

## **KUED PROGRAM TRANSCRIPT**

### **UTAH WWII STORIES: UNTOLD STORIES**

#### **Dr. Charles Edwards**

When I came back from the war and combat, I had no desire at all to relay anything that had happened to me in combat, even though I was in the thick of it for three months. They took no prisoners. We took no prisoners.

#### **Charles H. Greenwood**

I only just the last, about the last four or five years memories start coming back in my mind about what went on and what happened.

#### **Jimmy Valdez**

Well I think you know, years have gone by and I'm not going to be around very long much longer, so... You know you have all this built up in your system, you know, but you got to tell somebody, you know?

#### **E. Howard Clements**

I'm 84 years old now and so I'm telling you things that happened 64 years ago, and there isn't a day goes by that I don't think about it.

#### **Narration**

There's not just one story of WWII. There are as many stories as there were men and women to fight. More than 3,600 never returned to Utah to tell their stories. These are some of the 67,000 that did. In 2006 KUED broadcast six and a half hours of Utah WWII Stories. This original documentary series provoked an enthusiastic and personal response from our viewers. As our original series unfolded on television, we began to hear from dozens of veterans and their families, through letters, emails, and phone calls recounting more untold stories from WWII. So compelling were these stories, we created a whole new episode to share some of them with you. Tonight you will hear how ordinary Utah men and women, who still walk modestly among us, dared to fight on soil in far off lands. They are our neighbors and often our good friends. They are now our parents, grandparents, and even great grandparents who may have lost a step or two, but their exemplary service still shines. They risked their lives for a cause greater than themselves in one of the most significant events in all of human history. I'm Rick Randle, and once again KUED is proud to present the fifth episode in our series about Utah citizens serving in WWII--the Untold Stories.

#### **Neil K. Holbrook**

I was in the Ensign ward in Salt Lake City on 9th Avenue and D street, and also in that ward was also a man named Heber J. Grant, and the bishop stood up to

start the meeting, went to the pulpit, and just as he got to the pulpit somebody was signaling him from out in the lobby, and I suppose it was important, so he left and went out to the lobby. When he came back he stopped by President Grant and whispered, and President Grant broke into tears. Well you've got to remember he was the first, and at that time the only mission president of a Japanese mission. The bishop went back up to the stand and he said, "Brother and sisters I've just learned that Japan has attacked Hawaii and San Francisco," (Incorrect about San Francisco) and you are to go home right now, and we're dismissing the meeting, and turn on your radios and you'll get further instructions. That's what happened when the war started, and that changed my whole life from then on.

### **Roger Johnson**

We started flying stuff over. We flew bombs and gas and food and ammunition--anything they needed to run an army, and the pressure was on all of the time to keep that army going so we could hold that Japanese army, otherwise they'd be out there in the Pacific.

### **Narration**

The Himalayas, the tallest mountain range in the world, were called "The Hump" by the GI's fighting there. The incessant storms and Japanese fighter planes littered the route with so many crash planes, the crews called it "The Aluminum Highway."

### **Ralph P. Holding**

The hump was the south end of the Himalayan range. You could fly over it by about 14, 15,000 elevation, but the Japanese were in there and you were flying an unarmed transports, that's why we were flying over at 18,000. The weather that you could encounter, you could have updrafts or downdrafts where the airplane would go up or down maybe as much as 5,000 feet or ice, and they were hauling gas into us in fifty gallon drums in C-47 airplanes.

### **Roger Johnson**

If it got so violent it might brake when of those drums loose, and you had to get it out before it banged in to some others, and if that happened too much that's where some of those airplanes blew up.

### **Edward Lueders**

They got the very good idea of putting together a GI entertainment unit to travel throughout the China/Burma/India Theatre. We were strictly non-combat troops, but in dangerous situations being flown over, what we called, "The Hump." The first time we were in the bucket seats in the back, before we took off, the crew came in and said, "Hey guys, you know stay in your seats and don't move around because I don't know how high we have to fly, but we'll be

pretty high, so you don't want to... the oxygen is going to be a little thin." They had oxygen. We didn't. And that was not a very good tip off to say, you know, hey have a good flight. We were concerned all the way until we got to Kung Ming.

### **Roger Johnson**

It was dark and stormy. We were losing altitude and I got the good engine wide open, and our speed was reduced and our engines kept getting hotter, and pretty soon I could tell we weren't going to make it, so I yelled to the crew, "We're going to bail," and as soon as I looked back there, they were ready. I yelled, "bail!" and I ran back for the door and we went out one, two, three--just got out of there fast. Well when I went out the door, the plane was going so fast that I just barely missed going under the tail. If the tail had hit me, it would have killed me. As soon as I popped the chute, we were going pretty fast and it just about knocked me out. You went from 200 something miles an hour down to 20 miles an hour just like that. In the meantime, the airplane got the nose down and picked up a lot of speed, and then with the power on one side, it made a U turn and headed back for us. I reached up for the shrouds on the one side of my shoes. If the plane kept going towards me I was going to collapse the chute, and I don't know what happened after that, but I wasn't going to let that plane hit me, but it turned and hit the mountain and blew up, so we got out of that ok.

### **Edward Lueders**

Flying into Chung King turned out to be a very harry business because that airstrip wasn't ready. It was still being reconstructed, and construction meant there were hoards of Chinese coolies all over, you know that's a word I use advisedly because we called them coolies. They were manual labor of the most basic kind pulling these gigantic rollers to straighten out what was going to be the airstrip.

### **Ralph P. Holding**

They would have about 250 Chinese pulling ropes and this, what you'd call a steamroller didn't have steam, but it was a huge cement roller that weren't any brakes on it. If you fell down it would go right over you.

### **Edward Lueders**

We had a hot rod pilot. He made it alright, and some how he missed these guys pulling the rollers on the very strip we were landing on. I can actually remember looking out of the window seeing them go past as we landed.

### **Ralph P. Holding**

It was really a team operation. In other words the flight crews had their job to do. The ground crews had their job to do. There was no class distinction or anything of that nature. It was a very close-knit organization. I had an airplane

that was called, "Obliterators Excuse Please," and they made a big mistake. They did not refuse. In other words they had fuses that were instantaneous on 500-pound bombs, and what happened is they went in low level over a Japanese truck compound and supplied depot. If you're flying at, say 200 miles an hour, and you release the bomb, the bomb is going forward at 200 miles an hour, and it explodes right underneath the airplane, but that came up and damaged the airplane and the navigator had about 3 inches of his spine shut off and navigated the airplane back to base and died, and the airplane was badly shot up. He had to drop the wing tanks. There was blood all over in that area. It leaves an empty feeling in the pit of your stomach. You know you're not going to see them again. I guess that's part of the cost of war. You make good friends, and then you lose them.

### **Neil K. Holbrook**

They wanted somebody to blow up and destroy obstacles and problems that were on the island that would impede the landing troops, so that was the idea that started all of this frogmen that became the Seals. I was put in the potato locker in the Seabees. That wasn't adequate. I would have to peel potatoes for the rest of the war and there was no way. I heard about this demolition squad that was forming in the Seabees. They took us to the island of Maui in Hawaii. That is when we first became officially what we called The Underwater Demolition Team. We really trained then. We'd get up before breakfast and swim a mile and a half out to sea and back in, and then we'd have breakfast. Then all day long we were swimming, shooting off charges in the water, blowing up things, learning out to handle demolition materials, things like that, all day long. We became waterlogged. Saipan we did first. That was my first action in the war. They had a lot of ships out there; battleships and cruisers and destroyers, shelling that shore just over our heads, and the Japanese couldn't come down to the beach because their beach was being shelled. We had LCPR landing crafts. We would go speeding, oh maybe 25 miles an hour, parallel to the shore. Attached to that LCPR landing craft was a rubber bolt, and the commanding officer of that particular group of eight men would say, "Number one swimmer over," and you just let yourself go into the water and spin around and your mask would come off and everything, but we'd put ourselves back together and then I would swim in on top of the water at first, and then as we got closer and the bullets started coming then we'd go under the water and go down in and up and take a breath and down in and up and take a breath until we came into where the boats might get hung up. When we would go in there we had Plexiglas slates tied to our knees, and then we would map what was underwater, and then we would go into the beach only a few yards and map any pillboxes that might be there. We planted the explosives and blew up the obstacles that we found around the beach, then we'd go back out to sea and we'd pick up the marines. We'd take those marines in to show them where to go where the channels were that we knew were there, or where we'd blown up

the obstacles so they didn't get hung up, so we'd stand in the front of the boat and tell the Coxen to go this way or that way and get him into the beach, and then as soon as they were in there we'd duck down and the marines would go in right past us, and then we'd go back out to sea, but I remember in Saipan, that first one, that was very hard. All the guys were the same. We were pretty somber about going in that island, and reluctant, and all of us were telling (sorry), were telling each other to write to our families or our friends or whatever, if something happened to us, or what to do with our baggage and letters and things like that, and we were very sober. I don't think any of them considered themselves heroes, but they wanted to get that war over with and get home, and they knew that if they didn't get the war over with before they got home our parents would be in jeopardy, our families, so they really did serve with a deep feeling of responsibility. It was on this particular island, I believe it was on Tinian, where they had snakes, and we were going in on a reconnaissance, and it was night-time, and so we went into shore and because the shells were sometimes going over our head, we stayed very low and keep our ear to the water or to the sand, if we went further inland, and so we'd creep in with our ear down, and they had told us about snakes. Well, I didn't like snakes, and I'm crawling along, and I put my hand on something real funny, not so slimy, but I thought it was a snake. It was slimy, and the star shells were being lit to light the way so we could see, and I turned around slowly, and I was about a foot away from the eyes of a dead Japanese. I had my hand in his stomach blown open, and when I saw his eyes there was no snake there, but was a lot worse because I wasn't expecting it, and I stood up, which you can't do, and I ran back out to the surf and started swimming to sea, and when I got out on the surf where I could tread water a little bit I put it back together again and went and finished my job, but I can't forget that. It was a nighttime reconnaissance on Tinian.

