

*My Father's*  
**WAR**

AN ORAL HISTORY OF THE EXPERIENCES OF  
LAWRENCE LEE CHITTENDEN DURING WORLD WAR II



BETH CHITTENDEN



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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This oral history was compiled by Beth Chittenden, the youngest daughter of Lawrence Chittenden, between November 13, 1999 and February 13, 2006.

The book was edited by Ann Overton, the eldest daughter.

Text from several histories of World War II was used throughout this book to provide context and continuity. To make it clear to the reader that this is borrowed material, the text appears in italics throughout the book. A bibliography of all sources used appears at the end of the book.

All letters and documents are from the personal papers of Lawrence Chittenden. Thank you to Betty Chittenden for saving the letters he sent her and making them available for this book. Digital copies of the letters are reproduced unaltered, but within the text they have been edited for spelling and clarity.

Many thanks to Lynne Richardson who did the proof reading and Sharon Miller who did the watercolor on the cover. Very special thanks to Nancy Wessels-White who digitized all the documents and photographs and designed the book and cover.



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*Satan was taking in new members for his "Blood Legions" to help patrol the post around Hades. The standard question put to applicants was, "Where do you come from?" A young, bronzed man stepped up and said, "Paratroopers", and was ushered between the gates. Another rugged young lad said: "Rangers" and he also received a come-on beckon. Then a mud caked, weary infantryman came forward and said, "83rd Infantry Division". He was immediately refused. "You've been through hell already."*

PVT. MAURICE RENEK  
83RD THUNDERBOLT NEWSPAPER



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*When I started out my dad told me, "Don't you throw away nothin', you keep every letter you get from the government -- even the envelope," and I tried to do that. Well, when you got in combat it was very difficult to try and keep some of that stuff, 'cause you didn't have any place to put it. You could carry it on your back but hell, after so long we got rid of everything on our backs.*

LAWRENCE CHITTENDEN



## *AMERICA - 1921 to April 15, 1944*

*Lawrence Lee Chittenden was born June 12, 1921, in Tecumseh, Nebraska, to Ralph Chandler Chittenden and Anna Pauline Buhlke Chittenden. He had one brother, Leonard Alan Chittenden, born January 7, 1928. He graduated from Tecumseh Public High School in Tecumseh, Nebraska, in May 1939 and entered Kemper Military School, a junior military school in Booneville, Missouri, in September of 1939. He was 18 years old.*

### **Why did you choose Kemper?**

My dad could see this war coming on, and the old joke was, the more rank you had the bigger tree you could hide behind. So he just thought if he could get me any head start on the thing and help me in, then that was the thing to do. And I was a long ways away from being a scholar. I was a goof off, one, and two, I don't know if I wasn't very smart or I just didn't apply myself. So this way, when you went there, you did it or else.

### **How many years were you at Kemper?**

At the time it was a high school and junior college, and I just went for the two-year junior college.

### **So what status were you when you went in?**

First year students were 'new-boys' or 'rats' they called us. That was part of the hazing; it was patterned after West Point. You had to "fin out", that was march with your arms back (straight and pulled back) and you had to stay on the inside of the hall. You had to use certain bathroom facilities -- urinals and showers. You had to act as orderlies after study at night and go get the "old boys" a Coke or whatever they wanted from the PX (Post Exchange). You were just a "rat," that's all. That was part of the disciplinary training the first year.



*Lawrence Lee Chittenden in his first year at Kemper Military School, 1939*

*His mother Anna died from stomach cancer in February 1940.*



*Lawrence with father Ralph, mother Anna, and brother Leonard, 1939*



*Lawrence and his mother Anna in 1939, the year before she died.*

**How old were you when your mom died?**

Eighteen.

**How long did you know that she was sick before you went away to military school?**

I can't remember the time, but Aunt Em came up, and she went with dad and mom to Rochester. That's where they removed part of her stomach. I was still in high school then. I don't know that I really knew that it was cancer. I do remember though that she had to eat five times a day and that type of stuff. But I suspect I probably really didn't realize it until I came home from Kemper for Christmas in 1939, the middle of the first year I was there.

**Did you know then that she was dying of cancer?**

Yeah, she wasn't...I can't remember if she was in the hospital or not. But she was after Christmas 'cause she died in February.

**Did she say anything to you about military school or about going into the war?**

Well, my father and mother and Raymond Jobs and his wife took a trip down there to look over Kemper and Wentworth. I guess I didn't realize it at the time what they were doing but .....well maybe I did. But anyway they went down there to look 'em over and they decided that Kemper was the better looking of the two as far as facilities and everything else.

**Was that Christmas the last time you saw your mom?**

Yes.

**Until you came home for her funeral?**

Yes.

**Were you able to talk to her by phone?**

Not that I ever remember, no. She had passed away when I got home. I never did see her or get to talk to her.

**So what did you do when you went back from the funeral to Kemper, wasn't that hard?**

Well I suspect it was, but you're in a pretty regimented set up, and you don't have much time to think about it. You're pretty much whipped and whacked and on the go.



## Mrs. Ralph Chittenden Is Taken by Death

Well Known Tecumseh Woman Had  
Been in Failing Health for  
a Long Period.

Mrs. Anna Pauline (Buhlke) Chittenden, wife of Ralph C. Chittenden of Tecumseh, arrived at the end of a long period of illness and subsequent suffering at 5:45 o'clock, p. m., on Sunday, February 25, 1940, when death came in relief. She had been in failing health for four years, her affliction being incurable, and her decline was gradual until the end. She had been hospitalized here for seven weeks, the hope being that the constant care of her physician and a nurse would give some relief in the closing days of her life.

Anna Pauline Buhlke was a daughter of John and Anna (Hintz) Buhlke, natives of Germany who came to this country in the earlier years of their lives, and she was born at Grand Island, March 1, 1892, making her age forty-seven years, eleven months and twenty-four days. Her early years were spent near Burwell and she secured her education in the common schools of her home community and was married to Mr. Chittenden in Omaha September 7, 1920. They came to Tecumseh to establish their home, Mr. Chittenden being in the grain buying and elevator operation business here, and the deceased had since resided in this city. Two sons were born to Mr. and Mrs. Chittenden, and they are Lawrence Lee Chittenden, who is in school at Booneville, Mo., and Leonard A. Chittenden, living at home and attending the local school. Besides the husband and sons the deceased is survived by the following brothers and sisters: Bertha, wife of Emil Nelson of Burwell; Julius Buhlke of Philomath, Ore.; August Buhlke of Edgemont, S. D.; Ella, wife of Lee Cline of Dos Palos, Cal.; Emma, wife of Pete Asplund of Enid, Okla., formerly of Tecumseh; and John Buhlke of Amelia, Neb. Mrs. Asplund has been in Tecumseh for a number of weeks, assisting in the care of her sister.

Mrs. Chittenden had been a consistent member of the Episcopal church since early girlhood, and was active in the local church until its dissolution within the past few years. She was also an active and interested member of Chapter AT, P. E. O., and the culture club, Friends in Council, of this city. She was interested in the affairs of her home community and schools and was always willing to assist in worthwhile activities. Mrs. Chittenden was a loving wife and mother, a good neighbor and friend. She is going to be greatly missed, especially in the home. Mr. Chittenden, his sons and the other grieving relatives have the deepest sympathy of their many friends in their bereavement.

The attendance at the funeral, which was held at the Wherry chapel at 2:00 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, was large. The floral offerings were numerous and most beautiful. Rev. W. L. McMillen of Lincoln, pastor of Grace Mission Episcopal church at Tecumseh for a number of years and of the deceased, conducted very impressive services. The interment was in the Tecumseh cemetery.

*Anna Chittenden obituary from the  
Tecumseh Chieftan newspaper*

PERMIT		KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL	
		Boonville, Mo., <u>2/26/40</u> , 194	
Cadet	<u>CHITTENDEN</u>	Co.	Corps of Cadets
has permission to dispense with wearing of _____			
has permission to leave limits from <u>4:15 a. m.</u> M. to <u>Not later than</u> for the purpose of			
<u>(Friday at retreat)</u>			
<u>attending mother's funeral.</u>			
		Col. A.M. Hitch	
		Commandant of Cadets	

*Kemper permit to attend his mother's funeral*

### So you just dealt with it.

As far as I know, yeah. I've had a lot of thoughts about it in later years or afterwards but then that was too late.

### Did your dad say anything about it?

Not that I remember. There wasn't much of anything ever said. I don't even know that I knew she died with cancer. I just knew that she was sick. You know, it's been a long time ago and trying to remember all that is a little difficult. But I don't remember he and I ever talking about it. In fact he and I never talked much until after she had gone, and he began to take me more under his wing and discuss things with me.

### Really?

Yeah, he never said much to me. You know, I was always scared to death of him.

### Really?

Well, I never saw him. He'd be gone in the morning when I'd get up, and in the summer time I'd be in bed before he ever came home.

### So you were a lot closer to your mom than him?

Oh yeah, I was momma's boy.

### Wasn't Leonard momma's boy?

Not particularly, no. But that one summer, and that would've been after she'd had that part of her stomach removed, I was also going through a sickly period. You know I was a skinny, puny kid, and I had that mastoid and abscess deal and just before that I'd had a pretty good stretch of appendicitis. I had that out, and one summer or late spring I'd had a heart disease, they called it. Whatever that was, I don't know. I was a kind of puny sick kid, so there was a couple summers there that I spent a lot of summer with her working in the garden, and we refinished a lot of furniture together, and all different kinds of stuff like that. So I became real close to her doing things like that. I can remember a little sewing cabinet she got and we refinished that. And we had a nice big garden, and I'd work with her on that. I can remember refishing that furniture and listening to old Ma Perkins on the radio or some damn thing.





Kemper, May 1940, walking 10 hours because of demerits for smoking.  
Lawrence is third from the left

### How did you get chosen to be the color sergeant?

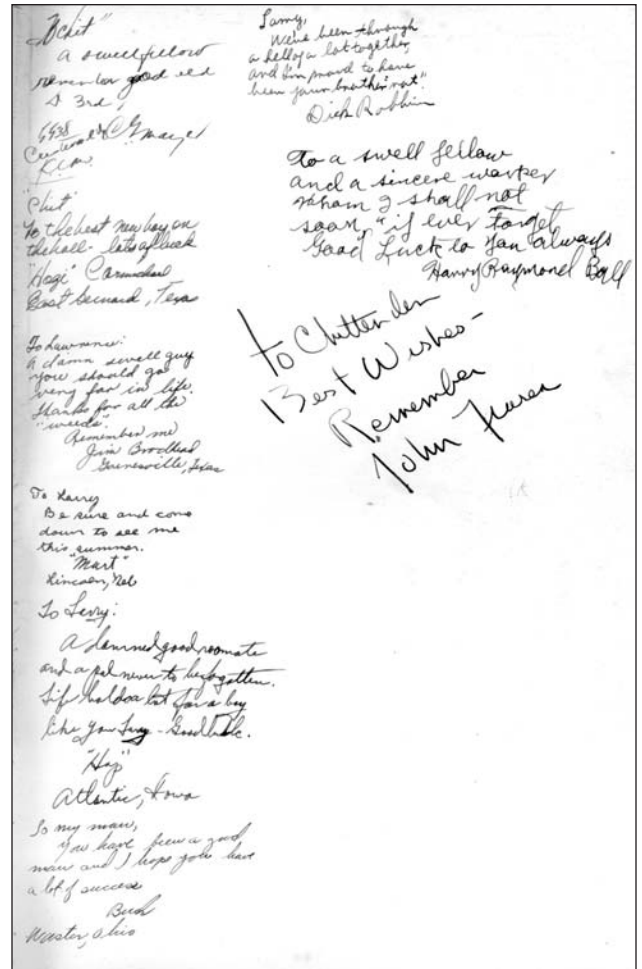
I think that was kind of politics. I don't remember how it went, but there was a Major Tucker. It was a private school, and he was one of the higher-up owners. He was the one that recruited me—I guess who my parents contacted about going down there. Each of 'em would work a certain territory in the United States, and he had Nebraska, which was primarily Omaha. It was through him that I got it.

### Okay, let's discuss some basics. What's Ten hut!" when you march, when you salute and you go "Ten hut!" what's that mean?

Attention.

### Is that what it is, "Attention"?

AttenhHUT!



Inside back page of Lawrence's Kemper 1940 yearbook

### That means you're paying attention?

No, you snap to. Then you usually went from, "Attention" to "Parade rest" and then it was "At ease". For forward march it was "Forward HARCH".

### What were all the commands that you gave when you were moving out? You'd line 'em up...

Well not a lot fightin', it was more barracks stuff, drilling and training. It was "Forward MARCH" and "Column right" and "Column left" and "To the rear march".

### What's "To the rear march"?

Turn around and go back.





*Kemper 1940 indoor track squad. Lawrence is in the second row, second from left*

**What if everybody is lying around on the ground and you want them to get up and get in a group? What if you wanted to get them back up marching?**

Well you usually hollered “Assemble” or something such as that. And the squad leaders would line up and the next man would dress off of him right down the line a distance between. Of course if you had arms, you had altogether different orders. There was “Parade rest” and then there was “Attention” and then there was, “Right shoulder arms” and “Left shoulder arms” and “Port arms” and “Inspection arms” and all that with your rifle.

**So “Right shoulder arms” meant you put your rifle on your right shoulder?**

Yeah, across your waist and then up on your shoulder.

**And then “Left shoulder arms” was the same?**

You just brought it down and you brought it over. It was all part of a drill. It really never applied as far as combat was concerned, but it was training. You had to become just like a machine. In the drill there was a lot of stuff. You’re in your parade commands and you’re marching, and you pass a reviewing stand its “Eye’s right” and when you get past it’s “Front.” You know, just all that type of stuff.



*Kemper government inspection, April 21-22, 1941. Color guard coming onto the parade field for review and inspection. Lawrence is second from left.*

**Why did you choose Kemper over West Point?**

West Point you had to have an appointment. I could never have gotten an appointment.

**What was the story on how West Point people got faster promotions in the war?**

Well my story on that was that I happened to overhear our regimental commander after the war was over in Europe. We were in the training process for the invasion of Japan. We had a captain who had been a quartermaster with supplies, and he was a West Point graduate. The commander called him in one day, and



*Kemper 1941 indoor track squad. Lawrence is in the back row, second from right*

I sat there and listened. He says “Captain Rasper, we’ve got to get some combat command experience on your record.” So he says, “I’m going to make you commander of “L” Company”. Well hell, the war was over, but you were still in a combat zone so that would go on his record as a commander of combat troops. Hell, he wasn’t commander of no combat troops any more than you are.

But that’s the way West Point worked. They looked out after their own people over and above. The other commissioned officers were ROTC (Reserve Officers’ Training Corps) or OCS, which was Officer Candidates School, or recommended through the ranks, and then there was a battlefield promotion program, too. It’d usually be a platoon sergeant or a squad leader who showed outstanding qualities as a leader and a fighter, and the commander could promote him for a battlefield promotion.

I had a real good friend that was a 2nd Lieutenant that was battlefield promoted. I don’t remember now what the story was, but he had done something heroic, and he was a college graduate. In fact, I think he was a lawyer, a graduate of law school. So he had an education, but he had never ever had any opportunity



*Kemper 1941 Color Guard. Lawrence is second from the left*

with that education to get into the officers training setup. So he went in as a draftee or volunteer. Well when he got into combat he proved his ability, and they promoted him.





*Kemper 1941 cadet sergeants. Lawrence is in the third row, second from right*

But this was just a story that I happened to sit in on that shows how the West Pointers look out after each other. And that may not be wrong, I don't know. They had a far superior military education than the average guy did, so it may be all right, but they definitely were clannish and definitely looked after their own people.

#### **Was West Point a four-year college?**

Yeah the regular West Point term is four years, but it's not just school years, it's year round.

---

*After Kemper, Lawrence attended the University of Nebraska from September 1941 until February 1943, majoring in business administration.*

---

Well then I went up to the University of Nebraska for about a year and a half. They had a summer school one year and I took -- I flunked dumbbell English twice, so I wanted to get out of there.

#### **Did you graduate from the University of Nebraska?**

I lacked a semester of English.

#### **Where was Mom in this? Were you dating her?**

Your mom's Aunt Rua and Maxine, your mom's cousin,

came to our house as housekeepers. See after my mother died, Leonard was seven years younger than I was. We had had up to that time what we called in those days hired girls. They were farm girls that would come to town and work as domestics; they cooked and washed and kept house. After my mother died, there was no way my dad could keep a young farm girl in that house with him. In a town like Tecumseh, good Lord, that wouldn't even begin to work. Well, we brought my Grandmother Chittenden back from Aunt Edna's for a while, but that didn't work. She wanted to move everything back the way she had it in that house, and we didn't want that. And she was getting old and couldn't see, and she and my dad never got along too good anyway. So then he got older people to come in.

I came back from the University 'til I was called up in February, in the winter. Most of my buddies had already been drafted or had gone. She'd come down and see Maxine every night, and we'd sit there and play hearts or cards. Then it would get late, and I'd take her home. And that's where it started. But she wasn't about to get engaged or anything to no college boy. She wasn't gonna have anything to do with that.

#### **Why, what did she want?**

I don't know but she just wasn't, I don't know. Dear, what was it? I don't remember. (Laughing) She wasn't



gonna be romanced off her feet by some college boy.  
Mom: I was only sixteen years old.

**Sixteen? And your mom let you go out with him?**

Mom: I didn't ... Oh god, my mother would've gone out with him. She told him he could bring me home at 10 o'clock, and I was home at 9:30.

**You were playing up to her mother right?**

Mom: Yes he was.

Dad: I learned that early.

---

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Friday, January 8, 1943

Dearest Bette:

*I was very, very glad to get a letter from my beautiful girl (I hope), and I was much more surprised at its length. You really fooled me, but it was a wonderful letter, and I hope I get many more.*

*The good old T.H.S. semester exams shouldn't be so hard. I would gladly take yours if you would take mine. However I am not worrying about mine. I may get out of them, and if I don't, I don't intend to let them bother me because any way you look at it, I will be in the army next semester. You shouldn't have much trouble dear, anyone as smart as you.*

*I don't think you will be teased much unless it is by Dad; however, after I am home the next time, it might be different. Yes, I am ready for another vacation. In fact I was ready for one by the time I got back to Lincoln, or should I say I was ready to go home and see a certain person. Yes, I think that is it. Up to the present time I have had no desire to come home; but that has all changed now, and I intend to remedy it very soon.*

*You are probably right about my heart ruling my head. I have thought of it before, and I do believe that it has happened in the preceding cases, but I don't hardly believe so this time. I do know what I want, and it is well pictured in my head. I had thought of you before, but our little game stage while I was home brought some of your points out that I had pictured and have always wanted in*

*a girl. As far as the time element is concerned, I believe that it will play an important part, but what's got me now is that there isn't much time left. I feel like you, that a lot of this can be ironed out the next time I am home. I do like you very, very much Bette, and for once I really feel that I have the right girl, the girl of my dreams.*

*I have to go out to the Air Base tomorrow and take my final type physical exam. It sure has me worried. I am scared that my eyes might not be up to par, and I might be a little bit under weight; however I am going to fix that by eating a couple of pounds of bananas. If I don't pass it, I am sunk, but I have faith, and I am hoping & praying.*

*I am quite certain that I will be home next weekend, sometime Fri. I have to register with my draft board. Since they are taking no more enlistments we have to sign for the draft. In that way I will get a Cpl. rating when I go to Georgia, and if I didn't, I would only get a private rating, and a Cpl. rating means \$66 a month instead of \$50. So I figure it will be worth registering for, and I want to come home anyhow. So I am pretty sure that I will see you next Fri. dear.*

*Yes, I want a picture, I will agree that they could be better, but I want one anyhow. They are not as bad as you think they are, anyhow I like them.*

*I think I will write another letter, yes, it's going to be for the purpose of asking for my class ring. Since that affair is over for good, I figure I had best get my ring back.*

*Well sweets I can't seem to think of much more to write, and I have to prepare some notes for a Military Lecture tomorrow morning. So I guess I had best stop for this time. Write real soon (when you have time), and I will see you next weekend.*

Love,

Lawrence

*P.S. No, I don't think dad & Rua ever figured out what relation they would be, but I wish they would have, too. Yes, you had better go down home because the longer you stay [away], the harder it will be on you, Dearest, because I know my Dad.*

## LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Monday, January 11, 1943

My Dearest Bette:

Well here goes a stab at answering your letter, but I can't say that it will be much of a letter because your loving boyfriend is in the dumps, and I do mean dumps. No, I didn't pass my physical Sat., and from the looks of things I am very close to being a buck private. I fell down on my eyes, and I was six pounds underweight. I am not much worried about the underweight because I can make that up, and the dirty d—devils said my height was 6' 2 1/2", and I know I am not that tall, but my eyes are bad; however, I get another chance and it's my only hope. I ate 2 1/2 pounds of bananas before I went out, but by the time they weighed us the bananas had no weight left. Right now I am eating carrots, a bunch a day. They are supposed to help your eyes.

I registered up here today, but I am very sure that I will be home Fri. because I want to have a talk with Doc. If I don't make this, I would about just as soon be dead. There is nothing that means more to me, except you. Enough of my troubles.

I wish I had known sooner that you were coming to Lincoln today. I had all afternoon off. I walked down town about 2 o'clock, but I didn't see any sign of any of you.

I am glad to hear that you haven't been teased to death and much more glad to hear how well you have been staying at home. You better be careful of Johnson. That town can get one into a lot of trouble because I know. I do say the bank is a good place to shoot craps. I wouldn't mind getting into a game myself, in a bank.

Honey this is a short letter, but there just isn't much to write, and if you will pardon me, I don't feel much in the writing mood. I will see you Fri. though, unless I have to go to Omaha for another physical, and I don't think I will.

Write again sweets if you have time, and I will see you Fri. I Love You Bette.

Love,  
Lawrence

*On February 5, 1943, as an ROTC draftee, Lawrence Chittenden was inducted into the U. S. Armed Forces Infantry for his physical at the Enlistment Recruiting Center at Fort Crook in Omaha, Nebraska, as a private. He was 21 years old, 6' 2" tall with blue/gray eyes, dark brown hair, 150 pounds and a ruddy complexion.*

*February 15, 1943. At a major induction center in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Lawrence reported for active duty. Overnight he was made a Corporal.*

---

See I didn't go into the draft, because I was in ROTC. They sent us out for our physicals to the Lincoln airbase on Saturday. Well that teed off those flight sergeants. Of course my eyes were never good, and I flunked the eye exam, and of course that made me mad. But they said, "Well we can get you into air corps or medical administrative." Well I didn't want that. So then they sent us up to Fort Crook, which is Offutt Airbase now. We got up there, and one of the college guys along with us had an old fraternity brother who was giving the eye exam. Well we passed. Then we went home and waited for orders and went to Fort Leavenworth. We were inducted in as corporals instead of being just inductees. We went in and on to OCS, and we drew \$66 a month.

*February 15 through May 28, 1943. At Fort Benning Ga. Lawrence attended Officer Candidate School with the 15th Company, Third Student Training Regiment, for three months and 14 days. He graduated May 28, 1943.*

### OFFICER TRAINING SCHOOL

They had a summer course one year on ROTC, and I took that, and then I went from there to Fort Benning. I was one of the first groups that had to go to OTS, that's Officers' Training School. Ninety day wonders they'd call 'em. I tell you; you wonder how you ever made it. Jesus, military school was nothing compared to what that was. That was the worst 90 days I think I've ever spent in my life. 'Cause they'd just ride you.

They had what they called Bird Dogs. They were officers, regular army officers in charge of each platoon and oh, they just were almost mean some of 'em. But that's what they wanted. The theory was if you were gonna break and couldn't handle it, they wanted you to do it there, not when you got a whole group of men under your command. It was tough. They were just riding you every second of the day. They'd have inspections on Saturday, and I tell you your bed and bunk had to look . . . and your rifle. They'd find just one little speck of lint somewhere, you were in trouble.

Heck we went to the theaters on the Post to receive our commission and lined up to go up on the stage to receive our bars. And they'd just walk right up in that line and say "Come with me," you'd be gone. We'd never see you again. They were usually shipped to the South Pacific.

SERVICE CLUB NO. 3  
HARMONY CHURCH AREA  
FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

*Ft. Benning, Georgia  
February 25, 1943*

*My Dearest Bette:*

*Well I finally got out of the worry hole. We left the Casual Co. this afternoon, and we are now in what you might call a Waiting Co. We will be assigned to our permanent co., or move to it Sat. noon, and classes will start Mon. morning. I will sure be glad to get moving, and quit laying around and hearing these wild stories.*

*We went on a little hike yesterday afternoon. We marched 3 miles in 35 min., and the normal time is 2 1/2 miles an hour. So you can see how fast we were moving, and to top it off, it was about 85 degrees. I was so hot and tired I thought I would drop. That was only one way, on the way back we double timed about 200 yards. I didn't think I would ever make it.*

*This is really swell weather down here. It really gets hot in the middle of the day. However, I am just getting over a cold due to the damp climate, but everyone has one.*

*I broke my glasses yesterday, or rather they broke. I took them off to clean them, and they fell apart. So I had to go to town to get them fixed. I had to buy a whole new frame, and it cost me ten dollars, but I don't mind the money as bad as I do running around in the dark.*

*Honey, I can't think of much more to write. I haven't been doing anything. How is the weather up there? Is school going all right? I hope so. After school gets started, maybe I will have more to write.*

*Lots & Lots of Love,  
Lawrence C.*

*My address is  
Candidate L.L. Chittenden  
A.S.N. 37472421  
15th Co. 3rd S.T.R.  
Ft. Benning, Georgia*

*P.S. Write real soon. I miss you very much honey, and the longer I am away the more I love you.*



US ARMY INFANTRY SCHOOL, OFFICIAL

Bayonet drill at US Army Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Georgia

Training was a continuous process in the Army, war or no war. They learned to drill, to run, to climb, to fall. In snow, in rain, in mud, they learned to creep and to crawl, to shoot and to bayonet. They dug foxholes, only to fill them in again; they erected tents, only to take them down again; they learned to lay mines, only to pick them up again. And they marched. It was rough at times. They all accomplished physical feats that they would have considered impossible a few months before. When they thought they had reached the limit, they found they had hardly started.

They learned to fight in squads, platoons, companies, battalions and regiments. Collectively they were taught to advance, to defend, to withdraw. They "captured" hills, "demolished" pillboxes, "seized" bridges and crossroads, and trapped or cut off the "enemy". They did these things in the daytime, in the evenings, and in complete blackout. At times they left their comfortable barracks, PXs, and service clubs to bivouac in the fields and sleep in "pup" tents, to eat out of mess kits, and to wash out of helmets. And always they marched. Now it wasn't so much drilling and parading but honest foot-slogging. They found their way by maps, by compass, and by stars.

We did a lot of walking and marching, and, of course, we were trying to be trained to be a leader. We had to learn to disassemble all the weapons and put 'em back together again so we'd be able to teach that to other people. We had calisthenics every morning. We'd take turns and different guys would have to lead it. That's how you did it, and they'd appoint different ones as leaders. You had to know how to do all of it.

You were in a company, and a company was composed of platoons, just like a regular unit would be, and you took turns. You rotated at being a squad leader, an assistant squad leader, a platoon leader, or being the company commander. They might say "Next week you'll be the company commander of A Company," and you had to form 'em out there, and you had to know where to march 'em to and march 'em right and proper. You were watched and graded all the time you were doing this.

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#### 15TH COMPANY

#### 3RD STUDENT TRAINING REGIMENT FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

April 11, 1943

*My Dearest Darling Bette:*

*Honey, I am very sorry that I haven't written for so long, but honestly we have had one of our busiest weeks. To top it, the week ahead of us looks just as tough. We had three G.T. this week so you can see how busy we were. [GT is an abbreviation for General Technical, part of the testing the Army did to classify draftees and recruits]*

*We just finished working with the Mortars yesterday. It sure was fun firing them. You just drop a shell down the barrel, and away she goes. The first time it sure gives you a thrill to drop a shell in. Then yesterday they gave us the G.T., and all we had was three days on them, and it was by no means enough time. It was one of the hardest tests we have had, but I think I did pretty good. This week we take up our last weapon, the 37mm Antitank Gun. Then next week we start on tactics. Also we have the Gas Chamber this week. That is where we walk through a chamber of tear gas. Then Sat. we go out and play with Booby Traps. So it looks like we are in for a lot*



of fun this week.

Wed. we will be half through, and does it ever sound or seem good. The faster the better I will like it. It doesn't seem to me as though we have been here for six weeks, but when I stop and think how long it has been since I have seen you, it seems like six months.

Honey, please take care of your eyes, and if you think they are weak, have them tested because you might be able to correct them. I assure you from experience that glasses are no fun, and if you can correct them, it would sure be much better.

Stay in there and pitch. You will be out of school before long. You shouldn't be tired at all. Look at me, I am still going to school, and happy day when I get through. Study is all I have known ever since I can remember.

Honey, I hope you find a nice pretty suit in Lincoln. I think it will only be a couple of weeks before I order my new suit. I only wish Dad could be here to hold me back, because I really go wild when it comes to buying nice pretty uniforms.

Take it easy on the other girl business. I never did have anything to do with her. You know that. However, what's the gossip, or is it too bad to tell? I have a very good idea what it was.

Honey, I am sorry that I haven't written very often, but honestly I haven't had time. It seems funny that I get your letter in good time, but you don't get mine. I suppose there is so much mail going out of here that it takes quite a while.

Did you get the gum? I hope you like it. How would you like a Scottie dog for your birthday present? If I can find one after I get out of here, I will give it to you for a birthday present.

Honey, I hope everything is going o.k. up there. I miss you very much, but it won't be long now.

How is the weather up there? Summer is well on its way down here. It is getting pretty hot.

Write real soon. You keep wanting to know what I want. Well any type of baking would be very greatly appreciated.

I can't think of much more to write. I will try to write more often this week.

All My Love & Kisses,  
Lawrence C.

**The Hamilton Tailoring Co.**  
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Headquarters  
Sold to: 3rd Student Training Regiment - 15th Co  
Fort Benning, Ga. CINCINNATI May 21, 1943

TERMS: NET CASH We Allow No Discount

Order No.	Garment	Lot No.	Class	Made for	Price	Total
7409-10-11		10775-77	- 733			
	Blouse				42.50	
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	Shirt				3.75	
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For: L L Chittenden  
3rd S T R - 15th Co  
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I certify that the above statement is true and correct to amount of \$155.50 and that the above listed merchandise was received on May 24, 1943  
Lawrence C. Chittenden

PAID MAY 29 1943

Receipt for uniform

15TH COMPANY  
3RD STUDENT TRAINING REGIMENT  
FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

April 21, 1943

My Dearest Darling Bette:

I have received so many letters from you lately, and I haven't written any. So I thought I had best drop you a line.

Not a whole lot going on, of course, but plenty of work & good hard work. The further along we get, the more they work us. Yesterday we dug fox holes and let tanks run over us. There is nothing to it. It is a lot of fun. All that happens is that you get a little dirt down your neck. Then we also got to fire anti-tank grenades, which are quite the weapon and the latest thing.

Then today we had tactics (Approach March which you don't know the meaning of). Anyhow, to make it more realistic, they had several planes come over & attack us to show how to get off the road. They had some T.N.T. planted in the ground to make the effects of bombs. The first time over nothing happened, but the second time over when the so called bombs (sorry ran out of ink) began blowing up all around me, one went off about five feet ahead of me (oh! I forgot to say we were flat on the ground), and then another on the other side. I heard someone yell, and I looked over, and it had blown up right beside him. He raised up, yelled and dropped back to the ground. His sleeve was in shreds, and he was bleeding. It had gone off

right beside him, blew up his rifle and put a hole in his right side and arm. They rushed him off to the hospital, and he is o.k. This is not supposed to be told to anyone, but I thought I would tell you. So you can see how they try to give us realistic combat training.

We have an attack over a shelled and gassed area tomorrow, which should be fun. A Jungle Jim problem, Sat., which is an attack through the swamps with real ammunition being fired at us. Then next Mon. an attack of a village with real ammunition and machine guns firing at us. So we ought to have some real fun before the week is over.

I ordered my uniforms Sun. I won't tell you how much I spent, but will I ever be a well dressed Lt. If you won't marry me when I come home now, you never will (just kidding).

I am glad to hear that you really cracked your tests. I knew you could before; anyone as smart as you doesn't need to study. You said they had the hours figured up at school. Well I have just 826 hours left my self. Everyone has the seconds & tenth of seconds figured out, but it would take too much time to write it out.

Honey, I have to sew an O.C. patch on my shirt. I sure wish you were here to do it because my sewing is very poor.

It won't be long now sweets. I miss you more & more as the day goes by. I hope everyone is o.k., and say hello to Faye. She will probably be gone by the time this gets there. Write real soon.

All My Love & Kisses,  
Lawrence C.

15th COMPANY  
3RD STUDENT TRAINING REGIMENT  
FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

May 11, 1943

My Dearest Darling Bette:

I don't know what I am going to write, but I think it's my time to write you.

Today was our busy little day. We got up at 0215 and went out on a dawn attack and then ended up attacking & taking a village. There was nothing to it. We did it in fine shape. Afterwards we had a short G.T., which wasn't bad. Then came back in and had two hours off, but, of course, I had an assignment for Physical Drill and had to study. As usual, I had two very hard, long and tiring exercises, but I really put them over o.k. Then after a good hours workout, they made us run the obstacle course for record in 115 seconds. Well it sounds like a long time, but it sure isn't. I made it in 90 some seconds, but I am still so tired I can hardly walk. Then after dinner, we went out and walked around for two hours, brought us back in, gave us an hour of dirty hand-to-hand fighting. Then ended up with another G.T. To top it off, here I am in study hall. Since I had nothing to do and don't feel like doing anything, I figured it would be a good time to write you the letter I owe you.

We have another G.T. Sat. on the Defense, and then we only have two more left, and does that ever sound good. Also only 16 more days left. That sounds very much better. It doesn't seem possible, but that's all right with me. The sooner I get through and get my commission, the better. They are beginning to put the pressure on, but it doesn't worry me.

We were out in a regular cloud burst yesterday all day and got wet from top to bottom. It sure is comfortable sitting in stands listening to a dry lecture with wet clothes on, but that's the army. In the attack problem this morning they really dumped the tear gas on us, but for once, I got my mask on in a hurry. It's a lot of fun.

I am not sure yet how I am coming home. One way is by air to Chicago and train from there to Omaha, or by another line straight through to Omaha. However,

*Dad said he would bring you and meet me in Omaha if I wanted, and as soon as I find out for sure, I am going to let him know.*

*Next week we have our 36-hour problem, and is it ever a honey. Instead of live ammunition, they give you cement blocks to carry. Some of the fellows don't make it. Oh! Yes I think the board will also meet next week. I have chances but am praying, and hoping; however, it doesn't worry me.*

*I know how you feel with only five (now probably none) days left. I am glad to hear everything is going o.k. and you are having a good time. Just hold things down for a little longer, and be good sweets.*

*Can't think of any more news. Write real soon dearest. I miss you very much but it won't be long now. I hope.*

*All My Love & Kisses,  
Lawrence C.*

In my OCS class there was a group of ROTC students from LSU, like there were three or four or five of us from Nebraska. And one of those guys was Ophie Cosby. [Laughing] He was a southern boy. I should sometime try to look him up. He's probably dead. I think he was from Alabama, and he was one of these typical chubby heavysset southern boys that never got rattled. He was always the last guy there, and you know, nothing bothered him.

With the gas mask we had to go through the tear gas house. One day towards evening we were out in bleachers, and they were giving us instructions with the gas mask. We all had to have our gas masks. I don't remember what it was, but they had instructors down in front of the bleachers giving us all the dope. And all at once, these guys that worked with the instructors came out from nowhere around the bleachers with this, I called it pukin' gas, I don't know what it was, what the technical name for it was. Well of course everybody was to get their gas mask on. Well ol' Cosby [laughing] he couldn't find his. He got it on finally, and he had it upside down (still laughing). The hose was coming out of the top of his head and going down and, of course, he got enough of the gas that he

up-chucked. [Laughing] It was really a funny deal, and it was twice as funny if you'd been there to see it.



*Infantrymen training at Ft. Benning*

US ARMY INFANTRY SCHOOL, OFFICIAL

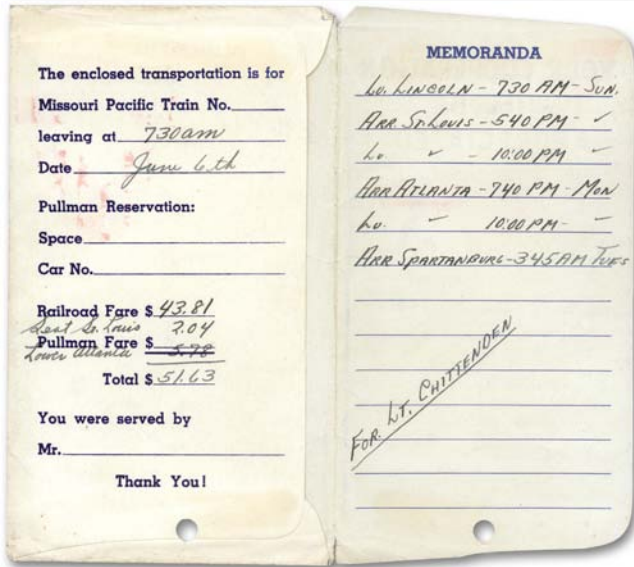
*On May 28, 1943, Lawrence Chittenden was honorably discharged out of the army as a Corporal, commissioned a 2nd lieutenant, and enlisted into active duty in the Army of the United States. His enlistment record shows him as a single man in good physical condition and excellent character.*

*On May 29, 1943 he became active in Federal Service in the Army of the United States. He was 21 years old.*

*He came home after OCS for a 10-day leave and then went to Camp Croft in Columbia, S.C. to an officer's pool (unassigned officers). He was there 10 days and then assigned to the 83rd Infantry Division.*

It was in May 1943. We got to come home for 10 days I think, and then I went back to Camp Croft South Carolina to an officer's replacement depot. Everybody in it was officers waiting to be assigned somewhere. They sent me and I don't know how many others to the 83rd Infantry Division at Camp Atterbury, Indiana.





Train ticket to Camp Croft, South Carolina, Officer's Pool

It was a World War I division, an Ohio division that was deactivated after WWI and then reactivated in WWII. All divisions in the United States at one time had been somewhere in combat but were not in existence until the war started again and then they reformed them. Some had been National Guard; some had been Reserve, some had been completely disbanded, done away with.

**How did you get in this division? Chance, like the lottery?**

Yeah, somebody sent me there.

**What was the whole name of it?**

Thunderbolts.

**Mom, you and dad were dating when he left, but you wouldn't marry him because he was going to war right?**

Mom: Yes.

**How old were you when you started dating?**

Mom: I was 16, but I didn't do a lot of dating, we just kind of paired off.

Lawrence: I was 20, 21, I was 5 years older.

UNITED STATES ARMY  
Camp Croft, South Carolina

June 25, 1943

My Dearest Darling Bette:

Well, I guess I am getting lazy. I wanted to write several letters, but here is the first and most likely the only one I will get written tonight. The only reason I write this is because it makes me feel a little better. I love you so darn much and miss you a thousand times more.

I have stayed home the last three nights except for going across the road to a show last night "Stage Door Canteen," and was it good. It made me so lonely, I could have screamed. Then tonight I went up to see our Battalion win the championship baseball game. It was really good. We have a pitcher that is a pro, and can he pitch. I really enjoyed it. I haven't seen a good game in years. By getting off at four thirty and eating at five you can go to a show and be home by eight. However, I didn't go to the big party last night. It's a long story, but it will cover paper.

This damn school has just about got me to the blowing up point. Yesterday we went up (the whole class) to go through the Quartermaster warehouses, bakery etc. It was about a mile up there, and they marched us at attention, which is against all army rules and then wondered & yelled at us because we raised hell. Then when we got up there, the fellows acted a little bad. Well, when we got back, the 1st Lt. in command of the co. started, "Once upon a time there was a kindergarten class that went through a factory, and they acted very bad," and a lot more such baloney. Then the class blew up. A bunch of 2nd Lts. running us around and treating us like rookies and then wondering why we act up. You can imagine how 200 officers would act when treated such. It made me so mad



*I could have smacked him, and I am afraid if something don't change, I will. There is a lot more, but it would take too long to write, but that is why I didn't go to their party with them. Now you can see why I hate the school. Oh! For a Pft. (Editor's note: Lawrence one longer knows what this means) and some work. Well, I guess you have heard enough of my howling.*

*Camp Croft is noted for its obstacle courses. They have them in every corner all over camp, and I mean tough ones. They are more like tank obstacles. One favorite one is to walk a twenty foot rolling log, another is to crawl up on a log, jump to another hitting it with your stomach & roll over it, and hand climbing fifty foot ropes. Then we also practiced going over the ledge of a mock ship on a rope net. First without packs & rifles, and then back up. I didn't care much for that; the top of the ship was a good 100 feet off the ground.*

*Yes, dear, I liked your pictures, and I would like very much to have some more please. I hope you have mine by now.*

*Take it easy, take it easy. I trust you dear, and I know you haven't been stepping out. Don't take me so serious honey. I trust you. Well, I will always trust you.*

*Honey, I am not going overseas for several years if I do then. I was fed up with this school, but don't worry, I can take more than they can dish out. My idea is to wait until this school is over & see how the cards lay, and if they suit you. We will get married o.k.? I hope & pray so.*

*Hollis found a nice room in town tonight, and his girl will be here in two weeks. So I guess he is all set and ready to go.*

*I should get my watch tomorrow. No, don't worry honey I haven't said anything to dad, and won't, because I know how he feels.*

*I am glad you sent your phone number. Some time after payday (1st), I will try and call you if I can get through.*

*Well, I guess I have rambled on enough for this time. I am glad to hear that you are having such a swell time. That party, or whatever you want to call it, must have been quite an affair.*

*I must close now honey. I have to get up at 4:30*

*so I can go & watch them prepare mess and make an inspection.*

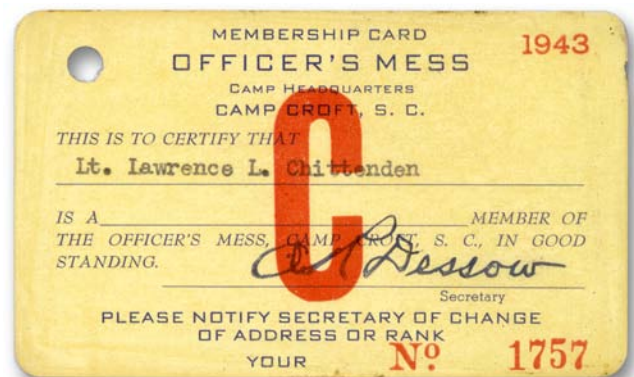
*Write real soon, and I love you more than words can tell and miss you twice as much.*

*All My Love & Kisses,  
To my future wife.  
Larry*

*I love you darling.*

### **While you were at Camp Croft, you went from Lawrence to Larry. How did that happen?**

I don't know, the guys got to calling me that, the rest of the officers. I never used it other than that.



Camp Croft Officer's Mess Card

*June 23, 1943 through October 1943, Lawrence went from Camp Croft, South Carolina, to Nashville, Tennessee, (after a brief overnight stay at Camp Atterbury) for maneuvers and war games with the 83rd and met up with the whole Division. He was signed to the 330th Infantry, I Company, 3rd Platoon.*

Well we got to Camp Atterbury, and the division was in Tennessee on maneuvers, so we were immediately shipped down to Tennessee. That's where I joined

them out north of town [Nashville] somewhere. We went all through the summer up until early fall. Then half of the division went on leave, and the other half of us marched back to Camp Breckenridge on the Ohio River.

We used to holler in Tennessee in that training, "Spread Out!" You know the tendency is that you get a group of people, men anyway, they tend to group together. The theory was, and it was true, with artillery and mortars you didn't want a whole group of you in a bunch because one shell could take the whole group out. So it was "Spread out! Spread out! Keep your distance! Spread out!" That was the thing we harped on so much in maneuvers. Of course we got to combat and it didn't take but about one round, and you didn't have to tell 'em again (chuckles). It was getting 'em back together again, trying to find 'em. They scattered like a bunch of chickens, and you couldn't locate 'em sometimes.

Then there was another thing we'd try to preach in training -- "Dig in!" You had a lull or you spread out and hit the ground, well start digging. Of course we got into combat... it didn't take 'em long. I think of that little orderly I had. He didn't even more than hit the ground, and he had his shovel out digging a hole, boy. (Laughs). He was worth having. (Laughs) He'd have it in nothing flat. He was just like a weasel or a ground hog. He was digging right now. But that was all part of training.

**Talk about the night crossing of the Cumberland River, when you nearly drowned.**

We were training for river crossings at night and another unit of engineers brought these boats. They called 'em John Boats (flat bottom boats). I think there was two of them for my platoon. In other words, it took two to a platoon to get us across the Cumberland. So they give us all the training on land on how to do this, and away we go. We figured out where we were gonna depart from and where we wanted to land and make this practice attack, see. Well, somewhere along the line somebody didn't figure the drift from the current. (Laughing) In other words, unless you can paddle real hard, it's pretty hard to go across the river straight. Well that's what happened.

When we hit the bank, you were to bail out. We had on all our gear, we hit the bank, and I bailed out and went blub, blub, blub, blub, blub (laughing). I don't know that I ever hit bottom, but I had enough of a hold of the boat, or one of the men grabbed me or something, because, hell, you'd sink like a rock with all that gear on. Instead of an area where there was a kind of a beach, it was Whomp, straight down. So I continued the rest of the problem, dripping wet. (Laughing) Scarier than hell 'cause I wasn't much of a water rat in those days. (Laughing)

---

*They hiked to Camp Breckenridge in the northwest corner of Kentucky on September 12, 1943. All winter and early spring, until March 30, 1944 they spent doing maneuvers at Camp Breckenridge.*

---

Then we got to Breckenridge. We walked 50 minutes, and then we'd ride 50 minutes, then walk, and they shuttled us that way. We camped out every night in pup tents at fairgrounds along the way. From Nashville across Kentucky, that's farther than you think it is to walk. We got in Kentucky, and we had to go through all these exercises. You had all different problems, and they graded you and tested you. That's what always made me so mad. That BAR, that Browning Automatic Rifle, I think that thing weighed 20 pounds or better. All the men, we had to go out and qualify, and the best shot was the BAR man. The guys with any smarts knew that, so they couldn't hit nothing with it. Well I ended up with some little fart, Mendosa was his name. They finally kicked him out for being gay, but he was about four feet tall, and the damn thing, he put it in the sling over his shoulder and the butt drug on the ground. He qualified. I remember I got in the damndest argument with the captain over that. (Laughing) He was my BAR man.

We spent a lot of time out on the range. We'd go out and do all these different problems. We'd have a lot of night problems and that's where I learned a little bit. I learned that you could be the type of officer

that stood there and cracked the whip, and you could make 'em do it. But if you kind of worked with 'em, you got far better support. In other words, we'd be given a problem, and I'd call my Squad Leaders and my Platoon Sergeant and my Guide up and say "All right now, here's the problem. What do you think? How we gonna do this?" Well they'd have their ideas and, of course, I ended up being the guy that said which way we were gonna do it. But if it was the right situation, I'd let them try some of their ways and prove that it wasn't the best. Well we came out with one of the best scores out of that thing in the whole division, my platoon. And I found out in combat that if I said, "Go here", they went. They respected me, they did what I asked them to do, and they knew that I was with them and was not working against them but for them.

One of the exercises was to go out on hand grenades. We'd gone through the classroom and looked at the grenades and all, so we had to go out on an exercise. There was an old abandoned schoolhouse. That whole camp was just farm ground that the government had taken over and made a camp out of. They had some slit trenches dug and some targets, and you were to get down in there and lob these grenades. And I couldn't get 'em to...my platoon, they just goofed off. They'd flip 'em and they'd flop 'em, and they didn't pay attention. They just kind of goofed off all morning. I knew I had guys that could heave one way farther than they were gettin' em. .

So noon break came, and the cooks brought out mess. We were all sitting around this old school yard with our mess kits eating, and I had disarmed one of these hand grenades. All at once I pulled the pin on this baby and rolled it right out in the middle of 'em (laughing), and it went "pop" and smoke blew. Oh God, they dug in the grass, and they climbed trees and did every damn thing in the world. (Laughing) When they got all done and got back down to the ground, I said "Okay, now, we're going back and going through this whole exercise again," because they were grading you on this thing. Well they went back, and we had a pretty good exercise that afternoon. They finally took the hand grenade serious and knew what to do with 'em and threw 'em out there pretty good. I

had some record throws. As it came out, I had one of the best platoons in the whole damn division -- best in regiment, and one of the better in the whole division from all these exercises.

I brought one (grenade) home, or a couple of 'em. And I did that one time in Tecumseh in the back yard on my brother (laughing). I had my dad and everybody under the lawn chair. (Laughing) Oh God, he gave me hell. He chewed me out but good for that. But that's how I trained my men.

### How many were in your platoon?

Oh let's see, there was three squads that time. I've forgotten, must've been about 30.

WAR DEPARTMENT  
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE  
WASHINGTON

This is to identify  
Lawrence L. Chittenden  
(Name)  
2nd Lt (Grade) Inf (Arm or service) 05517681 (Serial number)  
whose signature, photograph, and fingerprints appear hereon,  
in the ARMY of the UNITED STATES  
*Lawrence L. Chittenden*  
(Signature of officer)  
Loss of this card will be reported to The Adjutant General without delay  
by the officer named hereon, with the circumstances.  
W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 65-1—March 1, 1941.

Date issued June 16 1943  
Date of birth June 12 1921  
Color eyes Br  
Weight 150 lbs  
Height 5 ft 1 1/2 in  
Chest 34 in  
Dk Br

FINGERPRINTS—RIGHT HAND

1 2 3 4

Officer's ID card, issued by the War Department



CAMP BRECKINRIDGE  
KENTUCKY

*Sunday Morning  
March 12, 1944*

*My Dearest Darling Bette:*

*Here it is Sunday, and I had to get up at six o'clock. We had a 2nd Army Rifle and equipment inspection. The only day I get to sleep, but I guess that's the army for you.*

*More fun... we walked out about fifteen miles Fri. and followed a rolling artillery barrage. That's where they fire for a certain length of time and then move the fire forward about two hundred yards and fire again. We followed this for fifteen minutes at about two hundred yards. Of course, there were a few short rounds, and a few wounded, and quite a few dead, but it was good practice and a lot of fun. Of course, the officers had to lead the men. So we were in the front row.*

*Honey, this school and nursing business, I don't know. I do know that I intend to and want to get married when it's over. That is if I come back in one piece or at all. I know you are interested in nursing, and I hate to keep you from it, but you are right in not being able to quit when you wish. If there is nothing particular you want to take or get in college, I don't see why you don't stay where you are. However, I hate to tell you what to do because my chances are of not coming back. Then I have ruined all of your plans. So do what you think best and want to do. The rest we can straighten out when the time comes. O.k.?*

*(Your) Mother didn't have anything to say, just wanted to know how I was, and it didn't seem I was hardly home and the local news. That's all. Don't get excited. She is just looking out for me, God bless her.*

*Yes, honey, I am enclosing a patch for Lois and another I picked up from the 63rd Inf. Division, the bleeding heart. She probably doesn't have it either.*

*This darn weather. It has warmed up again but has started raining, and oh, how I love to get wet every day.*

*Honey, I can't think of much more to write, and I must go over to the Company and do some work. Don't work too hard, and write real soon. I miss you sweets.*

*All My Love,*

*Larry*

*I Love You Darling.*

**When I was little, I remember going through a book of photographs out in the garage and seeing some of a woman I didn't know. I think she was dressed in a mink coat or something and looked very polished. When I asked mom about her, she said to ask you. You said it was the "Southern Belle." You've been a little vague on this, so I want to go into this a little more.**

(Laughs) Yeah, I'm damn vague on it right now.

**If we had this conversation without Mom here, would you be less vague?**

No, 'cause I've forgot most about it. I don't even remember what her name was.

**Taylor was her last name.**

Yeah, that I remember...

**Where'd you meet her?**

In Nashville.

**Where in Nashville? Was it a blind date or a bar?**

Probably in a bar 'cause that's where we'd head when we went to town. But I really... I can't remember. On maneuvers we would train approximately a week. It wouldn't be from weekend to weekend, it would be anywhere in a week, and then they gave us a day or two off. The second in command of our company, our company exec we called him, was a guy by the name of Zagoomis. He came from up in Minnesota, a National Guard officer. He was a first lieutenant. We'd come to town... Nashville, we'd go to these bars and places, and the only thing you'd get to drink was rum and coke. Hell, you couldn't buy anything but rum and coke. And it was that old dark rum you know.

He met some girl, I remember. Ahhh, I won't go into that. But he was quite a Casanova, and he was married. He was considerably older than I was or the rest of us. He met some gal or somebody somewhere and wanted to double date or something and brought this gal along. She worked in a little dress shop in downtown Nashville, and she was kind of a Southern Belle. Her folks lived somewhere else in Tennessee and had a big plantation. I got acquainted with her and started going with her. It never really amounted to a whole lot.

Mom: What do you mean it never amounted to a whole lot?

**Beth (interviewer) You got engaged.**

Well it was war time, and I thought it was really something you know.

**How long did the relationship last, weeks? Months?**

I met her on maneuvers, and then I went back down there after maneuvers, and that was it, we left. So it wasn't very long, I would guess six or nine months.

**That's quite a while, long enough to get engaged.**

I guess.

**So did you buy her a ring?**

No, I used the one I had.

**What one?**

The one mom's got.

**You kept that with you?**

It was my mother's.

**I know, but you had it with you on maneuvers?**

No, I think I picked it up when I came home after maneuvers.

**What was the big attraction about her?**

I don't know. She was nice looking, and she came from a pretty good family I think. I never met the family.

**Was she crazy about you?**

Well I can't answer that. She evidently wasn't 'cause she got hooked up with an air force officer right after I left the country.

**So is that what ended it?**

Yes.

**How'd you find out?**

I can't remember that.

**She didn't write you a Dear John letter?**

No, I don't remember that, I think maybe Lt. Zagoomis told me that, I don't know.

**So mom, you knew he was dating this girl for six to nine months?**

Mom: Yeah, we were both kind of dating.

**And then you accepted that ring even though you knew she had it?**

It was his mother's diamond.

**But that didn't bother you, that he'd given it to someone else?**

Mom: No. I was just in high school.

**So at the time you guys weren't that serious?**

Dad: No, maybe I was, your mother wasn't.

**And then you never heard from the southern belle after that?**

No, I think I wrote her and told her I wanted the ring back, and that happened and then that was the end of it, of course. I never heard from her after that. In fact, I did too. I think he dumped her, and she wrote back and wanted to hook up again, and I wrote her and told her to go fly a kite. I wasn't interested.

**So did she mail the ring to you overseas?**

Damned if I remember. No I must've still been in the states.

**Okay, so then you broke up, but you got engaged to Mom on February 14, 1944 before you shipped out.**

Mom: Yes, it was sometime in 1943 that he was dating this other gal. Then he came back in 1944 I think, before he went overseas, and we started dating again.

**Well what made you get engaged?**

Mom: I don't know, I suppose because he was shipping out.

**Okay, so is that all we have to say about the fiancée?**

Mom (laughing): Yes.

Dad: I've forgotten what I know.

*The 83rd Infantry Division was alerted for overseas movement. They were issued new clothes, new equipment, and new weapons. They wondered how they could carry it all or get it all in their duffel bags. There were showdown inspections and inoculations galore. When they boarded the trains for the East, everything they owned in the Army was either on their backs or in their bags, and they carried it all at one time.*

---

*On March 30, 1944, Lawrence was sent east to wait for departure for Liverpool, England in April. For several days the 83rd Division poured into Camp Shanks in Orangeburg, New York about twenty-five miles northwest of New York City. From the day they were alerted, their movements and whereabouts were "secret".*

---

### **Where is Camp Shanks?**

I didn't know. You just came into those places from one way and went out another way and never were there long enough. When we came home [after the war] we landed in New York City. I think we went by ferry to Camp Shanks. That's where they fed us all the steak and the ice cream. After you got home you know, they treated you real good. You were there maybe a day or two before they divided you up to go to different areas, and that was the same way going [to Europe].

They didn't have a troop train big enough to carry the whole damn division. So many units would go today, and then tomorrow there'd be another train that would take so many. The first ones that got there had to sit and wait till the rest of them got there. Then you loaded the boat the same way.

*On April 6, 1944, he left from New York on the British liner, H.M.S. Orion, which was later sunk in the South Pacific. The Orion was part of a very large convoy of ships.*

---

We crossed the ocean on the Orion; it was a British luxury liner, an older one. I never could forget it. We were in the New York harbor, and you know it takes time to get that many men and equipment on a boat that size, because it carried probably 10 to 12 thousand of us. We were the flagship of the convoy to England. We left New York, and we went up the coast, and we gathered this convoy. It all accumulated as we went. Ships would come out of Boston, and ships would come out of Newfoundland, and ships would come from everywhere. The battleship Texas went over with us. They were in on D-Day, shelling and support. It was a small old battleship, small compared to the Arizona or the New Jersey or the Iowa or those.

It always made me mad, every morning, every day we had to have boat drill. I'd run up and get to my station and look to see what I had, and I never had a lifeboat. I had one of them damn rafts with that rope in the middle. (Laughing) Dang, I couldn't get one of those boats. I never got assigned that.

### **How long did it take to cross?**

Quite a while 'cause you zigzagged. I was an officer and had a bunk, God you'd roll around all night long.

### **Why did you zigzag?**

Harder for 'em to hit ya.

I never will forget them damn British. I went down to breakfast and golly they had waiters with ties and whites and everything all white and fancy in officers' mess. First morning, first thing they brought me was that kippered herring. That stinks like nobody's business. Strictly British. Then we'd all go to the P.X. and load up on candy bars and junk. Then you wondered why you got seasick. You only got two meals a day, breakfast and one at night.



**Tell the story about the gold bouillon on the Orion, sailing over.**

Well we were one of the early ones on the ship in New York. We were wandering around on deck and noticed all these cops and plain-clothes men with all these machine guns. In those days a machine gun was like Al Capone's boys, you know, with a round drum on it. We found out later that they were loading gold bouillon on this ship to take to England for lend-lease some way or another. I guess we found out after we got out on the water that that's what they were doing. Anyway, we arrived in Liverpool, and we were standing there on the deck waiting to unload, and here is this big old flat bed wagon that had two nice big Percherons hooked up to it.

**What are Percherons?**

Horses, those great big draught horses like a Clydesdale. They were loading all this bouillon on this wagon, and when they were done, they threw a tarp on it, and two old Englishmen crawled up on the seat and lit their pipes, slapped the horses with the reins, and away they went. To me that was a terrific difference in the way things operated. Over here it took half an army of men with machine guns to get it on, and over there two guys put it on a wagon and took off with a team of horses. (Laughing) I always thought that was real interesting.

**What about the German U-boat (submarine) that you sank on the way over?**

Well, you were in a convoy.

**How did you find it?**

We didn't find it. We had the Texas and the Cleveland in the convoy. They were going over for the D-Day invasion. You had some destroyers. A convoy moves at the speed of the slowest vessel, and that was usually a fuel tanker. And you had, as I say, these two battleships or a heavy cruiser and a battleship. And you had destroyers for protection, and you had what in those days they called a corvette. They were smaller than a destroyer, but fast. They had a lot of depth charges, and they were sub chasers.

I don't know how they detected the sub, but we were up on deck for boat drill that morning, and boy them

things would just whip in and around that convoy like you'd put a motor boat out there. Then all at once off to our left they started dropping depth charges, and after a little bit up came a big oil slick. That's how they could tell they got 'em. It was announced later on the ship radio that they had sunk a sub. So those Wolf Packs they called 'em, were operating on all those convoys trying to sink ships, which had been real successful, and they weren't particularly interested in what they sank.

They, of course, liked to get the battleships if they could, but this Texas was an old ship then. It carried a floatplane. In those days they'd catapult a floatplane off. It was kind of fun to see them ring the bells for general quarters where everybody bailed out of the underneath of the ship and manned their gun positions. And that's what they did on that deal. We could stand there and watch them. Boy they'd just boil up out of that old ship, and then they'd man the guns and they'd start swiveling around and cranking the anti-aircraft guns. And that old float plane they POOFED it off with that catapult, and away it went. They could see a sub to fire torpedoes. Usually it had to come up closer to the surface. They had to get that periscope up at some time to sight what they were after and get their bearings to fire the torpedo. Of course those planes could see 'em. We just sat there like we were in a grandstand and watched the whole thing. Of course we could've been the object. The Germans probably knew what we were carrying, I don't know, they had enough intelligence around that they knew more things than anybody thought they did.

**So you were 22 years old by this time?**

I suppose. Yeah, probably about 22.

**So you got married when you got home?**

Yeah.

**She wouldn't marry you till you got out?**

No, she wouldn't marry me. She wasn't gonna be a widow.

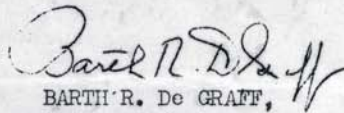
RESERVE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS  
KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

Boonville, Missouri,  
April 20, 1940.

MEMORANDUM: To each Cadet.

In order that you may have a check sheet for the inspection, there are listed below a number of things that you must do. Don't wait until the last minute. Take care of what you can now and check those items off. Ask yourself: "Am I ready"?

1. A clean room. No dust or dirt or unnecessary items.
2. A clean bed spread.
3. Shoes shined with rubbers in the rear rank of shoe line.
4. All drawers clean and neat with new paper.
5. A new waste basket.
6. Clean rifle - polished stock - gun sling saddle soaped.
7. Clean white gloves and white belt.
8. Dress uniform cleaned and pressed.
9. Fatigue uniform clean and pressed.
10. White band equipment cleaned.
11. A neat haircut - sides and backs short.
12. Shave the morning of inspection - clean nails.
13. Clean cover on wash stand.
14. Oil floors (wood floors) - wash concrete floors.
15. Dust base boards, closet shelves, doors and book cases.
16. Clean mirrors and windows.
17. Get spots off floors.
18. Put blanket rolls on top shelf closet in "D" Barracks. Others on bottom shelf of closet
19. Display equipment properly on bed. No rifles.
20. When called upon in class snap to attention (stand up) then execute a snappy parade rest and answer the question.
21. Don't forget your military courtesy - snap to attention when spoken to.
22. Study the subjects in which you feel you are the weakest.
23. New or clean regulations in room.
24. New or clean name plates on door.
25. Clean rugs and Kemper blankets.
26. No cobwebs in corners.
27. Arrange all shelves neatly - remove excess clothing.



BARTH R. De GRAFF,  
Major, Infantry,  
P. M. S. & T.



RESERVE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS  
KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

MEMORANDUM: To all Cadets.

Boonville, Missouri,  
April 23, 1940.

1. Who is the commander in chief of the Army and Navy? The President of the United States.
2. Who is Chief of Staff of the Army? General George C. Marshall.
3. Who is Secretary of War? Hon. H. H. Woodring.
4. Who is Governor of Missouri? Hon. L. C. Stark.
5. What is meant by the R. O. T. C.? The reserve Officers' Training Corps, or the military units maintained at colleges and schools for the purpose of qualifying selected students for appointment as reserve officers.
6. What is the National Defense Act? It is an Act passed by Congress in 1920 which defines our National Military Policy.
7. How many Corps Areas are there? Nine. How many armies? Four.
8. What are the three components of the Army? Regular Army, National Guard and the Organized Reserve.
9. What states are in the Seventh Corps Area? Arkansas, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota.
10. Who commands the Seventh Corps Area? Major General Percy P. Bishop.
11. What is the name of your rifle? United States Rifle, caliber .30, model of 1903.
12. Describe the National Flag.
13. What is meant by caliber? The interior diameter of the bore measured between the lands.
14. How far will it shoot? Approximately 3 miles.
15. To what range is it sighted? 2850 yards.
16. At what range is the peepsight always kept set, unless otherwise ordered? 300 yards.
17. What is battle sight? The notch with the sight leaf down. This is the command given when it is not desired to have the sight set. It corresponds to a range of about 550 yards.
18. How much does the rifle weigh?  $8\frac{1}{2}$  pounds, including oiler and thong case, without the bayonet.
19. How much ammunition does your field belt hold? 100 rounds.
20. Point out the peep sight; battle sight notch; notch sights; field view.
21. Describe the bore of the rifle. The length of the chamber and bore is about 24 inches, the rifling consists of four plain grooves, one turn in ten inches, the twist is to the right.
22. Point out the barrel, small of the stock, upper band, lower band, butt plate, well, muzzle, bore, rear sight, follower, cut-off, cocking piece, firing pin, trigger, trigger guard, windage screw, ejector, extractor, heel, comb, toe, vent, hand guard, striker.
23. What is the reason for the rifling?
24. What is the oiler and thong case?
25. Why is the muzzle rounded? To protect the lands.
26. To what extent are you allowed to take your rifle apart? The following may be removed for the purpose of cleaning: The front sight cover, floor plate, magazine spring and follower, gun sling, oiler and thong case, and the bolt may be dismantled.
27. What is tracer ammunition?
28. What are you permitted to use on a gun stock? Raw linseed which is rubbed in and polished with the hand.
29. From which end do you clean the bore? From the breech.
30. What do you clean the bore with? Cleaning patches and oil.
31. What is the number of your rifle? 417580
32. Name the common parts of the pack.
33. Name the common parts of the field belt.
34. What is the weight of a soldier's load? Approximately 39 pounds.
35. What is our National Anthem? The Star Spangled Banner.
36. Who is your Squad Leader? Platoon Leader? Company Commander?
37. What do you use on leather equipment? Saddle soap or leather dressing.
38. How do you clean web equipment? Wash it in cold water and ivory soap. Dry in a cool, shady place.

*Barth R. De Graaf*  
BARTH R. De GRAEF,  
Major, Infantry,  
P. M. S. & T.



TENTATIVE SCHEDULE FOR APRIL 21 and 22.

April 21st

- ~~6:10~~ A.M. First Call
- ~~6:25~~ Assembly for breakfast
- ~~6:50~~ Breakfast
- ~~8:00~~ Faculty meet Inspectors
- ~~8:15~~ Room Inspection: Dress uniform, white belts, gloves.  
Equipment displayed on bed.
- ~~9:00~~ Inspection of facilities.
- ~~9:30~~ First Call: Formation of companies on company parade  
dressed and equiped for review.  
(Dress uniform, white belts, gloves)
- ~~10:30~~ Close order drill - one platoon  
Extended order drill - one platoon
- 10:50 Group tests - practical
- ~~12:45~~ Lunch
- 2:00 P.M. Attack problem - one platoon, war strength.  
Defense problem - one platoon, war strength.  
Ten fourth year cadets with four stakes for siting  
of a machine gun platoon, in conjunction with  
defense problem.

April 22nd

- ~~8:00~~ A.M. Physical drill - battalion
- ~~8:30~~ Theoretical tests.

*Barth R. DeGraff*  
Barth R. DeGraff,  
Lieut. Col., Infantry,  
P. M. S. & T.

RECEPTION CENTER SUPPLY # 1773  
Fort Leavenworth, Kansas

ARTICLES OF CLOTHING ISSUED TO TRAINEES

Bag, barracks	2 ea.	Gloves, woolen	1 pr.
Raincoat	1 ea.	Cap, garrison, O.D.	1 ea.
Shirts, cotton	2 ea.	Cap, garrison, khaki	2 ea.
Leggings, canvas	1 pr.	Socks, woolen, light	3 pr.
Coat, working	2 ea.	Socks, cotton	3 pr.
		Overcoat, woolen	1 ea.
Hat, working	1 ea.	Coat, woolen	1 ea.
Undershirts, wool	2 ea.	Jacket, field	1 ea.
Undershirts, cotton	3 ea.	Shirts, flannel, O.D.	2 ea.
Drawers, wool	2 ea.	Belt, waist, web	1 ea.
Drawers, cotton	3 ea.	Trousers, woolen	2 ea.
*Kit, toilet	1 ea.	Trousers, cotton	2 ea.
		Shoes, service	2 pr.

\*Contents of this kit shown on reverse side.

Equipment shown on reverse side.

Initials of Officer witnessing issue of above articles *CHP*

CONTENTS OF TOILET KIT ISSUED AS SHOWN ON FRONT SIDE OF THIS FORM

Towel, bath	1 ea.	Razor, safety, w/blades	1 ea.
Towel, huck	2 ea.	Brush, tooth	1 ea.
Handkerchiefs	4 ea.	Brush, shaving	1 ea.
Necktie, khaki, cotton	2 ea.	Comb, rubber	1 ea.

EQUIPMENT ISSUED TO TRAINEES

Can, meat	1 ea.	Liner, helmet	1 ea.
Knife	1 ea.	Headband, liner, helmet, M-1	1 ea.
Spoon	1 ea.	Neckband, liner, helmet, M-1	1 ea.
Fork	1 ea.	Cap, wool, knit	1 ea.
Canteen	1 ea.	Soldier's manual, FM21-100	1 ea.
Cup, canteen	1 ea.	Pamphlet, sex hygiene and Venereal diseases	1 ea.
Cover, canteen	1 ea.		

*Ft. Leavenworth clothing and equipment issues*



ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT  
THE INFANTRY SCHOOL  
FORT BENNING, GEORGIA.

MEMORANDUM RECEIPT FOR INSTRUCTIONAL PUBLICATIONS ISSUED TO \_\_\_\_\_

CO. \_\_\_\_\_ BN. \_\_\_\_\_ STUDENT TRAINING REGIMENT, OFFICERS' CANDIDATE

COURSE NO. \_\_\_\_\_

No.	Article	Price
F.M. 7-10	The Rifle Company.....	\$.25
7-15	The Heavy Weapons Company.....	.25
7-20	The Infantry Battalion.....	.25
7-25	Hq. Co., Intelligence & Signal Comd. Rifle Regt....	.15
7-30	Service Co. & Med. Detachment, Rifle Regt.....	.10
7-35	Antitank Company, Rifle Regiment.....	.10
7-40	Rifle Regiment.....	.25
21-5	Military Training.....	.15
21-10	Military Sanitation & First Aid.....	.25
21-15	Equipment, Clothing, & Tent Pitching.....	.15
21-20	Physical Training.....	.30
21-25	Elementary Map and Aerial Photograph Reading.....	.30
21-30	Conventional Signs.....	.20
21-40	Defense Against Chemical Attack.....	.20
21-45	Protective Measures, Individuals & Small Units.....	.20
21-50	Military Courtesy and Discipline.....	.10
22-5	Infantry Drill Regulations.....	.30
23-5	U.S. Rifle, Cal..30, M1.....	.30
23-7	The Carbine.....	.10
23-15	B. A. R., Cal..30, M1918, A2, with Bipod.....	.25
23-25	Bayonet, M1905.....	.10
23-30	Grenades.....	.10
23-45	Browning M. G., Cal..30, HB, M1918, A4, Ground.....	.30
23-55	Browning M.G., Cal..30, M1917.....	.40
23-70	37 mm Antitank Gun, M3.....	.25
23-85	60 mm Mortar; M2.....	.10
23-90	81 mm Mortar, M1.....	.25
24-5	Signal Communication.....	.45
25-10	Motor Transport.....	.20
30-5	Military Intelligence, Combat Intelligence.....	.10
30-10	Military Intelligence, Observation.....	.20
30-15	Military Intelligence, Examination of Enemy Personnel	.15
30-25	Counterintelligence.....	.20
100-5	Operations.....	.35
101-5	Staff and Combat Orders.....	.25
105-5	Umpires Manual.....	.20
T.M. 10-205	Mess Management.....	.10
10-460	The Drivers Manual.....	.10
10-545	Motor Transport Inspections.....	.15
12-250	Administration.....	1.00
21-300	Driver Selection and Training.....	.35
A.R. 850-15	Military Motor Vehicles.....	.05
	Infantry School Reference Data.....	.10
	Score Books, Rifle.....	

NOTE: The above listed publications must be turned in upon the completion of the course and all shortages paid for according to prices indicated hereon.

OK

Lawrence LaChittendon  
(SIGNATURE)

CHITTENDON  
(PLEASE PRINT NAME)

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT  
THE INFANTRY SCHOOL  
FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

MEMORANDUM RECEIPT FOR INDIVIDUAL EQUIPMENT ISSUED TO \_\_\_\_\_ CO., \_\_\_\_\_ BN.

STUDENT TRAINING REGIMENT, OFFICERS' CANDIDATE COURSE NO. \_\_\_\_\_

Issued to: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

- ✓ 1 Belt, cartridge, dismounted, M10
- ✓ 1 Belt, pistol, w/o saber rings
- ✓ 1 Can, meat, M10
- ✓ 1 Canteen, M10
- ✓ 1 Carrier, pack, M10
- ✓ 1 Compass, lensatic, w/canvas case
- ✓ 1 Cover, canteen, dismounted, M10
- ✓ 1 Cup, canteen, M10
- ✓ 1 Fork, M10
- ✓ 1 Haversack, M10
- ✓ 1 Knife, M10
- ✓ 1 Nameplate
- ✓ 1 Pouch, first aid, M10
- ✓ 1 Spoon, M10
- ✓ 1 Straightedge, triangular, 8 1/2"
- ✓ 1 Board, map
- 10 Clips, cartridge, cal..30, M1
- ✓ 1 Bayonet, M1905
- ✓ 1 Brush, cleaning, brass
- 5 Pins, tent, shelter-half (Expendable)
- ✓ 1 Rifle, U.S., cal..30, M1
- ✓ 1 Pole, tent, shelter-half
- ✓ 1 Tool, combination, M3...
- ✓ 1 Sling, leather, gun...
- ✓ 1 Rod, cleaning, M3 (1 Rod, cleaning, M3, for every 8 rifles)
- ✓ 1 Rope, tent, shelter-half (expendable)
- ✓ 1 Scabbard, bayonet, M1905
- ✓ 1 Tent, shelter-half

NOTE: The above listed equipment must be turned in upon the completion of the course or paid for at the prevailing price.

✓ 1 BUNK TAG  
✓ 3 O.C.S. IN SIC  
Lawrence Lee Chittenden  
(SIGNATURE)

\_\_\_\_\_  
(PLEASE PRINT NAME)

O.K.



## REPORT OF PHYSICAL EXAMINATION

(See AR 40-100 and 40-105)

Instructions.—Unless otherwise prescribed, this form will be used for all physical examinations of officers, nurses, or warrant officers; applicants for appointment as such in the Regular Army, National Guard, or Officers' Reserve Corps; and enrollment in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Use typewriter if practicable. Attach plain additional sheets if required.

1. Chittenden Lawrence L. 37472421  
 (Last name) (First name) (Middle initial) (Serial number)

2. Cpl. (ROTC) 15th Co. 3rd S T R Age 22 Years of service 0  
 (Grade) (Organization and arm or service) (Nearest birthday) (Whole number only)

3. Nature of examination <sup>1</sup> For appointment Component of Army <sup>2</sup> (ROTC) ORS

4. Typhoid vaccination. No. series completed 1 Last series April, 1941

5. Date of last smallpox vaccination Feb. 15, 1943 Type of reaction Immune

6. Other vaccination or immunity tests None

7. Medical history <sup>3</sup> Usual childhood diseases. T & A-1925. Appendectomy-1933. Mastoidectomy 1935. No allergies. No other serious illness or operation.

8. Eyes Normal  
 Distant vision: Right 20/ 100 correctible to 20/ 20 by <sup>4</sup> -2.75 - .50cyl X90  
 (Snellen type) Left 20/ 100 correctible to 20/ 20 by <sup>4</sup> -1.50 - 1.00cyl X90  
 Near vision: Right J# 1 correctible to J# 1 by <sup>4</sup> - -  
 (Jaeger type) Left J# 1 correctible to J# 1 by <sup>4</sup> - -  
 Refraction <sup>5</sup> (under cycloplegic): Right - - Left - -  
 Color perception (red and green) <sup>6</sup> Normal

9. Ears Normal  
 Hearing (low conversational voice): Right 20 /20. Left 20 /20. Audiometer (percent loss): Right - Left -

10. Nose and throat Normal

11. Teeth: <sup>7</sup> Right (Examinee's) Left  
8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 Indicate: Restorable carious teeth by O; nonrestorable carious teeth  
16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 by /; missing natural teeth by X.  
 Remarks, including other defects None Classification IV

Prosthetic dental appliances None

12. Posture Good Figure Slender Frame Light  
 (Excellent, good, fair, bad) (Slender, medium, stocky, obese) (Light, medium, heavy)

13. Temperature 98.6 Height 72 1/2 inches. Weight 147 pounds. Chest: Rest 34 inches; inspiration 36 1/2 inches;  
 expiration 33 inches. Abdomen 29 inches.

14. Cardiovascular system: Heart Normal  
 Blood pressure: S. 138, D. 90 Pulse: Rate—Sitting 80 Immediately after exercise 104  
 Two minutes after exercise 80 Character Full and regular  
 Arteries Soft and compressable Varicose veins None

15. Respiratory system Normal

16. X-ray of chest <sup>8</sup> Negative

17. Skin and lymphatics Normal Endocrine system Normal

18. Bones, joints, and muscles Normal Feet 1st degree pes planus. NS NCD

19. Abdominal viscera Normal

20. Hernia None Hemorrhoids None

<sup>1</sup> Appointment, promotion, retirement, annual, active duty, special.<sup>2</sup> Regular Army; National Guard; Officers' Reserve Corps; Reserve Officers' Training Corps.<sup>3</sup> If annual physical examination, record only for past year.<sup>4</sup> If annual physical examination, record only distant and near vision, and state whether defect is properly corrected.<sup>5</sup> When indicated.<sup>6</sup> Not required for annual physical examination.<sup>7</sup> If rejected for appointment in Regular Army because of malocclusion, send plaster models to the Surgeon General.<sup>8</sup> Required for candidates for commission.

