

# BLUE RIDGE



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## Remembering Doug Flick

by Paul Stutts

**MY WIFE JANE AND I** first came to know Doug Flick at the 2010 reunion in Arlington, VA. He was attending alone, as he often did. He wasn't familiar with the area so we asked him to go to lunch and what he wanted. He said "meatloaf and mashed potatoes." I knew just where to go! We didn't know until later that he was on a diet inconsistent with the request but away from home so he could go for it!

As time progressed we started to visit with him at his home in Shawsville, VA. Who would have thought he lived on street named after him! Jane hit it off with his wife Doris. As time and visits went on, he and I would go down stairs to talk guy talk and his memories of WWII while the wives enjoyed much in common. I wrote up many of his stories and returned them to him for his keeping. Glimpses of those are below.

He was a rifleman wounded at the Moselle and remembers well the field hospital.

"On arrival to the medical unit, I was placed on a stretcher and taken into a tent with others waiting on surgery. As we waited we could hear screams in another tent, but wasn't sure what was going on. When it came my turn they flopped me up on the table. The surgeon pulled off the sulfide dressing I had applied in the field and said "we can take care of this." One man held my shoulders and another lay across my legs. The surgeon proceeded after the shrapnel with forceps but without anesthetics. I had found out what he screaming was about and did the same!

He came back from recovery in England and became truck driver purely by chance (another story). No escape from reality there. German aircraft and artillery found him on several occasions.

"When in Oberfeulen I would park next to a building to sort of hide the truck, and rest inside on a table between trips. One day I got up, walked around the truck and noticed one of the dual rear tires was flat so I left to get it fixed. When I returned the building had been destroyed and several GIs killed. "

"...crossing the Rhine River. We unloaded into sand ... my transmission broke. The enemy liked to drop artillery on anything in the open and trucks or road engineering equipment made good targets. They must have had some observers close because they began throwing shells on us. A fellow in the Engineers had a tank with a road grader type blade on it and a chain. He told me to hook on and he would pull me up into some trees where the Germans couldn't see us. I did and he pulled me in among trees in a town named Mainz".

Other than the war discussion we talked gardening, fishing and hunting, the usual man things. He was single in wartime, didn't write down those discussions!

Mr. Flick was an unassuming, quiet fellow who did his job in war and peace. He was a good soldier, father and husband and a good friend who will be missed.



**SUMMER IS HERE** and so is grass cutting season. And by the way I have seen two of my buddies!! Both were down at the pond and kinda big. I certainly kept my distance. Had my grandson come by and do the trimming and cutting down there. We still have a herd of deer coming by at night. They make their rounds through this area every evening. The herd is a mixture of bucks, does, and three fawns (still have their spots). It is a beautiful site to watch them and know that God continues to bless us with his beauty.

As you are outside watch your step because my buddies (snakes) have family all over the place. The deer also have ticks so check yourself when you come back in. I have had several tick bites already. Here in VA we have May flies that bite. They leave a whelp on me that itches and last for days. Stay cool and keep hydrated when outside.

By the time you receive this edition of the magazine we will have already celebrated the 4th of July. I hope you were able to get to some type of service, picnic, or family gathering. The United States of America is the best country on earth!!

The 98th Reunion is fast approaching. Every member should have received their letter with registration informa-

tion. It is also included in this magazine as well as it was in the previous edition. Remember that we are celebrating the 100th birthday of the 80th Division and lots of festivities are planned. Let's make this a record attendance by being a part of the reunion and bring your family. I'm sure they will have a marvelous time. If you have questions contact the Reunion Chairman, Paul Stutts, 803-507-5599 or paulstutts@bellsouth.net.

Remember all of our service members regardless of where they are stationed. A lot of them are away from family and friends. We all like to be with loved ones during the holidays. Keep our country in your prayers as well as our leaders.

Please keep me updated on anything you would like to have published. It would be great if more of you would send me your stories. If you don't use a computer or have someone to send me an email, mail me your story and I will type it for you. Your story needs to be heard. This goes for all Veterans not just our WWII era members.

**GOD bless each of you and remember the 80th "Only Moves Forward"!!**

## Dear 80th Division veterans, family members & friends:

**WE'RE LOOKING FORWARD** to another great reunion this year! This being the 100th Anniversary of the Division you can expect a few differences from the schedule of recent reunions.

On Wednesday the registration and prize tables will be open for business as usual so feel free to be generous. The Executive Council meeting will take place on Thursday morning and the Business meeting Friday morning.

Thursday is an open day for venturing into the surrounding area. You may take in things like the Civil War Museum, Petersburg Battle Field, Midlothian Mines Park, other Richmond attractions or great shopping. The hotel runs a free shuttle for anything within a five mile radius. Our dinner speaker that night is Alexander F. Barnes, author of "To Hell with the Kaiser, America Prepares for War 1916-1918".

Friday is our day for the memorial and all activity takes place at the hotel. In the morning the Blue Ridge Boys, a group dedicated to perpetuating the WWII history of the 80th Division, will be with us. Members will display period military gear and are looking forward to historical and experience discussions with the veterans and family members. The memorial will be in the afternoon and orchestrated by our Chaplain Doug Knorr. Friday night Cameron Jones and Colby Burl, members of Purple Hearts Reunited and the Blue Ridge Boys, will have a special presentation. The prize table drawings will be done after the memorial. Friday night will be the culmination of all other drawings.

Saturday morning we board the bus for Ft. Lee. When we arrive at the Quarter Master Museum, WWI reenactors will be waiting for us with historical lectures and demonstrations. From there we will tour the trench warfare training



area where the different types of trenches can be seen. Accommodations are being made for the handicapped. Time is allowed for lunch, with afternoon lectures and tours back at the Quarter Master and Women's museum.

On Saturday evening we have an outstanding culminating event. The 80th Training Command will combine a Dinner Out with our evening dinner. Members of the 380th are set to provide music for dining and dancing. It will be an exciting night of fun and tradition. Look forward to seeing everyone!

**Paul Stutts**

**SEE REUNION REGISTRATION FORM ON PAGE 12**

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# Commander's Message

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## **BILL BLACK** **National Commander**

**IT IS HAS BEEN A HIGH HONOR** for me to serve as your National Commander over the past year. It is a responsibility I didn't take lightly and was proud to serve in the memory of my father (SSgt. William Black, 319-G WWII) and the tens of thousands veterans

from WWI, WWII and the Global War On Terror.