## **Narration**

For each soldier in combat, there were more than five who worked behind the scenes as support staff. The roles were vital to the success of the war effort. One Salt Lake County resident was trained as an Army stenographer, and assigned to General George Patton's Headquarters.

## **Mark L. Heyrend**

And I was told to report to the munitions building, and that's where the war department was housed at that time. I went through the first set of MP's. He checked my papers and he told me to go down the hall to another set, and another set on the way and then I had to turn to go upstairs, and another set of MP's. When I got to those boys they said, "Now down there in that double door, you go in there," so I started down there and you know just walking and taking my time, and being lured, of course, and out comes this great big man, a general all dressed up, you know, walked towards me, and I was on my side of

the hall, but boy he brushed past me, and I was wondering what was going on and I told an MP, I says, "Who in the world is that joker?" He said, "Watch your tongue soldier, that's old blood and guts Patton." You know when I walked in that big room behind those doors, I was just thrilled because there was the Army, Air force, the Navy and Marines all working on these overlay maps on the wall, the coast of North Africa, and that was really impressive, so they put me right to work in the planning stage, and we did that, and every night they told us and warned us, now when you go out on the streets of Washington D.C., to the restaurant or the bar or whatever, you're lips are sealed. There will be people who will ask you what you're doing in this building, but thousands of lives depend on what you say, so you don't mention a thing about what you're doing in this building. And the night before we left--we couldn't call home--we were restricted to anything like that communication, so we went to Norfolk, Virginia and began to load onto invasions ships, and what made me feel good... There I was just a little buck sergeant, and I could hear these officers, colonels, majors, lieutenants, captains all speculating as to where we were going, where we'd be loading up to go, and they were speculating and there I was. I knew the whole thing, and that made me feel pretty important. And as soon as we started that H hour four o'clock in the morning, November 8, the lights on the shores really lit up, you know to see what was going on to show on us so it would be a good target, and there was nothing like General Patton. He was very calm. He said, "Well boys, we had our newspapers here. They're giving us light to read them," and so I just love the Navy, the way they operated. All of a sudden they started shooting those tracer shells over into those lights. And I love to watch the tracer shell go right over, and the light go right out. General Patton got word that the men were digging in. They were not advancing from the shore on in because they were all new, those new GI's, they well feared too, so he ordered a landing craft, and he went in and he walked up and down the beach as these planes were strafing the beach just to set an example for the men who were dug in, and boy when that happened they just got right up and went right in. He set a good example. I was to get to shore so we could set up our command post. And there I was with a typewriter and a Thompson sub-machine gun, and that was quite a thing.

### **Roberta Windchief**

You know it's kind of like you started out being defeated by a nation then you come forward and fight for that nation. You know it's a strong message to all people who are Americans. Our people have always had a tie to the land. This is our country. This is our mother. This is our mother earth, and so with that in mind it didn't take very much for our young warriors to say, "We're in trouble and we need to go help," and they did, and the story goes on my reservation is that there was probably more than 60, maybe 70 young men during that time. When there was a call for people to fight they all went together, a whole group went, and they weren't the only reservation that did that. The Crow people did

that, the Cheyenne, Northern Cheyenne, the Blackfeet people, all of the different tribes up north, and I think the tribes down south also did that. They all came forward and went to fight for this country.

### **Narration**

Roberta Windchief, a member of the Assiniboine Tribe, was just a young girl when she witnessed tribal members gathering at the train station to celebrate, through drum and song, as young tribal warriors shipped off to unknown lands.

### **Roberta Windchief**

We would always get up real early in the morning, really early, and there would be an older person, and elder, and older man that would come and he would talk to the person that's leaving, and depending on the person, sometimes he would paint them. He would just put red paint on each side of their eyes. Other times he didn't. And then he would talk to them and we would have a meal and we would... an Indian, among the Indian people we acknowledge our deceased relatives and he would do that, and then we would go to the train station, but as the train was coming in they would begin singing these veteran songs, and they would sometimes use the person's Indian name--beautiful songs, and then he would leave.

### **Narration**

Members of the Assiniboine Tribe serving in WWII included, Richard King, killed in the Battle of the Bulge at age 21, Robert King, who served in the United States Army in the Pacific, and Chris Windchief who served in Patton's Third Army in Berlin.

### **Roberta Windchief**

We would all go to the train station when they were coming home, and then when they got off they would sing these songs for them and then we would go back, and depending on time, sometimes they would have what we call a pow wow I guess. We would call it a celebration of the returning home of our warrior, and then we would have a dance, and they would drum and they would sing and a particular time I remember when one of them came home. When he danced in he carried a Japanese saber, and he pulled it out of the sheath and I got really scared. I crawled behind my grandmother because it scared me because he was dancing and he was painted, and so that's an example of how we used what is now called the pow wow. Ceremonies that the veterans were able to do when they went to war and came back--they were able to pick up feathers that fell. Only the veteran could do that because he earned the right to do that. The veteran could give names to people. One of the examples is that one of my uncles, his name was Billy Snell, he served in the Pacific, and when he came back he gave my brother his Indian name, and the Indian name that he gave my brother was "shoots down" because my uncle was a pilot, was a gunner (is that

what they call them?) in the back of a plane where they would shoot down the other planes, and that's what he did, so my brother carries the name "shoots down," which is an explanation of what my uncle did in the war. Our people say that men and women are equal, that we are like the wings of an eagle; on one side is a man, on one side is a woman, and our power comes from the mother earth, so that when there's trouble coming to the tribe the men will step forward. Trouble come to the nation the men will step forward, regardless of what happened before, we still have that tie to our mother earth, to the life that we have. That's what's sacred.

### **Nell Stevenson Bright**

(song--A Hell of a Pilot Too) I saw the advertising in a flying magazine, and at that time we had to have our private license and 75 hours in flight time to qualify to even apply for the training program.

### **Narration**

In the first months of the war America had a severe shortage of male pilots. Renown female aviator, Jackie Cochran, proposed the solution to the lack of manpower--use women pilots to ferry aircraft to military bases and tow aerial targets for soldiers in training in the U.S. Cochran's idea was embraced by the Air Force, and the Women's Air Force Service was formed. In mid-1943, women from across the United States left the safety of their homes and families, came to Sweetwater, Texas, learned to fly military aircraft, and became WASPS.

### **Nell Stevenson Bright**

If somebody told Jackie that oh they thought it would be so glamorous, she probably wouldn't have accepted them because we did not look particularly glamorous in our size 44 zoot suits at Sweetwater with our hair tied up and everything. We were at B-25 school in Mather, California and instantly there were 20 Tuskegee airmen there too. The commanding officer did not particularly want the women pilots or the black boys either, so he would not allow them to eat in the officers mess, and he would not allow them in the officer's club, so the commanding officer that we had, we talked to him, we told him we thought that was pretty bad, so Captain Wimberly went to talk to the C.O. about it, so he finally agreed that they could eat in the officer's mess, but they had to eat down at one end of the officer's mess, so all of the women pilots went down and ate with the Tuskegees. That didn't endear us to any of the boys from Alabama that were there, I'll tell you. Ten of us were sent to Biggs Field in El Paso to tow target squadron, and that's where we were training the anti-aircraft boys. This was ground to air where we towed the targets behind the planes and they shot real bullets at the targets, and hopefully they hit the targets and didn't get too close to the planes. We were towing targets at night and they were suppose to, the boys at Fort Bliss were supposed to get the target into the search light and then shoot at the target. Well they got the plane

into the search lights and we started having flak bursts right in front of the plane and had to do a little evasive action on that, and we called the ground control at Fort Bliss and told them we were leaving out of the pattern and going back to base and if their boys couldn't shoot any better than that we weren't going to fly anymore for them, that night anyway. We would take off before sunrise and then come down out of the sun and right over the top of their heads, and they were suppose to hit the dirt. We also flew assimilated bombing missions. We flew gas missions and we flew strafing missions. This was their training as to what they could expect if they were in combat. They would put gas tanks under our wings with the real stuff and as we went across we lit the gas and that was training the men to get their gas masks on in time.

### **Narration**

You release some of the gas?

### **Nell Stevenson Bright**

Oh yes.

### **Narration**

It was actual gas?

### **Nell Stevenson Bright**

Yes. We liked it because we got to fly lots of different kinds of airplanes and it was hard work. It wasn't a glamour job. If you didn't know what you were doing you were putting your life on the line. There were 38 women that lost their lives. Usually one of us would go home to take the body home, and a big part of the expenses were met by Jacqueline Cochran herself because the government did not pay any expenses of any of the girls that got killed at all, and the parents could not put a gold star in their window. Usually we would take up a collection too for the family. We were not thinking at that time that we were being pioneers or anything else. We were just having a good time flying.