W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 63  
 August 1, 1939

RECHECKED-APPROVED

5/ 5/43

STAFF SURGEON

INFANTRY SCHOOL

16-10006



21. Genito-urinary system Normal
22. Nervous system Normal
23. Laboratory procedures: Kahn <sup>1</sup> Neg Wassermann <sup>1</sup> " "  
 Urinalysis: Sp. gr. 1.018 Albumin Neg Sugar Neg  
 Microscopical (if indicated) <sup>1</sup> Neg  
 Other laboratory procedures None
24. Remarks on defects not sufficiently described None

25. Corrective measures, or other action recommended None
26. Is the individual permanently incapacitated for active service? No  
 If yes, specify defect " "
27. If applicant for appointment: Does he meet physical requirements? Yes Do you recommend acceptance with minor physical defects? Yes If rejection is recommended, specify cause " "
28. Examinee states he is not drawing a pension, disability allowance, or compensation or retired pay from the U. S. Government.  
 If yes, state disability " "

BRIGADE DISPENSARY  
 STUDENT TRAINING BRIGADE  
 FORT BENNING, GEORGIA.

(Place)

March 24, 1943  
 (Date)

*George F. Schmidt*  
 GEORGE F. SCHMIDT, Lt. Col. NO Med Corps.  
 (Name and grade)

*Jonathan Cohen*  
 JONATHAN COHEN, Capt., Res Med Corps.  
 (Name and grade)

*Joseph A. Maffongelli*  
 JOSEPH A. MAFFONGELLI, 1st Lt. AUS Med Corps.  
 (Name and grade)

1st Ind.<sup>2</sup>

Headquarters \_\_\_\_\_  
 To the Commanding General \_\_\_\_\_  
 Remarks and recommendations \_\_\_\_\_

(Name)

(Grade)

(Organization and arm or service)

Commanding.

2d Ind.<sup>2</sup>

\_\_\_\_\_, 19\_\_\_\_ To The Adjutant General.

<sup>1</sup> Required for candidates for commission.

<sup>2</sup> State action taken on recommendations of the board. If incapacitated for active service, state whether action by retiring board is recommended

Physical exam for Officer Candidate School, Ft. Benning, Georgia



# Army of the United States



## Honorable Discharge

*This is to certify that*

LAWRENCE L. CHITTENDEN

37472421, Corporal, Fifteenth Company, Third Student Training Regiment

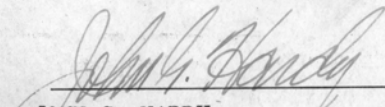
**Army of the United States**

*is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military service of the  
United States of America.*

*This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful  
Service to his country.*

*Given at* FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

*Date* MAY 28TH, 1943

  
\_\_\_\_\_  
JOHN G. HARDY,  
LIEUT. COLONEL, INFANTRY  
EXECUTIVE OFFICER

W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 55  
January 22, 1943



ENLISTED RECORD OF

Chittenden Lawrence L. 37472421 Corporal  
 (Last name) (First name) (Middle initial) (Army serial number) (Grade)

Born in Tecumseh, in the State of Nebraska  
 Enlisted by / inducted February 5, 1943, at Ft. Crook, Nebraska  
 When enlisted or inducted he was 21 8/12 years of age and by occupation a Student  
 He had Gray eyes, Dark Brown hair, Ruddy complexion, and was 6 feet 0 inches in height.  
 Completed 0 years, 3 months, 14 days service for longevity pay.  
 Prior service: None

Capt ALANSON L. HARRIS agent to:  
 Noncommissioned officer Corporal 2-15-43  
 Military qualifications None  
 Army specialty None  
 Attendance at Infantry Officer Candidate School  
 (Name of noncommissioned officers' or special service school)

I. B. McCall, Col. P.D.  
 Finance Officer  
 Post Benning, Georgia  
 Final Payment  
 Paid in full this date 58 60  
 Computations made by  
 H. C. Amick, Capt. P. D.,  
 Agent Finance Officer

Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions None  
 Decorations, service medals, citations None  
 Wounds received in service None  
 Date and result of smallpox vaccination 2-16-43 (Result not shown)  
 Date of completion of all typhoid-paratyphoid vaccinations 2-16-43  
 Date and result of diphtheria immunity test (Schick) Not Shown  
 Date of other vaccinations (specify vaccine used) Not Shown  
 Physical condition when discharged Good Married or single Single  
 Honorably discharged by reason of Convenience of the Government (Section X, AR 615-360)\*  
 Character EXCELLENT AW Periods of active duty Reported for Active Duty February 15, 1943 at Ft. Leavenworth, Kans.  
 Remarks Not entitled to travel pay.  
 No time lost under AW 107.  
 Transferred to ERC February 5, 1943.

\*To accept appointment as Second Lieutenant and Active Duty in the AUS



Signature of soldier Lawrence L. Chittenden

C. E. WORDLEY, 1st Lieut., Infantry,  
 Assistant Adjutant

INSTRUCTIONS FOR ENLISTED RECORD

- <sup>1</sup> Enter date of induction only in case of trainee inducted under Selective Training and Service Act of 1940 (Bull. 25, W. D., 1940); in all other cases enter date of enlistment. Eliminate word not applicable.
- <sup>2</sup> For each enlistment give company, regiment, or arm or service with inclusive dates of service, grade, cause of discharge, number of days lost under AW 107 (if none, so state), and number of days retained and cause of retention in service for convenience of the Government, if any.
- <sup>3</sup> Enter qualifications in arms, horsemanship, etc. Show the qualification, date thereof; and number, date, and source of order announcing same.
- <sup>4</sup> See paragraph 12, AR 40-210.
- <sup>5</sup> If discharged prior to expiration of service, give number, date, and source of order or full description of authority therefor.
- <sup>6</sup> Enter periods of active duty of enlisted men of the Regular Army Reserve and the Enlisted Reserve Corps and dates of induction into Federal Service in the cases of members of the National Guard.
- <sup>7</sup> In all cases of men who are entitled to receive Certificates of Service under AR 345-500, enter here appointments and ratings held and all other items of special proficiency or merit other than those shown above.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR CERTIFICATE OF DISCHARGE

AR 345-470.  
 Insert name; as, "John J. Doe," in center of form.  
 Insert Army serial number, grade, company, regiment, or arm or service; as "1620302"; "Corporal, Company A, 1st Infantry"; "Sergeant, Quartermaster Corps."  
 The name and grade of the officer signing the certificate will be typewritten or printed below the signature.

Discharge and enlistment into the US Army, Ft. Benning, Georgia, May 28, 1943



3-7752

WAR DEPARTMENT  
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE

MGL 4329

IN REPLY  
REFER TO AG 201 Chittenden, Lawrence Lee WASHINGTON  
(11-5-42)PR-A

Graduation Date:  
May 29, 1943

SUBJECT: Appointment under Section 37,  
National Defense Act, as amended.

Through: The Commandant,  
The Infantry School,  
Fort Benning, Georgia.

A O-517881  
R.O.T.C.

To: Mr. Lawrence Lee Chittenden,  
Box 268,  
Tecumseh, Nebraska.

(Appointed 2nd Lt. Inf-Res.)

1. By direction of the President, you are appointed and commissioned in the Army of the United States, effective this date, in the grade and section shown in address above. Your serial number is shown after A above.

2. You will not perform the duties of an officer under this appointment until specifically called to active duty by competent orders.


3. There is inclosed herewith a form for oath of office, which you are requested to execute and return promptly to the agency from which it was received by you. The execution and return of the required oath of office constitute an acceptance of your appointment. No other evidence of acceptance is required.

4. This letter should be retained by you as evidence of your appointment as no commissions will be issued during the war.

Inclosure:  
Form for oath of office.

By order of the Secretary of War:

Copy for: C.G., A.G.F.  
C.G., Fourth Service Command.  
C.G., Seventh Service Command.  
P.M.S.&T., University of Nebraska,  
Lincoln, Nebraska.

  
Major General,  
The Adjutant General.



HEADQUARTERS  
NINTH INFANTRY TRAINING REGIMENT  
Office of the Regimental Commander

Camp Croft, S.C.  
March 22, 1943.

EXTRACT FROM THE INFANTRY JOURNAL

The first concern of the officer, and especially of a lieutenant, is for his "people" -- his men. If he fails in that, he fails in everything and becomes nothing more than a travesty in uniform, a figure at a costume ball, a mountebank at a lodge meeting.

The lieutenant knows his men as soon as he possibly can. Their capabilities and individual limitations. Their temperaments and even the outside worries that militate against their working efficiently. He solves these outside problems for them when he can, by advice, by investigation, by solution through welfare agencies, if necessary and possible.

He is vitally concerned with the continued high morale of his men. Their sleeping arrangements under all conditions of garrison or campaign. Their food, Their health. Their recreation. Their punishment. Their rewards. Their training.

He is more concerned that they do not die in combat through their or his own ignorance, or carelessness in failing to instruct them adequately and continually--so that he can lead them intelligently in all conditions of combat that may arise.

A dead soldier who has given his life because of the failure of his officer is a dreadful sight and a crime before God. Like all dead soldiers, he was tired before he died, hungry undoubtedly, dirty, wet and possibly frightened to his soul. And there he lies--dead needlessly, on top of all that--never again to see his homeland. Don't be the officer who failed to instruct him properly--who failed to lead him well! Burn the midnight oil, lieutenant, that you may not in later years, look at your hands and find his blood still red upon them!

Look at that bar a moment as you peel off your sweaty shirt tonight. You're tired and maybe you can think of a hundred places you'd rather be, you have private worries--a wife, a girl, homesickness, a younger brother who needs your guiding hand--a frightened old mother. You are fed up with the stupidities you have had to contend with today. You are firmly convinced that that so-and-so, Major Dumbjohn, ought to be shot. You'll be double-tied if you'll keep on training men and then have them cadred away from you or sent to OCS. (You young fool, you'll still be training in the midst of combat and this kind of expanding army where you lose your best men continually is the best training for combat, where all men are expendable.) And everyone else gets promoted but you.

All right--look at the bar again, gold or silver, look at it in the light of your blacked out flash-light or your desk lamp in cantonments--there it is still, like the Hound of Heaven you can't escape! A part of



the militant people--the fighting Government of the United States--and it's on your shirt. So take a relaxing drink if you think you need it--but not the twenty that will put you on the town staggering before your men and the taxpayers--and sit down and think of your thirty or so men. Have you given them that added something that is required of a military gentleman? Are you prepared for tomorrow, for next week, for combat? Will some of them die because you are not?

Reach then, to your bookshelf, with the young hand that is still clean of their blood, and take down that Field Manual for a few brief moments before you sleep, because you won't be a lieutenant forever--not in this army. Next month, next spring you'll be a captain. By fall, you'll be a major, perhaps, and before the last shot is fired you may be throwing armies around. But you won't be any of it or do any of it unless you fortify your professional knowledge, and your inner spirit, now and always against that dark night when your decisions will be right or wrong in terms of hot, red blood--unless you spread your knowledge everywhere you go--so that those who are privates and corporals and sergeants under you today may be tomorrow's lieutenants. More probable still, the men you are now training, will be in your platoon, Lieutenant, when you report for foreign duty.

But whether you face your job now, while there is yet time, or whether you scotch it--whether you realize the worth of this advice or dismiss it as the old mullarkey, remember just one thing:

Prepared or not, worthy or not, competent or not, when the time comes--

"This platoon will . . ."

--and for better or for worse before the inexorable gods of battle, you'll lead it, Lieutenant!

*Howard Donnelly*  
 HOWARD DONNELLY,  
 Colonel, 9th Inf. Tng. Regt.  
 Commanding.



*2nd Lt. Lawrence L. Chittenden 0-517781*

### \*SC ORE CARD

Course W. T. P. S. I. N. T. Rifle model CARBINE

---

**SLOW FIRE**

Target 200 YARDS Total \_\_\_\_\_

Order \_\_\_\_\_ Kneel \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_ Stand \_\_\_\_\_

(Signature of scorer) \_\_\_\_\_ (Signature of officer) \_\_\_\_\_

---

Target \_\_\_\_\_ **300 YARDS** Total \_\_\_\_\_

Order \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Position \_\_\_\_\_

(Signature of scorer) \_\_\_\_\_ (Signature of officer) \_\_\_\_\_

---

Target \_\_\_\_\_ **500 YARDS** Total \_\_\_\_\_

Order \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Position \_\_\_\_\_

(Signature of scorer) \_\_\_\_\_ (Signature of officer) \_\_\_\_\_

---

**POSITION RAPID FIRE**

Target 1 100 ~~200~~ YARDS Total \_\_\_\_\_

Order 1

Date 10-28-43

Position 12. 10. 1st

5	4	3	2	0	34
4	2	2			

(Signature of scorer) \_\_\_\_\_ (Signature of officer) \_\_\_\_\_

---

Target 1 100 ~~200~~ YARDS Total \_\_\_\_\_

Order 1

Date 10-28-43

Position 12. 10. 2nd

5	4	3	2	0	33
6		1			

(Signature of scorer) \_\_\_\_\_ (Signature of officer) \_\_\_\_\_

---

**RUSH AND RAPID FIRE**

Target 1 200 YARDS Total \_\_\_\_\_

Order 1

Date 10-28-43

Position 12. 10. 1st

5	4	3	2	0	35
6		1	1		

(Signature of scorer) \_\_\_\_\_ (Signature of officer) \_\_\_\_\_

---

Target 1 200 YARDS Total \_\_\_\_\_

Order 1

Date 10-28-43

Position 12. 10. 2nd

5	4	3	2	0	34
5	1	1	1		

(Signature of scorer) \_\_\_\_\_ (Signature of officer) \_\_\_\_\_

---

Target 1 200 ~~300~~ YARDS Total \_\_\_\_\_

Order 1

Date 10-28-43

Position 12. 10. 1st

5	4	3	2	0	35
6		1	1		

(Signature of scorer) \_\_\_\_\_ (Signature of officer) \_\_\_\_\_

---

Qualification: SS-171 GRAND AGGREGATE 171

Date 10-28, 1943 Certified correct: \_\_\_\_\_

Commanding Officer L. L. Regan

\*This form will be used for the record of scores kept in the hit for all courses, modifying the form to show the course, firing position, time, and the ranges fired.

W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 83-1  
January 1, 1940

Carbine rifle qualification score card from Camp Breckenridge

## ENGLAND - April 16, 1944 to June 18, 1944

*Two weeks that seemed like two months finally ended when they docked at Liverpool, where trains were waiting to convey them to their new camp.*

*England was overcrowded in those days. The tiny island bulged with planes, guns, trucks and soldiers, all waiting and preparing for the inevitable assault. The 83rd was split and sent to various places in the Midlands, all in the general vicinity of Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire.*

### **On April 16, 1944 when you landed in Liverpool, England you were what?**

Second Lieutenant... I came out of OCS as a second lieutenant.

### **So you were "I" Company?**

Yeah.

### **And you were the 330th ?**

I was in the 3rd Battalion, 330th Infantry. I was this Third regiment, but there was 329th, 330th and 331st. Our division was a reserve division out of Ohio. I don't know how good I can draw it, but there was a big "O", and there's an "H", "I", "O", something like that. It's O. H. I. O. That was the division insignia. It was a World War I division. I think that's probably where it started.



At that time I think a division composed somewhere of 17,000 men. A division contained three infantry regiments, and then the rest was supporting troops. They usually had three artillery battalions plus a supporting battalion of big guns. They usually had a regimental engineers, and there was a hospital. You usually had a tank company with a regiment, and we'd also get some tank destroyers – TDs – and there was a lot of supporting troops, supporting units that worked with us. They'd keep changing 'em as you went down the line. They'd be with you a while, and then maybe they'd pull them out and put in somebody else. But the basic infantry division at that time was about 17,000 men.

### **How did you get into infantry?**

I guess that's what I wanted.

---

### SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

*April 20, 1944*

*My Dearest Darling Bette:*

*Honey, it's been quite a while since I have written, but I haven't been able, plus not having the time. I am afraid that this will be a rather short letter as I haven't received any for quite a while, and we are not allowed to write a great deal anyhow.*

*I am getting along o.k., and I really love it here so far. From the heading you can see where I am at, but that is as far as I can go. I can tell you that we are living in the backyard of a nice old English castle, and it is really beautiful. In fact, the whole country is.*

*I managed to get rid of my sea legs, and don't think I wasn't happy to get my feet on the ground again. In fact, everyone felt o.k. after we hit land. I still think I will walk back. I prefer it much more to sea going.*

*I also had my first ride on an English train, and it was quite an experience. You have compartments, and it is a narrow gauge railroad. The engine is small. In fact,*

*it would take three of them to make one of ours. However, they certainly surprise you. When they get going, they really move. Their box cars don't look as if they would haul as much as one of our trucks. It was really quite an experience, but I sure enjoyed it because the country is so darn pretty around here this time of year.*

*Time out for a Company meeting – it wasn't worth the walk down there, but I had to go anyhow.*

*Honey, you asked me in your last letter if there was anything I wanted. Well, I find now that there is. Since I have to request it, please send me some candy or cookies. You can only send five pounds; however, you don't have to. Send what you like, but I am hungry for candy and gum already, and we aren't able to get it yet. The chances are we might get a little later on but not much.*

*Sweets, there doesn't seem to be much more to write. Maybe after I get some letters, I will be able to write more.*

*Honey, I do miss you so much that it hurts. You don't know what I would give just to see you, in fact, all the pounds in England. There, by the way, is another problem – English money. Is it ever hard to figure out.*

*Sweets, I love you more than anyone in the world, and I hope it won't be long before I can see you. So until then, write very often.*

*All My Love,*

*Larry*

*I Love You Darling.*

---

[Editor's Note: V, or Victory mail, was a valuable tool for the military during World War II. The process, which originated in England, was the microfilming of specially designed letter sheets. Instead of using valuable cargo space to ship whole letters overseas, microfilmed copies were sent in their stead and then "blown up" at an overseas destination before being delivered to military personnel. V-mail ensured that thousands of tons of shipping space could be reserved for war materials. The 37 mailbags required to carry 150,000 one-page letters could be replaced by a single mail sack. The weight of that same amount of mail was reduced dramatically from 2,575 pounds to a mere 45. National Postal Museum Web site]

VIA V-MAIL

Lt. L.L. Chittenden 0-517881  
Co. I, 330th INF. APO 83  
c/o PM New York, N.Y.

APR 25, 1944

Dear Dad:

*Since we are supposed to send this, I will tack a note on the bottom. I received your letter of the 10th. I should have \$80 cash coming home starting the 1st of this month, and a \$50 War Bond should have started this month. If not, next month, depends upon when the form got in. I know there are a lot of people from home over here, but we can't get away in the day, and it's so hard to find anyone; but might run into them. Might send me Walter Wolfert's address, and I might be close. I knew Bette would like the flower, and I knew I couldn't spend it here or call before I left so I sent them. Dad, could you send me a mirror? A large (shiny) steel one that won't break. Running out of space. Hope Leonard don't get mumps.*

*Write soon.*

*Love,*

*Lawrence*

VIA V-MAIL

Lt. L.L. Chittenden 0-517881  
Co. I, 330th INF. APO 83  
c/o PM New York, NY

April 25, 1944

Dear Bette:

*Since we are supposed to send these, I will tack a note on the bottom even though I just wrote you today. It's much against my principal to write a sweet person so many letters a day, but since it's you honey, I will. There isn't anything to write except keep this so if you ever want to send me a cablegram, you can. Honey, I love you and miss you. Write real soon.*

*All My Love,*

*Larry*



**Remember how when we were kids you'd never let us take money to the Red Cross?**

Yeah, I don't like 'em. Never did, and still don't.

**So tell the story of how you came to dislike the Red Cross.**

Well the Red Cross had what we called in those days donut wagons. They'd come around with kind of a trailer, and these Red Cross gals would open the side and they had coffee and donuts for the men. Of course they were always pretty good looking gals, and there'd be three or four of 'em along. We were stationed in England, camped on a damn hill between two permanent air force barracks, and that's where they pulled into – the British camp. But we were using the shower and toilet facilities in that camp. We were in pup tents on the side of the hill. So, of course, the men would go over there to sidle up to the gals and get a donut.

Well they wouldn't serve 'em. And I went over there and nope, they wouldn't give it to 'em. They wouldn't serve 'em at all. I don't remember what the reason was, but they couldn't do it and wouldn't and that kinda made me mad. About two or three days later the Salvation Army pulled in with one in the same place, and by damn they served us and were tickled to death to do it. Course they weren't as good looking women, they were older ladies, but they took care of us. And I just made up my mind right then to hell with the Red Cross.

**Was the Red Cross that was doing that the English, the British Red Cross?**

No, a lot of them were American women. And another thing we used to say was they shacked up with the higher ranking officers. The colonels and on up had a trailer that they could live in with a bed, and when you got up to the generals especially, they had a Red Cross girl with 'em. Well that didn't set very well with us either. I just had more respect for the Salvation Army after that. Hell, those GIs and enlisted men had been out working and mudding and slopping, and it was rainy and living in hellish conditions, and half the time we'd eat our mess in the rain or bad weather. And here was a chance for coffee and a donut, and

hell we never saw any donuts. That was one thing we never got, and that would be something nice.

**Who were the donuts for? Who were they giving them to?**

Oh, the damn British Limeys, and I don't know who else was over in those barracks at that time.

**Was coffee something you got all through the war?**

Yeah, they kind of boiled it like you were camping out. They had great big cans and they'd put them on the stoves they had that were gas, and then they'd dump the coffee in there, and they usually put an egg in there to settle the grounds. I drank my coffee with cream. Well I soon learned to quit that cause they used that damn condensed milk, and to me that makes it taste terrible. So I learned to drink it black, and it was black coffee I'll tell you.

**On this itinerary of yours that you wrote out, you have here on May 17, 1944 you're in England, it says "General Patton talk at Keel Hall" do you remember that? Did he speak there?**

Yeah.

**What did he say?**

He said, "You're a bunch of yellow son-of-a-bitches" [laughs] "till you prove to me otherwise".

**Why was he talking to you?**

We were actually in the 3rd Army at that time, and he was sent up there to command that fictitious army for the invasion across the channel into Holland. That's where the Germans kept thinking we were gonna invade. We were to be 3rd Army with him. He got in all that trouble down in Sicily, and they damn near sent him home. But they brought him up there, and to punish him, put him in charge of that fictitious army. But he still had some troops assigned to the 3rd Army, and we were one of 'em. You can put so many units here and there, and they get to a point, after awhile if you get too many, you can't handle 'em. And they were trying to get all these invasion troops ready to cross and fight in weather, so we were part of that. He always gave a little speech.

**So did the Americans let them think that?**

We wanted them to think that. They had fake tanks, and they had fake artillery and wooden things that they set up so that the Germans would fly over that, and they would see them. And we were preparing or being readied for D-Day.

**But did you know where you were going to land?**

No, we didn't have any idea. We didn't even know when it was gonna be.

**Did you think you were going to Holland?**

We had no idea where we were going. I didn't know that until afterwards.

I can remember it was a nice pretty place kind of like a park. All the officers and non-com's, and I think as high as sergeants. There'd probably be 500 or 600, 700 or 800 maybe, I don't remember. There was a hell of a slew of us. All sitting on this grass, you know what I mean. If I remember right it was some hill there, and he sat down there in front of us at his podium. [Laughs] He called us yellow chicken son of a bitches till we proved otherwise. I can't remember all of it, but he used his (laughs) words that were famous to him anyway and let us have it (laughs), as he did everybody. All of you were no good bastards until you proved to him otherwise.

APR 6, 44 - Left N.Y. on Oren  
 " 16, 44 - Arrived in Liverpool  
 " 18, 44 - Perambled tents Dodington Park.  
 MAY 1, 44 - Puff tents 2 Kil. out of Lutk.  
 " 11, 44 - Perambled tents Blackshaw Moores.  
 " 17, 44 - Gen. Patton talk Keel Hall.  
 " 24-25, 44 - Br. Mens school Dodington Hall.  
 " 25, 44 - Reg. Dance Newcastle (Requested to go) prof.  
 " 28, 44 - Moved to Whals for 2 wks training.  
 JUNE 9, 44 - Moved back to Blackshaw Moores.  
 " 18, 44 - Sailed for France.  
 " 22, 44 - Landed at Utah beach.  
 " 27, 44 - Relieved 101<sup>st</sup> airborne div. outside of Carentan. I Co. O.P. line.  
 JULY 4, 44 - Big attack outside of Carentan.  
 " 7, 44 - Hotlot - (Capt. wounded) hell shelling.  
 AUG 7, 44 - T.F. A  
 AUG 23, 44 - ATTACK on Brest.  
 SEPT 25, 44 - Arrived in Luxembourg.

Lawrence's list of important dates from the time he left the U.S. until he got to Luxembourg.

## #29 ENGLAND

*Tuesday Night  
May 30, 1944*

*My Dearest Sweet Darling Bette:*

*(Good-I like it)*

*Sweetheart this isn't going to be much of a letter. Surprise, I said I wasn't going to write tonight but the situation changed. So I will keep up my good record.*

*I am writing this by flashlight so it probably won't look like much as it is turning out to be a quite difficult job.*

*Surprise, it's raining, and I happen to be wet from my feet up to my waist. It isn't bad, though, after you get used to it. It's the easy way to take a bath I guess.*

*The packages are starting to roll in. So I should be getting one before long. Will that ever be a happy day.*

*If I remember correct, today is Memorial Day. It hasn't seemed like it here, but I suppose you had the day off today. That was one holiday I always enjoyed. I wish that I could have been there to spend it with you darling.*

*Gosh, but I am lonesome tonight. I don't know what I would do or give to see you or be with you tonight. I guess anything in the world. Even swim the ocean for you. Do you know something honey - I love you.*

*Darling, this probably won't make sense, but I have thought of you so much that I had to write whether it makes sense or not.*

*Dear I must stop and hit the bedroll. I do miss you darling very, very much, and I love you more than anyone else in the world. Take care of yourself & write soon. I Love You Darling.*

*All My Love & Kisses,*

*Goodnight,*

*Larry*

*I Love You Sweetheart.*

## #31 ENGLAND

*Thursday Night  
June 1, 1944*

*My Dearest Sweet Darling Bette:*

*No, honey, I am afraid I can't break your record of two letters in one day, anyhow not tonight. I told you I got two letters today sent the 23rd & 24th the last one numbered 19. I knew I would. Anyhow, you haven't let me down yet honey.*

*I don't feel very good tonight. I am sleepy, and I have to make bed check tonight. I am also sitting here with sopping wet feet. They have been that way all day, but I don't mind except that my shoes pinch and hurt my feet, and it makes me mad. They are going to hurt me one of these days, and I am going to get mad and cut them up. Oh well, quit your crying Chittenden, it could be a lot worse.*

*Picnic, it don't seem like picnicking time, but I guess it is. I don't think I would care for a picnic anymore unless you were along. That would be the only way I would go.*

*So Let is or has been home. I sure would like to see him. This must be the longest time that he has gone without coming home. The lucky devil used to come home every other month.*

*Good sweets, you can be my chauffeur after the war, o.k.? Let's see, what is there to write about? Nothing, except some rather interesting training. but I don't dare (against regulations).*

*They are sitting here trying to get me to play poker but no going. They took all my money last month - I will get them one of these times, and then I will quit.*

*Honey, I have to stop and start censoring mail. I hate to, but I guess their wives & girls like to or want to hear from them too.*

*Sweetheart, I love you very, very much and miss you a great deal more. Write real soon honey.*

*All My Love & Kisses,*

*Goodnight,*

*Larry*

*I Love you Honey.*



**When you were writing back and forth what is the story about the numbered letters? You would number your letters to each other?**

Mom: Well when he'd get mail, it may be four or five letters at one time, and that way we could tell if any of them were missing. When he would write to me, I never knew whether I got letters in sequence or what cause they'd censor some of them. And about a couple of weeks before the invasion they stopped all mail completely. None of the fellows letters came back 'cause they didn't want anybody to know what was coming, so right after the invasion, I got maybe eight letters at one time.

**Did you write to dad every day?**

Yes.

**Every single day?**

Yes.

**Seven days a week?**

Yes.

**Did he write back a lot?**

Well, not that often 'cause there wasn't that much to write. He couldn't write about any place where he was or whatever he was doing, and a lot of times he was real busy, and a lot of times he was real lazy. (Laughs) Anyhow, about all he could do was make comments about what I wrote to him.

**And what did you write if you wrote everyday?**

Well it was just crap. I mean, you know, I went to the movie today and all that sort of thing. They were starved for any kind of mail, and so you were supposed to be writing to them all the time. That was the highlight of their day. You can tell by the comments that he wrote back what I wrote.

**Dad, what did you do with all the letters that she wrote to you?**

I have no idea, probably burned 'em up or tore 'em up. I'd had to carry 'em with me, and I had no way to carry 'em. And if I did, they'd probably have gotten all sweaty, dirty and wouldn't have been legible anyway. You kept 'em for a while any way you could keep 'em, but eventually you just had to dispose of 'em.

#37 ENGLAND

Thursday Evening

June 8, 1944

*My Dearest Darling Bette:*

*Sorry I missed last night honey, but got in late, and I was rather tired so went straight to bed. Have you started receiving any of my mail yet honey? I sure hope so, and I can see no reason why they can't let it go now. I haven't received a letter for several days, but I can't complain. I got five in two days.*

*How are the mumps darling? I hope you are over them by now and you are feeling o.k. I only regret that I couldn't have been there to have them with you. That's the only way I would want to have them is with you by my bedside.*

*The sun actually shown yesterday. It seemed funny. I hadn't seen it for so long, but, of course, it is raining today. I am getting so I hate rain more & more. This ground is just like sponge rubber. You take a step, and you sink in over your shoes. I haven't had dry feet for weeks. Maybe when we start living on the ground again, instead of in the clouds, it won't be so bad. I sure hope so.*

*Honey, I am afraid this is going to be a rather short letter, but even as much as I miss you and love you darling, I just don't seem to be in the mood to write letters. I am tired and wet so I guess the best thing to do would be to go to bed since we have to get up pretty early in the morning.*

*Sweets, I do hope you are feeling better by now and the mumps have disappeared. Darling, I love you very, very much honey, and I miss you so much that it hurts. Take care of yourself & write real soon.*

*All My Love & Kisses,*

*Larry*

*P.S. I Love You Sweetheart.*

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[Editors' note: Not every letter was numbered, and not all the letters sent to Bette survived.]

*When D-Day came (June 6, 1944) the 83rd were in northern Wales in the middle of strenuous combat problems. They were charging up Welsh hills, "attacking" English villages, and waterproofing their vehicles when the news of the opening of the "Second Front" reached them. This was what they and the rest of the world had been waiting for. For them it was a question of how long. How long before they would take off to aid their fellow Americans and their British and Canadian Allies who had seized the initial foothold in France.*

*It wasn't long. They moved fast; back to their camps in the Midlands. On D-Day plus 10 (June 16, 1944), the 83rd Infantry Division departed from Midlands on to the marshalling area at Southampton, then on boats for the Channel crossing. This was it. They were going into battle.*

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**Do you remember D-Day? What you were doing and what you thought about it?**

We didn't know anything about the invasion, when it was, where it was or anything about it.

**What did they tell you?**

The invasion had started that's all, nothing more; they didn't go into any detail or anything else.

**When did you find out about it?**

When they put us on the ships.

**You're kidding me.**

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS  
ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Force!

You are about to embark upon the Great Crusade, toward which we have striven these many months. The eyes of the world are upon you. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere march with you. In company with our brave Allies and brothers-in-arms on other Fronts, you will bring about the destruction of the German war machine, the elimination of Nazi tyranny over the oppressed peoples of Europe, and security for ourselves in a free world.

Your task will not be an easy one. Your enemy is well trained, well equipped and battle-hardened. He will fight savagely.

But this is the year 1944! Much has happened since the Nazi triumphs of 1940-41. The United Nations have inflicted upon the Germans great defeats, in open battle, man-to-man. Our air offensive has seriously reduced their strength in the air and their capacity to wage war on the ground. Our Home Fronts have given us an overwhelming superiority in weapons and munitions of war, and placed at our disposal great reserves of trained fighting men. The tide has turned! The free men of the world are marching together to Victory!

I have full confidence in your courage, devotion to duty and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full Victory!

Good Luck! And let us all beseech the blessing of Almighty God upon this great and noble undertaking.

*Dwight D. Eisenhower*



## NORMANDY, FRANCE - June 1944 to August 2, 1944

Any soldier who could bring himself to leap over a hedgerow upon command and race, hunchbacked, across a grassy field while bullets snapped over his head like cracking whips, was a brave man indeed.

STEPHEN A. AMBROSE  
CITIZEN SOLDIERS

*The 83rd Infantry Division sailed from Southampton, England, on June 18, 1944.*

*The voyage from England to France was to have been short and fast. The 83rd Thunderbolt Division had top priority in everything. They were needed badly in Normandy. The beachheads had been won, but the men who had won them were hard pressed and in need of assistance.*

*The weather had been against the Allies since D-Day, and now a great storm arose, seemingly out of nowhere, and prevented them from landing. For nearly a week, the wind, the rain and the waves lashed at Omaha Beach and made life miserable for everyone. Rain poured down in torrents.*

*By June 18, 314,514 troops, 41,000 vehicles, and 116,000 tons of supplies had been landed over the American beaches. But at the stroke of midnight on June 19 the powerful Channel storm, the worst in more than forty years, brought the unloading to a halt. For the next three days strong winds howled across the beaches. Heavy surf pounded beaches and ships alike. Anyone aboard any kind of craft, large or small, experienced the abject misery of being jostled mercilessly by the wind and surf. Rain poured down in torrents.*

*The 83rd landed on Omaha Beach June 21 – 24 (D+15). The 3rd Battalion, 330th Infantry, landed June 22 on Omaha Beach near Bayeux.*

### Did it take you three days to land the whole 83rd Division?

I would guess, yes. They had us on freighters or ships and then you had to unload all of us onto those landing craft, and then you had to go from the landing craft to the beach, so it was a slow process. We sat out there in that damn storm for nearly a week, so it was quite a mess and quite a job, and it was still fairly rough.

### What did you do offshore for a week?

Puked. (Laughing) It was just rougher than hell. Nothing--we just sat there. We were caught in that storm. We couldn't land so we were just bobbing around out there like ducks moving around until we could get in to land. They were going to take us back to England, but then everything was staged to move at a certain rate. There was so much stuff that had piled up on the wharves behind us that there was no place for us to come back to. So we just had to sit out there.



*Infantry Division waiting out the worst storm in the English Channel in 40 years,*

**So the first divisions had already landed?**

Oh yeah, this was after D-Day, and we were one of the units that was to come in. It was all set up -- the invading troops, then the supporting ones and everything that came in behind. That was all set up on a timetable, and boy, it was just as precise as a clock. That damn storm hit, there was nothing they could do with us. We just had to sit there. We didn't have anyplace to go.

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*They sat and stood and laid around on their ships. They cleaned their weapons, used their vomit bags, and ate their landing rations. They went down into the holds of the ships and drew more ten-in-ones. They steam-cooked and ate ten-in-ones until they were coming out their ears. Days and nights passed, the monotony relieved only by wondering what the immediate future held in store. Nature was proving to be an even greater enemy than the Germans.*

---

**What are Ten-in-ones?**

Well that's a ration; really it's a cooking ration. The thing I remember about them is it was a can about eight inches tall that had bacon in it, and you really had to fry the bacon, but it was delicious. But you had to be able to cook it. Most of the items in it you had to cook. As I remember, they came in a box, like maybe you'd get coffee in a grocery store today. It had 10 items all in this one box that you could cook for food. If they were where they could get hot food to you, they did. But other than that, we lived mostly on K Rations. It had dry biscuits, it had bouillon powder. It was mostly dry. Then they had C Rations, which had cans about the size of a tuna can. The C Ration was a step up from a K Ration. It would be meat, probably spam and that type of thing. It had bouillon powder, and then damn biscuits or crackers that were harder than a rock. Then if you were lucky, it had a chocolate bar in it.

**Is that what you carried in combat?**

Yeah, when you could get 'em. You didn't carry 'em, they passed 'em out. They had a chocolate bar and they had a fruit bar that was terrible, it had raisins and everything. But it was all made so that it wouldn't

spoil. Even the chocolate bar probably had as much paraffin in it as it did chocolate. Then it would have a little pack of cigarettes. In the days years ago, there were samples that had three or four cigarettes in a little flat pack that would go in that container.

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*Before them lay the cliffs of France, not two miles away, and the high priced beaches bought with the lives and blood of their comrades-in-arms. They could still see some of the obstacles the Germans had erected to prevent their landing. They thought of the thousands of mines that must have been placed all along the shore. As they looked at the hills and cliffs and the blasted German machine gun and mortar emplacements, they wondered how the first assault waves had ever made it.*

*Hundreds of other ships were all around them, all part of the massive landing fleet that stood off the shores of Normandy, waiting for the storm to spend itself. Scores of barrage balloons swung in the wind. Occasionally, one broke loose and was carried away.*

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**So what did you see when you got closer to the beach?  
Was there any resistance?**

Oh, no, no. The air was full of those balloons—that's where they started with those balloons they'd put on a cable.

**Barrage balloons?**

Yeah, to keep planes from coming down low to strafe.

**Is that what they used those for, to keep the Luftwaffe from coming in too low?**

Yeah, sure, that was propeller driven planes you know, so you didn't dare get into a bunch of those balloons and get twisted up in your propellers or you were done for. That was the purpose of them. When they strafed or dive bombed, they wanted to come down and swoop down, well they couldn't with those balloons there.

Muffled sounds of gunfire inland reminded them that the D-Day men were still fighting. None of them knew anything about battle. If they were positive about it during the day, they'd change their minds at night. For then the sounds grew louder, and there were fires everywhere along the horizon. German planes circled the enormous fleet, sometimes raising hell, generally flying into sudden death.

The sky was brilliant with tracer fire rising, it seemed, straight from the water itself. At first they weren't sure about what to do during those raids. It became a question of going down into the bowels of the ship to escape the flak or staying on deck so if a hit was made, they could jump into the water and swim for it. After a while though, no one paid much attention. They grew impatient about landing. Anything would be better than sitting around in the Channel. Anything would be better than being a part of the gigantic target for Goering's Luftwaffe.

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#43

Tuesday Afternoon  
June 20, 1944

My Dearest Darling Sweet Bette:

Honey, I am not sure of this number because I left my records in my suit case, and it's been a long time since I have been able to write to you. I am sorry, darling, that I have not been able to write to you before, but I am sure that you will understand that I haven't been able to write or have time to write.

I can say that I have seen and gone through a lot of things that I will never forget, and I will probably see a darn sight more before long. I wish I could tell you, but I guess that will have to wait darling.

Honey, there isn't a lot for me to write about. I haven't received any mail for quite some time, and it's hard for me to write a letter when I don't have one to answer. It's a cinch that I can't tell you what's going on.

Honey, how are the mumps? Has all of the swelling finally disappeared? I hope so. Please be careful of your

eyes darling, and some time when you get a chance, have them tested because you don't want your eyes to go bad on you honey.

Darling, I don't believe I have ever missed or wanted to see anyone as much as I have wanted to see you the last few days. You know one doesn't think much about this until he actually begins to get close to it or in it. Then you start sweating and begin to think of your chances, and they could be better, and also a lot worse. When I have something to come home to or waiting for me like you, darling, there is only one answer and that is it won't be long.

Sweets, I know this isn't a very good letter, but my old brain don't seem to be running on the right track here lately. So you will have to excuse my letters if they don't make sense.

Darling, I guess I had best stop and get a bite to eat. Honey, I will try to do my best and write every chance I get but won't promise that it will be every day. Please keep yours coming honey, and I hope you are feeling o.k. darling. Take care of yourself, and write real soon.

All My Love & Kisses,

Larry

I love You Sweetheart.

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The storm finally subsided, and they poured over the sides of their ships into barges and landing craft that were to carry them those last few hundred yards. They had spent days bouncing around their ships, miserable and seasick. The day they finally got ashore a number of them were still seasick and exhausted. Some of them couldn't or wouldn't eat, becoming physically worse, losing weight and strength.

Off the barges, they set foot on the soil of France and started the long, tiresome trek across the Normandy beaches and on up the hills and along the trails marked with white tape, towards the front.

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THUNDERBOLT ACROSS EUROPE

Infantry Division landing on Omaha Beach, June 21-24, 1944

It was ... oh, there was a lot of... Oh, it was a mess out in the water. Most of the dead were gone. There were still a few floating around. The Germans had put out those big metal jacks. They were made out of steel, to prevent ships and boats from getting in, and they'd gotten some of those paths cleared. We crossed on a freighter, a small boat, well a ship, and then we got over to the beach, and we had to load into those landing craft, and the one's we had were run by the British. I remember when we unloaded. That scared the poop out of me. We had to climb down them damn nets and get into that boat, and that boat would go up and down and out and in, but anyway. I will never forget going in the thing and two guys got into a fight. I don't know what they were fighting over, but I didn't know where the hell we were gonna end up there for a little bit. But finally we got there, and they threw the ramp down and we had to wade in. It was all the way from waist to chest deep.

### **Was the beach cleaned up when you landed, or did you have to clean it up?**

You just had to walk through the minefields.

### **Had they buried all the bodies?**

Yeah, most of them were gone or weren't around there, but you could find a body anywhere and everywhere you wanted to, if you wanted to look for 'em.

Then when we landed, that was a funny story, or it was funny to me at the time. They used a white tape like a ribbon on stakes on a path up the bank at Normandy. You had to climb up a ways (to where the cemetery is now). They had it taped to keep you off the sides because the mines still weren't cleared out. And ahead

of us there was a Black truck company. In those days most of the colored soldiers were truck drivers. They didn't think they could fight I guess. But anyway, they were up ahead of us, and we got going up this pathway, and about that time the Luftwaffe came over and did what we called a 'Bed Check Charlie'. He'd come every night about bedtime, you know, and make a run at ya. That was about all they had left then, and all of us were looking at them and watching them. And, of course, the anti-aircraft took off and oh, they were shootin', and there were bursts in the air and everything, and I remember looking up and watching all that and walking along there, and when I looked down there wasn't one black man ahead of us at all. They had just disintegrated and disappeared. (Laughing)

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#45 FRANCE

June 24, 1944

Saturday Night

*My Dearest Sweet Darling Bette:*

*Well, honey, here I am in dear old France. It isn't so bad yet. It's rather pretty country, a great deal the same as England; small fields and hedges everywhere you look. I will say one thing for this country, the weather is a lot better. In fact, it's really hot, but cools off during the night.*

*I don't know a whole lot. I haven't received any mail for a good while but hope to tomorrow.*

*Darn, sweets, I don't seem to have much to write. In fact, there isn't much I can write. I am enclosing a 100 Frank note. I hope it gets through, I think it will. It equals about two dollars in our money.*

*Honey, I don't know how I am going to be able to write, but I will try to write as often as possible.*

*Don't worry, honey, I will make it some how. You just take care of yourself, and don't work too hard. Write real often sweets.*

*I miss you very, very much darling and love you a million times more.*

*All My Love & Kisses,*

*Larry*

*I Love You Sweetheart.*

*The weather was constantly wet and rainy. Day after day, storms blew in from the sea, pelting the soldiers, making them wet, miserable, and muddy. More important, the bad weather reduced the number of sorties Allied planes could fly. This allowed the Germans to reinforce and re-supply their front-line positions.*

**Tell me what you carried on you when you went into battle. When you landed on the beach, what did you have on you?**

Well we landed in wool OD's. That was the olive drab wool uniform. Shirt and trousers impregnated with some kind of a chemical for gas protection. Both the trousers and the shirt had a button over flap that went clear over the shoulder and buttoned and then cut down, like a large fly that you took across your neck. It was sewed into the shirt and went across the neck and buttoned, and then went down inside the shirt like double breasted kind of, underneath. And the same thing in the trousers, an underneath flap that buttoned over to the side. It was protection so that nothing could get in the buttonholes. And you had combat boots that were nothing but a high-top shoe with a piece of leather sewed on the top of them, with buckles so that they came up your leg kind of like a jump boot, only it wasn't laced all the way.

Then for equipment, as an officer, I was issued a carbine, a 30-caliber carbine. I had a musette bag, that was our pack. It was just a big single bag, and in that you carried your possessions that you were gonna carry. Your toothbrush, your necessities, razor, maybe a bar of soap, another change of underwear, socks and usually most of us had a raincoat folded up in there. We had a bedroll that went on the kitchen truck and that contained our sleeping bag. You could roll up quite a lot more stuff in that in the way of clothing and stuff, but that was on the kitchen truck, and it wasn't necessarily that you might see that for quite a while. If things were pretty hot and pretty heavy fighting, you didn't see that until things quieted down, and you were in a more defensive position where they could get it up to you.

There were shovels all of us wanted. There was a pick too, I think, and I don't know, maybe another one, but

everybody wanted a shovel. They started out with different ones, but when it was over, they saw that the shovel was the most important and best one.

I had a compass, and a lot of times we were given a map case where you fold over this canvas thing. It's kind of a little board and had a plastic front on it you could slip a map in. That had a strap you could hang around your neck. And that's about the size of it I guess. Of course, you had your helmet, and you carried ammunition. You carried probably two extra clips of ammunition in a pack that fastened on that belt. A clip contained eight rounds or eight bullets, and they were 30/30. We weren't issued a bayonet for that carbine. When they started out, I don't think they had a bayonet for the carbine. The troops had bayonets, but we didn't.



*Reinforcements heading to the front lines from a Normandy beachhead*

**Was that the only gun you carried?**

Yes. All I carried on one of those web belts that they had was a first aid pack, a canteen and then I had... I left the harness, which was the strap, and it had a little eyelet on the back, and I could hook an entrenching shovel on that and fasten it for when we had to stop and dig in. Then on the front there were two metal loops. They were kind of like a suspender that carried that pack, and they were just right to hold the grenades. Hand grenades came in a black cardboard tube or carton, and around 'em to hold the lid on was black friction tape. We'd pull that off and take the grenade out, wrap the friction tape around the handle, and then you could stick that handle down in those two loops, and you could carry two grenades, and you could bounce and jump and roll and very seldom would they ever roll out because the

tape was clear up to the top. That was the easy way to carry two hand grenades. And that was another issue -- officers weren't necessarily required to carry grenades. That was something we did on our own for our own protection. Those, you could take what you want. If they handed them out, they'd usually hand each person a couple.

I've got one at home without any powder in it. They were three pounds, two to three pounds. They were fragmentation. You could screw the top off. They had a handle that hooked over, and then there was a real heavy spring like a firing pin, like on a gun. And in the top of this grenade it looked like a 22 cartridge, that was the fuse that stuck down in the grenade, and the grenade was filled with powder. Well, when it blew, hand grenades were checkered all the way around kind of like a waffle, and when that exploded, all those formed pieces of shrapnel. You could, if you were real careful, screw that cap off and take it out of the grenade, dump the powder out, put it back in and (laughs) pull the pin and throw it, see, and it would go POP, and the smoke would come out. (Laughing) Course, if you'd had any training at all, you were long gone then. Of course, nothing happened. (Laughing).

### What was in your first aid kit?

There was a packet of sulfa powder, and there was a bandage. It was only about six by four inches long and probably an inch or two inches wide. I think it was just sulfa powder and bandage. Morphine had to come from the first aid man. If they gave you morphine, he gave it to you, we didn't have it with us. There'd have been too many jockeys using it (laughing) when they shouldn't have. I think that was all that was in there, one or two packs of sulfa powder. And they were all tied up sterile in a pack. You couldn't really see what was in it until you had to have it and broke it open. In most cases you yourself didn't do it, the first aid guy got there, and he'd probably use it and do it. Sometimes they didn't even mess with it. They had enough with them that they could use what they had, and they never even touched your pack. But it was one of those cases where maybe you were in a foxhole, two of you, and I could help you, or you could help me, and we'd break it open and use it until the medic could get there.



U.S. ARMY PHOTO

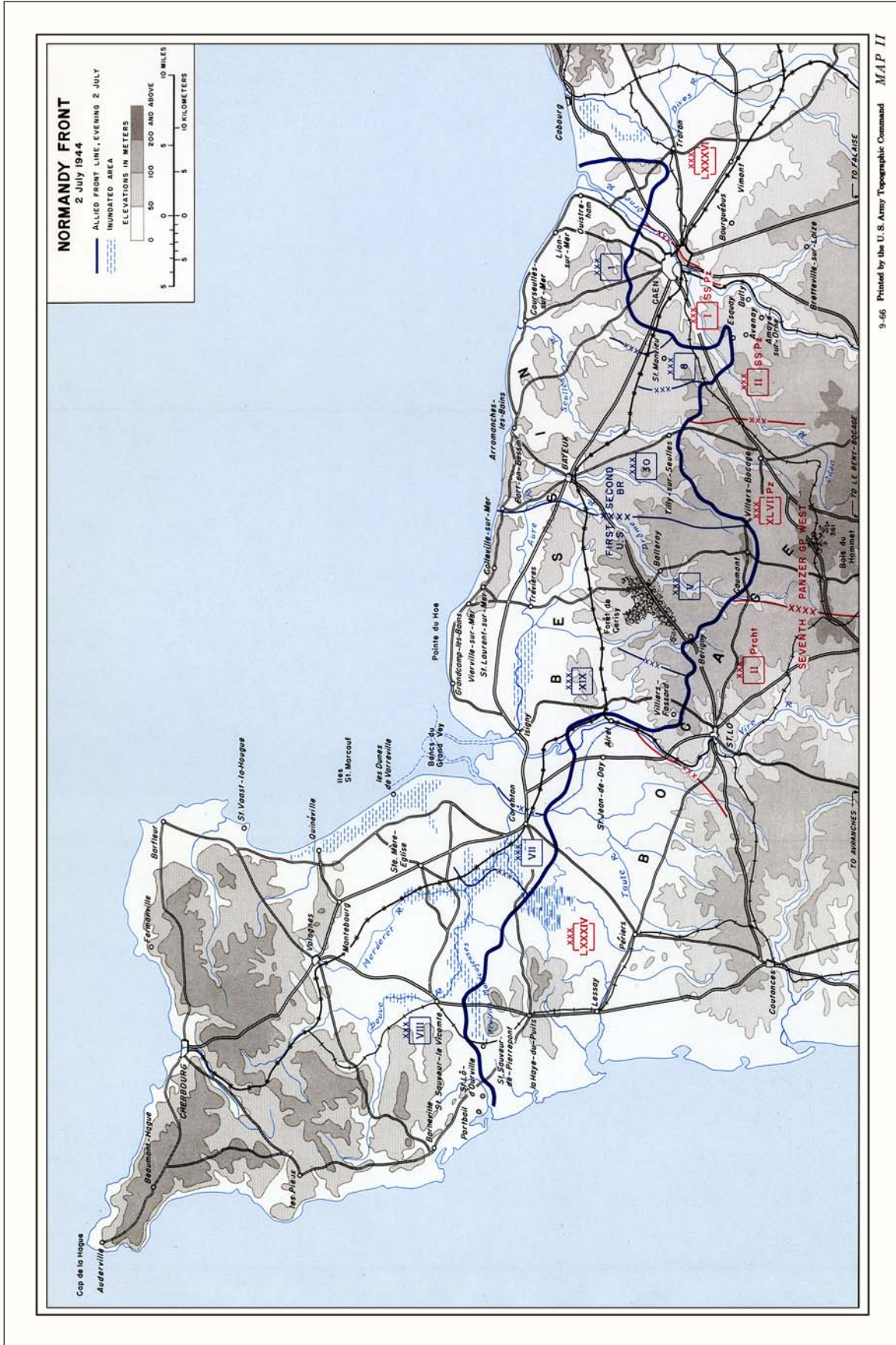
Typical Normandy terrain looking west from Utah Beach

*That first night in France they slept in fields, walled in by the soon to be hated hedgerows. The Division's first command post in France was established near Bricqueville, Normandy. The 3rd Battalion 330th bivouacked near Grandcamp. There the orders were received to move towards Carentan and to relieve the hard-hitting and hard-hit 101st Airborne Division.*

They moved us into an assembly area, kind of an area surrounded by hedgerows with an open area in the middle, and I never will forget, I had a man shot there. We spent the night there and the next morning was keeping busy, you know, keep 'em from harassing ya and stop the damn card playing and some of that stuff. There was even a little training that went on. You know you get that many men sitting around doing nothing, and trouble starts to happen. So it was clean your weapon, clean the saltwater out of it and get that all ready, and I don't know why he had it loaded, but he was cleaning it, and it went off. It entered inside his thigh up through his groin and out the other thigh in a U shape, it must've hit a bone. Of course, that was a real exciting thing because that was the first thing like that that had ever happened to us. I had to go with him and take him back to the evac-hospital which was close. I never will forget that damn nurse she just gave me hell, "Get his damn gun and equipment out of here, I don't want it". I said, "I don't want it



NORMANDY FRONT, JULY 2, 1944



9-46 Printed by the U.S. Army Topographic Command MAP II

Normandy Front, July 2, 1944

either.” “Well get it out of here, we can't use it”. She got real tough with me, so I took it and took it back to the jeep and gave it to the supply sergeant. They didn't want it around. They didn't want any weapons around at all. Then we sat there, I don't remember how long, then that's when we went up and relieved the 101st Airborne.

### Was that an American nurse or British nurse?

American.

*Carentan was the roughest and most hotly contested area in the entire American zone and was heavily defended by crack Nazi SS, Panzer and paratroops. Landing the night before D-Day, the airborne infantrymen of the 101st fought alone, entirely surrounded by the enemy. They won their objectives on schedule and were now aligned with other American Divisions, holding the ground they had so dearly gained.*

*Under cover of darkness on the nights of June 26-27 and June 28-29, riflemen, machine gunners, mortar crews, artillerymen, engineers, headquarters, and service troops of the 83rd Infantry Division moved into front line positions and relieved their airborne comrades. The 3rd Battalion 330th went in on the 27th. Later in the evening on that same day, they encountered their first enemy artillery fire and suffered their first casualties.*



Men of 101st Airborne Division in Carentan, about two weeks before they are relieved by the 83rd

I never will forget that day I went up from Normandy to relieve that 101st Airborne. They said “Chittenden, you'll go up and relieve”, I don't know what platoon it was or what regiment or battalion. ”Ok,” and I go up there to meet this lieutenant, and he wasn't a lieutenant. He was nothing but a sergeant in command. That's what was left.

I didn't remember this; this was in the Band of Brothers quotes, one of the men in the 101st Airborne about the arrival of the 83rd he said, “They were so clean looking with a full compliment of men in each unit. Even the paint on their helmets looked as if they had been just unpacked”. That would soon change, and it did change quick (laughs). I never will forget that. I went up there, and the guy I relieved, that buck sergeant, they were eating beefsteak. They just shot a cow and butchered it and had beefsteak. They didn't have any rations left or anything, they were living off the land. Those paratroopers were tough, they were rough, and don't think the Germans didn't know it, and they respected it. After the 101st had quieted things down and were trying to get the rest of that Cherbourg Peninsula cleaned out, they were on a defensive line in this area where they had landed. Defense of course, they're spread out, so we relieved them, and they went back to England.

### So they had already taken Carentan?

That was part of their objective on their landing, airdrop.

### So what did you do?

Well, you sat on that line as a defender to keep 'em (the Germans) from coming back and taking what they had.



*They were already familiar with deep mud and the black moonless nights, but now they were also face to face with a real enemy. They got their first taste of artillery shelling, and of enemy air attacks. They tried to recall what they had learned in training—all the things they once thought unnecessary, even silly. Keep your head down; keep your tail down; don't show any lights; remember the password; keep your weapon handy at all times. A hundred times a minute these familiar instructions raced through their minds. They tried to remember them all, for forgetting any one of them might cost them their lives.*

**When was the first time you remember encountering the enemy? Was it outside Carentan?**

Yeah, it was in that defensive line. I told you about my helmet didn't I?

**Tell me again.**

Well, this sergeant that was in command, he was showing me around.

**You mean the sergeant from the 101st?**

Yeah, he was showing me where he had his men and where I could put mine. Of course, I could put 'em where I wanted to, but he had 'em in the best places. There was a farmstead, and that's what they (the 101st) were using for their headquarters -- a shelled out farmhouse. Of course, in that country all of 'em were stone, but it had kind of a cobblestone driveway coming up to it, and we were crossing that, and the Germans threw in about two or three rounds of that 88 artillery shell they fired that had such a horrible noise to it. God, I hit the ground, and he did too, of course, and my old helmet just went down that driveway clunkity, clunkity, clunkity, clunk. Of course, we'd been heavily trained—don't let your helmet come off; don't mess around, always keep it on. There I was crawling along like a worm trying to get my helmet. Oh, he got a kick out of that. (Laughing) Of course, they got a kick out of us 'cause we were greener than gourds. We didn't know anything, and the Germans knew who was over there, and they probably knew we were relieving them. But they also knew that they didn't mess around with those paratroopers.



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

July 1944 hedgerow country. American troops move into battle.

So I moved my men out and put them in position. And then that night I was to send out a patrol to feel out the enemy and see where they were. Oh, they were horrible. Everybody hated that night patrol because, first place, it was scary as hell, and in the second place ... You had a designed path through your lines, and you had a designed one coming back and half the time the guys where you came back through would be asleep or something and you'd scare 'em, and hell you'd get shot by your own men. But anyway I had to send this patrol out, so I did. Then my duty was to check my positions at night. Well, I took my runner, and I started out, and the first thing we ran into was the German Patrol checking us out. (Laughing) Of course, we were scared to death, and they may have been too, I don't know, but they were a lot more veteran than we were. I finally got out away from him, and I got down in a dugout that the paratroopers had fixed, and I just buttoned up and spent the night there. (Chuckling) The next morning at daylight, of course, it was a lot better. You could see where you were going. But they were having fun with us I'm sure.

**So when you did a night patrol, was it just you and one other guy?**

No, it depended on how big a patrol they wanted to go out. Whether they wanted them to fight or whether they just wanted 'em to sneak out and look around and sneak back. But we had what they called an OP, which was an observation post, far out at about the farthest group of men I had out. In our organization at that time there was one sniper in every platoon, and



he was issued a sniper's rifle that had a scope on it, a bolt-action, older-model gun, but accurate. So I went out there the next day and crawled down and got to that OP to see how they were getting along, and if they'd seen anything or any activity. And clear across this swamp, about a half mile, was a church I think, 'cause it had a steeple and a tower on it. And I asked this sniper, I said "Can you see anything through that scope?" and he says, "Well no, but I bet you it's an observation post." So I said, "Put a round in there just for fun." So he laid down on the bank of this big foxhole and aimed and fired a shot, and he didn't even get it off and we got thump, thump, thump, three mortar rounds right back, boy. (Laughing) It was an observation post. (Laughing) So we didn't do any more shooting at that tower.

See in the states and all our training, I had three guys, big tough burly guys, that went to town every week and got drunker than a skunk. Well, overseas you go. Of course, combat's not fun, but anyway, I got over there, and this one sergeant, for sure, I thought he was the best in the whole damn regiment. He was strong, muscular; they went when he said go. We got over there, and the first damn shot that was fired he sat down on the ground and bawled and wanted his mother. Now I mean it was pathetic. I had a little assistant squad leader that hardly ever said a damn word, was quiet. You didn't know he was there, he was like a mouse. He didn't act scared of a damn dumb thing. He'd get in front of them guys, and he'd go right after 'em. So you couldn't tell. I had a hillbilly from West Virginia. I never hardly saw him or knew him because he was over the hill all the time going home 'cause some guy was going out with his girl. Hell, he was in the stockade all the time. One time he jumped off the train while it was running, going to get back there. Finally we got to New York to cross over, and the MP's (military police) brought him to the boat about the time it was ready to sail (laughing) so he couldn't jump off of it. I don't think he could swim coming from the hillbilly mountains of West Virginia. (Laughing) We got him over there, and don't tell me those hillbillies can't hit anything. He could hit a squirrel in the eye a half mile away I think (laughing). He was the fightinest fool you ever saw in your life. He wasn't scared of nothin'.

In training you thought you had everything, but when you got in the thick of things in the fire fight it was aaaaaallllll together a different ball game.



American troops fighting near Carentan, Normandy

—  
#46

June 30, 1944

*My Dearest Sweet Darling Bette:*

*Well, honey, the nearest and the best I can figure out today is the 30th, but as to what day it is, I don't have the least idea. Anyhow, this will be some kind of a letter I hope.*

*I got five letters a while back, but I haven't had time to answer them until now (No.'s 33 through 35). Did I ever welcome them. I haven't received any since but will probably get a whole bunch again soon.*

*I don't know whether this will make much sense, you know it's kind of hard to concentrate around here all the time. The saying (is) it's hot here, but a lot hotter on out the road a little way.*

*A catfight, well I don't believe it would bother me any more, unless it would be to jump up and shoot or blow the devil out of them. You know, one gets so after awhile that he shoots first then asks questions.*

*Honey, I hope it isn't long before you can iron my shirts and press my pants, not that I want you to work hard but just to be there so you can do it for me. Duck—no way over.*

*No, honey, you aren't marrying a trucker, just the manager of a trucking concern. Anyhow, honey, it will*

*be better than nothing wouldn't it?*

*The gossip seems to have been pretty good around there lately. It sounds as if the population of the old town is increasing, especially in the older folks. Dad also told me about that and said, "Won't it be something when the baby finishes high school?" I guess it just takes time for some people.*

*Do I question you and your love for me? Honey, you know better than that. I would never question your love. In fact, I always have and always will trust you.*

*Hey! It seems to me it would take a lot of nerve to ask a question like you did. Where did I spend all my time on leave? You darn sweet little devil. You know a lot better than that, and in the second place they are both married, and I don't bother with such women. You had better watch your step if I ever get home and the wedding is over.*

*Gosh, sweets, I guess I am about to run out of something to write about. It seems like I should have more to write, but you know security. Say, honey, I could use another box of candy, or cookies, o.k.? Thank you darling.*

*Gosh, I would love to see you sweets, but maybe it won't be long. I do miss you terribly, honey, and love you so very, very much, honey, that it hurts darling.*

*Don't worry, honey, I will make it o.k. Just take it easy, and don't work too hard. Write real soon honey. Say hello to Mother & Dad.*

*All My Love & Kisses,*

*Larry*

*I Love You Sweetheart.*

---

### **When you landed on Normandy Beach, you were a first lieutenant?**

Second lieutenant.

### **How many people did you have under you that you commanded?**

Well that one rifle platoon, I don't know, it seemed to me like it was about 40 some men, 50 some men.

### **Do you remember the first guy you lost, after you landed?**

Well, that guy that wounded himself, and I can't remember who he was or what his name was.

### **Did he die?**

No. I don't know what happened to him. He was probably sent back to England, and when he recuperated, he came back as a replacement. When you did that, you didn't come back to your own outfit as a rule. They just sent you back as a replacement wherever they needed you.

---

*June 30th saw the 330th in Regimental reserve, and on the 3rd of July they moved up for the attack.*

*The 4th of July was no holiday for the men of the 83rd. On that day, the morning of the 4th at 0500 hours, they attacked. With "I" Company leading, "K" Company echeloned to the right, and "L" Company echeloned to the left, they jumped off in their first offensive action, attacking down the highway in the direction of Periers.*

*When the division went forward, it immediately encountered problems. Supporting tanks from the 746th Tank Battalion chewed up the infantry's communication wires so the division commander, General Robert Macon, couldn't talk with his forward units.*

*The ground was soaked from previous rains. The Germans were dug into nearly every hedgerow and along the sunken lanes. They had laid out minefields that impeded the progress of the 83rd. German snipers picked off engineers as they tried to clear mines. The soldiers of the forward rifle companies were mostly strung out in pinned-down clumps a few hundred yards ahead of the jump-off point. One unit made it easily across a swamp when they realized they had walked right past concealed Germans and into an ambush.*

*They could not call for artillery support for fear that it would fall right on top of them. Enemy resistance was too stiff, the terrain too challenging and the 83rd was too green. In just one day of fighting, the division lost*

*1400 men, most of whom were captured, straggling, or wounded.*

*In spite of the terrible debacle that had taken place on this first day, General Collins ordered the 83rd to attack again on July 5. But the July 5 attack was a carbon copy of the day before—more terror, more hopelessness, more gruesome bloodshed, more young men shattered beyond repair or maimed forever. By nightfall the 83rd had made it halfway to Sainteny, but at the cost of 750 more casualties.*

*This was their first major attack, and this was the first time they had heard of fighting for hedgerows. They found it treacherous, rugged, nerve-wracking, murderous. Gnarled tree roots and vines as tough and strong as iron hoops, all woven together in an impenetrable wall. Hedgerow fighting was probably the most difficult fighting of the war. The Germans had four years to prepare defenses against a possible invasion and employed every known defense to stop the American advance. They knew the routes the Americans would have to take and from well-concealed positions dug beneath the hedgerows; they contested every field. Connecting trenches gave the enemy escape routes when their positions were overrun. Their mortars and artillery ranged in on every hedgerow and rained fire on the advancing 83rd Division.*

*Upon completing an advance the 83rd dug their foxholes and slit trenches right up close to the hedges. Troops behind them snuggled against the next hedgerow fifty to seventy-five yards to the rear; they also lay prone along the ditches that bordered the hedges on their flanks. Hedges were all around them, and the Germans were all around the hedges. They could seldom see the Germans, and the Germans usually couldn't see them, but each knew the other was there. The screeching of burp guns, the exploding mortar shells, or the rat-a-tat-tats of machine guns never let them forget for a moment that the enemy was nearby and didn't intend to move. The terrain, and the enemy's clever use of it, stopped the Americans cold.*

*There were no gigantic charges, no sensational advances. Just slow, costly movement, creeping and crawling from hedgerow to hedgerow, movement that always drew additional mortar, artillery and machine gun fire. That was the way they advanced in Normandy, hedgerow by hedgerow.*



U.S. ARMY PHOTO

*U.S. troops in hedgerow position*

The night before the 4th of July, the commander called us together and told us we'd jump off and attack the next morning to take this area around St. Lo, and showed us our objective, and we were to be there the next night. Two weeks later we were there with about as many men in a division as a regiment ought to have. ... And that was slaughter..... real slaughter.

**And that was your first battle?**

Oh yeah, that was our first.

**And they were laying there waiting for you?**

Yeah.





INTERNATIONAL NEWS

*Fighting in the hedgerows*

### **Let's talk about your injuries, some of your medals and how you earned them.**

They were in Normandy where it cut my canteen off in those first couple battles. The hand grenade in my helmet was a Purple Heart, and the knick in the butt when it hit my canteen was a Purple Heart. It nicked me and was a little wound. I don't think there were any stitches; it was just an aid station repair. My Purple Hearts were really nicks or scratches. They were nothing real serious. I mean not any dismembering wound or great big wound.

### **You had shrapnel?**

Yeah, you know all it had to do was break the skin really, and it was a wound. It put a little scratch in my rump, but nothing bad. I just put a little sulfa on it. I could draw you a picture of that (fight). It's just as plain in my mind as it was yesterday. (ILLUSTRATION A, PG. 60)

As I remember it, there were roads. And there was a - - I remember it was such a nice looking barn, and then there was some other building in there somewhere. There was a sunken road, much of it anyway, and Captain Calhoun, and I believe that damn Zagoomis and some of 'em were, and I was never up there, but there was a jeep, and they were studying the map on the hood of that jeep. We were supposed to go up and hook on to the 331st, and I was laying right out there on the ground, with my platoon. And it was nothing there and God-dang hard as a rock. Then the messenger came back from the captain and the captain sent me a message that said, "Chittenden, take some men and check out this barn." Well, I knew damn well that it was an observation post just as

sure as I'm sittin' here, that there were some Germans in there watching. About that time they opened up on us with this 88. That was that German... it was really designed as an anti-tank gun. It was a small flat trajectory. Anti-tank or armored guns were pretty much straight at you... and their tanks, I think it was, could fire a clip of three... bang, bang, bang. But, anyway, we of course hit the ground right away, and everybody was to dig in. Well, the ground was hard, and you were waiting to see whether that (88) had your name on it when it came over or not. That's where I got it that night. A piece of shrapnel hit me in the canteen, and it leaked, and I thought, "Oh, Lord, I've got her, oh, blood." (Chuckles) Well, it had poked a hole in that damn canteen. (Laughing) It scared the living hell out of me. Anyway, it nicked me a little bit.

### **So a shell went off and you got hit with a piece of metal, and you didn't go to the hospital for that?**

Nooo, I didn't.

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HEADQUARTERS

83RD INFANTRY DIVISION  
APO 83, U.S. ARMY

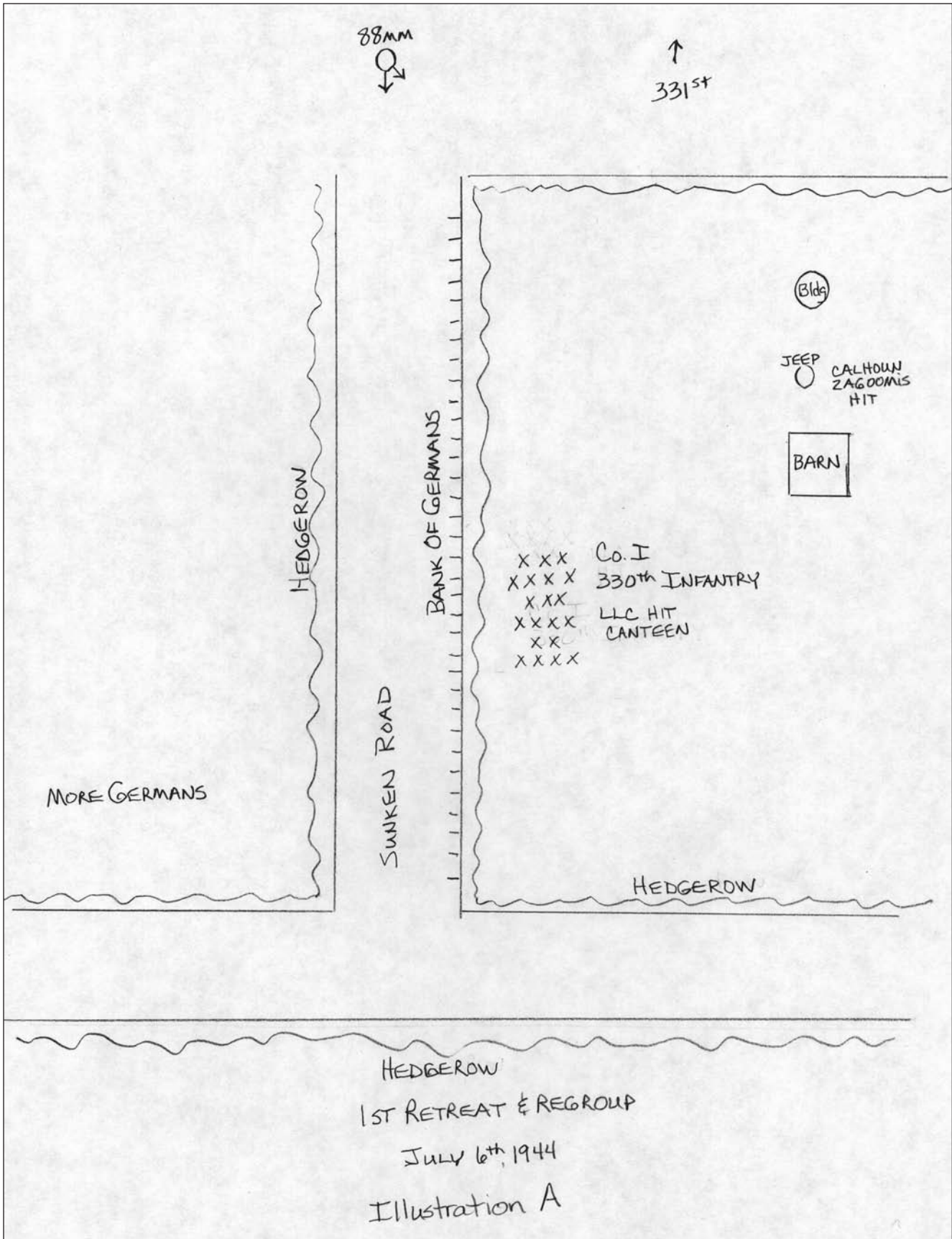
FIRST LIEUTENANT  
LAWRENCE L. CHITTENDEN, 0-517881,  
INFANTRY, 330TH INFANTRY  
UNITED STATES ARMY

Award of Purple Heart Medal--Under the provisions of AR 600-45, dated 22 September 1943 as amended, and Memorandum No. 34, Headquarters Ninth United States Army dated 8 September 1944, as amended, the Purple Heart Medal is awarded to the following; First Lieutenant Lawrence L. Chittenden, 0517881, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 7\* July 1944, in France. Entered military service from Nebraska.

By command of Major General Macon

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*(Although the citation reads July 7, 1944, Lawrence says the injury occurred early afternoon on July 6th, 1944.)*



BETH CHITTENDEN

Hedgerow first retreat and regroup, July 6, 1944. Illustration A

*Enemy observers were all over the place, well concealed in the confining hedgerows or the steeples of small-town churches. They called down mortar and artillery fire on anyone who moved on the American side of the line.*

*The German ordnance was a danger day and night, round-the-clock. Any place that was within range could be a target. The infantrymen lived with this gnawing uncertainty, and it ate away at their morale, not to mention their sanity.*

*Nighttime was the worst. They peered into the darkness imagining what kind of danger might be out there. Noises startled them. Their minds played tricks on them. They rarely slept at night. They didn't dare. At times, from lack of sleep and on the verge of exhaustion, they wondered if they could go on.*

We never ever did, I never did get to that barn... couldn't get out there. There was so much fire and everything, you couldn't get up to go. Course they were directing, I'm sure out of this old building or barn as I called it. That's where they were directing the fire on us. They were up in the hayloft undoubtedly where they could see us. In fact, if I remember right, somebody finally got in there and got 'em, but it wasn't us. We never got there.

So then things began to disintegrate; everything began to become a mass retreat or withdrawal. I mean everybody was panicky and scared and began to run. My men were all hollering and wanting to leave, and "I'm getting' hit," and, "I gotta go" and "Let's get out of here" and "Can't we go?" And I was trying to keep 'em calm and keep 'em there. This is what you try to stop because if that ever starts, it could snowball clear on into anywhere. So I proceeded to rally a few of them with this other lieutenant (Lt. O'Brien) and got them coming back up.

The Germans were throwing shells up in there, and they were hitting that damn hard ground and just splattering stuff all over. The company commander, Calhoun, was wounded, and I never did ever see him again. Whether he died or he was killed there, I never

ever knew. This Zagoomis, I never saw him again. When you lose an officer, then you're down to who commands that group of men, and then it goes, of course, down to a sergeant. They had been up there by this barn forming their plan of what they were going to do and were too close together.

There we were, we had no command. I didn't know whether I was the only one left or whether there were some of the other platoon leaders out-ranked me maybe from the date of their commission or something. But we just had a mass retreat. Everybody took off running to beat hell to the rear. It was... it was rough. We couldn't stop 'em. They were scared, they were going to go, and there wasn't nothing you could do. Well, we got back there somewhere in the rear, and the assistant battalion commander was there, and he finally got us regrouped, and I and a weapons platoon leader, he would've been a first lieutenant (O'Brien), started back up to the front.

We found out afterwards that dug back into the bank, (BANK OF GERMANS, ILLUSTRATION A, PG. 60) we were right over the top of 'em and didn't know they were there and couldn't have done anything anyway. Oh, you could've lobbed some grenades over there, but they were just staying there tight and hiding until the time got good for them to come out and do what they wanted to do. They had dug back into the bank of that road, and we were laying right on top of them.