Here in Atlanta, the weather has been terrific! Tammy and I have kept busy with travel to visit family (especially the grandchildren) and get my new consulting business off the ground. Those of you that know me know I'm a huge baseball fan and it's been a pleasure to visit the new Braves ballpark. We just wish they could win a few more games.

I enjoy interacting with the family members who stumble upon the 80th Division related Facebook pages looking for information about a grandfather, father, uncle, brother or cousin. The work Andy Adkins did to digitize Morning Reports, After Action Reports, General Orders and photographs makes helping these family members much easier. The response from many of these family members – when they discover new information about a loved one – is pure delight. I love that!

I hope everyone is planning to attend the reunion this year in Richmond, Virginia. It is the 100th anniversary of the 80th Division's activation into WWI. Paul and Jane Stutts have been working tirelessly to put together a first-class reunion and I believe all that attend will be very pleased. A big thank you to Paul and Jane.

I'll sign off for now but will be looking forward to seeing you September 13-16 in Richmond!

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## “Call to the Reunion”

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### Dear 80th Division veterans, family members and friends veterans:

It is my pleasure to invite each of you to the 98th Annual Reunion of the 80th Division Veterans Association, September 13 – 17, 2017 in Richmond, Virginia. This is a special year, the 100th anniversary of the 80th Division. The Double Tree by Hilton in Midlothian, will be our host hotel for the reunion. We invite all veterans and friends and descendants of veterans to join us for this year's reunion.

We are planning a great reunion. The schedule will be a little different from last year. Ft. Lee personnel have lined up a special visit for us on Saturday.

Thursday will allow you time to visit local attractions around Richmond. Friday we will have some special guests. The “Blue Ridge Boys” are a living history group who work with the Purple Hearts Reunited Inc. and have chosen to help perpetuate the WWII history of 80th Division. They will provide a display, interview any of our willing veterans, and make a special presentation at dinner. Friday afternoon will be set aside for our memorial service. Saturday morning we will headed to Ft. Lee to visit part of the WWI trench warfare training area where reenactors we will be present for historical education. Afterwards we will move to the Quarter Master museum for lunch and viewing of new and different displays from what some of you may have seen years ago. The Women's museum will also be open. We will finish each evening with interesting guest speakers including Alexander F. Barnes, author of “To Hell with the Kaiser, America Prepares for War 1916-1918.” Ft. Lee event planning personnel have something special in mind for us on Saturday night also.

Our prize table will be open again at registration, so feel free to be generous. Artist Britt Taylor Collins has finished four new prints. A WWI, new WWII, Modern Era and a 100th Anniversary print. These are great pieces available soon on his website. OK, what do you need to know?

1. Make your plans to attend and complete the registration form printed in this issue of the Blue Ridge magazine, and send payment to the address on the form.
2. Reserve your room at the hotel. You can do this by calling the hotel at 804-379-3800 and tell them you're attending the 80th Division Veterans reunion. The reunion rate for this year is \$99.00 plus tax. That rate does not include breakfast. Each room has a microwave and refrigerator. Parking is free. You must secure your hotel reservation before August 25, 2017 to insure you can use the Group rate.
3. For those of you flying to the reunion, the hotel is 22 miles and 30 minutes from the Richmond Airport.

If you have any questions, please don't hesitate to contact Paul Stutts, Reunion Chairman, at 803-507-5599 (call or text); or via email at paulstutts@bellsouth.net.

**See you this September in Richmond!**

Paul Stutts, Reunion Chairman  
80th Division Veterans Association  
P.O. Box 522  
Montmorenci, SC 29839

# Remembering the fallen..



Oise-Aisne American Cemetery  
Seringes-et-Nesles, France



*Elbert M. Hatcher, Oise-Aisne American Cemetery*



*Henry Sentell, Somme American Cemetery in Bony, Aisne, France*



*Tingle W. Culbertson, Meuse-Argonne American Cemetery*



*Henry Sentell, Somme American Cemetery in Bony, Aisne, France*



*Fred Stultz, Somme American Cemetery in Bony, Aisne, France*

## Historian's Report

**Lee S. Anthony, PNC & Historian**

### 2ND QUARTER – 2017

The history department of the 80th Division Veterans' Association is alive and well. We continue to field many questions by the relatives of our veterans. We find that the more we dig, the more we learn, and the more there is to learn.

We are looking forward to the forthcoming reunion at Midlothian and Fort Lee and also to the 2018 reunion as well. The centennial is upon us! Paul Stutts is doing a great job of preparation for the meeting.

I will have reunion badges for sale to anyone who is interested.

Please be aware that Britt Taylor Collins is now advertising his five giclee's for sale. I trust that he will be able to meet with us in September, along with his creations.

I would also note that I will have copies of WWI unit histories as well as the Stultz History of the 80th in WWI for sale.

I am continuing to send WWII inquiries to Mr. Andy Adkins, who is doing a great job in researching questions raised by the families.

I have just recently returned from a great visit to the cemeteries and battlefields of France. Every time I visit these areas, I am overwhelmed by thoughts of the sacrifices that have been made for us, that we may enjoy liberty and freedom in our nation "under God." I did participate in the Memorial Day services at the Meuse-Argonne cemetery at Romagne, in which 14,246 of our warriors bodies repose. I had a great meeting with Superintendent James Bertleson after Memorial

Day. We look forward to closer ties with this cemetery and the Romagne area, including Nantillois.

I am asking the ABMC to bend their regulations and allow the 80th crest/logo on the monument to the 80th in Nantillois to be painted with the appropriate colors. This crest is approximately 18 inches by 18 inches and would really stand out appropriately. I am also recommending that the citizens of Nantillois continue their mowing of the grass at this monument as they have been doing.

I also visited the following locations and/or cemeteries:

- Chateau Thierry
- Belleau Wood
- Aisne-Marne
- Oise-Marne
- the Somme

At this time, we have a display at the Bedford (VA) Museum and also at the Clifton Forge-Covington VA Library. We anticipate having a display at Midlothian-Fort Lee, and I have received an inquiry regarding a possible display in Hampton. Let me use this opportunity to say that I am still hoping for a museum site in the Roanoke-Bedford VA area so that I can empty my basement and give all these artifacts the historical recognition which they deserve. Hint, Hint, Hint

I have recently carried out two veterans' video tapings; they normally run about one hour. One ran for three hours.

