgiving Day has come and gone. It was a holiday for us here as well as for the people back in the states. We were served an excellent turkey dinner with all the fixings and the day was appreciated. In the morning I attended a general Thanksgiving Day service held for all faiths. Though it can hardly be said that a soldier ever ceases to think of home I believe this time of year, between Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, his thoughts are even more centered on home.

Down below the equator these holidays come with approaching summer rather than with snow and ice. And now I learn, by experience, that some of the people of the world know of Christmas in no other manner. Think of all the articles, all the stories, all the legends you know built around the Christmas story and its subsequent attachments through the years.

How few of them suggest anything but what we consider the traditional manner! The “White Christmas.” I think that when Christmas comes the American boys for the most part will be thinking of that day as they knew it at home. They’ll be thinking of home and longing for home, and many will be praying for their loved ones and their friends at home. Praying for strength and courage on the home front. Praying that that home front will be a healthy, happy place to return to in days not too far distant. What hopes are kept, what plans are made! Those days shall not be able to contain the fulfillment of all these, but they must be freely receptive to them if the present day of trial is to be worthwhile.

Regardless of what the world offers today, or tomorrow, we who bank on the Lord, who put our hope and our trust in Him, who keep our faith, do not do so in vain.

But if we, professing to be Christians, fail to do our utmost to provide for the well being and the happiness of our fellow men, we fail also as brothers of Christ who gave His all for us. I can’t let my thoughts, with this approaching Christmas, be purely selfish longings for home and desires to be far from the present strife. But I do pray that whatever comes of the holocaust, that it be in line with the Lord’s will. And so I wish you a Merry Christmas and a promise filled, and promise fulfilled, New Year.

I don’t recall when I wrote you last but I have been receiving the Bethany and am thankful for it. God bless you all—

Sincerely,—Irving

DUES, NEWS, VIEWS, & MISC.

Every wondered how the P-38 can opener got its name? A 1-1/2" stamped metal opener originally developed to open C-Ration cans, the "P" in P-38 stands for "puncture," and "38" is the number of times it took with the opener to go around the "John Wayne" candy bar can. The hole in the top of the opener was used to loop string or shoelaces through and dip the opener into boiling water to clean it after use.

According to the Solomon Star News 22Dec09, three people were killed and two others injured in a bomb blast as they were trying to extract powder from unexploded World War II bombs. They boiled the unexploded bombs to extract the powder to sell to fishermen in Honiara, Guadalcanal. Dynamite fishing is quick but risky and illegal. Fish killed through that method of fishing are normally poisonous for humans.



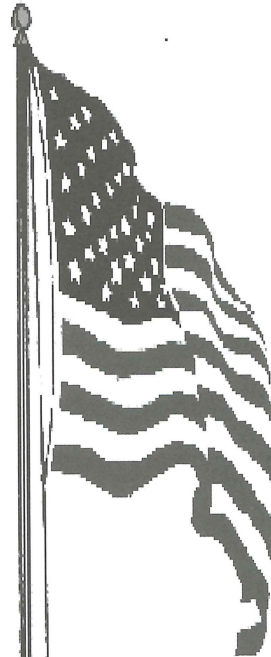
From the National Archives. Caption reads: "Shown here is the interior of the service club in the Harmony Church area of Ft Benning - the club used by men of the 164th Infantry Regiment stationed in the area".

http://www.flickr.com/photos/army_arch/4201181375/ RG111-SC460703.
Editor: Was this at Rucker? Or Ft Benning???



Photo from Liberty Magazine, reprinted in the Fargo Forum 26 Jul 42. 164 Troops leaving the USS Calvin Coolidge at Australia: 1 Lt Earl Desautel; 2 Thomas Givens; 3 Harlod Delvo; 4 Wesley Anderson; 5 Ralph Mohagen; 6 Joe Rozzum; 7 Rilie R. Morgan 8 Ted Carrier; 9 Lawrence Griffiths; 10 George Burns.

The above photo, without all the ID's, appeared in the Jim Johnson story in the last issue of the News (he's behind #8). This photo is from the Clayton Mattison collection, courtesy of his daughter, Lois Gustafson (LM)*



S-Sgt. Edmund Mahowald Killed in Action On Leyte Island

Mr. and Mrs. William Mahowald of this city received word Monday evening that their son, S-Sgt. Edmund Mahowald was killed in action on Leyte Island, February 20. S-Sgt. Edmund has served two years, and eleven months overseas.