### **You didn't know they were there?**

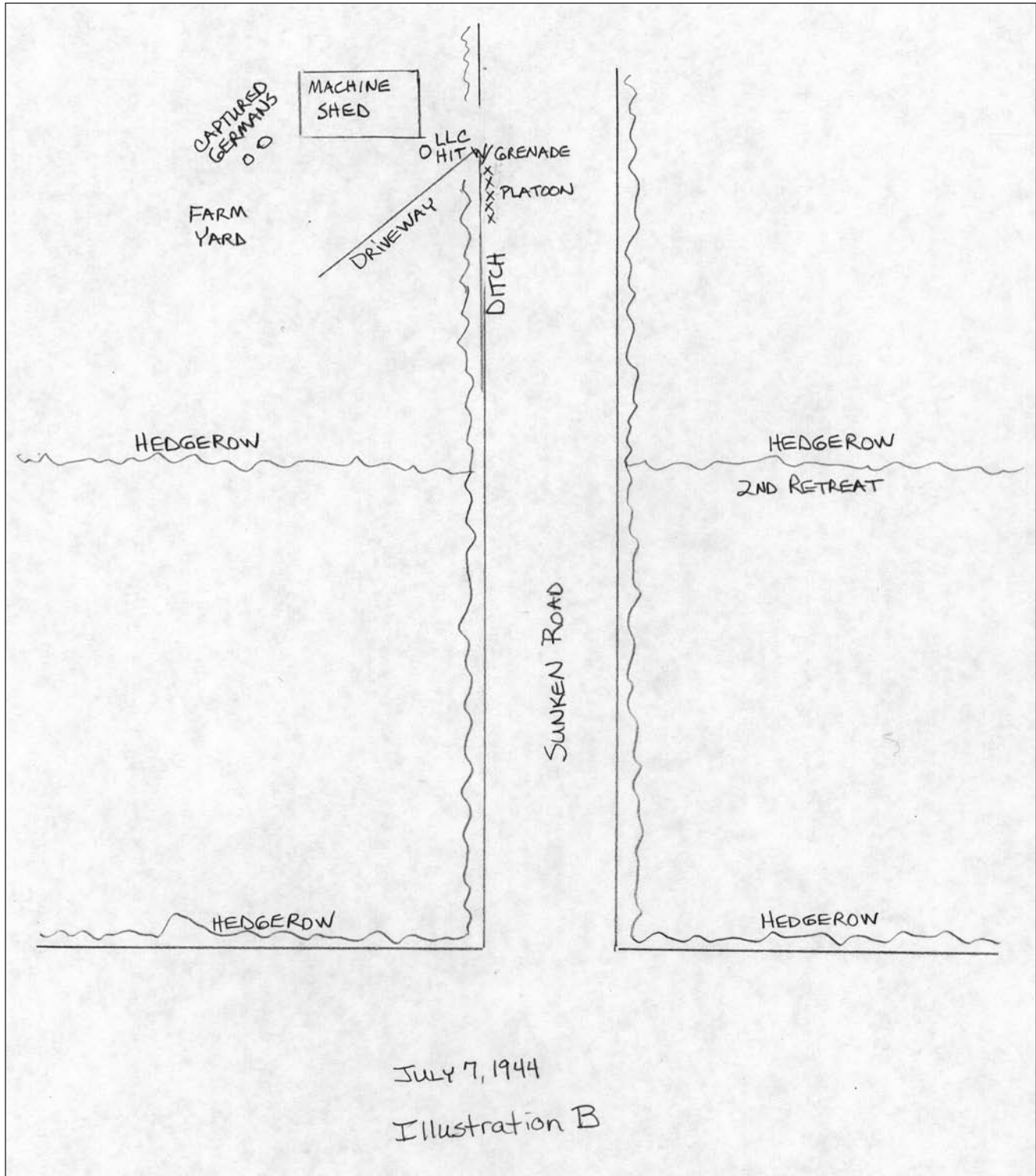
No, but you knew they had to be. They were all around us probably.

We were supposed to hook on to the other regiment (331st). We were supposed to connect to them. So we got up in there by this, what I would call a metal machine shed. (ILLUSTRATION B, PG. 62) We were told later there was some of our own outfit there in the field, but if they were, we didn't know it. By now it was pitch dark at night. There was a driveway going in along the side of the shed. And then along the driveway was a depression or a ditch, and my men were laying there. Every time you stopped, you hit the ground and got down on your belly, and if you were there long enough, you dug a slit trench. So they were in there,



kind of down in the ditch following me. And that is where I leaned down, knelt down to bring them on up in the driveway to the rest of the farmstead, where that damn Kraut got me with that potato masher in the helmet.

The German hand grenade was called a potato masher because it had a handle on it, and then it had a round metal cylinder on the end of it that was larger than the handle that had the explosive in it. But they also had a ring they could slip over it. If they slipped the



BETH CHITTENDEN

July 7, 1944. Illustration B

ring over it, it was fragmentation, it was killing. If they didn't get the ring over it, it was just a BOOM type a thing. But that's where it hit me in my helmet and BOOM, went off. It hit and bounced away, but it was still real close. Well, hell, I was half-nuts. I couldn't see and couldn't hear and everything else. I went goo goo. You didn't know where you were and stars were ringing, and bells were buzzing and everything else. Finally I got enough sense, and I got cleared up enough to know where we were, and we started to get out of there. There was just no way. We didn't have enough men.

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HEADQUARTERS  
83RD INFANTRY DIVISION  
APO 83, U.S. ARMY

FIRST LIEUTENANT  
LAWRENCE L. CHITTENDEN, 0517881  
INFANTRY, UNITED STATES ARMY

AWARD OF BRONZE OAK-LEAF CLUSTER (Purple Heart Medal)—Under the provisions of AR 600 45, dated 22 September 1943, as amended, and Memorandum No. 34, Headquarters Ninth United States Army, dated 8 September 1944, as amended, the Bronze Oak-leaf Cluster to the Purple Heart Medal is awarded to the following; First Lieutenant Lawrence L. Chittenden, 0517881, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 28 July 1944, in France. Entered military service from Nebraska.

By Command of Major General Macon

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*(Although the date on the citation reads July 28, 1944, Lawrence says the events for which he received the two Purple Hearts, (the first) Bronze Star and the Silver Star medals all occurred within a two-day period, and that this one occurred early morning of July 7, 1944.)*



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

*Medics assisting the wounded*

### **Did they send you to the hospital?**

No, you kept from that. If you ever went to the hospital, you never knew where you were gonna end up. Nobody wanted to leave their unit, and if you were ever wounded and went back through the hospitals and they sent you up as a replacement, you could be sent anywhere.

### **Did they take you into the field hospital?**

No, no, no, no. I'm sure that's what's wrong with this left ear, why it gets worse like that. Anyhow, it didn't permanently scar my face, but I had powder burns and stuff like that.

Well, I went back up in this farmyard, and this other lieutenant (O'Brien) was there, and he had captured - - whether it was the guys that threw this (grenade) or not -- he had two German prisoners back there with their hands back behind their heads and about the time we were trying to figure out what to do with 'em, one of 'em started to lower his arms down to his side. He let him have it right between the eyes with that 45-colt automatic. I'll tell you, you think that was gruesome. There was nothing of his head left from about his ears on back. I don't remember what we did with the other one.

Then I got this bunch of panicky men. They got scared after this incident took place, and they're drawing some fire all the time from the Germans, and they took off again, back to the back. We came back part way from the shed, and then we lined up again behind

a hedgerow (see Second Retreat, Illustration B), and I spread 'em out along the line so they wouldn't be grouped up.

I had machine gunners with no tripod, and I had 60mm mortar guys that had the base plate and no tube or mortar. (Laughing) You know, worthless. I get 'em to stop and get 'em lined up along this hedge and I hear "Lieutenant, lieutenant, come here, come here. There's a guy up there in that tree." I look, and I don't see anything. "Yeah, see 'em in the tree?" They were seeing things. They were just scared shitless. There wasn't anything there, but they wanted to shoot him. I said, "No firing." I didn't want any firing; I didn't want 'em to know where we were, see. We were trying to keep 'em quiet so we didn't get all their mortar and artillery and everything in the earth on top of us. They probably knew where we were anyway, but then this is the way you had to think in these situations, so I was trying to calm 'em down.

I laughed; we had a second lieutenant by the name of Lt. Tate. He had been an Oklahoma State NCAA champion hurdler. He was one of the other platoon leaders. I had a mixture of everything. And Lt. O'Brien says, "Send somebody back to battalion, and get us some help, and tell 'em what's going on." So I got a hold of Tate and said, "You go back to battalion and tell 'em." I swear he took off like a gazelle. It looked to me like he went right over the top of the hedgerows. He just hurdled every one of them, (laughing) scared to death, of course; (laughing) pitch black dark, and I never did see him again. He came back to the unit. I think he got wounded that night too, but he came back later. He was with 'em after I got transferred out. But, anyway, I'm positive that he was the head track coach for years until he retired at Oklahoma A & M.

I don't remember what happened before the night was over, but we tried to reorganize, and it was kind of fruitless. You know, I loose a lot of this over the years it's happened. But we managed to keep 'em there, and we managed to hold on until some of the rest of our outfit got up there. We got the line set up and established. That's what they gave me the Silver Star medal for, the fact that I managed to hold 'em together and keep 'em together and keep 'em in a unit

up there where we were and help these other two kids. I don't think they were that seriously wounded, they couldn't be. They were walking wounded, but they were wounded. And I helped them get back and get out of there. You assisted 'em, one on each side, like you carry guys off the football field or something. Then when you got 'em back there far enough, someone else could pick 'em up and take care of 'em, aid men. I don't remember whether I took 'em to the aid station. It kind of runs in my mind I met some first aid people, and they took over, and I turned around and went back up to my unit, my men. You were doing that all the time the enemy was shooting at you, you know what I mean. It wasn't just like walking from here to the front street assisting and carrying two people.

That was the most horrible night I think I ever put in, in my life. My head ached and it had bloodied up my face; all superficial, but it would bleed, and I was half-groggy. There's no doubt that is part of my hearing problem today too. It helped it along. And you had remnants of everything with you, as I say, I had men from everywhere in the outfit. That was it... well, that was part of it; it was one long continuous battle.

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EIGHTY-THIRD INFANTRY DIVISION  
OFFICE OF THE  
COMMANDING GENERAL

CITATION  
AWARD OF SILVER STAR MEDAL

FIRST LIEUTENANT  
LAWRENCE L. CHITTENDEN, 0-517881  
INFANTRY, 330TH INFANTRY  
UNITED STATES ARMY

For gallantry in action against an enemy of the United States on 6 July 1944 in France. When the advance of his battalion was held up near Hottot, France, by intense enemy artillery and for gallantry in action against an enemy of the United States on 6 July 1944 in France. When [under] mortar fire, he assembled a group of men from the battalion and directed the fire of this group to cover the movement of wounded



personnel. He personally carried two seriously wounded men to safety and returned to the front to resume the attack. His gallant actions prevented a withdrawal and greatly assisted in keeping the attack moving. The outstanding courage and devotion to duty displayed by Lieutenant Chittenden is in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service.

Entered military service from Nebraska.

ROBT C. MACON  
Major General, U.S. Army  
Commanding

*Several times the Germans attempted to organize tank-supported counterattacks and were literally blown sky-high. Engineers from the 308th Engineer Battalion stealthily picked their way through a myriad of mines and booby traps to clear a path for the riflemen. At times it was necessary for them to blast main supply routes directly through the hedges. Tankers, tank destroyers and armored infantry were with them, all aiding in the attack against fanatic Nazi troops.*

*The Germans could not have asked for terrain better suited to their objective of stalemating the Allies. They made resourceful and clever use of the hedgerows. The typical Norman hedgerow was centuries old and proved to be a formidable defense weapon. As far back as Roman times, Norman farmers had used them as earthen boundaries, property demarcations, they protected crops and cattle from the ocean winds that swept across the land. They provided the inhabitants with firewood.*

*The hedgerow (bocage) was a fence, half earth, half hedge. The wall at the base was dirt that varied from one to four or more feet thick and three to twelve feet high. Growing out of the dirt wall was a hedge of hawthorn, brambles, vines, and trees, from one to three feet thick, three to fifteen feet high. The tree roots went down the whole 10 or 12 feet, so it was not a mound of dirt anymore, it was solid roots. You couldn't shoot*



U.S. ARMY PHOTO

*Sunken road in hedgerow country*

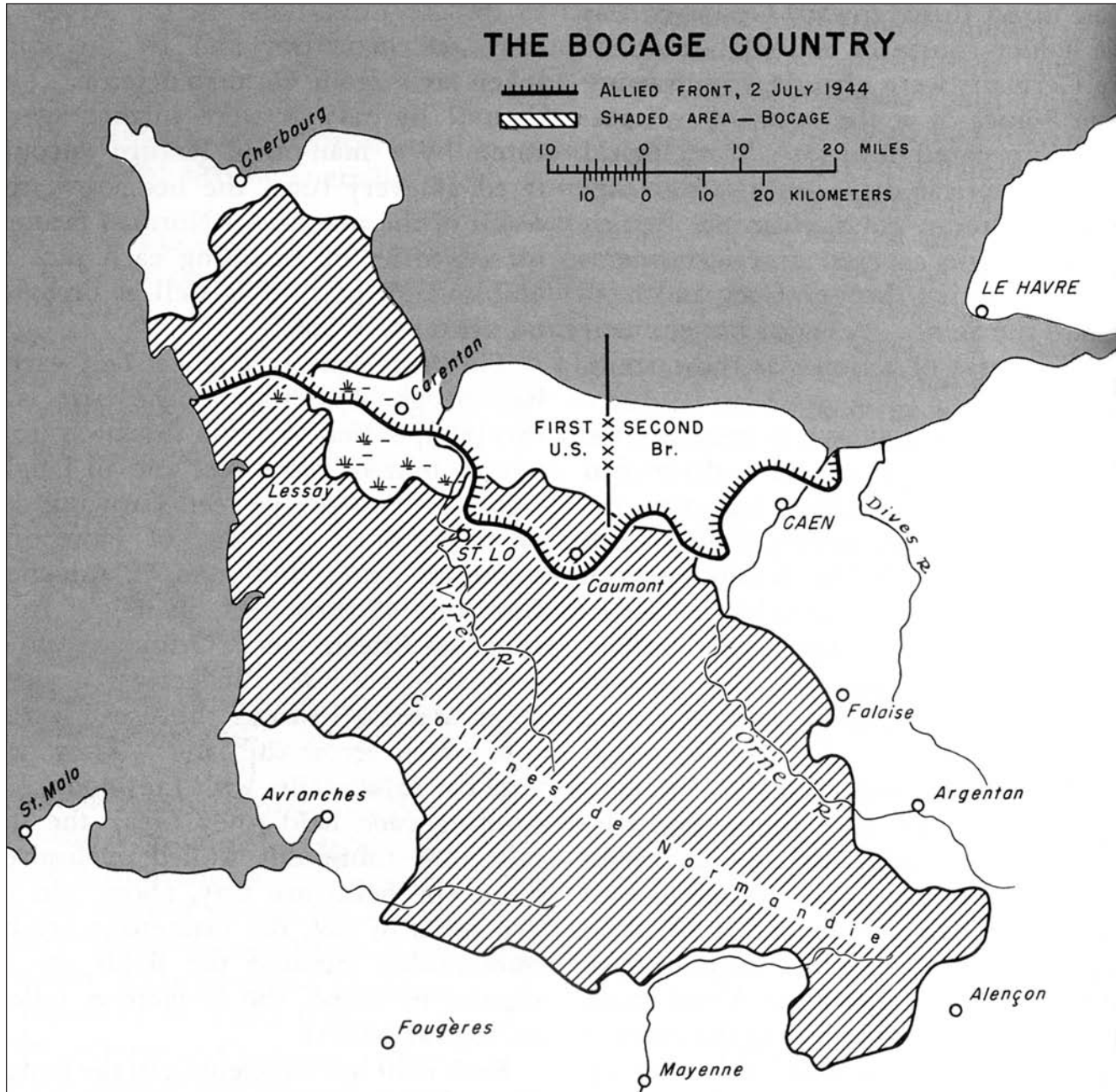
*through it. And every 300 feet there was another one. The roads would be lower than the fields on either side of them. On top of the dirt mounds there might be another 10 feet of growth. Trees, or thorny things you couldn't crawl through. You couldn't see anywhere.*

*Lining each field, they broke the terrain into numerous walled enclosures. Since the fields were tiny, the hedgerows were innumerable. Because the fields were irregular shape, the hedgerows followed no logical pattern. Each field had an opening in the hedgerow for human beings, cattle and wagons. For passage to fields that did not lie adjacent to a road, wagon trails wound among the hedgerows. The trails appeared to be sunken lanes, and where the hedgerows were high, the tops would overreach and shut out the light, to form a cave like labyrinth, gloomy and damp.*

*The enemy defended a typical field in the following manner: they dug heavy machine guns into each corner of the hedgerow that bordered the field. These machine guns could crisscross their fire and cover most of the field. In between those two heavy guns, they placed riflemen, burp gunners, and light machine gun teams who only*

added to the volume of fire. If there were hedgerows that bordered either flank of the field, they dug light machine guns in there, too. Once these small guns had pinned down American attackers, the Germans called in artillery and mortar fire, which was normally quite accurate because German observers had presighted the entire field. German soldiers with handheld Panzerfaust (a one-shot bazooka) antitank weapons lay in deep

fighting holes in or along the forward hedgerows. If American tanks punched through the hedgerows or rolled through the small openings that led into each field, the Panzerfaust soldiers hit them at close range. Booby traps and mines, sown into the vegetation at the top of the hedgerow or in ditches along them, only added to the dangers.



Bocage (hedgerow) Country, or as American soldiers called it, "This goddam country."



You got a piece of paper or something? Let me explain these hedgerows. (ILLUSTRATION C, PG. 67) They were just fields, small, and those banks, dirt banks. They were like, oh some of 'em would be where you could stand behind 'em and just barely see over 'em, and then on top of that was all this hedge. Well the Germans, if we were moving forward, would get in those corners (upper left and right hand corners) and build pillboxes out of logs and dirt, and they'd dig bunkers in there on the opposite (back) side with logs and stuff (back behind the bunkers). And then they had machine guns in there and they could cover this whole field (the entire illustration). Then maybe back in another one, they had some mortars or artillery back in the same corner. They'd have the mortars to support them, and this was all the way along. These fields were just like a checkerboard, and you were moving one direction primarily. Let's say you're moving from north to south, they might have some mortars, some little ones, but then you got past that, and they'd have bigger supporting fire. And that was all hooked by phone wire, and there'd be a bunker all the way through in each section.

---

*The Americans had to figure out a way to break the hedgerow deadlock. The fighting was at such close quarters that artillerymen often could not lend much support, for fear of killing fellow Americans. Infantry squads and platoons had trouble maintaining contact with one another in the dizzying array of fields and hedgerows. They could be 50 or 100 yards away from one another and never know it because of the stifling mass of green around them. Special Sherman tanks fitted with bulldozer blades could puncture hedgerows but there were not enough. Discarded railroad tracks were salvaged and welded to the front of tanks. Others welded scrap iron from a German roadblock onto the front of their tanks earning them the nickname rhino tanks. By late July more than 60% of American tanks in Normandy had these cutters.*

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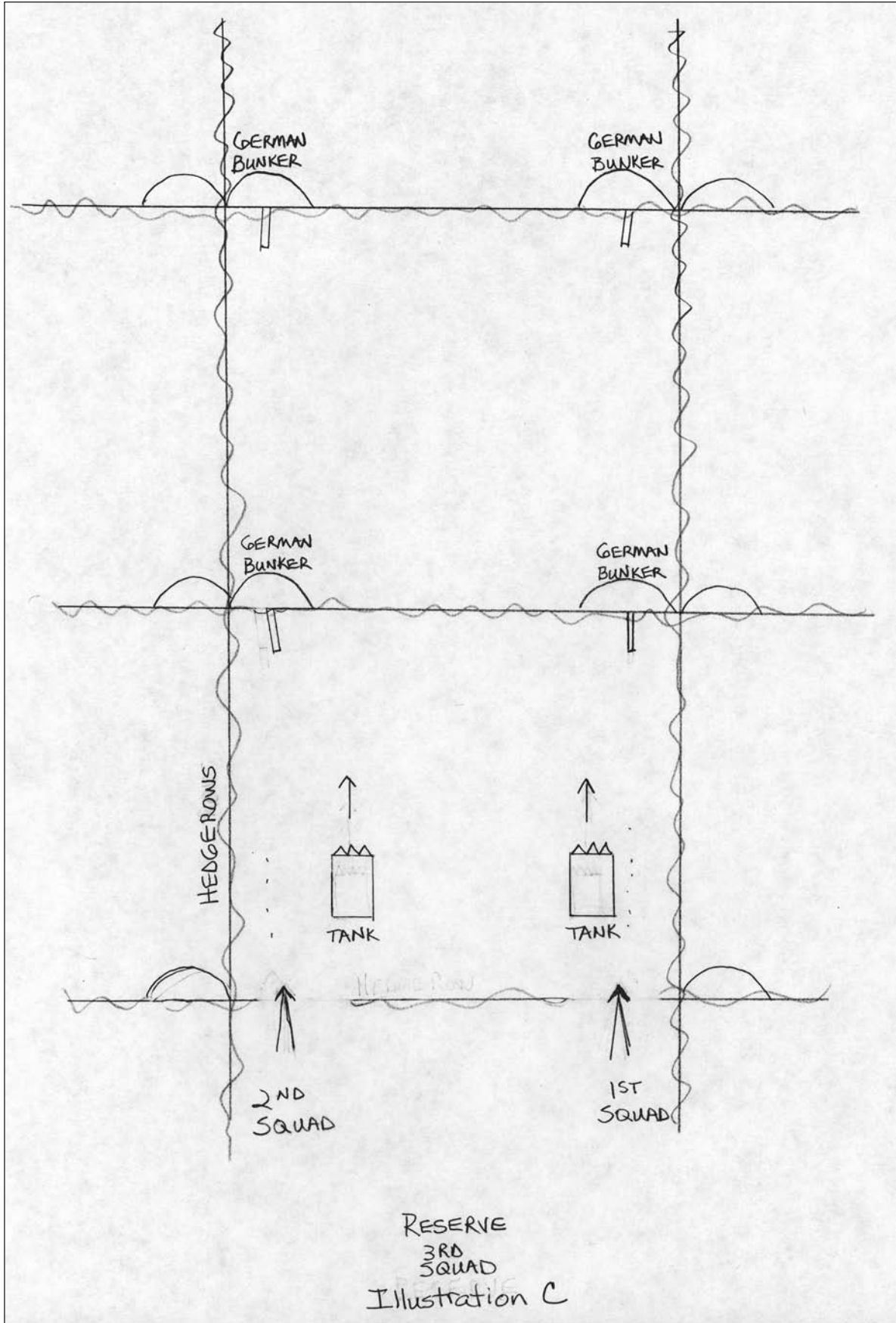


U.S. ARMY PHOTO

*Rhino tank for cutting through hedgerows*

Our plan of attack was to take my platoon, and I'd put one squad on the right (see First Squad, illustration C) and one up the side (see Second Squad, Illustration C). You always worked with a reserve, and the third squad was in reserve back there in case I needed it for a bad fight or something. You've got to remember this, the bigger the unit, the farther to the rear the reserve. In other words, in a platoon, that reserve was pretty close, right in with the rest of us. So they attached to me a section of tanks. That was two tanks, medium tanks. And I had a section of engineers from somewhere higher up. The theory was these tanks were equipped with a kind of saw tooth blade in front (rhino tanks), and they would go up there (on the banks) on both sides, and plow right through. The theory was they'd plow holes in that dirt and hedge through two openings so this squad could get through to get around behind 'em. If your men were walking just as close as they could get to the hedgerows, the tanks were out more in the center in the open. The idea was to get up and around the bunkers and knock 'em out. You had to get through some way to continue on, 'cause this thing was an endless chain. Well, the first thing that happened was, the tanks got down in there and





BETH CHITTENDEN

Reserve 3rd Squad. Illustration C

closed their hatches and shot and killed one or two of my men in the back. See, my men were going up there along the side, up in front of the tanks.

### **They got past them, ahead of the tanks?**

Well, they (the tankers) were scared just like we were, 'cause maybe they (the Germans) had an anti-tank gun or something and they'd get hit. See the tank had some mobility with his guns, and he was swinging. Well with that machine gun swiveling they were shooting my own people. So I finally just crawled up on one of these tanks and hammered on the hatch until one of 'em opened his, and I told 'em to QUIT FIRING AND GET THE HELL OUT! I DIDN'T WANT 'EM! (Shouting)

### **Where did you want them?**

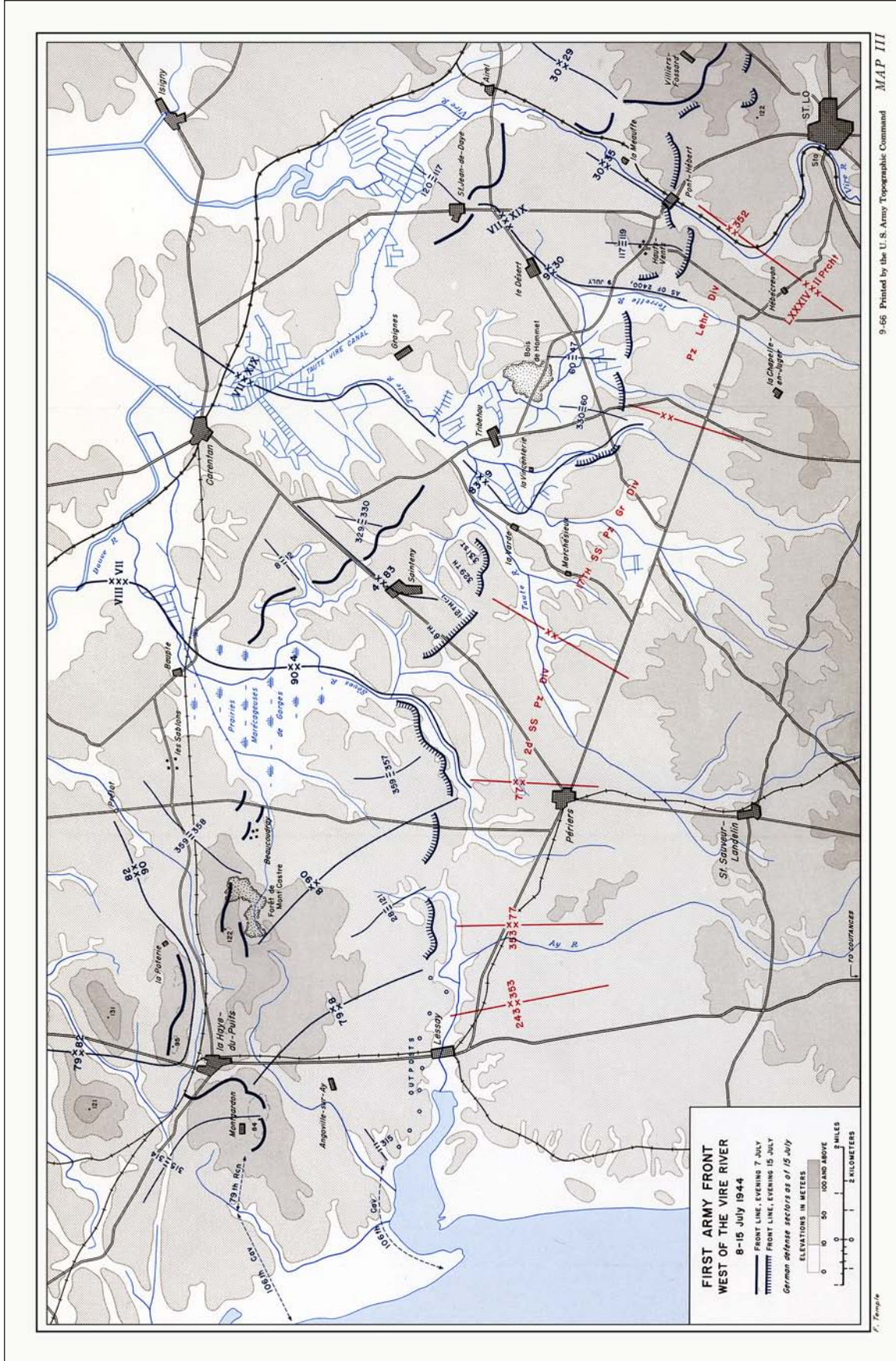
WELL I DON'T KNOW, BUT I DIDN'T WANT 'EM SHOOTIN AT MY OWN MEN! They weren't paying any attention to what they were doing! (Still angry) So..., oh I don't know... we got just cut all to pieces... those engineers, I don't know what happened to them, I never did see 'em, never did mess with 'em. But this was just the type of stuff we'd run into all day long. They ended up pinning us down in there. The Germans in the bunkers were pinning us down, and we just had to lay there until another outfit, one of the other platoons probably, could relieve you a little bit. Or you'd just finally get up and go and duck and run, and hope to hell once you got up in there, up behind the bunkers, you were safe, because they couldn't swing that machine gun around far enough to fire along there. Then you just crawled over the hedge and tried to get 'em out of there (the bunker). Usually if you could get up to the machine gun bunkers, they were gone when you got there anyway. They had escape routes back to the back, see.

*New tactics were put in place: A Sherman tank punched through a hedgerow and fired white phosphorus shells at German machine-gun positions that were concealed in either corner of the opposite hedgerow (usually across a field spanning 50 to 75 yards). Next, the tankers sprayed the entire expanse of the enemy-held hedgerow with machine-gun fire. As they did so, 60mm mortar crews laid down fire into fields behind the German hedgerow. Meanwhile, the infantrymen stayed close to the tank, protecting it from Panzerfaust fire. One by one the infantry soldiers moved through the opening in their hedgerow and advanced into the field, firing and maneuvering as they went. They took pains to avoid the flanking hedgerows to their right and left. Instead they concentrated on destroying the enemy positions in front of them. If they could do that, they would pierce the German defenses and could then clean up anyone left behind on the flanks. They finally learned to find a hole, get through and get in their rear, and then the whole bloody thing would collapse. As infantrymen got closer to the Germans, they pitched grenades into their holes. The Sherman then came forward and helped finish off the enemy. At times when tanks weren't available, they'd blast holes in the hedgerows with explosives.*

*The allies advanced hedgerow to hedgerow, field to field, taking casualties all the way. But it had to be done this way. They learned how to fight in the hedgerows on the job, in combat, opposite a tough, determined enemy.*

*Hotot fell before the attack of the 330th. Shortly thereafter the 331st captured Sainteny. They pushed on towards the Taute River, where they hoped to take a breather. Casualties were heavy. Fallen comrades were replaced by new men, and they continued to push on. They became acquainted as never before with blood, death, fear and courage. Those were nights of living hell. Not until long after, were they to know how decisive this relentless fighting was.*





1st Army front, west of the Vire River, July 8-15, 1944



VIA V-MAIL  
 To: Miss Bette Lyell  
 Tecumseh, Nebraska

From: Lt. L.L. Chittenden 0-517881  
 Co I, 330th INF  
 APO 83  
 c/o PM New York, N.Y.

July 11, 1944

*My Dearest Darling Bette:*

*Honey, I know that you don't like v-mail, and I don't like to send it, but under the conditions, it's all I can get a hold of. Sweets, I know it's been ages since I have written to you, but I know that if you knew what I have gone through and I am going through, you will excuse me. I hope to be able to write a more decent letter in a couple of days after things cool down somewhat.*

*I went through quite a 4th of July celebration this year, more banging than ever, but the real thing this time, no play. Honey, all we can do is pray to God and hope for the best. I hope it isn't much longer.*

*Sweets, I wish you could see me. Whiskers an inch long, dirty and ragged, a tommy gun under one arm, hand grenades all over me and also knives. I really look mean, and I am mean too.*

*Sweets, not much more room or news to write this time. Honey, I do love you so very, very much, and you don't know how I miss you. Keep up your good writing, and I will do my best.*

*I love you sweetheart.*

*All my Love & Kisses,*

*Larry*

---

*They attacked every day for twenty-three straight days, from dawn till dark. They repulsed the enemy's counter-attacks and moved forward. They became exhausted, physically and mentally. They lost their closest friends; reinforcements became veterans in a few days-if they lasted.*

---

I had another officer that happened to be in I and R platoon (Intelligence and Reconnaissance) at the time, and he said that Eisenhower and the staff debated on whether to just do away with our division altogether or whether to fill it back up with replacements. There was that few of us left.

### **What did they do?**

They replaced us. Then see, the Airborne, the 82nd, at that time consisted of -- I'm not positive of this -- two or three jump battalions and they had a couple gliders. Those damn gliders, they'd tie 'em on behind these DC 3's and fill 'em full of, oh they could get a jeep on 'em, they could get a cannon an artillery piece on 'em and some of 'em were full of troops. The British could get 32 men in one. All of these fields in those hedgerows were filled with sharpened steaks, posts, so that if they'd come down they couldn't land in there, or if they did they raised Cain.

They used them in D-Day, and, of course, they were just no good. One would land clear the hell over here and crash, and there'd be maybe two guys left. And one would land somewhere else. They were real susceptible to anti-aircraft fire and even small arms fire. They were just nothing but a frame with canvas stretched over it. They were just like an airplane only they had no motors and they were cheaply built. When they landed in that airborne operation up north, when they crossed the Rhine towards the end of the war, they pulled two at once. So they broke those all up, and we got 'em as replacements. They weren't very happy, to go from airborne down to ground and infantry 'cause the airborne in those days, they were elite. They just figured they were a little better than the rest of us. They'd gone through jump training, and they'd gone through a lot more rigorous training than we had. We were just civilian punks, you know, and that made us mad.

They had the paratrooper jump boots where we had them old combat boots which were nothing but a pair of old GI shoes with a piece of leather sewed on top with two buckles on 'em. (Chuckles) So we were always bartering with 'em as soon as they came in to get their boots. And if one of 'em got killed, he didn't have his boots on when Grave Registration got him

'cause somebody would pull 'em off of him. They were a jump boot, a solid leather boot with a lace. They were very good quality shoes. Eventually they issued that to all the troops. But what'd happened, the Army started out with these GI clod hoppers, and they had so damn many of 'em they couldn't afford to throw 'em away so they re-did 'em by sewing these tops on 'em and called 'em combat boots. They had two buckles on 'em, and you folded 'em over and buckled 'em. Originally when we started out, of course, we had chaps, leggings. We all had leggings. They were canvas that had a loop under, then you had to lace the sucker up.

**That was on top of your regular pants?**

Yeah, you tucked your pant down in there into that canvas legging, which was pretty tough stuff.

I can remember another situation that sticks in my mind. One was this man whose grave we found in Normandy. He was my platoon guide.

When you marched, you had a platoon going down the road in a column of threes, and you had the squad leaders at the head of each squad, and you had the assistant squad leaders at the rear of each squad. I, as a lieutenant, was ahead, and right behind was the platoon guide, and they guided on him, where he went, they followed him. He was about the third in command. There was a lieutenant in command of the platoon, and the platoon sergeant was an assistant second in command, and the guide was third. He was a nice fellow. He was a county agent somewhere in Kentucky, had an education. And we got in one situation through this hedgerow, and he took the BAR (Browning Automatic Rifle) that big rifle with a tripod out there, and he was firing it, and he got killed right there... they got him... just bang, he dropped dead.

And that had me upset... and uh, oh, I don't know... it was just... just kind of, that... I think that was one of the hardest losses I had was that guy. I really liked him and he was really... he really helped me, and he was for me. Some of those non-coms had come in from the old Second Horse Calvary out of Fort Riley, Kansas. They were old regular army, and they

were kind of opinionated. They had been that rank for probably years, and I was a damn 90-day wonder out of OCS (Officer Candidates School) you know, I didn't know nothing, and I was green behind the ears, probably five or ten years younger than they were. But this kid was just, he was just super... and that hurt me to lose that guy.

**What was his name?**

Cundiff... But anyway... that's enough for now. When I think of him, I could cry, and I don't want to cry.

Ralph Cundiff

Rank: S. Sergeant

Date Of Death: July 6, 1944

Kentucky

Unit 330 Infantry 83 Division

Decoration: Purple Heart

Serial # 35497961

---

*Then came the swamps, near Remily Sur Luzon, crossed after a dirty bloody struggle, where they left many of their buddies behind. Their weapons were clogged with mud, and the enemy's long prepared, well-placed strong points were becoming harder to crack.*

---

In this particular fight we were moved up along a road and we were to take off across this rather flat ground and parallel to that were some ditches. Not real deep, not real shallow, not any running water in them but some water in them. And the objective of course was a hill, I would guess it was 2 or 3 blocks ahead of us.

**So was this after you had made it through all the hedgerows?**

Yeah, these weren't hedgerows we were in, this was a piece of flat ground.

**So were you in the ditches or along side of them?**

The ditches ran the same direction we were going towards the hill. "L" Company was on my left and I was the 3rd platoon (I company) and the 1st platoon (also I company) was on my right and we started out. We were doing what they called fire and movement.

In other words you just continually kept firing, you never stopped, you fired from the hip and just kept walking. You didn't run and you didn't walk slow you just kept moving. And this we did until I got up to a bank or a rise in the ground that we could get down behind. At that point we stopped because "L" company had gotten pinned down on my left and they couldn't move any further and of course I didn't want to move on out ahead of them. The 1st platoon leader ended up there with me and he was trying to check and make sure we had connections with "L" company and where we were. So he stuck his head up over the bank to look and the enemy machine guns just cut his head off right there. We were stuck there. We couldn't move anymore at that time and this bank was high enough... maybe five feet where I could crouch down behind it and have protection. After we were held up, they put some flare flags out and they brought in some air force to strafe the position and as I remember that ended up all right, nobody got shot up by our own planes.

### What are flare flags?

They laid out panels on the ground that were a fluorescent color that would direct the airplanes where to go. In other words, we are here so don't fire behind this, fire ahead of us. But we couldn't move and the Germans started throwing in some white phosphorus shells and they are pretty potent. If any of the phosphorus gets on you it's a wound and a pretty bad wound. So we were pinned down there and pinned down for the night but the thing I think that bothers me the worst was, through the night we had wounded men down in those ditches and they started calling for help, naturally cause they wanted a medic and we tried to get medics down there, tried to get people down there to get em but we couldn't. They put fire on us so intense every time we'd show ourselves there was no way we could ever get to em. And I can remember that night.... some of em down there.... and it was very weird through the rest of that day and the night those men calling.... the wailing call of your name and "help me, come help me, get me, come help me". And of course there was nothing we could do. There was no way we could get to em. And in the morning as I remember the Germans pulled out and we walked on up the hill. There were

some buildings up there and we checked them out and cleaned them out and that was that particular firefight.... That's the story.... But the thing that bothers me yet is those guys laying there calling "help, come get me, help", the rest of the day and most of the night. And that gets pretty weird when they're your men and you can't get there to help em....

The fire and movement was a new thing for us, we had never done it, I had never done it before. But I had been issued a grease gun just before we did this and that was a slow rate fire machine gun that they'd come out with. As I remember I had about 80 rounds of ammunition and I just held that at my hip and I just kept firing and when the clip was empty I'd throw it down and put in another one and just keep going. It was effective in that particular case as far as my outfit was concerned.... I guess that's it.

---

*Their jump-off at noon on the 14th of July found them moving ahead quickly, but by night they were stopped in the middle of the morass, where they remained for three days. Finally, after bitter fighting and with many casualties, they came out on the high ground on the opposite side--again their objective was taken. Moving over to the left, they spent about a week in defensive positions around Le Barre, from which they jumped off down the St. Lo-Coutances highway on the 25th.*

---



*Two soldiers hit the ground on a street in St. Lô.*





*Catching a nap in a Normandy foxhole.*

You know, it was hard to distinguish days and nights, and, of course, you had no idea the 28th of July. Hell, I didn't know if it was the 28th or the 92nd day of July. You had no calendars, you had nothing.

*Added to the fear of immanent death was the misery of the elements. That meant dealing with wet weather and chilly nights. It also meant not being able to wash. The soldiers lived in filth, and the filth attracted pesky insects. Fleas populated the Norman mud holes in which the soldiers lived. They thrived on the gas-impregnated clothing, and they were everywhere on their bodies, especially around their waists. They were issued flea powder to get rid of them, but to no avail, they thrived on the powder.*

*Rain kept pouring down from the constantly clouded skies, soaking the earth, filling their foxholes, and drenching their already muddy fatigues. The mud was getting deeper, threatening to prevent the movement of tanks, half-tracks, jeeps and trucks. There was little or no air support, but they attacked anyway. The German counterattacks were getting more vicious and more frequent. For a time they kept the 330th from moving. But they kept hacking away at the hedges, and they started to grind forward again. The weather finally broke in their favor.*

Such a damn cruddy, dirty feeling. Your teeth felt like they were about an inch wide from the gook on 'em. I had taken a hunk of parachute (from when the 101st Airborne landed), and I'd take that and wipe my teeth. And good God, the damn uniforms we were in were those wool OD (olive drab) uniforms, heavy as hell with that gas impregnation on 'em. I'll swear if you took 'em off, they'd a stood by themselves, they were just completely stiff. And sweat, Lord I'd sweat until I was just wringing wet, and then you'd go to bed at night in that slit trench, what sleep we got. All we had to cover with was that raincoat, and that made you wringing wet. You'd wake up wringing wet with that 'cause you'd get no air through it at all. They were kind of rubberized plastic. I never had such a cruddy feeling in all my life. Nothing to eat, a lot of them dang K Rations. Water was scarce, and you didn't dare take any water from anywhere around there 'cause all those French farms the barn drained down toward the house well (laughs). Of course, the French didn't drink water; they drank cider and wine. The water



*Piece of 101st Airborne parachute that Lawrence wore around his neck throughout the war.*

was just used to cook with, and that's a fact in that country. 'Ceedy' they called it, everything was 'ceedy'. I don't care a lot for cider today. But the kitchen crew were real good. They brought meals up sometimes that I'd see them big cans they used with the clamp on the lid with shrapnel holes in 'em.

**You always had enough cigarettes though right?**

**Did they supply you?**

Yeah, officers got a ration every month. Those k-rations had a little pack in there. They were usually Fleetwood's and Chelsea, but then anything was alright.

**How did you shower or bathe?**

That's what I'm talking about, I went over two weeks without any. I wiped my teeth with that piece of parachute. That was about the only clean looking thing I had on me. I had a handkerchief probably at one time but that thing was gone long ago. Then they'd come up with them hot meals in the dark. Have you ever had mashed potatoes and gravy and fruit cocktail (laughing) and meat underneath it? (Laughing)

**Mixed together?**

Oh hell yeah. (Laughing) It was dark, and you went down that line cahwank, cahwank. You couldn't see where it was going, and they didn't give a damn. They were usually scared shitless and trying to get you served and get the hell out of there. (Laughing) Sometimes part of you were served, and then you'd have to go back on line, and then the next bunch would come out and be served and all the time you were drawing mortar fire and everything else.

**What did you do with your prisoners of war?**

You sent 'em back to the rear. You sent 'em back to the back headquarters. When you were in a rifle company, they probably went back to company headquarters and from there to battalion and regiment and clear on back, but a lot of times, along the way they'd interrogate 'em and find out anything they could.

**Did you interrogate any?**

No, I couldn't speak German.



*A captured German POW being secured near St. Lô.*

**Did you capture any?**

Not directly, no, but we were always picking up some here and there.

**Did you take their weapons?**

Most of the time they'd throw their weapons down or they got rid of 'em before they surrendered. If you got one right where he was, they'd drop them right away. And if they wouldn't drop 'em, you'd shoot 'em. You know, I tell that story about the guy on the stretcher and the sniper.

**Okay, tell it.**

We had a guy wounded, and the litter bearers came up to get him and put him on the stretcher, and this German sniper killed one litter bearer and wounded another one. Then the sniper came a shinnying down the tree, "Comrade." Well we'd just gotten a directive down from higher up saying, "Be sure and send all the prisoners to the rear." So I picked a couple of men, and told 'em to take him back to headquarters, and they took off with him. They hadn't been gone very long, and here they come back. I asked 'em what happened to the sniper, and see the Germans would a lot of times shell or put artillery in an intersection or road crossing. So they said they got down there in the intersection in the road and the artillery got him. It didn't touch my men a bit.

That was pretty dirty, shooting at the litter bearers, not to mention killing one of 'em. He (the German

sniper) evidently ran out of ammunition, and he was up in a tree, so here he comes surrendering see, so he knew he was done for.

**Is that really what happened, that the artillery got him?**

No, they shot him.

**So they just took him back there and shot him and said that the Germans had shot him?**

Well, they just said the artillery got him, but anyway...

**Wasn't that against the Geneva Conventions?**

Well, yeah, the Geneva Convention rules wouldn't have allowed for that, but after what he'd done, it made everybody pretty damn mad, you know what I mean?

*[Editors' note: The Geneva Conventions are a set of treaties formulated in Geneva, Switzerland, that set the standards for international law for humanitarian concerns, particularly the treatment of members of armed forces, prisoners, and civilians during armed conflict or war. Wikipedia]*

**Because you weren't supposed to shoot at the medics were you?**

No, but that didn't bother them (the Germans). I can remember another time where we were having a firefight, and we were doing a little bit better job than they were. They ran in the Red Cross truck and all took off in it and got out under the Red Cross. I've seen 'em do that too. They weren't angels by any means.



*Digging out after the Cobra bombardment*

*On the morning of the 25th of July, the bombers came; thousands upon thousands of them, some 3,000 of them. The air was full of medium bombers, heavy bombers, attack bombers, fighters and reconnaissance planes. On they came for eighty minutes. The air was filled with noise and the dust rose for miles. They wanted to stand in their foxholes and cheer. This was the kind of support they had been looking for, the kind they urgently needed. Now it was there; now the Germans were catching hell. Although for two days the fighting continued to be hard, on the 27th they broke through. The German lines were broken. They had helped open that hole. They saw the armor, the fresh Divisions pass through that hole in the German lines they had fought so hard to open. The breakthrough had come.*

[Reading from the book Closing With The Enemy by Michael Doubler] "We placed them in just the right spot for a front row view of what was the largest air-ground operation ever attempted by American Forces. "Operation Cobra" began the morning of the 25th of July. Over 1500 heavy bombers dropped 3300 tons of bombs to saturate the entire target area. More than 380 medium bombers dropped 650 tons of high explosive and fragmentation bombs while 550 fighter-bombers dropped more than 200 tons of high explosive and napalm. The 3.5 and 1.5 mile target area was only 1500 yards in front of the American line."

They were hitting pretty damn close.

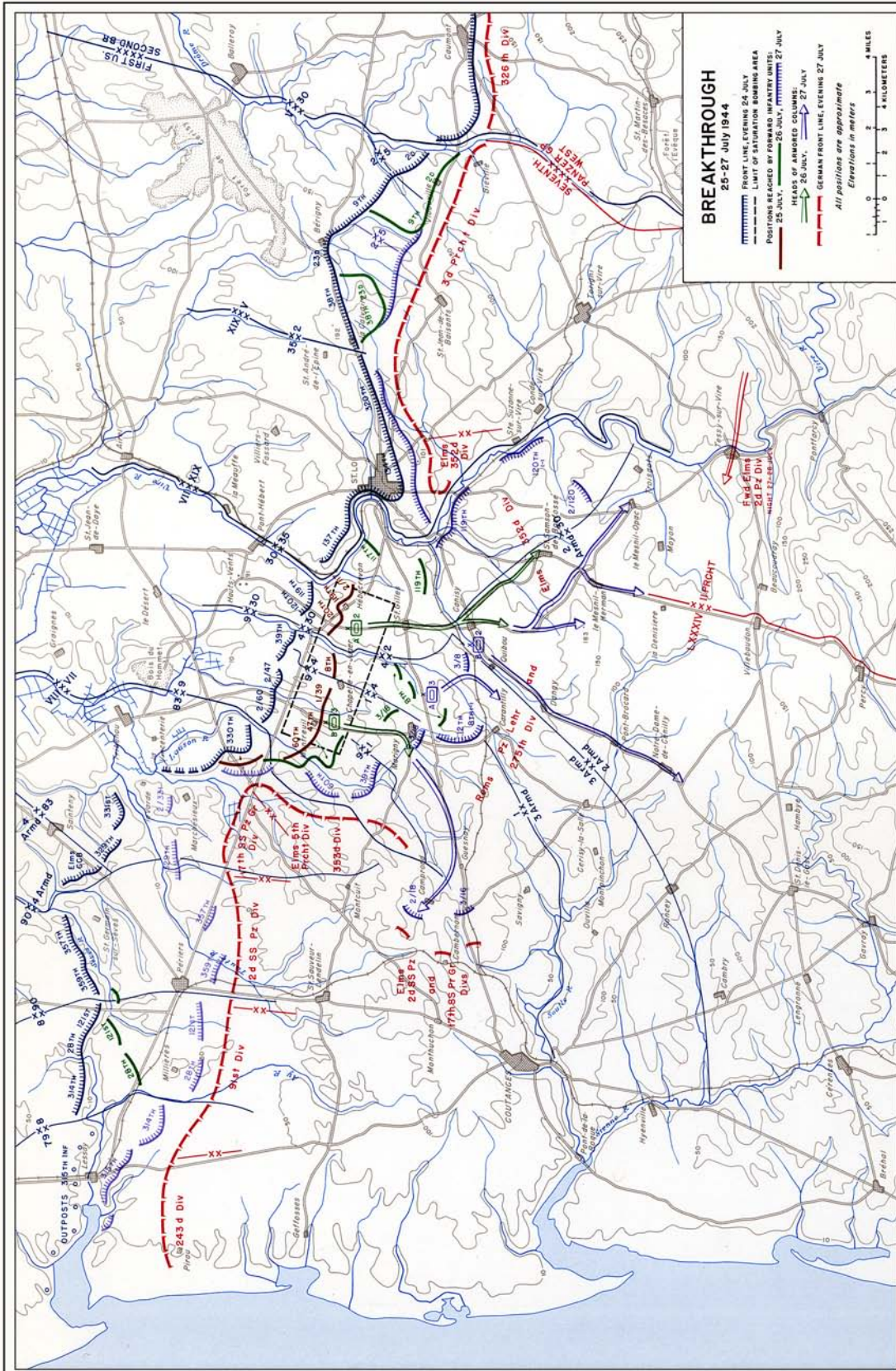
[Continues reading from the book Closing With The Enemy by Michael Doubler] "In fact, many GIs were killed that day by short bombing runs." There was some of that too. Some of 'em fell short. It goes on here...

[Reading] "Heart pounding does not adequately describe the experience of watching all this at close range. It must have seemed that the world was coming to an end as wave after wave..."

Hell, the sky was dark with them damn things. There's another division that was in there, the 9th, they were in that area, the 90th the 9th and the 83rd, but this is interesting it says...



U.S. ARMY TOPOGRAPHIC COMMAND



9-66 Printed by the U. S. Army Topographic Command MAP VI

Operation Cobra Breakthrough, July 25-27, 1944





U.S. ARMY PHOTO

*Operation Cobra bombardment visible in the background*

[Reading] “It must have seemed like their world was coming to an end as wave after wave of bombers delivered continuous shock waves of exploding bombs that shook the earth and turned it into a lunar landscape. A GI in the 9th Division described the scene from his foxhole, ‘It started with a small spotter aircraft that marked the target with flares then the heavies came in low a hundred at a time.’ The sound of all those bombs exploding at the same time was the most terrible sound that he had ever heard. The air was choked with dust so thick that you couldn’t see, and the concussion was so great that their clothing ballooned out.”

It was the damndest bombing you ever saw. The sky was so full of airplanes you couldn’t tell what it was. I never will forget, it liked to scare the poop out of me. I was sitting there, and all at once something landed, and it looked just like a bomb, but it didn’t go off. I didn’t know what it was. It was a spare fuel tank off of one of the planes. They’d jettisoned one of the empty tanks, you know, and it looked like a bomb to me, but that’s all it was.

**What did you do just sit there and wait for ‘em to bomb?**

That’s all you could do.

**How long was it?**

It wasn’t that long. They saturated bombs so heavy that the Germans were stunned, and we could break through and cut a hole in their line and capture ‘em. Then, of course, Patton and the 3rd Army, which was a highly mechanized army, took off and swept down around Lemans and in through there and back up (into France). He had a good share of the tank divisions, and they tried to get us to keep up by foot. Well, there was no way we could keep up by foot. It was hot and dry, and we’d been fighting. So we did it that one day, and then they pulled us off into a rest area, and we kind of rejuvenated and recuperated a little bit and went on afterwards.

He (Patton) was moving with armored, you know, and he was going. That noon we’d stopped along the road for a break, and he came down the road in that big car of his with the four seats, you know, and that damn dog, (laughs) the homeliest son of a bitch that ever lived (the dog). He came along there, and I had this platoon runner, or he was my orderly. I can’t remember his name, but when he got excited or he got to talking, he stuttered. We were sitting there on the bank, and we had our lunch. We were eating, whether it was time or not. You never did eat on time. But it was a famous old jelly sandwich, which was



U.S. ARMY PHOTO

*St. Lô in ruins.*

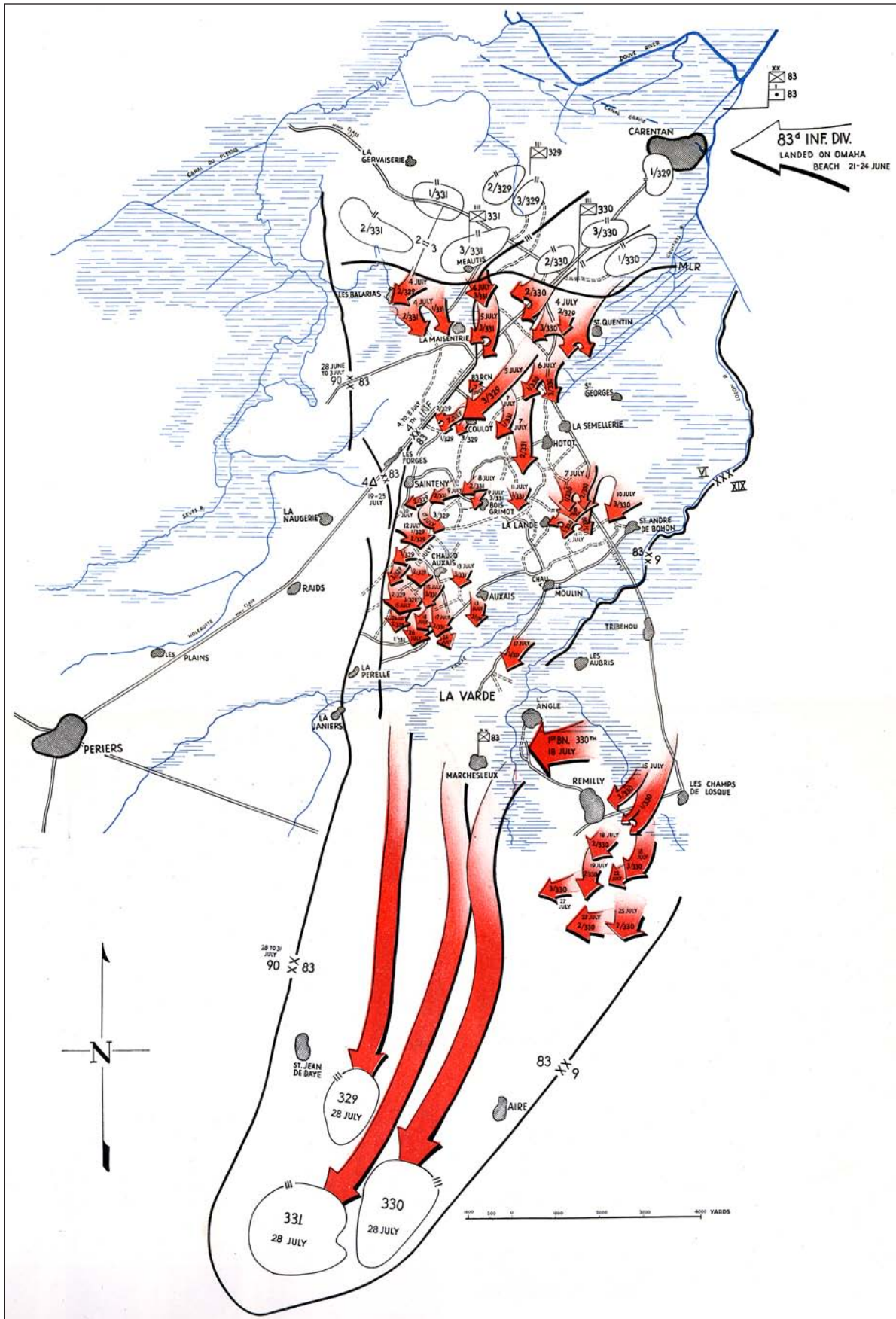
that the jelly had soaked into the bread from being hot, and you usually didn't even have enough water to wash it down.

But here he (Patton) came down along the line congratulating the troops, (chuckles) and this kid looked up and said, "Tststststwhose tstststthat ssssson of a bitch?" he says. (Laughing) Oh, I wanted to crawl into an ant hole somewhere in the ground. But Patton (laughing) he was like that, that was his deal. He wanted to be tough and talk rough and such as that. He stopped and shook my hand and went on.

*The 83rd had seized all their assigned objectives in Normandy, and Operation "COBRA" was successful. The miracle of the Breakthrough is history. The Allies were fanning out in all directions, out of the Cotentin Peninsula, into Brittany, into Northern France. They were trying to catch the Nazis before they could stop running and could prepare another strong line of defense. The nerve-wracking days of Normandy were over. Those damn hedgerows were behind them, and now they could see ahead for thousands of yards, even for miles. At long last, they were getting somewhere. They had the enemy on the run. They had shaken him loose from his position.*

So they refilled my 83rd Division with replacements, and we kept going. In fact, it was then that we made that run down into Brest.





THUNDERBOLT ACROSS EUROPE

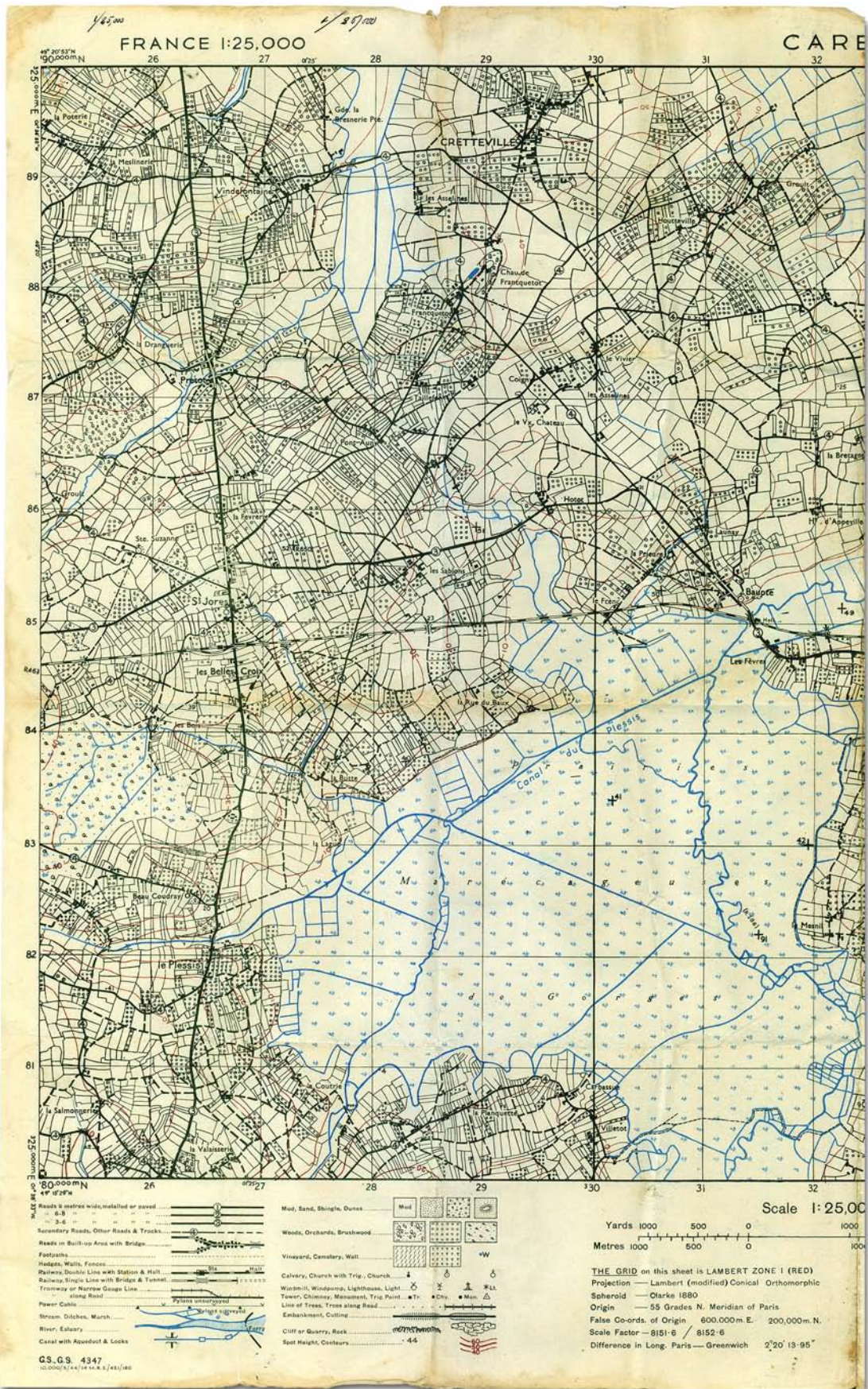
Movement of the 83rd Infantry Division through Normandy





Map of Carentan Lawrence carried with him with his routes marked in pencil.





Map of Carentan (left side) Lawrence carried with him.





Map of Carentan (right side) Lawrence carried with him.



R E S T R I C T E D

General Orders No. 107, 1945, cont'd.

IV--AWARD OF BRONZE STAR MEDAL (Posthumous)--Under the provisions of AR 600-45 dated 22 September 1943, as amended, and Memorandum No. 34, Headquarters Ninth United States Army, dated 8 September 1944, as amended, the Bronze Star Medal is to be awarded posthumously to the following:

TECHNICAL SERGEANT EMMETT C. DELANEY, 39325145, Armored, 736th Tank Battalion, United States Army. For distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States from 25 January 1945 to 14 April 1945, in Germany. During this period, Sergeant Delaney, as Battalion Supply NCO, performed his duties in a superior manner. He spent many long hours making trips far to the rear areas to supply depots to procure vital equipment, often passing through enemy held terrain. On one such mission, Sergeant Delaney's supply train was ambushed by the enemy and in the ensuing action he was mortally wounded. His complete devotion to duty reflect great credit upon himself and uphold the finest traditions of the military service. Entered military service from Oregon. Residence: 1015 Hartford Avenue, Bend, Oregon.

V--AWARD OF PURPLE HEART MEDAL--Under the provisions of AR 600-45, dated 22 September 1943, as amended, and Memorandum No. 34, Headquarters Ninth United States Army, dated 8 September 1944, as amended, the Purple Heart Medal is awarded to the following:

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS ARTHUR C. ANDERSON, 35714595, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 11 January 1945, in Belgium. Entered military service from West Virginia.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS URBAN E. AUGUSTIN, 20749429, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 1 April 1945, in Germany. Entered military service from Minnesota.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS STANLEY R. BOITCHER, 36889602, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 9 August 1944, in France. Entered military service from Michigan.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS LOUIS F. BOND, 32517665, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 13 January 1945, in Belgium. Entered military service from New York.

STAFF SERGEANT PAUL A. CENTER, 34388576, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 26 July 1944, in France. Entered military service from South Carolina.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS JOHNNY L. CHAVEZ, 39280415, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 11 July 1944, in France. Entered military service from California.

FIRST LIEUTENANT LAWRENCE L. CHITTENDEN, 0517881, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 7 July 1944, in France. Entered military service from Nebraska.

SECOND LIEUTENANT RAYMOND F. COBLEY, 0542164, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 15 December 1944, in Germany. Entered military service from Washington.

CORPORAL GEORGE F. COOPER, JR., 35739611, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 7 August 1944, in France. Entered military service from West Virginia.

CORPORAL CLELLAND CRAIN, 35671302, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 14 July 1944, in France. Entered military service from Kentucky.

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R E S T R I C T E D



R E S T R I C T E D

General Orders No. 107, 1945, cont'd. ✓

✓ FIRST LIEUTENANT LAWRENCE L. CHITTENDEN, 0517881, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 28 July 1944, in France. Entered military service from Nebraska.

SERGEANT MEYER FAGELMAN, 36579606, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 13 April 1945, in Germany. Entered military service from Michigan.

STAFF SERGEANT WILLIAM L. JOHNSON, 33254800, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 4 April 1945, in Germany. Entered military service from Pennsylvania.

STAFF SERGEANT CORNELIUS LACKEY, 35639150, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 13 April 1945, in Germany. Entered military service from West Virginia.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS HERMAN W. LEMON, 33076441, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 29 December 1944, in Belgium. Entered military service from Pennsylvania.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS HERMAN W. LEMON, 33076441, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 29 December 1944, in Belgium. Entered military service from Pennsylvania.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS FELIX G. LEWIS, 35449482, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 2 March 1945, in Germany. Entered military service from Kentucky.

STAFF SERGEANT EDGAR E. LUTGEN, 37725655, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 10 October 1944, in Luxembourg. Entered military service from Missouri.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS WILLARD M. PLANT, 31352455, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 4 April 1945, in Germany. Entered military service from Maine.

CAPTAIN MAURICE G. REIDY, 01287061, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 26 September 1944, in Luxembourg. Entered military service from Massachusetts.

CAPTAIN MAURICE G. REIDY, 01287061, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 20 April 1945, in Germany. Entered military service from Massachusetts.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS ERNEST R. SMIDER, 35675761, Medical Department, U. S. Army, for wounds received in action on 3 April 1945, in Germany. Entered military service from Ohio.

FIRST LIEUTENANT EDWIN J. SULLIVAN, 01297116, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 17 July 1944, in France. Entered military service from Ohio.

FIRST LIEUTENANT EDWIN J. SULLIVAN, 01297116, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 22 August 1944, in France. Entered military service from Ohio.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS LEONG J. THING, 32921843, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 14 December 1944, in Germany. Entered military service from New Jersey.

STAFF SERGEANT WARREN H. WILSON, 33254381, Infantry, United States Army, for wounds received in action on 2 March 1945, in Germany. Entered military service from Pennsylvania.

- 7 -  
R E S T R I C T E D



Award of Silver Star medal



## BRITTANY, FRANCE – August 2, 1944 to September 24, 1944

*After the now famous breakthrough, the 330th spent a short rest period in the vicinity of Marigny, France. On the 3rd of August 1944, the Division moved by motor transportation into Brittany, through Granville and Avranches, seeing towns for the first time that had escaped the total destruction of the villages around the Normandy beachhead. Advances that took weeks to make in Normandy, were made now in a few hours. The Germans were trying hard to break out to the coastline again, but too late to stop the Allied avalanche that was rolling against them with increasing momentum. Task Force "A", commanded by Brigadier General Earnest, was detached from the 6th Armored Division, and with the 3rd Bn, 330th Infantry, the 15th Cavalry Group, 705th Tank Destroyer Battalion and C Battery 323 FA Bn, moved out toward Brest where they joined the American Force which later contained and captured that important port.*

*For some time now these and other forces had kept Brest cut off from the rest of Brittany, leaving the sea as the only possible means of escape for the Germans in the city.*

*Many roadblocks had previously been established by the enemy, and the coastline was protected by numerous German pillboxes. The American forces maintained a steady, methodical pounding of the German forces that were trying to keep their hold of the peninsula. The Germans possessed all types of artillery and naval guns.*

Brest was a very, very important port, and the United States wanted it as a supply route into Paris and on into the rest of France and eventually into Europe. Really what we went there for was, in the town of Morlaix was a trestle bridge, and my God, the sucker looked as high as a mountain and as long as from here to eternity. Our objective was to get in there and secure that bridge so the Germans wouldn't blow it up, 'cause it would take 'em forever to rebuild it.



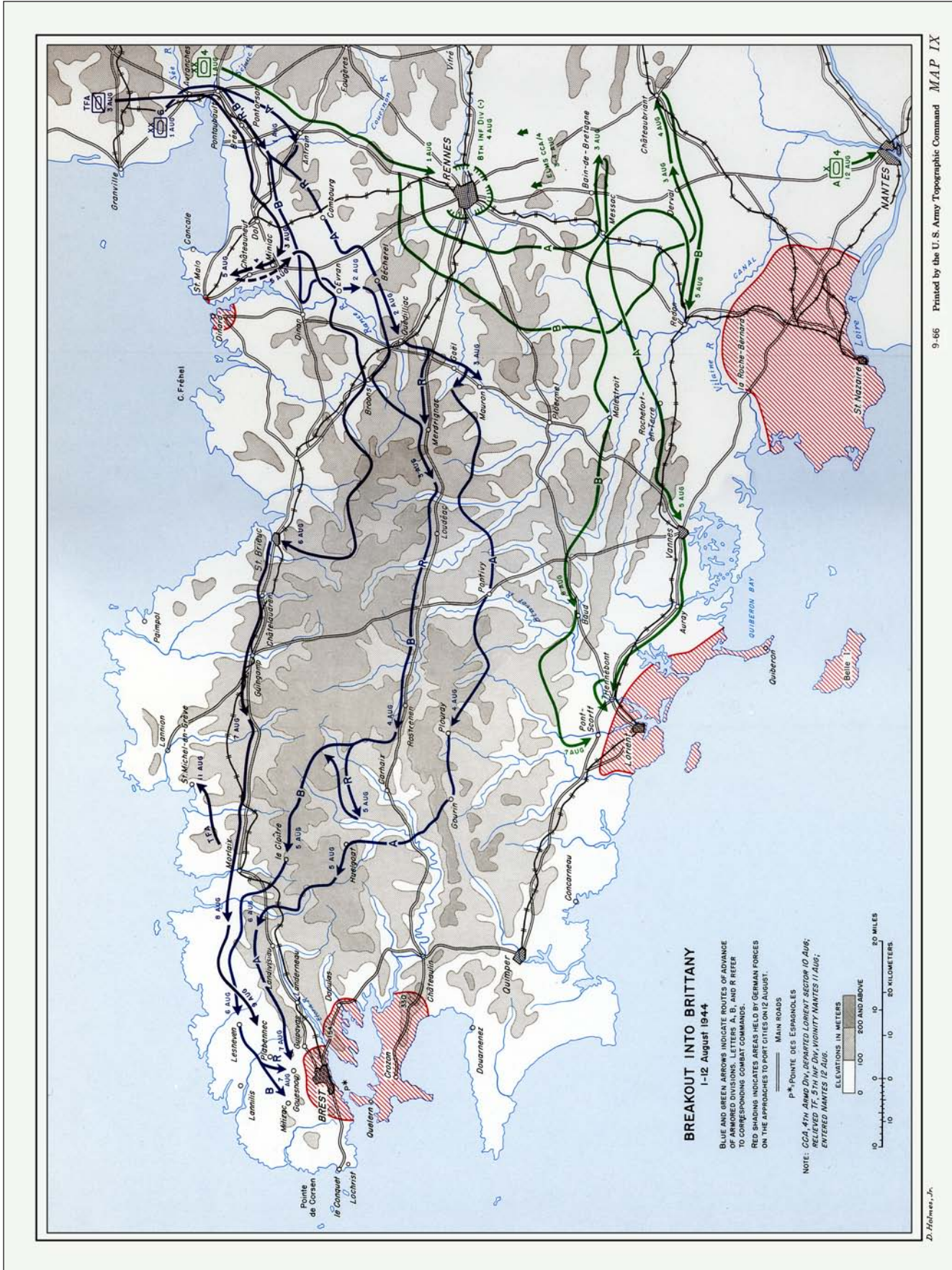
*After the breakthrough in Normandy, U.S. forces on the way to Avranches*

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

There were no friendly troops anywhere around... we were out going down along the coast while the rest of our division was trying to take... off of St. Malo is a citadel out on an island, a fortress, and that's what the rest of the division was trying to do. That was rougher fighting than ours.

Prior to leaving they gave us the orders, and they issued a silk escape map which you could wad up and put in your mouth, then the asshole compass that you could stick in your rectum so you would have a way if you were captured or cut off or could get away, you could find your way back to friendly line. They weren't much bigger around than your finger.

But, of course, the Germans at that time were so disorganized they didn't know where they were. Most of those German troops were coastal defense troops, they weren't good troops. There were a lot of old men and that type, and they were forced to fight by the SS that were in the area making them fight. They weren't crack troops. There was a lot of horse pulled stuff and that type Wehrmacht. This was, of course, Hitler's whole theory, and this is what he had done. The Wehrmacht was the draftee, the enlistee, but Hitler was smart enough whenever he put 'em out there in a place they were fighting and things got a little tough, he put a unit of some kind of SS behind 'em, and they didn't have much choice. It was either go ahead or turn back. They were gonna get it one way or the other.



9-86 Printed by the U. S. Army Topographic Command MAP IX

D. Holmes, Jr.

Breakout into Brittany, August 1-12, 1944.



**By their own men?**

Yep.

**The SS would kill their own troops if they retreated?**

You betcha they would.

So we formed a task force. They took my battalion, the 3rd Battalion 330th Infantry, and I was in "T" Company at that time. I don't know what platoon I had at that time, but I started out with the 3rd Platoon. I might have been weapons platoon commander then, I don't know. But anyway, they took that 3rd Battalion, and they made a task force, which consisted of a cavalry group that was light tanks and armored cars and jeeps with machine guns mounted into the floor of 'em. Battalion infantry, which was us, a battalion of construction engineers, heavy engineers and a battalion of tank destroyers. And they wanted this cavalry group with the cavalry general in command and sent us out along the coast to clean out all the Germans there and up to the city of Brest and take Brest.

*Task Force "A" cracked pillboxes systematically using flamethrowers, demolitions, tank destroyers and artillery fire and drove the Germans from other entrenched positions. It was called straight infantry fighting -- nothing like Normandy.*

A lot of the things we captured going to Brest were these great big coastal defense mammoth guns that they had along the coast. Of course, they were designed to fire out at ships in the ocean, and luckily they wouldn't turn around. In other words they couldn't turn it around and shoot at us.

So we started out, and it was probably some of the best fighting I ever got into because this general didn't put you in any tough spots. He gave you all you needed to get what he wanted done. Our fighting mostly was in little towns and villages where there'd be German resistance or German troops, and we had this armored cavalry, which was scurrying all around checking these places, and we had 'em completely confused 'cause they had no communication. That cavalry of jeeps and



U.S. ARMY PHOTO

*U.S. troops near Brest*

armored cars would come in from the west and then the east and then the north, and the Germans didn't know if they were surrounded or who all was fighting them. Once in a while we'd get a town where there was some pretty stiff resistance.

We had continual air support all the time, P38s, 51s, 47s, over us anytime we wanted them, checking everything. And we had an Air Force liaison officer in a jeep right with us all the time, and he had 'call' to a squadron of pursuit planes at any time that we wanted it. I followed that Air Force officer that was liaisoning on the ground into the air, and he'd say, "Check that out over there in that area and see what's there." And they'd come back and say, "Well we see something in there." And he'd say, "Get 'em. Hit 'em." And they'd dive down in there and strafe and bomb 'em.

Most of our fighting was towns or villages. We'd pull up on the parameter, unload out of the trucks and infantry would form, and we'd start towards town. This general was an armored general, and I thought he was a pip, a wonderful guy. He didn't sacrifice his infantry. He did all he could to save 'em. He'd bring them old tank destroyers up there on a hill somewhere, and they'd start laying them 90mm shells down the streets of that town and those stone buildings. Those 90s would ricochet from one building to the other through town and scare 'em out. They'd take off, and when they took off out the backside, then the air corps was there, and they'd just slaughter 'em. It was really... it really chewed 'em up. It was terrible. After we'd done that for a few days that's where we'd begin to get a lot of prisoners. We turned the prisoners over to the Free French.

I had this one truck driver, a Black sergeant from a truck company. I had two trucks for my platoon, and one of these drivers, the first time we got out to go up to do a little fighting, why here he came. He had his carbine and was crawling right along with the squad that was in the lead. I said, "What are you doing here?" He said, "Sir, I'm here to fight this war just the same as you," he says. "If we're gonna whip 'em, then I'm gonna help." He wanted to fight. Well, I didn't stop him, and he did.

But he's the same one that we got such a kick out of when we'd get out of our trucks to go and fight, and

then we'd come back to the trucks to move on, and at nights we'd stop with the trucks in an assembly area, and he'd take his entrenching shovel and go off into the weeds of the bush and go to the bathroom. And EVERY TIME he'd come back leading one or two prisoners. (Laughing) It got to be a joke. We'd say -- I can't remember his name, he was a sergeant -- "There goes ol' Sergeant So-and-So to take a crap. I wonder how many he'll get this time." We laughed at that.

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*Among the French towns they passed through, Morlaix will perhaps be longest remembered, as it was here they learned something of the gratitude of the French people, who had been living four years under harsh German rule.*

---

I think that's also where I had one of the most interesting experiences happen. It was hot. It was August, and we were walking now. We're moving, and we were along this railroad marching along. We went in there with woolen ODs (olive drab uniforms) and all those gas protection things, and you hadn't had a chance to bathe or anything. This French lady came out to me in kind of a Red Cross outfit, it was kind of a blue and white striped uniform, and kept wanting me to come, "Come, come."

Well, I couldn't speak any French, so I grabbed my runner and another enlisted man and went with her. And she took me in this little café, kind of like an old railroad diner, and I'll bet there were six tables in there just completely full of bottles of liquor. I have never ever seen so many different kinds. "Have some," you know, "Help yourself." And they were, "Vive la France," "V for victory," "Have it, drink it, come on, Vive la France." Well, it was hot, and in the summer there was no way you'd touch that stuff. But they just... they were so happy to see you. That's what made fighting worthwhile.

**So what did you do with that stuff, did you have somebody come get it?**

Thanked her for it, and I might have taken a bottle or something and told her the best I could that I couldn't... that we'd come back or something. There was just no



way. It was hot, and you hadn't had anything to eat. You'd a been staggering drunk in two sips. Some of 'em were pretty... Oh, I wished later I could have just had time to really look at it, you know what I mean, and examine it 'cause it would have been fascinating to see all of the different liqueurs and liquors and wines that they had there wanting us to drink.

That was a fun fight. And they were always coming out along the side of the road giving you calvados. This was all apple country up in there, and they made like an applejack. Boy it was rough stuff (laughing), like white lightning. It looked like water, and it was horrible.

Anyway, then we got out in there, and we captured that big old railroad trestle, and at the same time I captured a German whorehouse. (Laughing)

### Where was that?

The town of Morlaix out on the coast, before we got to Brest.

The Germans had had a house with women for themselves and all the men, and the Germans had taken off and left. They'd disappeared so I guess they (the women) thought they were gonna take our men in place of the Germans. You didn't want to fraternize with any French woman over there that wore a turban or a scarf around their head 'cause any of them that fraternized with the Germans, after we took the country, they captured and shaved their heads. That's how they identified 'em.