So, we look forward to seeing as many of you as possible at the next two reunions, "the good Lord willing and the creek don't rise".

# The Battle of the Bulge... *an account by S/Sgt Guyowen Howard, Dec. 1944*

*S/Sgt Guyowen Howard's account of his participation in the Battle of the Bulge Dec. 1944. Submitted by: Gayalyn (Wally) Wojtowicz. Here is Dad's account of the Battle of the Bulge. He was wounded on 26 December 1944. 80th Infantry Division, 317th Regiment, Company B. From letters sent home to his wife, Marjorie Howard, who saved his letters all those years.*

## From a letter dated June 21, 1945

*Chalons, France. I think Dad was involved in training at that point. It was written after VE day, so he mentions towns and dates as he could remember them.*

Along about the 16th or 17th we moved to Besert. We were there only about 36 hr. then came the Bulge up in Luxembourg and Belgium. We were given the low down and were told that we would move out at daybreak. The people in Besert were German and French mixed. Where my squad stayed the lady was French and her husband was German. They both used us good. We all sleep in one room, as always one man on guard all the time. Of course we had to sleep on the floor but it was comfortable. A runner from the C. P. kept coming over every hour or so with some new order but that was not too unusual. We had a hot breakfast and boarded trucks for Luxembourg. All the people turned out to see us off. I don't know if they knew what the score was or not. The Germans told them when they were driven from the town a few days before that they would be back. I don't think the darn fools knew when they were licked and some of them still don't. Anyway they never got back to that town. The ride to Luxembourg was cold and tiresome. The trucks were open and crowded. We got to Luxembourg City about 1:00 a.m.—18 hours on the road. People were on the streets doing Xmas shopping and there were large stacks of Xmas trees for sale, the same as ours. There were American autos on the street and it was just like an American city for all one could see. Electric lights were on as soon as dark. The first we had seen in months. We put for a while in a big school building but in a couple of hours had to move out. Someone had messed up on road directions. We were to come out way north of the city. Anyway on the trucks again, back on the road. At about 4 A.M. we hit the right place and unloaded again, crawled into a barn and managed to get a couple of hours sleep. Luxembourg up until this time had never been hit by war. There had been no fighting or bombing, but things changed much in the next few days.

## From a letter dated 25th of June 1945:

After a couple of hours sleep we awoke to start our first day in Luxembourg. We were in a little town north of Luxembourg City or I should say northwest. Being in a new country we were anxious to kind of look around. The town was a farm community like in France. The people lived in a town and went back and forth to the fields to work. At about noon civilians started to come into town from the north. They were carrying all their personal stuff they could possibly handle. Some rode on ox carts, some had horses, goats, cows and things they could hook up to haul with. The people themselves mostly walked. Young and old alike. The Germans had sent a patrol out the night before to tell them to clear out or prepare for the worst, that they were coming through. We talked to lots of the people, many could speak English. One I talked to had two oxen hooked up one behind the other. He had lived in Chicago. He said it looked

bad. All day they kept coming. It was a pitiful sight. I see one priest stand in the middle of the street and with tears in his eyes say, "those dirty sons of bitches." That afternoon about three o'clock we went out to dig in a defense position. I guess we were about a mile northwest of town.

After we had dug in, my squad was in the rear or as they call it reserve. They called me over to the CP and told me I would have to take out a patrol. About a mile still to the northwest was a column of armored trucks. No one knew just who's it was and I was to find out and if it was friendly to continue on another mile. There were 10 of us in the squad at the time. We strung out about 30 yards apart and took off. As we neared the truck that was about  $\frac{3}{4}$  way up a hill and parked near the bushes, I had the boys take up positions so they could cover my approach. I was pretty sure they were our own, but it pays to be careful and trust only what you know. It turned out to be the 606 AAA (Armored Anti Aircraft). We left them and continued on. From the top of the hill you could see a long way. We searched out the woods for some distance and came back. You could hear the big guns over the next ridge. They were German. Once in a while you could see one of our planes lay an egg on their positions and at the same time bursts of enemy flack around the planes. My squad and myself stayed out until 9 PM and then went back to the barn to sleep after being relieved by another squad. The squad went out again at 4 AM. This was now the 20th of December. The coming afternoon we headed for a town 21 kilometers away getting there at dusk we put up in houses. Each squad took a house. We all stayed in one room and slept on the floor as usual. Here we stayed until the morning of the 22nd then hit the road again. On the night of the 22nd we stayed in a barn adjoining a hotel. The C.P. of course was in the hotel. The next day snow was knee deep and it was plenty cold. We hit the road at daybreak and now we were on the approach march. 318th and 319th had already attacked, now it was up to us. It's now the 23rd of Dec.



## 26 June 1945 – 23rd December 1944

Now I will get on with the 23rd day of Dec. and the approach march. The snow was knee deep. It was cold and for the first time, it was clear. Tanks, halftracks, jeeps, peeps and self-propelled guns were moving up. Men were strung out on the road as far as one could see. We were on the road but about two hours when our planes appeared in the sky to the north and east and northwest. You could see them, they appeared as silver streaks in the air caused by vapor trail due to the cold air. Now and then one would dive and you could see tracers coming from their machine guns as they strafed. Then as they neared their targets, you could see them drop their bombs

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and raise. At the same time the air was full of flak. I see one plane catch on fire and as they flew over our head and far behind our own lines, the men parachuted out and the plane came to a crash landing. Another plane came over with holes in the wings big enough to drive a truck through, but he was going along O.K. I will bet that day that five thousand planes flew over us. And even though I think the infantry won the war, I still say if it had not been for those clear days, the Germans would have gotten a lot farther than they did and lot more infantry boys would still be up there under 4 ft. of earth.

