

Men, HQ BTRY 194 FA GP #1 (Tape 3)

[Speaker 6]

My name is Ferris. I enlisted in the Army in 1928, served time in the Philippines two years, came back and served four years on Angel Island, then I quit the Army. And then I was drafted in 1942, I mean, yeah, 1942, and I went in December.

Then I had to show up in January for duty. Then I went to Little Rock, Arkansas and was there for basic training. Then I went to Fort Bragg from Little Rock and then from Fort Bragg to a place up in Fort Dix, and then we went to Africa.

And from Africa you have all the rest of it just featured ahead of me. Thank you.

[Speaker 1]

I'm Chester Klingler of Ada, Ohio. I was drafted into service on August 3rd of 1942 and was put on a two-week leave of absence and really went into active duty on August 16th, 1942 at Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio, where I was shipped to North Carolina, Fort Bragg, North Carolina, to the Field Artillery Training Center for three months. And I thought I would get out of North Carolina, but instead of that I was shipped to the 194th Field Artillery Group Headquarters, which was probably the best thing that ever happened to me in my service because I got home.

From there we were about a year in training and we were shipped to European Theater War where we landed in North Africa. And we were through the Italian campaign up to southern France and Austria where the war was declared over. And I was made a big M.P. for about three or four months running the city of Salzburg as a sergeant desk clerk. Wasn't that good? From there we were shipped to Lehar, France. And on November 11th we landed in America again and were sent to Camp Kilmer.

I don't know the state. New Jersey. And from there I was sent to Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania and discharged on November the 14th, 1945.

Thank you.

[Speaker 6]

An epic 1921. Came to the United States in 1927. Drafted Christmas Eve 1942.

Fourth draft, North Carolina. As 194th Field Artillery Battalion was ready to leave, they needed one good man and that's who they got, Joseph S. Catherbone.

The rest is history. You don't want to hear about the soldiers and all that. But I got out in 1935.

It was Thanksgiving Day on the 12th. And went to work for General Electric for 32 years. I am now retired and enjoying life.

I'm glad to be with a whole bunch of nice fellas that I really loved and had a good time with. Bob Scrooge, a pistol, pistol, Klinger, health, dollars. What a Christmas.

And all the rest. And what a time we had. Drivers, you know it's a time we had.

We had a good time. I thank you all. Hello to all the old buddies in the 194th F.A. Group 8 Border Battalion.

[Speaker 1]

This is Bill Haas from Milford, New Jersey. My twin brother, George R., and I were born in Brooklyn, New York, November 19th, 1921. When we were about one year old, we moved to the Milford, New Jersey area where I've lived all my life except for three plus years I was in the U.S. Army. I also have one sister. My twin brother is a Navy veteran and lives in Williamsboro, Virginia. My wife and I have four children, three daughters and one son.

We now have 10 grandchildren also. I was inducted into the U.S. Army at Newark State, New Jersey on July 15th, 1942. Entered active service July 29th, 1942 and went to Fort Dixie, New Jersey for a few days.

Then I trained at Fort Bragg, North Carolina for basic training. After basic training, I joined the 194th F.A. Group 8 Quarters from primarily September 1942. I spent the course from September 21st, 1942 to December 11th, 1942 at Hollybrook, Ordnance and Order Base, Baltimore, Maryland, taking a course in general automotive mechanics.

After completion of this course, I returned to Fort Bragg in the 194th F.A. Group 8 Quarters Battery. On August 21st, 1943, we left Fort Dixie and boarded the S.S. Monterey for a trip to North Africa. Landed there on September 2nd, 1943.

I remained with the 194th through our tour of North Africa, Italy, France, Germany, and settled for Austria when the war ended. I left from the heart of France on a ship to Argentina on October 18th, 1945. Stopped in New York October 25th, 1945.

Went to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey for one night then to Fort Dix. I was discharged October 29th, 1945. I went in the Army, shipped out, was discharged, and married at Fort Dix.

Other than Joe Caprabone, Charlie Ann Caprabone, at their home with the journey shore yesterday, March 19th, 1985, and we already had a nice visit. God bless, good health to all the old buddies, good to see you out there again.

[Speaker 9]

Hi, I am Orville Bleeker. I was born on the farm, 1918, December the 4th, and I was drafted April 41. We went to Fort Des Moines, from there we went to Fort Lauderdale, Missouri, then went to Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, where I met up with these boys, and then we went to Fort Bragg, no, we went to Fort Dix, then back to Fort Bragg, Africa, Italy, France, Germany, and we ended up in Austria at the end of the war.

And then I come back home, was discharged at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, and since we started that, we had these reunions, started eight years ago, and we made every one of them and hope to continue. My wife and I really enjoy it.

[Speaker 4]

George Piotrowski, I was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, September 5th, 1921. I was drafted in August of 1942 and inducted at Fort Sheridan in September. Went to Fort Bragg Artillery

Replacement Center for training, then was shipped to 194th across the road, 194th Field Artillery.

Went out through the war with the 194th. I left 194th in Salzburg. After bouncing around France, different camps, we finally left Marseille in November.

Went to Fort Sheridan, was released there. I got home in November of 45.

[Speaker 1]

I'm Burdette Anderson from Quentin, Iowa. I was born in Bald, Monmouth, Iowa. I've always said Baldwin, but I find out it's Monmouth, Iowa in June 28th, 1919.

I was moved to Illinois in a farm when I was two years old, left the farm when I was nine, and went to Quentin, Iowa, and I have been in Quentin, lived in Quentin since then. I joined the National Guard February of 1939, the 185th Hay Battery of the 34th Division.

[Speaker 3]

We were called into federal service February 10th, 1941.