ARMY DEAD

(Pacific Regions)

Arndt, Julius A., Corp., son of Mrs. Johanna Arndt, Oakes.

Divers, John D., jr., Sgt., son of John Divers, sr., Jamestown.

Fisher, George J., Pfc., son of Anton Fisher, Gascoyne.

Haniuk, Mike J., Staff Sgt., son of Wallace Haniuk, Gorham.

Holzemer, Ernest M., Staff Sgt., son of John P. Holzemer, Amidon.

Kramer, Hans E., Pfc., son of Mrs. Olga Kramer, New Salem.

Mahowald, Edmund F., Staff Sgt., son of William F. Mahowald, Garrison.

Mastel, Matthias, Tech. Sgt., son of Peter Mastel, Hazelton.

Mickel, Eugene, Corp., son of Mrs. Sadie Mickel, Bismarck.

Schulz, Albert E., Pfc., son of Mrs. Lydia Schulz, Arthur.

* Torno, Rueben, Sgt., son of Louis Torno, Minot.

Williams, Kenneth A., Capt., husband of Mrs. Edith V. Williams, Wahpeton.

Leuwer, Vincent D., Pfc., husband of Mrs. Agnes Leuwer, Linton.

Olason, Stephen G., Pvt., son of Mrs. Ellin Olason, Hensel.

Davidson, Leslie A., Sgt., son of Mrs. Flora B. Davidson, Fairview, Mont.

Rieger, John S., Sgt., son of Mrs. Verna M. Rieger, Glasgow, Mont.

Hallingstad, Leonard J., Pfc., son of Mrs. Emma Hallingstad, Deer Lodge, Mont.

Huisenga, Richard P., Sgt., son of Mrs. Ivabelle H. Huisenga, Chocteau, Mont.

Reevis, Patrick P., Sgt., son of Louis Reevis, Browning, Mont.

These News clippings courtesy Lois Gustafson

NEW MEMBERS!

Norman LaVoie, WWII Svc Co/Co G, 39 Mark St, Milford, CT [Found thru *Americal Journal*]
Lesley Aldrich, WWII Co I, 409 S 4th St, Breckenridge, MN 56520 [Merill's Marauders story Pg 20-22]

MEMBERS RENEWED FOR LIFE!!

Karl K Von Halle (LM) WWII Co D, Davie, FL
Ralph Wood (LM)(K) Co M/Svc Co, Grand Forks, ND

ASSOCIATE LIFE MEMBERS* (identified by *)

Carolyn Ballo (LM)*, Bartlett, TN [Harry G, Co E, Last Roll Call Oct 09 issue]
Eva Bostrom (LM)*, Augusta, GA [Gordon E, Co B, Last Roll Call Mar 10 issue]
Gloria Sawyer (LM)*, Amesbury, MA [Chester, Last Roll Call Oct 09 issue]

NEW ASSOCIATE MEMBERS* (identified by *)

Delores Desautel*, Grafton, ND [Aurel, Last Roll Call Mar10 issue]
Harriet Jackson*, Santa Rosa, CA [Donald H, Last Roll Call Mar 10 issue]
Brian Hahn*, Rohnert Park, CA [grandson of Raymond Dendy, Co M]
Wayne Ellison*, 21 Moore Lane, New Johnsonville, TN 37134 CA [grandson of William A Woods, Co A]

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS RENEWED FOR LIFE!!

Barry Doe (LM)*, Uncasville, CT [son of Maj Frank Doe, Reg't Hqs]
Gail Opat (LM)*, Spring, TX [daughter of Russel & Donna Opat]
Dorothy Gleason (LM)*, Lincoln, IL [widow of Joe, Co B]
Debbie J Angles (LM)*, Zanesville, OH [Daughter of W. Fredrick Fluharty, H2]

ADDRESS CHANGES

Hank & Borgney Violet (WWII) Co D, 152 Virgil Circle, Inman, SC 29349
Richard J Gesellchen (WWII) Co G, 714 Georgiana St, Port Angeles, WA 98352
Fredrick P Siems (WWII) Co L, 19 James Pl NW, Sierra Vista, AZ 85635-1037

The following address changes were reported to us by the USPS NCOA (National Change of Address) system.....