We finally came to a pretty little village on the side of a mountain. It was just like something out of a fairy book. Stone castles built out on ledges, courtyards and stone walls. We walked up a high hill; it seemed as if we would never reach the top. Finally after reaching the last little rise, we stopped and pulled off the road for a rest and hot chow came up after an hour or so. You could still see planes by the hundreds and hear gunfire. Our gas masks came up on a truck which up until now we had not been carrying. But they figured the enemy might try anything in the last big push. We all felt sure it was the starting of the end. About 1:15 P.M. we hit the road again. At the top of the hill for about two miles was a big beech grove. Some of the trees were at least 3 ft. thick. We moved ahead slow, stopping every few minutes. On one big beech tree was a carving some dough boy had made in the last war. I don't remember the date, but it was the 77th Division I am quite sure. Coming into open country we could see our big guns. So we were still quite some distance from the main line of battle. Tanks were moving along with us and now and then they would toss off a chocolate D. bar. Boy they sure hit the spot. At about dark we came down a steep hill and into a village. We were all pretty tired after all it was dark when we started out that morning and now it was dark again. We hoped to put up in the town which was half burning and was still under artillery fire, but no such luck. We pulled right on and finally left the road into a field stopping for 30 or 40 minutes at a time, waiting until someone had felt out the going ahead, then starting out again. Already we could see where the 318th had pushed the Germans back some. It was cold and windy, the night was clear. We passed one German half track which had run out of gas. Some of the boys had fallen out who were unable to keep up. Coming to the top of a high ridge, we stop again. Going down the ridge about a mile, the tanks with us finally drew fire and we stopped in a valley below to dig in. After we dug, we got the order to move up closer to the Gerries and dig in on a line with a hedge row. My squad was in the rear of the 1st and 3rd, sort of a reserve squad. At about 4 A.M. we were completely dug in. Every other hole sleep an hour then shifted off and that way everyone got a few winks. It was too cold to sleep anyway. Finally day came. Dec. 24, what a day.

## 27 June 1945 – 24th December 1944

December 24th as the sky started to turn light we found ourselves in somewhat of a trap. C Co. was in such a bad spot on our right that they pulled out in disorder at the loss of five men. One fellow who had slipped away in a nearby barn came out. He came up from the rear and as he came up to the hedgerow, I told him to keep his damn head down. But the Jerries had seen him already and took a bead on him with a 57mm anti-tank gun. He had dropped in a hole and instead they got two machine gun boys in a hole just in front. At about 4 o'clock 7 artillery observers came down. They walk past our position on our right. We couldn't stop them. We tried our best, the first two got it, the others got in shell holes. At dusk

the order came to pull back. Many of the tanks that came with us had been knocked out only because they too didn't use their heads. They were parked in the open, anyone could see them. The Co. C.P.'s of A, B, and C were in one building. The only building in a mile or you could say in sight. The Jerries shelled hell out of them. I don't know how many were hurt, but quite a few I think. Anyway, I had my boys take off one at a time a long ways apart. It was at least two miles back to town where we were supposed to meet. One mile up hill and one down. We got there without the loss of a man. The order came to move out to the east of town and dig in on a hill. The ground was frozen and it was getting colder by the minute. No sooner had we got dug in, then the word came up for me to take my squad and go up on a high mountain and stay there all night as an outpost. What a climb. After we hit the top and got cooled off it was all we could do to keep warm. We huddled together as much as possible. Anyway, this is how we spent Christmas Eve. No water in 36 hours, cold C rations. The next day was Xmas. We came off the mountain at day break.

## 28 June 1945, France – Christmas 1944

On the 25th of December a runner came up the mountain and told us to come down, that we were moving. When we got there the rest of the Co. was ready so we picked up what stuff we left there the night before and took off. We walked back through the village and turned north. Some armored moved along with us. We were forced to leave the road and take to the fields and wooded country as artillery was zeroed in on the road. We walked and sat and waited then walked some more. The boys had all been told to leave their overcoats before we started out so they could keep up. Someone who had taken theirs must have gotten warm because I found it, size 40L and new. I put it on. When the Lieutenant see me, he asked me why I didn't leave it with the rest. I told him how I got it and that I felt it my duty to take care of government property as long as I was a soldier in the U. S. Army, so that was that. We sat around most all day while someone who was ahead of us worked around feeling out positions. Our lips were feverish from trying to eat dirty snow. K-rations were dry eating without water. One dare not try to melt snow but we got by. At just a little before dark the order came to dig in a heavy wooded pine grove just ahead. When we got pretty well dug in, we got another order to move again.

We moved out ahead about a mile and the lieutenant asked me if I had brought his equipment. It was real dark in the woods and I did notice he had left it behind. But I told him I would gladly go back for it. He showed me where they were going to dig in and I left going back to the woods I see several jeeps and peeps had moved in to our positions. I got the officers stuff and walked over to them. They were drinking cognac. I asked them to spare me some water. They said they need what they had for coffee in the morning. I told them what they could do with it and took off keeping close to the woods and on low ground. About 500 yards from the woods where I had left from you could look to the left way down into a big valley. I made up my mind there must be water down there and took off with the lieutenants canteen and my own leaving all the other equipment by a wood pile except my gun and cartridge belt. I watch for foot tracks but see none; at the bottom of the valley I could see running water coming out of the ground just a few yards up the valley. Then I filled the canteens and put in a couple of pills and took off up the hill.

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Reaching the wood pile, I put on my equipment and took off. As I passed the Co. C. P. I asked the C. O. if he wanted me to get him some. He said where did you get it. I said down there in that valley. Hell, he said, Howard don't you know that there are snipers down there. I wouldn't let you go down there again for anything. I finally started out for our platoon position about 1200 yards north of the Co. C. P. Half way between and to the right was a German position. Somehow he seemed to be alone. Being a light night he must have seen me and opened up. Maybe he just happened to want to fire a few shots to scare me because they went high over my head. I keep low as possible and keep going. The lieutenant had the hole half dug. I helped some but a runner came up and said blankets were down at the C.P. I took a man from each fox hole and went back. We made two trips.

The boys took turns on guard. The lieutenant and I covered our hole completely and said if they need anything to come over and get us up. So that was the end of another day, Christmas 1944.

## A Letter home: Hospital in France, 1 July 1945

The 26th of Dec. after a cold sleepless night we hit the road at about 6 o'clock.