### **Jack Leroy Tueller**

My first real mission was to take on a German Panzer division. They were trying to save their tanks, and they were bumper to bumper and we would take out those tanks. Now the P-47 Thunderbolt is able to carry two 1,000 pound bombs, one under it's wing. It's got ten rockets and eight 50-caliber machine guns, so you're a pretty good weapon against a tank. As I went down on this tank I could see red on the top of the tank, and yellow and purple, and at 1,000 feet looking through the gun side I saw a French mother and her three children. She was trying to cover their bodies with hers. They were being held up there as human shields, and every tank had these on--innocent civilians. The Germans again, masters of psychological warfare, knew that we would not fire, and we didn't. Thirty minutes later after we reported what happened, and I've

never felt such anger--unfairness of it, but I was learning that war was not fair, we were ordered back to get that armor and those civilians were expendable. So for 65 years ago this last June, I live with that image. I think that's what breaks my heart more than anything. We landed the strip at 10 o'clock that night, and I'm stressed obviously. The funny thing about adrenalin... When you get high, boy you got nerves of steel, but when it drains out you go as low as you were high. I get my trumpet out. The commander said, "Jack, don't play tonight because we've had snipers around this airstrip. There's one left and he has a sound namer. He's going to pick that trumpet sound up and you're going to be his next target." Well I thought to myself that that sniper is as homesick and scared as I am. He doesn't want to be here anymore than I do. "Now lets see what's his love song?" Then I played Lili Marlene... lun da dun da dun da dun lun da dun dee dee (plays Lili Marlene on trumpet). And I wailed that trumpet out over those apple orchards. He didn't fire. And there was magic. There was silence, no light, raining softly, and it was one of those rare unforgettable moments that only music can engender, so in this context my trumpet literally saved my life. The next day here came military police. "Hey Captain, there are 50 German prisoners down on the beach. One keeps saying, in broken English, 'who played that trumpet?'" It was the sniper. I grabbed my trumpet and got in the jeep. It was only a mile and a half away to the beach, and he saw me coming and he burst into tears. He said, "Lili Marlene reminded me of the tune my fiancé and I got married to in Germany and I thought of my mother and father, and I thought of my brothers and sisters, and he said, "I couldn't fire. I couldn't fire," and I shook the hands of the enemy, because music can sooth the two savage beasts.

### **John Henry Dinkelman**

I selected the tanks because inside of a tank you were safe, you know. You couldn't get hurt inside of a tank. That was my theory at that time. Little did I know the truth. The bigger the target you are, the more they shoot at you.

### **John R. (Jack) Call**

If you had claustrophobia you couldn't get in that tank. I've known people that just couldn't do it.

### **C. Mont Mahoney**

We were five guys in an area about five feet wide, and five feet long, and five feet high.

### **John R. (Jack) Call**

There's the tank commander, which has the hatch he can open up and look out. The gunner is right in front of him sitting on a little stool that drops out of a wall with a turn, and he has a periscope so he can look up and out, and he has a telescope so he can aim the gun.

### **John Henry Dinkelman**

I saw most of Europe through a periscope. If I toured Europe now, I'd probably feel at home if I could bring my own periscope, you know.

### **C. Mont Mahoney**

It had an aircraft engine.

### **John Henry Dinkelman**

That aircraft engine was cooled not by water or antifreeze, but by air. The infantry liked it because that hot air coming out from the back of the tank gave them a chance to get warm. Inside the tank you get that cold draft going down through there. Very cold. Very cold. And if you've been in a windstorm in the winter, you know what I'm talking about. It would just suck all of the warmth right out of your body.

### **C. Mont Mahoney**

We had C-rations which was two cans about the size of a Campbell soup can, and one of them was a beef stew or pork and beans or something like this, and we learned how to take those Campbell soup cans and put them in the fins of the tank. There were five of us in the tank, so we'd put six of them in the fins of the tank, and as we were going along, the heat from the engine of course got them warm, and we would hear the first one pop and we would stop and get the other five and eat the hot pork and beans or whatever it happened to be. I noticed on the C-ration cans, the one that had beef in it, it was canned by the Ravel Dog Food Company.

### **John Henry Dinkelman**

We'd use empty ammunition cans to relieve ourselves. We'd go outside the tank. You'd have to use that empty ammunition can and carefully throw it out the side and hope you didn't drop it on some infantryman that was alongside of you using your tank for shelter.

### **John R. (Jack) Call**

At nighttime I remember falling asleep saying my prayers. You sleep sitting up. You can't lay down in that tank. There's no room to do that.

### **C. Mont Mahoney**

But lots of times we would get out and dig a foxhole and then take a tarp and stretch it from the tank down to the ground beyond the foxhole and sleep in that.

### **John R. (Jack) Call**

I'd rather be a tanker than an infantryman. Those people are hand to hand battle. I think they got lots of courage to do it.

### **John Henry Dinkelman**

And of course the purpose of the tank was to support the infantry. You provide fire power to support the infantry. The real heroes of any war is the infantryman- the guy who is right there and has no protection at all. He's the guy that takes and holds the ground. He's the one who deserves all of the credit.

### **Lawrence William Stimpson**

We'd march from early in the morning until late at night until... I know some days I'd walk along and I'd think, "If I could just get wounded? Just lay in a nice sheet or cool breeze on a Navy or something."

### **Narration**

Frontline infantry was dirty, hazardous duty. Cold k-rations, no showers or change of clothes for weeks at a time made it tough. The threat of snipers, land mines or enemy ambush made it nearly unbearable and created a constant state of fear.

### **Lawrence William Stimpson**

At that time I was B-company, the 504th Parachute Infantry Regiment. I made three jumps; one in Sicily, one in Italy in Salerno, and then one in Holland, the rest of the time we spent our time on the line just as regular infantry. Just before we got to Sicily they had us stand up and hook up to get ready to jump, and that sky would look just like the fourth of July with fireworks, and it was not the enemy that was fired on. It was the Navy, the English Army and all allied forces. Some of them got killed. The planes were shot down and some of them died in the planes when they went down before they had a chance to jump, and it was chaos that night, believe me. We had around 400 men killed that night from friendly fire. After we got on the ground our biggest trouble was finding out where we were at and the Germans were strafing us, and you have one of them planes come in strafing with machine gun fire, that's a lot worse than having a rattle snake at you. It's no fun. In three days we made 150 miles. It was miserable. There's a lot of things worse in combat than getting hit and some of the miseries you have to go through. Some mornings we woke up with snow on whatever we had on us. It was pretty cold. It got pretty cold at night. The sun would come out in the daytime and it wasn't too bad, but at night they were cold. Being parachute groups we have a shelter half and I think one blanket with us and we didn't have any heavy clothing either to take with us so it wasn't the most pleasant experience in the world.

### **Donald Harlow Picket**

We were under sniper fire. Word came that one of our men had been killed. I

went tree-to-tree and bush-to-bush over to this building and I went up and looked down at my first casualty. He had been doing everything you're supposed to do when you're observing. He was back in the shadows. He had his binoculars, and he got a round right between the eyes and just fell backwards.

### **Lawrence William Stimpson**

They sent us out on a patrol. There's about 50 men in this patrol, and we were at the top of the canal there. You could walk up there real easily, and we were receiving promiscuous rifle fire once in a while. We didn't pay much attention to it, but we knew they knew we were coming and I came to one spot and I thought man I'm wide open here, and I just stepped back and a lieutenant stepped in my place and he got it. That's the first person I actually watched get hit and die at the same time. The way they show it in these shows where you show a lot of remorse and that, my feeling was they didn't show that because he got his. I still got mine coming. He's through with his. I've still got mine coming, so you don't... pretty soon the odds are against you regardless of how long you've been there.

### **Eugene K. England**

And they were lobbing motors down. They were landing in some of the holes with us, and it was a very difficult situation to break through and be able to accomplish what we were there to do.

### **Narration**

Foxholes were the main defense for the infantryman--a place to rest, eat, dry out your socks, and try to sleep, but in an instant it could become a place of terror, shock, confusion, and death.

### **Eugene K. England**

We were in this circle and one of the men, I don't know how it happened, he got out and got hit and was out laying between us, these foxholes. He was out in the middle, and he was knocked down and couldn't move, but he was yelling, "Batiskee. Batiskee, come and get me," well Batiskee wouldn't come and get him, and nobody else seemed to want to do it, but for some reason I went out and I had to go out on my belly, and we knew that the small arms fire was coming in there close to the ground, and I was able to go out and get him and drag him back into my hole. I guess the adrenalin is running to where you just seem to be able to do things, and it was 72 hours before our troops were able to get up to us. At that time I think the count was about 129 that went up and 27 came back.