All these gals came out and started honeying up to everybody and making passes at 'em. They were beckoning my men, you know (laughing), "Come in," or "Come yon," and, "I'll be glad to see you." They were wanting to switch sides real quick, but I successfully managed to keep 'em moving. But I always talk about it (laughing), capturing the German Whorehouse. (Laughing)

I had a hell of a time keeping 'em [his men] in line and keeping 'em going there. (Laughing)

### And they didn't have any takers?

Well hell, I wasn't about to let my men go in there.

We had an objective, and we were marching. We couldn't stop at a whorehouse.

### Would you say your men gave you a lot of grief about that?

Ah, not really. They might have given me grief, but it was all good natured because they knew there was no chance. I don't know if they were really that interested anyway, but they acted like they were. The biggest problem was you were moving too fast, you didn't have time to mess with that stuff.

FRANCE

(Checked By Army Examiner)

August 12, 1944

Saturday Afternoon

*My Dearest Darling Sweetheart:*

*Well, honey, I suppose you think something has happened to me. Well, I am just as good as ever, except that they have us moving so fast that I haven't even had time to think about writing letters. I have a hard time trying to get sleep.*

*I suppose you have read good news about the thrusts into the Brittany area. Well that's us right up there in the lead with the armor. I never thought they would have to motorize us to catch the dam Jerry, but that's the only way we can do it. I only wish I could tell you more, but I guess it will have to wait.*

*You have heard about these French old men & ladies kissing you on the cheek and hugging you. Well, we have really run into a lot of that. I really mean it when I say they are in earnest when they do. You go along the road & everyone is out to greet us. You see old women & men crying because they are so happy, children throwing you flowers, and if you tried to drink half the cider & wine they offered, you would be drunk in no time. When you go through a town, they crowd the streets so that it is almost impossible to drive through. You can't walk or march through. They just gang you, shake your hand, kiss you and jabber. I never wished so much in my life that*

*I could speak French. I am picking up a few words and expressions, and you run into quite a few that can speak some English they have learned in school before the Jerries came. Some who have been to the states. Ran into one who used to be a cowboy in Nebraska. I about fell over. I have honestly never seen a population so glad to see us come in my life, but I guess you can't blame them after you see how they were treated and had to live.*

*I haven't received any mail for quite some time but hope to soon if it can ever catch up.*

*I don't have much more to write about darling, except if things keep going good as they seem to be now, maybe it won't be so long. I sure hope and pray that it isn't.*

*Darling, I miss you more than ever. You don't know what I wouldn't give to see you again, darling, and hold you in my arms. Sweets, I love you more than anyone else in the world.*

*I will try to write again as soon as possible. Take care of yourself, darling, & write real soon.*

*All My Love & Kisses,*

*Larry*

*I Love You Sweetheart.*

---

This was a place that prior to us going in there, the British commandos had parachuted in there and parachuted in weapons for the Free French -- the Frenchmen that wanted to fight, and they were all over everywhere. Sometimes in the way, but anyway, there they were. And those Frenchmen, they had been contained for quite a while, they were fighters. I was traveling along the road one day and here was this, we called 'em Frogs, here was one of those Frogs with his burp gun, sitting along the bank, and he had about 6 POWs (prisoners of war). And he was trying on boots (laughing). He was taking their boots off and trying them. And those POWs just sat there like nothing. He was hoping they'd move 'cause if they'd a wiggled he'd a shot every one of 'em. That's what he wanted to do, but anyway, he was gonna get his boots first.

We'd get into some of those towns and have a little

fight. Why I know one time there was a house that somebody was sniping out of, and I got hold of one of them Frenchmen that looked like he was kind of a leader, and I said, "Get that house..." I couldn't speak French, but I indicated to go get 'em. Right away they went, just burp guns a buuuurrrrrppp, and sure enough they came out of there and cleaned 'em out. And I thought, well, that was good. It just saved me and my men a chance of getting shot, let 'em go.

We'd pull into town and start to occupy it, and in a little bit you'd see a vehicle going out of town, and they were all yelling and hollering and everything else. They had the mayor on there, the Bergermeister on the hood of that jeep, and they'd get him out to the edge of town pretty soon you'd hear bbbdddppp bbbdddppp bbbdddppp. There they'd come back, and he wasn't on there anymore. They took him out and shot him. He was a Frenchman that had collaborated with the Germans. That's how they got rid of the collaborators.

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FRANCE

*I Love You Dear.*

*August 23, 1944*

*Wednesday Morning*

*My Dearest Darling Sweetheart:*

*I guess today is the 23rd. Darn if I can keep track of the days or the dates any more. Every day is just another day that you sweat out and hope it brings you one more day closer to the end of the whole thing. I have never wanted any one thing to be over with as much as I do this war. I have had enough and seen enough. The sooner I can get home to you, honey, the better I will like it.*

*You asked me the question of who we are under. Well, here goes, I don't know whether it will get through or not. At the first we were in the 1st, but we are now in the 3rd Army under Blood & Guts.*

*I was sorry to hear that you quit your job, honey, but I guess you know what you want to do best. It makes no difference to me. I am glad to hear that you are going to University this fall. My only wish is that you don't even get to finish out the year. Have you decided what kind of a course you are going to take?*



*If it's a business course, let me know. I might be able to give you some tips on your instructors. You might not know it, but it makes quite a lot of difference in who you get for instructors in your subjects. Some are snaps, and some you couldn't stand. By the way, remember what you told me once when I first started going with you, honey? About University boys being heartbreakers, and you wouldn't let them bother you. Remember that honey. Of course, I am out of that class now. No, I am not worrying, honey. I know you will never let me down.*

*I am glad that rumor you mentioned in your letter of the 29th that the Germans had stopped fighting in Normandy was purely a rumor because I hadn't noticed it at that time; however, it's a little different story at the present.*

*I suppose you have already noticed by my letter, but we got some mail Sunday. I got 13 letters from you, dated July 20 to August 4. I figured I would get some later than the 4th, but I suppose you left for McCook about that time, and I guess one can't expect you to write as often on your vacation. My only hope is that it won't be another two weeks before we get mail again, but it looks as if it might be quite some time.*

*Your speaking of watermelon in one of your letters makes me very hungry for some. I sure miss good home cooked food, in fact, any food. I am getting tired of K rations and 10-1 rations. There's not enough variety. We have been doing pretty good lately on fresh eggs from the French, but they are getting smart also. They want gas now instead of candy and gum, and we don't have enough ourselves. Even though all my meals are like picnics, I would still like to go on one with you, honey.*

*Dad mentioned the flood in one of his letters, must have been quite a flood. Sounds like old times. I knew when I wrote you on v-mail that you wouldn't like it, but it was either v-mail or nothing at all, and I figured you would appreciate a v-mail under those conditions.*

*Honey, there is no date I would rather keep or try to make, but I am afraid I can't promise you a date for Christmas 1944 as much as I would like to. A lot of high rankers are betting that it will be over next month or the next, but I don't know. I believe nothing any more until*

*it is official. There are so many darn rumors going on around here all the time you don't know when to believe them or when not to.*

*Well, I guess Don Gorton has nothing on your boyfriend. I am supposed to get a Purple Heart also, but I haven't got the medal as yet. Also mostly scratches. Don't worry though.*

*I pity the poor sucker that gets P. If there is any girl I dislike more than her, I would like to know who. She must have changed, but she used to be the silliest thing I have ever seen.*

*Honey, a package of any type or kind of candy is appreciated. The mirror will be very much appreciated. I can't seem to hang on to mirrors. I am also afraid you will win the cup of coffee because the way we are now, my mail is in France for several weeks before they can or do get it up to us, and I have no way of knowing when it gets here, but I will let you know when it comes. The stamps will be very much appreciated if you can remember them sometime.*

*Sweets, I don't know whether you can make heads or tails of this letter, because about all it is is answers to your questions and answering your letters. There isn't much news for me to write. Things are still going fairly good. The big picture looks pretty good. If we can keep it up, I can't see how he can hold out too much longer.*

*Honey, there is no more news for this time. I think I have done fairly well for me. I only wish I was able to write more often, but the situation will just not permit it.*

*Darling, I hope you had a nice vacation and a swell time at Faye's. I hope you get started in University o.k. and that you will like it. Darling, I think of you always and miss you so very, very much. Sweets, I love you more than ever and more than words can express. All I am waiting for is the day I can be back with you for good. Write real soon, and take care of yourself, honey.*

*All My Love & Kisses,*

*Larry*

*I Love You Sweetheart.*

*P.S. When you start to school, don't forget to let me have your new address.*

### **How did DeGaulle get French troops to command when they were Nazi occupied?**

Well, let me tell you a little story. After that breakthrough, and even on that run to Brest, we moved a lot by truck, and these kids would come along. I mean 16, 17, 18 year old French boys, and the American soldier would more or less adopt them. A lot of those kids could speak some English, and they worked like translators. I can remember in the trucks, we'd stop and the French people would be along the road giving us the Vive la France and jabbering, and we couldn't understand 'em. And I can remember one time a GI asked this kid, "See if they got any eggs." (Chuckles) So he took off in French to 'em, and he couldn't believe it. The look on the French people. Here's a whole load of Americans, and they haven't been able to talk to 'em one bit, and all at once this French comes out, perfect French wanting to know if you got any eggs. And I never will forget the look on this man's face. They were an elderly man and lady, and there were some others with 'em, and they had eggs, and he got eggs. (Laughs)

But finally the orders came down from up above that if they wanted to fight, they had to join the Free French army because we were moving, and they may have lived clear back up there, and we were going clear off (across country). They were getting them way away from their homes and their families, and they had no connection back or anything. It was just not a good deal, so they had to leave us. They made 'em all disappear. Well then DeGaulle, they left him out of all this planning. Eisenhower had to fight Churchill and the rest of the British, but they didn't let DeGaulle in there. He was politically kind of a black sheep as far as the allies were concerned until really after D-Day had happened and we got going. So they finally let him go over there (back to France), and the troops that he had were French. They were just volunteers out of France after we liberated it. And there were some that had gotten out of Diep when they had that Diep raid, see that was French and English.

### **What is the Diep raid?**

That's when they (the British, French & Polish) went over there in that commando bunch and tried to go into either France or Belgium. The Germans whipped

the hell out of them, and the English went over there in their motorboats and everything else to evacuate 'em way before D-Day. But there were a lot of French who came out of there, and then the French were all the time sneaking out whenever they could. They went to England 'cause that was the only safe place to go; the Germans had control of everything else. The only other place they could go was the Swiss, and the Swiss wouldn't release 'em after they got in there. They'd hold 'em. The only other place was Spain, and they had just completed the civil war, and Franco was in command, and he was kind of buddy- buddy with Hitler. So the only place where they could get out of France or get away was to go to England, so there was quite a group of them around. That's just like the Poles. There was a unit of Polish people and there were some Dutch units, not very big, but they all formed after D-Day. They may have been in existence in England, but of no size. But this French army under DeGaulle was, and they led us into Paris. They let him have that honor. They were liberating Paris, but there wasn't anything left (to liberate from the Germans). But he liberated it and let us in and marched down the Champs Elysee.

### **But you did not go into Paris, correct?**

No, they swung us off north; we never got that far.

### **So when you were in combat, did you use the 45 or the carbine?**

The carbine. With the 45 there wasn't much you could accomplish with it. It was just a sidearm. If you got into real close action somewhere, it was all right. If you lost or ran out of your ammunition or something, it was just a standby.

### **The carbine, what kind of gun was that?**

30/30 a 30.06; it was small (millimeters). The M1 in World War II was the standard military arm, and then the carbine was the arm for officers and office personnel. It was a good gun. What we were originally issued, you had to pull the trigger each time you fired a shot. Well, some smart armor technician found out that this carbine, you could file a sear -- that was an internal part of the mechanism of the gun -- and it would fire then full automatic. You could just pull the trigger, and they would just bddddd until



the ammunition was empty. Then, of course, most of us got ours clipped that way so we could get off more shots. I don't know necessarily why, but it was just the feeling that if you got a lot going out, you're safer than if you got one now and then.

Originally there were a few Thompson 45s issued, but not too successfully because it couldn't withstand the dirt and function. Then they came out with what they called the grease gun. That was nothing but stamped metal so that it could be mass-produced. It had a barrel about 6-8 inches long, it screwed on, it looked like a grease gun, the cartridge for a grease gun. It had a handle with a trigger on it, and it had a trap door you raised, and the bolt was in there. And when you shut the trap door, it made a lock so it was safe. And it had a metal stock you could pull out if you wanted it with a strap on it, and you carried it, but it was a slow rate of firing. Instead of going bbbbbbdddppp, it went bpt bpt bpt bpt bpt. It was a good gun.

### **What was a screaming meemie?**

It was like an artillery rocket. They looked like a big square with all these tubes in there, and you'd fill 'em up and fire 'em and just keep it going. They could kill you, they could injure you, but they weren't like artillery. They were lighter in shrapnel. The noise is what scared you. Oh they sounded... they were kind of like a rocket type thing, and they fired 'em, and they just kept coming, zing, zing, zing, zing, zing, zing. And they had a terrible scream, a terrible noise to 'em, and really the noise was more devastating to you than the effect of the shell when it landed.

It was like a scream, like a skyrocket at the fourth of July. Only you were getting I don't know how many tubes. There were quite a few, and you were getting one right after the other so you got a whole series of 'em. Weird and eerie as the devil. You've got to remember at the time those were being used you weren't always in the best mental condition anyway. You'd probably been through a lot, and I don't know, it's hard to explain.

### **Did we have those, or did the Germans?**

The Germans had 'em originally, and then later on we had some.

### **In combat, what was the most effective weapon you could have?**

As an individual? Of course, your regular old rifle. You had a bayonet for it if you needed it. That was your protection. That was your arm. That was all you had, except for some hand grenades maybe if you had any left. Probably then the next would be... each platoon had a BAR they called 'em. Browning Automatic Rifle. They were heavy devils. Actually they were developed I think at the tail end of World War I, but they were kind of like a machine gun. But they were a rifle, they looked like a rifle, weighed a ton. They had a tripod with a slot you could look through at the end of the barrel, and they had a flat magazine probably six inches long and a little bit thicker and yea (4 inches) wide. I forget if there were 20 rounds to a magazine. You just had to grab the trigger. It went bbbbbbpppp, and they had that in a squad with the riflemen.

Then, of course, your next best weapon was probably your light machine gun. In those days you had three rifle platoons and a weapons platoon. The weapons platoon was armed with light machine guns and 60 mm mortars which were a very effective close-in rear support weapon. Then, of course, there were three rifle companies and a weapons company in the battalion, and the weapons company had heavy machine guns and 81mm mortars. They were attached to different platoons or companies or wherever they were needed as supporting fire.

Then you went from there to your division artillery which consisted of four battalions of artillery, three 105 millimeters and 155 millimeter. They were part of your division, but they were support weapons. I mean they were set back somewhere. They'd have observation officers up in front with us, and they'd call back the fire orders to the artillery, and then the artillery would fire those rounds. They would fire one short and maybe one long, and that gave him the position where they were landing. Then he'd call for something in the middle, and then finally he'd say, "Fire at will," and they'd fire as many rounds as they intended to fire. That was what you called supporting fire.

You got in a place where you were having a lot of trouble and you couldn't do much, you called for artillery. Then that artillery would come in there and help you out. Then you had an aircraft unit attached, which had some flat trajectory stuff that you could use. Then most of the time we had an anti-tank company that had anti-tank guns. In the first days they were on wheels, and they started out with 37mm that would go through a tin can. Then they went to 57mm. Then they finally went to 90mm in the end. See, the Germans were in between with 88; they started with the 88. We usually had a Tank Company attached to us too. They were separate units, probably army units that they'd send down and attach to them.

### **Where did the bazooka fit in?**

It was down in the company, down in the platoons. I think we had a bazooka in every platoon. I had trouble with those things. In the first place the guys didn't like to shoot 'em 'cause once they fired it, they drew all kinds of counter battery fire. They were ungodly to carry around, and the ammunition to 'em was fairly heavy. If we were moving and moving fast and coming under any fire, nobody carried anything but their rifle. They didn't want to carry that extra stuff, and you didn't use it unless there was a tank around. And a lot of times there weren't any tanks for a long time. Maybe things would get pretty warm, and the guys that were supposed to be carrying it would chuck it.

Hell they'd stand from the floor as tall as I am (six feet). They were a hollow tube with a handle and a battery. You put this big long bazooka shell in it, and on the end it was pointed. It was heavy 'cause it had a piece in it that was supposed to go through the armor. The theory of that armor piercing stuff was the nose of the shell was soft, and it was supposed to hit the armor and kind of stick. And in there was a projectile that was made to penetrate. The theory then was that it was to ricochet around in the armored vehicle and kill the personnel in it or disable it if it hit the motor or something. But those were heavy items, and I think the guys that carried the ammo only carried two of 'em. They were awkward. You had to take a wire and wire on this shell when you slipped it in there, and then everybody had to get out of the road 'cause there was a hell of a blast behind.

Your 88, 90 shell, the principal was to hit a tank and go in. But you usually would try to, if you had the time, you would shoot it at the turret, the part that revolves, and maybe you could get one between the tank body and the turret which would jam the turret; then he couldn't rotate it and shoot at you. Or you shot at the track of the bogey wheels that the track went around on and knocked them out. Or knock the track off, and then he was immobilized. Then you had a chance to work on him; he didn't have a chance to move away from you. And the underbellies on 'em were easily penetrated. If you could get him going up an incline before they'd drop over, you could get him there. And usually if you could get a rear-end shot, that's where the motor was. The thickest armor was right on the sides and right on the front end of it.

### **So to take out a machine gun nest when you didn't have a bazooka you'd use ...**

Well, you'd use mortars then. That's where I got into it when I got to be a liaison officer and this nut that had come in to replace the captain.

The company commander had been wounded. I think he was wounded; I never was sure whether he was wounded or killed in action. A whole group of ours, we really took a beating when we tried to take this ground from the enemy, but we just got the living hell kicked out of us. It was just a skirmish; it wasn't a big battle. It was part of the overall fight. So they brought in a replacement commander. He came in, and I didn't like him right away because of the way he acted. Hell, he hadn't been with us anywhere. He was new, and he thought he could win the whole war right there, a hot shot.

He was gonna court martial me because I told him I wouldn't go back over there. I'd been over there once, and I couldn't get anywhere. And he said "Go back," and I said "Go to hell. I ain't going." I said, "I ain't gonna take these few men I got left and slaughter 'em just to try to get there." He said, "By golly, then I'm gonna court martial you." I said, "You go right ahead, if that's what it takes, that's fine. I'm not gonna do it." And he relieved me, and sent me back to headquarters.



See, I worked with my men. I found out that if I worked with 'em, they worked with me. If I was the type that hung an axe over their head, and I was gonna chop it off every time they wiggled wrong... Those type officers, well, they were the ones that didn't stay or got shot in the back.

I had one of the best training records in the whole division when we were up in Kentucky because when we'd be given a problem, I'd call my sergeants in together and say "How are we gonna do this?" I ended up being the major decision-maker, but I let them put their two bits in. They were part of it. They were gonna do it, so they should be part of making the decision. And by golly they worked. There weren't any stragglers; they were all right there going.

Well, he didn't like that I associated with my enlisted men. Some officers treated 'em as scum, nothings. I didn't feel that way. I felt like if I worked with 'em and cooperated with 'em and associated with 'em, they'd do things for me in return. And I proved this all the way through my combat experience. A lot of officers would take off on a situation and turn around, and hell there wasn't anybody there. But when I worked with 'em and took time with 'em ... Like traveling by truck where you rode for 50 minutes, and then you'd break for 10. When we'd break, I'd get out of the front seat and get in the back and let one of the sergeants sit up there. Just little things like that.

Well, this joker he thought that was not good, that I was losing control. But I wasn't. When we buttoned up for the night, I didn't run up to some other officer and say, "Let's crawl in a slit trench and sleep." I'd do it with my runner or with my men. They were the ones that were gonna do the fighting. I couldn't do it all alone. So this was the situation. We stuck together, we worked together. We were the old guys; we'd started over here in the states and went over together. Some of these hotshot replacements that came in, you know, they were gonna win the war by themselves. They soon learned that things worked differently. This replacement captain that was gonna do all this to me, he didn't last. He hadn't anymore than sent me back to the rear, and he was gone.

And there wasn't many of us old heads left. We'd been pretty much through the thick of things, and one of the "L" Company commanders said, "I'll take him, I don't care what you do, I'll take him right now. He can come over to 'L' Company any time he wants and be my platoon leader." I think he was gonna give me a promotion to weapons platoon leader, that's second in command. That was a Captain Donahue.

But anyhow, word came down from regiment they needed liaison officers, and they wanted one from each battalion to apply. So they sent me back to regiment to interview for this job. I got back there, and that regimental S1 (staff one), a captain, he was a good friend of mine, that was Captain Allen. He says, "Chittenden, the other two (applicants) ahead of you from the other two battalions haven't shown much military courtesy and discipline." And this assistant regimental commander that was interviewing me was a West Pointer. In fact, he got shot in the back later. He picked up a slug from the rear. I don't know how that happened, but anyway, everything was strict and right to the letter.

So boy I went in there, and I put on my old military school salute and sat down on the front six inches of the chair at attention (laughs) and answered the questions that he had. A lot of it was on map reading, because this was pretty important in those days. I got done, and I left, got in the jeep and went back down to battalion and hell, before I got to battalion, there was a message there for me to report, bag and baggage to regiment. I had the job. So I was liaison officer and assistant S3 from there on out. (S1 is personnel, S2 is intelligence, and S3 is plans and operation).

**But you were still with that platoon as a liaison?**

No, I went from "I" Company, 3rd Platoon to battalion headquarters.

**Still 3rd Platoon?**

No, 330th Infantry, but it's the 3rd Battalion Headquarters.

**So what company were you in then when you were in battalion headquarters; there is no Company?**

That is a company, battalion headquarters is a company,

but its function is purely headquarters.

**So then did you ever see your platoon again?**

No

**You didn't miss them?**

Oh, well, you missed 'em, but you didn't have time to worry about that. After every damn firefight, it was an altogether different group anyway. You know what I mean? Every tough encounter you got into you didn't know what you were gonna have left. The company commander was gone, one of the other platoon leaders was gone.

**So for the rest of the war you were in battalion headquarters?**

No, I was in regimental headquarters. See, I went from the platoon because of this problem back to battalion, and I sat there for a while until this liaison job came up at regiment. I got the job at regiment, so then I became a part of regimental headquarters.

**So you were with regimental headquarters the rest of the war?**

Yes.

**And that's an entity unto itself? It's still part of the 83rd?**

Yes.

**Each division had a regimental headquarters?**

Each division had three regiments, each regiment had three battalions, each battalion had four companies.

**But you were still in the 83rd all the way through?**

This is all 83rd Division. I never left it from the time I joined them in Tennessee, out north of Nashville somewhere in the hills.

**So being made liaison at regimental headquarters was somewhat of a promotion?**

It was a promotion, yeah, because with it eventually came this title of assistant S-3. That's plans and operation... When I wasn't liaison, then I worked with the major that was holding that job. I was his assistant.

**What did liaison entail?**

I delivered all of the orders and all of the secret orders. Attack orders, that type of thing, had to be delivered by an officer from our unit to another unit, and so forth. In other words, they weren't entrusted by telephone or radio; it had to be an officer. Usually it was in the middle of the night, blacker than the ace of spades, and they'd give you an order, go over to so and so.

**So that's when you had your jeep, a guard, and a driver? What was your driver's name?**

His name was Manley (John T. Manley).



*With driver Manley and his jeep Betty. Written on the back: "One of the men took this as I was getting ready to get in my jeep and go around to the battalions."*



*Lawrence's jeep driver, Pvt. Manley.*



Course, I never had a jeep until I got up to regiment. Down in the rifle platoon in Normandy, I had nothing but my feet. There weren't any jeeps down in the Rifle company. The captain had one for the Company ... and there might have been some in the weapons platoon, but they were to pull the mortars and the ammunition trailers and so forth. So when I got up to regiment as a liaison officer, then I got a jeep, and he was my driver. He stayed my driver clear until the war was over. Even down in Bavaria after the war was over and we occupied, he was my driver. A wonderful kid.

I always tell about going along, and I could sit there, and of course the jeeps had a metal floor you know. I could tap my left foot, and he'd turn left, and I could tap my right foot, and he'd turn right, and I'd give 'em both a hell of a hit, and boy we stopped like nobody's business (laughs). He was terrific. We got down along the river -- I think it was the Moselle -- one night, and the Germans sent out old Bed-Check Charlie. They didn't have any air power at that time, but they did have a few left. Course, they didn't have any gasoline either, but they scrounged up enough to send one up and try to harass us. He came down along that river strafing things and that kid, we had the windshield up, he bailed outta that jeep. He covered that windshield and flattened it down on the hood and was under the jeep before I could ever even get out (laughing). Oh, he was super. He was a hell of a good driver. We got in some hellish tight spots.

#### **Did you keep up with him after the war?**

Oh, I never saw him, of course, ... He was still my driver until they broke us up and sent us home. I have no idea where he is or what ever happened to him.

#### **Where was he from?**

Back on the east coast somewhere, New Jersey, Maryland somewhere back in there. I forget all of that. You know it's been so many years, I've just forgotten so much. But he's another guy I'd like to know what happened to. He was just terrific.

We got orders one night to take back down to our division or regiment. This other units' headquarters was in a big old chateau or castle. It had a moat around it, and the Germans had come in and just bombed the

hell out of it. They probably dropped two or three bombs, maybe more. So then shortly after that was over (the bombing), we had to take off -- this is night, dark -- take off and go back with these orders, see. So I put a call into him at the motor pool, and he came.

We were lucky, some of the jeeps had gotten damaged, but ours was all right. It didn't have any scratches or anything on it. I jumped in, and the guard was with us. At that time we had a guard, but he sat in the backseat. Our loot was all wrapped up in our bedrolls and stuff, and he could hardly see out. (Laughing) The back seat was narrow in the jeep, and then on each side was a ledge or shelf like a fender-well over the wheels, and inside it had some compartments for storage for stuff for the jeep. We'd stacked our bedrolls on that. I think we had the top up which we did as much as we could, and then tied 'em in there, see. Well there he sat back in there between these bedrolls. (chuckling) He wasn't much of a guard, but anyway...

We took off, and I got to thinking, and I said, "Manley, I think we better slow down." "What's the matter, what's the matter, what do you want?" "Well," I said, "let's just slow down here, and let's get out and take a look." Why I did it, I don't know, but we got out there and, my God, there was a bomb crater (laughing) that looked like a hole in a volcano. It was a mammoth hole. You drive into that in the dark, and it's hard to tell what would happen, 'cause there was a lot of loose dirt. You'd have probably upset, but anyway, we stopped, and then we could go out around it, see, and come back to the road. But I don't know why I just had a hunch that something like that could've happened.

#### **What were you supposed to do when you got there?**

Oh, I just delivered these orders.

#### **What orders, what were they?**

I don't know. It might be an attack order or saying in the morning we'll jump off at such and such a time and your objective will be such and such, and you'll move forward on such and such a signal. I don't know what they might be, but they had to send all orders of that type via an officer messenger. You couldn't send them with an enlisted man.

**Why?**

'Cause of the honor system and the trust. An officer was responsible. I don't know how they did it, but my first thing to do if I happened to be captured was to get rid of these orders so that they wouldn't fall into enemy hands. A few times, not many, they were nothing but in my head. That's what a liaison was. A lot of people said, "Ah hell, that don't amount to anything. I'd like that job." But it amounted to more than you thought.

Most of our traveling was at night, because they'd formulate these orders for the next morning attack. So they had to get 'em down there so your unit could be prepared. And then our commander would have to write up his orders for our regiment, for what units he wanted in the front and what unit he wanted in reserve and which one he wanted on the right or the left.

**So is this the driver that you had do the looting for you at the end of the war?**

Oh yeah. (Laughing) We'd get to a place where we could loot, he'd bail right out. Then we'd scrap over it a little. "Hey, I want that." (Laughing) Well, he couldn't turn me down a lot of times or didn't. If it was something real good or he wanted it, he'd hide it (laughing) and wouldn't let me see it. He was a real good kid. We were together so long that he could just read me like a book, and I could read him. I wouldn't even have to say anything. We got in somewhere one time and had to get through a bunch of British tanks, and those God dang bastards would squeeze us...

**Who?**

The British tank outfit. We'd go down the road, and if something was coming at you from the other way, you had to get in between (and behind) two tanks, and the onnery bastards they'd... The front one would slow down, and the back one would come right up (laughing) as if they were just gonna crack you right in between. (Laughing) Just scare the living poop out of you. And sometimes you didn't know whether they would or wouldn't. A lot a times, if we thought it was free and safe from mines, we'd just pull out and go down in the ditch or get up on the bank and go that way if there was an area where you could do it.

They were stinkers. Our own men weren't any better sometimes.

**So the tanks would play chicken with you?**

Yeah (laughs), you were ducking in and out of 'em going ahead of 'em, and they maybe weren't moving like they'd like to be moving.

That Bronze Star, there's two of those. The second one was for meritorious service. In other words, that was just being a hard working guy and doing a good job. That I got for when I was liaison officer. When there wasn't anything to liaison with, then I was night duty officer. I stayed up all night with one sergeant on the phones and the radio. It was up to me to take care of any situation. If it got real hard and tough, then I had to go get the commander up and say, "Hey, what do you want to do here?" But if it was just a minor item, I took care of it.

*[Editor's note: The first Bronze Star was for "exemplary conduct in ground combat against the armed enemy while assigned as 2nd Lt. on our about August 14, 1944."]*

**What's the story of Mom's name being on your jeep?**

I was assigned a jeep and a driver when I started liaisoning at regiment. And over the back wheel there was an area and that's where you'd put the name.

**You could name it whatever you wanted?**

Yeah. The motor pool or mechanic pool would just paint it on there for you. And that's when I put your mother's name on.

**Did you put Bette or Betty Lou?**

Just Betty

**B-e-t-t-y or B-e-t-t-e?**

Mom: He was mad because the driver (Manley) had it put on B-e-t-t-i-e because that was his girlfriend's name, and that was the way she spelled it.

*[Editors' note: Mom's given name is Betty, but in high school she began copying the spelling of actress Bette Davis. Many years later, she went back to the original spelling.]*



DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY  
Office Of The Adjutant General  
Washington 25 D.C.

12 May 1950

AGPO-AD 201 Chittenden, Lawrence L.  
0 517 881 (14 Jan 50)

SUBJECT: Letter Orders-Bronze Star Medal

TO: Captain Lawrence L. Chittenden, INF, USAR  
Chittenden Grain Company  
Elk Creek, Nebraska

1. By direction of the President, under the provisions of Executive Order 9419, 4 February 1944 (Sec. II, WD Bul. 3, 1944), you have been awarded the Bronze Star Medal (First Oak-Leaf Cluster) for exemplary conduct in ground combat against the armed enemy while assigned as Second Lieutenant, 330th Infantry Regiment, on or about 14 August 1944 in the European Theater of Operations.
2. Authority for this award is contained in Par. 15.1e, AR 600-45, as amended, and is based upon General Orders Number 8, Headquarters 330th Infantry Regiment, dated 14 August 1944. Bronze Star Medal Certificates will be forwarded at a later date.
3. It is not the policy of the Department of the Army to announce retroactive awards of the Bronze Star Medal in General Orders.

BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY:  
Adjutant General

1 Incl  
Oak-Leaf Clusters (2)

*By August 30th the battalion had cleared the Doulas Peninsula to complete the encirclement of the port, and had started what was later to become a three weeks stay holding the peninsula, assisting in the reduction of the German "fortress Brest" by the VIII Corps.*

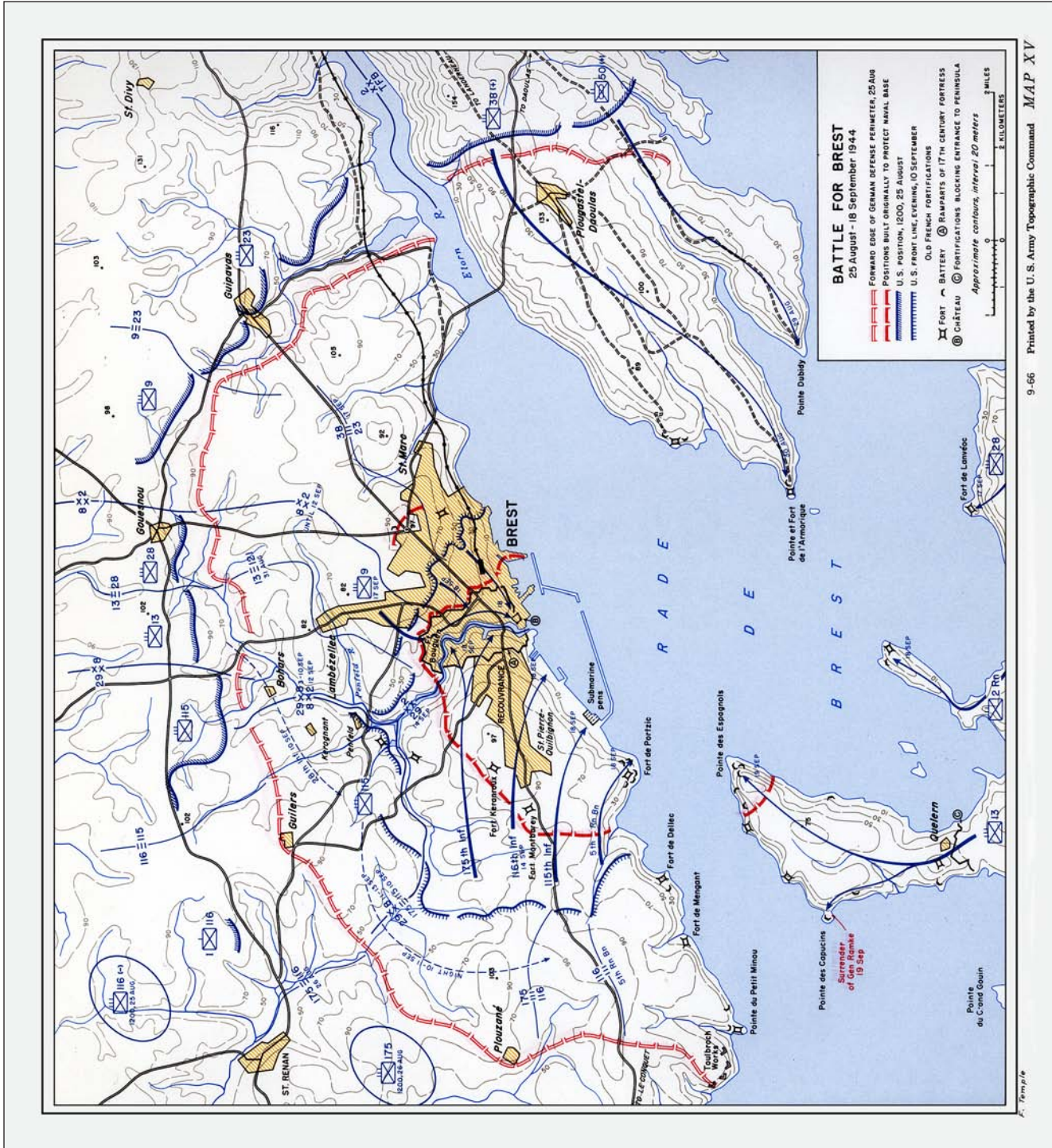


*The fortress at Brest*



*U.S. troops fighting their way through Brest*

Later, they pulled us back and put us on a little strip of land just below Brest as kind of a defensive area to keep the Germans from coming over there and occupying it. Then they sent me and my driver [Manley] back to contact our division, to locate them and receive orders from them on what we were to do. They were down along the Seine River then, toward Paris. Anyhow that's where (laughs) we got to stay in the hotel. Those cities along the coast up there were beautiful; they were all resort cities, you know. A lot of hotels in that area. So one night we couldn't make it in one day so we stayed in this hotel. They gave us a room, and we went up there, and (laughs) that's the first time I found out what a douche bowl (bidet) was. (Laughing) This guard of mine says "Lieutenant,



Battle for Brest, August 25 - September 18, 1944

what is that?" He was in the bathroom, and I went in there and I said, "Well it looks like a urinal." So I used it and stepped on the pedal, and hell (laughing), I got hit in the face with a stream of water. Hell, I'd never seen anything like that; I didn't know what it was. They all kidded me after that. They had fun with me on that.

We never did capture Brest. Course, that was an old, fortified city. They had walls around it that were eight to 10 feet thick. We butted up against them a couple of times, and we weren't big enough. We weren't heavy enough; there weren't enough of us to do much good. It took two divisions to take it 'cause it was defended by a bunch of veteran German paratroopers that had



landed on that island of Crete. They were vets, and they were pretty hard to fight. And then they brought in the, I think the 8th Division and maybe another one before they finally took Brest.

But this officer from the 8th Division escaped and swam across this little strip of water, and we picked him up. He was telling me about these German paratroopers. They were having fun with this fight 'cause it was like a game of chess for them. That's the type of people that you were fighting against. They were strictly professionals, very, very superior troops. Some of the most superior troops in the German Army. Hell, they told this officer who he was, what outfit he was with, where they trained. They told him his whole life history. They had a heck of a time ever getting it (Brest). They had submarine pens in there that were solid concrete tops that bombs didn't even dent. So it was a pretty rough place. They'd fly over that and bomb those sub pens, and the old bombs would just bounce off like BBs off a wall. But it was fun fighting.

### **When you say fun fighting, what do you mean?**

You weren't sitting in a line just inching your way along trying to gain ground every day. You were moving. We were in trucks moving from place to place wherever there was a fight, and that's just enjoyable.

### **So is that also the same time you were made first lieutenant?**

After a period of time; I can't remember how long it was. (In mid-August he was promoted to liaison and on Aug. 30 he was promoted to first lieutenant.)



*Personal photo, reads on the back, "Treguier, France, Brittany, liberated by us on August 14, 1944.*

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## FRANCE

*September 1, 1944*

*My Dearest Sweet Darling:*

*Well, honey, things have quieted down somewhat for a change, and, lucky me, I received several letters again yesterday. The mail came through. It wasn't as much as I expected, but I will excuse you since you have had a vacation and a good time coming to you. There is nothing over here that means more to me than a letter from you, honey. That and the end of the war is about the only thing I have to look forward to.*

*Honey, everyone tells how everyone else writes home about their experiences so if they can do it, I don't see why I can't. Anyhow, I am going to try it, and let me know if the censor thinks it o.k.*

*For once we have a CP that is quite the place. It is a large French hospital or old Catholic school for nuns, which I don't know, but the Jerrys claimed it was their hospital. It's on the edge of a small town and one of the few buildings left in fair condition. It's a four-story affair built in a square U shape. The right wing was a church,*

and the remaining rooms are various offices. Downstairs the officers and men live in the rooms, even sleep on some beds with springs that the Jerrys left behind. It's just like garrison with the kitchen in a shed outside. The only disadvantage is the lack of windows and a few newly added shell holes, but it is better than the ground.

There are four of us sleeping in one room on the second floor. About three this morning we were awakened by an old familiar sound of a whiz then a boom. When the second went over, we decided it would be a little safer on the 1st floor. So we madly dressed (I think that was the first time I had slept without my clothes all on) and rushed down stairs. A few more zoomed over then our own 8 in. guns opened up and he shut up. When they fire, it feels like the house is being lifted up off the ground, and when the projectile goes through the air, it sounds like a house moving through the air. It's all in the battle. As long as you can hear them whistle, you're o.k. It's the ones you can't hear that you have to worry about or when they stop and then it's too late. All I can say is I am glad I am not on the receiving end of our artillery.



The Betty Lou gun

*I am glad to hear that you are having a good time, honey, and never fear I know that I can trust you at the dances. I may be wrong, but I have always figured it would take a damn good 4-F or USO Ranger to get my girl away from me, and the same thing goes for me, honey. I have never loved and missed any one individual as much in my life as I have you since I have been overseas. If and when I do get back, I don't intend to ever leave you again either.*

*I am enclosing a Stars & Stripes and Army newspaper which we receive all the time. It has an article on the 83rd that you might like to read, and a couple of others. Would you please save it for me? I hope to have a scrapbook some day.*

*Sweets, there isn't much more to write. I hope you are still having a good time and every thing is o.k. Tell everyone hello. Write real soon honey.*

*All My Love & Kisses,*

*Larry*

*P.S. Note the new return address. It's a long story.*

*I will tell you about it some day.*

*I Love You Sweetheart.*

### **So the Betty Lou gun, where did that come from?**

That was something I confiscated down along the line.

### **Was that a German gun?**

No, it was a Colt 45 automatic.

### **You took it off of somebody?**

No. A supply sergeant got it for me. I got that more or less when I started liaison in the jeep, because you had to be under arms at all times. You had to have an arm with you. And that was kind of hard going into CPs -- command posts -- and places I had to go to carry that dang rifle. There was a tendency to set it down and do your business, and then when you left, you forgot the damn thing. So I got a shoulder holster that I could put that on (the revolver) up at the top of my body, and it didn't interfere with the



jeep or anything, and I was always regulation. I was always carrying an arm. I kept a carbine, and that you changed back and forth.

For a while I carried an M1. A lot of us didn't think the carbine was potent enough. The M1 held a magazine of eight rounds. That's eight bullets; a round is a bullet. And the carbine I think held – at a later time there it held 20. Then the M1 (Garand M1 rifle) got too damn heavy, and we quit that and went back to the carbine.

**And where did you get the picture for the Betty Lou gun?**

It was one I had or one your mother sent to me. Mom: I sent it to him.

**What's a burp gun?**

A German sub-machine gun.

**And the Free French had them?**

Well, the British had one that was similar. They had a different sound. They had a real fast 'bbddddd'. Where ours were kind of 'but but but but but', you know what I mean? Theirs were real fast, we called 'em burps 'cause it just sounded like a burp.

**So do you remember 83rd Division Commander, General Robert Macon?**

Yes.

**What do you remember about him?**

Well, as far as I was concerned he was a good division commander. He always treated me fairly. Course, I didn't have a whole lot to do with him directly. I suspect the enlisted men down on the line, when they kept being pushed and pushed and thrown into a fight where they got whooped and had to try it again and try it again, probably thought he was a no good s.o.b. But that wasn't his fault; he was getting all that pressure from up above. It just kind of follows the chain of command. He didn't have any choice. It was either get after him and get him to do it, or he was gonna be relieved. Course, when they relieved 'em over there, that was usually about the end of their career. They either sent 'em home, or that was the end

of any promotions. So they all strived to do what they were told. He wasn't as pleasant a man as the assistant division commander was, but I think he had a job to do, and he did a good job of it.

**Do you remember the Assistant Division Commander, General Ferenbaugh?**

Sure do.

**Was he a good guy?**

I liked him real well. He was a great big, burly guy, and he was always... Well, I'd walk into the division headquarters, whatever I was sent for, and a lot of times I'd run into him. I'd salute him, and he'd say "Hi, Chittenden. How's that 330th Division doing?" He called it a division 'cause we were always... Evidently we were good, or they wouldn't have picked us and sent us to do it.

**So you were always some of the first ones there?**

Yeah, we were always the ones, and he knew that. It always seemed like we were... The Brest run a battalion of us was attached, and the race for the Elbe River, we were attached.

Hell, we got into that 7th Corp and Ol' Lighting Joe Collins who was known to be another Patton type, "Here's where you're going, and by God you're going there and you're gonna get there. And I don't care if it takes all of you, you're going." Who led it? 330th Infantry. And usually Company "I" was right around the head of it, somewhere right up close.

I don't know what they said about us or what's written about us as far as doing anything except what Denny indicated at that anniversary of ours where he'd gone through the archives. He couldn't believe what was in the archives about us, and I would guess that's probably pretty accurate. It's like those old guys on that film (Band of Brothers), you know. They're one of the few that are here to talk. There're a lot of 'em that aren't here to talk. I regret so much that I've lost all the names, the list of names that I had. I don't know where I lost those. Coming home somewhere. I had a list of all the officers and their addresses. We got to be a real close-knit outfit.

**So where was General Macon this whole time?**

He's the division commander.

**Where was he though?**

At the division command post.

**Wherever that may be?**

Yeah,

**That's who you got your orders from?**

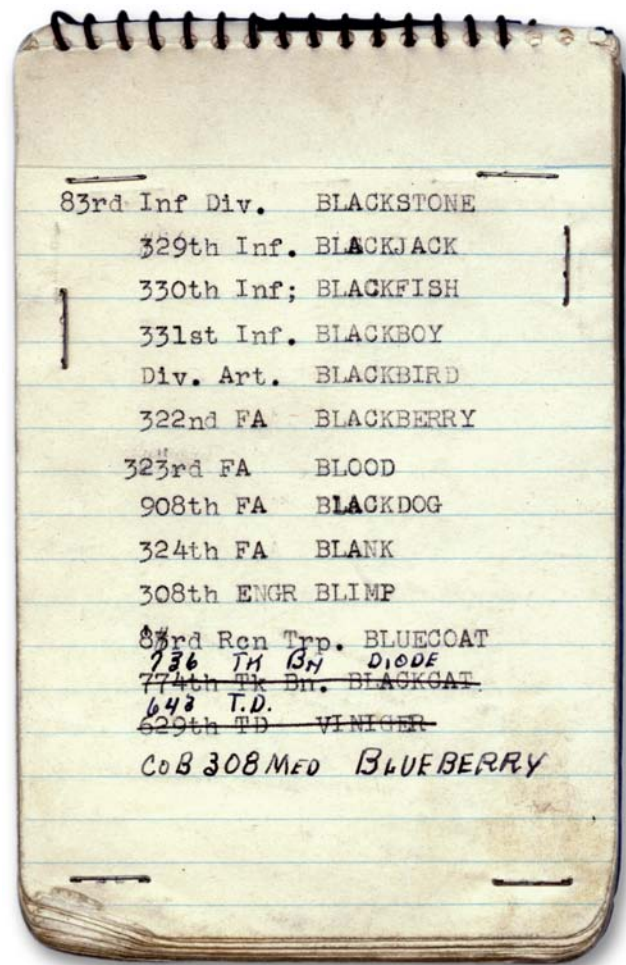
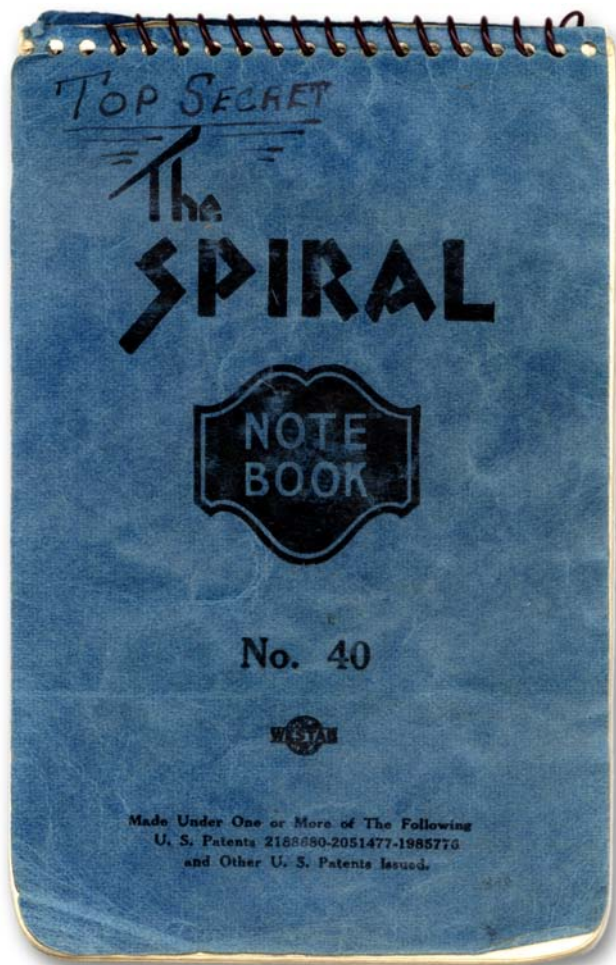
Well, the orders came from them down to regiment. And he got 'em from corps and corps got 'em from army and just down the chain of command. You know it was all thought out and planned, these different exercises and what they wanted to do.

A corps was a part of an army. Squads made a platoon, platoons made a company, companies made a battalion, battalions made a regiment, regiments made a division and divisions made corps, and they

would vary in size, whatever they assigned to 'em and corps would make an army. There again there might be three, four or five corps in an army. There could be as few as two or three, and they all carried attached elements. They had a lot of artillery battalions that were not a part of any unit. They were usually large guns. And they had tank companies and the bridging engineers, and the heavy engineers were all in army or corps or attached to it. We had tank destroyer battalions with our division, and some of 'em would stay quite a while, and then sometimes they'd leave, and in just a little while they'd pull 'em out and send us another one depending on what we were doing or where we were fighting. It was armored divisions, but there were even some tank battalions that they'd attach to you for support.

**What about Lightning Joe Collins?**

I think Collins was a real good commander. He kept pushing us all the time.



Lawrence's top secret code book with the code names for other Divisions that he used as a liaison officer.



**But you liked him better when you were liaison than when you were a platoon leader, right?**

Yeah, I could see why he was doing what he was doing. When I was down in the rifle platoon, I didn't understand it all and didn't know what was going on. When I got up to liaison, I had a little bit better idea what the big picture was. 'Cause when I'd go back there as liaison and happen to go to corps, which was Collins's command at that time, they had great big situation maps on the wall, and golly, they showed our troops and troops I didn't know anything about that were fighting. And they showed all the German troops that were opposite, and it was really quite interesting to me. Well, of course, as a rifle platoon leader, you don't see or know any of that. All you know is that guy right in front of you.

**Did you ever come in contact with Eisenhower?**

No, not directly. But after we were in that 7th Corp, which was Ol' Lightning Joe Collins, I was in the area around the command post or tent where Eisenhower had come to talk to him. There was a group of us, and we were around doing whatever we were doing, and he spoke to us and encouraged us and thanked us, you know. He was that kind of a guy. He appreciated what you'd done, and he let you know it. He praised our division, and Collins liked us too, because when he told our division commander to do something, he did it or died. I mean he was that type, he just never let us quit. We just had to keep going. They threw us into some hellish slaughterhouses, and this Collins was that type of fighter.

**Did you ever see Stalin or Roosevelt or Churchill?**

Oh, I'd seen Roosevelt in the United States before we went overseas. He went by in his car. Most of the time he was in that open-top touring car, down in Fort Benning somewhere. Fort Benning was in Georgia, and he had been down there for something, and he came through. We were all lined up, and he drove by and waved, and, of course, we all waved back, and that was the size of it. I never saw Stalin, I don't know that I ever saw Churchill. I saw King George. He came down when we were getting ready to load across the channel. That's where everyone was scurrying around ta da da da da da, you know, and some GIs sitting there, and he says "Who's that son

of a bitch?" (Laughing) Of course, the British you know, oh my, he's almost Lord God Almighty as far as the British were concerned.

**Did he speak?**

No, he was walking. It was a mad house with trucks and men and everything.

**Was the Queen with him?**

No.

---

*They remained in Brest for two weeks after fighting had ceased and by the time they joined the rest of the 83rd, the Thunderbolt Division was preparing to move to Luxembourg. So they got their first train ride in French 40 and 8's. They rattled along in this train that had been used by Americans in two world wars. They ate K rations and slept in shifts and in awkward positions until they reached LeMans, France.*

---

**You say you didn't travel by train to Luxembourg. How do you think you got there?**

By truck. A truck company with colored drivers. They'd bring in a truck company and load us up and haul us. We were detached and weren't with the whole unit. We weren't with the division itself, we were off with some other outfit (Task Force A) so we went by truck.

---

*The Thunderbolts were later commended by the Task Force Commander for their actions and tactical skill.*

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DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY  
OFFICE OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL  
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

IN REPLY REFER TO  
AGPO-AD 201 Chittenden, Lawrence L.  
O 517 881 (14 Jan 50)

12 May 1950

SUBJECT: Letter Orders-Bronze Star Medal

TO: Captain Lawrence L. Chittenden, INF, USAR  
Chittenden Grain Company  
Elk Creek, Nebraska

1. By direction of the President, under the provisions of Executive Order 9419, 4 February 1944 (Sec. II, WD Bul. 3, 1944), you have been awarded the Bronze Star Medal (First Oak-Leaf Cluster) for exemplary conduct in ground combat against the armed enemy while assigned as Second Lieutenant, 330th Infantry Regiment, on or about 14 August 1944 in the European Theater of Operations.

2. Authority for this award is contained in Par. 15.1e, AR 600-45, as amended, and is based upon General Orders Number 8, Headquarters 330th Infantry Regiment, dated 14 August 1944. Bronze Star Medal Certificates will be forwarded at a later date.

3. It is not the policy of the Department of the Army to announce retroactive awards of the Bronze Star Medal in General Orders.

BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY:

1 Incl  
Oak-Leaf Clusters (2)

*W. B. Bowers*  
Adjutant General



H 3

R E S T R I C T E DHEADQUARTERS  
THIRD UNITED STATES ARMY  
APO 403

SPECIAL ORDERS

30 August 1944.

NUMBER 187

- E X T R A C T -

3. Following O this comd are temporarily promoted to gr indicated in AUS w/rank fr date of this order. (Auth: Par 3 Cir No. 90 Hq DIO US Army dtd 17 Aug 1944.):

MAJ GEN LIE COL

JOHN C SPERRIN 0323172 Inf

2D LT TO 1ST LT

ROBERT F BOONE JR 01297483 Inf	GLENN O BOWEN 0524345 Inf
JACK C BOWER 0528489 Inf	WILLIAM L BROWNER JR 01297485 Inf
LAWRENCE E BURTON 01032514 Cav	SAMUEL W BUCHHEIT 01310354 Inf
✓LAWRENCE L CHITTENDEN 0517881 Inf	KRISTEN U CLARK 0524346 Inf
JOHN E COOPER 0531091 Inf	GARLAND S DILLON 01309699 Inf
EDWARD F DOLAN 0528915 Inf	EDWARD J FITZGERALD 0528916 Inf
ARTHUR C FRIED 01321621 Inf	CHARLES B HAMM 0526648 Inf
EDMOND J HOFFMAN 01301488 Inf	MARVIN HOOVER 0526525 Inf
ALLAN C HOUSE JR 01032451 Cav	WILLIAM D MACKOWSKI 01300668 Inf
CECIL D HAYNARD 0527836 Inf	JOHN H McDONOUGH JR 01320151 Inf
DONALD R MCKENZIE 0524332 Inf	JOHN A METCALF 01301515 Inf
HERRITT W MURPHY 01309801 Inf	ROBERT G PACKER 0523172 Inf
WILLIAM F PARRAVANO 01301026 Inf	HERBERT B RIPLEY 0524358 Inf
WILLIAM C RODDICK JR 01291887 Inf	SIGURD A ROSENFELD 01546205 MAC
JOHN G SOMERS 0528200 Inf	EDWIN J SULLIVAN 01297116 Inf
WILLIAM T SUMMERS JR 0528574 Inf	ERNEST VIEGELMANN 01290504 Inf
JOSEPH F WALTON 0528686 Cav	ROYAL A WATSON 0525310 Inf
EUGENE H WILSON 01297992 Inf	GILBERT M WINSTON 01319702 Inf
NORBERT R WOLKE 0528928 Inf	

By command of Lieutenant General PATTON:

HUGH J. GAFFEY,  
Major General, U. S. Army,  
Chief of Staff.

R. E. CUMMINGS,  
Colonel, Adjutant General's Department,  
Adjutant General.

"THIS IS A TRUE EXTRACT COPY"

*G. D. Harrell*  
R. G. HARRELL,  
Lt Col, AGD.

Distribution:

1 - CG, 83d Inf Div  
1 - C of S  
1 - G-1  
1 - Adm Control Cen  
3 - Es Off concerned  
2 - Div Fin Off  
1 - Officers Sec

R E S T R I C T E D

HEADQUARTERS & HEADQUARTERS COMPANY  
330th Infantry, APO 83, U. S. Army

R O S T E R - (Men formerly & presently in Hq Co)

NAME & RANK	STREET	TOWN & STATE
1st Sgt Kuras, Edward C.	40 Oxford St.	Chicopee Falls, Mass.
T/Sgt McCutcheon, James B.	None	Summersville, W. Va.
S/Sgt Haley, Charles B.	Route #1	Arlington, Tenn.
S/Sgt Hrusovsky, William E.	2244 Burton St.	Warren, Ohio
S/Sgt McGrath, Maurice W.	231 Copeland St.	Quincy, Mass.
S/Sgt Prindle, Warren R.	Meadville St.	Cranesville, Pa.
S/Sgt Reinhart, Paul F.	None	New Hampshire, Ohio
Sgt Carter, Robert G.	920 Western Ave.	Toledo, Ohio
Sgt Crawford, Grover Jr.	412 Club Drive	San Antonio, Texas
Sgt Laudermilch, Henry	205 W. Sheridan Ave.	Annville, Pa.
Sgt Sikora, George M.	25 Van Velsor Place	Newark, N. J.
Sgt Snare, John S.	1873 Grand Ave.	Galesburg, Ill.
Tec 4 Fechko, Theodore	3711 Cypress	Cleveland, Ohio
Tec 4 Girty, James P.	230-1st St.	Aspinwall, Pa.
Tec 4 Glazier, Border D.	721 W. Main St.	Springfield, Ohio
Tec 4 Heidt, Joseph E.	1817 Josephine St.	Cincinnati, Ohio
Tec 4 Heine, Frank P. Jr.	202 Johnson St.	Aurora, Ind.
Tec 4 Kramer, Robert	414 S. 5th St.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Tec 4 Krebs, John B.	300 E. Middle St.	Hanover, Pa.
Tec 4 Pemberton, James B.	215 W. 8th St.	Richmond, Va.
Tec 4 Wehling, Emil J.	442 Main St.	Paterson, N. J.
Tec 4 Wilson, Carlos F.	Route #1	Marion, Ky.
Tec 4 Wishart, Vincent J.	None	Rimersburg, Pa.
Cpl Mitchell, Robert W.	61 N. Lansdowne Ave.	Lansdowne, Pa.
Tec 5 Bauder, Harry C. Jr.	41 Oranton St.	Newark, N. J.
Tec 5 Brittingham, Wado W.	Burley St.	Berlin, Md.
Tec 5 Buckner, Robert D.	88 E. Chalmers Ave.	Youngstown, Ohio
Tec 5 Businsky, Stanley C. Jr.	229 Dumbarton Road	Baltimore, Md.
Tec 5 Capito, William C.	None	Eastwood, Ky.
Tec 5 Davidson, Carl L.	Route #1	Wellsville, Ohio
Tec 5 Davis, Stephen C.	111 East St.	Fort Edward, N.Y.
Tec 5 Dixon, Robert S.	None	Eclipse, Va.
Tec 5 Forte, Nicholas F.	421 S. Edon St.	Baltimore, Md.
Tec 5 Gamula, Joseph F.	2 Polk St.	Providence, R.I.
Tec 5 Hart, Harloy H.	RR #4 Boar Lake	Albion, Ind.
Tec 5 Johnson, William S.	None	Soudan (St/Louis) Minn.
Tec 5 Kaplan, Jair S.	807 No. Soto St.	Los Angeles, Calif.
Tec 5 Lantz, Robert W.	1633 Linden St.	Allentown, Pa.
Tec 5 Muench, Lawrence B.	1459 Texas Ave.	Louisville, Ky.
Tec 5 Munitz, Milton L.	737 Rhodes Ave.	Akron, Ohio
Tec 5 Palino, Neil	347 Jones St.	Verona, Pa.
Tec 5 Stokes, Homer E.	None	Mt. Vernon, Ky.
Tec 5 Varga, Stephen E.	929 Leeds Ave.	Monosson, Pa.
Tec 5 Wirchniansky, Stephen	719 E. Scott St.	Olyphant, Pa.
Pfc Ambrose, Fred J.	60 Grant St.	N. Bollo Vernon, Pa.
Pfc Anderson, William F.	36 Bronx Rd.	West Roxbury, Mass.
Pfc Applogato, Joseph	77 Crosswicks, St.	Bardentown, N.J.
Pfc Balestino, Nunzio G.	2109 9th Ave.	Altoona, Pa.
Pfc Barnott, Sidney R.	Box 267	Oak Grove, La.
Pfc Barker, Arloy T.	None	Anawalt, W. Va.
Pfc Barrett, Harry T.	119 Ellsworth St.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Pfc Bayer, Joseph Jr.	892 Grant St.	Akron, Ohio
Pfc Bonoit, William C.	64 Lakeview Terrace	Burlington, Vt.
Pfc Bobbitt, James L.	1120 E. Main St.	Lancaster, Ohio
Pfc Bordon, Jack H.	49 Remson Drive	Brooklyn, N.Y.

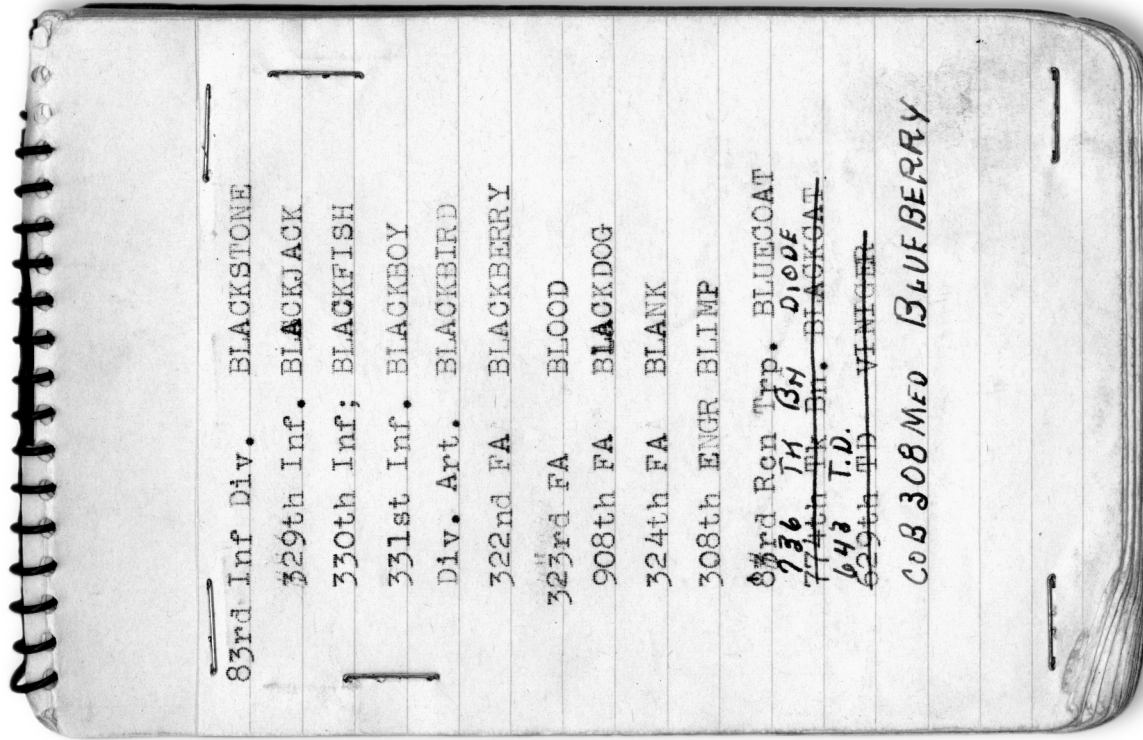
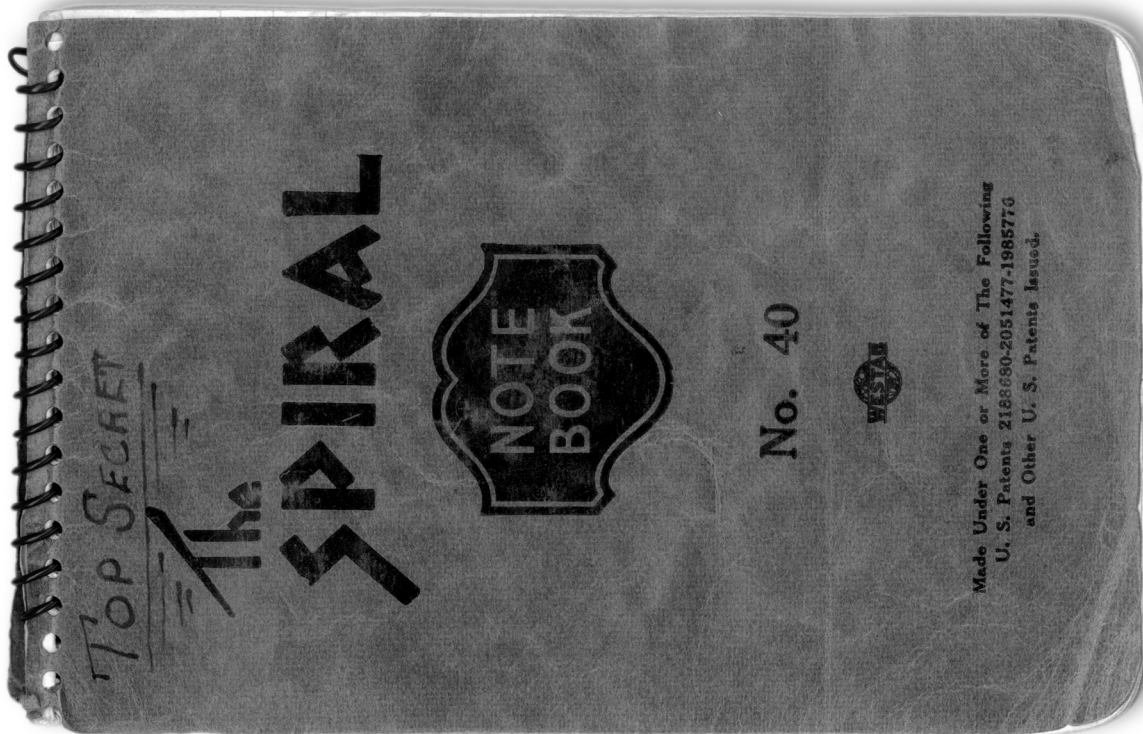


NAME & RANK	STREET	TOWN & STATE
Pfc Bratland, Samuel	1441 N. State St.	Chicago, Ill.
Pfc Brown, Marlio D.	279 Monticollo Ave.	Clarksburg, W. Va.
Pfc Brown, Malcom M.	207 E. Lincoln St.	Media, Pa.
Pfc Butler, Theodoro M.	None	Richmond Hill, Ga.
Pfc Camardo, Angolo S.	117 15th St.	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Pfc Caprai, Laurence M.	None	Priest River, Idaho
Pfc Carucci, Joseph F.	789 East 180th St.	New York, N.Y.
Pfc Caruse, John S.	521 Fourth St.	California, Pa.
Pfc Cossna, Ralph M.	RFD #1	Brookfield, Ohio
Pfc Chandler, Paul D.	916 E. 23rd St.	Winston-Salem, N.C.
Pfc Cipperly, Arnold C.	5 Chelton Ave.	Troy, N.Y.
Pfc Clark, William R.	RR #3	Nashville, Ind.
Pfc Dogue, Anthony W.	2502 W. Poland St.	So. Bond, Ind.
Pfc Del Buono, Joseph D.	215 N. Cedar St.	Lansing, Mich.
Pfc Downoy, Joseph E. Jr.	Route #1	Clifton Forge, Va.
Pfc Doyle, James J.	9 Hohn St.	Woburn, Mass.
Pfc Du Puy, Alfred C.	512 State St.	New Haven, Conn.
Pfc Elliott, Richard H.	None	Sandwich, N.H.
Pfc Emmrich, Werner M.	7014 - 71st Place	Glandale L.I., N.Y.
Pfc Evers, Raymond M.	1117 Wilson St.	Little Chute, Wis.
Pfc Farrell, Jack F.	338 Kilgour St.	Cincinnati, Ohio
Pfc Fink, Edward B.	420 Kiofaber St.	Dayton, Ohio
Pfc Frederick, Ernest L.	128 E. Washington St.	Fleetwood, Pa.
Pfc Frojo, Joe F.	212 S.W. 9th	Oklahoma City, Okla.
Pfc Gabel, George C.	411 Cherry St.	Clearfield, Pa.
Pfc Genatossio, Charles J.	27 Greenwich St.	Dorchester, Mass.
Pfc Gibitz, Raymond C.	631 East Ave.	Akron, Ohio
Pfc Gordon, Ralph	835 Williams St.	Easton, Pa.
Pfc Hadley, Charles R.	None	Stewartsville, Mo.
Pfc Hammond, Harold W.	Route #2	Benton Harbor, Mich.
Pfc Hammonds, Andrew	Route #1	Lumberton, N.C.
Pfc Hempel, Kenneth J.	1775 W. Olive Ave.	Chicago, Ill.
Pfc Hickson, James C.	408 W. Water St.	Biloxi, Miss.
Pfc Himes, Donald H.	3116 Sagamon Ave.	Dayton, Ohio
Pfc Hodge, Floyd L.	None	Stewartsville, Minn.
Pfc Hoellerich, Gilbert H.	None	Russellville, Mo.
Pfc Hoppe, Jack M.	None	Gardiner, Montana
Pfc Hromadik, Rudolph J.	R.D. #1	Ford City, Pa.
Pfc Hubert, Robert W.	5607 Haverhill	Detroit, Mich.
Pfc Janosko, Paul J. Jr.	3301 Ruby Ave.	Cleveland, Ohio
Pfc Kolley, James R.	1000 E. 14th St.	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Pfc Klondor, William C.	3613 Fairhaven Ave.	Brooklyn, Md.
Pfc Lamberti, Frank P.	27 Maple Grove	Barre, Vt.
Pfc Lascari, Vito	372 Main St.	Lodi, N.J.
Pfc Ledford, Albert C.	222 Lamont St.	Johnson City, Tenn.
Pfc Leese, Luther S.	423 Carlisle St.	Hanover, Pa.
Pfc Levendoski, Alvin W.	405 Willard Ave.	Michigan City, Ind.
Pfc Lewis, Pasco	None	Elizabeth, Ark.
Pfc Lucabaugh, Pharies B. Jr.	RFD #1	Thomasville, Pa.
Pfc Lundahl, Curtis F.	No. Main St.	Raynham Center, Mass.
Pfc Maggio, Anthony S.	Route #1	Baton Rouge, La.
Pfc Mahoney, Newton H. Jr.	R.D. #4	Elkton, Md.
Pfc Manley, John T. Jr.	5500 Greenleaf Road	Baltimore, Md.
Pfc Marx, Walter E.	58 Inwood Place	Buffalo, N.Y.
Pfc McCrery, Lamar E.	654 Milwaukee, Ave.	Elkhart, Ind.
Pfc McGuigan, Charles L.	324 W. 5th St.	Bridgeport, Pa.
Pfc Mitlonos, Nickolas G.	609 High St.	Newark, N.J.
Pfc Moore, Edward E.	315 Trendley Ave.	East St. Louis, Illinois
Pfc Morris, Carlos E.	c/o Williams Bros. Corp.	Marathon, Fla.
Pfc Mullin, William L.	Route #3	Dolphi, Ind.



NAME & RANK	STREET	TOWN & STATE
Pfc Myers, Gordon L.	None	Sheridan, Mo.
Pfc Noland, Nelson C.	Box 487	Warronton, Va.
Pfc Olsen, Arthur	27 Morris St.	New Brunswick, N.J.
Pfc Peters, Charles E.	2948 Grace Ave.	Dayton, Ohio
Pfc Pierce, Walter F.	Box 183	Holliday, Texas
Pfc Polsky, Gilbert	8 Barber Ave.	Woodbury, N.J.
Pfc Prostak, Stanley J.	15 Ashmont Ave.	Worcester, Mass.
Pfc Rhoades, Gentry P.	None	Ark, Ky.
Pfc Riley, Ervin G.	Route #3	New Auburn, Wis.
Pfc Rossman, Claude	Route #2	Torrington, Conn.
Pfc Saffol, William J.	1309 Lincoln Park West	Chicago, Illinois
Pfc Schooley, Loron D.	Route #1	Hicksville, Ohio
Pfc Seaman, Ramsford L.	None	Carmel, Mo.
Pfc Sexton, Albert W.	Route #3	Corryton, Tenn.
Pfc Siebo, Leonard H.	Route #2	Lynville, Ind.
Pfc Simpson, John E.	RR #1	Toll City, Ind.
Pfc Steele, Robert H.	14 Brotherton St.	Asheville, N.C.
Pfc Stewart, Earle D.	216 E. Main St.	Brookville, Pa.
Pfc Stivorich, Steve J.	138 Grant Ave.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Pfc Stover, Tracy A.	None	Harper, W. Va.
Pfc Taylor, Harry W.	West Chop Road	Vineyard Haven, Mass.
Pfc Tichanski, John	74 Riverside Ave.	Terryville, Conn.
Pfc Tweto, Paul D.	310 S. 6th St. W.	Missoula, Montana
Pfc Voorhees, Edward F.	187 W. Raymond St.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Pfc Weeks, Darroll R.	None	Paoli, Ind.
Pfc Wilson, Roscoe E.	None	Sparta, Ga.
Pfc Winikates, Edmund E.	4117 N. Mango Ave.	Chicago, Illinois
Pfc Zmirski, Sylvester S.	3832 Pulaski St.	East Chicago, Ind.
Pvt Gudyka, John M.	1016 Hope St.	Utica, N.Y.
Pvt Kunschek, Henry	RR #3	Girard, Kansas
M/Sgt Novak, Arthur E.	Route #3	Lucas, Kansas
T/Sgt Reynolds, Lloyd	4731 N. Hutton Ave.	Tacoma, Washington
S/Sgt Kinsor, Conrad T.	707 - 20th St.	Louisville, Ky.
Sgt Rittner, Kurt	110 Eggert Road	Buffalo, N.Y.
Tec 4 Guatney, LeRoy	501 N. Sycamore St.	Iola, Kansas
Tec 4 Merlock, Stanley	905 Wadsworth Ave.	Waukegan, Ill.
Tec 4 Sapeta, Frank	46 Baldwin St.	Nowark, N.J.
Tec 5 Anderson, Aubrey	507 West Jefferson St.	Waxahachie, Texas
Tec 5 Hart, Doras L. V.	1432 E. Franklin St.	Evansville, Ind.
Tec 5 Hodge, James	Route #1 Box 97	Union, S.C.
Tec 5 Haworth, Jurd	None	Forsythe, Mo.
Pfc Bollinger, Grover	134 Elizabeth, St.	Shelbyville, Ind.
Pfc Brunhammer, Walter	23 Canal Road	Deepwater, N.J.
Pfc Honsley, Walter	None	Vox, Ky.
Pfc Hoffman, Russell	1310 Eckhart St.	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Pfc Jensen, George	320 S. Pleasant St.	Royal Oak, Mich.
Pfc McKiddy, Lewis	1700 - 34th Ave. So.	Seattle, Wash.
Pfc Montgomery, Baxter	400 1/2 Charles St.	Flymouth, Ind.
Pfc Rinehart, Delbert	621 Richard St.	Dayton, Ohio
Pfc Rocks, Elmo H.	608 Lancaster Road	Richmond, Va.
Pfc Snyder, Donald	1011 - 18th Ave.	East Moline, Ill.
Pfc Walsh, Lewis	317 Bridge Ave.	Waynesboro, Va.
Pfc Worlow, LeRoy	1115 Starr St.	Peoria, Ill.
Pfc Ziol, Charles	106 S. Prairie St.	Prairie-Duchion, Wis.
Cpl Ted Bachmann	228 So. 17th Street	Terre Haute, Indiana





Lawrence's top secret code book with the code names for other Divisions that he used as a liaison officer.

1st Inf. Div. DANGER  
 16th Inf. DAGWOOD  
 18th Inf. DECOY  
 26th Inf. DEXTROSE  
 8th Inf. Div. GRANET  
 13th Inf. GREYHOUND  
 28th Inf. GRASSHOPPER  
 121st Inf. GRAPEFRUIT  
 2nd Inf. Div. IVANHOE  
 28, 9, 23  
 4th Inf. Div. CACTUS  
 5th Inf. Div. DYNAMITE

9th Inf Div. NOTORIOUS  
 39th Inf. NUDGE  
 47th Inf. NOSTRIL  
 60th Inf. NUTMEG  
 Div Art NOISY  
 26th Inf Div. COUNCIL  
 28th Inf Div. HOLIDAY  
 29th Inf Div. LATITUDE  
 30th Inf Div. CUSTOM  
 117th Inf. CROYDON  
 119th Inf. CRISIS  
 120th Inf. CUSTER  
 Div Art. CRACKER  
 35th Inf Div. JUSTICE  
 44th Inf Div. CYPRESS

Lawrence's top secret code book with the code names for other Divisions that he used as a liaison officer.



75th Inf Div. DIAMOND  
 289th Inf. DOLPHIN  
 290th Inf. DOMINION  
 291st Inf. DOMINION  
 Div Art DICKSON  
 78th Inf Div. DISCUS  
 79th Inf Div. BISHOP  
 80th Inf Div. HERCULES  
 84th Inf Div. CHECKMATE  
 333rd Inf. DOUGHBOY  
 334th Inf. COWHIDE  
 335th Inf. CRACKERJACK  
 Div Art. CHOW CHOW  
 87th Inf Div. HALFYEAR  
 90th Inf Div. UNICORN  
 94th Inf Div. CEDAR

29th INF DIV  
 115 - LAGOON  
 116 - LEMON  
 175 - LIMESTONE  
 DIV ART - LEPORD  
 110 FA - LARK SPER  
 111 " - LASSO  
 224 " - LYLAC  
 227 " - LEGISLATE  
 121<sup>st</sup> ENG - LINOLEDUM

Lawrence's top secret code book with the code names for other Divisions that he used as a liaison officer.