[Speaker 4]

We went down to Camp Claiborne and I remained with the unit or the regimental headquarters, which was eventually the group headquarters until the end of the war. We went up to Fort Dix in January of 42, and then back to Fort Bragg until the headquarters battery became group headquarters with the 8-inch howitzers.

[Speaker 1]

I was transferred to the headquarters battery of the group headquarters in the summer of 1942 as Master Sergeant of Communication. In Europe, in North Africa, Italy, and France and Germany, I was with the 194th Group Headquarters.

[Speaker 3]

I received a battlefield commission in 1944 at Pisa, Italy.

[Speaker 1]

After the war was over in May of 1945, I was transferred to three different units before I was able to get transferred home or sent home from June of 45 until October of 45. I returned to the state and states and was separated at Camp Dix in Wisconsin. I'm going to blank for a minute.

[Speaker 3]

I worked as an electrician for 35 years and retired October 1st, 1981. I've enjoyed my retirement.

[Speaker 1]

We travel whenever we can quite a bit. This is my ninth Army reunion, and I hope I will be able to make many more.

[Speaker 3]

Harold Riggs. I was born in Burlington, Iowa, May 20, 1922.

[Speaker 1]

Then I went in the Army from Davenport, Iowa with the 185th, and from there we was with the 194th all through the war. I was in Message Center. I left Salzburg, Austria from the 194th, and from Lahore, we landed in Baltimore, Maryland.

From there, I went to Fort Dix and was discharged in 45.

[Speaker 10]

Thank you. My name is Frank Fisco. I was born in Brooklyn, 4-23-1918.

I was drafted into the United States Army January 16, 1942. I was sent to Fort Dix. From Fort Dix, I was sent to Fort Bragg for basic training.

After basic training, I went to the 194th Field Artillery Group Headquarters, and I was put into the wire section. They made a switchboard operator out of me, and I went to be a switchboard operator all the way through the war. I left 194th Field Artillery in Salzburg, and I went to Chardon, and then to Camp Whitetide to wait for debarcation from Brussels.

I left for New York and was discharged October 25, 1945.

[Speaker 8]

Hi, I'm Bobby Adams. I was born in Roanoke, Alabama, September 24, 1921. I was inducted into the Army July 22, 1942.

First, I went to Fort McClellan, Alabama, then to Fort Bragg, then to Fort Holabird, Maryland, to become a Hawthorne mechanic and promoted to PFC there, and then came to the group headquarters better as a mechanic, but became battery clerk instead. Stayed with 194th all through the war and left the group headquarters better at Salzburg and went to Brussels, Belgium, to learn to be a teletype operator. Started home from Brussels, Belgium, and then landed at Camp Shanks, New York, then went to Fort McPherson, Georgia.

Discharged October 5, 1945. Joined the National Guard. I was made a warrant officer and overseas to Korea.

Stayed two years and there became, came home and then went, was discharged November 1950. It was a good thing I had good teachers in the group headquarters batteries to do as good a job as I did in Korea. Thanks, Bob Adams.

[Speaker 7]

Bill Baff, Des Moines, Iowa. I was born in Des Moines, Iowa. Let's put it this way.

I received my draft notice in 1940, what particular day or month, I can't remember. Anyway, went into the Army from Fort Des Moines, Iowa, April the 22nd, 1941. Went to Jefferson Burris, Bloor, Bleeker, and Rusty Bolts.

We spent three days down there just policing the area down there. Then we went by train to Camp Claiborne, Louisiana and joined the 185th Headquarters Battery. Was there about two weeks.

Then was sent over to Cookson Baker School at Camp Boyard Guard. Spent two months over there learning how to cook, which I really did cook. And I wanted to stay another month over there for Miss Sergeant School, but Captain Thompson said I bought such a good cookie, wanted us back over there, want me back over there.

So I returned to the outfit and just continued cooking. Then we went to Fort Dix, New Jersey, then to Fort Bragg, and back up to Fort Dix and overseas. And I returned to the States in, I think, October, November of 1945 at Camp Miles Stanningson in Boston.

And from there to Camp McCoy, Wisconsin. I did, I did, then also cooked on the troop train from Boston to Camp McCoy, Wisconsin. And I received my discharge in 1945, I think in November 1945.

And that's about it.

[Speaker 1]

I'm Blant Kehoe, born January 15th, 1920, in Davenport, Iowa. Joined the National Guard August 1938. And inducted into the Federal Service February 10th, 1941.

Was in the radio section from the day I enlisted. We went, we were sent to Claiborne, Louisiana on February 10th, or February 28th, rather, 1941, and reached there about March the 2nd. And we were the Square Division, the 34th Square Division.

We went to Claiborne, Louisiana. George Adams, myself, and a few others were in that radio section. 1942, we were sent on to Fort Dix, New Jersey, a port of embarkation.

And we were scheduled to be shipped out on the SS Normandy, but it was destroyed by sabotage. And then we were broke up because of the fact we were the only Square Division in the United States. And it's a little bit too big to send overseas.

So they sent about 5,000 of us to Fort Bragg, and there we formed the 194th Field Artillery Group. I stayed with this outfit until either the end or the beginning of 1943, where I was transferred out of there. I was made Staff Sergeant at that time, and shipped out of there to Camp Butner, North Carolina, to start the 402nd Field Artillery Group radio section.

We stayed at Camp Butner approximately six to eight months. We were shipped back to Bragg. And at that time, my rating was not needed.

So I was transferred from there to the 517th Field Artillery. I was sent out to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, for the radio school, radio and communications school. And we were notified, and after three months, we couldn't stay there any longer.