### **Dr. Charles E. Edwards**

This one night was the most traumatic night that I had after I'd been with the

outfit for a month and a half, but we tried to take this hill and it was just impossible. We couldn't... there were just too many of them, and they were shooting us, so we dug in, but talk about tough. It was really hard to stay alive. The platoon leader asked me to take the last hole on our perimeter and dig in there with two of my men. We dug that hole big enough that two could lay down in it with their knees right up against their chin, and the other one on an ammunition box. I had just barely gotten on my feet when the grenade came in the hole, and I got this leg up on the bank, and the grenade went over right next to his head, right close to where my head had been and went off. It wounded Watson, killed Fields. I talked to the lieutenant, and he said, "Hey Edwards, would you go back and get in the hole with those two other men of yours?" So I did, and we were in there not quite an hour and a grenade came in that hole. I don't know whose lap it landed in, but man we jumped like kangaroos out of that hole. So the lieutenant, I reported to him and he said, "Would you go back and get in that hole?" He said, "The next hole is three guys with machine guns and they're not able to protect themselves as well as the rifleman." So I did very reluctantly, and it wasn't very long until the grenade came in their foxhole, and one guy it shell-shocked him and evidently blinded him because he started crawling out toward the Japanese, and one guy that wasn't wounded too bad grabbed him by the foot and pulled him back, and we carried those two guys as much as we could carry them. They could partially walk. We got into a foxhole that was back behind us a little ways and so I got in with them, and it had a shelter half over the foxhole, which was about this high, but we got them under it and this guy that was so shell-shocked he kept moaning. God, and it scared me because I knew that's what they were trying to zero in on. I heard a grenade hit, and it landed on top of that shelter half, and I dove out of that foxhole and landed on some c-rations, and I had no more hit the ground when that thing went off, and it was not just a grenade. It was a grenade that had sulfuric acid sticks to it. They're like dynamite, and when that went off it just sounded like the mountain blew up. The next morning there was nothing but a blackened hole, just a crater. Those guys were just mutilated, and after that blew up I guess I felt like I'd had it, and I started crying. I don't know how long that lasted, but it was probably good for me, but I was so unnerved at that point that I just couldn't help myself.

## **Ray Brim**

They didn't tell us. Sometimes it's ignorance that they capitalize on, and they just said that this is your number of missions that you have to accomplish. They never told the other side of that equation.

## **Narration**

Bomber crews who flew over Europe stood less than a fifty percent chance of completing all of their assigned missions without being killed, wounded, or

captured. They endured long uncomfortable missions, sub-zero temperatures, and the terror of facing enemy fighters and deadly accurate anti-aircraft flak. Many barely made it back to their bases in badly damaged aircraft, literally coming in on a wing and a prayer.

### **Warren B. McAllister**

They would wake you up at about 3 am in the morning, and you would get up, go to the mess tent, and have the so-called food.

### **Ray Brim**

And from there, to a briefing about the mission that was scheduled for that day.

### **Robert D. Hemingway**

And then the room where the briefing was there was a huge map on the end of the building, and it was covered, and when they'd come in to start the briefing they'd pull that out and there's the lines telling you where you're going.

### **Theodore (Bud) Mahas**

But it was scary when they pulled that curtain back and pointed to where you were going because there were some places that were a lot scarier than others, and a lot deeper into German, but we were afraid every time.

### **Charles H. Greenwood**

And I was so scared from our briefing I threw up my breakfast before I could get to the restroom. It made me sick to my stomach. We had an old war-weary plane that had been shot up with flak so bad that they had patches all over the waist, and there was dried blood all over the thing, and when I saw that I was still sick as could be because somebody had really been blown to pieces there I guess.

### **Theodore (Bud) Mahas**

When I first got on the base we went out to line and one of the ball-turret gunners had taken a 20-millimeter right in the Plexiglas and there was nothing left of him. He was... they were washing the turret out with a hose.

### **Tom Demery**

When they start those engines up, you got two hundred engines going to the ground just kind of vibrates with all of that noise. It's just incredible.

### **Charles H. Greenwood**

We had 2800 gallons of high-octane fuel on the plane. We had oxygen tanks full of oxygen, and we had the Bombay's full of three-tons of high explosives, and if you can imagine going down a runway at 80 miles and hour, you wonder if we're

ever going to get off the ground--the thing just groans and moans trying to get in the air. Finally it does break loose and gets airborne. If during that takeoff you had a tire blow out, or run off the runway, you were dead. The planes would just blow right up.

### **Kenneth Porter**

It was our turn to take off, and we got to just right around 400 feet, somewhere between 350 and 400 feet, and the two left engines quit, and of course we went and started in on a 45 degree angle, and I was in the waist there and I turned to one of the waist-gunners there and I said, "Your mother's going to get her gold star here in about ten seconds," because about 95% of the time when you crash one of those full of bombs and gasoline, why it blows up, and we were extremely fortunate.

### **Kay L. Flinders**

And a couple of them didn't make it, and crashed at the end with all those bombs, and it makes a hole about 20 feet deep, and no one survives of course.

### **Kenneth Porter**

But every mission we flew, Father Rice, be it rain, shine, anything, Father Rice was out about half way up the runway blessing every plane as it took off, and I don't care what religion you were, you appreciated that, because you knew that needed all the help that you could get.

### **Ray Brim**

Form up, climb to our assigned altitude, attempt to dodge other B-17's in the area.

### **Willard White**

That was the scary part is going up through clouds to get above the clouds or whatever to get into formation. You had to circle around, and we didn't have the sophisticated radar and stuff they have today to get separation. We don't know who's up there coming around, and I know one time where a guy came screaming down in front of me, I guess to crash, just missed us. You never know. In England we could hear the heavies, and then once in a while you'd hear (sound effect) a big... When two airplanes would come together, a crash, and that was because of bad weather, and we heard that too many times.

### **Leo Wendell Hardy**

It was different in the South Pacific. We took off in a jungle and flew over water to the targets. The first mission was on Balikpapan, the oil refinery on Borneo, and as I was to hit the target, I dropped my bombs and immediately the zeros started to attack our airplane, and one of my gunners later said that we had 17 fighters shooting at us alone, and we got down on the water and passed what

little ammunition we had to the top turret gunner so he could scare off these zeros until we could outdistance them. We knew that they couldn't fly as long as we could because of the fuel. Anyway we landed at Noemfoor on the runway and ran out of fuel, and we were so shook up that we didn't even realize that our tail gunner was dead until the next day.

### **Charles H. Greenwood**

I didn't realize it at the time, but that was quite a dangerous place to be. To get in the tail position you had to crawl on your hands and knees.

### **Kenneth Porter**

I would have to sit there on my knees on a bicycle seat all the time going backwards.

### **Charles H. Greenwood**

I had two 50-caliber machine guns, and they would shoot 400 rounds a minute, so it was really quite a weapon. I'd stay there sometimes for six hours, eight hours. One mission my legs went to sleep and when we landed crew members had to open the tail hatch door and drag me out. I couldn't hardly stand up because I'd been in there so long. It was no fun.

### **Thomas McCormick Hill**

As we got into fall and the weather got cooler, we were in 60-65 degree below zero almost every day up that high, and we had these big leather sheep-skin coats on and trousers and boots and we were kept warm enough, but you couldn't do much.

### **Kenneth Porter**

You'd touch a gun with a bare hand why it would take some of your hide with you.

### **Warren B. McAllister**

I don't know how our ball turret gunner lived though it all in that little ball he had to climb in. It had to be little, and they were in it for the whole mission.

### **Theodore (Bud) Mahas**

The ball turret gunner is under the belly of the airplane, and you had to get into your turret from the waist, then you closed the bay door and you were isolated in this small turret. We sat in a fetal position and my knees, I could pull them up. I only weighed 140 pounds, and they were about near my ears, and then I had 50 calibers on each side with a trigger right near each one, and the scope in front of me to see what I was shooting at.

### **Robert D. Hemingway**

I don't recall ever having much trouble with German fighters because P-51's and P-47's went with us.

### **Robert E. Erickson**

The missions, in most part, were high altitude protecting the bombers. We'd always take off about an hour after the bombers. We'd watch them circle and form and we'd rendezvous with them over the continent. P-47's would take them into the coast, and if they didn't have fuel, they'd have to turn around. Now the B-17's were on their own, and so we were going to be top cover for them and give them a little protection, at least make the German remember that we were up there.

### **Tom Demery**

They were up a couple of thousand feet over us, and we'd be flying along straight into the target, and they would be going "s" curve, back and forth across the top, and I'll tell you that was the prettiest sight seeing all those P-51's up there. They were our "little friends" we called them, and they called us "big friends." But to see those fighters, it was just... it just made you feel safe almost.

### **Thomas McCormick Hill**

One of the things I saw looking out of the window was a B-17 under attack, and it happened to be a friend of mine who was the engineer and that, so he was the top turret gunner, and he and I had a conflict of personalities. We just never backed away from each other. We just had a wall of dislike, but I was so impressed because he stayed at the guns and stayed fighting while the airplane was falling and falling into the clouds the last time I saw him, so he made no attempt to get out, and probably couldn't anyway because you've got to be very close to an escape hatch to get out. I was not prepared that the fighter-bomber contact would be that deadly and that quick, and it ended up that we lost the 14 B-17's, and I think it was right up to our airplane that we lost them.

### **Theodore (Bud) Mahas**

The flak was worse than fighters because you didn't have any protection. The Germans had most of their facilities with huge anti-aircraft guns that shot... It was like a bomb. When it would explode, it rocked the airplane, and the metal would spray everywhere.

### **Tom Demery**

They're 88-millimeter cannons. The anti-aircraft cannon was absolutely incredible. We'd be flying along and then all of a sudden right off our wingtip (sound effect). How they would get that altitude so precisely, it was just incredible.

### **Kenneth Porter**

The first mission we flew we had an 88 come up and went through the end of the left wing and didn't explode. Had it exploded it would have shot us down on our first mission, but it went up and exploded above us. It scared the crap out of me.

### **Warren B. McAllister**

Over the larger targets the flak was so thick you could almost... it looked like you could stand on it.