It was still dark. We walked to the east and circled north along a big bank looking down into a deep ravine. We finally held up in a wooded patch just on the edge of a field. In front of us were tanks and the infantry boys of L Co. 2nd Bn. Artillery and mortar were coming in. There were dead and wounded every place. Tank[s] were burning and planes were overhead. One Jerry plane came from the east but a couple of P38 got on his tail and in two minutes, the Jerry was headed into old mother earth. The pilot must have been hit because he never tried to get out. We waited around sometime. Once in a while someone would get hit from shrapnel. One man had a piece go through his steel helmet and you could see his brains pushing out the top of his head. A runner came up from the rear with a walkie talkie and asked me if I would take it to the C.O. who was up front with L Co. Coming out of the woods to the last small hill south of Chammont [*Chaumont?*] and where L Co. was dug in I see the C. O. and handed him the radio. Then I sat in an already dug foxhole near the edge of the road coming up out of the ravine. Once in a while a shell would come in close but I just hit the bottom of the hole and came up after the explosion. I had an extra pair of socks so thought I would make a change. As I got one shoe off a German came from my right front with his hands up. He had surrendered and the boys just sent him back. I told him to sit down in the hole beside me while I finished changing my socks. He asked if he could take his shoes off, so I let him. I asked him how Hitler was, he no compre. He was a young kid about 16 yr of age, neatly shaved and his hair was just cut, but his feet were coming through the soles of his shoes and he was afraid. Some lieutenant came past and give me hell for letting the Jerry sit in the hole with me, but I told him he was my prisoner and I would take care of him. After I got my shoes on, I told him to put his back on and started back. I never was rough with them, I figured neither one of us was there because we wanted to be. Before I got back to the wooded spot where the rest of the Co. was, I had 27 more Jerries who had joined in with the one I already had. I tried to get someone to take them back to the town in the rear but no one would go. Finally a lieutenant from a tank which was knocked out, who was wounded, said he had to go back anyway so I let him have the

job. I went back to my hole.

We waited around all the rest of the day. Our own wounded were coming back on and off all day. Some were being carried by Germans who had surrendered. Late in the afternoon we got the order to dig in near where the boys had been sitting around all day in the woods. No more had we got dug in than the order came that we would have to relieve L Co. It was about 4 P.M. L Co. moved back through us. The poor boys had taken quite a beating. We moved up and dug in just below the top of the hill. I was on the right and the last hole. Hall was in back of me and the other men were on an even line to my left. After we had been dug in sometime, the call came for litter bearers to get 4 tankers who were wounded to our direct front, more to the left from me. I did not volunteer, I don't know why, but I just sat in my hole and 4 other men went. Soon Collins and the lieutenant came up. Collins gave Hall his lugar pistol and said he and the lieutenant were going up over the hill and he had a feeling he wouldn't be needing it any more. The platoon was to move up as soon as they had looked over the situation. Soon I heard the lieutenant call for help. I told Hall I was going up to help. He said don't do it, but I went anyway. As I worked my way up to the lieutenant, I finally got close enough to ask him if he was hit. He said no but Collins was. Collins was about 75 yds out ahead. I told the officer to keep me covered and I worked up toward Collins. Soon as I got close enough, I asked him where he was hit. He said in the guts. I didn't dare to move him, so I worked back and got a medic. The medic and I started toward Collins but was fired on. I located where the shots were coming from and kept the bastard down while the medic got Collins back to the rear and below the hill. Then I told the Lieutenant he had better get out. I said when you start out of that hole, take off like a bat out of hell. It was his first 3 days of combat. After he was off the hill,

I took off. There was no one to cover me and I got one through the coat collar.

But no damage was done. I got back to my fox hole and about 10 minutes later, without warning, I was knocked cold. I wasn't out long and it was lucky I wasn't because the blood was running out a good flow. I was covered. I got my first aid packet out and slapped it against my cheek and took off for the medic. When I got there, Hall was dying and two of the other boys were in bad shape. The medic was busy and I wasn't too bad off but another medic came up from the rear and fixed me up. We were only about 100 yards back of my fox hole under a bank. The medic wanted me to lie down but I said no. Then I happened to think of my pistol in my pack. I took off and got it and when I came back I dragged my pack with me. I made up my mind no God dam German was going to eat my K-rations or sleep under a blanket and shelter which I had taken with me that morning. I brought them back and give them to the boys and started to the rear on foot. I was picked up by a jeep and taken to an aid station about 7 miles back. When I got there, Collins was there also. Only he was lying on a stretcher. That was the end of that.

---

*Collins survived but spent the rest of his life in pain. Howard had a cervical fusion when drafted—he didn't have full range of motion when turning his head. He also spent the rest of his life in pain and could not turn his head at all. Dwayne Hall died. Before Dad died in 2000 he told me he thought that the concussion from the shell got Hall's heart out of rhythm because Hall didn't have a mark on him.*



**ANY FARM TALE** worth telling touches on chores at some point, and chores are invariably linked to animals. My story is no exception. The staple crop on our West Texas farm in the 1950s and beyond was cotton, but to minimize the grocery bill, we raised cows, hogs, and chickens, the care of which took the form of daily chores.

As young boys, my brother Tommy and I happily tagged along with our dad every evening as he strode to the barn, about 200 feet north of the house, to tend to the livestock. The barn was a long, low structure built by his father in the 1920s with vertical planks of unpainted wood and a sheet metal roof. Little did we suspect as we watched and listened to Dad's running commentary on tending to the animals, that we were actually being groomed to take responsibility for them in the not too distant future.

My first chore duty, along with my younger brother, was to gather up the eggs—a fairly simple task and age appropriate for two young farm boys. Our chicken house and yard were just north of the kitchen, on the other side of the fence and my mother's beloved aromatic lilac bush. In the 1990s, our flock would be known as free-range chickens, preferable to the cage-fed variety. To us, they were just chickens, whose main purpose for existence was to enhance our lives through the production of eggs and their willingness to sacrifice themselves for a sumptuous noon meal. Every evening, we got a small bucket out of our detached wooden garage, sought out laying sites, and carefully placed the fruit of the chickens' labors into the bucket, then proudly presented them to our mom.

As my brother and I grew physically, so did our immersion in the farm labor pool. We began working together tending to the hogs and chickens, as well as feeding the cows after the pasture dried up each fall.

When my brother turned eight and I was ten, Dad decided the time was right for division of labor. Tommy graciously accepted Dad's offer to assume responsibility for milking our two cows, Dinah and the Red Cow. Milking the cows was a bit boring, but his forearms were soon as strong as Popeye's. I was relegated to the task of tending to the other livestock.

Not long after our promotions, in an effort to supplement the once-a-year paycheck so familiar to farmers, Dad ventured into the arena of raising livestock for more than just our subsistence needs. These forays necessitated adding onto the hog pen and increasing the herd to thirty head, then buying fifteen white-face beef cattle. Lastly, he set up elevated cages in the chicken house, and stocked them with cage-laying hens, thus inducting us into the egg business. At our peak, we had about four dozen cage-layers. We also kept a chosen few of the 'free range' variety to grace our dinner table on Sundays. To keep an eye on the ball here, these endeavors created a lot of work for what I suspect was very little gain. There was certainly no elevation in our standard of living, and my brother and my workload increased considerably.