I wanted a radio repair course, and was not able to take that because of the idea we were going to be shipped out to Camp Stoneman, California, to go out and ship to the Pacific. So we left Camp Stoneman, went to Port of Embarkation in San Francisco. We were sent over to the Solomon Islands by the way of Easter Island and Christmas Island, Guadalcanal.

Our ship went alone because of the captain said we had one of the fastest ships on the waters at that time, and he would not travel on a convoy. So it took us 17 days to get to

Bougainville, Solomon Islands. We stayed there about three months, and then we formed the invasion force for Luzon.

This four of us staff sergeants were the first ones to go ashore on D-plus-1 in January. In fact, I think it was my birthday, I remember right, the 15th of January, that we went in and met on Luzon in Lengayen Gulf. We followed Lengayen Gulf down to Tarlac where we broke out the prisoners of war from the 100-mile death march at Tarlac, from Manila to Tarlac.

We kept on following the 37th Division all the way in to Manila where we broke out the boys that were in Santa Tomas. This woman sent in a 155 rifle to blow a hole through the wall at Santa Tomas University, and our shells were just bouncing like rubber balls. They finally had to get a larger gun in there and blow a hole through it.

They got the boys out. We went ahead from there. We were sent back and sent up into the hills with all our guns to Wawa Dam where we were to protect that dam from being blown by the Japanese.

And from there, from that time we were up there, we actually burned out all 12 barrels of our guns. We fired three days straight, every five minutes, for 24 hours. And by that time, those guns were ready just to droop over and get out of action.

While I was up there, I had an FM set facing the guns, which I knew better about, and we blew the whole transmitter and the two receivers. All the parts that were in there was just blown out of the set, so I had to go back to camp, pick up another one, and bring it up. From that time on, well, we went back to Manila and waited our turn to go somewhere else.

Then we got the word that we were supposed to invade the island just south of where Tokyo was on. And the captain of our outfit told us that whoever, if we had to make that invasion, only 10 percent of us would return. And I don't think it was any more than two days later when we heard they dropped the A-bomb on Hiroshima.

And then a couple of days later, they dropped the one on Nagasaki, ending the war. And you talk about one heck of a lot of guys that were very happy to have that happen. We sure didn't want to go and invade an island where most of us had never come home.

We were shipped out of there and sent to Japan. Stayed in Tokyo 13 days. They offered me a tech sergeant's rating to stay there, and I refused it.

I told them I was going home. I said I had enough of it. So I actually got back to the United States on October 28th in 1945.

Got home, went to camp, was sent to Camp Grant to be discharged at that point. And from there, my folks had gone from Davenport into Chicago, where then I went to Chicago to live instead of going back to Davenport. Now I'm residing in River Grove, Illinois.

My first wife died, which I—one I had four children with. I married the second girl. This girl had ten, so now we have two bald.

Bald teens all by ourselves, if we ever have a big party anyplace. I'm a real happy fella that I married this girl. That's about it in my life.

I, Marvin Thompson, was born at Long Grove, Iowa, ninth month, 29th day of 13. I volunteered in 1940 in the guard battery of the 185th Field Artillery, 34th Division. Was in it for a short time, then was inducted into the Army, of course.

We were all sent to the duckboard capital of the South, Camp Claiborne, Louisiana. There I completed my first year of training and, of course, was to be discharged but never made it. Kind of hated to give up our \$21 a month.

Anyway, as the others said, we were railroaded to Fort Dix, but going back a line or two, we was 194th Field Artillery Group then. So we went to Fort Dix, from there to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, at Bragg. We got 203 howitzers.

When the training was completed, we were shipped overseas, SS Monterey troop ship at that time.

[Speaker 3]

Now I know what a sardine feels like. We landed in our, in Oran, Africa, a long ways from paradise, then by convoy to embark on ship to Naples, Italy.

[Speaker 1]

After completing our tour in Italy, we went into France, Luxembourg, and then Germany, finally winding up at Solberg, Austria. And, of course, that's where it all ended. I was in the service with a nice bunch of guys, therefore I was very lucky.

Was separated at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Thank you. Good afternoon.

My name is Jerry Tureen. We're at our annual reunion here in Little Amana, August 1985. I entered the military service with the headquarters 2nd Battalion, 125th Field Artillery, National Guard Unit, Minnesota, 34th Division.

I went through the Claiborne days.

[Speaker 4]

We went down there from Princeton, which was the home of our unit.

[Speaker 1]

We traveled in 1928, vintage Chevrolet vehicle, and the rest of the unit by the old steamer and Pullman cars.

[Speaker 4]

And our arrival at Louisiana was in the rain in our first introduction to a real swamp.

[Speaker 1]

I can't say that we had a lot of fun. We had some real experiences. They're varied and many, and I'm sure the rest of the guys will vouch for that.

And in thinking over a few of the things that Kurt said we might mention, why I specifically recall living with the snakes, the wet blankets, and those trips to the theater on the other

side of camp, where we witnessed the revealing pictures of bad sex. And as I recall, I did not visit the latrine for three days.

[Speaker 4]

Soon we were on our way, and Fort Dix was our destination.

[Speaker 1]

We learned that triangularization was then taking place, and some of the units were heading overseas, and my name came up as being headed for Fort Bragg. Triangularization merely meant going and taking away the regimental status to what we know as the group status, instead of two battalions to the regiment, why we were now battalions with a group. And so our new name was the 995th Battalion, and at Bragg I was then soon to be transferred, and that was my first entry into combat.

I was to leave the 995th, my home unit, and I ended up in the 194 group headquarters, which was the original Iowa unit, as I recall.

[Speaker 4]

And so for me, a lone gopher, it was entering a den of lions. But survival is the key, I guess, in anything we do, and so I survived. I soon became associated with the greatest bunch of guys that I ever have known, and our reunions to date will attest to our close association.