Eloise Adamsen (LM)*, 405 Eastern Ave Apt 20, Grafton, ND, 58237-1269
Harold J. Eberle, 13713 E Gatewood Ln, Yuma, AZ 85367-7446
Lance J. Edwards*, Po Box 272, Oskaloosa, IA 52577-0272
Joe Gummeringer (LM), 650 Frontier Dr, Las Cruces, NM 88011-8021
Leroy Hamre (LM)(K), 1731 N Grandview Ln, Bismarck, ND 58503-0840
Daniel Heisler (LM) (K) 1103 Agassiz Dr SE Apt A, Devils Lake, ND 58301-3809
Harriet Jackson*, 839 Montrose Ct, Santa Rosa, CA 95409-2851
Wilma Knudson*, 357 Loma Vista Ter, Pacifica, CA 94044-2418
Marian Kurtz*, 620 14th Ave NE, Devils Lake, ND 58301-2808
Mrs. Roger Nauman (LM)*, 5720 Zumbra Dr, Excelsior, MN 55331-7759
Eric E. Nelson *, 315 7th St S Apt 9, Fargo, ND 58103-1847
Betty Olson*, 820 Santa Vera Dr Apt 208, Chanhassen, MN 55317-6603
Mac H Osborne (LM) * 483 NW Stendahl Ct, Poulsbo, WA 98370-6647
Mary Lou Stewart *, 509 Almeron Ave Apt 203, Drayton, ND 58225-4401
Joyce Tongen*, 107 Bjornson Dr Apt 106, Cavalier, ND 58220-4617
Lois Watkins*, 150 W Delta St, Aurora, MO 65605-1121

AWOLS AWOLS AWOLS AWOLS

Hey, folks. This is your last issue. Please let Sec/Treas Pat know if this is truly your intention.

Anderson, Morris	Cobb, Doris & Jim	Diaz, Peter	Gjevre, Alden	Larson, Alys Mae	McKay, Malcolm
Biberdorf, Ron	Coon, Judy	Elijah, Kristopher	Helgeson, Gary	Lee, Vernon,	O'Toole, Patrick
Buehrer, Judith	Cuprak, Grant	Fox, Timothy	Henderson, Denise	Leger, Ethel	Penman, Richard
Burd, Joyce	Dahlen, George	Giersweskie, Nancy	King, Ginny	Lindseth, Bonita	Rivinius, Walter

Last Roll Call

164th Infantry Regiment

☪ Emil Blomstrann, (WWII) Co E, 11 Nov 09
 Joseph J. Basile, (WWII) Co E, 28 Apr 07
 Leonard Berce[^] Co E, 16 Sep 09
 John Paul Booher (WWII) Co I, 17 Dec 10
 ☪ Gordon E. Bostrom (WWII), Co B, 27 Oct 09
 Alfred L. Ciesla (WWII) AntiTank, 25 Mar 88
 ☪ Aurel DeSautel (K) Co C, 24 Dec 08
 James E. Geno, Sr. (WWII) 26 Dec 09
 Robert E. Izzo (WWII) 17 May 09
 ☪ Donald H. Jackson (WWII) 6 Oct 09
 ☪ Dwayne Leadbetter[^] Co G, 30 Nov 09
 ☪ Stanley A. Lee (WWII) AntiTank, 23 Oct 09
 ☪ Neil Macdonald[^] Co G, 17 Nov 09
 ☪ Joseph Ramsfield (WWII) Co L, 20 Sep 09
 Lawrence Renner (WWII) Co M, 3 Dec 09
 Dirck Vreeland (WWII) Co E, 8 Jul 03



☪ 164 Association Member
[^] 164 not WWII or K



Emil Irving Blomstrann, 93, passed away at his home on 11 Nov 09. He attended Art School & became a museum photographer, specializing in silver collections. His work appears in a number of books

and magazines, art text books, museum catalogues, and covers of record albums. He entered the world on Halloween and departed on Veterans Day. He leaves his wife of 40 years, Lois; step-children Joanne and Daniel; and 3 grandchildren.

Dirck Vreeland, died 8 July 2003 in New York. He served in Co E, and was a battle buddy of William Kiker, 164 Association member from Texas. Dirck's father was a general officer who served in WWI, and also served as headmaster of a private school at which the son of 164 veteran Robert Izzo (also on this page) now serves as headmaster.



Robert E. Izzo, 89, died 17 May 09 in Rhode Island. He was the founder/owner of Izzo Oil until retirement in 1990. A Technical Sgt in the 164th, he was a Bronze Battle Star recipient for combat on Bougainville Island and was awarded the Purple Heart for injuries incurred on Cebu, Philippines. He leaves wife Jennie, children Paula and Robert; 3 grand- and 4 great-grandchildren.