### **Roy Stapp**

If you could see the burst of the missile, the red part of it, you knew you were in trouble, because it was awfully awfully close.

### **Willard White**

And then when it explodes up there it's black. It's black. It's like a black little cloud, black, black, black, black.

### **Kenneth Porter**

And when that stuff would start coming up, well I could feel myself getting littler and littler and littler, and trying to get more done in that flak helmet.

### **Charles H. Greenwood**

And it would go right through a B-17 skin just... You'd hear a click and you could look out and see the blue sky.

### **Kenneth Porter**

And it sounds just like somebody throwing gravel up against the side of the car.

### **Kay L. Flinders**

So it was pretty scary. We were hit several times with shrapnel.

### **Theodore (Bud) Mahas**

On one mission we had over 270 holes in our airplane, two engines shot out. That's the damage it could do.

### **Robert D. Hemingway**

I got a hit in that radiator on number three engine, and the first thing I knew anything was wrong was my ball turret gunner called me up and said, "Lieutenant the oil's coming out of that engine." When I heard that I reached over and tried to feather the engine, but you feather the engine with oil pressure, but I didn't have any oil pressure, so the engine wouldn't feather, so the engine

froze up, the shaft on the prop broke, and it just sat out there and spun. Well when that happened, of course I lost a lot of altitude, the plane vibrated terribly, but I reached over and pulled the throttle back and dropped down. My crew all lined up at the back doorway for me to tell them to bail out, but I told them, "Don't you dare bail out until I tell you to." Anyhow, when I slowed the plane down to about 132 miles an hour the vibration quit. The squadron had already gone. A P-51 came, escorted me. I can still see that P-51 sitting off my left wing. It had a mule on it and it was called "The Arkansas Traveler." He'd fly out there and then he'd go around and fly up here and he'd fly over me, escorted me home.

### **Theodore (Bud) Mahas**

Every time I got back from a mission, I was the one who was interrogated to see how many parachutes came out of an airplane that went down, and I'd try to watch to see if I could count the number of chutes that came out, and some of them that got hit badly would just spin out and you couldn't see a parachute come out of them. I don't know whether they survived or not.

### **Warren B. McAllister**

I had both wingman, one on the left and one on the right, both get it one day, just direct hits and the planes just disintegrated, and to sit there and see that and know that there goes over 20 men just snuffed out just like that, it was... it got awful rough that way.

### **Kenneth Porter**

You see in the squadron you made some good friends. We lived in tents and they lived right next door to you, and you got pretty well acquainted, and to see some of those guys go down, it just turned you wrong side out.

### **Alden Rigby**

And we had an advantage. Those poor bomber pilots, crews, had to fly through that stuff knowing that the Germans knew their heading. They knew their altitude. They knew their air speed. They knew that they could not change any of this on their bomb run, so I have a lot of respect for those guys.

### **Bob Blegen**

Our time of landing on D-day was two hours after H-hour, which means it was 8:30 in the morning. We were not permitted to land. The beach was so crowded, and so stalemated that the beach masters ashore were waving off any traffic other than infantry on foot, so we sat and idled away, you know 500 yards or so off shore all morning long and all afternoon watching the show. We had ring-side seats.

### **John Henry Dinkelman**

Our first experience with real combat was right on the beach there. I'll tell ya, it takes your mind off of sex in a hurry because the whole world revolves right around that little bit of space that you're taking, and for a person who has never been into combat, it's an experience--very difficult to describe. You know that death is eminent, and it could be very possible, but still you cant... you're amazed at what's happening around you.

### **Bob Blegen**

So in mid-morning, several destroyers came in and cruised back and forth within, clearly within a thousand yards of the beach, and just fired away with their five inch 38 guns, which is point blank for those guys.

### **Sidney G. Montague**

The bigger ships were shelling, you know, six-inch guns and eight inch guns were going. It was a May Day I'll tell ya.

### **John Henry Dinkelman**

A lot of noise, dust, a lot of debris, a lot of dead. Several occasions we'd have to jump out of the tank and drag a body. You could barely run over a person, even though he was dead. You'd have to jump out of the tank, pull him out, and jump back in as quick as you could.

### **Bob Blegen**

Well I guess one of the most memorable things was watching a tank which had gone ashore a little earlier, and it was motionless, stationary on the beach for quite a long time, and then it made a very small move. I would say it moved no more than three feet, and bang it was hit by I'm sure a German 88 from a pillbox up the hill, and we just sat there and watched smoke coming out, and then counted the men as they came out of the tank, and they all came out and hid behind their tank. Nothing could move on that beach. If it moved it was hit. It was astonishing.

### **Sidney G. Montague**

The idea was to put the troops on the scrambling nets going down and into these LCA's, which is Landing Craft Assault, so we drove these things in on D-day with troops. When I looked at the back of me, when we actually got to France, all you could see was a mass of ships, and the Germans must have been scared out of their wits. We had one officer and all these men who were standing there with their rifles up. This officer turned around to me and said, "Are you sure we're on the right beach?" I says, "I don't really know. I know it's a beach," and he said, "There's nobody here." I said, "Somebody's got to be first." So we lowered the door, you know, in the front, and they got out. They were up to their waist in water. They couldn't go any further because there were too many obstructions. Then the bullets started flying.

### **William (Bill) H. Davis**

The British were landing quite a few people, military, and they had such heavy packs on that they couldn't get them off. They weighed about 90 pounds. I think our packs only weighed 50 or 60 pounds, and they landed a bunch of British troops that night, and they all drowned because they couldn't get their packs off.

### **Sidney G. Montague**

I made about five trips in there, but when I got there I said, "Where's the rest of them?" He said, "We've lost about half of them." I said, "Well we were lucky then."

### **Bob Blegen**

The LCT was built to carry all kinds of mechanized military hardware with a ramp at the bow. I was assigned to the ramp end, and with me I had one motor machinist mate. He and I crawled up the ramp as we approached the beach and peered over the front edge, but not for long, because we suddenly found that cannon fire and motors are kind of impersonal, you know? You don't know where they're coming from and they just come and explode, but rifle fire and machine gun fire gets very personal, and when your head is above the ramp and you're looking out there and suddenly the bullets are whistling past your ears, it becomes very personal and we ducked down behind the ramp very quickly. Finally we got ashore, unloaded this load at 7 o'clock in the evening. Sitting on the beach for the 90 seconds that it took to unload our cargo, we were straddled by mortars, and I was standing in the middle of the deck doing nothing and just counting these as they came down--one off the starboard bow, and the next one off the port bow, and the next one off the starboard quarter, and the next one off the port quarter, and I thought, "the next one is going to come right down here," but somehow that fifth one never came down.

### **Lorus (Bud) Haake**

I remember the first time we were going in there and the Japanese had some artillery, I guess, that they were firing with, and we'd watch this artillery hit in the water. In fact, it hit there once and then splashed water all over us and the troops, and I thought, well this is the end of this. They've got our range now. We're dead. We're gone. As we dropped the ramp, you could always hear machine gun fire, and bullets hitting around you, and then the Japanese on Leyte Island had built a bunch of pill boxes, and they were pretty strong there, and they had machine guns in them and what have you, and the troops had a hard time infiltrating, so they went back out to the ship and had a bunch of bulldozers that they had down here, and the brought them bulldozers ashore, and then they put the blade up because the machine guns couldn't go through the blade with the deal, and then they'd go towards the pill box, and just before

they'd get to the pill box they'd dump their blade down and scoop it up with dirt and cover the pill box right up--just bury the Japanese alive right there in their pill boxes.

### **Jimmy Valdez**

Well the first thing, we were in a low heavy fire. We were on the right flank, and Company was on the left flank, and this friend of mine that I went into the service with, he was from Midvale, so they ran into more fire than we did, so we had to go over there and help them. And so who do I run into--the first person laying there was this young guy. Of course he was dead, you know, and as I got up higher, my platoon sergeant had been shot too, so then we just kept going, you know?

### **Ralph Wadley**

And our mission was to clean the island of the Japanese. It was humid, and you had to have a bowie knife to chop some areas to get a pathway.

### **Jimmy Valdez**

In broad daylight, and once you got in the jungle, you look up and couldn't even see the sky, so you're actually in the dark for quite a while, you know.

### **Ralph Wadley**

Your jungle fighting was basically with snipers, because it was so thick the Japanese would tie themselves up in the trees--actually tie themselves to a limb, and when you go through there were snipers, and you'd walk through and you were constantly looking up at the trees as you'd go through the jungles. If you saw one of them you'd shoot them, and somebody else coming through would see them and get another shot into them, but they wouldn't fall because they were tied in. Trying to shoot somebody on the ground would just be dang near impossible for them to find you or get a good shot at you.

### **Narration**

Jungle fighting was like nothing else--slogging through hot, steamy terrain, and swamps filled with disease-causing insects, then facing a determined enemy willing to fight to the death.

### **Jimmy Valdez**

Then it would rain and really pour. I mean it poured bucketfuls, you know?

### **Ralph Wadley**

They would cut tunnels between machine gun position, and when they were getting pushed they would go back into the tunnels. The only way to get them out was to have the flame unit come in and burn them out, and that was pretty

scary.

### **Jimmy Valdez**

We'd have these flamethrowers and actually they were coming out so we had to shoot them, you know? We had no choice. The people probably thought, well that's kind of cruel, but it isn't in combat, you know it's you or them, you know.

### **Ralph Wadley**

You feel for them. You really do. You see them come out of there on fire.