[Speaker 1]

And I don't think there's any need for repetition, because you heard many of the guys before me. And so I left the unit in Salzburg, Austria on July 4th, 1945, and so I guess that was our real independence day. I think Kenny Haig has mentioned that E.

E. L. Nehring and myself probably were the first three fellas to leave the outfit.

I arrived for my discharge at Camp McCoy, Sparta, Wisconsin, and that was on the unforgettable date of August 14th, which we also know as V-J Day. And as I entered the Minneapolis Railroad Station, V-J had just been announced, and the city was absolute bedlam.

[Speaker 4]

No taxis, no streetcars, they were in the middle of the street, and people were milling and shouting, and we all know their attitude. So I merely dragged my duffel bag into what was then the Deichmann Hotel and threw it in a corner, and there I immediately had a quick snort, naturally.

[Speaker 1]

And it so happened then that I didn't get home until the next day.

[Speaker 4]

But what a memorable experience it has been in my life, and I suppose I can give thanks to the fellas and to my God that I'm able to be here with you all today. God bless.

[Speaker 1]

My name is Fred Basile. I was born in Manhattan, August 9th, 1916. I entered the Army at Fort Hamilton during the war, and then was sent to Fort Bragg.

Took six weeks of basic training, and then I was transferred to the headquarters battery overseas, and left the battery in February of 1944 to rotate to the U.S., and then when I was rotated to the U.S.A. after that, I stood home for about a month, a month and a half. I was married, and then I wound up down at Fort Bragg, back down at Fort Bragg. I stood at Fort Bragg for about two days, and they shipped me down to Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

When I got to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, I stood there for about three months. There were training officers, there was the officers' candidate school, we were taking them out in the field for basic trainings. While I was down there, they had the Germans counterattacked it, and the Battle of the Bulge was in process.

They asked for volunteers, and I volunteered to go back overseas. From the very two days later after I volunteered, they sent us up to Fort Dix, and we went back overseas. I landed, I went on the Queen Elizabeth, and we landed at Glasgow, Scotland.

From there, we went down to Southampton, and then we went up the Seine River to Le Havre. When we got to Le Havre, they shipped us out to Belgium, and when we got to Belgium, I was put in the replacement depot. Then they transferred me from the replacement depot to this heavy signal battalion, laying wires along the railroad tracks so there would be good communication to get supplies up to the front.

We got as far as Aachen, Germany, and the war was over in Germany. When the war was over, with no hesitation, they shipped us right down to Marseille, France. We boarded a boat after being down there for about a week, and we were headed out towards the Panama Canal.

While at sea, the ship changed its course, and we found out that we were going to Boston Harbor. There was a fort up in Boston, which I don't remember the name of it, but that's where I was discharged, and I went home, and that was October the 9th, 1945.

[Speaker 3]

Now, this is Alan Earing. I was born in Flint, Michigan, on September 16th, 1919. Grew up there, was raised there, and grew up there.

Ultimately, it was inducted into the Army from Flint, and then, of course, went to Detroit. From Detroit, spent probably, what, one day, I guess. Went on to Camp Grand, Illinois.

Was in Camp Grand probably a week, two weeks, and then took my basic training in Camp Roberts, California. It was when the basic training was done and headed for Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, is where we met Kenny Haig and a couple other guys that was there, and finally ended up at Camp Claiborne, too. I was at the 185th Regimental Headquarters battery there at Camp Claiborne, along with all the other National Guard guys that were there at the same time.

After spending quite a bit of time at Claiborne, we were getting ready to go overseas, and of course, the entire regiment went to Fort Dix, New Jersey, in preparation for embarking to go overseas. It was about that time, as everyone probably knows, the Army was streamlining itself, and then, we then left there and went back to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, where we

became the group headquarters on 94th Field Artillery. After a considerable length of time, additional training and acting as cadre for quite a while, we then went overseas and landed in Oran, went across Oran, across Morocco, was far over to Bizerte, went from there to Naples, Naples fought on up to Pisa, back down, then over, some of us then went to, we all went to France, of course, some of us with the trucks went to Toulon, some went to Marseille, but we all got together at Marseille and then went on up through all the rest of the campaign. Finally, was discharged in Salzburg, Austria, on July the 4th, 1945.

I went from Salzburg, Austria, and after the unit broke up there, to Compiègne, France, well, through Munich, Compiègne, France, then finally to Camp Tophat at Brussels, and finally loaded on a victory ship with about 399 other people and headed for the states out of Antwerp, Belgium. Having left Antwerp, I, of course, went to the states where I was to be discharged. I arrived at Newport News, Virginia, and was taken from there to Indian Town Gap.

I was in Indian Town Gap about, oh, probably three or four days, at which time I was discharged. Now, that was August the 8th in 1945. Of course, went home.

[Speaker 1]

Hi, gang. This is Len Friedman, commonly known as Benny in the Army. I was born in Westview, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Pittsburgh, PA, on February the 4th, 1916.

I was inducted in the Army December the 2nd, 1941, five days before Pearl Harbor. I was inducted at New Cumberland, Pennsylvania, and was there for about seven days and then was sent to Fort Bragg for basic training on 155 howitzers. From basic training, I was assigned to the 194th Group Headquarters.

After a length of time, transferred to 194th Field Artillery Battalion. We left Fort Bragg and went to Fort Dix, and from Fort Dix we left and went to Buserty and up to Naples. To Casino, regrouped at Naples, and went to Anzio for three or four months.

While at Anzio, all during the day, the Spitfires patrolled our area. Nothing happened while we were there until at night. The Spitfires left, and that's when the Germans started.