95th Inf Div. CEMENT  
 99th Inf Div. DAUNTLESS  
 100th Inf Div. FREEDOM  
 102nd Inf Div. DOMINO  
 104th Inf Div. CRANBERRY  
 413th Inf. DAGGER  
 414th Inf. DIVASTATE  
 415th Inf. DEFIANCE  
 106th Inf Div. DECATUR  
 82nd Inf. Div. CHAMPION  
 101st Inf Div. KANGAROO  
 2nd Arm'd Div. POWERHOUSE  
 CCA PYRAMID  
 CCB PREMIUM

3rd Arm'd Div. OMAHA  
 CCA OTTAWA  
 CCB ONTARIO  
 CCR OZARK  
 83 RenSq OSGOOD  
 703TD AMBER  
 Div Art ONSET  
 391 FA ORLANDO  
 54th FA OS KOSH  
 67th FA OZONE  
 32nd Arm'd ORIOLE  
 33rd Arm'd ORCHARD  
 36th Arm'd Inf. OZARK  
 32nd Arm'd Engr OUTLOOK  
 4th Arm'd Div. OLYMPIC

Lawrence's top secret code book with the code names for other Divisions that he used as a liaison officer.



5th Armd Div. VOLCANO  
 CCA VOLLEY  
 CCB VOTIVE  
 CCR VOUCH  
 Div Art VOW  
 6th Armd Div. BAMBOO  
 7th Armd Div. WORKSHOP  
 9th Armd Div. COMBAT  
 10th Armd Div. CROWN  
 12th Armd Div. AMBULANCE  
 4th Cav Gp. JACKET  
 4th Cav Sq JIGGY  
 24th Cav Sq. JIBE  
 8<sup>th</sup> ARMD DIV. - TORNADO

Lawrence's top secret code book with the code names for other Divisions that he used as a liaison officer.





## LUXEMBOURG – September 25, 1944 to December 1, 1944

*During the latter part of September, the 83rd Division moved further east, out of France, into the Duchy of Luxembourg. The 94th Division took over their area in France and, after changing their watches to conform with the switch from “B” to “A” time, they assembled for the three hundred mile journey to the new front lines. They were back in the Third Army now and assigned to the XX Corps.*

*For two days and nearly two nights they rode towards the tiny country about which they knew nothing. It was an exhausting trip and a masterpiece of logistics. They rode through the thick forests of the highland country east of Verdun. Now they were up front again and once again were face to face with the enemy who occupied his concrete fortifications east of the Sauer and Moselle Rivers. They did not know that they were to remain in the Luxembourg area longer than they had stayed in England.*

We were in Luxembourg for some time. That was kind of our rest period. You know what I mean? We'd sit and rest and so forth. It was also about that time when they, for intelligence reasons, reshuffled the whole thing.

### **During this time in Luxembourg did you do anything for fun? Did you do any USO things?**

I guess I did, but I can't particularly remember any.

### **So you don't have any memory of seeing Bob Hope or the ingénue of the month coming through or going to dances?**

No, no, no.

### **And you didn't go out anywhere?**

Well, there wasn't a hell of a lot of places to go. You probably had a get together amongst yourselves, maybe had a few drinks or whatever you'd looted, and that was about the size of it.



*Lawrence as Liaison Officer*

### **I know you got cigarettes in your rations, but where did you get liquor?**

Every month, all the officers got a fifth of scotch and a fifth of gin. And I mean good Scottish Scotch. Commissioned officers, second lieutenants on up. Then later in the war they had confiscated a lot of the stuff that the Germans had taken, and at the end of the war we got a lot of liqueurs. I remember they had what they called a cherry carush. Oh God, that was good stuff. You could usually go over to the mess sergeant and pick out something you wanted. I never liked gin so I'd give that away. One month I'd give it to the supply sergeant, and the next month I'd give it to the mess sergeant. Of course, that made them real happy.

### **As a gift or a trade?**

I'd give it to 'em, and then if I needed a new pair of pants or a new shirt, I'd just tell the supply sergeant, "Hey sergeant, I'm getting short on clothes," and the next thing I'd know, wherever I was bunking, there'd be a whole outfit laid on the bed, brand new. I never bought a damn uniform from the time I left the states until I got home.

### **What about enlisted men, did they get beer or anything?**

Hell, I never saw any beer over there. Maybe after the war was over, but you know all those breweries we were

bombing and shelling, and they were all pretty well shut down. They always talked about the wonderful beer down in Bavaria. Boy, I never saw any. Maybe I wasn't in the right place, but I never saw any.

### So the enlisted men didn't get any booze?

No. They might get it, but it wasn't issued to 'em.

*The Germans and the 83rd Division were firing back and forth at each other across the rivers. Meanwhile the 83rd were drawing winter clothing and stockpiles of ammunition. Gasoline and food were brought up nearer to the front. These supplies had greatly diminished after the long armor thrusts through France, and their supply lines were stretched over many miles. Now the 83rd faced the same problems that confronted the Germans when they were fighting in the Cherbourg*

*Peninsula. They had been rationed on ammunition before, and now they were rationed on gasoline too. Artillery ammunition was low because General Hodge's and Patton's troops had driven the enemy back so far and so quickly that supply points had been unable to keep up with them.*

See, they had a scare of the German Intelligence having us.... Well, they did anyway. They knew where my outfit was from and what we did and everything else. But the Americans scrambled the whole European theater. They took us from one army and put us in another army. We'd been in the First and Third Army. We had to take our patches off and ... on the bumpers of all of our vehicles it had our 330th Infantry, 83rd, or 329th Infantry. We had to paint that all out, and then they sent us from the south up to Simpson's



Award of second Bronze Star medal



Ninth. Patton was Third, Bradley was First, Simpson was Ninth. All our jeeps on the bumpers had our unit. We had to paint that all off. We had to take all our insignia off everything to try to confuse the German Intelligence. They had all that intelligence, see. And they knew who we were composed of from their intelligence which was a lot farther advanced than ours.

This is in that area where I got the second Bronze Star for running all over. I was just a soldier. It wasn't the 83rd Division any more, there wasn't anything that said you were. We were doing a lot of work back and forth. They were moving us here and this outfit there, and that requires a lot of coordination, to take 16,000 men and put 'em up here and bring this 16,000 down here. It takes a lot of work and effort, and you do a lot of back and forth, working with one another.

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EIGHTY-THIRD INFANTRY DIVISION  
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL

CITATION

Award of Bronze Star Medal

First Lieutenant Lawrence L. Chittenden 0-517881  
Infantry, 330th Infantry, United States Army

For distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States from 4 October 1944 to 8 May 1945, in Luxembourg, Belgium and Germany. Lieutenant Chittenden performed his duties as Regimental Liaison Officer in a highly efficient and commendable manner. Despite the adverse conditions of extreme cold and the hazardous conditions of enemy shell fire, Lieutenant Chittenden continually successfully accomplished each mission assigned him. Through his efforts, the Regimental Commander was left informed of the operations and plans of adjacent and attached organizations. The work of Lieutenant Chittenden materially assisted the entire Regimental Staff in successfully completing their assigned missions, and is in keeping with the finest traditions of the armed forces of the United States. Entered military service from Nebraska.

SOMEWHERE IN LUXEMBOURG

November 10, 1944

Dear Dad:

*I am sitting here tonight with very little to do so I decided I would type a letter and see if I could still do it. So far so good. As usual, there isn't much for me to write, still no mail but no one else is getting any either. So I guess it is being held up at the beach again, and why I can't figure out, but I sure wish they would start bringing it up. Mail means a lot any more.*

*It snowed today for the first time. It didn't amount to much. It melted about as fast as it hit the ground then turned to rain, but it looks as if winter is here to stay which I hate to see come. I have been working nights for so long that if I have to start going out now and then it's going to be kind of hard on me, but I guess I can take it. At least it won't be as much as if I was still in a Rifle Co.*

*I will have a money order on the way in the next day or so, for \$92. The Q.M. store came, but they didn't have any thing after they got here so I didn't spend as much as I thought I would. I did buy a pair of Combat Boots, but they didn't cost very much. I didn't think I would have that much, but even with the small increase and the stopping of the Bond Allotment, I thought that was pretty good for two months. I still have saved back enough for what I will need for spending.*

*I know you don't expect anything for Christmas, Dad, even though I would like to get you something, but I would still like to get Leonard something and also Grandmother. If you think I should, take what you need out of the money order and get them something, and give it to them for me. I did send Betty a money order and told her to buy her own present as there was nothing over here to get her, and I didn't know what to buy anyhow.*

*Well, I see Roosevelt made it again. I sort of hated to see him get it again, but I guess the majority know what they want or they wouldn't have voted for him. I see Nebraska went Republican though. How did the prohibition vote come out? I suppose they voted the state dry, well it don't make a lot of difference to me, but it will make a booming business for boot-leggers, and that's*

*worse than it being wet I think.*

*Well, I can't seem to think of anything more to write this time. I am enclosing some more German stamps and Belgium money I picked up. You can add it to the collection which should be getting pretty big by now. What's this I hear about Leonard dressing up like a girl and going to a school dance? I bet that was good. I would like to have seen that.*

*I hope everyone is feeling fine and everything is going ok. Write again soon, and I hope you can read my typing.*

*Love,*

*Lawrence*

---

*The Thunderbolts had spent two months in the Luxembourg area now. By this time the Allies had about completed the job of reinforcing their frontline troops and of stockpiling supplies, equipment, and ammunition. Some forces had already renewed the offensive, and they knew it was inevitable that the 83rd Division would soon be turned loose against the Nazis once more. Many felt that this was going to be the "Big Push", the final drive of the war.*

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## 83RD SPEARHEAD

The Official Weekly Newspaper of the  
83rd Infantry Division

### SOMEWHERE IN LUXEMBURG

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#### REPORTS MADE BY ALLIES WHO FOUGHT IN GERMANY; "BEWARE OF CIVILIANS"

Total war, this is the kind of a fight that Germany is now waging in her last desperate effort at averting defeat and bringing about the death or serious injury of every GI who sets foot on German soil.

This, and other reports, equally as startling, were revealed this week to a SPEARHEAD reporter by men who have fought in Germany and who are well acquainted with the situation as it actually exists in

that country today.

German civilians who are the first to greet the GI's when they roll into town are not out with the glad hand as was the case in France but are holed up in cellars and behind fences with small caliber weapons trained on Allied columns.

To those who do show themselves, GI's greet them by releasing the safeties on their guns. This is only self protection and some soldiers who misled themselves with the ideas that many German civilians are anti-Nazi and really glad to see the Americans, are now among the missing in their squads and platoons.

Further reports state that German children are different from the type who rush to the side of a jeep and chant, "Any gum chum". The German kids have had Nazism drilled into their heads now since 1933 and they are just fanatic about their hate for Americans as are their older brothers who sit behind the machine guns and Schmeisers.

One instance was described of a German patrol which stole an American jeep. Three Nazis worked their way behind American lines and then feigned motor trouble at the side of the road. A GI, acting in the role of a good Samaritan, offered to assist and the thanks he received was a bullet through the forehead. This is an example of Hitler's total war.

German women are cashing in on the amicable relations which have been built up between French mademoiselles and GI Joes, to slide a knife in their ribs when the opportunity presents itself.

A large number of German army uniforms have been found abandoned indicating that this garb has been disposed of in favor of civilian clothes, which incidentally is what the best dressed German sniper is wearing this year.

Heinrich Himmler, chief of the SS in the Reich, has ordered that women and children from the age of ten and upward participate in every type of sabotage known in the German book---and as authors of subversive activities they know all the tricks of the trade.

Other Allied reports brought back from the front cautioned GI's to be especially careful at night and not venture out unless it was in the line of duty, and



then only in groups of threes or fours.

Another favorite trick of the Nazis is to lay hold of American uniforms and in this manner get close enough to our men to knife or shoot them.

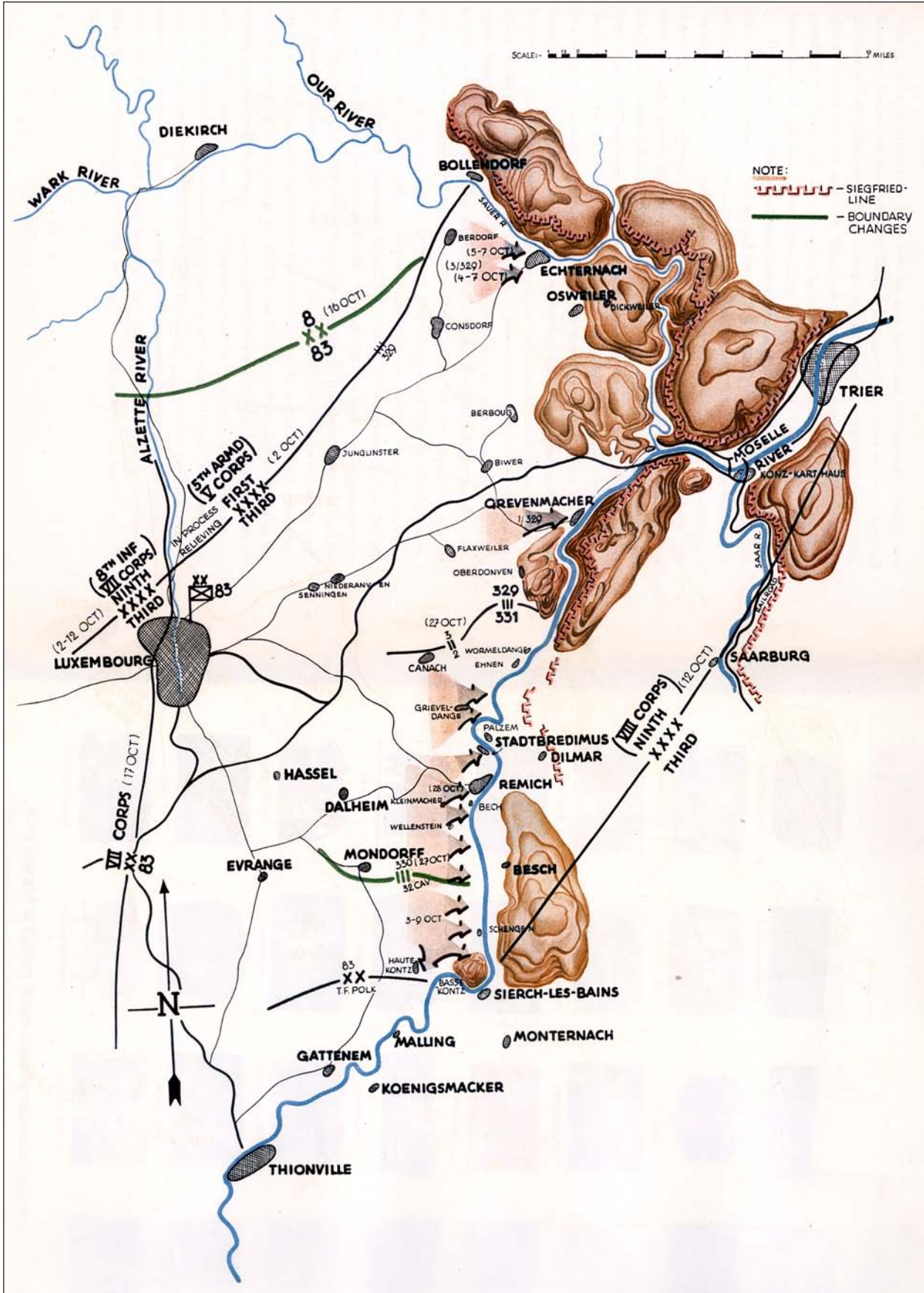
In concluding his remarks the spokesman re-emphasized the fact that no German civilian is to be trusted and under no circumstances are soldiers to fraternize with any one of them regardless of age or sex.

“This is just plain logic,” he said “and any one who thinks that Germany is not now participating in total war may learn his lesson from a jarring experience in the form of a grenade or sniper’s bullet.”

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*The 1st of December saw the 83rd on the move again.  
They were needed elsewhere. They moved into Germany  
-- and the Hurtgen forest.*

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THUNDERBOLT ACROSS EUROPE

Luxembourg



## *HURTGEN FOREST, GERMANY*

### *December 2, 1944 through December 25, 1944*

*The going up north was slow and costly because the Germans were bitterly contesting every inch of their native soil. The enemy was fighting back, and the vicious warfare began to take its toll on both sides in killed and wounded. So it was that the call came for the 83rd to take an active part in this latest offensive and to relieve some of the hard-pressed troops who had initiated the drive.*

*In the center of the triangular area marked by Aachen, Duren and Cologne, Germany lay the Hurtgen Forest. It was here that the men of the 4th Infantry Division were fighting - fighting and dying. In this thickly wooded forest, the Germans easily concealed themselves and their weapons. It was a forest filled with death and German snipers. There were machine guns, mortars, and camouflaged entrenched Nazis with rifles and burp guns.*

*Besides all of this, there were the ever-deadly tree bursts—artillery shells fired so that they would explode near the tops of the trees and send fragments flying in all directions. In places, nearly every tree contained a booby trap, and nearly all the space between the trees was covered with mines. The terrain lent itself naturally to the defense, and the enemy was exploiting his many advantages to the utmost.*

Traveling up there to headquarters, the artillery, that's where they'd shoot that airburst, and that would come into that forest and just... I'd seen guys laying there that had been killed, and there'd be a big sliver of wood in their back like you'd stabbed 'em with a knife. So it just doubled the killing power of the shell, not only its own shrapnel but what it chewed up in those trees.

#### **Did we have those air burst things against the Germans?**

Yeah, we both did, but that's where you used 'em. And not only that, but trees fall, and then the weather was horrible, miserable, cold, wet. It wasn't cold enough



*U.S. Infantry inside the Hurtgen Forest*

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

that the ground... Well, it would freeze a little at night, and in the daytime it would thaw out, and it was just mud and goo and slop.

#### **Were you living in foxholes then?**

Sure you had foxholes. Well, I was back at CP (command post) and, of course, there you had foxholes, too, to get into in an emergency. But you also had other places where you had your bigger tents set up. It was a very, very poor place.

*The mission of the 83rd was to relieve the 4th Division, to continue through the Hurtgen Forest, and to seize the west bank of the Roer River. This would be their first fight in Germany, their first engagement with the enemy in his homeland.*

*Some armchair strategists had ventured that the enemy, once he had lost hold of the occupied countries, wouldn't elect to muss up the sacred soil of the fatherland by fighting for it. But the experiences of the 4th Division in the Hurtgen Forest indicated that these prognostications were, at best, the products of wishful thinking. The Germans were fighting, and fighting like hell, on their own soil.*

*It was going to be tough--trees, scarred by searing artillery fire, and log-covered dugouts were mute testimony of the determined and tenacious resistance of the enemy. Artillery and mortar concentrations were many and intense. Enemy air activity was constant. Strafing and bombing was frequent during day and night.*



*American engineers build a road in the Hurtgen Forest*

I always remember that the 4th Division relieved us (back in Luxembourg), and they were talking about what a wonderful time they were gonna have. Boy, this one officer told me all the plans he had for the troops. He was gonna have these parties and these big shows and all this. And I thought, well that's fine, that's good, go ahead. They had parties all right; they got the hell tromped out of 'em. But anyway, it was hellish. It was so cold and wet, and you're in forest and artillery exploding in tall thick trees. You not only have the shrapnel from the artillery shell, but you got the splinters of trees that are just as damaging as the other. So you got a double affect from it. But anyway, they pulled us out of there after they'd broke through on the Bulge.

### **Did you, the 330th, 329th, 331st all three go in together?**

Usually there'd be two up on line and one back in reserve and probably the 330th and the 331st, I think we were on line and the 329th was in reserve. And why they'd do that is 'cause maybe the battle before that it was the opposite and maybe one of them got pretty well hammered in the fight. So the next one we'd get into, they'd drop them back in reserve and let them kind of catch their breath and get regrouped a little bit. That's where that assistant regimental commander got shot in the back.

### **By his own men?**

Yeah.

### **Tell that story.**

Well, I wasn't there, of course, but he was a stinker. He was a West Pointer. Everything had to be just right, and if it wasn't, he'd get all over you. He's the one that hired me as a liaison officer. I didn't think I'd ever impress him, but evidently I impressed him more than the other two who applied. He would just ride you continually. He was always ready to stab you in the back over something, and a lot of it little stuff that was not pertinent to fighting and combat. He got out there when they were fighting, and we were dragging, you know? You were poking the men in the rear to keep 'em going 'cause it was so tough. They were content to hunker down in a foxhole and stay there. And he went up there to prod them on, and



I guess he must've prodded 'em a little too hard, but there was a stray bullet got him in the back.

**What do you think the chances are that is an embellished story?**

Well, there would be no way to prove it, because you were in a situation where there were bullets flying every which way, and there were people firing and people that weren't firing. Now I wasn't there, but that's the story that came back to us.

**From the people who were there?**

Yes.

**And do you think that some of that, on their part, was wishful thinking?**

In the Army, you never know. You got that blowhard up there on the front lines doing everything, and then you've got the little meek guy that doesn't say a damn thing. I don't know who it came from, but that's what came back to us. He was an SOB. Course there was a lot of them, too, but it came back that he got it in the back by his own men. It went on all the time, and you never really knew who it was or who it wasn't.

**And who was telling the truth and whether it was wishful thinking?**

Yeah, and there was always that braggart, you know.

---

*The 330th, first in the 83rd to enter the shell torn forest, were also the first to attack the Germans in their homeland.*

*On December 10th at 0530 the battalion jumped off with "L" and "K" Companies to attack Strass. By 0730 the town had been taken, only to find itself cut off from the outside. Attempts by American tanks and tank destroyers to contact them were driven back by German infantry, tanks and artillery fire. Time and again patrols with supplies and orders were sent out to contact the hard-pressed troops in Strass, only to return to report that it was impossible to reach them. The woods and hills surrounding the town held enemy troops who had infiltrated and others who had been by-passed in the dark hours of the early morning. They threatened the*

*town from all sides, and for three days any measure of relief was impossible. Counter-attack after counter-attack with infantry and tanks was thrown back by the battle-weary, half depleted companies.*

*The Luftwaffe was active in strength again for the first time since Normandy days. The 83rd shot down three enemy planes the first day of their attack and the next day bagged six more. Each day, the enemy came over to strafe and bomb their lines, or just to make a reconnaissance. Each day, they gave the enemy a warm reception.*

*On the 12th, a patrol succeeded in getting in medical supplies, and in the evening of the same day a 50-man patrol from "I" Company reached the town. Slowly the way was cleared, the town reinforced, the wounded evacuated, and by December 14th the town and surrounding ground were secure. Relief was accomplished, and on the next day the companies pulled back into a bivouac area west of Grosshau.*

---

I think the experience I remember the most... Of course, I wasn't up in the front lines fighting, where that was hell. But I had to go up there one night. Most of the roads were just firebreaks in that forest where they'd clean a strip for fire protection. Mud was up to your neck, and that old jeep would swing around, and you could get stuck if you didn't watch yourself. I'd gone on up to the headquarters and left my orders and was coming back. Of course, you're driving with no lights, just those little black-out lights on the vehicle which are just enough so an oncoming or a following vehicle could see you but wouldn't be where their observers or air corps could see you.

Anyway, I came down this piece of muddy trail, and there was kind of a fairly sharp curve to the right. And right before you got there they had a checkpoint or a guard set up. Well, anyway, we got there, and that dang guard hollered, "Halt! Halt! Halt!" Well, three halts and it's shoot! If you don't get a response, you know? I mean that's just natural. Good Lord, he didn't give us time for a password or anything it was just, "Halt! Halt! Halt!" Lord, I rolled over out of that

jeep in nothing flat, underneath in the mud, and my driver was out just as quick. He stopped that jeep, and there we lay underneath -- prepared to fire back.

About that time the sergeant of the guard showed up. And he (the guard) was either scared, or he shouldn't have been on guard duty. And if there was another man with him, which usually there was two, he didn't do his duty. But the sergeant of the guard began to take case with it, and, of course, I didn't do anything but assist him very vigorously. In fact, I went in and reported the guard to the officer on duty.

With a guard detail you'd have the officer of the guard and the sergeant of the guard. The officer of the guard was on duty, and the sergeant of the guard did the roving and checking on him. Ahhhh, that boy didn't do any more guard duty that's for sure. God, it would just scare the living devil out of you, 'cause you know, he could've just said "Halt! Halt! Halt!" and fired, and hell, you were point blank. He was standing about 10 feet away. That I never will forget.

---

*At Division Headquarters, the men who issue the orders became concerned over the possibility of the enemy flooding the Roer Valley by blowing the Urft Dam on the Urft River and the Earth Dam on the Roer River. Blowing these dams would flood many of their front line positions. They were under Major General McLain's XIX Corps now, and they began to make plans for completing their mission prior to moving into Ninth Army Reserve.*

*The additional mission was given to the 1st and 3rd Battalions of the 330th to take an objective formerly assigned to the 5th Armored. They attacked towards Winden and reached the edge of town. Again the enemy opposition was extremely heavy, and their progress was slow. They continued the attack through the night. The 2nd Battalion, relieved from attachment to the 5th Armored Division, supported the attack on Winden by mortar fire.*

*Christmas Eve found the First Battalion entering the town of Winden on the Roer. Christmas day the job had been completed; Winden was secure and the Regiment firmly implanted on the west bank of the Roer River.*



*American tanks were ineffective on bad roads*



*Miserable, cold, and wet*

---

## GERMANY

*December 24, 1944  
Sunday Morning*

*My Dearest Darling Bette:*

*The day before Xmas, but you sure wouldn't know it around here. It's a long way from being quiet throughout the house and outside also. I just can't seem to visualize that this is Xmas, but I guess it is. I sure hope that you have a Merry Xmas sweets. Have a double one and one for me will you?*

*There isn't much to write, and I have hit that old downfall in receiving letters and mail again. Gosh, I hate such periods. I know darn good and well it's not your*



*fault, but the day just doesn't seem right if I don't hear from you.*

*I wanted to write you last night, honey, but the C.P. made a small displacement forward. When that happens I loose a day's sleep. So I was pretty darn tired last night and not capable of holding a pen in my hand let alone writing with it. We are also in a somewhat better place, now it's the basement of an old house. Part of the first floor is o.k., but the rest of it is quite shell riddled as all the houses are, in fact, few of them are standing.*

*Gosh, sweets, I don't seem to have much more to write about tonight. If I don't get a bath soon, I think I will go nuts. Have you ever reached the point (I know you haven't) where you feel so darn sticky and dirty that you hate to move in fear that your clothes will crack & fall off? Anyhow, that's the way I feel.*

*Honey, about the only thing I can think about or that's on my mind this morning is you. Gosh how I miss you and wish I could be with you now. Being with you is all I could ever ask for Xmas, but I guess I will have to wait until next Xmas.*

*Darling, I hope school is still going o.k., and don't work too hard. You are probably home on vacation by now. Hope you have a good time. I do miss you, sweets, and love you more than ever.*

*All My Love & Kisses,  
Larry  
I Love You Sweetheart.*

## STARS AND STRIPES

### YANKS WEATHER NIGHT OF HELL AND HUNGER

With 83rd INF. DIV. —Men of the First Bn., 331st Inf. were knee deep in cold, muddy water. Pfc. Isaac English sat on an ammo box in his foxhole. When water covered the box, he put his helmet on it and sat on the helmet until it was covered.

Two men died of exposure in one night. They called it a night of hell. A K-ration was their only supper. Supplies couldn't get through to them in the dense woods, but they stuck it out.

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*Despite ankle—deep mud, heavy enemy artillery barrages and fanatical Nazi resistance, the 83rd slugged its way out of the dense forest and seized the western bank of the Roer River in the vicinity of Duren. Seven key villages guarding the approaches to the Roer fell to the 83rd as the enemy retreated. Stiffest resistance was met in the villages of Gey, Gurzenich, and Strass. The 331st Infantry broke the backbone of the resistance at Gey.*

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TONY VACCARO

Hurtgen Forest, December 20, 1944. The Christmas packages on the right were not delivered. Most of the addressees had been killed.

**What about the Christmas you spent in the Hurtgen Forest? What did you do there that Christmas?**

Well, we left there and came down to the Bulge. We were fighting to get across the Roer River, and it was hell. The weather was horrible, and the fighting was tough as hell. You know, you were fighting everything, elements and enemy and the whole works and you just did what you had to do.

**Did you fight that day, Christmas day, or did they give you the day off?**

Oh, no you didn't get any days off.



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

*A Christmas present for Hitler*

**You said they offered you a turkey dinner or something.**

We got orders to go down. They were gonna pull us out of this fight and send us down there, so the commander had to go down and form an advanced command post.

**They were gonna pull you out of what fight?**

The Hurtgen Forest fight.

**And send you down where?**

To meet the Battle of the Bulge on the north side.

**On the north side of what?**

Of the Bulge. The commander had to go set up a command post, and he chose me to go with him. So there were two jeeps, and what we had as we were preparing to go. I happened to go to the kitchen, I don't know whether to get a bite to eat or what. They were gettin' the turkey ready for Christmas Day, and, of course, I like turkey, and you didn't get that good a feed that often. Not that it was bad, but I mean that would have been a super meal. I knew where we were going there wasn't going to be any turkey (chuckles). So we pulled out and took off to go down there.



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

*U.S. Infantry move to the front*



## GERMANY

December 25, 1944

*My Dearest Darling Bette:*

*No mail again today, sweets. Anyway, mail or no mail I had to write you on Christmas Eve. I miss you so darn much, honey, and want or would like so much to be with you, but I guess all I can do is write to you.*

*I had a slight delay, got pretty busy there for a while. It's Christmas now. May I be the first to wish you a very, very merry Christmas, honey. May you get up this morning (late probably) and find that Santa Claus has filled your stocking full of everything that you asked for. Wish I could say the same, but I guess what I want would be too much to ask Santa for. One, for this war to be over and be home with you. 2nd and the most important, to have you for my own. Would Christmas be a very good wedding day? As far as I am concerned, any day and the sooner the better for me. I don't (in fact I know) think I will ever be happy until the day you are Mrs. L. L. Chittenden, my one goal in life. Gosh, sweets, I am lonely & lonesome for you tonight. I would give anything to hold you in my arms and kiss you, I could kiss you for days and never stop. Mushy tonight ain't I?*

*This doesn't seem anymore like Xmas than any other day since I have been over here. This bombing of guns doesn't substitute well for bells of Xmas time.*

*Well, I have to get everyone up at five this morning. Everyone is ordered to be alert. The Jerry might think we are celebrating and try to pull a fast one so we are all to be very alert this morning. We do it every holiday because that's when they hope to catch us napping, but we will fool them.*

*Gosh, honey, this doesn't seem to be a very long letter, but there just isn't any news. I have been looking for a letter any day now. Some of them are long overdue. I guess this business down south has held up the mail again. I am o.k. except that I am lonesome and bubbling over with love for you, but I guess there is only one remedy for that, and that's you darling. Everything is going o.k. here with us. In fact, I guess they are going to give us a little breather which won't hurt any of us.*

*Sweets, I must stop and censor some mail and get some work done. Hope you have a very Merry Xmas & a good vacation. Always remember, darling, I love you and miss you.*

*All My Love & Kisses,*

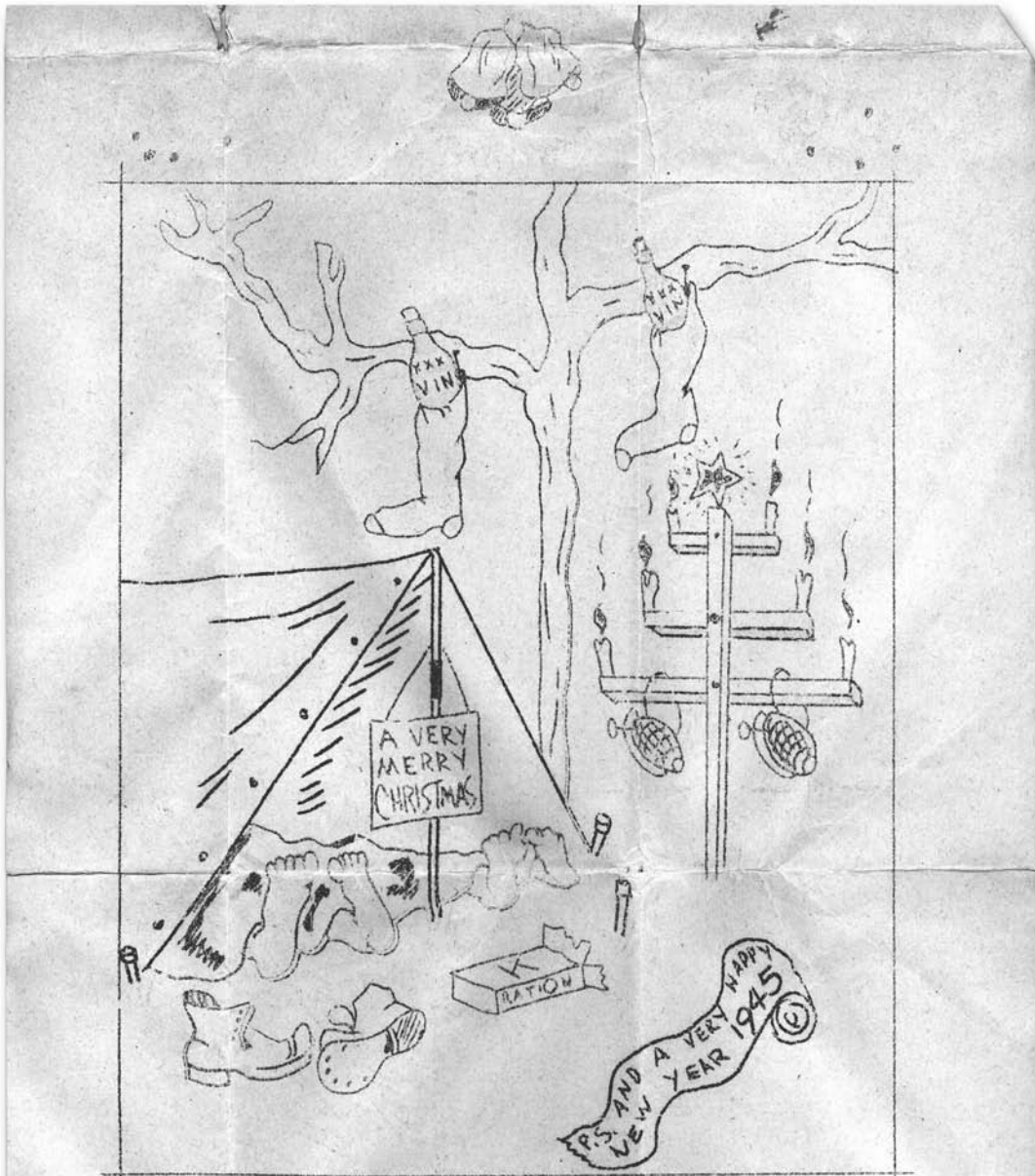
*Larry*

*I Love You Sweetheart.*

---

**Now, the Battle of the Bulge, the Americans were going down to this area to rest? They thought there was going to be no war down in there, correct?**

Yeah.



As I hang up my stocking  
I hope and I pray  
That this Christmas will bring  
A peace that will stay.

We're tired of living  
So far, far from Home  
And when we come back  
We will never more roam.

We wish you the best  
Of all that is good  
Enjoy the gay season  
As you and I would.

*all M of Love  
Larry.*

*This may be a wee bit early but if you aren't getting my letters  
any better than yours are coming through it will be late honey.*

A Christmas poem to Betty





A French Christmas postcard. He sent one to Betty and one to his father.

11-28-44

Darling:

Ran across this today and  
thought it was sort of cute.  
So am sending you one.

Sweets I hope you have a Merry  
Xmas & a Happy New Year.  
also that we can spend the  
next one together darling.

all My Love  
Larry.

Back of the French Christmas postcard to Betty.



Dear Dad:

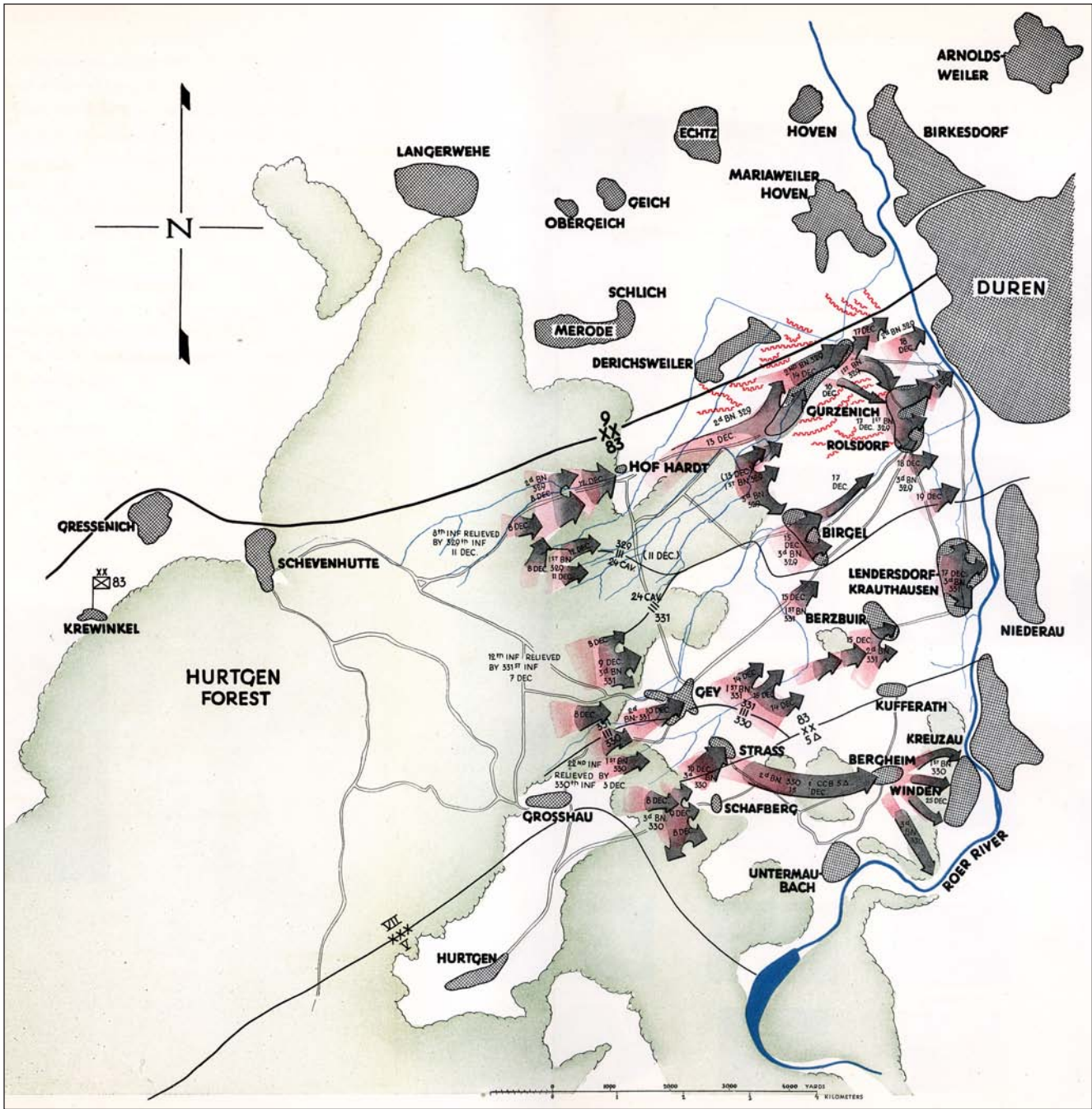
I was never much on sending  
Xmas cards, but the APO post  
out and I thought they were some-  
what of a novelty.

Hope everyone is feeling fine.  
That you have a Merry Xmas +  
a Happy New Year.

Love,

Lawrence

Back of the French Christmas postcard to his father.



THUNDERBOLT ACROSS EUROPE

The Hurtgen Forest



## THE ARDENNES, BELGIUM

December 26, 1944 through February 22, 1945

While the 83rd were engaging the enemy between the Hurtgen Forest and the Roer River, other German units launched their winter offensive. Fully entrucked on the night of December 26-27th the 83rd Division moved out of Germany across Holland and into Belgium to help blunt the point of Marshal von Rundstedt's counter-offensive. In what later became known as the "Battle of the Bulge", Germany's best Panzer and SS Divisions charged through thinly held Allied lines in Belgium and drove a wedge through the Ardennes Forest that reached a depth of some 85 miles and ran to a width of 60 miles at its base. The whole world held its breath as Field Marshall Von Rundstedt put into execution his ambitious plan of attack, aimed at separating and destroying the Allied armies. The enemy's offensive was spearheaded in the air by paratroopers and on land by hundreds of tanks from the 6th Panzer Army. They were followed by crack SS troops, later by regular Wehrmacht units, and finally by members of the "Volksgranadier."

[Editor's Note: The Schutzstaffel (Protective Squadron), or SS, was a large paramilitary organization that belonged to the Nazi party. The SS fighting units, called the Waffen-SS, evolved into highly skilled and effective soldiers, in many cases superior in these respects to the regular German army. Wehrmacht (literally defense force) originally meant the entirety of the armed forces of a given country and was the name of the armed forces of Germany from 1935 to 1945. Volksgrenadier was the name given to a type of German army division formed in the fall of 1944 that economized on personnel and emphasized defensive strength over offensive strength. The name itself was intended to build morale, appealing at once to nationalism (Volk) and Germany's older military traditions (Grenadier). Volksgrenadier divisions participated in the Battle of the Bulge, the defense of the West Wall and Eastern Front, and the final battles in Germany. Many of the divisions were rushed into battle with a minimum of training, and thus performed very poorly, though others acquitted themselves well

given their weak organization and the poor strategic situation. *Wikipedia*]

All the remaining power of the German armed forces was employed in this final major attempt to separate and defeat the Allied tide who had swept in from the beaches of Normandy to the western edges of Germany proper. Now the enemy sought to undo all that had been accomplished in six months of hard fighting. Momentarily the Germans had the advantage, born of the element of surprise and of concentration of force. In many cases, whole Allied regiments and sometimes whole Allied Divisions were cut off during the initially rapid advances of the German forces. This was the German's first major success since the fighting in Africa. Their success was short lived.

When I was in college, I took a summer course and that next February I went in the service. The class that I would've been in if I had graduated in June was the 104th Division. They were one of those divisions that they brought over and they hadn't ever been on line. They were green, and they pushed 'em into line there to get 'em indoctrinated. There were a lot of Nebraska boys killed in that deal 'cause they were all in that 104th Division. They just got the poop beat out of 'em. I'm just telling you that 'cause that was one of those deals where they put too many people in the same place. This was Hitler's last hurrah when he amassed all those troops. Hitler determined that he wanted to get through. That if he could cut us in two ... (the British and Canadian were primarily north). If he could get through to Antwerp, which was a main port, and cut out supply lines and cut us in two, that he might negotiate a good peace. I don't know that he'd have ever negotiated peace, but that's what some of his officers went along with.

There were a lot of experts who figured the war would have been over by now, and we'd have won it by Christmas. But this breakthrough came, and he



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Belgium, January 1, 1945. Machine gunners protect the 3rd Army Headquarters

very secretly amassed a mammoth amount of troops. And he did it in a very intelligent way. The weather was bad, and our Intelligence was asleep a little bit. I mean they didn't pick up this stuff like they should've, and these troops that were green and in this area, they weren't picking up the stuff they should've. And that's how it happened.

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## STARS AND STRIPES

By Ken Dixon  
Associated Press

### NAZI PHOTOS SHOW DEAD DOUGHBOYS STILL AT GUNS

With the AEF on the Belgian Front—If the batch of enemy news pictures captured following the vicious action near here is any criterion, the Berlin newspapers must have been getting good pictorial coverage of this German offensive.

Unwittingly, they show the factors which turned the tide and prevented the Germans from reaching their objectives—our supply lines, ammo dumps, vital road junctions and cities.

They show dead doughboys who manned their guns in the face of tremendous odds—come hell or death.

The Nazi success phase, naturally, runs strongly through them all. There are many pictures of blazing American tanks, some of them obviously taken in the midst of intense action.

One is especially graphic, even cruelly so. It shows a Sherman still smoldering, its tread knocked off, its turret askew. Hanging partially out of that turret are the remains of an American tank commander. It is not a picture you care to look at long, but it probably got quite a play in the Berlin newspapers.

Another shows an artillery piece knocked out. Sprawled around its base, face downward in the mud, lie three artillerymen. The very fact that such artillery pieces were overrun testifies to the speed of the German drive.



There are other obvious proofs of the surprise factor. American equipment, captured intact, has been lined up expressly for the photographer. It shows many vehicles. Pictures of American prisoners whose lack of defensive equipment indicates they had not been expecting a fight that day.

There are even a few touches of “routine victory shots” such as a couple of cocky Wehrmacht officers looking at road signs showing that its only a couple of kilometers to St. Vith, Bastogne, Malmedy or some other town which a short time before had been deep behind the American lines.

The pictures also show a strong tendency to stress the sight of slain American soldiers, intended to demonstrate what happens to enemies of the Reich. However, they also show what finally stopped the breakthrough. It’s a simple thing, but it’s evident in almost every picture.

Perhaps the Berlin newspaper readers noted that the tank commanders body faces the same direction as the muzzle of his 75. His tank was crippled and burning and the position of his body leaves no doubt he was using the tank as stationary artillery before the final enemy shell struck the turret.

If they look closely, they will notice that the bodies of the three dead artillerymen face the same direction as the gun’s barrel. Also, that barrel is depressed so low it is almost parallel to the ground.

Heavy artillery is not meant to fight point-blank but the position of that barrel made it obvious the three artillerymen had been firing at something they could see with the naked eye—firing until they could fire no more.

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**So you weren’t down in the actual Bulge area, you were up north of the Bulge, so you were coming to rescue the people that were there?**

We were kind of like Patton came up from the south to rescue Bastogne. We came down from the north to cut through and stop ’em.

**You had troops coming from both sides? And this was in December?**

Yeah, at Christmas time. December of 44 and into January of 45.

### **How long did it last?**

Well, until we got ’em pushed clear back to where they started from, back across into Germany. Probably two weeks, three. I can’t remember for sure. It was very, very rough terrain, not very ideal terrain for fighting, let’s put it that way. They had put in there the 28th Division, the 4th Division and a couple green divisions -- they’d just brought over -- they put them all in that area. The main fighting was north and, of course, Patton was going clear down in the south along with the French. Patton’s Third Army and the First French Army were down in southern France, see, and this took place up in Luxembourg and up around Belgium where the Bulge started.

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*The Germans had either under-estimated or had failed to reckon with the amazing mobility of the American Army. Overnight, the 83rd Division raced from Northern Germany into Belgium. They were employing the element of surprise now. The entire VII Corps had moved to the new scene of action. Now, without rest or let-up, they dashed from the outskirts of Duren to the vicinity of Rochefort, a distance of 75 miles, to hit the “Bulge” at its tip. Slightly more than 24 hours after the last elements of the 83rd moved away from the Roer River, other units of the 83rd smashed the Germans thrust right on the nose.*

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## **THE 83RD SPEARHEAD**

The Official Weekly Newspaper of the  
83rd Infantry Division

### **DOUGHS REPEL NIGHT ATTACK**

Out of the entire Nazi company which attempted the assault, not a man escaped. Twenty who survived the devastating fire surrendered.

The attack occurred in Germany after Co. B of the 330th Regt. had received a heavy barrage of mortar, artillery and small arms fire. Orders were given that not a single Yank was to fire a shot in return.

The Germans, believing that the Americans had pulled out under cover of darkness, moved boldly

forward. Tense doughs peered out of their foxholes and nervously watched the Nazis move to within 50 yards of their positions. Then the cry “commence firing” was given, and all hell broke loose.

Machine guns, BARs, carbines, M-1s, and everything that could throw lead broke the predawn stillness. The first wave was mowed down like stalks in an Iowa cornfield, and those who tried to escape across the open terrain were pounded with prearranged concentrations of artillery and mortar fire.

That's the one I told you about where we went down in an advance unit before the rest of the troops came. The commander and I left (the Hurtgen Forest) sometime in the evening 'cause I can remember stopping at the kitchen tent, and there was that turkey there getting ready to be fixed for Christmas. Anyway, we loaded my jeep and driver and guard. I don't know what good he was. I had so much loot in the jeep, you couldn't hardly find him in the back seat. And away we went. Well, we didn't realize we changed armies from the Third to the Ninth. At this time, just prior to the Bulge breakthrough, they had completely reshuffled everything. That's when we were moved to the Ninth Army north. That was to try to confuse the Germans as to identification. Remember, we had to take our divisional insignias off our jeep bumpers so they wouldn't know who we were.

But, anyway, we started down towards this Bulge, and when you change Armies, you change passwords. Well, we didn't know their password. The colonel should've got it, but we left in a hurry. But if they challenge you in the dark, that's pretty bad. Well, at the same time this had happened, the Germans were dropping guys in there that were in American uniforms and could speak English, see. So everybody was jumpy. It's a miracle to this day that we got through some of the roadblocks that we got through. I don't know how, but we got through. We hollered our countersign, and, hell, it wasn't anywhere near what theirs was.

## STARS AND STRIPES

Somewhere in Europe

Lt. J. Harold Poland of Fairmont, W.Va. peered through his field glasses on the Seventh Armored front. What he saw caused him to drop to the ground, grab his gun and fire. His glasses had fastened themselves on a figure with a rifle, taking a bead on him. Poland's aim was true—walking up to the body, he found one dead German, but wearing a British uniform.

*No record of the Ardennes Campaign is complete without reference to the terrain and the weather. For in the snow-laden hills of the Ardennes Forest they fought the weather as much as they fought the Germans. The newspapers called it the "Ardennes", the "Breakthrough", or the "Bulge". But those in the line didn't describe it with such polite terms. It was Valley Forge, edition 1945. Clothing froze on bodies, weapons failed to function. Feet turned black and purple from trench foot. Any wound was serious. If you fell, you froze. The only covering for the dead was a blanket of snow. But they kept going forward. Indeed, the bitter cold and heavy snow took as large a toll in Allied casualties as did German bullets and shells. . With chapped faces and frozen hands and feet, they fought continuously in the arctic-like climate of the Ardennes Forest for five days and nights, to pave the way for the 3rd Armored Division.*

*The advances made by the 83rd were directly responsible for enabling the 3rd Armored to cut the vital St. Vith-Houffalize highway. They had to plow their way through deep snowdrifts, up and down mountain-sized hills against biting winds. They had to camouflage themselves so that they blended with the whiteness that was everywhere. They had to stalk the enemy in the forest; they had to fight him during the day and keep fighting him through the night, and the next day, and the next night. They kept at it until they had driven him from the woods, out into the open, in between the armored jaws of the 1st and 3rd Armies, driving south*



and north respectively. Their casualties equaled those of Normandy days, but this time most were due to weather. They carried ammunition and food up to the front on their backs, for the huge snowdrifts prevented movement of tanks and halftracks. To survive called for great stamina and grit and a generous amount of good luck.

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#### SOMEWHERE IN BELGIUM

December 28, 1944

My Dearest Darling Bette:

Sweets, here I am again not much news and still no mail, but I still have hopes. I am sorry that I haven't written sooner, but one more followed another so I haven't had any time to write or sleep. As you can see we are now in another country. It is a very nice country much the same as France, and the people are nice and friendly. In Germany they weren't, and if you did so much as speak to them, it cost you and plenty. Well, I suppose you know where we are if you have noticed the papers lately. I got to see Aachen. That is, what's left of it. When the papers said there was nothing left of it, they were right. I only hope we make every other city look the same way.

Things are going o.k. here so far, except I am so darn sleepy I can hardly hold my eyes open. I haven't had any sleep in three days. I did get a little this afternoon but just



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Belgium, January 5, 1945. "Colder than billy hell."

enough to make me want more. I wish you could see this place, house we are in now, it's fit for any king and as big if not bigger than the Dorm and really beautiful.

I hope you had a swell Christmas, sweets. It was just another day to me. The only thing that made it seem anywhere near like it, was that we had turkey and most of the trimmings for dinner that day.

Honey, I will admit that this isn't much of a letter, but there is no more, and I am getting so tired and sleepy that I can't hardly keep this pen moving.

Hope school is going o.k. and that you aren't working hard and feel o.k. Remember that I miss you, honey, and always will. I love you, sweets, more than ever. Take care of yourself.

All My Love & Kisses,

Larry

I Love You Sweetheart.

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We managed to make it through. We went down and set up a command post, and that's where all the frostbite came from, the frostbite of your feet. Like mine, I got a little spot on this left foot and my toe on my right foot that bug me in the wintertime when it gets cold and my feet get cold. But we got down there, and the rest of our troops came down from the north, north of Bastogne and west. We came in there and cut the line with the 2nd Armored Division and cut the Germans in two and met the Americans on the south side ... But you gotta remember, this was all in snow, heavy snow, a lot of snow, colder than billy hell. It just kind of dawned on me this year, watching a rerun of this thing, why I dislike snow so bad.

That's where I got stuck that time, and I had to lay on my belly in the snow and dig the jeep out. That's also where we fought with the armored outfit. We got so mad at them 'cause we'd get into a shelling situation, and they'd crawl in their tanks and pull their lids down, and we couldn't. (Laughs) We didn't have anyplace to go. It'd make us mad, but that was their advantage. Of course, they also could get parboiled and cooked in one of them, too, if they got hit. But we worked a lot with armored outfits. Lots and lots.

*The 83rd Infantry Division came of age in the Ardennes. It was there that they proved beyond all doubt that they had power, tactical skill, courage, and fortitude. Under conditions never before experienced, they hammered at the German's Panzer might. They out-fought the enemy, out-flanked him, drove him into a trap that brought his defeat. Day and night their attack continued. Langlir, Petite Langlir, Bihain, Bovigny, Courtil, and Honyezel were the small towns which they captured after fierce fighting in bitter cold. But their victory in the Ardennes can't be measured by towns captured or by miles gained. They did not advance far, as compared to some of their other successes, but they never fought harder, were never faced by stronger opposition than that which they encountered in the "Bulge."*

*It was a job for the infantry. Clear the roads, the woods, so the tanks can operate more efficiently. Hold the towns so the armor can move to the flank. It was the infantry-tank combination in action again, each secretly respecting the ability and help of the other. It was fight all the time; fight the fanatical enemy, fight the devastating cold, fight the tiredness, the fatigue that comes after days and days of continuous combat. It was a three-week endurance test, which called for the "impossible" in physical stamina, in self-confidence, and in individual courage. Enemy counter-attacks were numerous and frequent, but each time they repelled them or destroyed them before they could actually start. Many times their artillery was unable to register on targets because of the weather. From here on it was constant, bitter fighting in snow and freezing cold, pushing the enemy back step by step, yard by yard, town by town.*

Mrs. Nail had sent me a wool knit stocking cap. But that still wasn't much 'cause when you were driving in the jeep in this condition, you've got to drive with the windshield down. 'Cause if you leave it up, it reflects the light and they (the Germans) can spot it. Well you travel very far in a jeep with the windshield folded down, not breaking the air you know... So we had been issued a sleeping bag that had been contoured to your body. It had shoulders and a head hood. I'd

taken one of them and cut it off down the shoulders a way so I could tuck it down in my coat and still put it up over my head and draw it tight for warmth.

I had been sent out on a job somewhere, and I came back and reported to the regimental commander, Colonel Foster. I had a Colonel Foster, a regiments commander and a Major Foster that was an S2 or intelligence officer. Colonel Foster was the one that stood up for me. And while I went in to report, the regimental supply major was there, and he just got all over my ass for cutting off that good sleeping bag. "Who said you could do that?" He went on for a little bit and pretty soon the commander said, "Major, do you know where he's been?" "No, sir." "Well I'll tell you where he's been," and he proceeded to tell him. "And if you think that's a good deal, fine, I'll send you on the next one. Now get off his ass". I really got along good with the commander. He kind of looked after me. That Major left, and he didn't bother me anymore after that. The old commander knew where I'd been and what I'd done, and I'd gotten done what he wanted, so he was strictly behind me. But I thought I was really in for it, boy. I had on a stocking cap underneath it and my helmet. You always had to wear your helmet.

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## THE STARS AND STRIPES

### Fighting Like Valley Forge

With 83rd INF. DIV.—Not since Valley Forge when Washington and his small band of patriots survived the worst winter in our war history has an American army been subjected to the force of the elements which confronted doughboys of the 83rd during the recent Ardennes offensive.

The attack to cut the St. Vith-Houffalize highway was made in the face of blinding blizzards, waist-high snowdrifts, temperature usually below zero and against fanatical SS resistance.

Morphine syrettes froze, and it was found impossible to administer the crucial drug on the battlefield until the 83rd Medics hit on the scheme of keeping the syrettes warm underneath their armpits. Plasma also became frozen and had to be kept under the hoods of medical jeeps. Frostbite and trench



foot cases were common because the doughboys had neither time nor facilities to take care of themselves. When they were not attacking, they were sweating out heavy German artillery fire which fell almost continuously.

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*By the time the 83rd cleared the Bois de Ronce, swung east, and occupied Courtil, Honeyelez and Bovigny, the Bulge had been considerably reduced. Then the 3rd Armored Division passed through the bridgeheads, shot off to the left, to the right and down the center to cut the all-important Houffalize-St. Vith Highway. This maneuver, together with the advance of the 3rd Army from the South, cut the remaining elements of the German 6th Panzer Army in two and set the stage for the final elimination of the Bulge and the restoration of their original front lines in Germany.*

*The battalion had suffered its heaviest losses of the war. But again, the mission was accomplished, and Von Runstedt's boast that he would drive us to the sea was now merely an idle threat and no longer a possibility.*

*The 83rd was relieved, and they moved back to the vicinity of Hamour, Belgium, where for the first time since they were committed that June, they were entirely out of contact with the enemy.*

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## 83RD SPEARHEAD Somewhere in Belgium

### DIVISION IS COMMENDED FOR ARDENNES OPERATION

As the 83rd Infantry Division comes out of the line after three weeks of continuous offensive operations in the Ardennes, I wish to express to you and to the Officers and men of your division my appreciation of the job the 83rd Division has accomplished during this period.

Fighting under most severe conditions yet encountered on the Western Front, with little or no shelter from driving snow and freezing cold,

the division advanced almost 20,000 yards in the First United States Army's drive against the north shoulder of the German salient. In the critical stage of the attack to break across the Langlir-Ronce River and through the heavy woods to the south, the 83rd Division made two consecutive night attacks and fought continuously without let-up for three days in order to open the way for the final drive of the 3rd Armored Division to cut the vital Houffalize-St. Vith road which spelled disaster for the entire German position north of the Ourthe River. The officers and men bore the fury of the elements as well as the vicious fire of the enemy's defense and overcame both.

The 83rd Division can well be proud of its record in the Ardennes counter-offensive, which may prove to be the decisive battle on the Western Front. Please convey to your officers and men my hearty congratulations and best wishes for your future success.

J. LAWTON COLLINS  
Major General, US Army

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## 83RD SPEARHEAD An Editorial

### MUDDY, BLOODY MEN OF THE LINE

Every American ought to do at least one hour of combat duty—infantry style.

That's not a practical idea, and we know it. But until a man has done a doggie's job, he simply doesn't know the score.

He doesn't know how danger punishes the human nervous system. He can't imagine what it's like to creep down a street of empty houses wondering if they're really as empty as they look. Hearing window shades flap and doors creak and expecting the crack of Karbiner or the burp of a Jerry MG—the last sound on earth.

He doesn't know how much guts it takes to move forward a yard, a foot, an inch. How a second can seem a year and a minute an eternity.

Until he's lived and fought in the mud and blood, he can't realize what an all-time miracle a doughboy

is. To stick in there day after day after day after day after day. And night after night after night after night after night.

Until then, a worker can't understand what a crime it is to let production slow down.

Until then, a soldier can't understand what a murderous thing he does when he peddles supplies needed up front.

Until then, War Department officials can't attach enough importance to combat duty in administering its demobilization plan. Nor can they know the inequality of the present system of special pay and privilege for some—with just a few extra dollars a month for the man in the mud.

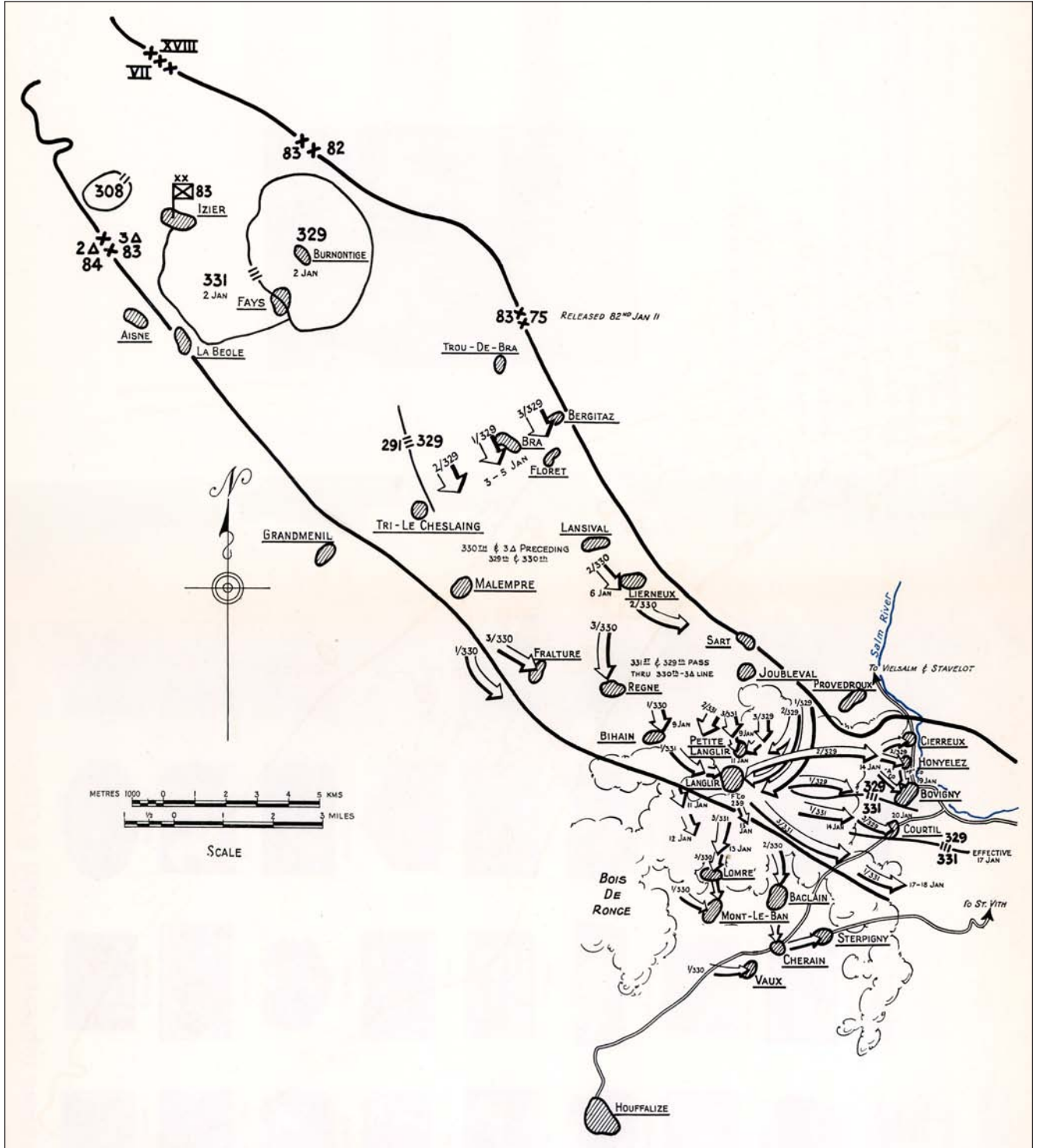
Until then, the nation can't realize—as it cheers the greatest backfield of the greatest team in history—the job being done by the muddy, bloody men of the line.

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## THE 83RD SPEARHEAD

The Official Weekly Newspaper of the  
83rd Infantry Division

S/Sgt Julie Wetter of N.Y.C., Co. G of the 331st Infantry, crouching in his foxhole, noticed a shadowy figure standing over him. “O, George, is that you?” he called. A rasping “Raus mit!” greeted him. Wetter grabbed his M-1 in the dark, pulled the trigger, and it only clicked. Meanwhile Pfc George Tapp had heard the goings-on and put a round between the Kraut's eyes.



THUNDERBOLT ACROSS EUROPE

The Ardennes





## *THE RHINELAND, GERMANY*

### *February 23, 1945 to March 21, 1945*

*They spent most of the month of February licking their wounds, resting and re-training. New enforcements arrived to replace those lost from the ranks during the Ardennes counter-offensive. On the Meuse River near Liege, Belgium, they trained in river crossing tactics. They reorganized and again readied themselves for combat.*

After the Bulge was over and that was cleared up, we went back up and then the big fight was to get across the Rhine. We weren't one of the big movers on the Rhine.

*The "Bulge" had been completely eliminated now. Not only were the Allies' former front lines restored, but in some places they had advanced farther into Germany. Another great Allied offensive was forming. Once more the chroniclers heralded this next drive as the one that would sound the death knell for the Nazis. They were after something big and important that might put the finishing touch to German morale were they to reach it or cross it—the Rhine River.*

#### **Why was there a race? Who were you racing to the Rhine?**

To try to get there to keep the Germans from setting up any defenses along there.

#### **Because they were retreating back toward the Rhine?**

Sure. We wanted to get there first and get control of it. You wanted to gain control of that thing as quick as you could.

*The 29th Division and the 30th Division were to cross the Roer river and later, the 2nd Armored Division and the 83rd Thunderbolt Division were to pass through and push on to the major objective. Members of the 330th Combat Team were attached to the 29th Division after the latter launched its assault across the Roer in the wee hours of the morning of February 23rd. Colonel Foster's Regiment launched its attack on February 24th and quickly captured Pattern and Mersch. Just before the crossing, every gun in every artillery battalion shelled the German positions east of the Roer as far as they could reach. This gigantic artillery assault proved devastating to the enemy and was directly responsible for the Corps' rapid advance across the Rhineland. The 330th moved on to capture Hasselsweiler, Gevelsdorf and Isen Kroidt—all against comparatively light resistance. At noon on March 1st the 83rd received the mission of capturing Neuss and securing the three Rhine river bridges connecting Neuss and Dusseldorf. They moved out across the flat, open terrain, opposed by German tanks and self-propelled guns. They exploited their tactical training to advantage and out-flanked and out-maneuvered the German positions until they reached the outskirts of Neuss. After dark, the enemy put up a strong perimeter defense of heavy machine guns, which fired at them through prearranged zones. They were active during the night, too, moving through and around batteries of concrete emplaced 88s sited to sweep the approaches to Neuss. They were all over the place. Their muzzles were depressed. They looked straight down their throats.*

#### **What's an 88?**

It's artillery, cannon. They had it on their tanks, and then they had 'em without their tanks ... See, a tank gun had more of a flat high speed trajectory. In other words it went real fast and flat to shoot into tanks and other things. When you fired a cannon back behind the line, it arcs up over the air, and the shell comes

down and either explodes when it hits the ground or they had 'em with proximity fuses that would go off in the air. Well, this one, they were 88s, I think it was eight-something caliber, but everybody called 'em 88s. They had 'em on tanks, and they had 'em otherwise too. But they fired a clip of three so you could go bang, bang, bang. Whereas a cannon, you shoot one and then eject the shell and reload and shoot again, and they can't fire real fast. They did a good job of firing fast but not like you'd pull the trigger on a gun. And that's what it was. It made a hell of a noise. It would plum scare you to death just to hear 'em, let alone have 'em land anywhere close.

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*Colonel Foster's 330th regiment was assigned the task of crossing the Nord Canal and driving on to help the 329th secure Neuss. They crossed the Nord Canal during the night, and before 0300 the next morning they were already fighting alongside the 329th in the built-up portions of Neuss. Right after midday, they maneuvered in a wide, swinging arc around the city, and headed for the bridge at Oberkassel, a west bank suburb of Dusseldorf. They moved out with the aid of tanks, but this armor support was delayed by roadblocks.*

*When darkness came, men of the 308th Engineer Battalion removed the enemy's roadblocks, and once again the tankers supported their advance. The stillness of the silent, eerie ride through the dark, deserted streets of the city was broken by sporadic panzerfaust and machine-gun fire from the small groups of surprised defenders. At 0900, March 2, as they raced to secure the Neuss-Dusseldorf Bridge, the center span blew up almost at their feet.*

*When dawn came on the 3rd, they were a thousand yards from the Rhine, and by noon they had reached the river opposite Dusseldorf. They were among the first troops on the entire Western Front to reach the Rhine.*

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## THE STARS AND STRIPES

### SIREN SOUNDS TOO LATE AT OBERKASSEL

With 83rd INF. DIV.—American soldiers on the Rhine and beyond the Rhine are still chuckling over the smooth way that Task Force Schuster moved into the rear of the German forces at Oberkassel, suburb of Dusseldorf, under the cover of darkness and surprised the daylights out of Nazi soldiers and civilians alike.

In fact, it was a civilian who finally gave the alarm by sounding the town siren. But the warning was given too late. Lt. Col. George M. Schuster, of Narbeth, PA., with infantry of the Third Bn., 330th Regt., supported by tanks from Co. A of the 736 Tank Bn., and a platoon of TDs from the 643rd, had already moved in from nearby Neuss.

Passing through the enemy, they reached a point just a few blocks from the river before being discovered.

For the most part, discovery was made when GIs challenged the unsuspecting Germans in the dark. With a click of their heels and a snap of the arm upward, the Krauts replied, "Heil Hitler." That was the wrong answer, and the PW rolls grew.

German soldiers leisurely strolled through the streets, laughing and singing. Some carried bazookas which they were never able to use. Civilians coming from their homes at daylight, stared open-mouthed and disbelieving.

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Dusseldorf, we went in there and had a little fight. We were in Dusseldorf for quite a while. I can remember taking that big industrial city. In fact, that's where I wrote Mom the letter on the beautiful, nice, smooth, slick paper. We were in a big industrial building, and in those days, you just used whatever you could find to write on 'cause all they gave you was that v-mail. And gosh this was real nice, smooth paper. I thought man, I'm gonna write Bette on this. So I sat down one night by candlelight and wrote her a love letter on that thing. She got it in Lincoln, and she was in between classes reading it, and it just kept getting darker and darker and darker, exposed to the sunlight. It was



photographic paper (laughs). I didn't know what the hell it was. It turned just almost black. But anyway that was in Dusseldorff.

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LETTER WRITTEN ON PHOTO PAPER

March 5, 1945

Germany

*My Dearest Darling Bette:*

*No letter today again, but I can't complain. There isn't much to write, sweets. This is going to be a very short note. I don't have to work tonight, and I am sleepy and want to go to bed. So you will please excuse a short letter tonight won't you, sweets? I just got a haircut, and shaved. Now I am waiting to take a bath. All cleaned up again for a change. It sure will feel good.*

*I will give these Germans credit for one thing, they have the most modern conveniences of any country over here so far. We have a real C.P., hot running water, steam heat and a wonderful building and in good shape.*

*Not much going on today - it was a real quiet day. Sort of cool but didn't rain. I wasn't even out today. Of course, I didn't get up till noon.*

*Say, sweets, I got another bottle of perfume for you. I don't know how good it is. Also a couple tubes of French lipstick. I will get them off just as soon as I can get them wrapped. Did the other bottle of perfume get through in good shape? I hope so.*

*Honey, I love you so very, very much and miss you a billion times more. Hope school is still progressing o.k. Don't work too hard, darling.*

*All My Love & Kisses,*

*Larry*

*I Love You Sweetheart.*

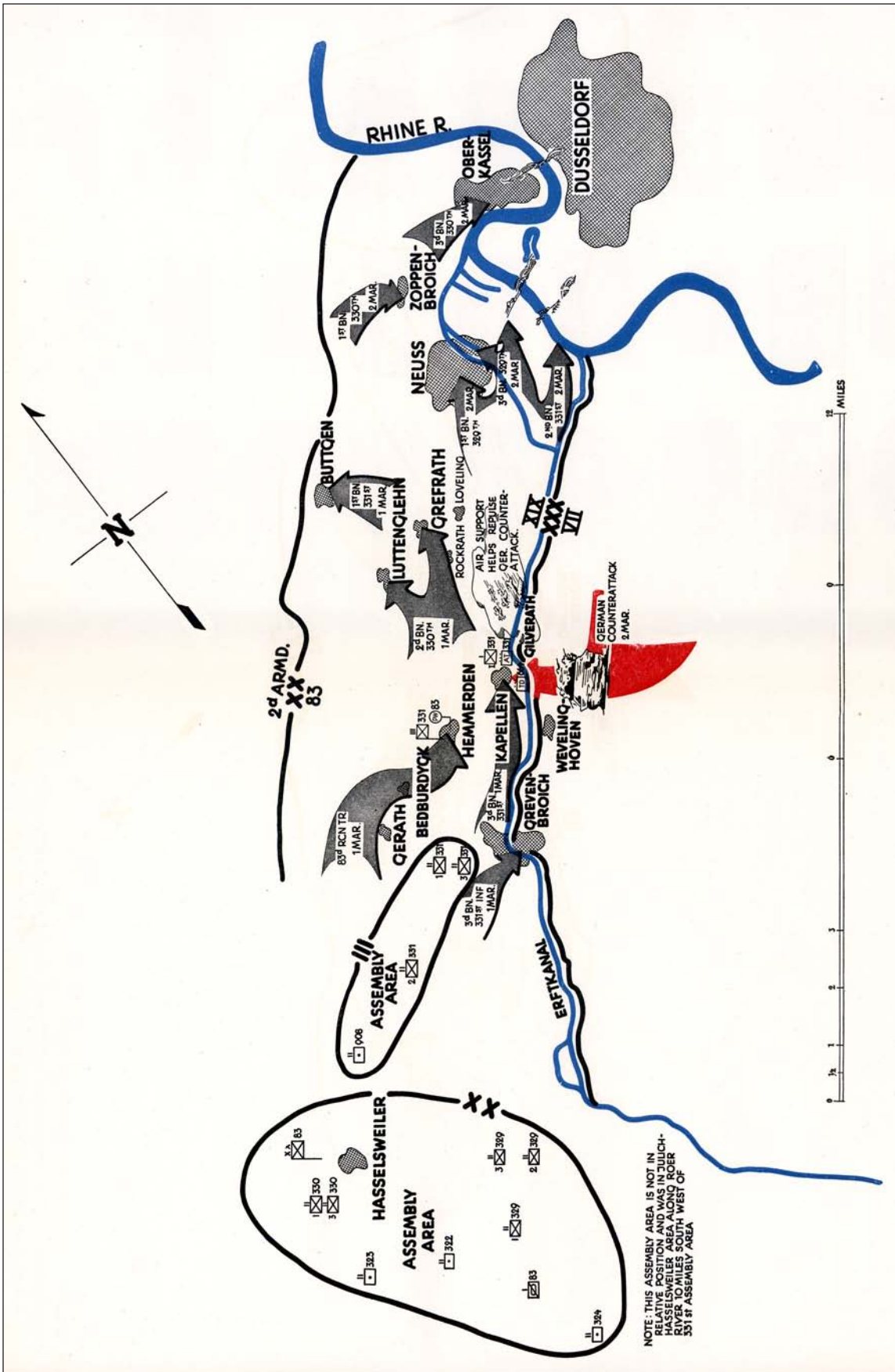
*I will do better tomorrow night, o.k.?*

*I Love You.*

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*After holding defensive positions along the Rhine at Oberkassel, the battalion moved back to Holland on March 21st for extensive river-crossing training. In the meantime the Rhine was crossed in several places north of the Ruhr, and they again moved back into Germany, this time across the Rhine and deep into the country, in the wake of the 2nd Armored, with the mission of clearing out any by-passed pockets of resistance. On April 1st the battalion established defensive positions along the northeastern corner of the Ruhr pocket, which at that time contained some 200,000 crack German troops who had been cut off in the great industrial region.*

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THUNDERBOLT ACROSS EUROPE

The Rhineland

## *THE RHINE, THE HARZ MOUNTAINS, THE ELBE*

### *March 29, 1945 through May 7, 1945*

*Upon completion of the operations from the Roer to the Rhine, the 83rd Division moved into portions of Belgium and the Netherlands where again they began training in river crossing tactics. They thought they were to make an assault crossing of the Rhine in the near future, so they trained hard as they crossed and re-crossed the Maas River.*

*Before March ran out they found themselves back in Germany for the third time. All the Allied Armies had reached the Rhine River, and the First U.S. Army had seized a bridge in tact near Remagen and had made the first crossing of Germany's western bastion. During the last days of March, the Allies launched their final and greatest offensive of the war against the Germans. The Ninth Army, following the lead of the First, forced a crossing of the Rhine north of the Ruhr basin after a gigantic aerial and artillery bombardment of the river's eastern banks. Airborne troops who participated in the operation were dropped well east of the river. It became evident that the Nazi war machine was crumbling.*

*Crossing the Rhine near Wesel on March 30th the 83rd proceeded to follow the fast moving 2nd Armored Division, ostensibly for the purpose of cleaning out pockets of enemy resistance bypassed by the armor. It became apparent that speed was the key, even though they didn't want to achieve it at the cost of firepower.*

#### **So you did get to the Rhine first?**

We did, but we didn't cross it there. A different outfit, I think it was the 79th Division, eventually crossed it, and then we crossed it. They dropped the 17th Airborne over on the other side, parachuted them in on the other side of the Rhine. I'm up on toward Wesel, clear up in the northern part of the Rhine. That's where we eventually crossed on a big pontoon bridge. Say, don't think that ain't fun. Those big tanks and those big trucks have to be spaced. They gave me the job of standing down there along the end of that



*Personal photo, reads on the back: "Ernie Pyle bridge across the Rhine. Neuss-Dusseldorf"*

bridge and saying, "Okay, you can go and you wait." Sometimes those tankers didn't want to wait. You had to get a little rough with them sometimes.