### **Narration**

You saw that a few times?

### **Ralph Wadley**

Yup.

### **Jimmy Valdez**

You know when they'd come attack you, to them life was nothing. They didn't care. The next morning you'd look and they're all laying there. They'd run into our fire, you know, but they wouldn't give up.

### **Ralph Wadley**

The Colonel had told us that the Japanese would not surrender, or said, "Don't try and take them captive, because it's impossible," so we knew it was either kill them or that was it.

### **Jimmy Valdez**

We started with 200 men. By the time we got to the end, out of the 200 we had 25 left (the original 200).

### **Ralph Wadley**

You're so dang busy trying to protect yourself and getting up the hill that you kind of disregard, even though some of them you knew after you'd got up and found out who it was who had been killed. That's when it hits you, not during the fight.

### **Jimmy Valdez**

I had a lot of close friends, a lot of good buddies, you know, they were killed and you try to block it out of your head and all that, but you never forget though. That's something you never do is forget.

### **Narration**

In recording memories of those who lived the war years, we have only

considered those who served from our home front. Other stories remind us of the totality of WWII, and memories from very different home-towns.

### **Werner Sommerfeld**

I had a paper route. It was necessary too for additional money for my family, but I had to deliver the paper to government places too, and what you had to do every time you go before you give the paper, "Heil Hitler." Wherever you go you had to greet "Heil Hitler" before you presented whatever you had to do.  
(German National Anthem)

### **Narration**

Werner Sommerfeld was a young Mormon boy living in Hamburg, Germany. As Germany was losing it's grip on the war, Werner and thousands of other German youth were molded into Hitler's military reserve. Boys as young as 12 years old were forced to wear uniforms with ranks and insignia. Hitler's Nazi youth were taught to fight faithfully to the end for their leader, their country, and the Third Reich.

### **Werner Sommerfeld**

We called it Kinder Land Verschickung, the whole group of Hitler Youth, I mean there was no choice. They had us go over school grounds on gravel school yards with our bare arms to go over while they had live fires going over us, and some they got up and got shot, and some got killed there, and some cried for their mothers, you know? And the other item I remember well too, they trained us with. They called it panzerfaust. It's a bazookie. It's a thing you shoot tanks with. You have it under your arm, you know, and you go close to the tank and then you pull the trigger and the fire came out the back you know? This is not for young boys for us to do, but Hitler has done it so he can have enough manpower that he will be able to win the war. You never know if there's someone who is really pro-Nazi, so wherever you went, wherever you go, you had to be very careful what you said, otherwise you could have been in deep trouble. In school, you know, we always talked together like you do here with kids what's going on, and this one boy said, "Well my mother complained about the soap we got here. There's no suds. It doesn't keep anything clean. So they got, they got to her house and interviewed her and put her in the concentration camp, and that's not just one time that... You had to have tight lips there. You had to be... You don't say what you think there. We had the Gestapo sitting right in our meetings, and Sunday school and priesthood meeting, whatever, to watch everything which was said and transpired, and it came to that point that they wouldn't let us meet anymore publically, so they were right in our neck there. We just secretly, sometimes in our homes, sometimes in other member's homes, to have our meetings there. In the ward we had a Jewish man too--a good member of the church, and when Hitler put pressure on the church, and our branch president, who was kind of Nazi-minded, he put a sign out in front of

the church, of course we didn't have beautiful churches, we rented a place, and it says, "Juden sind nicht zulässig," (Jews are not permitted) in this ward anymore, so we felt bad about that. We had the bomb raids on a daily basis. The sky was just dark, it was just... and the bombs came down. We were scared to death there. It was very, very tragic. You heard people lost their home burning and that one night the city was completely flattened you know. You saw bodies on the street you had to walk over it, and it just... It was just devastating. I don't want to go through that again there. All those neighbors we knew, they knew we were belonging to an American church. They didn't like us, and yet they liked us because they wanted to be close to us when there was danger around. They all wanted to be with us, to sit with us in the bunker because they knew we were perhaps religious and prayed, so they thought they would be protected if they'd be close to us. The food was rationed very, very small. We just had one little loaf. It's got to last a whole week, and we had to really just make sure we don't eat it all at once, so we had a little bit for every day, and that made me sad too, that one experience. My dad, of course he was a grown man working hard there, he ate one of my bread at one time and I didn't have anything. But I don't... I forgive him. I know he needed it more than I did. Over here I'm still very conscious too from having grandkids waste food. Being members of the church, you know, we loved that the war was over and the Americans took charge there. I don't know if you learned over here, but we didn't know anything about that as a German people, what was going on in those concentration camps. It was so kept secret, and I... that hit us very hard that we were devastated. Very bad. Many many of the Jews were hurt because of Hitler's regime, you know? Hitler, he just was a man who wanted to force people, and that's why I'm so glad to have come to America.

## **Narration**

But if the eyes of a boy in Germany failed to see the horrors of the death camps, the world would soon learn the shocking reality. It came in the form of irrefutable evidence. It came from the combat photographers.

## **J Malan Heslop**

About three years ago I got a call. A man says, "My name's George Havis. Were you a photographer in the war?" And I said, "yes." "Did you got to Ebensee?" And I said, "yes." He said, "You took my picture. I was the one with the gash on my head," he said. He'd been going to the Library of Congress and searching the files. He'd recovered from that, had come to America. Got a job in Washington D.C., and searched those files until he found that picture, and we communicated. I didn't ever meet him, but I thought that was interesting... "You took my picture."

## **J Malan Heslop**

The war ended on the 7th, the 7th of May wasn't it? And the 8th of May we got

word that that camp was there and that help was on the way to them, the 80th Infantry Division was going to bring them help, so we rushed up there, and it was a huge camp, 60,000 people, and 300 a day were dying, and they would just pack them out and put them on the side of the street, and maybe a truck would come along or a wagon often, pulled by a horse, and they'd just load those bodies on. I'd walk into a barracks and I was the first one that they'd seen, and I'm sorry I didn't have the milk and sugar that the infantry people were bringing in for food, and they were starving. That was how they died mostly, and that was distressing too, but as I remember I photographed it rather matter-of-factly. I'm just here doing a job. It wasn't until sometime later that I really felt the impact of those people.

### **David W. Meyer**

I don't know that it changed me in any respect. It was just evidence of the beastiality of men when turned loose.

### **Narration**

To document the war, a skilled core of combat photographers accompanied ground troops throughout Europe and the Pacific, but a fellow photographer and artist from Utah, David W. Meyer, had the job of sifting through these images for publication. Little did Meyer and Heslop know their combined everyday work would become profound evidence to the very heart of Hitler's evil final solution.

### **David W. Meyer**

And it was quite a jolt, and those pictures were only hours old. You have to see them to understand, but one of the things I was please about (when I say pleased, it gave a certain amount of satisfaction to me) to realize that when the army came in following General Eisenhower's edict, if you please, they... to see... I have pictures there of a whole town with crosses on their shoulder. There must have been, oh two or three hundred people there lined up, I think two or three abreast, and they were walking out of town to rebury all of those bodies and give them a burial, and we have pictures of them being congregated around a church where they received multiple funeral services because some of them might have been Christians, some of them be Jews, this sort of thing, and there's a couple of pictures particularly I remember. The coffins were shaped this way and long so that the body just laid there in an open coffin with square ends, but they put a handle in front of it and the back so two people could carry it, and there are four women, and two are definitely sisters, and there are two behind there that are not, and so here's a body stretched out on a hillside and they're being loaded into coffins, and then these girls were coming toward the camera. J M Helsop, I have a couple three of his pictures taken at Ebensee, and those men were standing with their knees were knobby, and they had not much way of clothing, but they were standing up and they'd almost cry when the military came in, and as J said, he said, "You had to be there." Here's a dead

body that had been laying there for three days, and the aroma that was there, and the filth, and these men just crying for relief of... they realized that something was happening.

### **J Malan Heslop**

But they were so pleased to be liberated, and when that nourishment would come to them, they just took the prayerful position oftentimes. They couldn't communicate, but they would just say thank you the best way they could.

### **J Malan Heslop**

Those concentration camps were death camps and that's just terrible.

### **David W. Meyer**

But this one here, now as far as I'm concerned, that's the best picture that came out of the war. It had something. Look at all the half-track backed in. Here's a couple of your medics. This guy is going around. The battle has stopped to a certain extent, but this guy's just sitting on damp earth. He's going to get up with his britches all wet, but he was taking care of his feet.

### **J Malan Heslop**

Well it was a good thing, and his name here is Champ.

### **David W. Meyer**

Jasper Champ.

### **J Malan Heslop**

Jasper Champ. The hard day of fighting was over, and this soldier came back and there was a puddle of water there on the street and it had been raining, and his feet were killing him, and he just took his shoes off and washed his feet and got some comfort, and I just came along and happened to see it and snapped his picture. It was four by five inch film, and you had a holder and there was a film on each side of that holder so you'd put the holder in the camera and then pull the slide.

### **David W. Meyer**

He'd have to pull out one of these slides and stick it in his pocket, and he takes his picture, and he takes that slide and turns black side like that and puts it back in the camera, and he takes that one out and puts it in his pocket and takes out another one.