They dropped anti-personnel bombs, threw everything at us that they possibly had, 88s, you name it. From Anzio, we fought our way into Pisa. From Pisa, we went to France, to Germany.

At the end of the war, we landed at Oberammergau, Bavaria. At the end of our war, we had, I had 87 points and was sent to Crouteau, France. While at Crouteau, we guarded 100,000 prisoners of war, waiting for a boat to come for our trip back to good old USA.

We finally come back on the Santa Rosa, and I was discharged at Fort Indiantown Gap. When we arrived at Indiantown, there were so many G.I.s there, they taught us to go home. Don't come back for 30 days.

After 30 days, we went back, and that's when they gave me the ruptured duck. Amen.

[Speaker 11]

Leonard Friedman has since passed away, since making this audio, as well as the next two men, Howard Rose and James Shoemaker. They have both passed away.

[Speaker 1]

This is my first time here, and believe me, it's a great, great feeling to see all of us again. I'm Burt Simmons from Denver, Ohio. I run a tea store, and I would like to at this time to propose a toast to those who wish us well, and all the rest can go to hell.

Thank you. My name is Frank Gonzales. I was born in North Harvst, Maine, October 11, 1919.

I moved to Rockville, Connecticut in 1923. I was four years old, and so am I living in Rockville. I was drafted into the Army March 31, 1943.

We went to Fort Simmons, Massachusetts. From there, we took a taxi and found ourselves heading for Fort Bragg, North Carolina, where we went into training. At the F-104 training, I was in the second platoon.

We were the first and best platoon after basic training. That's why they put us into the 194th Air Hostile Regroup and Squadron as we told. Then we were called overseas, and we went to Fort Dix, New Jersey, where we got our shot.

We went to Staten Island, New York, and boarded a ship, I think, with the name James Madison. We were in a very large convoy, I think, 85 to 89 ships, and it took us 14 days to get to Oran and Africa. When we went through the streets of Gibraltar, half of our convoy went to Sicily while we went to Oran.

From Oran, we went to Berserkie, North Africa, and then we entered the war north of Naples in Italy. We went through the battalion campaign and received three battle scars. We were in front of Casino, Central Rome, and Pisa.

We pulled back to the Naples fishing area for southern transportation, which we made and went through France, Germany, and Austria. Finally, we wound up in Salzburg, Austria. The war with Germany was over, and all the men who had 80 points were going home, but I only had 79 points.

So they sent me and the rest of the fellows that had less points to the 182nd Giro d'Italia group, which were going to go to Japan, luckily, Japan surrendered, and that's when we were all overjoyed because we knew we were going home. We went to Camp Boston first, and then Camp George Morris, where our friends were in Massachusetts. From Boston Harbor, we went to Camp Miles Sandwich in Massachusetts, and from there to Fort Severn, where I was discharged December 7, 1945, the day I will always remember.

Question number one, when did you join the service? Did you volunteer? Why did you join the branch of service that you did?

Well, I didn't join the service. I was a volunteer. I was drafted, but I could have been closer, sort of a volunteer, because I worked in a defense factory, and I got 3D permits before I got called in.

I could have had another if I picked another job, but I didn't because all my friends were gone, and they were all in the Army. So that's why I chose to join the Army instead of the other branches of the service. Question number two, what do you remember about leaving home?

How old were you? Was anyone else in your family in the service? Well, I remember very well leaving home that thing.

My mother died, so did I, I guess. I was 24 years old then. And my brother Leon, he was in a regular Army, enlisted in 1938.

He was in Panama, so subsequent to that, number three, describe the places where you trained and where you went from there. Have you been to different parts of the country before? Well, we trained in, we had our basic training in Fort Bragg and Pensacola, and then at the basic, we went to the 194 movement quarters, which we went all the way through the world with.

Before that, the far as I went to travel was sold in the legal estate in New York State, Portland, and far south in Washington, D.C. That's as far as I went. Question number four, describe your training. Was it realistic and helpful?

What did you think of the people who were in charge of your training? Well, the training was hard. The cadre were hard on us, but I made it because I was hard too.

I lost weight from 149 pounds to 127 pounds in three months. The cadre made us a good fighting man, and I give them great credit. Number five, what unit were you part of?

What were your duties? Was it what you expected? Well, my duty was a field lineman, telephone communication, and I expected to be a candidate in artillery because when we left Fort Jefferson, we were going to the artillery force, so I figured that everything there was cannon.

Number seven, did you spend time out in the United States? When did you leave, and when did you get back? Well, I left in 1943 in New York City.

That's how I landed. Came back in 1945 in Boston, Massachusetts. Number eight, what memories do you have of the men who served with you?

Do you keep in touch with any of them? Well, lots of memories are with my buddies. Have to know them like a family.

The kids in our homes, where they live, here's some of the letters we got. I have tears in my eyes when we parted after the war was over, and I keep in touch with about 20 or so buddies and several Christmas cards. Number six, was out of the Army, and I often have reunions every year.

I'm a little man of Iowa, state of Iowa. Number nine, what do you remember most about your time overseas? The thing I remember most about being overseas is that it made some men out of me.

It made me realize what the outside world was like. People of different nationalities and countries that I never would have seen otherwise, except seeing with my own eyes. The cities and tablets that we went through, I would never have thought they were civilian-like.

I remember the dead and mutilated dying in the fields and the bombs out of homes and shell homes in the fields. And I remember the half-dead going straight to town and kept moving forward. Now, but then, where were you ever under fire?

Did you take any prisoners that you saw? What did you think of them? Our outfit was always under fire from artillery shells and aircraft strafing.