This expanding workload diluted somewhat the quality of care the animals received. Rather than bonding with these innocuous mammals, I mostly tolerated them. They impinged on my freedom and I failed to experience any sense of pride in contributing to the the family's wellbeing. I guess

you could say that, when it came to farm chores, I was not a team player.

The chickens, whose daily rations consisted of small pellets, required additives with their food. I mixed in tiny crushed rocks that put grit in their craw, and then there were the crushed oyster shells to insure that the egg shells were strong. There were two sets of two rows of cages back to back with a food tray in the front, and a narrow, automated watering tray between them. The automation failed after a few months, so I had to fill the trays with a garden hose at least three times a day, especially in the summer. With considerable contrition, I must confess that the chickens, under my care, went on occasional involuntary fasts, leaving my mother perplexed as to the subsequent drop in egg production.

From late spring to early fall, the cows spent their days roaming our pasture, blissfully grazing their lives away. To feed them in late fall and winter, we raised grain (maize), which we bundled, hauled in, and stacked next to the cow pen. One of my last tasks every fall and winter evening was to drag bundles, often with Tommy's help, from the stack and throw them over the barbed wire fence to the cattle. We had a ratio of two per cow, with maybe a couple of extras for the greedy ones if one of us was in a benevolent mood.

Tending to the cows was a non-event, but not so with the hogs. Other than as a food source, I found little to appreciate about them. They were smelly, lethargic, ugly, and devoid of any sense of civility. Their living area was unpleasant to say the least. I delivered their food in a beat-up five gallon bucket, doling out grain from our fields and water from a tank at the corner of the pen. In the summer, my brother and I were commissioned to haul watermelon rinds to them in our red Radio Flyer wagon from melons grown in our garden. In true hog fashion, they eagerly (read-sloppily) gobbled them up. On especially hot days, we sprayed the herd down at midday before returning to our field work. Tending to these uncouth creatures was especially unpleasant after a rain and during the winter months. Rain turned the whole pen into a quagmire, and in the winter, the water tank froze over, requiring me to bust through a layer of ice to access the water. Also, when the inevitable snow or sleet fell and then melted, it was back to quagmire time—cold quagmire.

Most of our herd were run-of-the-mill hogs. Prominent in my memory, however, is the brief period that my dad acquired a couple of Yorkshire sows. The sows were all white, with distinctive pink inside their ears, around their eyes, and pink noses. They were large, unfriendly, and intimidating to a twelve year-old boy. They had litters of twelve-plus piglets, and the breed apparently suffered from a peccary version of postpartum depression. They became aggressive if you got too close to their offspring and, ironically, my dad spent more than a few nights at the hog pen, making sure the mother did no harm to her little ones. On a more pleasant note, as the piglets grew, they turned into cute, curious little tykes, following me around as I dispensed food, often approaching me cautiously to nuzzle my boots. Too soon they grew into adulthood and blended in with the herd. In summary, though

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

## Taking Nocher continued:

I saved a squad of our men from getting wiped out one morning. We were in a little town overlooking the Our River. The Siegfried Line was just across the river. We were held in reserve and had orders not to shoot. Just after daylight, the other outfit jumped off and we were watching just like on tv. This squad of GIs was going up the hill spread out but in a straight line from right to left. All of a sudden over to their left and farther up the hill, two Germans came out of a pill box with a machine gun and set it up. They were waiting for the squad to come on up and get lined up so they could open up and try to wipe out the whole squad. The squad couldn't see them because of the terrain.

I had a tracer in the barrel. It was backed up with seven rounds of ball ammo. The range was about five hundred yards. Even though we had orders not to fire, I shot anyhow. The tracer hit low. I held up the Kentucky windage and at the next shot one dropped. The other started downhill toward us. I emptied my rifle and missed him all six shots. A lot of my buddies were watching. When he started running, they started shooting. Everybody missed him. He got almost to the river and dove in a pill box that we didn't even know was there. It just wasn't his time.

When possible I would most always get off by myself. I could catch them off guard sometime and by doing this, I could get in a little sniping that I wouldn't otherwise be able to get. It paid off a good many times. I would get the drop on them so to speak. This time I had the whole building to myself.

We were taking the last part of that town (Merzig) when a very unusual thing happened to me. As we were running, we would most always be shooting. If there was someone going to shoot at you and you just happened to shoot in his direction it would shake him up. So we shot a lot. Well my last shot was down in a cellar door and someone hollered "comrade." I hollered "come out." The door opened and twenty-three Germans came out with their hands up and me with an empty M-1. They wanted to surrender. It would not have mattered if I had not even had a gun at all. It is fun to tell about it now but it wasn't funny then.

## TRACERS

I want to explain about using tracers. This was a fine way to get yourself shot. They could only be used at certain times. Then you would shoot a few and get the hell out of there because enemy fire would soon be on the way. They were used to show our mortar observers a target and also to see where your rifle was hitting if your target was a long ways off. A good many times I would be missing my target and did not know if I was hitting high or low but could not use a tracer to find out because it would have meant almost certain death.

## FIVE PURPLE HEARTS

I got credit for five Purple Hearts. Actually, only the last one was a real CERTIFIED Purple Heart. Let me mention that a Purple Heart was five points towards coming home and I know of no man that ever turned one down. The first one was my

fault because I was messing around at a small ammo dump with Duwayne Burton and we were examining a fuse and it blew up. A small piece of it went in my ankle and got infected. I went to a hospital in England for two months. Numbers 2, 3, and 4 were received during the Battle of the Bulge and were mere scratches so to speak. I went to the aid station and got patched up and returned to duty the same day. Number 5 was a read Daddy Rabbit. We had gone to the Our River on February 8 and were supposed to cross it on a bridge the engineers had built during the night. Just across the river was the Siegfried Line and we were supposed to take it. The Germans had the bridge zeroed in and would not let the engineers get it finished. We lay in the ditch for what seemed like hours. We started back. I couldn't locate two of my squad. I went back to look for them, failed to find them and returning to catch up with my platoon and a direct fire shell landed just behind me. I caught thirty odd pieces of shrapnel. It was from a howitzer or big rifle like the 88 because had it been a mortar the noise would have got there first.