### **J Malan Heslop**

And we'd go out on assignment with a little suitcase carrying 12 or so folders, holders, which meant we had 24 pictures that we could take, so we were very

careful what we took, and of course the cameras then, you had to learn the focus, you had to do the exposure, you had to do all the mechanical operations yourself. I liked the pictures of the GI's. You know there they were soldiers, but yet when Christmastime came they were at the orphanages, and at the hospitals. They were doing so many things for those... especially the children, and I covered several of those, and that was, even now, a touching experience for me. I kind of in my own mind used to say to myself, now remember J, there's no picture worth getting killed for, and so you use good judgment and impressions that you follow what you feel because you don't have control what the enemy is doing and what's going to come at you. We'd move on or we'd go wherever some action would be. Of course most of the time we were there the enemy was on the run. The Bulge was the only time they fought back, and the rest of the time we were moving them along clear into Austria. There were just a tremendous amount of soldiers. I can remember watching in the daytime the bombers flying over France, and they'd leave the vapor trails. They'd be hundreds, thousands really, of airplanes going and they'd annihilate a city. They'd leave a city... a lot of the bombs are incendiary and it just... You'd go into a city and every house was burned just standing there a brick skeleton, and the German people, we would see them and talk with them. They wanted the war to be over too. They had all that they wanted. When the war ended I came across a group of men who had gathered with a Chaplin, it was a Catholic Chaplin, and he was doing mass for those men who were so glad the war was over, and I think there is a spirituality that goes with what they were doing in that war. They felt they had a cause. I mean they weren't there because they enjoyed the war. They were there because it was important, and I think that's what made the difference.

### **Narration**

A little more than two weeks into the Battle of the Bulge, Hitler and Commander of the Luftwaffe, Herman Goering, launched coordinated strikes on 16 allied air bases in the Netherlands, France, and Belgium. On the morning of New Year's Day, 1945, a twenty one year old P-51 pilot from Fairview, Utah found himself facing almost insurmountable odds on a little airstrip in Belgium.

### **Alden P. Rigby**

So we're on the ground. The Germans had the key three elements in air to air combat; speed, altitude, and surprise. The next thing that I see is a hoard of ME109's. They're flying top cover for the Fawke Wolf 190's. Here we are on the ground, on the runway. We know they're going to take us out first. That's standard procedure. We didn't wait for any direction from the tower. We take off, and the guy ahead of me was named Litke. He's on my left, and about maybe 150 yards ahead of me, and here comes a Fawke Wolfe 109 and he's on Litke's tail. By now he's between us, and I tell Litke on the radio, I say, "Litke, break left." He breaks left and the Fawke Wolfe 190 follows him right along,

which puts him in my gun sight. I just landed up one. I lead, squeeze off a few. That's number one, and I'm still at climbing speed, but here's a Fawke Wolfe 190 headed east just below me, so I dropped down on his tail and I fire. Murphy's Law comes in. If anything can go wrong it will, and it did. My sight goes out, so I have to walk that thing until I finally see enough hits and the crash in the trees, and now I'm in deep trouble. I'm low in ammunition and no sight, and I really needed what ammunition I had left for self-preservation. I'm deep into that last 300 rounds, but there's a P-47 and he's in a left bay, the circle was a lighter ME-109, and I know that that 47 could not turn with a 109 at that altitude, and even on a good day, but then the P-47 mashes to the outside and this guy has a clear shot. I come up between them and without the gun side maybe only 50 yards away, we're hand to hand now, and squeeze off a few. It breaks the left wing, the engine, cockpit that's there. He crashes. But now I don't know that I have any ammunition left, but there's a last fight of this engagement. There's two 51's that think they have this guy boxed in, but he's rolling that aircraft, that 109, all over from a thousand feet or so and then pulling out on the tree tops, then he's back in the fight, but I don't see him firing or anything. He... I think that probably his situation was as bad as mine, but I'm an innocent bystander out here until one of those Mustangs fires a few shots at him and I thought I saw strikes, but I couldn't be sure, but enough to turn him broadside to me, something less than 50 yards away, and all I have to do is make a hard left, and the last of my ammunition shatters the cockpit, and that's the end of the entire engagement, which lasted about 25 minutes at most, but we did not lose a man on the ground or in the air. We're talking another miracle. I just happened to be in the right place at almost the wrong time.

### **Stanley Boyd Nance**

We were all dummies. Everything was fake, except my radio would be the real thing.

### **Narration**

They were artists, actors, set designers and engineering wizards. The Ghost Army was a secret tactical deception unit known as the 23rd Headquarters Special Troops. Over a thousand men were given a unique mission to impersonate other U.S. Army units in order to fool the enemy. They put on a traveling road show using inflatable tanks, trucks, aircraft, and false sound equipment--broadcasting the sounds of men and artillery to the scale of an armored division. While spoof radio operators created phony traffic nets and transmitted false morse code messages, Stanley Boyd Nance was sitting in a nearby truck sending valid morse code to the real units and divisions advancing ahead.

### **Stanley Boyd Nance**

Groups that we mimicked would move at night so they would have been in a

completely new area by the next morning, and they would fortify the other groups. The infantry or whatever group they were with would be doubling their strength to where the push would be made, and not only my radio, but every tank, every truck, every tent, every unit that that 5th Armored Division had, as the Germans looked at it from the heavens, they could see everything in place. The next morning would be exactly the same as it was before, however, the tanks would be rubber. During the night the engineer group would come in. They would take out their bails of rubber, inflate them with the generators, and place them in the very same areas of tanks, 88's, 75's or whatever they had on the ground there. The next morning our group would mimic that to where it was exactly the same as from the surveillance from the sky, and so we're holding that German army next to us, and then boom, within six hours the main divisions that we operated for would be fighting them and going around the back of them. This was a pincher movement, so then after that happened it wouldn't take the German army more than 12 to 24 hours to realize that the main operation was behind them or to the side of them, and so they would move back. They wouldn't fight us. Our operation was so clever and so successful. The world knew nothing about it. The media knew very little about what the 23rd Headquarters' Special Troops did. These men knew that they were doing something different. They knew that it was secret. The word "secret" among them was something that they felt they were doing that nobody else was. They understood what they were doing and they liked what they were doing, and there was a very, very wonderful camaraderie in among the group. One of the men said, in recent years along time after that took place, he was asked by his family what he did. Well he was one of the men that used the compressor to blow up the tanks, and so when his family asked him what he did in the war he said, "I blew up American tanks." As I look back, it was a lot of fun. It was enjoyable, and you never know what any of my operations may have done. I'm sure that somewhere along the lines some of my radio transmissions saved a lot of mothers and new wives a gold star in their window. And that's how I feel about my operation with the 23rd Headquarters Special Troops.

## **Nick Flores**

When we first got there, the minute we got there they took us in by trucks into the front lines and they come up and dumped us there, so we were in a big forest. It was a real forest, you know, and it was cold and that. There was snow and all of that. They started throwing the mortars over, and so a bunch of our sergeants and corporals out there were all there with the captain. They all got hit, and they didn't even get to unpack their packs, and they got wounded and got killed.

## **Narration**

Thousands of U.S. soldiers poured into France and Belgium in late 1944. Their mission? To make the final push into Germany. Conditions were harsh, and the

enemy relentless. One young replacement soldier was about to discover that in war survival is often a matter of luck.

### **Nick Flores**

I got the call that one of the officers who got wounded in one of the areas out there, so the captain picked me to go guide the medics to take them back to where this officer was at. The Germans seen us you know. We were going up there so they started shooting at us, and I seen this one German took a shot at me, and when I'd seen him I turned around and I'd seen where the shot came from and I'd seen him standing there all dressed in white, and I jumped behind the tree and I stepped on the land mine. I looked down and felt this sharp, you know, where they blew me up and that, it went up in the air and come back down, and right away I grabbed for my rifle so I could shoot back at this German over there. My rifle got broke and just, you know, when I fell down I suddenly broke the deal, so I had some grenades with me, so I got up and started throwing grenades to where he was at, and I didn't even know that I had lost my foot, and then I fell down, you know, went to take a step and I fell down and looked down and my foot was gone, boot and all was gone, and I said, "What the heck happened here?" and I looked down and I seen nothing but the bare bone sticking out, and when the medic came up he said, "We want to give you morphine," and I said, "I don't want any," and he said, "That's or the pain," and I said, "I'm not hurting." He said, "Well we're going to get you a shot anyway," and so they gave me a shot, but I never did pass out, so I was lucky because I had the medics right there with me, and the medics weren't paying attention to where they... They didn't want to go any farther, so they picked me up and brought me back and left the officer laying there, so I don't know who went back to take care of him and that. The medics got me up to the road, and the chief came by to pick me up. We started going down the highway there. The mortar shells started coming over, so they dropped me right in the middle of the highway and dropped into the ditch and left me there, and I started hollering at them there, "Hey you so and so come and get me out of here too." They wouldn't come out of that ditch, and they left me laying there in the middle of the road, but there was nothing I could do, and then a jeep came along and picked me up and I wanted him to take me back to where my foxhole was at because I had all of my stuff and he said, "No, you don't need it no more."

### **Narration**

When Germany surrendered, the country was mad with victory and celebration, but it was sobering to think the war was only half over--the other side of the world still locked in a death grip with the empire of Japan. The number of losses in the Pacific justified reinforcement, but it was a staggering shock to the European GI's to know it would come down to them.

### **President Eisenhower (sound bite)**

But which is it better to do? Send a few men home now, or to concentrate on the job in the Pacific so that all men may go home sooner. Surely the men who remain away from home a few months longer in the comparative safety of an inactive theatre will be the first to agree that it is the thing to do if it will save precious American lives in the Pacific.