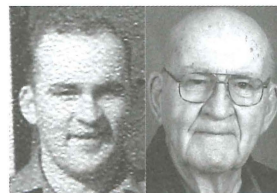


Dwayne H. Leadbetter, 74, died 30 Nov 09 at his home in Valley City. He joined Co G while in High School, trained as an engineer after the 164 was inactivated. He is survived by Karen, wife of 27 years; 5 children Steve, Lori, Scott, LeAnn, Jason; 5 grand- & 2 great grand children.



Dr. Neil A. Macdonald, 89, passed away 17 Nov 09 after a short illness. He was a veteran of WWII, serving in the Army between 1942 and 1949. The end of active duty turned in to 40 years of service with the

National Guard, retiring as a Colonel. He attended UND, then received an MD from the U of Illinois. He was preceded by wife, Betty; survived by daughters; Loree and Jodee; & five grandchildren.



Lawrence Renner, 87, passed away 3 Dec 09, at a residence center in ND. He was drafted into the Army in Nov 1944 and was discharged in Oct 1946. He was present on the *USS Missouri* the day Japan signed

the surrender in WWII. He farmed in western ND, then became a rural mail driver. Preceded by wife of 60 years, Goldie; survived by children Mary, Daniel, Kathy, & Julie; 10 grand & 14 great-grandchildren.



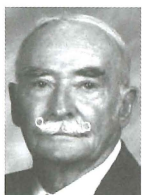
1st Sgt (ret) Gordon Bostrom, 84, passed away 17 Oct 09 after being struck by an errant vehicle while he was retrieving the morning newspaper. He was almost 16 when Company B boarded the train for Camp

Claiborne. He stayed on active duty serving in Korea and Vietnam, retiring in 1968. He is survived by wife, Eva, and sons Douglas (named for Doug Thompson, KIA Philippines) & Arthur (named for Art Jones, KIA Guadalcanal). *Editor: he & I had been working on his story for the News. It will appear in a future issue.*

More...Last Roll Call



Aurel DeSautel, 78, died 24 Dec 08 at a hospital in Grafton, ND. He attended the UND for one year, then served during the Korean War. He returned to Grafton and farmed until 1996. He is survived by wife Delores; children David, Thomas, Jim, Paul, & Janet; & 12 grandchildren.



Leonard Berce, 89, died 16 Sep 09, at home in Williston. He enlisted in the 164th in 1938. After 3 years, he joined the regular army Horse Cavalry 8th Reg't, serving along the Mexican border, then in the Pacific. After a lengthy hospitalization for battle wounds, he waived his total disability to rejoin the 164th from 1947-51 earning the rank of Master Sgt. Survivors Lisa, Cynthia, Sheri, Bradford, & Tasha; 6 grand- & 5 great-grandchildren.



James E. "Sarge" Geno, Sr., 87, passed away 26 Dec 09 in a Michigan hospital. He joined the 164th the Bougainville Campaign, then served with the 81st General Hospital in Burma. He retired from the US Army in

1967 as a Staff Sergeant, having served in WWII, Korea, and Vietnam. He is survived by wife Angelina; sons James, Michael, & Charles; & 6 grandchildren.



John Paul Booher, 85, passed away in his sleep on 17 Jan 10 in Santa Monica. He was drafted mid-43, so would have caught up with the 164 at Fiji or Bougainville. He is survived by

Eva, wife of 66 years.



Joseph Ramsfield, 92, passed away 20 Sep 09 at his Texas home after a battle with cancer. Preceded by wife Yvonne & son Ted. He is survived by children Kimberly & Dale, 3 grand- & 2 great grand-children.

Donald Hugh Jackson was born 28 Feb 13 and died 6 Oct 09 in Santa Rosa, CA. He is survived by wife Harriet.

Alfred Ciesla died 25 Mar 88 in New York. According to records, he served with the 164th during the Bougainville & Philippines Campaigns, as well as the Occupation of Japan. He was a Staff Sgt in the Anti-Tank Co, and earned the Combat Infantry Badge.

Stanley A. Lee died in Seattle on 23 Oct 09, just one day past his 91st birthday. No obit could be found. He was from Harvey, ND and joined the AntiTank Company there.