I fell forward on my face and couldn't move. After some time I got some feeling in my right hand and arm and discovered I could move it. The first thing I felt for was my privates. They felt okay. After a while I got a little more feeling and was trying to make a splint with my bayonet. I stopped and lit a cigarette. This probably saved my life because the flame was apparently seen by the Germans. They dropped in a nice little mortar barrage. Just as the first mortar shell exploded nearby, a jeep loaded with aid men was coming down the road. Four medics got me on a stretcher and ran to the aid station.

I was placed on a cot with two medics working on me. A shell hit the room we were in and killed one of the medics and wounded the other. After a while an ambulance backed up to the door. They had me almost to it on a stretcher when a shell hit the ambulance and knocked it out. Sometime later another ambulance came and I was loaded along with several others. I got operated on and stayed there all night. That night a wounded German next to me died. I was then put on a hospital train and while in route to the English Channel we were strafed by some German planes. I was then loaded on a hospital ship and I was told that when they pulled anchor there was a mine hanging on it. I stayed in England almost a month and was flown back to the States in a C-47.

My left leg was almost shot off and infection set in and after ten operations back in the states it got okay. My small Intestines was damaged real bad and they had to take part of it out but its been working real good all these years. The hospital they sent me to was the Oliver General which was five miles from my home.

I learned later from my buddies that L Company finally crossed the Our River three days later and took their part of the Siegfried Line. Some of them received Bronze Stars. General Patton crossed several weeks later in a jeep and received the Silver Star. One wonders what he would have received if he had crossed with L Company.

When we went into battle, I was a sniper with a 1903 Springfield rifle and it was equipped with a Weaver telescope

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

of about two and one half power. It would not stay zeroed. The scopes back then were not as good as what we have on our deer rifles today. When I was hurt the first time and went back to England, I was issued a M-I Garand which I sighted in on the range there and it was a nice rifle.

## ELBA LEPHEW

Elba Lephew lives in West Virginia. He was in my squad and no batter combat soldier ever crossed the pond. He went over as a bazooka man but early in combat Lt. Grady changed him over to the BAR.

While in Camp Forest TN he shot a score with the BAR that was thought to be a new record. The old WWI Colonel in charge of the range when told about the score stated that they had made a mistake and to bring the target to him and let him score it. He scored it and looked at Elba and told him that it was the highest score that he had ever seen shot.

## WRAP UP

While in the hospital for almost three years recovering from my wounds, I talked to many other men that had been wounded. We could talk freely and understand each other. You cannot relate to someone about an experience that happened in combat and expect them to completely understand. It's like trying to put a round peg in a square old.

I will always believe that there was no finer outfit that ever went into combat than my Third Platoon of L Company. I know about how great the Marines were and I know about the Paratroopers running everywhere they went and the Rangers climbing mountains and all that but I will go to my grave believing that L Company was as good as any of them.

What I have written is the absolute truth. I am certain that there are men that saw combat that will not agree with all the things I have mentioned. This is understandable because under the same circumstances things will turn out differently from day to day.

***So there you have it. And may the Good Lord bless each of you and yours. He had certainly blessed me.***

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FARM CHORES: continued...

I love baked ham and a BLT as much as the next man, I have no problem understanding why God made swine off-limits to the Israelites.

There was always a variety of jobs to be done on the farm, but chores were a constant. As one of our favorite hired hands, Charles Jackson, wisely said when my brother and I were complaining one day, "Well, it's all got to be did." Words to live by. In all fairness, I learned to work hard, rain or shine, not steer away from responsibility, and somehow get the job done, all of which have served me well. Dad added school teaching to his resume in 1958, while continuing to farm and attending graduate school, and eventually decided that maintaining livestock was counterproductive. The farm animals were conspicuous by their absence on my trips home from college, but I never complained about their absence, nor did anyone else.



**Britt Taylor Collins** has released four new lens prints in honor of the 80th Division's 100 years of service. The "Blue Ridge Century" has special border listing many locations of service over the century. "Pershing's Pride" is specific to WWI. WWII has a new print "Patton's Pride" in addition the original "Blue Ridge." "Only Moves Forward" is the Training Command era print. These can be found on [www.bootsongthegroundART.com](http://www.bootsongthegroundART.com)

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## TAPS

Dodson, MSG (R) William "Willie" Dodson HHC, 80th Div  
Farnham, VA  
DOD: Apr 6, 2017 Rptd by: David Gallagher

Flick, Doug G-317  
1097 Flick Drive, Shawsville, VA 24162  
DOD: April 2, 2017 Rptd by: PNC Dr Lee Anthony

Fralin, Frank G-318  
90 Highland Ave, Rocky Mount, VA 24151  
DOD: Dec 27, 2016 Rptd by: Paul Stutts

Jones, Robert 318  
13177 E State Road 58, Edwardsport, IN 47528  
DOD: Dec 22, 2016 Rptd by: Vera Jones, Wife

# Eightieth Division Veterans Association 98th Annual Reunion

**RICHMOND, VA • SEPTEMBER 13 – 17, 2017**

**1021 Kroger Center Boulevard/Richmond, Virginia 23235/804-379-3800**

**PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY ALL INFORMATION AND RETURN BY JULY 14, 2017**

First Reunion:  Yes  No

Name of Veteran or Attendee: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Name of Spouse or Guests: \_\_\_\_\_

Unit Affiliation: \_\_\_\_\_ Period: \_\_\_\_\_ Handicap: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail address if available: \_\_\_\_\_

Registration Fee: \_\_\_\_\_ x \$40 per person \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Prize Tickets (\$2 each or all 12 for \$20): \_\_\_\_\_ x \$2 per ticket \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Wednesday Night Commander's Reception (Sept. 13): \_\_\_\_\_ x \$25 per person \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Thursday Night Dugout Party (Sept. 14): \_\_\_\_\_ x \$35 per person \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Friday Night Buffet: \_\_\_\_\_ x \$35 per person \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Saturday Ft. Lee Visit (Sept. 16) Light Lunch included: \_\_\_\_\_ x \$45 per person \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Saturday Night Dinner: (indicate choice for each person) \_\_\_\_\_ x \$33 per person \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Number of meals: Prime Rib (\_\_\_\_) Tuscan Chicken (\_\_\_\_)

Program Listing: (PRINT NAMES CLEARLY) \_\_\_\_\_ x \$5 per name \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Ad rates are based on single-column width (3.625" wide) at \$15. Double-width ads (7.5" wide) are \$25 per inch with a 2" minimum height; half-page ads are \$85; full page ads are \$130. Please provide the copy for your ad as you wish to have it appear on a separate sheet. Any artwork or photographs to be included should be submitted as 300 dpi scans for best results in production. Any original photos submitted will be returned to the owner after printing at the reunion registration or my mail if you are unable to attend. If the ad consists of simple text message, it will be appropriately fitted to the ad size selected.