### **E. Howard Clements**

When the war ended we were in this little place called Unterkirchen, Austria, and I'll tell ya, I got a night's sleep for the first time in a year. Colonel Downey, he came to me and he said, "Clements, don't say anything to your squad. We're all being redeployed to the Pacific," and I said, "No, here we are we're through with the war and now we're going to go to another war?" I said, "We had our turn," and he said, "No, we're going to go to the Pacific. We're going to help invade Japan."

### **Ralph Pillsbury Gates**

This guy said, "We're building a new type of bomb that will be equivalent to more than 10,000 tons of TNT." Well that sounded a little bewildering to me, and I think today I probably would have thought to myself, "Ya right!" You know?

### **Narration**

Ralph Pillsbury Gates was a part of a team of American engineers working a mission so top secret it couldn't be revealed to family members. While classified experiments were being conducted at Los Alamos, Toshiyuki Kano, a young military officer in the Imperial Japanese Army, was working diligently to defend his ancestral city of Hiroshima. His story as told by his son, Toshiharu (Tosh) Kano.

### **Toshiharu (Tosh) Kano**

My father, he was born in Honolulu, Hawaii in 1914, and he went to an all white elementary school in, and I think when he was in 5th grade or 6th grade he was expelled from elementary school, and my grandfather was a very successful businessman, and he felt shame that his son was expelled from an elementary school, so to save his face they sent him back to Japan to be educated. When he graduated from a civil engineering degree from Napalm University he was forced to join the Japanese military system. That morning, August 6, 1945, I was inside of my mother's womb. I was 12 weeks along. It was a clear day, but it was really humid. My father told my mother, "There's something not right this morning so please don't let my daughter follow me out to the street. Keep her inside of the house, and yourself inside and don't go out." He was walking through the overpass of the railroad structure, and he saw three B-29's coming into the city, and one took off and two came straight into the center of the city, and you know if you happen to hear the B-29 you'll never miss it because that

has a very deep humming sound. He looked to the sky and then he looked to the ground and there were three junior high school girls going the opposite way to go to school, not paying any attention to the B-29 up ahead above them, and so he warned the girls not to be messing around, just go, you know, make sure you take cover, and then... And he was one step outside of the overpass, and the shadow from the overpass structure saved his life. He was blown away probably a hundred yards into a ditch, and when he came to he realized that everything surrounding him was just dust. Something was hot and melting, and my father put his nose to that object, and it was a body part of the junior high school girls that he just spoke to, and the flesh was melting, and of course he was absolutely shocked and stunned. My mother had my brother on her arm nursing, and then bomb exploded, and she said the force came from the underneath the house, so she was uplifted, and of course she was holding my brother and she threw him, lost him. And then a split second later the force came from the top, so she was just crushed. One of the main supporting beams supporting the house was coming toward her, and apparently that beam knocked her unconscious, so finally she opened her eyes, and she could see nothing but red and heat, and then she said, "I got to get out of the house." To her amazement, the main sliding door of this house was still intact. Not a single glass pane was broken, but it was open, intact, so she was able to crawl to that doorway, and she was able to get out of the house. The house that my mother was in was 800 yards, or 2400 feet, or half a mile from the epicenter, and she realized she didn't have any clothes on at all. The explosion force ripped her clothes away, and so she was running with my sister on her back, my brother on her arm stark naked toward the headquarters, and then she walked through the gate and she saw my father directing his men on his horse in his underwear, so she went over to talk to him and he did not recognize her because of the blood and not having the clothes on, but he recognized the belt with our family shield, so he asked her, "Are you Shizue?" and she said, "Yes, I am Shizue." Four hours later after the bomb the sky got dark and it started to rain, hail. Hail came first with the size of a marble, and it was absolutely black marbles, hail, and so then rain came, and the rain was absolutely black, but when that was happening my family was inside of the bomb bunker away from the fallout radiation.

## **Narration**

Even through years of agonizing illness, Toshiyuki, his pregnant wife Shizue, and his daughter survived the bomb. His small son died from internal injuries.

Occupation of Japan was easier than expected for the allies, and the population obediently followed the Emperor's request for cooperation. Much of the allied effort went toward rebuilding and tending to the millions of Japanese rendered homeless. In Hiroshima and Nagasaki, occupational forces assisted Japanese citizens coping with the affects of the atomic blast. Wat Misaka was assigned to post-war Hiroshima as an American Military Intelligence Specialist.

### **Wataru (Wat) Misaka**

We were suppose to set them at ease so that they wouldn't be too fearful of the questions that we were going to ask them, and we were suppose to kind of set them at ease before we went into our interrogation, but some of the stories were hard to take. They were telling stories about these people that had got a dose of the radiation and they were kind of burning up, so there was a stream that goes through the town, and a lot of the people were just kind of running and jumping in the water because they were just kind of burning up. The bomb was quite a horrible thing.

### **Ralph Pillsbury Gates**

In my opinion, even though there were these terrible amounts of Japanese killed in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, probably more than that would have been killed if we had had to invade Japan as well as an equal number of Americans would have been killed, so if you're looking for numbers, for whatever that's worth, I'm sure that many lives were eventually saved by that, so I will always be aware of a certain degree of guilt to having worked on something like that that killed so many people, but the bombs that we dropped on Tokyo, the fire bombs, I think killed equally as many then, and certainly the ones we dropped in Germany on Dresden and other places... many many people were killed, maybe not in an instant, so that makes it seem so much worse, but we did what was necessary so...

### **Toshiharu (Tosh) Kano**

My father, he told me over and over again that for some reason we were able to survive being a half a mile from the center. Being what he was... He was born in American territory as an American citizen, he firmly believed that the A-bomb dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki ended the war quickly, and he firmly believed that the lives on both sides were saved because of that, and he really felt that we, all of us, have a mission to tell the world that atomic weapon is a terrible weapon, that we cannot use it again, ever.

### **Mark L. Heyrend**

We knew we'd go home on the liberty ship, but we didn't mind. We didn't mind the crowd. We were going home.

### **E. Howard Clements**

We came into the New York harbor. I was sitting eating my cereal, and the boat started to tilt this way, and all of the troops who were on the ship were on one side. I got out and looked. Big barges with American flags as a backdrop, a huge American flag, dancing girls, music, and they were all waving to us, and when we landed I am not ashamed to tell you I kissed that soil. I was so glad to be home.

### **Mark L. Heyrend**

People in Norfolk, Virginia were all out there in strings waving and so on as our ship came into dock, and then we got off the ship and loaded the trains, and as our trains were going through the countryside they would run up to the train, and if it was slow or stopped they reach through the window and give you a hug. They were so receptive, so grateful.

### **Charles H. Greenwood**

My father had gathered up my sweetheart, my two sisters and my mother, and he said, "Come on, we're going to go down and pick up Charlie," so he drove the car down to the Union Pacific Station here, and when I got off the train they were all grabbing me and kissing me and carrying on, and I heard some of the guys in the train that were going to California yell out, "Look at that lucky Mormon kid with all of this wives."

### **Paul Huber**

We got into Salt Lake and I was the only soldier off of the train, and the only person outside and it surprised me because I had no means that she was going to be there, but my wife was there waiting for me.

### **John Henry Dinkelman**

You feel a relief that, it's hard to describe, but you see all the things you recognize you know? Cottonwood Canyon and the high school and the capitol grounds and the temple and all that. You knew you were home then.

### **Narration**

Few who fought questioned the rightness of their cause. Proof of evil was there for all to see. In Nanking. Pearl Harbor. Warsaw, and Auschwitz.

### **Charles H. Greenwood**

I was so glad that we could do what we could do to save our country. We were really in a bad situation fighting the Germans and the Japanese at the same time because everything was at stake.

### **Jack Leroy Tueller**

Evil has to be fought. I wish that we'd do away with evil, and if it requires force and destruction, do it!

### **Werner Sommerfeld**

Like I said, I'm very grateful to have come to this country. It's still the best country in the whole world.

### **Eugene K. England**

You know, the history of what our country has done since then indicates that we're kind of an unusual group of people here, and I'm proud to be an American.

### **Leo Wendell Hardy**

I wouldn't take a million dollars for my experiences, but I wouldn't give you one cent to do it over because I know I wouldn't make it... be here.

### **Kenneth Porter**

We've had a lot of years of great great things that too many people just take for granted that were paid for with sacrifice of many young great men.

### **Robert E. Erickson**

To think that I, for some reason, was able to come back and have a family and those people couldn't.

### **Ralph Wadley**

Appreciate what you have. It didn't come easy, and don't lose it.

### **Dr. Charles Edwards**

Realize that some people went through hell to keep this country free, and some made it and some didn't. Those who made it can tell the stories for those who couldn't.

### **Narration**

As the time of WWII recedes from us decade by decade, we in the 21st Century marvel at the bravery of the American GI, for victory was never certain. Americans proudly volunteered their youth and their lives, from flaming ships in the Atlantic to plummeting bombers over Germany, from boiling island jungles to the razor rock Himalayas, they fought with unrivaled courage. We must never forget the men and women who held the line and never wavered. Their heroic deeds tell us who we are as a nation, and what we must always live up to. We pay this final tribute to these brave Americans for as famed war journalist Ernie Pyle wrote, "These stories must be told so that you can know and appreciate and forever be humbly grateful to those both dead and alive."

**END**