*During the next two weeks the 83rd Division made history by setting new infantry speed records—records that surpassed those of the best Allied armor. At times they moved faster than the tanks of a top-notch armored Division, faster than was conceivably possible with what was know as "organic transportation".*

*They chased the Germans up and down hills and mountains, across canals and rivers; raced through, around and after them towards the Russians. The 83rd swept across northern Germany from the Rhineland through the Prussian provinces of Westphalia, Hannover and Sachsen, and the German states of Lippe, Braunschweig, and Anhalt; through the Teutoburger Forest, over the Hills of Hasse and the Harz Mountains; across the Lippe, the Weser, the Leine, and Saale and the Elbe Rivers. 280 miles in thirteen days.*

*It was the 3rd Battalion that was in the lead most of the time during the sweep into the heart of the Reich. They were later referred to as the "Rag-Tag Circus", but it was no circus. They pressed into service every conceivable*



means of transportation they encountered. If it had wheels, they used it. It was not unusual to see thirty or more riflemen clinging to a single tank, or to see two or three men on one motorcycle, or a whole platoon riding down the street in a dilapidated German jalopy. The 331st sped along not far behind as they all raced on across five rivers until they were ordered to stop less than sixty miles from Berlin.

Well, that's where we made that mad dash. I think we were attached to armor there, too, but it was a mad dash. The guys would loot all the equipment they could find. Old German cars and French cars or anything to keep up. And that's where we had, for a day or two, a German general and his car and his driver right in our convoy (laughing) going right along with us. You couldn't tell him from us because of the equipment we were using. Finally, a sergeant realized who it was, and we stopped him and captured him. (Laughing) I can't remember, he was a fairly prominent German general. But they called us Coxeys' Army. Oh Lord, you couldn't believe the stuff. A lot of the trucks they had over there in those days, because of fuel shortage, were steam. They had a boiler on the back end of it, and they'd feed wood chips into it, and away they'd go till they'd run out of steam. Then they'd have to get back there and stoke her up again and go again. They were just hanging on them by droves, and away they'd go down the road.

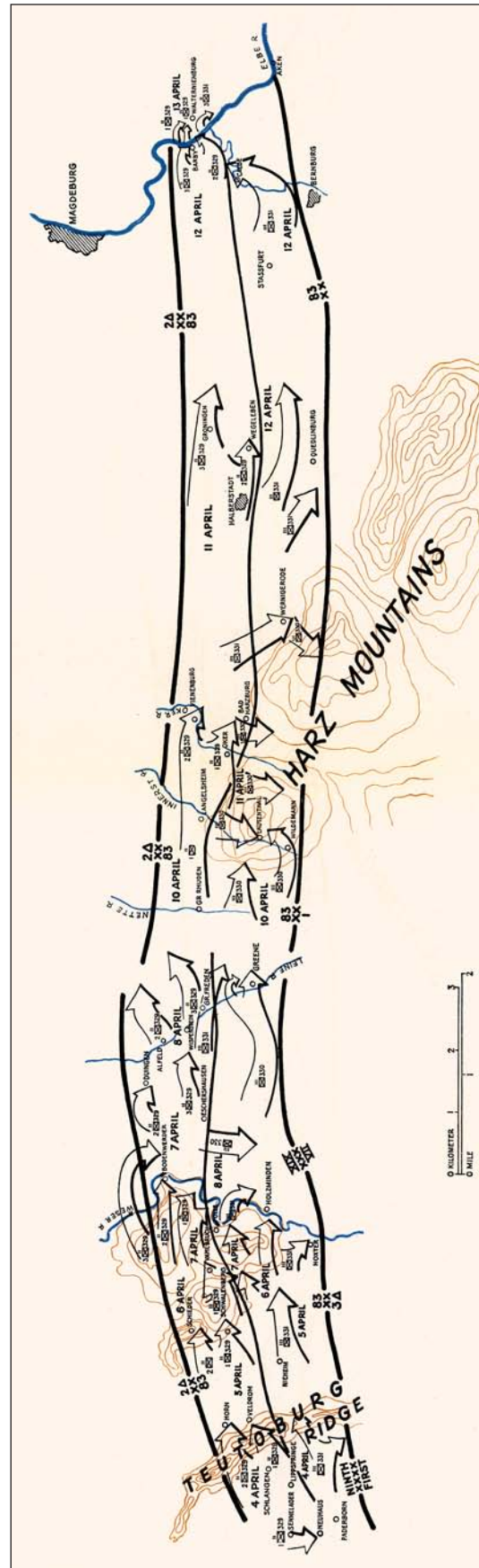
### Why did they call it Coxeys' Army? What did that mean?

Well that was in the days they used everything, and they took anything they could get, and there was no formation to 'em. There'd be a few soldiers walking...

Mom: Coxeys' Army was a bunch of farmers who marched on Washington D.C. during the depression because they wanted help.

Lawrence: Yeah, and there was just everything, all kinds and everything. About that time our troops were kind of looking like everything too. They'd looted this, and they'd captured that, and they'd wear this, you know.

The Germans were fleeing, and we were following the 2nd Armored I believe. Well, of course, armored had all their own transportation. Infantry, we didn't have any transportation other than a kitchen truck and a trailer to put your duffel bags in or your extra gear. That's the only transportation we had and a couple of jeeps. So we were Coxeys' Army. And we made it. We went clear on through chasing 'em to just below Magdeburg, and there we forced a successful crossing of the Elbe River.



Harz Mountains

## GERMANY

April 2, 1945

*My Dearest Darling Bette:*

*Sweets, I know it's been a long time since I have written. Well over a week, I guess, but I haven't received a letter from you for a long time either. However, I guess that's no excuse. No, honey, the last week or so I have been on the go continually. I am back home now, and today was the first hot meal I have had in four days. I think I could drop anywhere and go to sleep. To make it short, sweets, I have been going so fast and so far that I haven't had time to do much of anything.*

*Even though it's been a week since I have written, I can't seem to think of much to write. Plenty of things have happened and a lot of news, but, of course, I can't tell it when half of it hasn't even been printed or put out over the radio.*

*Yesterday was Easter Sunday, and it was just another day to me. I didn't even get a chance to put on a clean outfit let alone a new one. I will say the Germans had their Easter parade. It was the American Army rolling through, and I mean we have really been rolling. Things sure do look good all over. I only hope they keep looking that way, maybe this thing will be over before long after all. I hope.*

*Sweets, do you know it was about a year ago this time that we got on the boat getting ready to set sail for Europe. Gosh, but it sure seems a lot longer than a year. In fact, it seems so long ago that I can hardly remember it.*

*Our wonderful spring weather has turned to rather cold, cloudy, & misty weather. Regular April showers and weather I guess. I don't like it either, but I guess there isn't a lot I can do about it.*

*Darling, this is a very short letter, and I know it doesn't amount to much, but there just isn't anything for me to write, and I am so sleepy that I can hardly hold my eyes open. Will you excuse me this time please, sweets? I love you.*

*Darling, I do miss you so very much, and I love you so much more than I could ever tell you and so much more than you will ever know.*

*I hope everything is going smoothly on the home front, and you aren't working too hard, sweets, and I am still looking forward to receiving my package. Have you ever received any of your perfume yet? I hope it got through o.k. Must stop.*

*All My Love & Kisses,*

*Larry*

*I Love You Sweetheart.*

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### **Where did the perfume bottles come from?**

The Germans had looted it out of France, and we ran into it in the basement of a lodge, a hunting lodge. When I got up there, the men were down in this basement with this damn perfume, throwing it on one another. Holy God, it smelled like I don't know what. There was no sneak attack after that cause you could smell 'em two miles off.

### **What were they doing in the lodge? Did they go in there out of curiosity or to loot it or what?**

We took it. When you went along like that and ran into anything like that, you checked it out, because if you didn't, sure as hell there'd be somebody in there hiding that would shoot you after you got by. You checked out every building and every possible place somebody could be in. You gotta remember the GI was looting all the time he was fighting. So he was looking for anything he could find, and they went in there and they found this damn perfume. They didn't know what they had found and the value of it. I really didn't know until after I'd sent it home and your mother got it. Then I found out how valuable it was.

## STARS AND STRIPES

By Ernest Leiser

### THE RAG-TAG CIRCUS – THEY MAKE HISTORY

With 83rd Inf. Div. Across The Elbe, April 14 (Delayed)—Gen. Simpson himself sent down to find out how they ever did it.

This rag-tag “traveling circus”, that rode and fought over more than 200 miles of Germany in some ten days, keeping up with the best of American Armor, just didn’t belong in the books of modern warfare.

It was impossible, but the 83rd Inf. Div. did it. From the time they were relieved from the bridgehead they had secured across the Weser to the crossing of the Elbe and the holding of the bridgehead on the far side, they had not only kept up with the armor – they had outstripped it.

They used any kind of transport you can name – tanks, TDs, trucks, and jeeps, all bursting at the seams with GI passengers, and then added to that were German cars, trucks, fire engines, bicycles and even wheelbarrows.

Except for a day or so they had absolutely no attached trucks to haul their fast freight so they made do with whatever they could find along the road, and they found plenty.

Strange things happened in that ten day blitz – things that could only have happened to this “Coxey’s Army.”

The other day as they were rolling along, a little German sedan was weaving in and out of the column, passing vehicles. No one else would have noticed it – there wasn’t anything unusual in this convoy about a German vehicle – if the driver hadn’t kept honking his horn imperiously.

Pfc. David Webster, a Signal Company man from Terre Haute, Ind., took a second look at the car and saw that the guy inside had on a German uniform – with red collar patches. The 83rd had captured a German general who was going east in even a greater hurry than they were.

In another case, the column overtook a German convoy, consisting of a Colonel and his staff, traveling the same way on the same road.

Up with the First Bn. Of the 329th Inf. Regt, fighting their first real battle since they took off, the

men were still reminiscing between ducking shells at the perimeter of the Elbe bridgehead. They were bitter about some of the things they saw.

S/Sgt. Dean Derey, of Bristol, Tenn., described the British and American prisoners they had freed in their sweep, about how they had cried when the 83rd came along and how the German guards had previously beaten the civilians who so much as offered them a glass of water in their death march across Germany.

Sgt. George McKane, of Augusta, Ky., told of taking 57 pistols, a shotgun and a rifle away from some German Army doctors who insisted they had a right to carry them. Pfc. John Shuford, of Marios, N.C., told of his capture of two boys, one nine years old, and another 11, wearing a full Wehrmacht uniform in a trench by the roadside.

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*The 330th were assigned to the rugged task of helping to clean out the Harz Mountain area. This “strong pocket of resistance” had been by-passed by the fast riding 329th and 331st. The 330th job was to protect the right flank of the XIX Corps and prevent the enemy, known to be attempting a reorganization, from attacking their flank and cutting the supply and communication lines. Thus far, they had fought in the hedgerows, on the plains, in the woods, and crossed rivers. Now it was to be mountain fighting.*

*The resistance encountered was spotty; from crack Panzer troops and fanatical Hitler Youth to old men in the uniform of the Volkssturm. The woods and underbrush were thick. It was a sniper’s paradise. Roadblocks of fallen trees stretched across the mountain trails sometimes to a depth of 300 yards and had to be cut away time and again. By the time they had slugged their way into woods and up the mountains 60,000 Germans were captured—all from the Harz Mountain area.*

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Did I ever tell you the story where I liberated a German town?

**Tell it.**

Well, armor moves fast, and will usually take two parallel routes. Armor, when it attacks, has to take terrain that it can get over. Over in that country, there were roads, so there's usually two parallel units each way. They travel up these areas, and any large pocket they'll attempt to wipe out. Then supposedly the third unit of that division is to come along and clean out and check it and make sure everything is fine, that you haven't bypassed something that will hit you in the rear later on.

Well, my job was to keep contact with one or both of these forward advancing units. So I had to travel up through that area before that unit came through and mopped up. And, of course, armor, you know, they took off down the road, and if they didn't meet any resistance, they just kept going. Well, shoot, you take a German squad or small unit, they were smart enough they didn't open fire on an armored unit.

But here comes a little ol' jeep with a driver, an officer and a guard in the back and so much loot stacked up on each side of the guard he couldn't have shot at anything if he wanted to. (Laughing) Coming down the road is an easy pick for a machine gun, you know. To sit off there on the edge of the road in the timber... ehrrrrrrrr. I never liked it very well. And you never knew where they were. Major would call me in and he'd say "Chittenden go up to CCB with this," and I'd say, "Where are they?" "Well, I don't know. The last we knew they were somewhere here."

So anyway, I started out the best I could figure out how to get there. I went out of the headquarters and down the road, and I got to a branch in the road, and I was gonna turn and go north. There was an MP at this crossing, and he kind of "Huh-uh you don't want to go that way," but he wasn't about to dispute me. As an officer, he couldn't. So we saluted, and on north I went.

I pulled into this little village, it was just a spot in the road, and the main street went right through town to the north edge, and then it made a sharp turn left

a short distance and then turned right again straight north. I went through, and I thought as we pulled in I saw some Krauts running across the street. But I didn't think anything about it, and nobody fired at us or anything. And we pulled through.

**Why didn't you think anything about it?**

You didn't really pay attention to it. You had Germans in what looked like uniforms for a lot of different things. You had your home guard at that time that wouldn't fight at all if they didn't have to. I was on a mission and was in a hurry to get to where I wanted to go because I knew I was in enemy held country. I wasn't sure what I'd seen. You had home guard guys running around in semi uniforms, you had German civilians that had picked up coats or pants because they were short of clothes, and I just never thought anything about it.



*Photo Lawrence took from a German soldier*

**So it wasn't uncommon to see a few Germans in uniform here and there?**

No, not really. You'd see men along the road or women that would have a jacket on or a pair of trousers, but if you saw anything in uniform, you usually were checking it out. You gotta remember, I was traveling all alone in a jeep with a driver and a guard, and my

biggest defense was to get the hell through to where I was going. In other words, you didn't lollygag along and rubberneck or that gave 'em a good target. My thinking was, get through there as fast as I could and give 'em the poorest target I could.

Well, a lot of women were hanging white sheets out of the upstairs windows. But the Germans were great to air those featherbeds everyday you know. I got just out on the north edge of town, and here sat the biggest tiger tank you ever saw right smack across the center of the road. And there was some high ground on either side, and I thought man, that's a roadblock, and they'll zero in on me and wham me into a million pieces. I told that driver, Manley, I said "Good God, turn around and get the hell out of here", I said, "And don't get off the road". 'Cause I figured it was mined. He just bink, bink, bink, bink, bink, bink, bink, bink, mrrrrrrrrrrrr. How he ever did it, he was a perfectionist. Especially when he was scared, you know what I mean? He was the best kid. I wish I knew what had ever happened to him. But he just moved that thing around in nothing flat, and around back we went.

Well, at the same time there were a lot of displaced persons coming down the road carrying what little belongings they had on their back and so forth. And a lot of 'em were slave laborers and that type. I got back into the center of town, and every house had a white sheet hanging out of it. And right in the center (of town) was kind of a circular statue or something. And here were about 15 Germans with their hands up "Comrade, Comrade, surrender." They could've whomped me right there, but they were not crack troops, and the war had progressed at that time to where the biggest share of the German soldiers knew it was over. They were like a lot of people, they had had all the fighting they wanted, and they were ready to give it up. I didn't know what the hell to do with 'em. I didn't want 'em. I said, "Get on the road down that way," and I said, "Move."

I went back to the major, and the commander was sitting there, and I reported in and he said, "Well, did you find them?" I said, "I didn't find 'em, and I ain't gonna find 'em, and if you want 'em, you go find 'em".

(Laughing) I told him what had happened to me, and the commander just laughed and said, "Good work. Forget that, Chittenden," he said. "Go on, we'll call you if we need you." Oh, I was scared shitless. (Laughing).



*Private Manely, Lawrence's jeep driver*



*Lawrence in his jeep*



Personal photo, reads on the back: "German platoon somewhere in Germany. I took it off a prisoner awhile back. He was a sergeant in the platoon."

The Truman Bridge, named in honor of their new Commander-in-Chief who had just taken office, was erected across the Elbe River at Barby. It was here they met their first real opposition in the drive across Germany. The enemy put up a stubborn defense of the city, which was won only after fighting it out house-to-house. On the following day, April 13, they crossed the river and established the only bridgehead east of the Elbe. Two bridges were constructed across the Elbe. The Germans tried to shell the bridges with their artillery, they tried to bomb them with their remaining planes, and even sent swimming saboteurs and floating mines down the river in vain.

The night before the 83rd crossed the Elbe, a Combat Command from the 2nd Armored Division had ventured across the river at a point near Magdeburg, to the north. All the armor and infantry the Germans had left between the Ninth U.S. Army and the Russians were thrown at the bridgehead. This desperate last minute attack caused the 2nd to abandon their bridgehead. Part of their outfit moved down, crossed the river over the Truman Bridge, and became attached to the 83rd. The Germans concentrated their efforts on eliminating the 83rd foothold east of the Elbe. Almost continuously for several days and nights, German tanks, artillery, and riflemen slashed at their positions. But the men of the 83rd not only held; they drove the enemy back with disastrous losses.



Personal photo, reads on the back: "Our bridge across the Elbe River."

### How about the Elbe?

Well, we were the first successful outfit across the Elbe with a bridgehead and held it. The 1st Division was up above us. They tried to get one across and couldn't hold it. We got one across and held it.

### Now when you say a bridgehead, are you talking about a temporary bridge?

Cross the river with assault boats and so forth and hold the ground over there until they can get a pontoon bridge across and get the rest of you there. You secure it enough so you can bridge across and get the rest over, but you have to make a bridgehead first to control it. There's no way you can go up and just start building a bridge. They'll just blow it up as fast as you do it and kill a lot of people. So you have to cross.

If it's a deep river or big one, you cross on a boat. If it's a shallow stream, you cross afoot. And you secure that and the enemy back so you can build a bridge and work. We crossed the Elbe in boats. They had regular units that hauled those big boats up on trucks, a whole stack of 'em. I'm not so sure that they weren't Navy personnel. That's where we were held up and stopped to wait for the Russians. They had been met earlier than us meeting them. We weren't the first to meet them, but we made that bridgehead and held it. We crossed, at Magdeburg.

### So you were close to Berlin?

Oh yeah, we went over and met the Russians on our own, you know. That's where, when I did liaison, I



was the night duty officer. You had to have one officer in the command post on duty all night, and I had a journal clerk and somebody else. The clerk took all incoming calls. They had to write down everything that was said. One night I got a call from "L" Company. He was really hollering. He says, "There's a bunch of tanks coming in here," he said. "It sounds like all of 'em that there ever were." Scared to death. "What do I do?" He wanted artillery right away.

Well, I decided it was time to get the commander up, and he went and got his artillery commander up. It was Hitler's personal bodyguard coming down to surrender to us. See, none of 'em wanted to go to the Russians 'cause they knew what the Russians would do to 'em. So they were all trying to get to the Americans. Oh man, that was the most beautiful elite, brand new bunch of tanks, armored cars, and half-tracks you've ever seen.

### What's a half-track?

It's a track vehicle open on the back. It's got a seat in the front, kind of like a truck, and it has an open ton truck. Instead of having tires in the back, it has tracks. It's got two front tires and a track on the back. They were called half-tracks.

Oh, that was a beautiful bunch of stuff. They turned 'em all over to us and surrendered. Of course, we shipped 'em back to the prisoner of war compound, and they ended up giving the Russians all the equipment.

### What were his bodyguards doing over there?

They just left him. He was in his bunker, and they were getting out and giving up.

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GERMANY

May 2, 1945

*My Dearest Darling Bette:*

*Honey, I am sorry that I missed a day, but there just wasn't anything to write. I did send you the new Division paper. I haven't received any mail from you in the last two days, but I guess I can't yell when I got three the day before that.*

*Well, I am back at it again. I guess they finally decided that I was capable of holding down the night job. Another officer and I split it from now on each night. That isn't quite so bad as working all night straight. By the way there were two pictures in the Division paper that I intended to put a note by, but as usual, I forgot it. Don't you think the small picture on the inside of the girl singer is a good one?*

*Sweets, here is something between you, myself and a fence post. I am now in the grain business. I don't know whether you know it or not but originally Dad and R. Jobs were partners in the elevator at Elk Creek (Nebraska). Since he had died, Dad has been trying to buy the other half from Mrs. Jobs. He succeeded here a couple weeks ago, and he asked me if he could use the money I had in the bank. I told him yes, so I now have \$1,700 invested in the elevator. I figured it would be better to have it invested in something rather than just laying loose in the bank, and real estate and land is about the best investment there is now. I didn't ever realize that I had that much money, but I think that's pretty good saving since I have been overseas. I figured you had best know where our money was going. What about it? Do you approve of the investment, sweets?*

*Not a lot more going on around here. Everyone is getting ready to go on pass either to the Riviera or to London. Well maybe some day my turn will come up, I hope. Of course, if they would send me home, I wouldn't care if I got a pass or not. My main interest is to get home and see you, sweetheart.*

*I got a nice letter from Jane yesterday, which I was very glad to receive. She says she is fine but still a little weak. I guess I had best answer it before I forget about it.*

*Darling, there doesn't seem to be much more to write this morning except that I miss you so very, very much dearest, and that I love you more than ever, darling.*

*I hope you aren't working too hard sweets. How is school coming? Remember, honey, I am thinking of you always and sending*

*All My Love & Kisses,*

*Larry*

*I Love You Sweetheart.*

With the bridgehead firmly established they were ordered to patrol east to contact the Russians. When the 329th Infantry made radio contact with the Russians, the world was electrified by news of the impending meeting of the great armies. At first a special task force was organized and held in readiness to make physical contact between the American Ninth Army and the XXVII Russian Corp. Arrangements were made immediately for a meeting of the respective Division and Corp Commanders. Shortly thereafter, the Russian troops moved in to the Elbe River to make the first link-up in force with American troops.

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GERMANY

May 3, 1945

My Dearest Darling Bette:

Good morning, sweetheart. I'll bet you never had anyone tell you that they loved you so early in the morning. I know darn good and well I never stayed up with you until five in the morning.

Oh! You sweet thing -- you think of every thing don't you. Go for a ride and end up by the river, and we would take Pud. You are wonderful, sweets, you didn't forget Pud did you? What about Cindy? [Pud and Cindy were dogs.] If one goes, I know darn good and well the other one will have to go. So I can live with you. Yes, honey, I get so damn homesick at times for you that I think I'll go nuts. Don't ever worry, when I get home, the past is going to be forgotten.

Darling, your guess is as good as mine. The rumors are flying around here. Of course, our contact with the Russians and the news last night of the unconditional surrender of all Germans in Italy prove to me that this is just about finished over here as far as fighting is concerned. Here is one rumor that sounds very likely to me since we are one of the oldest outfits and better rated outfits over here. We are to be given a sector to occupy, therefore, we will be in the occupation army. I know that doesn't mean coming home to you, sweets, but there are a lot more -- believe it or not -- who have more time over here and deserve it more than I do. I would darn well rather be in

the army of occupation than go to the South Pacific. How do you feel about it, sweets? Yes, honey, I know how you feel. I sometimes wonder if I would know you if I saw you. Gosh it's been so darn long, honey.

Sweets, there isn't much for me to write from this end. Everything is going just fine with not much going on. I have court again today which is the last one thank heavens. I am also working nights again. That is from four in the morning on. It isn't bad. I no more than get up and it's light so it doesn't seem like long at all. As I said, there is nothing going on. In fact, almost everyone, it seems, has taken off somewhere on pass. Truthfully it makes it better, especially around here, you don't have so many people to bother you all the time.

Hey, what do you mean, do I want to go to the show or work in the garden? When I get home, I am going to do nothing but sleep, make love to you, and take it easy, sweets. Work in the garden, I like that. I'll gladly put the paper down for a kiss. In fact, you may find it hard to make me pick one up. I think you have all the requirements of making the most wonderful wife in the world. Therefore, I love you, and I am going to marry you.

Honey, it's time to get everyone up so I must stop, no more news anyhow. Oh yes, I almost forgot -- sweets, I miss you more than you'll ever know, and I love you, darling, more than ever before.

Don't work too hard honey, and keep your pretty nose in those books. I am thinking of missing you continually, sweets.

All My Love & Kisses,  
Larry

I Love You Sweetheart.  
You are the sweetest thing on the Earth.

**What did you mean about the past being forgotten?**

(Laughing) We don't either one know. We forgot what was gonna be forgotten.

Anyway, we had to get out of that area and head to Bavaria, because Churchill and Roosevelt and Stalin had divided it all up. They had picked the ones that got to go into Berlin. The 101st thought they got to go, but it was the 1st Division, and I think the 2nd Armored got to go. They were allowed to go into Berlin. That was your goal, to be the first there and get into Berlin. They held us up before we got into Berlin. We could have gone right on after we crossed the Elbe, but they stopped us 'cause the Russians were gonna take Berlin. They did take Berlin, and they got into some dang rough fighting in Berlin. City fighting, street fighting. That's mean. I can shoot six times and leave and go over here and shoot seven times and leave, and they don't know where I'll be next. So you gotta just dig 'em out, you know what I mean? That's what makes it so damn rough fighting. You don't know where you're at, and they do.

**Did the Americans like the Russians?**

They (the Russians) had never been paid all through the war, and you could sell 'em a Mickey Mouse wristwatch for \$5000 dollars when they got paid at the end of the war.

**You were way in northern Germany, so the Russians were already past Berlin?**

Yeah, by the time we got there and made that bridgehead across the Elbe River, they had probably taken Berlin. Things were getting pretty well over with then. It was scattered pockets of resistance and some diehards or Hitler Youth.

**83RD THUNDERBOLT**

The Official Weekly Newspaper of the  
83rd Infantry Division

**330TH FIGHTS FANATICAL HITLER JUGEND IN  
HARZ MOUNTAIN AREA**

In cleaning up the remnants of fanatical Nazis in the Harz Mountain pocket, the 330th Infantry bagged hundreds of prisoners, most of them the hard way.

Hitler Youth organization kids – some only 12 years old – fought with rifles, machine guns and Panzerfausts. The weapons were often larger than the brats who used them. Foot troops, jeeps and supply vehicles set afire as Americans attempted to keep communications open.

At times roadblocks were met every few hundred yards, after which the fanatical defenders would circle halted Yanks and snipe. They fired with telling effect. Hitler had ordered remnants of four crack divisions to hold out and use the trained Hitler Youth. A strong armored column was to head for the mountain region and rescue them, prisoners said.

The 3rd Bn, under Lt. Col George Shuster of Narberth, Pa., met strong automatic weapons, Panzerfaust and artillery fire from the first day. The Regimental Mine Platoon was often called upon to blow roadblocks as infantry skirmished past over rocky terrain and through dense woods.

The rest of the Division advanced rapidly to the Elbe River over open fields leaving the 330th on the southern flank. The country in the rugged mountains was admirable for guerrilla warfare, and the Nazis took advantage of every boulder and gully.

Lt. Col Norman Campbell of Brooklyn, commanding the 1st Bn, sent A and C companies to Munchehof the second day of the operation behind a platoon of the 113th Cavalry. They came under machine gun fire west of the town. An enemy tank was soon joined by three more as Co. A attacked.

Co. C was sent to flank the town from the north and cut off the tanks but were met by heavy fire from Herrhausen. That town was cleared and numerous prisoners taken as Co. A took Munchehof. At night Germans filtered into town and counter attacked in



small groups.

The Yanks destroyed two enemy half-tracks and one tank attempting to enter the town. Small groups of Hitler Youth fought furiously led on by 116th Panzer Grenadier Division veterans.

Newly-taken positions were pounded by 75 mm guns. The day before, 200 rounds had fallen in the 2nd Bn. area and were thought to be 105 mm. Co. E's kitchen was ambushed on a lonely stretch of road but was later recovered.

In one spot fallen trees blocking the road every few feet for 200 yards had to be removed under sniper fire. Difficult terrain and ample concealment made progress slow and tiring.

In Goeslar, Anti-Tank Co's Mine Platoon caught nine Hitler Youth, none of whom was over 13, led by a woman of 23. They were captured by Pfc's Arthur Kellen of Le Mars, Iowa, Ovey Barnett of Dierks, Ark. and James Munger of South Bend, Ind., who took a dozen more that night – the hard way.

#### **Did you come into contact with many Russian soldiers?**

Not too many, no. Just when we met 'em there, then we all came in and kind of had a party and that was all. They tended to try to keep us apart, not let us mix up too much together. The Russians especially, they didn't want their men learning things they shouldn't learn about.



THUNDERBOLT ACROSS EUROPE

*Meeting the Russians*

## 83RD SPEARHEAD

By Wade Jones, Staff Correspondent

WITH 83RD DIV. EAST OF THE ELBE

"American friends, American friends" were the first words of the Russian message received late yesterday by Russian Lt. Theo Prissjuschnjun, who, weakened by two years of Nazi imprisonment and visibly unnerved by the first words from former fighting comrades, gulped and fought back tears as he stammered out in reply: "This is the American 83rd Division".

For 27 hours the Russian liaison officer had sat by the field radio outside the 329th Regt. CP calling hoarsely to the Russian forces known to be advancing towards this bridgehead across the Elbe, apparently the closest point to the Red army west of Berlin.

For several hours before the contact was made, persons listening to the radio here had heard the sharp orders of a Russian tank commander telling nearby tanks, "Now we move ahead. You on the right, move further out."

When Col. Edwin B. Crabill of Galax, Va., speaking through the Russian officer interpreter, asked the Russians whether they could meet us in the town at a certain time today, the answer was: "That town is held by the Germans. We are still fighting a war, you know, and will have to fight our way into it."

The interpreter grinned and said, "They are kidding us a little—but they are very excited and happy to be talking to us."

The Russian tankman asked for the number of the American outfit he was talking to and the name of its commander. The reply went back: "The 83rd Division, commanded by Maj. Gen. Robert Macon, of Washington D.C." Over the radio we could hear the tankman relaying the information back to a higher headquarters.

The Russian interpreter here gave our location and asked for the Russian tanker's location and the name of their divisional commander. He was informed that a clearance for this information would have to be obtained from headquarters but that it shouldn't take long. It took longer than was expected, for no reply had been received as of last midnight.

As GIs, colonels and people along for the ride

jammed around the radio truck, two planes dived in over the town and American ack-ack threw up a dense barrage, but nothing came down but the flak fragments.

“Thank God those planes weren’t hit,” said a regimental plane spotter. “They weren’t German, and they weren’t American, which in my book makes them Russian.”

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## 83RD THUNDERBOLT

Official Weekly Newspaper of the  
83rd Infantry Division

ANNIVERSARY  
APRIL 20, 1945

### TO EVERY OFFICER AND ENLISTED MAN OF THE 83RD INFANTRY DIVISION

One year ago today the last elements of the 83rd “Thunderbolt” Division landed at Liverpool, England to commence the final training phase prior to active participation in World War II. We of the 83rd have come a long way since then. Time and events have moved swiftly. We have kept pace with them – indeed we have played important roles in combat operations that have achieved historic significance by concretely demonstrating the will of free peoples to end forever the tyrannies of suppression and aggression.

The panorama of the past year is sharply etched by our successes in operation against the enemy. We all remember spearheading the drive to cut the Cherbourg Peninsula – our first operation. Memory of the historic fall of the fortress citadel at St. Malo and its twin city, Dinard, is still vivid. We also proudly recall the surrender of nearly 20,000 Nazis while holding a defensive line, which stretched for more than two hundred miles along the Loire River. We are reminded of our activity in Luxembourg where we succeeded in pushing the enemy back across the Mosell River to complete the liberation of that country from the Nazi yoke. Likewise we cannot forget our drive through the Hurtgen Forest to the Roer River at Duren, our key role in smashing the

enemy’s winter offensive in the Ardennes, our victory in the race from the Roer to the Rhine, our lightning – like drive from the Rhine to the Elbe River.

We are ever mindful of those from our ranks who made the supreme sacrifice and the others who have shed their blood in battle. We continue the fight firmly determined that these comrades shall not have fought in vain. The memory of their heroic contribution to our cause serves to inspire us to continued and greater efforts.

As we stand today on the threshold of final victory in Europe, we all pray for an early cessation of hostilities with the German enemy. I take this opportunity to express to each and every one of you my sincere gratitude for your courageous and gallant efforts of the past year. We can all be justly proud of the record of our Division, and I heartily congratulate you on your achievements. Your conduct has always been in keeping with the highest military standards and a credit to our country. It is my earnest hope that you will soon be home, enjoying the peace and comfort of the United States. God be with you always.

Robert C. Macon  
Major General, United States Army  
Commanding

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*The 83rd withdrew from their much-heralded Elbe Bridgehead, and active participation in World War II for the 83rd Division ended just two days before V-E Day.*

*On May 7th they received the news. Germany had surrendered unconditionally. It was over. That for which they had fought so hard had been accomplished. They had truly lived up to their regimental motto--“Verus ad Finem”--true to the end.*

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## GERMANY

May 6, 1945

*My Dearest Darling Bette:*

*Sweets, I started to write this two nights ago, and never got it finished so decided to start all over. I am sorry I have been so long in writing, but moving put a kink into that. Then last night I felt so darn miserable that I didn't write. I have the worst cold I have had since I have been over here. I think it's due to warm weather and then cold, damp, rainy weather the next. I was up all night last night with no sleep today so I don't know whether I can hold my eyes open long enough to finish this or not.*

*Honey, I witnessed something day before yesterday that at one time I never knew if I would see it or not, on a patrol which made contact with the Russians. You never saw anything like it. In fact, I couldn't begin to explain it on paper, but it was really an occasion I'll never forget.*

*Well, the war over here is just the same as over here. In fact, it is for us. We are now occupation troops, and the longer that lasts, the better I'll like it. I remember the day we all said we would throw a good one when it was over, and here it is and you can realize it or pay little attention to it. In fact, we are all sweating out the South Pacific. Rumors have us well on our way.*

*Day before yesterday I got two letters from you sweets dated the 23rd March & 24 of April. The first was a little late or misdated.*

May 7, 1945

*Honestly, sweets, I promise I'll get this finished and off to you. I got so darn sleepy last night I couldn't keep my eyes open long enough to finish it. Of course, the several drinks of champagne I had didn't help the matter in any way. Gosh, sweets, the war is over over here, and one should celebrate. I am going to do as you said, sweets. I am going to send this letter home. Your mother will probably have to forward it on to you. I can't figure how school can be over and you home before the last of this month.*

*Not a lot more to write from here. You should see the place we are living in. It's a beautiful castle or mansion and sits up high on a hill above the town. It's really beautiful. You can look out over all of the town and out into the green fields. It's really swell. I could spend the rest of my occupation time here. In fact, the rest of the war.*

*Honey, there just isn't anything else to write this time except that I miss you, darling. By the way, if we should be lucky enough to get thirty days in the states on the way to the Pacific, you can figure on getting married, sweets. If I was married now, I would have a lot more chances of getting out of this thing, but that's water over the dam now. Honey, I love you sooo very much. Remember that dearest.*

*Don't work too hard sweets, and I hope school ends with a bang.*

*All My Love & Kisses,*

*Larry*

*I Love You Sweetheart.*





*Written on the pack of postcard: "A CP (command post) we had just after we moved back from the Elbe bridgehead. Was a wonderful place and really beautiful."*



*Personal photo, reads on the back: "Taken in rear of the CP (a school house) in Salzgitter, Germany."*

## *BAVARIA AND HOME*

### *May 8, 1945 and After*

*The first area occupied and governed by the 83rd Division for any length of time was located in northern Germany and included Landkreise Braunschweig. Near the southern border of that area was the famous German summer resort, Bad Harzburg. Here the Division established its headquarters and set up a Division Rest Center so that they might enjoy the recreation and scenic views the area afforded. Bad Harzburg is located in a valley surrounded on three sides by the Harz Mountains, where the 330th fought so hard just two months before.*

*About a month after V-E Day, they moved to Bavaria where they took over an area previously controlled by the 5th Division. For a while they continued their occupational duties. After a few weeks the 102nd "Ozark" Division moved into the area and relieved them of occupational responsibility so that they could devote full time to training as a Category II Unit. They were glad when the Japanese surrender brought an abrupt end to this sort of training and they returned to the Division area to take up their former mission of occupying their sector.*

### **After all this, they sent you to Bavaria just to occupy and wait for orders on whether you were going to go to England?**

We started training for the invasion of Japan. I found out afterwards we were to be one of the assault divisions first in. We thought we'd all get to go home on leave, you know, before we went, but we were training for the first in. So then my job was to check training. The commander would send me down to the 1st Battalion and see how they were doing or send me over to the 3rd Battalion and see what they were doing, and I'd have to report back to him what was going on. I kind of liked that job.

Here I was a first lieutenant, and I'd pull up in my jeep. The battalion command was a major. He'd trot right



*1st Lt. Lawrence Chittenden in Bavaria with Betty Lou gun on his belt*



over, and we'd salute. (Laughs) He was wanting my favorable report back to the Old Man. (Laughing) So if he was snotty and grumpy and jumped all over me, I'd go back and give a bum report, and the next day the Old Man would go down there and inspect him. And he didn't want that, you know. They each had their own little domain that they had control of and command of, so I always got a wonderful welcome when I went down to inspect training. (Laughing)



Victory dance, Salzgitter, Germany, May 26, 1945

FREYUNG, GERMANY

August 19, 1945

My Dearest Darling Bette:

I am sorry about my not writing very often, sweets. I'll admit that I am not doing a whole lot, but I am on the go the biggest percentage of the time. This last week has been all messed up with the war over, Fri. a holiday, everyone celebrating, and a big victory dance Fri. night. No one has been able to do anything this week, and don't feel like doing anything from here on out.

You never saw so many happy people the day the war ended, and there will be a lot more the day we all get home. Yesterday they called our 2-week maneuver off, and I think it made everyone happier than the end of the war due to the fact that it was so much closer to us than the war with the Japs. We have also been placed back in the army of occupation again. We are to relieve the 102nd Div. (who relieved us a month ago) this week and start

*policing our old area again. How it will affect our home coming no one knows; so far there is no change. However, there are two possibilities: one, all low pointers be taken out and be refilled with high pointers and go home the same as scheduled, or second, ship out the high pointers and the Division remain here as an occupation unit. Either way I have enough points to get home. I have 80 now and with six more for additional months overseas, plus five more for another Bronze Star, which I hope to get, I'll have 91 points.*

*Well, let's see, honey, the agreement was we wouldn't get married until the war was over, and it's over now. What do you say? O.K., sweetheart, you win even though the war is over. I definitely want to get married and fairly soon after I get home, but if you want to wait, we will. I myself feel as if I have known you long enough to know I love you and that you are my ideal of a wife, but if you wish to wait a while I'll gladly comply to your wishes -- anything and everything to make you happy.*

*Gosh, sweets, I can hardly wait until I get your picture. It should be here any day now I know, but the mail is so messed up around here. Your letters are the same way. I know you are working hard and don't have time to write as much as you used to, but the mail is so messed up and slow that it takes a year and a day for the ones you do write to get here.*

*I can see that the banking business is keeping you plenty busy, sweets. Just don't work too hard, darling. It isn't worth it. You mentioned not bringing many clothes with you. I'll gladly send you some money so you can buy some new ones if you want. I have more than I know what to do with it. In fact, I think I'll just send you a money order for \$100. Don't give me any of your back talk either, sweetheart.*

*Darling, there isn't much more for this time. Everything is going o.k. I am just waiting to get home to you. Oh! How I love and miss you, honey. I get to thinking about you and almost go crazy. Please don't work too hard, sweets.*

*All My Love & Kisses,*

*Larry*

*I Love You Sweetheart.*



**Did you go to Bavaria where Hitler's nest was?**

Berchtesgarden. No I never got there. We were right down in the corner of Bavaria. In one spot we could go and see three countries. We would stand in Germany, we could see Austria and Czechoslovakia all in one spot down in the Bavarian Alps.

**What was the story about the booze you guarded?**

Oh, that was after the war was over. You mean that warehouse? (Chuckles) They pulled us back across the Elbe River and put us into a White Russian DP camp. Displaced Persons. Those White Russians, I felt sorry for 'em. They didn't have anywhere to go. The Russians didn't want 'em 'cause they'd been traitors to the Russians. The Germans were defeated, you know what I mean? They really had no place to go. Most of 'em that went back home ended up in Siberia. We knew that, and we were sorry for 'em, but there was nothing we could do. Stalin and Roosevelt and Churchill had worked that all out before.

*[Editor's Note: The term White Russian generally refers to Russian refugees who were supporters of the former Tsarist government some of whom had been living in exile in Eastern Europe since the Russian Revolution in 1917 and some of whom were Russians who fought against Soviet troops during the war. The role of the Soviet Union in World War II is somewhat complicated. In August 1939 the Soviets signed a secret non-aggression pact with Germany and on September 17th joined Germany in conquering Poland and dividing Eastern Europe. Nine months later, in June 1941, while still battling Britain, Germany betrayed and invaded its partner, the Soviet Union, forcing the Soviets into the Allied camp (although they still abided by their non-aggression treaty with Japan). WIKIPEDIA]*

But there was a big camp of 'em, and we were missing gasoline. So the commander called me in one day and said, "Chittenden, see if you can find out where this gas is going." I think it was back there around Braunschweig, below Hanover. We were suspicious there was a pocket of Germans. You know, we'd moved fast through that country, and there was a chance of bypassing a lot of things. And if they were fanatics, they were probably still gonna fight or maybe didn't even know the war was over.

So I went out to this displaced person camp with my driver and guard, and I talked to the leaders of

this camp. Come to find out, they were using it and potato peels and everything else and making hooch out of it. (Laughing) A couple of 'em had died and lost their eyesight. Eighty-octane gas would kill you if you drank it. But that's where we found out it was going.

But this area where these White Russians were was also the place where the British came in and relieved us. And that's where I captured the 6 x 6 truckload of 32-liter jugs of cognac.

We had found in this small town, at a warehouse, over 32 liters of wicker covered jugs of cognac. Probably some of the best in the world, I don't have any idea. The Germans had hauled it out and brought it into this part of Germany, see. They'd looted it out of France. Well, we figured that was ours. We were the ones there. The troops that had gone in there before, they (the Germans) were gone. You could loot only so much when you were fighting, and that's what you could carry.

About that time, here came the British, so we were in a British sector. Holy smoke, they grabbed that cognac right now. "You will not have any of that. That belongs to the Crown, and the Crown shall take care of it." And boy, they put these sentries around there, and they were marching around that building, that warehouse you know. And the Old Man said, "Now we've lost it. What are we gonna do?" I got to thinking, "Let me give it a try." So I went out to this Displaced Person camp, and I finally explained to this old guy what I had, my problem. We had one 6 x 6, that's a two-and-a-half-ton army truck. I said, "We want that with all we can get in it. Anything left, you can have." The next morning, we had the 6 x 6 full, and the British had a whole warehouse full of vinegar. (Laughing)

They went in around the guards at night. I don't know how they got 'em out of there, but they got 'em out. (Laughing) They were gonna get a good lot of liquor out of it too, see, so they were gung-ho. The DPs had a good load of cognac, and so did we, and down the road we went to Bavaria. (Laughing). I don't know how the hell they did it, and I didn't want to know.

We finished that cognac, we didn't have anything left so we had to drink vermouth. You ever drink straight vermouth? You get hard up enough for something to drink, you can, but I finally got to the place where I couldn't sign my pay voucher so I had to quit. (Laughing) I couldn't get my name on the line. You had to keep it (your name) in the box. I would have liked to see those British when they got that vinegar.

### **Who was the Old Man?**

That was the regimental commander. It was Colonel Foster. I would imagine he's dead now. He was a fairly old West Point grad at that time, a wonderful man.

### **Okay, now going through your paperwork I found something that states on February 17, 1945 you were the trial judge advocate at some court martial. What was that about?**

Well the court system... If you caught some guy doing something that he wasn't supposed to do, and it was a fairly severe issue, then he had to go to a special court martial. But usually this was some poor enlisted man caught by somebody from regiment or division and turned in. Normally, in most cases the company could take care of their own problems and did a better job of it. But there were a few cases... And no doubt we had some criminals and that type of people. Well, then they had to go to special court martial, and that was held in regiment.

So the regimental commander appointed the officers that would conduct this case. In other words, he had the trial lawyers on one side, and he had an assistant, and then he had the defense lawyer and assistant. And the jury, of course, was a group of regimental officers. You tried it just like a regular court case. You had to get all your information, and he came before the judges, and you had to present the case and what he'd done. Then the defense had an opportunity to call witnesses and character witnesses and so forth. Then, of course, the officers, judges, decided the penalty. And in most cases it was, oh, once in a while they'd send 'em to the stockade, but usually it was so much pay for a certain period of time. Of course, if it was a real severe case, then it went up to general court martial, and that was the division or clear on up in corps or army. That was

the hard cases where there was murder or rape or that type of stuff. But this was just minor situations that took place in your outfit.

I was made the TJA, the trial judge advocate, and my buddy and roommate, he was the defense one. He was a graduate of Michigan or Michigan State Law School, so there we were, all living in the same barracks. This was mostly after the war was over that these things were all brought about. There we were trying to prepare for these cases, see. (Laughs) We were being secretive, you know, and sneaking around. Course, my part as a TJA wasn't hard 'cause it was pretty much all cut and dried. He was charged with doing this, and he'd been caught, so all I had to do was say, "Here he is," and, "Here's what he did." The other guy had to get the defense, but I usually won most of 'em.

### **What kind of stuff was it, like stealing?**

Oh, there was some AWOL (absent without leave), fraternization after the war was over. Hell, everybody did it, but then somebody would catch somebody doing it. The judges could sentence 'em to the stockade, which they did in the states when them hillbillies would go over the hill. They'd take off AWOL. But we had to get in good uniform and really set up a formal court with all the chairs and the witness stand, and there'd be an MP or two on duty. It was all done formally; it had to be. But most of this you didn't have time to do when you were fighting, so most of it took place in rest areas or a lot of it after the fight was over.

### **Did you ever come upon a concentration camp?**

We came around some of 'em, but we never liberated any of 'em. We were more up in the northern part, and there weren't as many up in there. They were more down south.



Lt. Larry Lattery!  
 I can not you say good by.  
 I write you a letter and say good by.  
 I like you, you a good soldier.  
 He gives me Schokolade and  
 Cigarettes and give me all. you a  
 good soldier, the teacher is also a  
 good soldier. At the teacher is a  
 soldier, he is also a good soldier.  
 Write you me also a letter, please;  
 you makes.  
 I can not write.

Letter to Lawrence (Larry) from displaced White Russian

good Bye!  
 a, very good, soldier!





*With longer hair toward the end of the war*

## 83RD THUNDERBOLT NEWSPAPER

Official Weekly Newspaper of the  
83rd Infantry Division

### THUNDERBOLTS FREE SLAVE LABORERS FROM UNDERGROUND PRISON PLANT

The I and R Platoon of the 329th Infantry overran a combination concentration camp, underground factory and slave labor camp near the village of Eschershausen during the Division's drive to the Elbe. Situated in the midst of small villages with antiquated houses, quiet streets and innocent looking natives, it was hard to realize such a place existed.

The slave laborers, Russian, Polish, Italian, Dutch, French and Belgian, who worked in the underground factory were treated badly, but their treatment was mild compared to the slow death administered to the inmates of the concentration camp.

Some of the men had been driven out of their

minds by their Nazi captors. Though they were free to walk about the grounds, they stayed behind the barbed wire enclosure baring their chests in gestures of martyrdom. Others who had survived long years of imprisonment without losing their sanity were lice-infested (to a man they were constantly picking lice from their bodies), toothless, pitifully emaciated and almost incapable of realizing that they had been rescued.

A Dutch officer who had been in several concentration camps since he was arrested in July, 1942 said that the men found by the 329th in this one had been forced to march from Hameln, a distance of 40 kilometers, when the American advance threatened to overrun them there. They had nothing to eat on the march, and anyone who fell out of the column was shot on the spot by the German guards. Out of the 420 who started on the hike, only 379 arrived at the Eschershausen camp.

When it became evident that they were to be freed shortly, some of the prisoners gave vent to their feelings. Two Italians were shot to death for singing "Over There" with the emphasis on the line "the Yanks are coming" and a 55 year old Hollander lost his eyesight for mentioning that he would soon be free.

It was the practice of the guards to beat prisoners with rubber clubs about an inch in diameter enclosing four strands of thick wire.

Food consisted mainly of black bread soaked in hot water. Inmates had their choice of drinking the water or washing in it. Among the regular prisoners, there was an average of 25 deaths monthly from malnutrition and disease.

Some of the prisoners warned doughboys from entering the enclosure because of its infested condition. The lice were so thick they could be seen with the naked eye. Occasionally an inmate would come outside the barbed wire to beg a cigarette from a soldier or to pick up one which had been discarded. Otherwise they gazed with vacant stares at their liberators and, except for a very few, seemed oblivious to the fact that they were free.

The underground factory, 15 kilometers of tunnels on three levels, was hewn out of solid rock. Foreign workers labored there 12 hours a day producing plane and tank parts for the Nazi war machine. The air was dank and the general working conditions

vile. The Nazi vision of well-lighted underground factories complete with sanitary living conditions where workers could produce uninterruptedly for the Fatherland was completely blasted by the sight of this miserable, tomb-like cave.

Slave laborers lived in one-story shacks near the factory and entered the caves for their 12-hour shifts through seven separate entrances, according to nationality. Each group worked in a separate section of the factory and never knew who was living in the neighboring camp or working in the next tunnel.

---

*In August, the first large group of the 83rd left the Division when the lucky holders of 85 or more points were transferred to the 99th Infantry Division. From time to time, smaller groups of veteran 83rd men left the Division, destined for the States and eventual discharge.*

---

I had a lot of addresses and stuff like that, and somewhere I lost 'em coming home. 'Cause see, I was shipped out of my outfit to another unit in Austria. And then with them, got on the little 40 x 8 French boxcars and traveled clear across Europe to LeHarve, a field artillery battalion. I can't even tell you the number of it or anything. But it was just all a conglomeration of enlisted men and officers with high points. They just made up units, and the officers were the officers of the unit. Then they filled it up with enlisted men, and that's what they sent home. They couldn't just send every individual; it would've been a hell of a mess. This way you've got a unit that's responsible with officers and everything else. And they control the unit and get it there. The minute we got to New York that was the end of it.

### **Where did they start that from? Where did they put it together?**

It was at Cigarette Camps in France. They had what they called Cigarette Camps coming home. There was Lucky Strike, and that's where you were shipped to. It was a point of embarkation. And in most cases, it was to ship you across the channel to England. Now I don't know, they may have loaded some boats home to go from there direct. But with us we crossed the channel on a freighter to England.

### **A French freighter?**

No, it was an American ship, but I can't remember who was commanding it or who was operating it. It was American officers that took care of all the troops and saw that we got on and that we were placed and so forth. I can never remember the name of it, but it was an American built ship that had been lend-leased to the French.

### **Why did they call them Cigarette Camps?**

I think mainly just for identification. In other words, you were to go here, and LeHarve was a big port. They couldn't just say, "You're going to LeHarve" because then where would you have ended up when you got there? This way they said, "You're going to Lucky Strike," and "You're going to Chesterfield," and whatever the other names were.

### **But they were all at LeHarve?**

Yeah, in that area.

### **So where were you before LeHarve?**

I was in Bavaria. Then when the high point order came out... See, when the war was over, they were gonna send us home by points. But the commanders could declare you 'essential' and keep you, which they did with me and another group of officers. Then the commanders tried their best to get you to sign up to stay because they wanted to keep their own officers, who they knew and what they could do and so forth. Then the order came out that if you had so many points, you had to go home regardless. Nobody could keep you; you were going. So then they shipped us down to the 28th Division in Lintz, Austria.

I think that division went home. Some divisions stayed in Europe for some time before they were shipped back to the states. So a whole group of us went down there. Officers, and there were even enlisted men that went there to make up the unit. Then when that was ready, they shipped us out on French 40 x 8 boxcars. They had a little straw or something in the bottom of 'em, and we went from Austria clear across Europe to LeHarve.

There you got off, and we were billeted there for a day or two until they got this unit organized, and then

we joined it. Then we went on the freighter across to England, and then we had to take it to Southampton. We were sent to a camp there. But anyway, we were shipped by train from there down to Southampton to load on the Queen Mary.

You have to kind of picture it. You just had a whole conglomeration of troops that were going somewhere. And they were pulled from all kinds of units all over Europe. They had no organization. It was just a gob of men. So they had to get 'em and organize 'em and group 'em so they'd have some control over it to ship 'em home. And that's why these steps took place to get us home. Same thing after we got to New York. They gave us a famous meal, but then we were put in a camp for a day or two. Then they took out of that whole gob of men all of 'em that would go to Fort Leavenworth that could be dispersed and moved to their homes out of there.

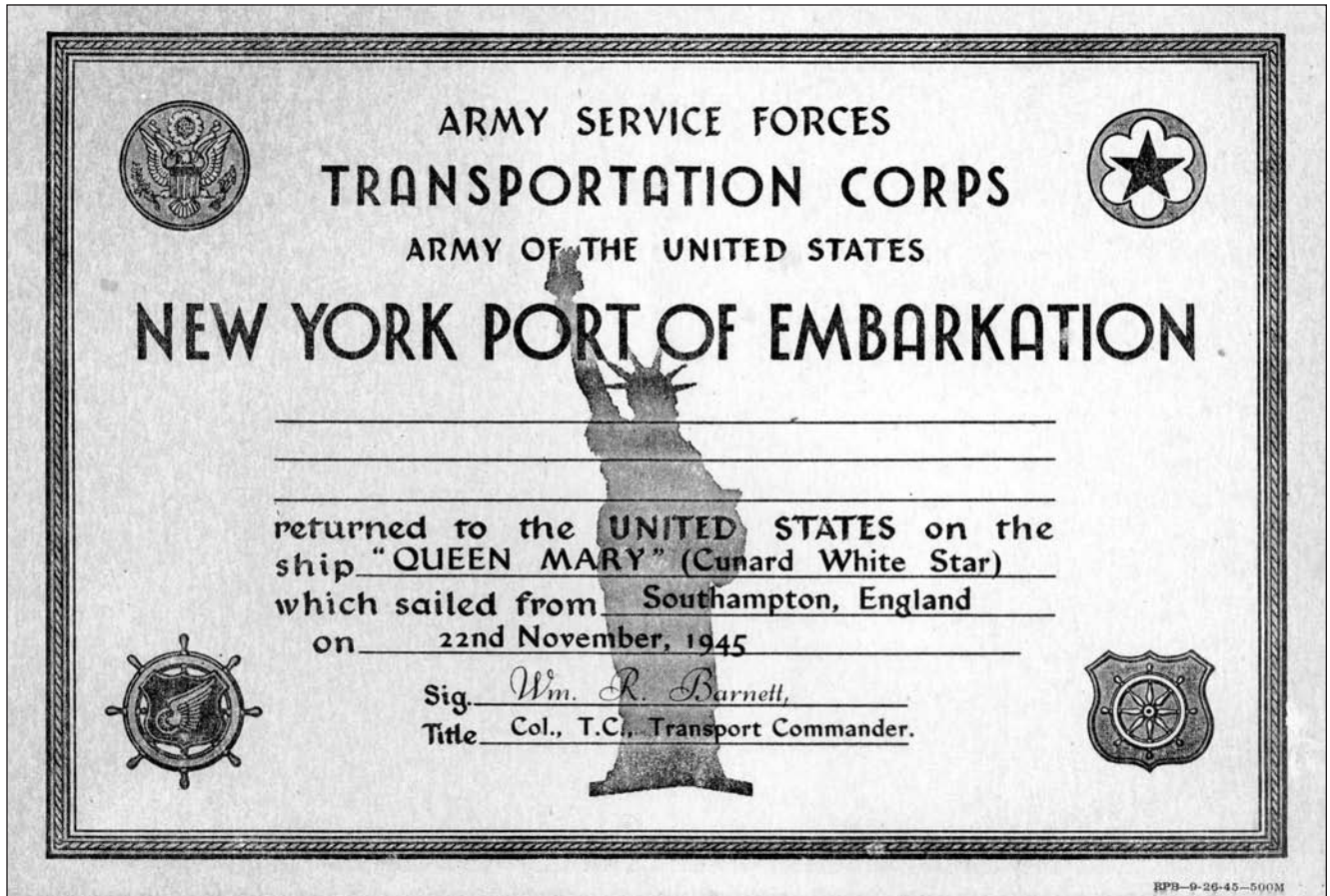
I'm sure there was another troop train that went to Louisiana and another one to Ohio and one clear to the west coast. Then you got to Fort Leavenworth, and they processed you to get you out. You went through a physical, and you had a lot of paper work and stuff to do. That's where we all goofed, not saying, "Yeah, I got a bad leg", because they kept you another week or so to see what it was before they let you go. Well, hell, we all wanted to go home, we didn't care about that. That's where I made my mistake; I could've had disability. I knew one guy who drew ten percent for years for nervousness. Christopher Kraut, he didn't know what nervousness was. Anyway, so that's why they did that.

We all were given occupation money for the country we were in. There were occupation francs, occupation pounds, occupation guilders. So when we crossed back over and were coming home, they wanted all of that brought in. So they appointed a payroll officer

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<p>KN O CK TN TL</p>			
<p>London Via McCey Radio 6-18</p>			
<p>NLT Mr R C Chittenden</p>			
<p>Tecumseh Nebr</p>			
<p>In London on farewell pass sailing on Queen Mary on Nov 22nd will call on arrival love.</p>			
<p>Lawrence L Chittenden</p>			
<p>950am</p>			
<p>THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE</p>			

Telegram to his father from London that he was on his way home





*Queen Mary embarkation certificate*

for each unit, and these men brought in money from everywhere and converted that to American dollars. At that time, gold certificate dollars were highly desirable, so they were real persnickety about converting this.

We did it by the envelope system. You had conversion tables to tell you what you had, and they took your name and the amount you had and put that money in an envelope. Then you had to come in on payday and sign and pick up your envelope. I'd never done this before, and it was a hell of a job getting all this different money converted and getting it right. Where I made the mistake was where you came in and signed, and I gave you the envelope. What I should've done is made 'em open the envelope right there and count it.

Well, when we got on the boat, these two jokers came up and said, "Hey, we're short; we didn't get all our money." Well, that would've had to come out of my pocket, and it kind of upset me. It didn't amount to

much, I think it was a \$100.00 apiece, but I knew what they were pulling. So I went up to the commander and told him what happened. So he called these two guys in and he said, "This officer is one of my officers, and I know him. He's honest, he's straight and he's right, and this ship is not leaving. We are not heading for home until this money shows up." Well, it showed right quick 'cause everybody was wanting to go home.

That damn dog coming home..., if it hadn't been for that (same) commander... When we loaded on this freighter in France to cross the channel to England to come home, the way they worked it was, there were marines down at the foot, and they'd holler "Chittenden," and you'd holler "Lawrence," and that checked you off the list to go up the gang plank on the ship. Well, I had Burschel in this gym bag with handles on it and slits in it. And in front was a lieutenant commander, and behind him was a captain and then myself and then this buddy Tate behind

him to go on with this fictitious artillery outfit. They had kind of a little ticket booth there that they were checking, and they were loading troops all day on this thing. And this guy came down the gang plank and says, "Got another dog," and the guy in the booth says, "Okay get rid of him," and I thought, "Jumping gosh, what am I gonna do?" And the commander says, "Come on. We're going. Let's go."

Now this dog had been with me for two or three months. He'd go to work with me in the morning at the headquarters and, hell, everybody acted like he was their dog. Hell, he'd make the rounds of all the officers, and they'd pet him 'cause he was friendly. So we went up the gangplank, and we got up there, and this other officer had this little pup in his trench coat pocket. And it happened that they assigned us to the same stateroom, and the dogs got to playing, and this commander that was in charge of the ship found us.

Well, he was gonna right away raise hell with us, and that commander of mine cornered him right damn quick and quizzed him, "What's your date of rank?" That's what you worked on, was the day that you were promoted to that rank. If you were promoted today, and I was promoted two weeks ago, then I outrank you even though we were the same. And that was the end of it; he just backed off right quick. We were still carrying our side arms, and we weren't to be reckoned with. We were vets, and that guy had never seen anything but running around on boats.

I ran into that same thing on the troop train coming from Camp Shanks to Fort Riley. I could let ol' Burschel run loose or do what he wanted on the train if he'd stay with me. I had some high faluter start throwing his authority around, you know, saying this and that. I lit into him, and he backed off fast and disappeared, and I didn't see him again until we got to Fort Leavenworth.

### Where'd you get the daschund?

I got him down there in Bavaria. A German daschund.

### Who did you get him from?

A couple German gals. I found out later they'd been

generals' mistresses. They were staying in a house close to where we were quartered down there in this little town (Freyung) we were occupying. The people where they were staying had the dog. You know, things were hard in those times, and people were concerned about what they were gonna eat themselves, let alone feeding a lot of animals and stuff. I talked 'em out of this dog, and he was the world's best. I never owned an animal in my life as wonderful as that dog was.

### Burschel?

Burschel. German for little boy.

*[Editors' note: The correct form of the word in German is Bursche. It has the same sense as the English word lad.]*

### How long did you have that dog?

I brought him home, and I had him until I ran over him. It must've been about when the twins were babies (about 1951). I went to work early one morning, and I had made the mistake of taking him in the car a lot of times. That morning I was in a hurry, and I backed out of the garage and took off and didn't let him in. And he ran along the side of the car down to the elevator, and I went to turn a corner and didn't see him, and I ran right over him. Don't think I didn't bawl for that.

---

FREYUNG, GERMANY

October 6, 1945

*My Dearest Darling Bette:*

*Well, honey, I guess it's high time that I wrote to you even though there isn't much to write from here. Everything is going o.k., and we are still waiting.*

*However, here is the latest information and the latest and last change I hope. All of us high point officers are to be transferred on paper to the 328th Infantry Regiment of the 26th Division this month the 20th. We move down there between the 3 & 5 of November to relieve them. At that time we transfer to them. The last part of November we start the trip home, and are scheduled to land in Boston harbor the 5 of December. So it will be good old Boston. I*

won't make it for the football games but will sure be there for Christmas. I figure a week at the most from Boston to Ft. Leavenworth, then home shortly afterward. Whether it will be a thirty day leave and then go back for discharge or a straight discharge, I don't know yet, of course, but I'll be home for Christmas I know for sure.

There isn't a lot more news from here. It has turned colder than the devil the last week. In fact, one of our companies on the border had four inches of snow yesterday. I'll sure be glad to get home, because I can take that Nebr. cold weather much better than I can this around here.

The Silver Star was for heroic action in Normandy, just the exact words I can't give you, but it was for organizing a defense to hold off an enemy attack and for evacuating several wounded men under fire. I sent the write up to Dad. You can read that and get a better idea. Yes, it gives me a total of 93 points now.

I hope you aren't working too hard, sweetheart. Don't

please, it isn't worth it, honey. By the way after the first part of the month, you can address my mail to 328th Inf. APO 26.

Darling, remember I still love you more than ever and miss you so much. I hope to be seeing you soon, sweets. Don't work too hard.

All My Love & Kisses,

Larry

I Love You Sweetheart.

### So when you came home, you landed and came into Camp Shanks (New York) not Boston?

Yeah, We had about a day there before we shipped out. And they had a little café there. It wasn't very big, it was just kind of a round counter and you sat at the counter, and that's where everybody headed. And everybody got to pick out what they wanted to have

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<p>KN O CK DL Pd</p>			
<p>Camp Kilmer NJ 856am Nov 28th 1945</p>			
<p>R C Chittenden</p>			
<p>Tecumseh Nebr</p>			
<p>Arrived New York yesterday will leave for Fort Leavenworth tomorrow would like to have you pick me and Dog up there will Call up on arrival Love.</p>			
<p>Lawrence</p>			
<p>1222pm</p>			
<p>THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE</p>			

Second telegram to his father on his arrival in New York



that they hadn't had in a long long time. Of course I went over there to get a milk shake or a malted milk (laughs) and across the counter from me was a guy, and I think he was air force but I can't swear to that, and he ordered one dozen fried eggs, sunny side up. And they delivered em to him on one big plate. And he ate em up slicker than a whistle. (Laughs) But we spent a night or so, and then they loaded us on troop trains, and I was sent back to Fort Leavenworth.

**Who met you at the train?**

My dad.

**Your dad by himself?**

I think so, yes. I don't remember that Leonard (his brother) was with him. I think he just came alone.

**And that was in Kansas?**

Yeah.

**When you got home, what was it like? What did you do, how did you celebrate?**

She (Mom/Bette) wasn't there. She was in McCook.

**When did you first see her?**

Thanksgiving, I think.

**Did you call her when you got home?**

Yeah, I kind of got in trouble over that. I don't remember the story altogether, but I wired my dad in London that I was coming home, and I guess I didn't wire her. I don't think I told her, and that kind of made her angry. I think I waited until I got home and called her.

**Why was she angry? Because she wanted to be there when you got in?**

Well, I didn't know whether she could. She was working and had a job, and she couldn't just walk off from it. It was my fault because I hadn't notified her, but it wasn't simple to notify anybody.

**So why didn't you go to McCook?**

There was still rationing. Hell, I didn't have a car. My dad had a car, and he had only so much gas. I would have had no way to get to McCook.

**Where were you the first time you saw each other after being gone almost two years?**

I expect down at the (train) depot. (When she came in from McCook)

Mom: The thing that I remember, and I don't remember whether it was Thanksgiving day or whether it was just the weekend that I got home from McCook. I probably took the bus or the train, and I remember Tone and Lilas (her brother and his wife) were there, so I can't help but think maybe it was Thanksgiving day. We had dinner at my folks' place. I remember he brought me a compact from the Queen Mary, it was a Lucite compact. I think that was the first that I'd seen him.

**So then what did you do after dinner?**

Mom: I don't remember that. My God, honey, you're talking 60 years ago.

**But that's a huge moment, coming home from the war. You see photos of parades and people kissing in the street. You hadn't seen him in two years...**

Mom: Well, I probably kissed him, but I don't remember that. It was at my folks' house, you know, I couldn't do a whole lot.

**You were engaged right?**

Right. But you know, you're kind of strangers after two years. We were visiting, and I can remember Lilas saying, "I'll bet you wish we'd get the hell out of here," or something like that. Those are the kooky things you remember.

**Did you come home in a uniform, Dad? When you saw her on Thanksgiving, did you have your uniform on?**

No, I doubt it. You chucked that thing as fast as you could.

**So you moved home from McCook to marry him?**

Mom: I guess.

**So you'd already planned that?**

Mom: Well I guess we'd talked about it.

Dad: We couldn't plan it until we talked to Father Claudius.



*Betty and Lawrence with dog Burschel shortly before their wedding in April 1946*

Mom: Well, I wasn't sure that we were gonna get married yet.

Dad: Well, I guess that's right.

**So you came home and dated each other for a while then?**

Mom: We didn't get married until the next April.

**Dad, talk about how the war affected you, if it did. Did you have trouble sleeping?**

Not that I remember.

Mom: Yes, he did.

Dad: Yeah, I guess I did. You don't remember when you're sleeping alone.

**Did you really sleep with a gun beside the bed?**

Mom: Yes.

Dad: NO, that was later, when you were working.

Mom: You ALWAYS slept with that gun in the nightstand.

Dad: Oh. Maybe I did, I don't remember that.

**The Betty Lou gun?**

Mom: Yes.

Dad: Yeah.

**Mom, I remember you saying you were afraid to get up to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night because you were afraid Dad would get startled and shoot you.**

Mom: Well, he was so jumpy that I was afraid that if I startled him, the first thing he'd do would be to grab the gun cause he had it right beside the bed. I don't remember any particular instance when it might have happened, but I worried about it.

**What else?**

Mom: Well, he had trouble in any close situation. If he couldn't get into the barbershop and sit down and get his hair cut right away, he'd leave. He couldn't stand being confined in one spot for any length of time, like in the barber chair, or anyplace else. He cried a lot, easily, if there was anything he couldn't cope with.

**Did he ever have any nightmares?**

Mom: Oh, no.

**What physical things?**

Mom: His stomach, he always had stomach troubles.

**From nerves or from an injury?**

Mom: Nerves.

**No problems from any of his injuries though?**

Mom: The hearing thing (from the grenade to the side of his head), and of course, with his feet (from frostbite). I guess he's always had problems with that in cold weather.

**Dad, why did you sleep with the gun beside the bed?**

Dad: I don't know, I suppose I'd been so damn long with one right beside me that I just felt more at ease with it.

**Your former son-in-law says that years ago he installed a stereo system for you and put on a recording of John Phillip Sousa marches. He left the room and says that when he came back you were wiping tears from your eyes. Do you remember that?**

Oh, a good marching band will do that to me anytime. Of course we had a real good band at Kemper, and I always enjoyed that. I marched right behind 'em in all the dress parades. Yeah, I can sit here and a good Sousa band march, tears come to my eyes today. I love a good march. If I got any rhythm in my body, that's when it shows up.

*Lt. Chittenden*

## R E S T R I C T E D

HEADQUARTERS 330TH INFANTRY  
APO 83 U S ARMY

17 February 1945

SPECIAL ORDERS )  
NUMBER 15 )

2. Under the provisions of Art 9, Manual for Courts-Martial, U S Army, 1928, a Special Courts-Martial is appointed to meet at the call of the senior member for the trial of such persons as may be properly brought before it.

DETAIL FOR THE COURT

✓ 1/T COL	JAMES R. MONTAGUE	0223339	INF
✓ CAPT	WILLIAM A. LYON	0514753	INF
CAPT	NATHAN B. TRACY	0400800	INF
CAPT	ROBERT L. YUST	0403353	INF
1/LT	CLARENCE J. PULLEN	01280358	INF
1/LT	THOMAS E. McKEON	01308843	INF
1/LT	ANTHONY S. BRINWELL	01280418	INF

TRIAL JUDGE ADVOCATE

✓ 1/LT	LAWRENCE L. CHITTENDEN	0517881	INF, TJA
2/LT	JACOB L. BEUTSCH	01280127	INF, ASST TJA

DEFENSE COUNSEL

1/LT	KENNETH E. JENSEN	01297897	INF, DC
2/LT	CARL F. STURMEL	01299876	INF, ASST DC

By order of Colonel FOSTER:

W. W. ALLEN, III  
Captain, Infantry  
Adjutant

OFFICIAL:

*W. W. Allen III*  
W. W. ALLEN, III  
Captain, Infantry  
Adjutant

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R E S T R I C T E D



*Lt Chittenden*RESTRICTEDHEADQUARTERS 330TH INFANTRY  
APO 83, U. S. Army

14 June 1945

SPECIAL ORDERS)

NUMBER 36)

1. Under the provisions of AW 9, Manual for Courts-Martial, U. S. Army, 1928, a Special Courts-Martial is appointed to meet at the call of the senior member for the trial of such persons as may be properly brought before it.

DETAIL FOR THE COURT

LT COL	JOHN A. NORRIS, JR.	021299	INF 2nd Bn 7th
MAJOR	ROBERT W. STEWART	01283160	INF 3rd Bn 7th
CAPT	JAMES E. HARRYMAN	0419185	MC 7th
<del>██████████</del>	<del>██████████</del>	01287010	INF 1st Bn 7th
CAPT	EDWARD K. GEBERT	0528940	INF L CO.
CAPT	JOHN D. HUY	01048824	INF B CO.
<del>██████████</del>	<del>██████████</del>	01294783	INF H CO.
<del>██████████</del>	<del>██████████</del>	01322912	INF F CO.
<del>██████████</del>	<del>██████████</del>	01309311	INF C CO.

TRIAL JUDGE ADVOCATE

1/LT	LAWRENCE L. CHITTENDEN	0517891	INF, TJA
2/LT	ERNEST C. TAMPANI	02016486	INF, ASST TJA

DEFENSE COUNSEL

1/LT	<del>██████████</del>	01615365	INF, ASST DC W-10
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All unarraigned cases in the hands of the TJA of the SCM appointed per paragraph 1, Special Orders #3, Hq 330th Inf, dtd 13 Jan 45, and SCM appointed per paragraph 2, Special Orders #13, Hq 330th Inf, dtd 17 Feb 45, will be brought to trial before the court hereby appointed.

BY ORDER OF COLONEL POSTER:

W. W. ALLEN, III,  
Capt, 330th Inf,  
Adjutant.

OFFICIAL:

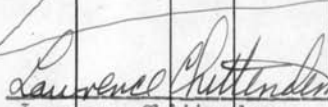
*W. W. Allen III*  
W. W. ALLEN, III,  
Capt, 330th Inf,  
Adjutant.

DISTRIBUTION:

2 - CO, 330th Inf  
1 - CO, 83d Inf Div  
1 - File  
100 - Pres, above SCM

RESTRICTED

### PROPERTY ISSUE SLIP

To: Lt. Chittenden		SUPPLY OFFICER				VOUCHER No.	
FOR: (Organization unit) Regimental Hq. 330th. Infantry		Initial		Replac- ment	Debit Memo Receipt	Credit Memo Receipt	ISSUE Slip No.
STOCK No.	NOMENCLATURE	Unit	Auth. or Max. Level	On Hand	Due In	Quantity Desired	Action
	<del>Whistle, Thunder.</del>	ea.				0	
	<del>Mask, Gas.</del>	ea.				1	
	<del>Flashlight.</del>	ea.				0	
	<del>Binoculars, M-13.</del>	ea.				1	
	Carbine, Cal. 30. 4921926	ea.				1	
	Watch, Wrist, 15 Jewels or more.	ea.				1	
	Knife, French. 193201	ea.				1	
	<del>Compass, Lensatic, w/case.</del>	ea.				1	
	Case, dispatch.	ea.				1	
<p><i>Turned in on 26 Oct. 45</i></p> <p style="text-align: right;">               Lawrence Chittenden              1st. Lt. 330th. Infantry         </p>							
Issuance or acceptance of quantities shown in "Action" column is authorized. Items marked "Ext" will be ordered. Zeroed items will be available on the dates indicated hereon. When received, items will be issued on presentation of this slip. Inquiries must refer to No. _____ (Date) _____, 194____ For Station Supply Officer.				FOR THE COMMANDING OFFICER: (Date) _____, 194____ Organization Supply Officer. Quantities shown in "Action" column have been received. (Date) _____, 194____ Authorized Representative.			

Property slip showing some of the equipment Lawrence turned in at the end of the war



## MEDALS



Personal photo, reads on the back: "The Colonel (Foster) pinning my Bronze Star on me."

Let me give you a little background on these awards. During the war, people did things, and everything was moving and going so fast that there was no time for anything else. So when it was over, or when we got into a defensive area where there wasn't anything going on, that's where this came about.

After the war was over, we were in Bavaria occupying, and there were five of us officers in this apartment. It had been a German headquarters of some kind, but we were upstairs. It had a kitchen and a dining room and I think a little living room and three bedrooms. There were five of us that lived there. One of the fellows that lived with us was a Lieutenant Fitzgerald from New York City. He was an English teacher in the school system in New York, and the commander found this out and got him to write up these awards. Well, of course, after we'd stole that truckload of cognac out of Germany from the British, there was quite a period there every night, that was...ahem...you know what I mean. We'd get to visiting, and we'd get to reciting these situations that we'd gone through. And this stinker was sitting down and taking all that down, and he wrote up these awards. A lot of 'em I didn't even know he'd done. Well, the Purple Hearts were no problem, and the one Meritorious Service Bronze Star didn't come through him.

But the other two, the two big ones for gallantry in action... All at once here come orders out one day that says we're having an awards ceremony. And in the orders would be all the men listed and what they were to receive. There'd be a formation that day and the general would come down, and the commander, and they'd pin them on you. Lo and behold, here'd be my name on the list for whatever it was, and he'd done all that. Of course, it had to go through regiment, and they had to approve it and okay it. Then it had to go up to division and division had to say, "Okay, it's worth it; we'll order it." That's how I got those. I probably never ever would have got 'em if it hadn't been for him.

20th September  
Camp Cleveland

Dear Buddy,

Here's the old coot in the first step on the way home, at the assembly area. I'm executive officer of one of the line companies and believe me it's a lot of work. This outfit is really screwed up, they are still writing off their combat losses here at the assembly area. In addition to this, there is the usual business of dog tags, shots, lectures, and conversion of currency. If you come through one of these places, be sure and tell them you were nothing but a platoon leader. Washburn is a platoon leader in C company and is keeping up his policy of doing absolutely nothing and seems to be very proud of it. All the rest, Lyons, Capt Pat, Calhoun, Thurmond, are all at hq and don't seem to be doing much of anything.

The story is that we will leave here Monday or Tuesday for the staging area. This camp is about ten miles from Rheims. I was in there last night and drank coffee at the Red Cross - "das is allus."

There is a wonderful Officer's sales here, it really has everything. I'm going in tomorrow and pick up a few things. We get in on this bonus given by the French, something like 16.00 a piece. Incidentally, officers get all eight points here. My new total is 99.

Adams from third bat, Garthgate, and Kuykendall are in the same company with me. We have two engineer officers in the company, both of whom are thicker than shit. I told the company commander the other day that someone ought to hit him in the head with a blivet. He wanted to know what a blivet was and I told him.