1"H x 3.5"W: \$15

2"H x 3.5"W: \$25

4"H x 3.5"W: \$50

2"H x 7.5"W: \$50

4"H x 7.5"W: \$85

10"H x 7.5"W: \$130 (full page)

Program Ads: Ad size: \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Program Book (mailed to address above): \_\_\_\_\_ x \$7.50 \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**NOTE: ALL MEAL PRICES INCLUDE TAXES & GRATUITIES.**

**TOTAL ENCLOSED: \$ \_\_\_\_\_**

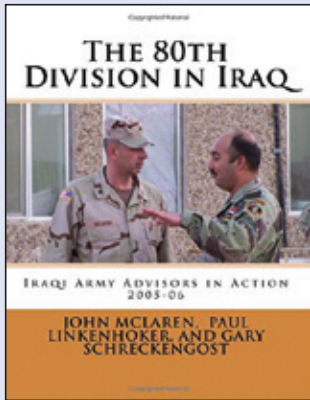
**Mail Form and Check payable to 80th Division Veterans Association to:**

**80TH DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION**

**c/o Paul Stutts, Senior Vice Commander**

**P.O. Box 522**

**Montmorenci, SC 29839**

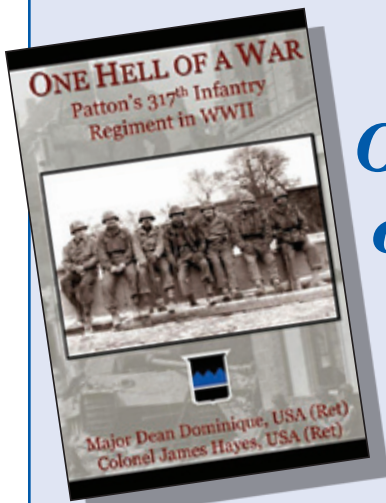


## 80th Division in Iraq:

### Iraqi Army Advisors in Action, 2005-06

by Gary Schreckengost and John McLaren  
ISBN-10: 1523733640

Read about the 80th Division In Iraq 2005-2006. Books are available on Amazon.Com for \$20.00 or if you have a Kindle you can get it electronically.



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The book can also be purchased online from Amazon at

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[www.WoundedWarriorPublications.com](http://www.WoundedWarriorPublications.com).

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The last date I have entered a name is June 30, 2017

John Chisholm – Annual to Life

## DONATIONS

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Cara Lee Davis – In Memory of Donald Davis K-319

Vic Muller – In Memory of PFC Joseph Muller A-317

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Karl Weishaupt – In Honor of B-Battery 313 FA

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5101 Hurop Road

Sandston, VA 23150-5406

You have paid through Dec of the year indicated.

**Check your name and address**

(Apt., Bldg., Lot No.). Notify the Secretary if you find an error.

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5101 Hurop Road  
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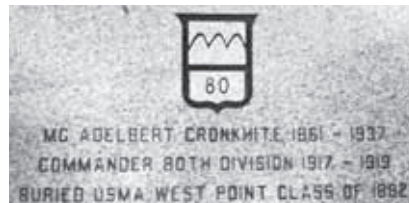
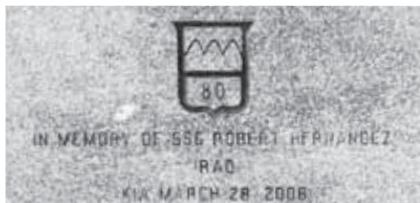
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# 80<sup>TH</sup> DIVISION MEMORIAL BRICKS

HONOR OUR VETERANS AND HELP THE ASSOCIATION RAISE NEEDED FUNDS!



## 80th Division Veterans Association Memorial Brick Paver Program

The purpose of the brick program is to help the overall financial status of our organization and help it to remain viable for the future. It is a fantastic way to honor our veterans. The bricks (also called "pavers") are approximately 5" tall x 11" wide x 4" thick. The bricks will be placed at the 80th Training Command Headquarters in Richmond, Virginia, adjacent to our 80th Division monument.

There are two types of bricks to choose from:

1. Standard Granite      \$195 Quantity: \_\_\_\_\_
2. Virginia "Hokie" Stone      \$295 Quantity: \_\_\_\_\_ (Hokie Stone has metal colored 80th Patch)

Prices include brick cutting, surface smoothing, three lines of inscription, shipping and installation.

You may inscribe whatever you wish as it can fit on the three lines. If you're interested, please fill in the following information:

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PHONE \_\_\_\_\_ E-MAIL \_\_\_\_\_

Three lines of inscription: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

If you would prefer to have your brick shipped to an alternate address, please provide: \_\_\_\_\_  
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Phone: 404-493-6601 • E-mail: williamrblack@gmail.com



*Only Moves Forward*

# MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

80th Division Veterans Association  
Doris M. Wollett  
5101 Hurop Road  
Sandston, VA 23150-5406

*Desiring to maintain liaison and comradeship with  
Veterans and soldiers of the 80th Division, and receive  
the Blue Ridge Service Magazine.*

DATE: \_\_\_\_\_

SERVICE PERIOD:     WWII                       POST WWII                       CURRENT ACTIVE

PLEASE SPECIFY BATTLE / CAMPAIGN: \_\_\_\_\_

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ UNIT: \_\_\_\_\_  
IF FAMILY MEMBER, PLEASE ALSO PROVIDE THE NAME AND UNIT OF VETERAN

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

CITY: \_\_\_\_\_ STATE: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP + 4: \_\_\_\_\_

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*Please make checks payable to the 80th Division Veterans Association. PLEASE CHECK APPROPRIATE BOX:*

CURRENT MEMBER IN GOOD STANDING (Dues paid to date)

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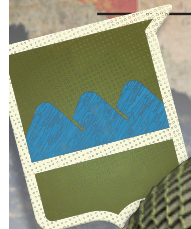


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