Our outfit, four or three men were ejected from a bomb from a German plane. And the field linemen ran around all the time, and all of us, while they were fixing them, they were caught by artillery fragments. Day and night.

And I remember, of the prisoners, there were four of us. There had been a Lieutenant Anderson, a Sergeant Kirstein, a Sergeant Jeff Winkler, and also a Sniper Tyler, that's me. We're now on a searching mission for the 45th Division for Munich, Germany.

It's a small road, dirt road, in a small town, along a road which was isolated from everything. It was just a bit of tank battle. And we went, when we went through the town, we got 88 prisoners there.

One prisoner came out first, and we were right spot, taking that prisoner right forward. Then the rest came in to one after the other and surrendered their rifles, and we had a quick searching for the 45th. And they didn't back up to our headquarters, because there was nobody to supervise them.

So we marched them back, and very soon, our finding of the 45th Headquarters. That was a good one of the highlights for me, to see all those prisoners. They were all happy, but it wasn't it.

It was the end for them, but not for us. Another small question, did you have any contact with any Allied troops? What did you think of it?

Well, no contact with Allied troops. We were getting British Aid Army in Italy. We had a cable telephone line right off the main road.

And although we couldn't find the place for hours, which our communications and switchboards were almost totally off, something was wrong. So we went out to look for the break, and we searched for hours. We reached one switchboard, and the other.

Back and forth we went, until we decided to follow the line by hand. I found the break. About six British soldiers were having a good time.

I felt a fire right over our cable.

[Speaker 5]

Hi. My name is Bill Grunert. I was born in Chicago on December 23, 1916.

At age nine, I moved to Lombard, Illinois. I was drafted November 27, 1941. After an all-day physical in Chicago, I was sent by rail to Camp Grant in Rockford, Illinois.

After three days, I was sent to the Field Artillery Training Center at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. I had nine weeks of training, and was then sent to Fort Dix, New Jersey, to go overseas. Plans were changed, and I was assigned to A Battery of the 194th Field Artillery Battalion.

It was right back to Fort Bragg for more training. After two weeks, I was assigned an officer's mess as mess sergeant, and transferred to Group Headquarters Battery of the 194th Field Artillery. After about one and a half years at Fort Bragg, I, along with the 194th and 995th Battalions, were sent to New York and boarded the SS Monterey for overseas on August 21, 1943.

We landed in Oran, North Africa on September 2, 1943. After two months in North Africa, we were shipped to Naples, Italy, and entered combat at Presenzano on November 19, 1943. After Italy, it was France, Germany, and Austria, all in combat.

The war ended for us at Salzburg, Austria. I was then flown to Paris. From there to Cherbourg, France, boarded the ship the Francis Slangler on August 6, 1945, and was on my way home.

After nine days at sea, I landed at New York and was sent to Staten Island for a couple weeks, and then to Schick Army Hospital in Clinton, Iowa. After a stay in the hospital, I was sent to Camp Grand for discharge on November 16, 1945. That was the end of four years Army service, two years of it overseas.

I took a month off, and then went back to my old job. I retired in 1976, and I'm now enjoying the easy life. And it's great to see and visit with men in this outfit every year since 1977 at our annual reunion.

Good luck.

[Speaker 2]

Okay, this is Bill Fisher. I was in the old 185th Field Artillery, and then into the 194th. I was born in Davenport, Iowa, December 2, 1915, which makes me one of the older boys of the group.

And I graduated from law school in South Dakota in June of 1940, and my number was on the draft board in Davenport. So I went down and talked to them, and they said, yeah, they can take me. So I decided to go with the Guard, and I joined the 185th Field Artillery.

We went south by train to Camp Claiborne, and there we built it up. I was a buck private in the rear rank, and I finally got promoted to corporal where I was a battery clerk. I was in the tent down in the, to me it would be the northwest corner, which was Paul Blewer, myself, Bud Murray, and then, as I recall, we went up to Fort Dix, and our outfit was cut off, and we then went down to Fort Bragg.

And while at Fort Bragg I was a technical sergeant for a while, and then I was master sergeant. I was sergeant major, and then I was able to take a warrant exam and went with the 739th Field Artillery. This was in, I think it was in the latter part of 43.

We went overseas through Camp Shanks with the 739th Field Artillery and went to Scotland and England and then up Utah Beach about 60 days after they got there first. And I was a chief warrant officer in the battalion in charge of personnel. We had, I think, six battle stars and were in the 3rd Army for quite a while.

I was discharged in December of 45 and practiced law for a short time in Davenport, Iowa, and then I went out to Adair, which is 60 miles west of Des Moines on Interstate 80, and brought a law practice there because the person who had it had passed away. I'm now sort of semi-retired, but I go to the office about every day. I have two boys in the practice with me, John Fisher and Martin Fisher, and it's known as Fisher, Fisher, and Fisher, PC.

PC means Professional Corporation, in case you ask. My wife, Laura, and I live in Adair. Our two sons, John and Mark, who are in the practice with me.

Mark is married and his wife, Linda, is a nurse. By the way, she's in the Air Force Reserve right now. She's wondering when and if they're going to call her.

They have three little children. They live about a half a block from us. John lives about two blocks down the other side of the street.

We're having a good time here at the 194th Field Artillery Reunion. I'm pleased with the amount of attendance. Our old outfit, which was the 739th Field Artillery Battalion, we've never had any communications or any meetings of any kind, and I kind of doubt that we will, but this is a great thing, and I'm certainly glad that I came and that I plan to come next year if everything goes all right.

[Speaker 1]

Hi, I'm James W. Adams, better known these days as Jim Adams. I was born in Swifton, Arkansas, on March 22, 1921.