After being back here in France for a few day it's easy to understand why we can't get any clothes or equipment, the French have it all. It seems that everyone from DeGaulle on down is dressed in GI clothing. Their whole army in their zone of occupation is using our equipment including trucks.

It still seems like a dream that I'm going home. It's even worth being in a screwed up outfit like this one for a while. I don't know whether I'll get out or not when I get home, but at least I'll be there.

How is your Silver Star coming? Also, how is Perry getting on with those unit citations? The one for the first bat should be through division by this time. Let me know how they make out and be sure to send me the order and the badge if it goes through.

If you'll write and tell me how things are going, I'll appreciate it. Write to my home at 72 King St, Dunkirk, N.Y. and I'll have mail when I get home. Believe it or not, I really miss all of you. It seems funny not having Lottie around to help me get dressed in the morning.

Now, Buddy, I must go to finance and try to get 11,000 bucks changed into French currency. Something will probably will be fucked up about it and it will probably be me,

I'll write again from the states,  
Sincerely,  
Fitz

Letter from "the Old Coot" who wrote up the stories recommending Lawrence for the Silver and Bronze Stars. Reproduced full size at end of section.

We called him "The Old Coot" because he was older than the rest of us. (Laughing) Well, it makes me mad, 'cause he owes me a hundred dollars, and I don't know



where he is. He's probably dead long ago because he was quite a lot older than the rest of us. He was a lieutenant, and I can't remember just where he came up through the division or anything.

### What was his name?

Fitzgerald, and I can't tell you his first name; we called him 'Fitz' or 'The Old Coot' (laughing). But, see, we all sat around at night. There wasn't anything else to do after you got off duty and went to mess and had supper. You weren't ready to go to bed, and over there in Europe it stays daylight until about 11:00 o'clock. Then they were on a double daylight savings because of the war. And shoot, 11:00, it was just as light as it was here at 4:00 in the afternoon. You'd sit around nippin' on that cognac, and first thing you knew, you got pretty talkative. So you'd get to reminiscing and going back. You were remembering friends and buddies that had gotten lost in certain situations, or this, that, and the other. This stinker was writing all this up see. He was very intelligent. He was older, kind of a homely looking guy. Not very big, but he had it all down. First thing you know he'd write that up, and this is all his writing, his wording, all of those awards I got.

### Was he in your unit?

He was in our division, he was not in our regiment. I can't remember now what he was or what he was doing. The first thing I know, why here comes the orders down, and I'm to report for formation at such and such a date at such and such a time to receive a decoration. And he'd written it up. (Laughs)

### Did you have a Marksmanship medal?

No, (laughs) I never had that. That was soldiers, not officers. If you'd come up through the ranks as a soldier, you'd have one. I had the Combat Infantryman's Badge, that's that blue long rifle with the wreath under it. I had that, but all you had to do was be in one good combat experience, and you were awarded that. We were some of the first ones to receive it because it was an altogether new award in the early part, in the Battle of France. I think it was issued after Normandy. But they were issued; they're still being issued. In other words, people that participate in combat in Korea and Viet Nam, they're still awarded the combat infantryman.

Most of the rest of those medals were just for doing your job, that's all. You did what you did and didn't even think about it.

The ETO medal, that's the European Theater of Operations Medal that included the campaigns of Normandy, Northern France, Rhineland, Ardennes, and Central Europe.

Army of Occupation Ribbon, everybody that stayed and occupied got one.

A Victory Ribbon for the Victory in Europe. Everybody got that.

The Reserve Officers Ribbon. That was one I got after I got home and was in the Reserves.

The Victory Medal. Anybody that had been in that theater of operation or was in the South Pacific got a Victory Medal.

The American Defense Medal. Those were prior to coming over to Europe. You were supposedly part of the Defense of the American Continent.

The American Theater Medal. Part of the same thing, you were in the American Theater.



*Lawrence receiving one of his medals. Reads on the back, "Medal awards ceremony."*

**What are they giving all these medals for?**

Oh, I don't know, those are moral boosters and so forth. They try to do that, and it's a good deal.

The Combat Infantry Badge. If they performed in combat. There was one without the wreath on it that went to the people that weren't over there in combat.

Then the Silver Star, for gallantry in action, the (two) Purple Hearts for being wounded, and two Bronze Star Medals, one was meritorious service and the other was gallantry in action.

**What did you do when you went to Normandy in 1995?****What was that like?**

We just looked around. We got out and walked around (the cemetery) trying to see if we could find anybody. I started spotting markers that would say 330th. I didn't know any of 'em, so then we were getting about to the end... There's kind of a big, I don't know what you'd call it, like a little amphitheater, and it had a big map on it. Bruce and Sarah went with us there, and I showed Bruce where we were and where we went. We walked over and looked down to the beach, and then we went back towards the administration building there. That's where the Omaha Beach guy in command spotted me and said, "There looks like an old Veteran. Could I do anything for you?"

At first we'd gone in there, and I had tried to find this lieutenant friend of mine.

**Cundiff?**

No, I was thinking it was McKenzie. Anyway, I couldn't locate him, and I didn't have the right name probably or the right spelling. Then when we came back, he caught me then. I tried to find this Sergeant Cundiff. And he took me right into his office, and he put 'em all to work right quick, and we found him. We found his grave.

**So you went over there?**

Yeah, not very long because the bus was leaving, and I was the last one on.

**Who was McKenzie?**

Oh, he was a lieutenant that was, I don't remember.

I guess he had 2nd Platoon. When we were in the states, our bunks or barracks were close together, and we just got kind of friendly and had combat a couple times, and we worked together.

**Did it look anything like it did, the beach?**

No, nothing looked like it did. I'd tell everybody about those hedgerows. Hell, I couldn't find a hedgerow.

**No hedgerows?**

No. (Laughs) I think they dozed a lot of 'em out. Modern times. Everything has gotten more modern.

**The roads probably got wider.**

Yeah, the roads were better. They were all a lot of dirt roads then. Nothing looked familiar. You have to remember, it's been 50 some years.

**Why did so many soldiers stay buried over on Omaha Beach? Why didn't they ship them home?**

That was up to the family, as I understood it. There were some families wanted 'em home, they would send 'em home. Otherwise they would bury 'em. There are several other cemeteries. There's one in Belgium, there's one in Brittany somewhere. There's some in Italy. They're scattered all over.

Mom: France gave that land, that's American land.

Dad: That's why this one lieutenant I couldn't find, I think maybe she might have wanted him sent home, and if they did, they'd send 'em home.

**Why would you leave them there?**

Dad: Well, that's where they fought, and that's where they fell.

Mom: The government would've paid to ship them home.

**Ann: When I was little and used to ask you about the war, you used to talk about your friends being sent home in shoe boxes. Do you remember that?**

That's possible, yeah.

**Is there a story that goes with that?**

That was probably one of my concoctions. In other words, that meant that there wasn't much left.

**Us kids would watch The Big Picture (a television show about World War II) and ask you questions about the war, and you never wanted to talk about it.**

And you notice just in later years, they've just been talking about that nationwide, that all of us are starting to let loose and talk about it. But you just didn't care to talk about it. It was just stuff you particularly didn't want to remember.

**But did you get together with buddies from the war and talk about it?**

Not too much. Any of that stuff came later. But that was a lot of years afterwards.

**Mom, what do you remember about your trip to Normandy with Dad?**

Mom: It was terribly impressive; you know, it just seemed like miles of crosses.

**And did you go with dad into the office to find this Cundiff?**

Mom: Yes.

**And that was the only one you found that he knew?**

Mom: Yes, we didn't have enough time. Not nearly enough time.

**What was that like for dad when he found that buddy?**

Mom: Oh, I think he was kind of glad. He was misspelling his name, or we'd have found it right off the bat. Imagine that. (Laughs)

Dad: That head caretaker sure was nice.

Mom: He sure was. We walked up, and he said, "Well, there's an old military man," and then when we left, he said, "Can I drive you anyplace? I'll take you wherever you want to go." We should have gone. We should have stayed there and then let him drive us to catch up with the bus, but we weren't thinking that fast.

Dad: He went right back in the office and had all the office staff scurrying around digging up stuff and looking. I'd like to have had an hour or two.

Mom: But he said it was not at all like he remembered it, of course.

**When we were little, I remember you yelled "Schnell." That meant, "Move it! Hurry!"**

Dad: Mach schnell. Fast, move, go.

**Sarah remembers "Arbrite? Allbrite?" What does that mean?**

I don't remember. (Arbeit – means work) "Danka" was thank you, I don't remember. (Dad and Beth laughing) I remember SCHNELL, SCHNELL. Faster, faster. My German vocabulary was pretty short.

**That Nazi banner, where did you get that? Do you remember?**

No. Out of a hall somewhere.

**In Germany or in France?**

In Germany.

**It was hanging in some hall?**

Yeah, I can't for the life of me remember where it was.

**Do you remember where you got the Nazi armband?**

No. You could pick them up most anywhere.

**Who wore that, what kind of soldier?**

Any of them would wear that, even a civilian would wear that.

**Did you just pick them up off the ground?**

Oh yeah, you'd find 'em a lot of places, different places. It got so we were pretty proficient looting, you know. We'd go into homes and buildings and offices and ransack through 'em.

**Where did you get that piece of shrapnel? Where did it come from?**

It was in that damn field up there where the barn and the...

**Where the potato masher hit you in the head?**

Yeah, but before that.

**Before that, when Cundiff was killed?**

Yeah.





Piece of shrapnel that hit Lawrence, leading to one of his Purple Hearts.

### In that field?

Yeah, somewhere in there.

### Is that the one that hit you?

Yeah. (Laughs) It's the one that hit me. That nicked me a little bit and made the blood run a little.

### That Purple Heart?

Yeah. I don't know how I picked it up and how I ever kept it, carrying it. I guess I must have thrown it in my kitchen truck.

### And isn't there a dagger in there?

A bayonet isn't there? I think there's a German bayonet.

### Where did you get that? Just picked it off a dead soldier?

Yeah, you could find them laying around most everywhere.

### Then there's that gun cleaner. Was that yours?

No, those were German. You'd find those wherever they'd been camped or bivouacked, or some of them they'd taken off of prisoners, or maybe when they captured some, they would make 'em empty everything out, you know, and toss 'em in a pile. Or they might have tossed it there. I don't have any idea where they came from, but I just picked 'em up.

### And the hand grenade?

Well, those were issued.

### Those were what you guys carried?

Yeah, and I just fixed that up that way (disabled it).

<b><u>CERTIFICATE</u></b>	
	6 Nov. 1945 (Date)
<p>1. I certify that I have personally examined the items of captured enemy equipment in the possession of <u>1/Lt. L. L. Chittenden</u> and that the bearer is officially authorized by the Theater Commander, under the provisions of Sec VI, Cir 155, WD, 28 May 1945, to retain as his personal property the articles listed in Par 3, below.</p>	
<p>2. I further certify that if such items are to be mailed to the US, they do not include any items prohibited by Sec VI, Cir 155, WD, 28 May 1945.</p>	
<p>3. The items referred to are : 1 German Lueger Pistol No. 987</p>	
	<p><u>Daniel J. Donahue</u> (Signature)</p> <p><u>Capt. Inf. 328<sup>th</sup> Hqs</u> (Rank, Branch and Organization)</p>
<p>(This certificate will be prepared in duplicate)</p>	
AG USFET Form N° 33	Lef. 8-46 5.000.000 78.920

Certificate giving permission to keep a German luger pistol

Then I've still got that gold dagger that SS dress for dress uniform. Fancy you know. You kids lost part of it when you were playing with it. It had a gold braided rope with tassels and marble balls. I don't even remember where I got that. If you'd pick that stuff up, you might get tired of carrying it, or you didn't want it, and you'd toss it the next day, or you might trade it to somebody for something else.

### **Do you have your helmet?**

No, that was too damn heavy to mess with that.

### **How did you get those perfume bottles home to Mom?**

You could ship a lot of that stuff. They'd allow you to mail that stuff. That rifle I had over there. In Germany we had what they called Military Government units. You'd go into a town, and these units would come in and take charge of the government of that town, the mayor and all that. They tried to keep local people doing it, not the Nazi's maybe, or if they were die-hard Nazi's, no. But a lot of those towns, those people were just common people.

That's where I got that rifle. Then, of course, the minute they got in and got control they made the entire town turn in all fire arms and all weaponry like swords. Anything that somebody could have grabbed or used to kill somebody or cause a problem. Well, that's where I found this rifle. They just dumped 'em in a square there in this little village, and I guess the MPs just picked 'em up and would wrap 'em around a telephone post or something. In most cases they just busted the stock out of 'em. That's where I found that 22 rifle. I was allowed to send that home. My dad grabbed it and took it over to an old gunsmith in Beatrice, and he put a stock on it. It was a beautiful target rifle, real heavy barrel.

### **What about your uniform?**

Damn Leonard (his brother) got all of my pants (laughing). The dress uniform in my day was the olive green jacket that was coat length you know? And pink pants, they called them "pinks." They were kind of a pinkish color. When we got out of OCS, we were given a uniform allowance of \$250.00 and, of course, old Lawrence, he spent her all. I got some pretty fancy clothes. In fact, they'd have companies come in at OCS school when you were getting ready to graduate and sell you these clothes, these uniforms, because



*Back home with his dog Pud after the war*

you had to buy your own. So boy, I bought good stuff. A good blouse, a couple good pair of pinks.

Well, of course, we got to England, and you didn't have any use anymore for those fancy dress pants and the blouse and that stuff, so it was all in my foot locker. Every officer was allowed a footlocker. Well that went into storage when we crossed the pond, and some of 'em lost theirs altogether. But the government, at the end, cut the padlocks we had on them and itemized everything in them and sealed them and shipped them home. Well, Leonard got in that damn thing and got them pinks. Boy, that was the end of them. (Laughing) I didn't have any. I guess after we got out and before we got home, I did get another pair somewhere so I could have them. But when I got home, those high-priced tailored ones I had, ol' Leonard had worn them to the University (laughing). My dad used to say he was the best-dressed guy on campus. (Laughing)

### **So when did they make you captain?**

I didn't get captain till I got out. When I got back to Nebraska.

**Were you ever getting shot at and thinking why the hell didn't I take the desk job?**

After you got over there and got in the thick of it, you wondered what in the hell you were doing over here when you could be sitting behind a desk. But it was a little late then. You were in the middle of it, and you knew there was no way you were gonna change it, so you'd just better make the best of it.

**During the war, did you ever think or talk about what you were doing as something that made a difference?**

Oh, we talked about it amongst us. I think that's the one thing that kind of hurt me. When we got home, people didn't pay any attention. Oh, well, you're home, glad to see you made it, fine, goodbye, and that's it.

**So there wasn't any big welcome home for the veterans?**

No, hell the only welcome home you got was from your own family and friends. Well, you gotta stop and remember how many million of us came home.

**You were a local hero, you had a silver star and bronze star and purple hearts.**

Hell 99% of the people didn't even know it or could care less.

**They had your picture in the window at Brandeis Department Store in Omaha.**

Yeah, that was during the war when they were trying to get people to buy bonds that they were doing that. After it was over, there was none of that.

**If you look back at all the things you've done in your life and all the things you thought were important, is this one of the top things or the top thing?**

I believe so. Of course, now there aren't very many of us left. So you did a terrific thing, but as time goes on, you wonder whether it was worth the effort after Korea and Viet Nam and now Iraq. You wonder, well did we really do what we thought we did or not?

**Because at the time you thought this would be the last time anybody would have to do this?**

Well, yeah, that was the thinking. I'm sure it was the same after World War I -- you know, that was 'the war to end all wars.' Well, World War II came along, and that was the same thing, and look at what's happened since. But clear back in history you find this happens all the time.



*Lawrence with his framed medals*



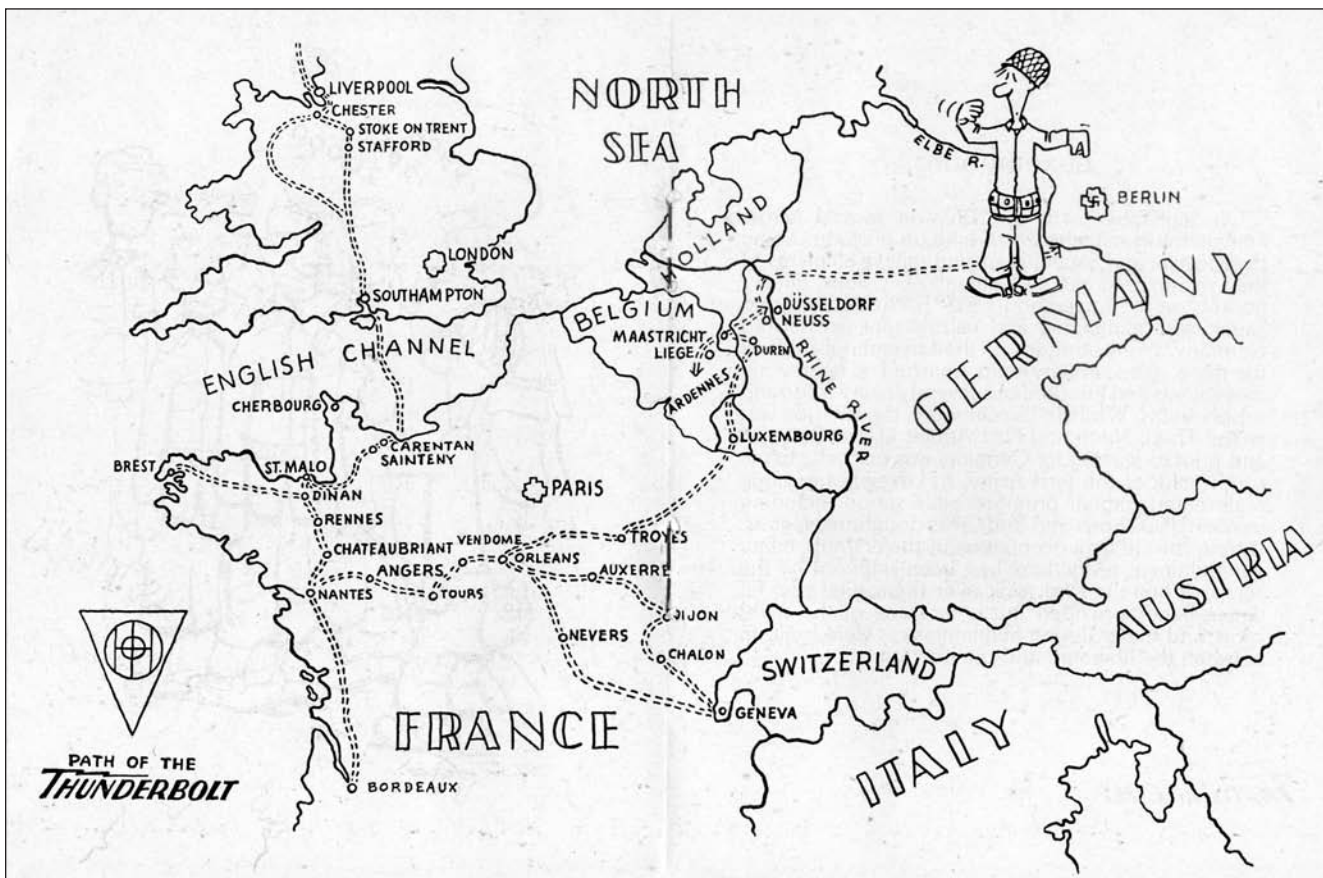


Lawrence Chittenden married Betty Lyell on April 25, 1946.

They have five children. Ann, born in 1947; twins Susan and Sarah, born in 1949; a son Lyell, born in 1952; and Beth, born in 1956. Lawrence ran the grain elevator in Elk Creek, Nebraska, with his father and brother for 11 years after the war and then sold it. In 1956 the family moved to the town of Tecumseh, Nebraska, where he bought a local hardware store in 1958 that he ran until he closed it in 1980.

As of this writing, he and Betty live in Lincoln, Nebraska.

He is a young 85 year-old man who loves to tell war stories and still loves a good Souza March.



Map of Europe showing where 83rd Infantry Division fought

## MEDALS RECEIVED

### AMERICAN DEFENSE MEDAL

The American Defense Service Medal was awarded to personnel for active duty service from 8 September 1939 to 7 December 1941 for a period of twelve months or longer. ([www.gruntsmilitary.com](http://www.gruntsmilitary.com))

### AMERICAN THEATER MEDAL

The American Theater or American Campaign Medal was awarded to personnel for service within the American Theater between 7 December 1941 and 2 March 1946. ([www.gruntsmilitary.com](http://www.gruntsmilitary.com))

### ETO MEDAL

The European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal is a military decoration of the United States armed forces which was first created in 1942 by Executive Order of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. The decoration was intended to recognize those military service members who had performed military duty in the European Theater (to include North Africa and the Middle East) during the years of the Second World War. The flag colors of Germany, Italy, and France are visible in the ribbon. The medal was awarded for any service performed between December 7, 1941 and March 2, 1946 provided such service was performed in the geographical theater areas of Europe, North Africa, or the Middle East. ([www.wikipedia.com](http://www.wikipedia.com))

### ARMY OF OCCUPATION RIBBON

This medal was awarded for 30 days consecutive service while assigned to (among others) Germany (excluding Berlin) between 9 May 1945 and 5 May 1955. Service between 9 May and 8 November 1945 counted only if the EAME (later known as ETO) Campaign Medal was awarded for service prior to 9 May 1945. ([www.gruntsmilitary.com](http://www.gruntsmilitary.com))

### VICTORY MEDAL

The WW II Victory Medal was awarded to all military personnel for service between 7 December 1941 and 31 December 1946. ([www.gruntsmilitary.com](http://www.gruntsmilitary.com))

### RESERVE OFFICERS RIBBON

The Armed Forces Reserve Medal was established by President Harry S. Truman on September 25, 1950 and has been awarded for qualifying service from September 25, 1950 to the present. The Armed Forces Reserve Medal is awarded to United States Armed

Forces Reserve component members (or former members) who complete (or have completed) a total of ten years service. (<http://foxfall.com>)

### COMBAT INFANTRY BADGE

The Combat Infantryman Badge is an award of the United States Army which is presented to those officers, warrant officers and enlisted soldiers, in the grade of Colonel and below, who participate in active ground combat while assigned as a member of an infantry or special forces unit, brigade or smaller size, during any period subsequent to December 6, 1941. It, and the simultaneously created Expert Infantryman Badge were created with the primary goal of recognizing the sacrifices of the infantrymen who were disproportionately likely to be killed or wounded during World War II. ([www.wikipedia.com](http://www.wikipedia.com))

### PURPLE HEART WITH ONE OAK LEAF CLUSTER

The Purple Heart is a U.S. military decoration awarded in the name of the President of the United States to those who have been wounded or killed while serving in, or with, the U.S. military after April 5, 1917. Additional decorations of the Purple Heart are denoted by oak leaf clusters. ([www.wikipedia.com](http://www.wikipedia.com))

### BRONZE STAR MEDAL WITH ONE OAK LEAF CLUSTER

The Bronze Star Medal is a United States Armed Forces individual military decoration and is the fourth highest award for bravery, heroism or meritorious service. (The top three awards in order are the Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, and Silver Star.) The medal is awarded to any person who, while serving in any capacity in or with the military of the United States after December 6, 1941, distinguished himself or herself by heroic or meritorious achievement or service, not involving participation in aerial flight, while engaged in an action against an enemy of the United States. Additional decorations of the Bronze Star Medal are denoted by oak leaf clusters. ([www.wikipedia.com](http://www.wikipedia.com))

### SILVER STAR

The Silver Star is presented to any person who, while serving in any capacity with the United States Armed Forces, is cited for gallantry in action against an enemy of the United States while engaged in military operations involving conflict with an opposing foreign force. ([www.wikipedia.com](http://www.wikipedia.com))



R E S T R I C T E D

General Orders No. 106, 1945, cont'd.

III--AWARD OF BRONZE STAR MEDAL--Under the provisions of AR 600-45, dated 22 September 1943, as amended, and Memorandum No. 34, Headquarters Ninth United States Army, dated 8 September 1944, as amended, the Bronze Star Medal is awarded to the following:

STAFF SERGEANT WILLIAM V. ALLEN, 34377305, Infantry, 329th Infantry, U.S. Army, for distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States from 4 July 1944 to 30 April 1945. Entered military service from Tennessee.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS WILLIAM D. BERKE, 32784120, Infantry, 329th Infantry, United States Army, for distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States from 4 July 1944 to 30 April 1945. Entered military service from New York.

SECOND LIEUTENANT JOHN E. BLAKE, 01999898, Coast Artillery Corps, 453d Anti-aircraft Artillery (AW) Battalion, United States Army, for distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States from 10 January 1945 to 4 May 1945. Entered military service from Illinois.

TECHNICAL SERGEANT CHARLES E. BLAUVELT, 32636688, Infantry, 331st Infantry, United States Army, for distinguishing himself by meritorious achievement in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States on 17 - 18 November 1944. Entered military service from New York.

TECHNICIAN FIFTH GRADE HARRY L. BROWN, JR., 35665723, Cavalry, 83d Reconnaissance Troop, United States Army, for distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States from 1 July 1944 to 12 May 1945. Entered military service from Kentucky.

MAJOR HAROLD W. BROWN, 0326562, Infantry, 331st Infantry, United States Army, for distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States from 16 November 1944 to 8 May 1945. Entered military service from Oregon.

STAFF SERGEANT RAYMOND L. CASH, 35699375, Infantry, 329th Infantry, United States Army, for distinguishing himself by heroic achievement in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States on 20 October 1944. Entered military service from Kentucky.

CAPTAIN ELFORD A. CEDERBERG, 01286960, Infantry, 83d Infantry Division Special Troops United States Army, for distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States from 4 July 1944 to 8 May 1945. Entered military service from Michigan.

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER MELVIN C. CHASE, W-2118320, 330th Infantry, United States Army, for distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States from 4 July 1944 to 8 May 1945. Entered military service from Minnesota.

FIRST LIEUTENANT LAWRENCE L. CHITTENDEN, 0517881, Infantry, 330th Infantry, United States Army, for distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States from 4 October 1944 to 8 May 1945. Entered military service from Nebraska.

CAPTAIN VAN TYLE W. CODDINGTON, 0376037, Field Artillery, 908th Field Artillery Battalion, United States Army, for distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States from 28 March 1945 to 8 May 1945. Entered military service from Indiana.

FIRST LIEUTENANT BOWDEN W. DAVIS, 01577073, Quartermaster Corps, 83d Quartermaster Company, United States Army, for distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States from 31 January 1945 to 6 May 1945. Entered military service from Wisconsin.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS MATTHEW A. DENISON, 31427395, Infantry, 329th Infantry, United States Army, for distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States from 15 August 1944 to 1 March 1945. Entered military service from Massachusetts.

TECHNICIAN FIFTH GRADE BRADY J. FITZWATER, 35590909, Infantry, 329th Infantry, United States Army, for distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States from 4 July 1944 to 30 April 1945. Entered military service from Ohio.

WARRANT OFFICER JUNIOR GRADE CLYDE J. FUSSELL, W-2118068, 330th Infantry, United States Army, for distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States from 4 July 1944 to 8 May 1945. Entered military service from Louisiana.

- 2 -

R E S T R I C T E D



20th September  
Camp Cleveland

Dear Buddy,

Here's the old coot in the first step on the way home, at the assembly area. I'm executive officer of one of the line companies and believe me it's a lot of work. This outfit is really screwed up, they are still writing off their combat losses here at the assembly area. In addition to this, there is the usual business of dog tags, shots, lectures, and conversion of currency. If you come through one of these places, be sure and tell them you were nothing but a platoon leader. Washburn is a platoon leader in C company and is keeping up his policy of doing absolutely nothing and seems to be very proud of it. All the rest, Lyons, Capt Pat, Calhoun, Thurmond, are all at hq and don't seem to be doing much of anything.

The story is that we will leave here Monday or Tuesday for the staging area. This camp is about ten miles from Rheims. I was in there last night and drank coffee at the Red Cross- "das is allus."

There is a wonderful Officer's sales here, it really has everything. I'm going in tomorrow and pick up a few things. We get in on this bonus given by the French, something like 16.00 a piece. Incidentally, officers get all eight points here. My new total is 99.

Adams from third bat, Garthqaite, and Kuykendall are in the same company with me. We have two engineer officers in the company, both of whom are thicker than shit. I told the company commander the other day that someone ought to hit him in the head with a blivet. He wanted to know what a blivet was and I told him.

After being back here in France for a few day it's easy to understand why we can't get any clothes or equipment, the French have it all. It seems that everyone from DeGualle on down is dressed in GI clothing. Their whole army in their zone of occupation is using our equipment including trucks.

It still seems like a dream that I'm going home. It's even worth being in a screwed up outfit like this one for a while. I don't know whether I'll get out or not when I get home, but at least I'll be there.

How is your Silver Star coming? Also, how is Perry getting on with those unit citations? The one for the first bat should be through division by this time. Let me know how they make out and be sure to send me the order and the badge if it goes through.

If you'll write and tell me how things are going, I'll appreciate it. Write to my home at 72 King St, Dunkirk, N.Y! and I'll have mail when I get home. Believe it or not, I really miss all of you. It seems funny not having Lottie around to help me get dressed in the morning-

Now, Buddy, I must go to finance and try to get 11,000 bucks changed into French Currency. Something will probably will be fucked up about it and it will probably be me,

I'll write again from the states,

Sincerely,

Titz

R E S T R I C T E D

RGL/wlk

HEADQUARTERS  
WD PERSONNEL CENTER SCU # 1773  
Ft Leavenworth, Kansas

SPECIAL ORDERS)

NUMBER 353) E X T R A C T 22 December 1945

78. DP announcement is made of the temp promotion of the following named Officers, atchd unasgd Sep C this Hq, to the grades indicated in the AUS with rank fr the date shown opposite their respective names. (Auth: TWX SPXPO-P TAG 14 Dec 45).

<u>LIEUTENANT COLONEL TO COLONEL</u>	<u>DATE OF RANK</u>
BION B. BIERER 0-256670 FA	22 Dec 45
BENJAMIN F. BOYER 0-238364 Inf	22 Dec 45

<u>MAJOR TO LIEUTENANT COLONEL</u>	
DONALD M. ALDERSON 0-323693 MC	22 Dec 45
HUBERT L. ALLEN 0-346212 MC	22 Dec 45
WILLIAM L. BEACHLY 0-379406 FA	22 Dec 45
GLENN F. ELLIOTT 0-385759 FA	22 Dec 45

<u>FIRST LIEUTENANT TO CAPTAIN</u>	
DONALD D. BROWN 0-1110400 CE	22 Dec 45
LAWRENCE L. CHITTENDEN 0-517881 Inf	22 Dec 45
ROBERT L. COLLARD 0-464564 Ord	22 Dec 45
JACK L. DAVIS 0-1642787 SC	22 Dec 45
WILTON E. HARRY 0-432398 CE	22 Dec 45

(Separation Center, WDPC - 22 Dec 45)

BY COMMAND OF BRIGADIER GENERAL RUFFNER:

OFFICIAL:

*Robert G. Lawrence Jr*  
ROBERT G. LAWRENCE JR  
Captain, Air Corps  
Asst Adjutant

ROBERT G. LAWRENCE JR  
Captain, Air Corps  
Asst Adjutant

DISTRIBUTION:

A



**J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS**  
OMAHA

September 22, 1945

Mr. Ralph Chittenden  
Tecumseh, Nebraska

Dear Mr. Chittenden,

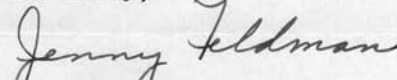
A picture of your son, Lt. Lawrence Chittenden, has been on display in our Nebraska Heroes window. We are very grateful to you for this contribution.

With the end of the war, we are now planning other events, and felt you might like us to send the photo to you. We shall be very happy to do this. Please let us know.

The many favorable letters, as well as most favorable comments received by us, led us to believe that our efforts were well expended. Added to that, your contribution of both your son's picture and the citation awarded him, helped much in morale.

Thank you for cooperating. We sincerely hope your son is, or will be home with you very soon, leading a normal, happy life again.

Sincerely,



J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS  
Jenny Feldman  
Advertising Director

JF/bw



CARL T. CURTIS  
1ST DISTRICT  
NEBRASKA

**Congress of the United States**  
**House of Representatives**  
Washington, D. C.  
July 13, 1945

Ralph C. Chittenden,  
Tecumseh, Nebraska

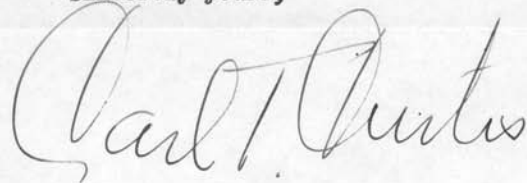
Dear Mr. Chittenden:

May I congratulate your distinguished son, 1st.  
Lt. Lawrence L. Chittenden upon the recent award of  
the Bronze Star Medal. I am sure that you are pleased  
that this award has been made and you have every right  
to be proud of him.

It is the hope and prayer of all of us that the  
war will soon be over, and that your son and all the  
others may once more take their places here at home.

With all good wishes to both you and your son,  
I am

Sincerely yours,



CTC:MC

DLB

# Army of the United States



## SEPARATION QUALIFICATION RECORD

SAVE THIS FORM. IT WILL NOT BE REPLACED IF LOST

This record of job assignments and special training received in the Army is furnished to the soldier when he leaves the service. In its preparation, information is taken from available Army records and supplemented by personal interview. The information about civilian education and work experience is based on the individual's own statements. The veteran may present this document to former employers, prospective employers, representatives of schools or colleges, or use it in any other way that may prove beneficial to him.

1. LAST NAME—FIRST NAME—MIDDLE INITIAL			MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL ASSIGNMENTS		
CHITTENDEN, LAWRENCE L.			10. MONTHS	11. GRADE	12. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY
2. ARMY SERIAL No.	3. GRADE	4. SOCIAL SECURITY No.	14	1st Lt.	Infantry Unit Commander (1542)
0 517 881	1st Lt.	Unknown			
5. PERMANENT MAILING ADDRESS (Street, City, County, State)			14	1st Lt.	Combat Liaison Officer (1930)
Tecumseh, Johnson County, Nebraska					
6. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE	7. DATE OF SEPARATION	8. DATE OF BIRTH			
29 May 1943	31 Jan 1946	12 Jun 1921			
9. PLACE OF SEPARATION					
Separation Center Fort Leavenworth, Kansas					

### SUMMARY OF MILITARY OCCUPATIONS

#### 13. TITLE—DESCRIPTION—RELATED CIVILIAN OCCUPATION

**COMBAT LIAISON OFFICER:** Served as Combat Liaison officer for 14 months in the European Theater of Operation. Duties involved in this assignment consisted of maintaining contact with and obtaining information from adjacent units, and from all other units possessing information needed for tactical purposes. Was the representative of the Commanding Officer for the purpose of obtaining information, promoting coordination and cooperation between supporting and supported units. Also helped to establish training schedules, movement orders, and any other plans and programs having to do with Unit of Regimental training.

WD AGO FORM  
1 JUL 1945 100

This form supersedes WD AGO Form 100, 15 July 1944, which will not be used.



MILITARY EDUCATION							
<p>14. NAME OR TYPE OF SCHOOL—COURSE OR CURRICULUM—DURATION—DESCRIPTION</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Infantry Officers Candidate School, Fort Benning, Georgia, 3 months. Completed course 29 May 1943. Course of study consisted of specialized course in tactics and Infantry weapons.</p>							
CIVILIAN EDUCATION							
<p>15. HIGHEST GRADE COMPLETED</p> <p>3½ years college</p>	<p>16. DEGREES OR DIPLOMAS</p> <p>None</p>	<p>17. YEAR LEFT SCHOOL</p> <p>1943</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">OTHER TRAINING OR SCHOOLING</p> <table border="1" style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <thead> <tr> <th style="width: 80%;">20. COURSE—NAME AND ADDRESS OF SCHOOL—DATE</th> <th style="width: 20%;">21. DURATION</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td colspan="2" style="text-align: center; padding: 5px;">None</td> </tr> </tbody> </table>	20. COURSE—NAME AND ADDRESS OF SCHOOL—DATE	21. DURATION	None	
20. COURSE—NAME AND ADDRESS OF SCHOOL—DATE	21. DURATION						
None							
<p>18. NAME AND ADDRESS OF LAST SCHOOL ATTENDED</p> <p>University of Nebraska Lincoln, Nebraska</p>							
<p>19. MAJOR COURSES OF STUDY</p> <p>Business Administration</p>							
CIVILIAN OCCUPATIONS							
<p>22. TITLE—NAME AND ADDRESS OF EMPLOYER—INCLUSIVE DATES—DESCRIPTION</p> <p style="text-align: center;">STUDENT, COLLEGE: Was a college student for 3½ years at University of Nebraska pursuing the course of study in Business Administration leading to a Bachelor of Sciences Degree.</p>							
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION							
<p>23. REMARKS</p> <p>Was awarded European Theater of Operations Ribbon with 5 bronze stars for campaigns of Normandy, Northern France, Rhineland, Ardennes, and Central Europe. Also awarded Purple Heart with 1 cluster, Bronze Star Medal, Silver Star, Victory Ribbon, American Defense Ribbon, American Theater Ribbon.</p>							
<p>24. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING SEPARATED</p>	<p>25. SIGNATURE OF SEPARATION CLASSIFICATION OFFICER</p> <p><i>Chester J. Dickinson</i></p>	<p>26. NAME OF OFFICER (Typed or Stamped)</p> <p>CHESTER J. DICKINSON Major, AGD</p>					

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE—O-657477



## MILITARY RECORD AND REPORT OF SEPARATION

VG

## CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

RGL

1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL Chittenden Lawrence L			2. ARMY SERIAL NUMBER 0 517 881 <del>0-571-881</del>		3. AUS. GRADE Capt	4. ARM OR SERVICE INF	5. COMPONENT ORC	
6. ORGANIZATION Hq 330th Inf 83rd Inf Div			7. DATE OF RELIEF FROM ACTIVE DUTY 31 Jan 46		8. PLACE OF SEPARATION Separation Center Fort Leavenworth Kansas			
9. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES Tecumseh Nebraska				10. DATE OF BIRTH 12 Jun 21		11. PLACE OF BIRTH Tecumseh Nebraska		
12. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE SOUGHT See 9				13. COLOR EYES Dark	14. COLOR HAIR Dark	15. HEIGHT 6'2"	16. WEIGHT 150 LBS.	17. NO. OF DEPENDENTS 0
18. RACE WHITE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NEGRO <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER (specify) <input type="checkbox"/>		19. MARITAL STATUS SINGLE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> MARRIED <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER (specify) <input type="checkbox"/>		20. U.S. CITIZEN YES <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NO <input type="checkbox"/>		21. CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND NO. Student College X-02		


## MILITARY HISTORY

SELECTIVE SERVICE DATA	22. REGISTERED YES <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NO <input type="checkbox"/>		23. LOCAL S. S. BOARD NUMBER Unknown	24. COUNTY AND STATE Lancaster Nebr	25. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY Tecumseh Johnson Nebraska			
	26. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 29 May 43		27. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY AND NO. Combat Liaison Officer 1930					
28. BATTLES AND CAMPAIGNS Normandy Ltr Hq ETOUSA 44 Northern France Ltr Hq ETOUSA 44 Rhineland Ltr Hq USFET 45 Ardennes Ltr Hq ETOUSA 45 Central Europe Ltr Hq ETOUSA 45								
29. DECORATIONS AND CITATIONS Victory Medal American Defense Medal American Theater Medal Combat Infantry Badge G08 Hq 330th Inf 44 Silver Star Purple Heart & 1 Oak Leaf Cluster Bronze Star Medal								
30. WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION 7 28 Jul European Theater of Operations <del>18 Jul 44 21 May 45 Asiatic-Pacific Theater</del>								
31. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED None				32. SERVICE OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL U. S. AND RETURN				
				DATE OF DEPARTURE 6 Apr 44	DESTINATION European Theater	DATE OF ARRIVAL 11 Apr 44		
33. REASON AND AUTHORITY FOR SEPARATION Relieved from AD RR 1-5 (Demobilization) & Tvl 0 Cp Kilmer NJ dtd 28 Nov 45				22 Nov 45		27 Nov 45		
34. CURRENT TOUR OF ACTIVE DUTY								
CONTINENTAL SERVICE			FOREIGN SERVICE			35. EDUCATION (years)		
YEARS	MONTHS	DAYS	YEARS	MONTHS	DAYS	GRAMMAR SCHOOL	HIGH SCHOOL	COLLEGE
1	0	11	1	7	22	8	4	3 1/2

## INSURANCE NOTICE

**IMPORTANT** IF PREMIUM IS NOT PAID WHEN DUE OR WITHIN THIRTY-ONE DAYS THEREAFTER, INSURANCE WILL LAPSE. MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER OF THE U. S. AND FORWARD TO COLLECTIONS SUBDIVISION, VETERANS ADMINISTRATION, WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

36. KIND OF INSURANCE Nat. Serv. <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> U.S. Govt. <input type="checkbox"/> None <input type="checkbox"/>		37. HOW PAID Allotment <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Direct to V. A. <input type="checkbox"/>		38. Effective Date of Allotment Discontinuance 31 Jan 46	39. Date of Next Premium Due (one month after 38) 28 Feb 46	40. PREMIUM DUE EACH MONTH \$ 6 60	41. INTENTION OF VETERAN TO Continue <input type="checkbox"/> Continue Only <input type="checkbox"/> Discontinue <input type="checkbox"/>	
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42.  RIGHT THUMB PRINT	43. REMARKS (This space for completion of above items or entry of other items specified in W. D. Directives) Lapel Button Issued ASR Score (2 Sep 45) 93 <i>Passes Book Page 376</i>		<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; text-align: center;"> <b>FILED</b>  at 4:30 o'clock P. M.  MAR 26 1946  <i>D. G. Lawrence</i>  <i>Robert G. Lawrence</i> </div>
	44. SIGNATURE OF OFFICER BEING SEPARATED <i>Lawrence L. Chittenden</i>	45. PERSONNEL OFFICER (Type name, grade and organization - signature) ROBERT G. LAWRENCE JR. Capt AC	

WD AGO FORM 53 - 98  
1 November 1944

This form supersedes all previous editions of WD AGO Forms 53 and 280 for officers entitled to a Certificate of Service, which will not be used after receipt of this revision.



# *Army of the United States*

## CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

*This is to certify that*

LAWRENCE L. CHITTENDEN., <sup>O 517 881</sup> ~~0-571-881~~, Captain

Infantry

*honorably served in active Federal Service  
in the Army of the United States from*

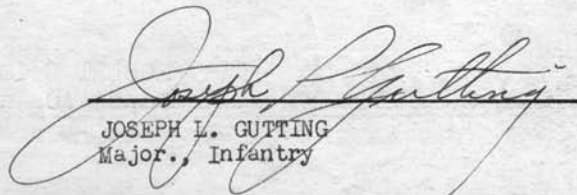
May 29, 1943

*to*

January 31, 1946

*Given at* Separation Center  
Fort Leavenworth, Kansas

*on the* THIRTY FIRST *day of* JANUARY 19 46

  
JOSEPH L. GUTTING  
Major., Infantry



HEADQUARTERS  
ARMY GROUND FORCES  
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL  
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.



22 January 1946

First Lieutenant Lawrence L. Chittenden  
Tecumseh, Nebraska

Dear Lieutenant Chittenden:

During the world conflict in which our Nation has been involved, the Army Ground Forces performed its mission with speed and thoroughness. That success was an important factor in the defeat of our enemies and in the preservation of our beloved country.

I want you to know that I appreciate your personal contribution.

As you return to civilian life, you take with you the deepest appreciation of a grateful Nation and a grateful Army.

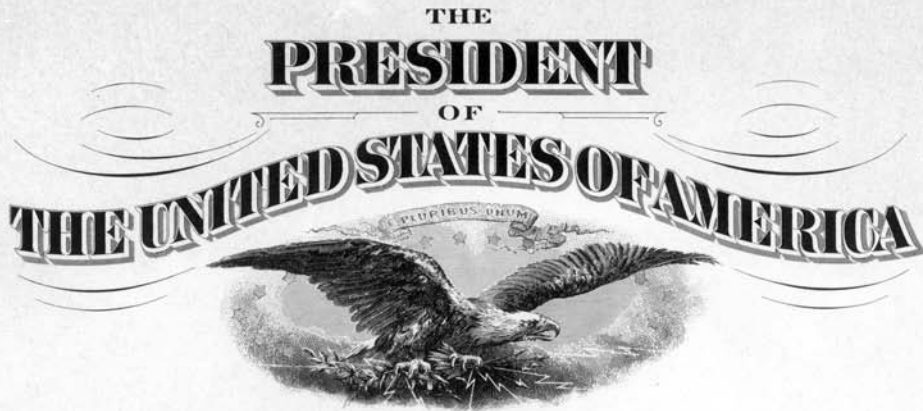
In the years to come, I am sure you will look back with justifiable pride in the service you rendered your country.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Jacob L. Devers". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the typed name and title.

JACOB L. DEVERS  
General, USA  
Commanding





*To all who shall see these presents, greeting:*  
 Know Ye, that reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity  
 and abilities of  
 LAWRENCE LEE CHITTENDEN  
 I do appoint him FIRST LIEUTENANT, INFANTRY in the

**Army of the United States**

such appointment to date from the THIRD day of DECEMBER  
 nineteen hundred and FORTY-FIVE. He is therefore carefully and diligently to  
 discharge the duty of the office to which he is appointed by doing and performing all  
 manner of things thereunto belonging.

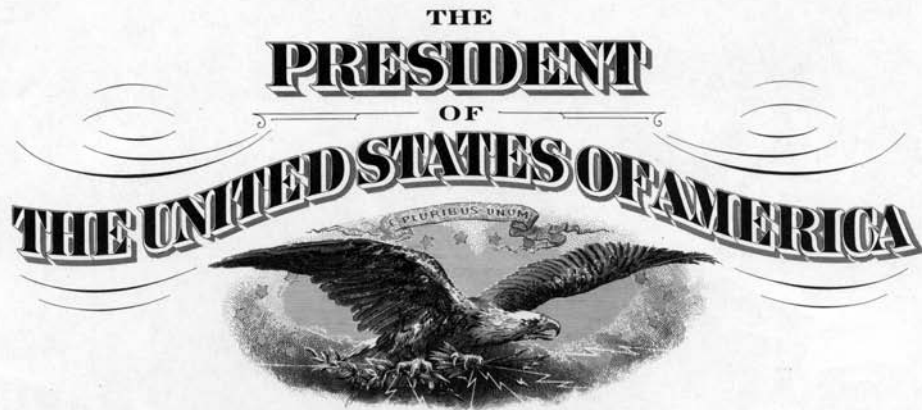
He will enter upon active duty under this commission only when specifically  
 ordered to such active duty by competent authority.  
 And I do strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under his command  
 when he shall be employed on active duty to be obedient to his orders as an officer of his  
 grade and position. And he is to obey and follow such orders and directions from time  
 to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future President of the United States of  
 America, or the General or other Superior Officers set over him, according to the rules  
 and discipline of War.

This Commission evidences an appointment in the Army of the United States under  
 the provisions of section 37, National Defense Act, as amended, and is to continue in  
 force for a period of five years from the date above specified, and during the pleasure  
 of the President of the United States, for the time being.

Done at the City of Washington, this TWENTY-NINTH day of JUNE  
 in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and FORTY-SIX, and of the  
 Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and SEVENTIETH.

By the President:

*J. J. Holmbischi*  
 Adjutant General.



To all who shall see these presents, greeting:  
 Know Ye, that reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity  
 and abilities of Lawrence Lee Chittenden  
 I do appoint him Captain, Infantry in the

**Army of the United States**

such appointment to date from the fourth day of October  
nineteen hundred and forty-six. He is therefore carefully and diligently to  
 discharge the duty of the office to which he is appointed by doing and performing all  
 manner of things thereunto belonging.

He will enter upon active duty under this commission only when specifically  
 ordered to such active duty by competent authority.  
 And I do strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under his command  
 when he shall be employed on active duty to be obedient to his orders as an officer of his  
 grade and position. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions from time  
 to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future President of the United States of  
 America, or the General or other Superior Officers set over him, according to the rules  
 and discipline of War.

This Commission evidences an appointment in the Army of the United States under  
 the provisions of section 37, National Defense Act, as amended, and is to continue in  
 force for a period of five years from the date above specified, and during the pleasure  
 of the President of the United States for the time being.

Done at the City of Washington, this fourth day of October  
 in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and forty-six, and of the  
 Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and seventy-first.

By the President:

*W. K. Whitchard*

Adjutant General.



Franklin, Tennessee  
25 July, 2001

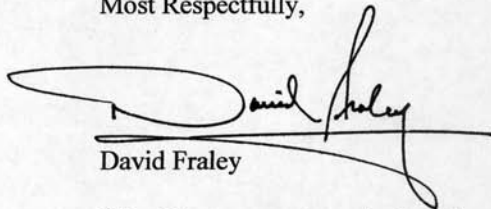
Dear Mr. Chittenden,

My name is David Fraley and I recently had the honor of offering you a tour of the Carter House Museum here in Franklin, Tennessee. Since that time I have come to know your daughter, Beth, somewhat, and she has told me of your service to our country in World War Two. God bless you! *Please* accept my most sincere gratitude Sir! And please know that I will *never forget* that our nation is great *only* because of brave and selfless Americans like yourself. You are a hero to me Sir, and I simply wanted to write and thank you from the bottom of my heart for your efforts in that terrible war.

This past May I lost a great uncle of mine who charged ashore June 6, 1944, on Omaha Beach, literally in the first wave, with the 16<sup>th</sup> Regiment, 1<sup>st</sup> Infantry Division ("The Big Red One"). He was wounded that day and also received a Bronze Star medal for his actions. Later, in early 1945, while crossing the Rhine River, he was again wounded, and received a Silver Star for "taking out", as he once told me, a German Tank. He, too, was a hero to me. I miss him greatly.

You are indeed part of a *great* generation. I want to thank you for the outstanding example that your generation has left to mine. Again, may God bless you forever with the peace that you so richly deserve.

Most Respectfully,



David Fraley

P.S. Please accept my best wishes for a rapid recovery from your knee surgery, and a belated happy 80<sup>th</sup> birthday.



David Fraley  
Historian and Asst. Curator

1140 Columbia Avenue P.O. Box 555  
Franklin, Tennessee 37065-0555  
615-791-1861  
fax 615-794-1327  
email: museum@carter-house.org





Lawrence L. Chittenden

*To you who answered the call of your country and served in its Armed Forces to bring about the total defeat of the enemy, I extend the heartfelt thanks of a grateful Nation. As one of the Nation's finest, you undertook the most severe task one can be called upon to perform. Because you demonstrated the fortitude, resourcefulness and calm judgment necessary to carry out that task, we now look to you for leadership and example in further exalting our country in peace.*

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Harry Truman".

THE WHITE HOUSE

**TOWNS CAPTURED BY THE 330th INF.****NORMANDY CAMPAIGN: 25 June 44 - 24 July 44**

ST GEORGES de BOHON	4 July, 44
LA SEMELLERI	5 July, 44
ROUGEVILLE	6 July, 44
LA MACONNERIE	6 July, 44
LA CORBINERIE	6 July, 44
MOTOT	7 July, 44
LE RUET	9 July, 44
ST ANOIRE DE BOHOR	9 July, 44
LE PORT	11 July, 44
REMILLY SUR LOZON	16 July, 44
LE BARRE	16 July, 44
LE ABBAYE	17 July, 44
THIEBOTS	17 July, 44
L MOTINERIE	19 July, 44

**NORTHERN FRANCE CAMPAIGN: 25 July 44 - 24 Sept 44**

LAGLENTINERIE	25 July, 44
LE COLOMBIER	27 July, 44
ST EBREMOND	27 July, 44
VILLOUET	4 Aug, 44
DOL DE BRISTAGNE	4 Aug, 44
MONT DOL	4 Aug, 44
PLEUDEMEIN	4 Aug, 44
MUTELIEU LA MAIE	4 Aug, 44
VILLE BIDEN	4 Aug, 44
PLERGUER	4 Aug, 44
BOUNG	4 Aug, 44
LE GRAVRE	4 Aug, 44
MINIAC	4 Aug, 44
LE VAL HERVELIN	5 Aug, 44
LE VICOMTE SUR RANCE	5 Aug, 44
LEMONAY	6 Aug, 44
LA BARBOTAIS	6 Aug, 44
FOUGERAY	6 Aug, 44
ST MELOR DES ONDES	6 Aug, 44
GUINCAMP	7 Aug, 44
LE GUE	7 Aug, 44
ST BRIEVC	8 Aug, 44
MORLAIK	8 Aug, 44
ST JOSEPH	9 Aug, 44
LESNEVEN	9 Aug, 44
PARAME	9 Aug, 44
PLOUGERENEAU	10 Aug, 44
ST MICHEAL	11 Aug, 44
LA BASTELYE	12 Aug, 44
LA MENIHC	12 Aug, 44
LE VERDE	12 Aug, 44
ROTHENEUF	12 Aug, 44
CALLAC	13 Aug, 44

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ST MALO	14 Aug, 44
DINARD	14 Aug, 44
BELLE ISLE	14 Aug, 44
BEGARD	14 Aug, 44
KERBIQUET	14 Aug, 44
LECADRIEUX	15 Aug, 44
LE ROCHE	15 Aug, 44
LEZARDRIEUX	15 Aug, 44
PAIMPOL	17 Aug, 44
LANDIVISIAU	18 Aug, 44
FLOUEDESN	19 Aug, 44
ST URBAIN	21 Aug, 44
GARNE	21 Aug, 44
FENHOLE	21 Aug, 44

RHINELAND CAMPAIGN 25 Sept 44 - 26 Dec 44 - 22 Feb 45 - 20 March 45

Phase 1.	STRASS	10 Dec, 44
	SCHAFFBERG	12 Dec, 44
	HORN	14 Dec, 44
	BERGHEIM	20 Dec, 44
	WINDEN	25 Dec, 44
	MERSMPA	25 Feb, 45
	PATTERN	25 Feb, 45
	SERREST	25 Feb, 45
	SEVENICH	25 Feb, 45
	SPIEL	25 Feb, 45
	TETZ	25 Feb, 45
	BOSLAR	25 Feb, 45
	MUNTZ	26 Feb, 45
	HASSELSWEILER	26 Feb, 45
	RALSMOVEN	26 Feb, 45
	GEVELSDORF	26 Feb, 45
	BUSCH	1 March, 45
	VIERROINDEN	1 March, 45
	GREFRATH	1 March, 45
	UNTER MAUBACK	1 March, 45
	LAMZERATH	1 March, 45
	KEEMBERG	2 March, 45
	NEUSS	2 March, 45
	MEER	2 March, 45
	BUOERECH	2 March, 45
	OBERKALLEL	2 March, 45
	NIEDERKASSEL	3 March, 45
	HEERDT	3 March, 45
RHINELAND CONT.	FLORET	JAN 3 March, 45
	LANSIVAL	JAN 3 March, 45
	PETITE HOURSINNE	JAN 3 March, 45
	MALEMPRE	JAN 3 March, 45
	JEVIGNE	JAN 4 March, 45
	LIERNEAUX	JAN 6 March, 45
	FRAITURE	JAN 6 March, 45
	VERLEUMONT	JAN 7 March, 45
	HABRONVAL	JAN 7 March, 45
	REGNE	JAN 7 March, 45
	SART	JAN 8 March, 45



**RHINELAND CAMPAIGN (CONT)**

GRAND SART	8 Jan, 45
JOUBIEVAL	8 Jan, 45
BIRAIN	10 Jan, 45
LOMBRE	13 Jan, 45
MALONREUX	14 Jan, 45
STERPIGNY	16 Jan, 45
VAUX	15 Jan, 45

**CENTRAL EUROPEAN CAMPAIGN 28 March 45 - 11 May 45**

LIPPSTADT	2 April, 45
NEGENBORN	8 April, 45
SLADTOLDENDORF	8 April, 45
ARBITZEN	8 April, 45
LOBACH	8 April, 45
BEVERI	8 April, 45
BRANK	8 April, 45
EMMERBORN	8 April, 45
HEENADT	8 April, 45
GLOMBACH	8 April, 45
WORWHALE	8 April, 45
WANGEBESTEDT	8 April, 45
PORTENHORN	8 April, 45
MAINSMILSEN	8 April, 45
EIMEN	8 April, 45
RENGELSMEN	8 April, 45
HALLENSEN	8 April, 45
WENZEN	8 April, 45
STROIT	8 April, 45
BRUNSER	8 April, 45
ALLIENSEN	8 April, 45
NAENSEN	8 April, 45
ERZEMEN	8 April, 45
GREINE	8 April, 45
BEULSMEN	8 April, 45
AIRERHAUSEN	8 April, 45
BERKENBECK	8 April, 45
DANKELSHHEIM	8 April, 45
GANDERSHEIM	8 April, 45
WANGELNSTEDT	8 April, 45
SEBGLDSHEN	8 April, 45
WOLDERODE	8 April, 45
ACKENMEN	8 April, 45
LUTHORST	8 April, 45
BILDERLAHE	8 April, 45
ENGELACLE	8 April, 45
NALNSEN	9 April, 45
OHLENRODE	9 April, 45
NEUMIDF	9 April, 45
SEESSEN	9 April, 45
BARNUM	9 April, 45
MERRHSEN	10 April, 45
MUNCKENHORN	10 April, 45

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## CENTRAL EUROPEAN CAMPAIGN (CONT)

AKENHAUSEN	10 April, 45
MEERHAUSEN	10 April, 45
ELDEHAUSEN	10 April, 45
LANGELSWEIM	10 April, 45
WOLFSMAGEN	10 April, 45
LAUTHENTHAL	11 April, 45
ASTFELD	11 April, 45
GOSLAR	11 April, 45
HARLINGERODE	11 April, 45
OKER	11 April, 45
DURBECK	11 April, 45
WILDEMANN	11 April, 45
MAHNENKEL	11 April, 45
BAD HARZBURG	11 April, 45
ILSEBERG	11 April, 45
BOCKWEISE	12 April, 45
WERNIGERODE	13 April, 45
ALTENRODE	13 April, 45
KL LUBS	27 April, 45
GR LUBS	27 April, 45
PRODEL	28 April, 45
DORNBURG	28 April, 45
LEITZKAU	28 April, 45

Towns captured by the 330th Infantry

## XIII

*Decorations and Awards*

Number of Awards made to this Division  
through and including General Order 228.

CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR.....	1
DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL.....	1
DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS.....	5
LEGION OF MERIT.....	5
SILVER STARS.....	798
SOLDIER'S MEDAL.....	34
BRONZE STAR MEDAL.....	7776
PURPLE HEART.....	4747
MEDICAL BADGE.....	271
MERITORIOUS SERVICE UNIT PLAQUE.....	20
AIR MEDAL.....	106

*British Awards*

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.....	2
MILITARY CROSS.....	7
DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL.....	2
MILITARY MEDAL.....	7

*French Awards*

LEGION D' HONNEUR (AU GRADE D' OFFICIER).....	1
LEGION D' HONNEUR (AU GRADE D' CHEVALIER).....	8
CROIX DE GUERRE AVEC ETOILE DE VERMEIL.....	12
CROIX DE GUERRE AVEC PALME.....	17
CROIX DE GUERRE AVEC ETOILE D' ARGENT.....	12
CROIX DE GUERRE AVEC ETOILE DE BRONZE.....	15



XV

## *Statistics*

### CASUALTIES

Killed in action .....	2850
Died of wounds .....	<u>425</u>
Total killed .....	3275
Seriously wounded in action .....	3809
Slightly wounded in action .....	6096
Seriously injured in action .....	111
Slightly injured in action .....	<u>1044</u>
Total wounded and injured .....	11060
Captured .....	177
Missing in action .....	<u>501</u>
Total captured and missing .....	678
Total Battle Casualties	15,013

### REPLACEMENTS

Returned to duty .....	10,187
Reinforcements .....	<u>15,736</u>
Total replacements .....	25,923

### ENEMY EQUIPMENT DESTROYED

Tanks .....	480
Planes .....	61
Supply trains .....	29
Artillery pieces .....	966

### MISCELLANEOUS

Days of contact with the enemy ....	270
Prisoners captured .....	82,146
Battlefield commissions .....	75
Rounds of artillery fired (By Organic Artillery) .....	410,251
Rounds of small arms and mortar fired .....	21,899,955
Miles of field wire laid .....	11,868

### MAJOR ENEMY UNITS ENGAGED

Normandy:	6 Para Rgt, 2 Parachute Division
	17 SS Panzer Grenadier Division
	"GOTZ VON BERLICHINGEN"
	2 SS Panzer Regiment of 2 SS Panzer Division "DAS REICH"
	13 Parachute Regiment of 5 Parachute Division
Brittany:	7 Parachute Regiment,
	2 Parachute Division
	77 Infantry Division
	266 Infantry Division
	343 Infantry Division
S. Loire:	16 Infantry Division
	Combat Group Reinhardt
	159 Reserve Infantry Division
Luxemburg:	5 Parachute Division
	36 Infantry Division
	48 Infantry Division
	19 Infantry Division
	416 Infantry Division
Hurtgen	212 Volksgrenadier Division
Forest:	47 Infantry Division
	91 Infantry Division
	272 Volksgrenadier Division
	353 Infantry Division
Ardennes:	9 SS Panzer Division "HOHENSTAUFFEN"
	12 Volksgrenadier Division
To Rhine River:	59 Infantry Division
	183 Volksgrenadier Division
	130 Panzer Lehr Division
	338 Infantry Division
	363 Volksgrenadier Division
To Elbe River:	116 Panzer Division
	3 Panzer Grenadier Division
	SCHARNHORST Division
	POTSDAM Division
	21 Panzer Division
	25 Panzer Grenadier Division



*THE LETTERS**January 8, 1943 through October 6, 1945*

Lincoln, Nebraska - January 8, 1943



Lincoln, Nebr.  
T. i. 1/8/42

Dearest Belle:

I was very, very glad to get a letter from my beautiful girl (I hope), and I was much more surprised at its length. You really fooled me, but it was a wonderful letter and I hope I get many more.

The good old T.H.S. semester exams, shouldn't be so hard. I would gladly take yours if you would take mine. However I am not worrying about mine. I may get out of them and if I don't I don't intend to let them bother me, because any way you look at it I will be in the army next semester. You shouldn't have much trouble dear, anyone as smart as you.

I don't think you will be teased much unless it is by Dad; however after I am home the next time it might be different. Yes, I am ready for another vacation. In fact I was ready for one by the time I got back to Lincoln, or should I say I was ready to go home and see a certain person. Yes, I think that is it. Up to the present time I have had no desire to come home; but that has all changed now, and I intend to remedy it very soon.

you are probably right about my heart ruling  
 my head. I have thought of it before, and I do  
 believe that it has happened in the preceding  
 cases; but I don't hardly believe so this time. I  
 do know what I want and it is well pictured  
 in my head. I had thought of you before, but  
 our little game stage while I was home brought  
 some of your points <sup>out</sup> that I had pictured and have  
 always wanted in a girl. As far as the time element  
 is concerned I believe that it will play an im-  
 portant part; but what's got me now is that there  
 isn't much time left. I feel like you, that a lot  
 of this can be ironed out the next time I am home.  
 I do like you, Betty, and for once I really feel that I have the right girl, <sup>the girl of my dreams.</sup>  
 I have to go out to the Air Base tomorrow and  
 take my final type physical exam. It sure has  
 me worried. I am scared that my eyes might not  
 be up to par, and I might be a little bit under  
 weight; however I am going to fix that by eating  
 a couple pounds of bananas. If I don't pass it  
 I am sunk; but I have faith and I am hoping +  
 praying.

I am quite certain that I will be home next  
 week-end, sometime Fri. I have to register with  
 my draft board. Since they are taking no more  
 enlistments we have to sign for the draft. In that  
 way I will get a Cpl. rating when I go to Georgia,  
 and if I didn't I would only get a private rating,  
 and a Cpl. rating means <sup>at</sup> a month instead of 30.  
 So I figure it will be worth registering for,



and I want to come home anyhow. So I am pretty sure that I will see you next Fri. dia.

Yes, I want a picture, I will agree that they could be better; but I want one anyhow. They are not as bad as you think they are, anyhow I like them.

I think I will write another letter, yes, it's going to be to Lovella; but for the purpose of asking for my class ring. Since that affair is over for good I figure I had best get my ring back.

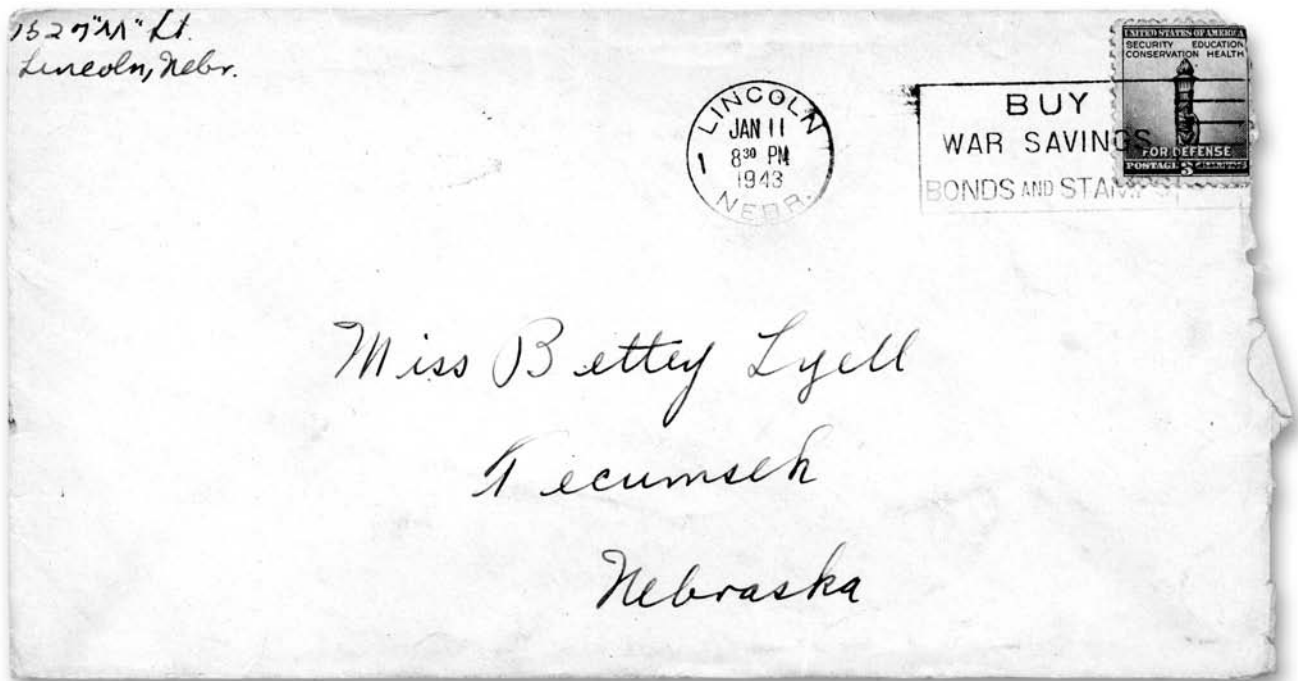
Well sweets I can't seem to think of much more to write, and I have to prepare some notes for a military lecture tomorrow morning. So I guess I had best stop for this time. Write real soon (when you have time), and I will see you next week-end.

Love,

Lawrence

P.S. No, I don't think dad + Bua ever figured out what relation they would be. but I wish they would have to. Yes, you had better go down home, because the longer you stay the harder it will be on you, dearest, because I know my dad.





Lincoln, Nebraska - January 11, 1943

Lincoln, Nebr.  
Mon. Jan 11, 1943

My Dearest Betty:

Well here goes a stab at answering your letter, but I can't say that it will be much of a letter, because your loving boy friend, is in the dumps and I do mean dumps. No, I didn't pass my physical test, and from the looks of things I am very close to being a buck private. I fell down on my eyes, and I was six pounds underweight. I am not much worried about the underweight, because I can make that up, and the dirty d. devils said my height was 6' 2 1/2" and I know I am not that tall, but my eyes are bad, however, I get another chance and its my only hope. I ate 2 1/2 pounds of bannans before I went out but by the time they weighed us the bann. had no weight left. I thought now I am eating carrots a bunch a day, they are supposed to help your eyes.

I registered up here today, but I am very sure that I will be home T. or. because I want to have a talk with Doc. If I don't make this I would about just as soon be dead. There is nothing that means more to me, except you. Enough of my troubles.

I wish I had known sooner that you were coming to Lincoln today. I had all afternoon off. I walked down town about 2 o'clock but I didn't see any sign of any of you.

I am glad to hear that you haven't been teased to death, and much more glad to hear how well you have been staying at home. You better be careful of Johnson. That town can get one into a lot of trouble, because I know. I do say the bank is a good place to shoot craps. I wouldn't mind getting into a game myself, in a bank.

Sorry this is a short letter, but there just isn't much to write, and if you will pardon me I don't feel much in the writing mood. I will see you F. or though, unless I have to go to Omaha for another physical, and I don't think I will.

Write again sweets if you have time and I will see you F. or. I love you Bette

Love  
Lawrence





Fort Benning, Georgia - February 25, 1943

## SERVICE CLUB NO. 3

HARMONY CHURCH AREA

FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

2-25-43

Ft. Benning, Ga.

My Dearest Betty:

Well I finally got out of the worry hole. We left the casual co. this afternoon and we are now in what you might call a waiting co. We will be assigned to our permanent co, or move to it Sat. noon, and classes will start Mon. morning. I will sure be glad to get moving, and quit laying around and hear these wild stories.

We went on a little hike yesterday afternoon. We marched 3 miles in 25 min., and the normal time is 3 1/2 miles an hour. So you can see how fast we were moving, and to top it off it was about 85 degrees. I was so hot an tired I thought I would drop. That was only one way. On the way back we doubled timed about 200 yds. I didn't think I would ever make it.



## SERVICE CLUB NO. 3

HARMONY CHURCH AREA

FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

This is really swell weather down here. It really gets that in the middle of the day. However, I am just getting over a cold due to the damp climate. but every one has one.

I broke my glasses yesterday, or rather they broke. I took them off to clean them and they fell apart. so I had to go to town to get them fixed. I had to buy a whole new frame, and it cost me ten dollars; but I don't mind the money as bad as do running around in the dark.

Honey I can't think of much more to write. I haven't been doing anything. How is the weather up there? Is school going alright? I hope so. after school gets started maybe I will have more to write.

My address is  
Candidate S. P. Chittender  
A.S.N. 37472421  
15th Co. 3rd S.T.R.

Fort Benning, Georgia

P.S. Write real soon. I miss you very honey, and the longer I am away the more I love you.

Lots + lots of love,  
Lawrence C.





15TH COMPANY  
3RD STUDENT TRAINING REGIMENT  
FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

April 11, 1943

My Dearest Darling Belle:

Honey I am very sorry that I haven't written for so long, but honestly we have had one of our busiest weeks. To top it the week ahead of us looks just as tough. We had three G. I. this week so you can see how busy we were.

We just finished working with the mortars yesterday. I sure was fun firing them. You just drop a shell down the barrel and away she goes. The first time it sure gives you a thrill to drop a shell in. Then yesterday they gave us the S. T. and all we had was three days on them and it was by no means enough time. It was one of the hardest tests we have had, but I think I did pretty good. This week we take up our last weapon the 37 MM antitank gun. Then next week we start on tactics. Also we have the Gas Chamber this week. That is where we walk



**15TH COMPANY**  
**3RD STUDENT TRAINING REGIMENT**  
**FORT BENNING, GEORGIA**

through a chamber of tear gas. Then Sat. we go out and play with Booby traps. So it looks like we are in for a lot of fun this week.

Wed. we will be half through, and does it ever sound or seem good. The faster the better I will like it. It doesn't seem to me as though we had been here for six weeks, but when I stop and think how long it has been since I have seen you. It seems like six months.

Honey please take care of your eyes and if you think they are weak have them tested because you might be able to correct them, and I assure you from experience that glasses are no fun, and if you can correct them, it would sure be much better.

Stay in there and pitch you will be out of school before long. You shouldn't be tired at all. Look at me I am still going to school, and happy day when I get through. Study is all I have known ever since I can remember.





**15TH COMPANY**  
**3RD STUDENT TRAINING REGIMENT**  
**FORT BENNING, GEORGIA**

Honey I hope you find a nice pretty suit in Lincoln. I think it will only be a couple of weeks before I order my new suit. I only wish dad could be here to hold me back, because I really go wild when it come to buying nice pretty uniforms.

Take it easy on this Holt girl business. I never did have anything to do with her. You know that. However what the gossip or is it too bad to tell. I have a very good idea what it was.

Honey I am sorry that I haven't written very often. but honestly I haven't had time. It seems funny that I get your letter in good time but you don't get mine. I suppose there is so much mail going out of here that it takes quite a while.

Did you get the gum. I hope you like it. How would you like a Scottie dog for your birthday present? If I can find one after I get out of here I will give it to you for a birthday present. (over)



Honey I hope everything is going O.K. up there.  
I miss you very much; but it won't be  
long now.

How is the ~~the~~ weather up there. Summer  
is well on its way down here. It is getting  
pretty hot.

Write real soon. You keep wanting to  
know what I want. Well any type of  
baking would be very greatly appreciated.

I can't think of much more to write.  
I will try to write more often this week.

All My Love + Kisses  
Lawrence C.



15TH COMPANY  
3RD STUDENT TRAINING REGIMENT  
FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

April 21, 1943

My Dearest Darling Bette:

I have received so many letters from you lately and I haven't written any. So I thought I had best drop you a line.

Not a whole lot going on of course, but plenty of work & good hard work. The farther along we get the more they work us. Yesterday we dug fox holes and let tanks run over us. There is nothing to it. It is a lot of fun all that happens is that you get a little dirt down your neck. Then we also got to fire anti-tank grenades which are quite the weapon and the latest thing.

Then today we had tactics (approach march which you don't know the meaning of) Anyhow to make it more realistic they had several planes come over & attack us to show how to get off the road. They had some T.N.T planted in the ground to make the effects of bombs. The first time over nothing happened  
(over)



but the second time over when the so called bombs (sorry ran out of ink) began blowing up all around me. One went off about five feet ahead of me (oh! I forgot to say we were flat on the ground) and then another on the other side. I heard some one yell and I looked over and it had blown up right beside him he raised up yelled and dropped back to the ground. His sleeve was in shreds & he was bleeding. It had gone off right beside him blew up his rifle & put a hole in his right side & arm. They rushed him off to the hospital, and he is O.K. This is not supposed to be told to anyone, but I thought I would tell you. So you can see how they try to give us realistic combat training.

We have an attack over a shelled & gassed area tomorrow which should be fun. A jungle fun problem, lat. which is an attack through the swamps. With real ammunition being fired at us. Then next ~~mon.~~ an attack of a village with real amm. & machine guns firing at us. So we ought to have some real fun before the week is over





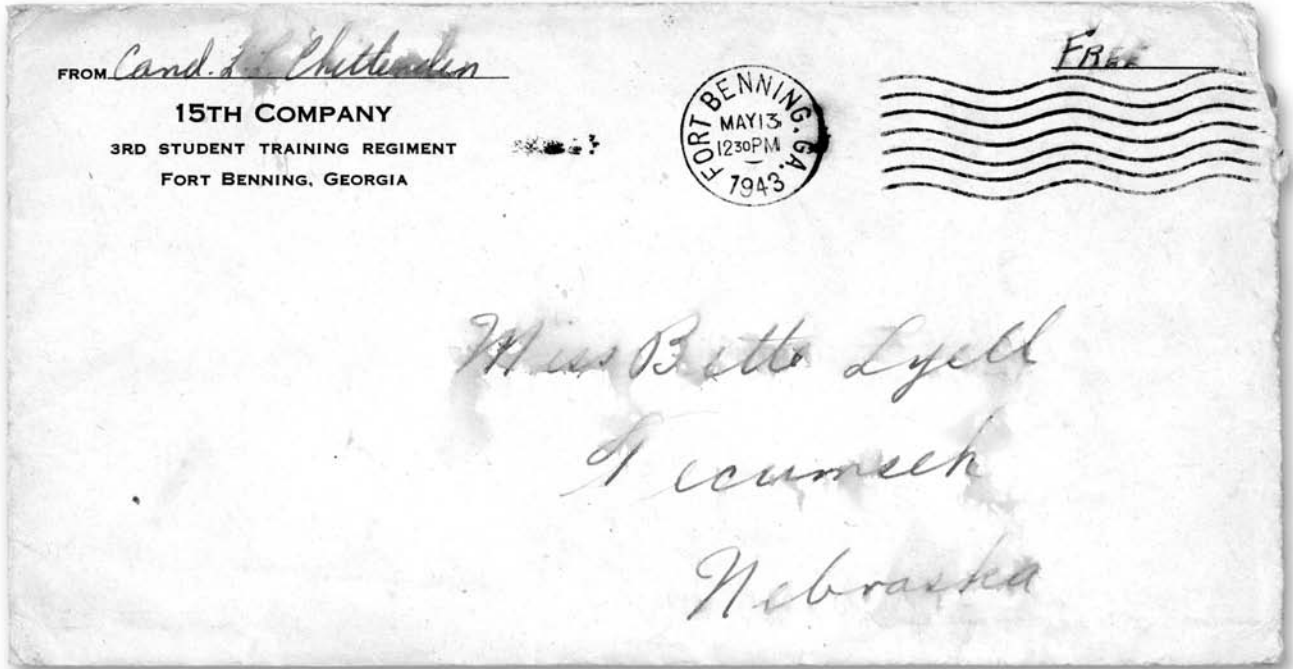
15TH COMPANY  
3RD STUDENT TRAINING REGIMENT  
FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

I ordered my uniforms Sun. I won't tell you how much I spent, but will I ever be a well dressed Lt. If you won't marry me when I come home now you never will (just kidding).