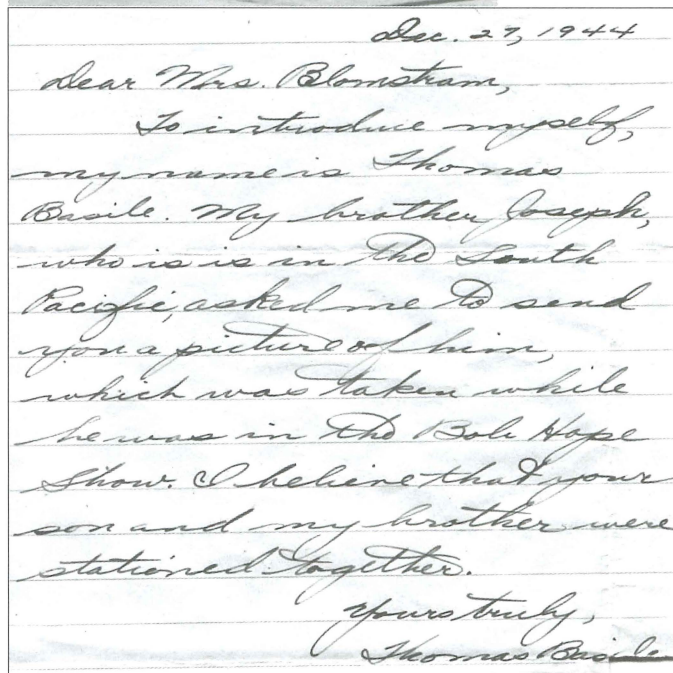
More...Last Roll Call



Joseph J. "Joe" Basile, 82, died peacefully on 28 Apr 07 in Enfield, CT. His obituary in the Hartford Courant proudly stated, "He served his country honorably in the US Army during WWII as a combat Infantryman with the 164th Infantry Regiment in the South Pacific".



Left: PFC **Joe Basile** hams it up with Patty Thomas at a Bob Hope USO show on Bougainville. Below is a letter from Joe's brother to Emil Blomstrann's mother in 1944



In Our Thoughts & Prayers



Olga Mae Overbeck, wife of **Harold Overbeck**, WWII Co F, passed away 30 Dec 09 in Spokane. She and Harold were married after he returned from serving in the army, in a double wedding ceremony with her sister Esther and Mansel Watne, WWII Co F, on a snowy 22 Dec 45 in Jamestown. She is survived by **Harold Overbeck**, Spokane.



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2009-2010 Association Officers

President.....Bernie Wagner: (701) 845-0799 Valley City, ND
 Vice President ...Vince Olson: (701) 845-0500 Valley City, ND

Secretary/Treasurer & Reunion Coordinator: Patricia Drong
Renewals & Reunion Mail: Box 192, Sanborn, ND 58480

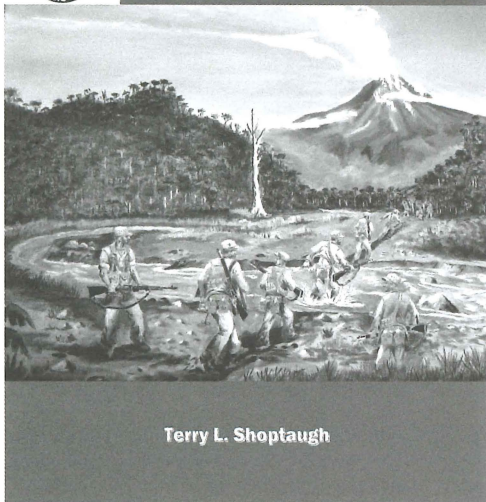
Editor.....Shirley J. Olgeirson: Bismarck, ND
 Editor Email: Editor164InfantryNews@hotmail.com
 Editor Mailing: PO Box 1111, Bismarck, ND 58502-1111



*****AUTO**3-DIGIT 565
 TERRY L SHOPTAUGH (LM)* 6
 1315 19 1/2 ST S
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They Were Ready:
 The 164th Infantry in the
 Pacific War, 1942-1945



Terry L. Shoptaugh

Progress on the book:

As this issue of the *News* goes to print, we're within days of sending the manuscript for printing. The dust jacket is in the hands of a graphic artist, and the photos are being selected. Once the proof is reviewed and accepted, it'll be about 4 weeks at the print shop and another week in transit. A book debut event is being considered; after that, the books will be mailed to those who reserved copies.

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