I spent a lot of time in Memphis, Tennessee, left there to be inducted into the Army at Fort Overthorpe, Georgia, in April 1942. I took my basic training at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and joined the 194th Field Artillery Group Headquarters Battery after basic training. We were in Salzburg, Austria when the war ended, and I remained overseas until in November 1945 and left La Havre, France by ship to Virginia and by train to Fort Knox, Kentucky for discharge in December 1945.

This date is January 15, 1985. Mr. Roy Byers, I've been here in Blanco visiting with Dean and his wife. I will go back and give you a little of my history.

I was born in Rosebud, Texas, June 28, 1917. I lived there until my father died in 1918. The whole family moved back to Blanco, and I've been here ever since.

I married before I went into service in 1942. I was reported in July, and let me think a minute. In February, I guess in February, I had to report the first time.

But I got referred to attend some business here, and I didn't report back in until July. I went from Fort Sam Houston in Texas to Cane Province in California, basic training. Stayed there until November.

Went from there to Fort Bragg, North Carolina. I believe we got there on Thanksgiving Day, 1942, wouldn't it be? Yeah.

And I stayed with the 194th until the war was over. Went through everything they went through. And finally in Salzburg, Austria, I finally left the Auschwitz and went to Shardy.

Stayed there for a while, and I was in four different Auschwitz before I finally left Austria on the way home. We finally ended up in two camps, Camp Oklahoma, and I've forgotten the name of the other one, but we finally boarded a ship in Lahore and came home. And landed in New York in St. Pierre. I think we left from years before. Went to marry in Fort Dix, New Jersey. And from Fort Dix, New Jersey, they sent me to Camp Fanning in Tyler, Texas.

That must have been on the 15th day of November, 1945, yeah. And I got out the next day and got home. November the 16th, which in Texas in those days was deer season opening day.

That's pretty wild, we remember it was the 16th of November. I spent the next several years and went back to the old job. I worked in hardware at the time, lumberyard.

And I went in as a partner, I bought in as a partner and stayed there for a couple of years. We sold out. I went into another business, gas and electrical business for a while.

We sold that out and I went back to the hardware and spent the next many, many years there as a manager running the hardware and lumberyard. And then I became postmaster in 1967. And this is, what, 17 years that I've been there and still at it.

Still helping to pay gruders, social security checks, all of that. This is George R. Adams.

I was born in Montana in 1918, September the 27th. A little town called Great Cliff, about five miles off the main road in southern Montana. Lived there from until 1931.

When the Depression came along, my father just couldn't stand that. Depression-wise, we moved to Iowa. Davenport, Iowa, was where we later came first.

It was cut in Iowa from about 1931 to 1936. Went to part of high school there and the rest of high school in Davenport where my father had a brother. And my mother had a couple of brothers.

So at this point, what relatives I have are in Davenport, Iowa, and a sister north of Clinton. I joined the National Guard in 1939, September, sometime in September because I had gotten a job in the Rock Island Arsenal as a shop boy. And right away I joined the National Guard there, which was the 185th Artillery.

It was in regimental headquarters at that time. As time went on and Hitler got a little active, we were inducted into the Federal Army in February of 1941. And our camp in Louisiana

wasn't ready yet, so it was about March 10th before, March sometime before we went down to Louisiana and partook in the Louisiana Maneuvers.

And after the Pearl Harbor episode, our division, 34th Division, which was Iowa, Minnesota, and I think part of North Dakota, went to the east, Trenton, New Jersey. They streamlined the division. It was called the Score Division before.

It had four infantry regiments. They streamlined it, and we were left over because they changed the artillery regiments also. They made battalions and group headquarters out of certain units.

Went to Fort Bragg and was there until 1943 when they decided we would go overseas, and at that time it was the 194th Field Artillery Group. Went to Africa, stayed there a couple months waiting for the line to move in Italy northward. We went into Naples, I believe it was Naples, and waited until we finally got into the lines at Cassino.

As the push began on the 11th of May of 1943, I believe it was by then, and stayed north was 1944. And we went on up through Italy to as far north as Pisa, where I got tangled up with a buoy trap mine. I mean, I was disarming the mine.

It had about 11 of them. This was, I think, the 12th one, and it had a double buoy trap, and my hand was injured, and that landed me in the hospital. Went to Naples, eventually in the hospital, and back to the USA, which was called the Zone of Interior.

A week after my accident up there in Pisa, my outfit went to southern France, and boy was I unhappy about that. I wanted to go with them with the thought of perhaps getting to Czechoslovakia, where my father and mother had originated from. To make a longer story short, I came back to the States in February of 1945, at the time of the Battle of the Bulge.

And, of course, I watched the bulletins. I was an ambulatory patient. My right hand was the part that was injured.

Came to New York, went to Fort Devens, Mass., and they shipped us in different parts of the States for the hospitalization. I was sent to Springfield, Missouri, and I spent about three years in the hospital in between operations on my hand. And I wound up at Denver, Colorado, Fitzsimmons, where I had met my wife, to be wife at that time, at Springfield.

She was transferred to California, and I was transferred to Colorado when they closed the hospital at Springfield, Missouri, called O'Reilly General. Fitzsimmons is a still-going hospital, and with a problem in surgery, they sent me to Battle Creek, Michigan, Percy Jones General Hospital. I was discharged in 1948 from there, and I re-enlisted in the service.

That was in May, and in September, I re-enlisted, had to go to a fort down there in Louisville, Kentucky, Fort Knox. And subsequently, I wound up at Fort Monmouth, going to school, became a radar man. I applied for a warrant, I got up there, was sent to White Sands, New Mexico, and four months later, I was on my way to Germany, because I had been in the States seven years by then.

And when I got my warrant, they said, you're ready to go back over. After the tour over in Germany, I came back to Fort Belvoir, to El Paso, to the Air Defense Board at Fort Bliss. I was discharged here in 61 after 21 and some months of service.

I went to work civil service in September of 61, and retired in 1982 in January from that. After 42 years, I felt that was enough. And so my children, I have two, they are in the service, son in the Air Force, and daughter I married at Warren Hospital in Germany.

And at the present time, I'm retired. I had the call from Curt Deans today, the 17th of January, I believe it is, 1985, and I enjoy the opportunity to put this on tape, and that anybody that I know may hear what it sounds like. I'm 66 now, 66 in a few months plus, and I thank you.

I'm E.R. Phillips, Jr., and I entered the service from Fort Till, Oklahoma, in 1942. Went from there to Camp Roberts, California, took my basic training. I left there and went to Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

And I was with the 194th all the way through Africa, Sicily, Italy, Germany, France. And I left the 194th field at Hanok Hill, and I went back down through, into France. Stayed in Camp Phillips, and we were supposed to fly home, but we were kept there for three weeks before we got a boat to come home.

I was discharged out of the Army October the 27th, 1945. Discharged out of the Army October the 27th, 1945. Hi, I'm Colonel Edmund H.

Lang. I was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania in 1912. I'm a former member of the 194th Field Artillery Group, and was the second in command.

I entered active service on February the 3rd, 1941, with the 176th Field Artillery. And came to the 194th Field Artillery Group at Fort Bragg after the divisions were triangularized. I stayed with the 194th Field Artillery Group until Salzburg, Austria.

And started for one of the cigarette camps in France that were being used to assemble troops to go to Japan. Whenever B.J. Day arrived, we were sent to the United States. I was placed aboard an empty Liberty ship that went to Boston and Fort Devens.

Fort Devens, I was sent to Panama, and it was only later that I returned to active service as an engineer officer. Hi, Ray Milvers, dead this time. I was born July 11, 1918, in Cedar Falls, Iowa.

I went into the service, I joined the headquarters, 185th Battalion of the 34th Division in December 1940. Some fellas and I were out partying, they thought we'd go out and talk to the National Guard people. And before I left that evening, I was already in.

But my plan was, I would serve my year, which was in the National Guard. And I'd come home, move over into Illinois, so I'd be out of the Guard. And I'd get a good job when all of the rest of the fellas were getting drafted.

It so happened I got my National Guard discharge and my federal discharge approximately five years later. Anyway, we went to Camp Clayton, and the camp really wasn't completed as

yet. But after, it was only there about a month, I was a bugler, and they promised me a PFC, which I never got.

So I transferred into the band, because I got a sergeant's rating there. Well that went on for, oh, maybe six or eight months, and I became disillusioned with the band. So I talked to Captain Andresen, and got myself transferred back to Headquarters Battalion.

Lost my stripe, but that was fine, I was with a pretty good outfit then. Well then, I stayed with the same unit until discharge. So rather than go through all of the rigmarole of who was where and when and what time, I was whenever the other fellas said I was there too.

But at the end of the war, we were involved for Austria. And Sergeant Little and myself were the first ones to leave. We went by truck to Rheims, then we were in Rheims for a few days, and then went by train, on a little French train, to Paris, where we spent a week or two waiting for a plane to fly home.

When we did get on the plane, we stopped at the Azores, then at Newfoundland, and finally to Washington, D.C. We spent a few days there, then to Fort Dix, and after a week at Fort Dix, we were sent to Fort Sheridan, where I was discharged on July the 4th, 1945, which gave me one week to get home to celebrate my birthday, which was one of the happier days of my life. This is Ken Haig, and I'm talking from my home in Corona Del Mar, California, and I have a couple of friends out here visiting. Kurt Deems and Ray Milvers did.

[Speaker 6]

I was born in Los Angeles, September the 17th, 1918, and was inducted into the Army on March the 19th, 1941.

[Speaker 1]

Figuring to get my year in, I would come back with the swallows to Capistrano, but things changed. I was inducted into Fort MacArthur, San Pedro, California, was sent to Camp Roberts, California. We left Camp Roberts, California, and arrived in Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, approximately the 1st of August, 1941.

Along with me came a friend of mine, Al Mearing, that turned out to be a buddy for the next four years. We spent our time on maneuvers until, almost until the time the war was declared, but we did get a couple of furloughs, or a furlough in between times, and after the war was declared, a unit was sent to Fort Dix, New Jersey, which, again, you've heard, we were changed to the 194th Field Artillery Group and sent down to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, to try a new gun, which was an 8-inch howitzer. After a period of time, we returned to Fort Dix, New Jersey, went overseas, landed in North Africa, spent our time there, then we went to Italy, spent our time in Italy, finally into southern France, Germany, into Austria, and the war ended.

We, three of us, were sent to come home on the 4th of July of 1945, because this was the date that the 194th Field Artillery Group was disbanded. The three that were to come home was my friend Al Mearing, Jerry Tureen, and myself. We got in the little railroad cars, went through France, and went as far into Belgium as we could to, I can't think of the town in Belgium we went to, but we waited there for a ship to come in.

They had to clean the mines out of the harbor before we could bring the ship in. Finally, Jerry and I got on a Liberty ship there, and we left. We spent the next 23 days aboard that Liberty ship going to Hampton Roads, Virginia.

We landed there, Jerry went his way, I got back on the train again, started across country, coming back to the point of my discharge, which was Fort MacArthur. About halfway across the country, the first bomb was dropped at Hiroshima. I was discharged on August 18, 1945, and finally I went to work.

I can thankfully say I'm retired now, and it's a good time to say goodbye.