I am glad to hear that you really cracked your tests. I knew you could before anyone as smart as you doesn't need to study. You said they had the hours figured up at school. Well I have just 826 hours left my self. Everyone has the seconds & tenth of seconds figured out, but it would take too much time to write it out.

Henry I have to sew an O.C. patch on my shirt. I sure wish you were here to do it, because my sewing is very poor.

It won't be long now sweets, I miss you more, & more as the day goes by. I hope everyone is O.K. and say hello to Ray. She will probly be gone by the time I get here. Write real soon. all My love & kisses  
Lawrence



Fort Benning, Georgia - May 11, 1943



15TH COMPANY  
3RD STUDENT TRAINING REGIMENT  
FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

May 11, 1943

My dearest Darling Bette:

I don't know what I am going to write, but I think it's my time to write you.

Today was our busy little day. We got up at 0715 and went out on a down attack and then ended up in attacking & taking a village. There was nothing to it. We did it in five shape. afterwards we had a short V.T. which wasn't bad. Then came back in & had two hours off. but of course I had an assignment for Physical Drill, and had to study. as usual I had two very hard, long, & tiring exercises, but I really put them over O.K. Then after a good hours work out they made us run the obstacle course for record. In 115 seconds. Well it sounds like a long time; but it sure isn't. I made it in 90 some seconds, but I am still so tired I can hardly walk. Then after dinner we went out and walked around for two hours, brought us back in. gave us an hour of <sup>duty</sup> hand to hand fighting. Then ended

(over)



up with another G. T. To top it off here I am in study hall. Since I had nothing to do and don't feel like <sup>doing</sup> anything. I figured it would be a good time to write you the letter I owe you.

We have another G. T. sat. on the Defense, and then we only have two more left, and does that ever sound good. Also only 16 more days left. That sounds very much better. It doesn't seem possible; but that's all right with me. The sooner I get through & get my Commission the better. They are beginning to put the pressure on, but it doesn't worry me.

We were out in a regular colored burst yesterday all day, and got wet from top to bottom. It sure is comfortable sitting in stand listening to a dog lecture with wet clothes on; but that's the army. In the attack problem this morning they really dumped the tear gas on us, but for once I got my mask on in a hurry. It's a lot of fun.

I am not sure yet how I am coming home. One way is by air to Chicago & train from there to Omaha. Or by another line straight through to Omaha. However, Dad



**15TH COMPANY**  
**3RD STUDENT TRAINING REGIMENT**  
**FORT BENNING, GEORGIA**

said he would bring you and meet me in Omaha if I wanted, and as soon as I find out for sure I am going to let him know.

Next week we have our 30 hour problem, and it's ever a honey. Instead of hot amm. they give you cement blocks to carry. Some of the fellows don't make it. Oh! yes I think the board will also meet next week. I have chances, but am praying, & hoping; however it doesn't worry me.

I know how you feel with only five (now probably none) days left. I am glad to hear everything is going o.k. and if you are having a good time. Just hold things down for a little longer, and be good swats.

Can't think of any more news. It's not real soon dearest. I miss you very much. But it won't be long now. I hope

all My love + kisses  
 Lawtonell.





UNITED STATES ARMY

Camp Croft, S. C.  
June 25, 1943

My dearest Darling Bette:

Well I guess I am getting lazy. I wanted to write several letters, but here is the first and most likely the only one I will get written tonight. The only reason I write this is because it makes me feel a little better I love you so darn much and miss you a thousand times more.

I have stayed home the last three nights except for going across the road to a show last night "Itaque's Cantina" and was it good. It made me so lonely I could have screamed. Then tonight I went up to see our Bn. win the champ. baseball game. It was really good. We had a pitcher that is a pro. and can he pitch. I really enjoyed it, haven't seen a good game in year. By getting off at four thirty and eating at five. You can go to a show & be home by eight. However I didn't go to the big party last night. It's a long story. but it will cover paper.





## UNITED STATES ARMY

This damn school has just about got me to the blowing up point. Yesterday we went up (the whole class) to go through the Quartermaster warehouses, barkey etc. It was about a mile up there & they marched us at attention, which is against all army rules; and then wandered & yelled at us because we raised hell. Then when we got up there the fellows acted a little bad. Well when we got back the 1st Lt. in command of the Co. started. One afternoon there was a kindergarten class that went through a factory yard they acted very bad and a lot more such bloney. Then the class blew up. a bunch of 2nd Lt. running us around and treating us like rookies, and then wandering why we act up. You can imagine how 200 officers would act when treated such. It made me so mad I could have smacked him, and I am afraid if something don't change I will. There is a lot more, but it would take too long to write.



## UNITED STATES ARMY

but that is why I didn't go to their party to - with them. Now you can see why I hate the school. Oh! Jora Pft. and some work. Well I guess you have heard enough of my howling.

Camp Croft, is noted for its obstacle courses. They have them in every corner all over camp, and I mean tough ones. They are more like tank obstacles. one favorite one is to walk a twenty foot rolling log, another crawl upon a log jump to another butting it with your stomach & roll over it, and hand climbing fifty foot ropes. Then we also practiced going over the side of a mock ship on a rope net. First without packs & rifle & then with, and then back up. I didn't care much for that. the top of the ship was a good 100 feet off the ground.

Yes, dear I liked your pictures, and I would like very much to have some more pleas. I hope you have mine by now.





## UNITED STATES ARMY

Take it easy, take it easy. I trust you dear, and I know you haven't been stepping out. Don't take me so nervous honey. I trust you, well I will always trust you

Honey I am not going overseas for several years if I do then. I was fed up with this school. but don't worry I can take more they can dish out. My idea is to wait until this school is over & see how the cards lay, and if they suit you. We will get married O.K. I hope & pray so.

Hollis found a nice room <sup>in town</sup> tonight, & his girl will be here in two weeks. So I guess he is all set and a ready to go.

I should get my watch tomorrow. No, don't worry honey I haven't said anything to dad, and won't, because I know how he feels.

I am glad you sent your phone number. Some time after payday <sup>(at)</sup> I will try to call you. If I can get through.





UNITED STATES ARMY

Well I guess I have ~~wambled~~ ~~on~~ enough  
for this time. I am glad to here that  
you are having such a swell time.  
That party, or what ever you want to  
call it, must have been quite a affair.

I must close now honey. I have to  
get up at 4:30 so I can go & watch  
them prepare mess & make an inspection.

Write real soon, and I love you  
more than words can tell, and miss  
you tired as much.

All My Love & Kisses  
To my future Wife.

Larry

I love you, Darling

L. L. Chittenden  
Co. I, 330<sup>th</sup> Inf.  
APO 83, U.S. Army  
Camp Breckenridge, Ky.



Miss Bette Lyell ▲  
Tecumseh ▲  
Nebraska ▲

Camp Breckenridge, Kentucky - March 12, 1944



UNITED STATES ARMY

Sun. Morn. 12<sup>th</sup>

My Dearest Darling Betty:

Here it is Sunday and I had to get up at six o'clock. We had a 2<sup>nd</sup> Army Rifle & equipment inspection. The only day I get to sleep; but I guess that's the army for you.

More fun we walked out about fifteen miles F.M. and followed a rolling artillery barrage. That's where they fire for a certain length of time, and then move the fire forward about two hundred yards and fire again. We followed this for fifteen minutes at about two hundred yards. Of course there were a few short rounds, and a few wounded, and quite a few dead; but it was good practice





UNITED STATES ARMY

and a lot of fun. Of course the officers had to lead the men. so we were in the front ~~row~~<sup>row</sup>.

Honey this school and nursing business. I don't know. I do know that I intend to and want to get married when it over. That is if I come back in one piece or at all. I know you are interested in nursing and I hate to keep you from it; but you are right in not being able to quit when you wish. If there is nothing particular you want to take or get in colleg. I don't see why you don't stay where you are. However, I hate to tell you what to do, because my chances are of not coming back. Then I have ruined all of your plans. So do what you think best and want to do. The rest we can straighten



UNITED STATES ARMY

out when the time comes. O.K.?

Mother didn't have anything to say, just wanted to know how I was, and it didn't seem I was hardly home and the local news. That's all don't get excited. She is just looking out for me God bless her.

Yes, honey I am enclosing a patch for Lous and another I picked up from the 63rd Inf. Division, the bleeding heart, she probly doesn't have it either.

This darn weather it has warmed up again but has started raining, and oh! how I love to get wet every day.

Honey I can't think of much more to write and I must go over to the Company and do some work. Don't work too hard and write real soon. I miss you sweets.

I Love you Darling

all My Love  
Larry



Somewhere in England  
Apr. 20, 1944

My dearest Darling Betty:

Wow! It's been quite a while since I have written; but I haven't been able, plus not having the time. I am afraid that this will be a rather short letter as I haven't received any for quite a while, and we are not allowed to write a great deal anyhow.

I am getting along O.K. and I really love it here so far. From the heading you can see where I am at; but that is as far as I can go. I can tell you that we are living in the back yard of a nice old English castle and it is really beautiful. In fact the whole country is.

I managed to get rid of my sea legs, and don't think I wasn't happy to get my feet on the ground again. In fact everyone felt O.K. after we hit land. I still think I will walk back. I prefer it much more to sea going.

I also had my first ride on an English train ~~for the first~~, and it was quite an



experience. You have compartments and it is a narrow gauge railroad. The engine is small. In fact it would take three of them to make one of our. However, they certainly surprise you when they get going they really move. These box cars don't look as if they would haul as much as one of our trucks. It was really quite an experience; but I sure enjoyed it, because the country is so darn pretty around here this time of year.

Time out for a Company meeting - it wasn't worth the walk down there; but I had to go anyhow

Henry you asked me in your last letter if there was anything I wanted. Well I find now that there is. Since I have to request it. Please send me some candy or cookies. You can only send five pounds; however, you don't have to send what you like; but I am hungry for candy and gum already, and we aren't able to get it yet. The chances are we might get a little later on but not much.

Sweet there doesn't seem to be much more to write. Maybe after I get some letters I will be able to write more.

Money I do miss you so much that it hurts. You don't know what I would give just to see you. In fact all the pounds in England. There by the way is another problem English money. Is it ever hard to figure out.

Sweet I love you more than anyone in the world, and I hope it won't be long before I can see you. So until then write very often.

all my love,

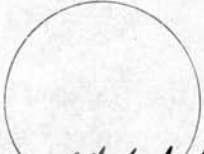
Larry

I Love You Darling



Print the complete address in plain block letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No. \_\_\_\_\_



Lawrence L. Chittenden Inf  
4-25-44  
(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To  
Mr. Ralph C. Chittenden,  
Tecumseh, Nebraska,

From  
LT. L. CHITTENDEN O-517881  
(Sender's name)  
COI, 330<sup>th</sup> INF. APO 83  
(Sender's address)  
% PM NEW YORK, N.Y.  
APR 25, 1944  
(Date)

Dear Dad \_\_\_\_\_:

PLEASE ADDRESS ME AS SHOWN BELOW UNTIL OTHERWISE ADVISED

2nd Lt. Lawrence L. Chittenden O-517881  
(Grade) (First name) (Initial) (Last name) (Army serial number)  
Company I 330th Infantry  
(Company, battery, etc.) (Regiment, group, or other organization)  
A. P. O. No. 83, c/o Postmaster, NEW YORK, N.Y.

The above COMPLETE ADDRESS should be placed on ALL MAIL sent to me

MY CODE CABLE ADDRESS IS AMEBET  
Normal signature Lawrence L. Chittenden

SPACE BELOW FOR MESSAGE

since we are supposed to send this I will tack a note on the bottom. I received your letter of the 10<sup>th</sup>. I should have \$80<sup>cash</sup> coming home (started the 1<sup>st</sup> of this month, and a \$50 War Bond should have started the month. If not next month depends upon when the farm got in. I know there are a lot of people from home over here; but we can't get a way in today and its so hard to find anyone; but might run into them. Might send me Walter Wolferts address it might be close. I knew Betty would like the flowers + I knew I couldn't find it here or call before I left so sent them. Dad could you send me a mirror a large (shenny) steel one if can use it break. Running out of space, Hope Leonard don't get mumps  
Write soon.

See AR 55-390  
\* W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 971  
8 July 1943

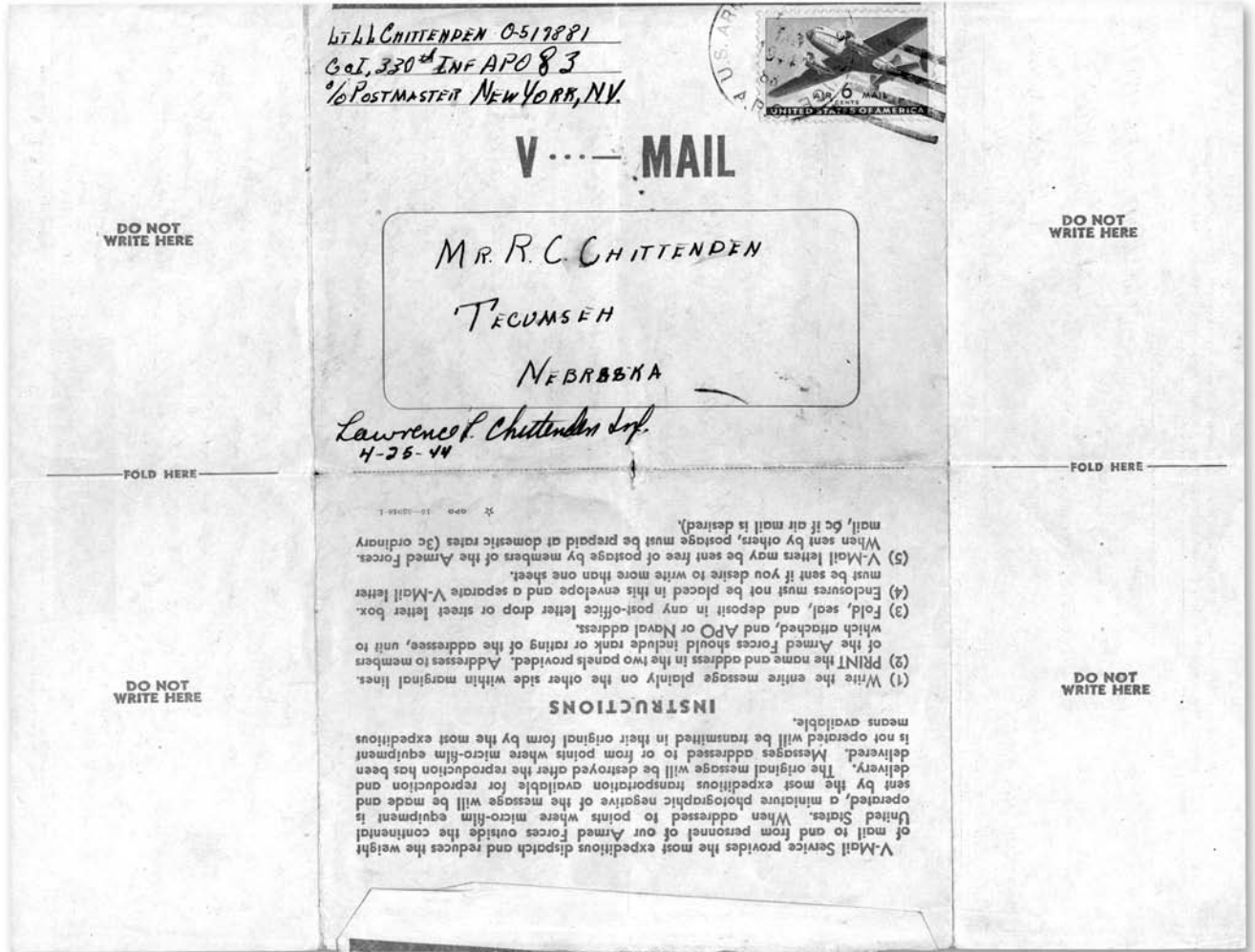
V-MAIL

Love,  
Lawrence

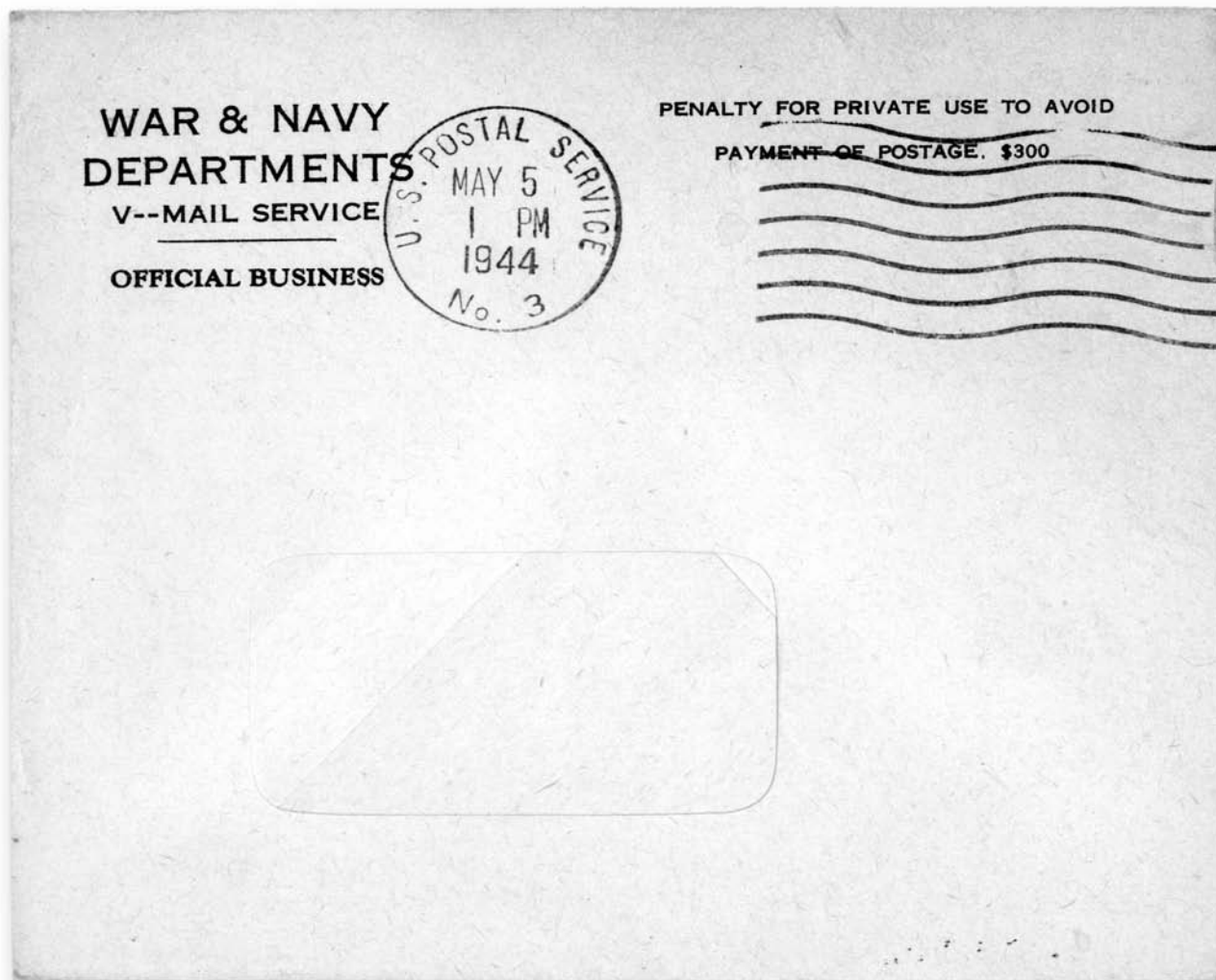
\*This form supersedes W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 206, 23 January 1943, which will not be used after receipt of this form. U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1943 16-32043-1

V-Mail to Dad - April 25, 1944 (1 of 2)






V-Mail to Dad - April 25, 1944 (2 of 2)



*V-Mail to Bette - April 25, 1944*

No.	To	From
	MISS BETTE LYELL TECUMSEH NEBRASKA	L. L. CHITTENDEN O-517881 (Sender's name) Co. I, 330 <sup>th</sup> INF. APO (Sender's address) % POSTMASTER, NEW YORK, NY APR. 25, 1944 (Date)
Dear <u>Bette</u> :		
PLEASE ADDRESS ME AS SHOWN BELOW UNTIL OTHERWISE ADVISED		
<u>2<sup>ND</sup> LT</u> (Grade)	<u>LAWRENCE</u> (First name)	<u>L</u> (Initial)
		<u>CHITTENDEN</u> (Last name)
		<u>O-517881</u> (Army serial number)
<u>COMPANY I</u> (Company, battery, etc.)		<u>330<sup>TH</sup> INFANTRY</u> (Regiment, group, or other organization)
A. P. O. No. <u>83</u> , c/o Postmaster, <u>NEW YORK</u> , <u>NY</u> .		
The above COMPLETE ADDRESS should be placed on ALL MAIL sent to me		
MY CODE CABLE ADDRESS IS <u>AME BET</u>		
Normal signature <u>Lawrence L. Chittenden</u>		
SPACE BELOW FOR MESSAGE		
<p>Since we are supposed to send this I will tack a note on the bottom. Even though I just wrote you today. It is much against my principal to write a sweet person so many letters a day, but since its you honey I will. There isn't any thing to write except say this so if you ever want to send me a cable gram you can. Honey I love you and miss you. Write real soon.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">All My Love, Larry</p>		
See AR 55-390 * W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 971 8 July 1943		HELP REDUCE THE MAIL LOAD—USE <b>V—MAIL</b>
*This form supersedes W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 204, 23 January 1943, which will not be used after receipt of this form.		

V-Mail to Bette - April 25, 1944



#29

England  
 Tues. Night May 30, 44

My dearest sweet darling Bette:  
 (Good-~~Take it~~)

Sweetheart this isn't going to be much of a letter. I suppose I said I wasn't going to write tonight. But the situation changed. So I will keep up my good record.

I am writing this by flashlight so it probably won't look like much as it is turning out to be a quite difficult job.

Suppose its raining and I happen to be wet from my feet up to my waist. It isn't bad though after you get used

to it. Its the easy to take a  
bath I guess.

The packages are starting to  
roll in. So I should be getting  
one before long. Will that ever  
be a happy day.

If I remember correct today  
is Memorial Day. It hasn't seemd  
like it here; but I suppose you  
had the day off today. That was  
one holiday I always enjoyed.  
I wish that I could have been  
there to spend it with you  
darling.

Yash; but I am lonesome.  
tonight. I don't know what I  
would do or give to see you or



be with you tonight. I guess  
anything in the world. Even swim  
the ocean for you. Do you know  
something honey - I love you.

Darling this probably won't  
make sense, but I have thought  
of you so much that I had to  
write whether it makes sense or  
not.

Dear I must stop and hit  
the bed roll. I do miss you  
daring very, very much, and  
I love you more than anyone else  
in the world. Take care of your  
self & write soon. I love you, Darling

all M of love & kisses  
I Love You Sweetheart Goodnight  
Larry



#31

England  
A Mid. Night June 1, 44

My dearest sweet Darling Betty:

No honey I am afraid I can't  
break your record of two letters in  
one day, anyhow not tonight.  
I told you I got two letters today.  
sent the 23<sup>rd</sup> & 24<sup>th</sup> the last one  
numbered No 19. I know I would  
anyhow you haven't let me down  
yet honey.

I don't feel very good tonight  
I am sleepy and I have to go make  
bed check tonight. I am also  
sitting here with sores on my  
feet. They have been that way  
all day but I don't mind.  
Except that my shoes pinch and  
hurt my feet and it makes me

mad. They are going to hurt me one of these days and I am going to get mad and cut them up. Oh well quit your crying children it could be a lot worse.

I come it don't seem like promising time but I guess it is. I don't think I would care for a piece any more unless you were along. That would be the only way I would go

So let us or has been home. I sure would like to see him. This must be the longest time that he has gone without coming home. The lucky devil used to come home every other month.

Good sweets you can be my chauffeur after the war. E.H.



Lets see what is there to write about nothing. Except some rather interesting training; but I don't dare (against regulations).

They are sitting here trying to get me to play poker, but no going. They took all my money last month. I will get them one of these times and then I will quit.

Honey I have to stop and start censoring mail. I hate to but I guess this wives & girls like to or want to hear from them too.

Sweetheart I love you very, very much and miss you a great deal more. Write real soon honey.

I Love  
 You Honey  
 all my love & kisses  
 Goodnight  
 Larry



# 37

England  
 Thurs. Evening ~~May~~ June 8, 1944

My Dearest Darling Betty:

Sorry I missed last night honey; but got in late and I was rather tired so went straight to bed. Hope you started receiving any of my mail yet honey. I sure hope so, and I can see no reason why they can't let it go now. I haven't received a letter for several days; but I can't complain I got five in two days.

How are the mumps darling? I hope you are over them by now and you are feeling O.K. I only regret that I couldn't have been there to have them with you. That's the only way I would want to have them so with you by my bed side.

The sun actually shown yesterday. It seemed funny I hadn't seen it for so long; but of course it is raining today, I am getting so I hat rain more. This ground is just like sponge rubber. You take a step and you sink in over your shoes. I haven't had dry feet for weeks. Maybe when we start living on the ground again instead of in the

clouds. it won't be so bad. I sure hope so.

Honey I am afraid this is going to be a rather short letter; but even as much as I miss you and love you darling. I just don't seem to be in the mood to write letters! I am tired and wet so I guess the best thing to do would be to go to bed. Since we have to get up pretty early in the morning.

Sweets I do hope you are feeling better by now and the mumps have disappeared. Darling I love you very, very much honey, and I miss you so much that it hurts. Take care of your self & write real soon.

All My Love & Kisses  
Larry.

P.S.

I love you sweetheart



#43  
A. us. Afternoon  
June 20, 44.

My Dearest Darling Sweet Betty:  
Honey I am not sure of this number  
because I left my records in my  
suit case, and its been a long time  
since I have been able to write to  
you. I am sorry darling that I have  
not been able to write to you before,  
but I am sure that you will under-  
stand that I haven't been able to  
write or have time to write.

I can say that I have seen and  
gone through a lot of things that  
I will never forget, and I will  
probably see a darn sight more



before long. I wish I could tell you; but I guess that will have to wait darling.

Honey there isn't a lot for me to write about. I haven't received any mail for quite some time, and it's hard for me to write a letter when I don't have one to answer. It's a cinch that I can't tell you what's going on.

Honey how are the mumps? Has all of the swelling finally disappeared? I hope so. Please be careful of your eyes darling, and some time when you get a chance have them tested, because I don't want your eyes to go bad on you honey.

Darling I don't believe I have ever missed or wanted to see anyone as much as I have wanted to see you the last few days. You know she doesn't think much about this until he actually begins to get close to it or in it. Then you start sweating and begin to think of your chances, and they could be better, and also a lot worse. When I have something to come home to or waiting for me like you darling there is only one answer and that is it won't be long.

Swats I know this isn't a very good letter, but my old brain don't seem to be running on the right

track here lately. So you will have to excuse my letters if they don't make sense.

Darling I guess I had best stop and get a bite to eat. Honey I will try to do my best and write every chance I get but I want promise that it will be every day. Please keep yours coming honey, and I hope you are feeling O.K. darling. Take care of your self. + write real soon.

all My Love & Kisses

Larry

I Love You Sweetheart





#45 France - June 24, 1944

#45

June 27, 44  
Sat. Night  
France

My dearest sweet darling Betty:

Well honey here I am dear old France. It isn't so bad yet. It's rather pretty country a great deal the same as England. Small fields and hedges everywhere you look. I will say one thing for this country the weather is a lot better. In fact it's really hot; but cools off during the night.

I don't know a whole lot. I haven't received any mail for a good while but hope to tomorrow.

Darn sweets I don't seem to have much to write. In fact there isn't much I can write. I am enclosing a 100 Frank note I hope it gets through I think it will. It equals about two dollars in our money.

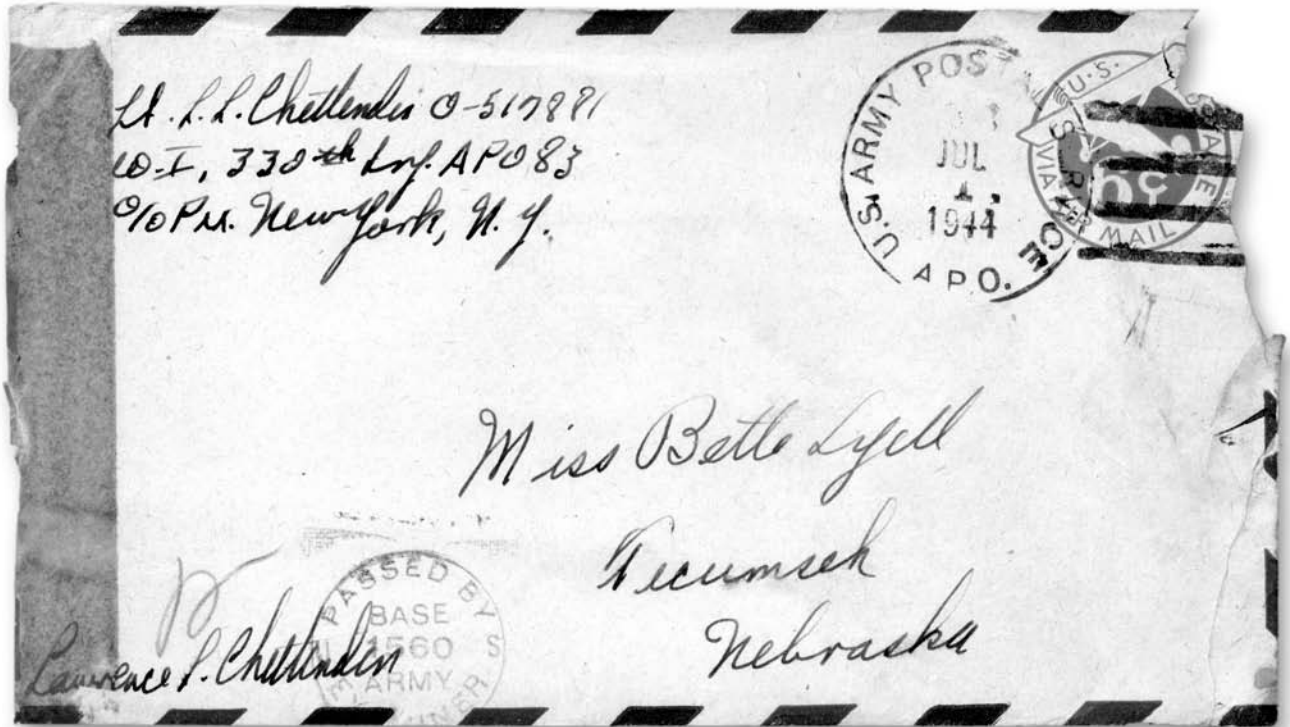
Honey I don't know how I am going to be able to write; but I will try to write as often as possible.

Don't worry honey I will make it some how. You just take care of your self & don't work too hard, write real often sweets

I miss you very, very much darling and love you a million times more.

I love you sweetheart  
 All My Love & Kisses  
 Larry





#46 - June 30, 1944

# 46

June 30, 44

My Dearest Sweet Darling Betty:

Well honey the nearest and the best I can figure out today is the 30<sup>th</sup>. But as to what day it is I don't have the least idea. anyhow this will be some kind of a letter I hope.

I got five letters a while back but I haven't had time to answer them until now. Nos 33 through 36. And I ever welcome them. I haven't received any since but will probably get a whole bunch again soon.

I don't know whether this will make much sense. You know it kind of hard to concentrate around here all the time. The saying. Its hot here, but a lot hotter on out the road a little way.

A cat fight will I don't believe it would bother me any more. Unless it would be to jump up and shoot or blow the devil out of them. You know one gets so after while that he shoots first then asks questions.

Honey I hope it isn't long before you can wear my shirts and joes my pants not that I want you to work hard but just to be there so you can do it for me - duck - no way ever.



No honey you aren't managing a  
 trucker, just the manager of a  
 trucking concern. anyhow honey  
 it will be better than nothing at all.  
 suit it.

The going seems to have been  
 pretty good around there lately. It  
 sounds as if the population of  
 the old town is increasing. Esp-  
 ecially in the older folks. Dad  
 also told me about Dean H. and  
 said went it be something when  
 the baby finishes high school. I  
 guess it just takes time for  
 some people.

Do I question you and your love  
 love me, honey you know better

than that. I would never question  
your love. In fact I always have  
and always will trust you.

Hey! It seems to me it would  
take a lot of nerve to ask a question  
like you did. Where did I spend all  
my time on leave. You darn sweet  
little devil you know a lot better  
than that, and in the second place  
they are both married and I don't  
bother with such women. You had  
better watch your step if I ever get  
home and the wedding is over.

Yeah sweets I guess I am about  
to run out of something to write  
about. It seems like I should have  
more to write but you know security.



Say honey I could use another box of candy, or cookies. O.K., thank you darling.

I wish I would love to see you sweets; but maybe it won't be long. I do miss you terribly honey and love you so very, very much honey that it hurts darling.

Don't worry honey I will make it O.K. just take it easy and don't work too hard. Write real soon honey. Say hello to Mother & Dad.

all My Love & Kisses  
 & Love You sweetheart Larry.



Print the complete address in plain letters on the plain surface of the envelope on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Pencil or small writing is not suitable for photographing.

TO: MISS BETTE LYALL  
T'ECUMISEH  
NABYASAA

FROM: LT MCCHITTARAN 051081  
Co. 2, 330<sup>th</sup> INF APO 83  
7<sup>1/2</sup> P.M. NEW YORK, N.Y.  
JULY 11, 44

(CENSOR'S STAMP) SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2 (Sender's complete address above)

*James Earl Rutherford*

My dearest Darling Bette:  
 Honey I know that you don't like V-Mail and I don't like to send it, but under the conditions its all I can get a hold of. I wish I knew its been ages and I have written to you, but I know that if you know what I have gone through and I am going through you will excuse me. I hope to be able to write a more decent little envelope in a couple of days after things cool down somewhat.  
 I went through quite a bit of July celebration this year more banging than ever, but the real thing this time was July. Honey all we can do is pray to God and hope for the best. I hope it is much longer I wish I wish you could see me. I wish an inch long, dirty and ragged, a Tommy gun under one arm, hand grenades all over me and a lot more. I really love you, and I am mean too.  
 I wish not much more news to write this time. Honey I do love you so very much, and you don't know how I miss you. God bless your good working & I shall always love you sweetheart all my love & respect  
 Larry

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP? **V-MAIL** HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

WAR & NAVY DEPARTMENTS  
 V--MAIL SERVICE  
 OFFICIAL BUSINESS

PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE TO AVOID  
 PAYMENT OF POSTAGE, \$300

MAY 5 11 PM 1944 No. 3

Wavy lines for postage meter.

V-Mail - July 11, 1944



France - August 12, 1944



France  
 Aug. 12, 44  
 Sat. afternoon

My Dearest Darling Sweetheart:

Well honey I supposed you think some  
 has happened to me. Well I am just as  
 good as ever. Except that they have us  
 moving so fast that I haven't even  
 had time to think about writing letters.  
 I have a hard time trying to get sleep.

I suppose you have read the good  
 news about the thrusts into the Breton  
 area. Well that's us right up there in  
 the lead with the armor. I never thought  
 they would have to motorize us to catch  
 the dam Jerry; but that's the only way  
 we can do it. I only wish I could tell  
 you more but I guess it will have to  
 wait.

You have heard about these trench



old men & ladies kissing you on the  
 cheek and hugging you. Well we had  
 really run into a lot of that. I really  
 mean it when I say they are in earnest  
 when they. You go along the road &  
 everyone is out to greet us. You see old  
 women & men crying because they are so  
 happy, children throwing you flowers,  
 and if you tried to drink half the cider &  
 wine they offered you you would be  
 drunk in no time. When you go through  
 a town they crowd the streets so that  
 it is almost impossible to drive through.  
 You can't walk or march through they  
 just gang you, shake your hand, kiss  
 you and jabber. I never wished so  
 much in my life that I could speak  
 French. I am picking up a few words  
 and expressions, and you run into quite  
 a few that can speak some English. They have  
 learned in school before the Germans came.  
 Some who have been to the states. It is interesting  
 one who used to be a cowboy in Nebr. I about fell  
 over.

I have honestly never seen a population  
 so glad to see us come in my life. but  
 I guess you can't blame them after you see  
 how they were treated and had to live!

I haven't received any mail for quite  
 some time, but hope to soon if it can  
 ever catch up.

I don't have much more to write  
 about darling, except if things keep going  
 good as they seem to be now. maybe  
 it won't be so long. I sure hope and pray  
 that it isn't

Darling I miss you more than  
 ever. you don't know what I wouldn't  
 give to see you again darling and hold  
 you in my arms. Sweets I love you more  
 than anyone else in the world.

I will try to write again as soon as possible.  
 take care of your self darling & write real  
 soon.

I Love You Sweetheart  
 all My Love & Kisses  
 Larry



Love, your dear

France  
Aug. 23, 44  
Wed. Morn.

My dearest darling sweetheart

I guess today is the 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> damn if I can keep track of the days or the dates any more. Every day is just another day that you sweat out, and hope it brings you one more day closer to the end of the whole thing. I have never wanted any one thing to be over with as much as I do this war. I have had enough and seen enough. The sooner I can get home to you honey the better I will like it.

You asked me the question of who we ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> under. Well here goes I don't know whether it will get through or not. At the first we were in the 1<sup>st</sup> but we are now in the 3<sup>rd</sup> Army under Blood & Tears.

I was sorry to hear that you quit your job honey. But I guess you know what you want to do best. It makes no difference to me. I am glad to hear that you are going to Univ. this fall. My only wish is that you don't even get to finish out the year. Have you decided what kind of a course you are going to take? If its a business course let me know I might be able to give you some tips on your instructors.



I Love you Honey

You might not know ~~that~~ <sup>it</sup> but it makes quite a lot of difference in who you get for instructors in your subjects. Some are snafus & some you couldn't stand. By the way remember what you told me once when I first started going with you honey. About Univ. boys being heart breakers and you wouldn't let them bother you. Remember that honey, of course I am out of that class now. No, I am not worrying Honey I know you will never let me down.

I am afraid that rumor you mentioned in your letter of the 29<sup>th</sup> that the Germans had stopped fighting in Normandy was purely a rumor because I hadn't noticed it at that time; however, its a little different story at the present.

I suppose you have already noticed by my letter; but we got some mail Sun. I got 13 letters from you. Dated July 20 to Aug. 4 I figured I would get some later than the 4<sup>th</sup>; but I suppose you left for McCook about that time, and I guess one can't expect you to write as often on your vacation. My only hope is that it won't be another two weeks before we get mail again but



↓ Love you darling

it looks as if it might be quite some time.

Your speaking of watermelon in one of your letters makes me very hungry for some. I sure miss good home cooked food, in fact any food. I am getting tired of 15 rations and 10-12 rations there not enough <sup>at all</sup> really. We have been doing pretty good lately on fresh eggs from the trench, but they are getting smart also they want gas now instead of candy and gum, and we don't have enough ourselves. Even though all my meals are like picnics I would still like to go on one with you honey.

Dad mentioned the flood in one of his letters, must have been quite flood. Sounds like old times. I know when I wrote you on V-mail that you wouldn't like it but it was either V-mail or nothing at all and I figured you would appreciate a V-mail under those conditions.

Honey there is no date I would rather keep or try to make, but I am afraid I can't promise you a date for X-mas. 44 as much as I would like to. A lot of high ranks are betting that it will be over next month or the next, but I don't know. I believe nothing any more until



Love you sweets

it is official. There are so many damn rumors going on around here all the time you don't know when to believe them or when not to.

Well I guess Don Horton has nothing on your boy friend. I am supposed to get a Purple Heart also but I haven't got the medal as yet. Also mostly scratches don't worry though. I pity the poor sucker that gets P. Mohr. If there is any girl I dislike more than her I would like to know who. She must have changed but she used to be the sweetest thing I have ever seen.

Honey a package of any type or kind of candy is appreciated. The mirror will be very much appreciated. I can't seem to hang on to mirrors. I am also afraid you will win the cup of coffee, because the way we are now my mail is in a race for several weeks before they can or do get it up to us, and I have no way of knowing when it gets here. But I will let you know when it comes. The stamps will be very much appreciated if you can remember them sometimes.



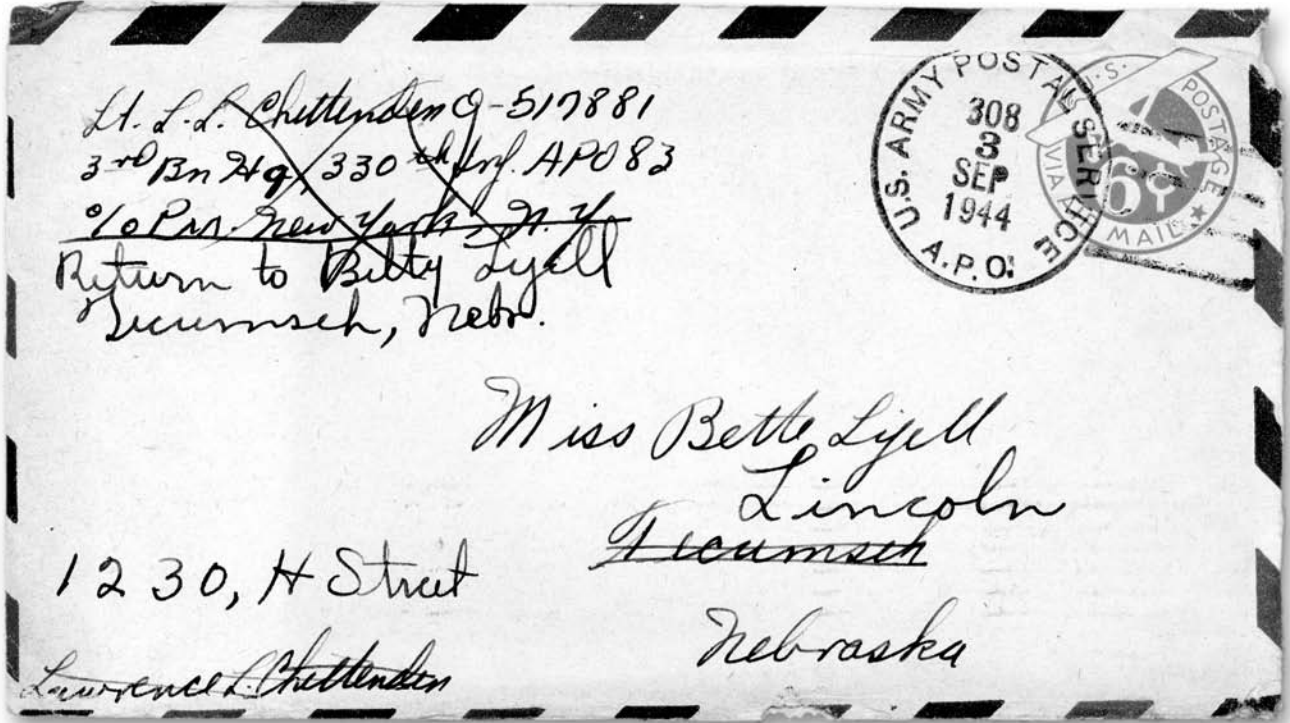
Sweets I don't know whether you can make heads or tails of this letter, because I about all it is answers to your questions and answering your letters. There isn't much news for me to write. Things are still going fairly good. The big picture looks pretty good. If we can keep it up I can't see how he can hold out too much longer.

Honey there is no more news for this time. I think I have done fairly well for me. I only wish I was able to write more often but the situation will just not permit it.

Starting I hope you had a nice vacation and a swell time at days. I hope you get started in Univ. O.K. and that you will like it. Starting I think of you always and miss you so very, very much. Sweet I love you more than ever, ahid more than words can express. All I am waiting for is the day I can be back with you for good. Write real soon and take care of your self honey.

All My Love & Kisses  
Larry

I Love You Sweetest



France - September 1, 1944



France  
Sept. 1, 1944

My Dearest Sweet Darling:

Well honey things have quieted down some what for a change, and lucky me I received several letters again yesterday. The mail came through. It wasn't as much as I expected but I will excuse you since you have had a vacation and a good time coming to you. There is nothing over here that means more to me than a letter from you honey, that and the end of the war is about the only thing I have to look forward to.

Honey everyone tells how every



no one else writes home about their experiences. So if they can do it I don't see why I can't anyhow I am going to try it and let me know if the censor thinks it O.K.

For once we have a CP that is quite the place. It is a large French hospital or old Catholic school for nuns which I don't know. But the Jerrys claimed it was their hospital. Its on the edge of a small town and one of the few buildings left in fair condition. Its a four story affair built in a square U shape. The right wing was a church and the remainder rooms

Our various offices are down stairs the officers and men live in the rooms, even sleep on some beds with springs, that the jerrics left behind. Its just like Garrison with the kitchen in a shed outside. The only disadvantage is the lack of windows and a few newly added shell holes; but it is better than the grounds.

There are four of us sleeping in one room on the second floor. About three this morning we were awakened by an old familiar sound of a whiz - then a boom. When the second went over. We decided it would be a little



safer on the 1<sup>st</sup> floor. so we  
madly dressed (I think that was the  
first time I had sleep without my  
clothes all on) and rushed down  
stairs. A few more zoned over. then  
our own 8 in guns opened up and  
he shut up. When they fire it feels  
like the house is being lifted up  
off the ground, and the projectile  
goes through the air it sounds like  
a house moving through the air.  
Its all in the battle as long as you  
can hear them whistle your  
O.K. Its the ones you can't hear  
that you have to worry about  
or when they stop and then its  
too late. all I can say is I am



glad I am not on the recurring  
end of our art.

I am glad to hear that you are  
having a good time honey, and  
never fear I know that I can  
trust you at the dances. I may  
be wrong I have always figured  
it would take a damn good 4-F  
or V.50 Ranger to get my girl  
away from me, and the same  
thing goes for me honey. I have  
never loved and missed any one  
individual as much in my life  
as I have you since I have been  
overseas. If & when I do get back  
I don't intend to ever leave you  
again either.

I am enclosing a Stars & Stripes  
an Army newspaper which we  
receive all the time. It has an  
article on the 83<sup>rd</sup> that you might  
like to read, and a couple of others.  
Would you please save it for  
me. I hope to have a scrapbook  
some day.

Sweets there isn't much more  
to write. I hope you are still  
having a good time and every  
thing is O.K. Tell everyone hello.  
Write real soon honey.

All My Love & Kisses

Larry  
P.S. Note the new return add. It's a long story  
I will tell you about it some day.  
I Love You Sweetheart



Some where in Luxembourg  
10 Nov. 44

Dear Dad:

I am setting here tonight with very little to do so I decided I would type a letter and see if I could still do it. So far so good. As usual there isn't much for me to write, still no mail but no one else is getting any either. So I guess it is being held up at the beach again, and why I can't figure out; but I sure wish they would start bring it up. Mail means a lot any more.

It snowed today for the first time, it didn't amount to much it melted about as fast as it hit the ground. Then turned to rain, but it looks as if ~~winter~~ winter is here to stay which I hate to see come. I have been working nights for so long that if I have to start going out now and then it's going to be kind-of hard on me; but I guess I can take it. At least it won't be as much as if I was still in a Rifle Co.

I will have a money order on the way in the next day or so, for \$92. The Q.M. store came but they didn't have any thing after they got here so I didn't spend as much as I thought I would. I did buy a pair of Combat Boots but they didn't cost very much. I didn't think I would have that much, but even with the small increase and the stopping of the Bond Allotment I thought that was pretty good for two months. I still have saved back enough for what I will need for spending.

I know you don't expect anything for Xmas. Dad even though I would like to get you something; but I would still like to get Leonard something and also Grandmother. If you think I should take out what you need out of the money order and get them something and give it to them for me. I did send Betty a money order and told her to buy her own present as there was nothing over here to get her and I didn't know what to buy anyhow.

Well I see Roosevelt made it again I sort of hated to see him get it again but I guess the majority know what they want or they wouldn't have voted for him. I see Nebr. went Rep. though. How did the prohibition vote come out? I suppose they voted the state dry, well it don't make a lot of difference to me, but it will make a booming business for boot-leggers and that's worse than it being wet I think.

Well I can't seem to think of anything more to write this time. I am enclosing some more German stamps and Belgium money I picket up. You can add it to the collection which should be getting pretty big by now. Whats this I here about Leonard dressing up like a girl and going to a school dance. I bet that was good I would liked to have seen that.

I hope everyone is felling fine and everything is going OK. Write again soon and I hope you can read my typing.

LOVE,

*Lewis*



Germany  
24 Dec. 44  
Sun. Morning

My Dearest Darling Bette:

The day before Xmas; but you  
sure wouldn't know it around here.  
It's a long way from being quiet  
throughout the house and outside  
also. I just can't seem to realize  
that this is Xmas; but I guess it  
is. I sure hope that you have a  
merry X-mas sweets, have a double  
one and one for me will you.

There isn't much to write,  
and I have hit that old down  
fall in receiving letters and mail

again. Gosh I hate such periods.  
I know damn good an well its not  
your fault; but the day just doesnt  
seem right if I dont hear from  
you.

I wanted to write you last  
night honey; but the C.P. made  
a small displacement forward.  
When that happens I loose a  
days sleep. So I was pretty damn  
tired last night and not capable  
of holding a pen in my hand  
let alone writing with it. We are  
also in a some what better place  
now its the basement of an old  
house. Part of the first floor is

OK, but the rest of it is quite shell  
riddled as all the houses are in fact  
few of them are standing.

Gosh sweets I don't seem to  
have much more to write about  
to night. If I don't get a bath soon  
I think I will go nuts. Have you  
ever reached the point (I know you haven't)  
where you feel so darn sticky and dirty  
that you hate to move in fear that  
your clothes will crack & fall off.  
Anyhow that's the way I feel.

Honey about the only thing I  
can think about or that on my  
mind this morning is you.



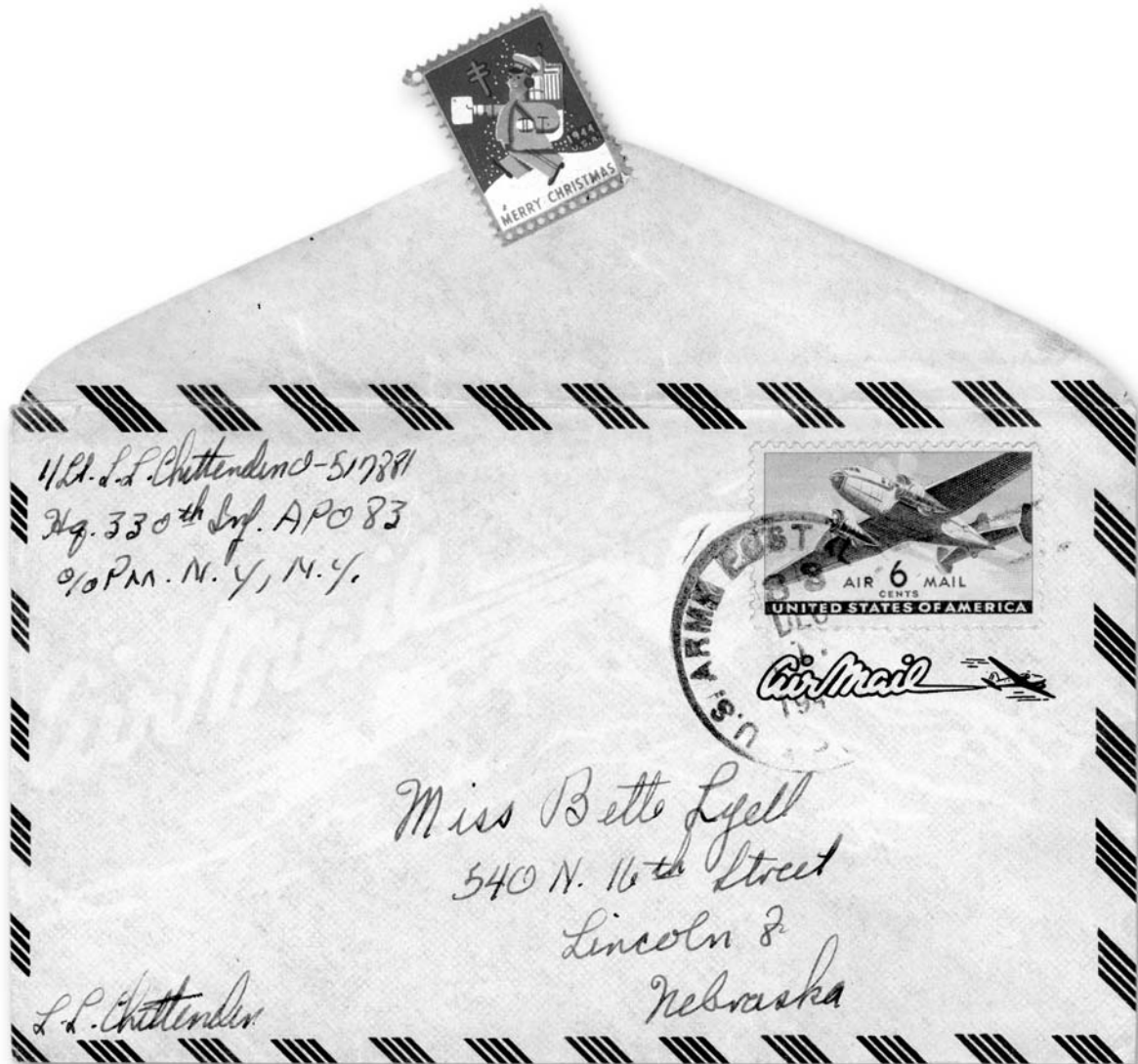
Gosh how I miss you and wish  
I could be with you now. Being  
with you is all I could ever ask  
for Xmas. but I guess I will  
have to wait until next Xmas.

Darling I hope school is still  
going O.K. and don't work too hard.  
You are probly home on vacation  
by now, hope you have a good time.  
I do miss you sweet and love you  
more than ever.

all My Love + Kisses

Larry

I Love You Sweetheart



Germany - December 25, 1944

Germany  
25 Dec. 44

My Dearest Darling Betty:

No. mail again today sweets,  
anyway mail or no mail I had  
to write you on Xmas Eve. I miss  
you so darn much honey and  
want or would like so much to  
be with you; but I guess all I can  
do is write to you.

I had a slight delay, got pretty  
busy there for a while. It's Xmas  
now. May I be the first to wish  
you a very, very merry Xmas.  
honey. May you get up this  
morning (late probably) and find  
that Santa Claus has filled your



stacking full of everything that  
you asked for. Wish I could say  
the same, but I guess what I  
want would be too much to  
ask Santa for. One for this  
was to be over & be home with  
you. I<sup>nd</sup> and the most important  
to have you for my own. Would  
Xmas. be a very good wedding day?  
as far as I am concerned any day  
and the sooner the better for me.  
I don't (in fact I know) think I will  
ever be happy until the day you  
are Mrs. L. L. Chittenden, my only goal in  
life. Gosh sweets I am lonely &  
lonesome for you tonight! I  
would give anything to hold you  
in my arms and kiss you & could

Germany - December 25, 1944 (2 of 4)

Kiss you for days and never stop.  
Mushy tonight ain't it?

This doesn't seem anymore like  
Xmas. than any other day since I  
have been over. This bombing of  
guns doesn't substitute ~~for~~ will for  
bells of Xmas time.

Well I have to get everyone up  
at five this morning. Everyone is  
ordered to be alert. The Jerry might  
think we are celebrating and try  
to pull a fast one. So we are all  
to be very alert this morning. We  
do it every holiday, because that  
when they hope to catch us napping.  
but we will fool them.

Yosh honey this doesn't seem to be



a very long letter; but there just isn't any news. I have been looking for a letter any day now. Some of them are long over due. I guess the business down south has held up the mail again. I am O.K. except that I am lonesome and bubbling over with love for you; but I guess there is only one remedy for that and that is you darling. Everything is going O.K. here with us. In fact I guess they are going to give us a little breather which won't hurt any of us.

Sweets I must stop & censor some mail and get some work done. Hope you have a very merry Xmas & a good vacation. Always remember darling I love you & miss you.  
 (I Love you sweetheart) all My Love & Kisses  
 Larry



Somewhere in Belgium  
28 Dec. 44

My Dearest Darling Bette:

Sweets here & am again not much news and still no mail but I still have hopes. I am sorry that I haven't written sooner! but one more followed another so I haven't had any time to write or sleep. As you can see we are now in another country. It is a very nice country much the same as France, and the people are nice and friendly. In Germany they went and if you did so much as speak to them & cost you and plenty - Well I suppose you know where we are if you

have noticed the papers lately. I got  
to see aachan, that is what's left  
of it. When the papers said there  
was nothing left of it they were  
right. I only hope we make every  
other city look the same way.

Things are going O.K. here so far,  
except I am so darn sleepy I can  
hardly hold my eyes open. I haven't  
had any sleep in three days. I  
did get a little this afternoon but  
just enough to make me want  
more. I wish you could see  
this place, <sup>house</sup> we are in now, it's  
fit for any king and as big  
if not bigger than the Perm.  
and really beautiful.



I hope you had a swell & mas. sweets. It was just another day to me. The only thing that made it seem any where near like it was that we had turkey and most of the trimmings for dinner that day.

Honey I will admit that this isn't much of a letter but there is no more and I am getting so tired and sleepy that I can't hardly keep this pen moving.

Hope school is going O.K., and that you aren't working hard & feel O.K. Remember that I miss



you honey and always will.  
I love you sweets more than  
ever. Take care of your self

all My Love + Kisses

Larry

I  
Love  
You  
Sweetheart

Somewhere in Belgium - December 28, 1944 (4 of 4)

8 March 45  
Germany

My Dearest Darling Betty:

No letters today again but I can't complain. This isn't much to write now. This is going to be a very short note. I don't have to work tonight and I am happy and want to get to bed. So you will please send a short letter tonight want you sweet. I just got a hair cut, and shaved. Now I am waiting to take a bath. We stand up again for a change. It sure will feel good.

I will give your woman credit for one thing that has the most wonderful sound of any country and her to get. It's her & that is. Not running water. Steam heat and a wonderful building and in good shape.

Not much going on today. It was a real quiet day. Best of cool but didn't rain. I want even out today because I didn't get up at 10:00.

(over)

Letter written on photo paper - March 5, 1945 (1 of 2)



Say sweets I got another bottle of perfume for  
 you I don't know how good it is. also a  
 couple tubes of K ranch lip stick. I will get  
 them off just as soon as I can get them  
 wrapped. Did the other bottle of perfume get  
 through in good shape. I hope so.

I don't love you so very, very much &  
 miss you a billion times more. Hope school  
 is still progressing O.K. Don't work too hard  
 darling.

All My Love & Kisses  
 Larry

I Love You Sweetheart

I will do better tomorrow night, O.K.?

I Love You



2 Apr. 45  
Germany

My Dearest Darling Betty:

Sweets I know its been a long time since I have written. Well over a week I guess, but I haven't received a letter from you for a long time either, however, I guess that's no excuse. No honey the last week or so I have been on the go continually. I am back home now and today was the first worth hot meal I have had in four days. I think I could drop any where and go to sleep. To make it short sweets I have been going so fast and so far that I haven't had time to do much of anything.

Even though its been a week since I have written I can't seem to think of much to write. Plenty of things have happened and a lot of news but of course I can't tell it when half of it hasn't even been printed or put out over the radio.

Yesterday was Easter Sunday and it was just another day to me. I didn't even get a chance to

put on a clean outfit let alone a new one. I will say the Germans had their Easter parade. It was the American army rolling through, and I mean we have really been rolling. Things sure do look good all over I only hope they keep looking that way; maybe this thing will be over <sup>before</sup> too long after all I hope.

Sweets do you know it was about a year ago this time that we got on the boat getting ready to set sail for Europe. Gosh but it sure seems a lot longer than a year. In fact it seems so long ago that I can hardly remember it.

Our wonderful spring weather has turned to rather cold, cloudy, & misty weather. Regular April showers and weather I guess. I don't like it either but I guess there isn't a lot I can do about it.

Awfully this is a very short letter and I know it doesn't amount to much; but there just isn't any  
(over)



thing for me to write, and I am so sleepy that I can hardly hold my eyes open. Will you excuse me this time please sweets. I love you.

Darling I do miss you so very much, and I love you so much more that I could ever tell and so much more than you will ever know.

I hope everything is going smoothly on the home front, and you aren't working too hard sweets. I am still looking forward to receiving my package. Have you ever received any of your perfume yet? I hope it got through O.K. Must stop.

All My Love & Kisses

Larry  
I Love You Sweetheart



2 May 45

Germany

My Dearest Darling Bette:

Honey I am sorry that I missed a day but there just wasn't any thing to write. I did send you the new Sw. paper. I haven't received any mail from you in the last two days; but I guess I can't yell when I got there the day before that.

Well I am back at it again I guess they finally decided that I was capable of holding down the night job. Another officer and I split it from now on each night. That isn't quite so bad as working all night straight nights.



By the way there were two pictures  
in that Div. paper that I intended to  
put a note by; but as usual I forgot  
it. Don't you think the small picture on  
the inside of the girl singer is a good one?

Sweets here is something between you,  
myself and a fence post. I am now in  
the grain business. I don't know whether  
you knew it or not but originally Dad &  
A. Jobs were partners in the elevator at  
Elk Creek. Since he has died Dad has been  
trying to buy the other half from Mrs. Jobs.  
We succeeded here a couple weeks ago, and  
he ask me if he could use the money I had  
in the bank. I told him yes. so I now  
have \$1,700 invested in the elevator. I  
figured it would be better to have it



invested in something rather than just  
laying loose in the bank, and real estate  
and land is about the best investment there  
is now. I didn't ever realize that I had  
that much money; but I think that pretty  
good saving since I have been overseas.  
I figured you had best know where our  
money was going. What about it do  
you approve of the investment sweets?

Not a lot more going on around here  
everyone is getting ready to go on pass  
either to the Riviera or to London. Well  
maybe some day my turn will come  
up. I hope, of course if they would  
send me home I wouldn't care if I  
got a pass or not. My main interest



is to get home and see you sweetheart.  
 I got a nice letter from Jane yesterday,  
 which I was very glad to receive. She  
 says she is fine but still a little weak.  
 I guess I had best answer it before I  
 forget about it.

Darling there doesn't seem to be much  
 more to write this morning. Except  
 that I miss you so very, very much  
 dearest, and that I love you more  
 than ever darling.

I hope you aren't working too  
 hard sweets. New school coming.  
 Remember honey I am thinking of you  
 always & sending...  
 I Love You Sweetheart. All My Love & Kisses  
 Larry

2 May 45  
Germany

My dearest darling Belle:

Good morning sweetheart I'll bet you never had anyone tell you that they loved you so early in the morning. I know darn good and well I never stayed up with you until five in the morning.

Oh! you sweet thing you think of every thing don't you. Go for a ride and end up by the river, and we would take Pud. You are wonderful sweets you didn't forget Pud did you. What about Cindy? If one goes I know darn good and well the other one will have to go. So I can live ~~go~~ with you. Yes, honey



I get so damn homesick at times for you that I think I'll go nuts. Don't ever worry when I get home the pain is going to be forgotten.

Darling your guess is as good as mine. The rumors are flying around here. Of course our contact with the Russians and the news last night of the unconditional surrender of all Germans in Italy, prove to me that this just about finished over here as far as fighting is concerned. There is one rumor that sounds very likely to me since we are one of the old set outfits & better rated outfit over here. We are to be given a sector to occupy, therefore we will be in the occupation army. I know that doesn't mean coming



home to you sweets; but there are a lot more behind it or not who have more time are here and deserve it more than I do. I would darn well rather be in the army of occupation than get to the S. Pacific. How do you feel about it sweets? Yes. honey I know how you feel I sometimes wonder if I would know you if I seen you. Gosh its been so darn long honey.

Sweets there isn't much for me to write from this end. Everything is going just fine with not much going on. I have court again today which is the last one thank heavens. I am also working nights again. That is from four in the morning on. It isn't bad I no more



than get up and its light so it doesn't seem like long at all. As I said there is nothing going on in fact almost everyone it seems has taken off some where on pass. Thankfully it makes it better especially around here for don't have so many people to bother you all the time.

Well what do you mean do I want to go to the show or work in the garden. When I get home I am going to do nothing but sleep, make love to you, and take it easy sweets. Work in the garden I like that. I'll gladly put the paper down for a hiss. In fact you may find it hard to make me pick one up.



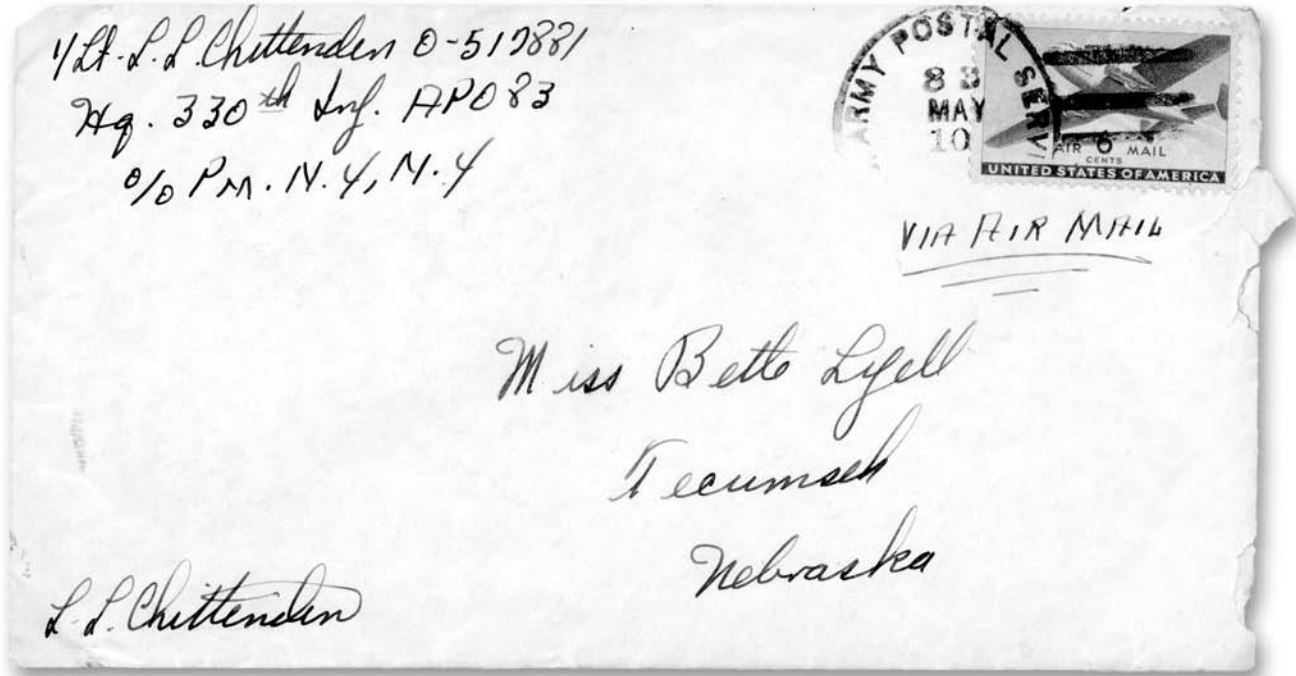
I think you have all the requirements  
of making the most wonderful wife in  
the world. Therefore I love you and I am  
going to marry you.

Honey its time to get everyone up. So  
I must stop no more news anyhow.  
Oh yes. I almost forgot - sweets I miss  
you more than you'll ever know, and I  
love you darling more than ever before.

Don't work too hard honey, and keep  
you pretty now in those books. I am  
thinking & missing you continually sweets.

all my love & kisses  
you I love you sweetheart,  
Larry.  
You are the sweetest  
thing on the  
Earth.





Germany - May 6, 1945

6 May 45

Germany

My dearest Darling Bette.

Sweets I started to write this two nights ago, and never got it finished so decided to start all over. I am sorry I have been so long in writing but moving put a kink into that. Then last night I felt so damn miserable that I didn't write. I have the worst cold I have had since I have been over here. I think it's due to warm weather and then cold, damp, & rainy weather the next. I was up all night last night with no sleep today so I don't know whether I can hold my eyes open long enough to finish this or not.



Honey I witnessed something day before yesterday that at one time I never knew if I would see it or not. On a patrol which made contact with the Russians. You never seen anything like it. In fact I couldn't begin to explain it on paper, but it was really an occasion I'll never forget.

Will the war over here is just the same as over here. In fact it is for us. We are now occupation troops and the longer that lasts the better I'll like it. I remember the day we all said we would throw a good one when it was over & here it is and you can realize it or pay little attention

to it. In fact we are all sweating out  
the South Pacific. Rumors have us  
well on our way.

Day before yesterday I got two letters  
from you sweet dated the 23<sup>rd</sup> + 24<sup>th</sup> of  
apr. first was a little late or mis-  
dated.

7 May 45

Honestly sweets I promise I'll get  
this finished and off to you. I got so  
damn sleepy last night I couldn't keep  
my eyes open long enough to finish  
it. of course the several drinks of champagne  
I had didn't help the matter in any  
way. Gosh sweets the war is over  
over here and one should celebrate.



I am going to do as you said sweets  
I am going to send this letter home.  
Your mother will probably have to for-  
ward it on to you. I can't figure  
how school can be over and you home  
before the last of this month.

Not a lot more to write from here.  
You should see the place we are living  
in. It's a beautiful castle or mansion,  
and sets up high on a hill above the  
town. It's really beautiful you can look  
out over all of the town & out into the  
green fields. It's really well & could  
spend the rest of my occupation time  
here. In fact the rest of the war.



Honey this just isn't anything else to write this time. Except that I miss you darling. By the way if we should be lucky enough to get thirty days in the states on the way to the Pacific, you can ~~be~~ figure on getting married sweets. If I was married now I would have a lot more chances of getting out of this thing; but that's water over the dam now. Honey I love you so very much remember that I care.

Don't work too hard sweets, and I hope school ends with a bang.

Love  
Your Sweetheart

all My Love & Care  
Larry



19 Aug. 45

Freyung, Germany

My Dearest Darling Betty:

I am sorry about my not writing very often sweets. I'll admit that I am not doing a whole lot; but I am on the go the biggest percentage of the time. This last week has been all mixed up with the war over. Fri. a holiday, everyone celebrating, and a big victory dance Fri. night. No one has been able to do anything this week, and don't feel like doing anything from here on out.

You never seen so many happy people the day the war ended, and there will be a lot more the day we all get home. Yesterday they called our 2 week maneuver

(over)

off and I think it made everyone more  
 happier than the end of the war. Due to  
 the fact that it was so much closer to  
 us than the war with the Japs. We have  
 also been placed back in the army of  
 occupation again. We are to relieve the  
 107<sup>th</sup> Div (who relieved us a month ago) this week  
 and start policing our old area again.  
 How it will effect our home coming  
 no one know, so far there is no change.  
 However, there are two possibilities; one  
 all low pointers be taken out & we be re-  
 filled with high pointers and go home the  
 same as ~~now~~ <sup>scheduled</sup>, or second ships all  
 the high pointers out and the Div remain  
 here as an occupation unit. Either way I  
 have enough points to get home. I have  
 80 now and with 6 more for additional months  
 over sea, plus five more for another Bronze



stars which I hope to get I'll have 91 points.

Well lets see honey the agreement was we  
wouldn't get married until the war was over,  
and it over now. What do you say? O.K.  
sweetheart you win even though the war  
is over. I do definately want to get married  
and fairly soon after I get home; but if  
you want to wait we will. I myself  
feel as if I have known you long enough  
to know I love you and that you are my  
ideal of a wife; but if you wish to wait  
a while I'll gladly comply to your wishes  
anything & everything to make you happy.

Gosh sweets I can hardly wait until  
I get your picture. It should be here any  
day now I know; but the mail is so  
messed up around here. Your letters are  
the same way I know you are working  
hard & don't have time to write as much as  
(over)

you used to, but the mail is so messed up & slow that it takes a year or a day for the ones you do write to get here.

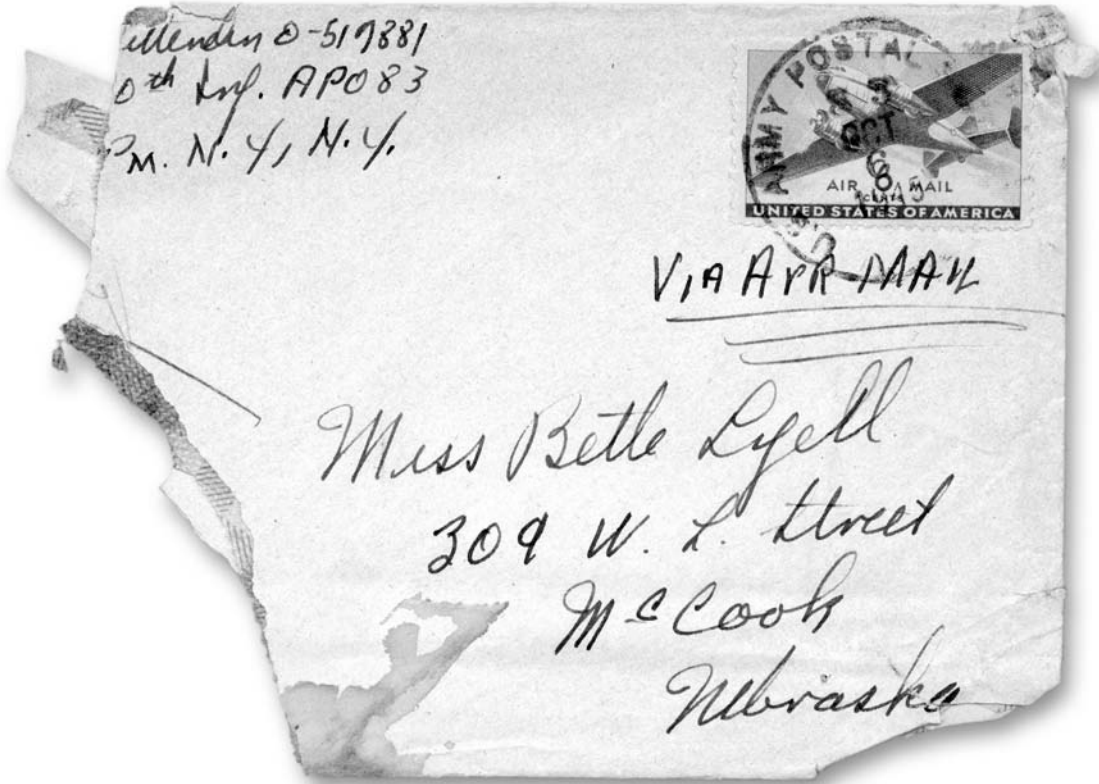
I can see that the banking business is keeping you plenty busy sweets. Just don't work too hard darling it isn't worth it. You mentioned not bringing many clothes with you. I'll gladly send you some money so you can buy some new ones if you want. I have more than I know what to do with it. In fact I think I'll just send you a money order for \$100. Don't give me any of your back talk either sweetheart.

Darling there isn't much more for this time everything is going O.K. am just waiting to get home to you. Oh! how I love and miss you honey. I get to thinking about you and almost go crazy. Please don't work too hard sweet.

I love you Sweetheart

all my love & kisses  
Larry





Freyung, Germany - October 6, 1945

6 Oct. 45

Freyung, Germany

My dearest Darling Betty:

Well honey I guess its high time that I wrote to you even though there isn't much to write from here. Everything is going O.K. and we are still waiting.

However, here is the latest information and the latest & last change I hope. All of us high point officers are to be transferred on paper to the 328<sup>th</sup> Inf Regt of the 26<sup>th</sup> Div. This month the 20<sup>th</sup>. We move down there between the 3 & 5 of Nov. to relieve them at that time we transfer to them. The last part of Nov the start their trip home, and are scheduled to land in Boston harbor the 5 of Dec. So it will be good old Boston. I want make it for the football games but will sure be there for Xmas. I figure a week at the most from Boston to Ft. Eisenhower, then home shortly afterward. Whether it will be a thirty day leave & then go back for discharge or a straight discharge I don't know yet for sure; but I'll be home for Xmas I know for sure.

There isn't a lot more news from here it has turned colder than the devil the



last week. In fact one of our companies on the border had four inches of snow yesterday. I'll sure be glad to get home, because I can take that Nebr. cold weather much better than I can this around here.

The silver star was for heroic action in Germany just the exact words I can't give you but it was for organizing a defense to hold off an enemy attack and for evacuating several wounded men under fire. I sent the write up to dad, you can read that and get a better idea. Yes, it gives me a total of 93 points now.

I hope you aren't working too hard sweetheart don't please it isn't worth it honey. By the way after the first part of the month you can address my mail to 328th Inf. APO 26.

Darling remember I still love you more than ever and miss you so much. I hope to be seeing you soon sweets. Don't work too hard.

all My Love & Kisses  
Larry

I Love You Sweetheart

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### OVER THERE

*Words and music by George M. Cohan*

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,  
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run,  
Hear them calling you and me;  
Every son of Liberty  
Hurry right away, no delay, go today,  
Make your daddy glad to have had such a lad  
Tell your sweetheart not to pine,  
To be proud her boy's in line.

Chorus:

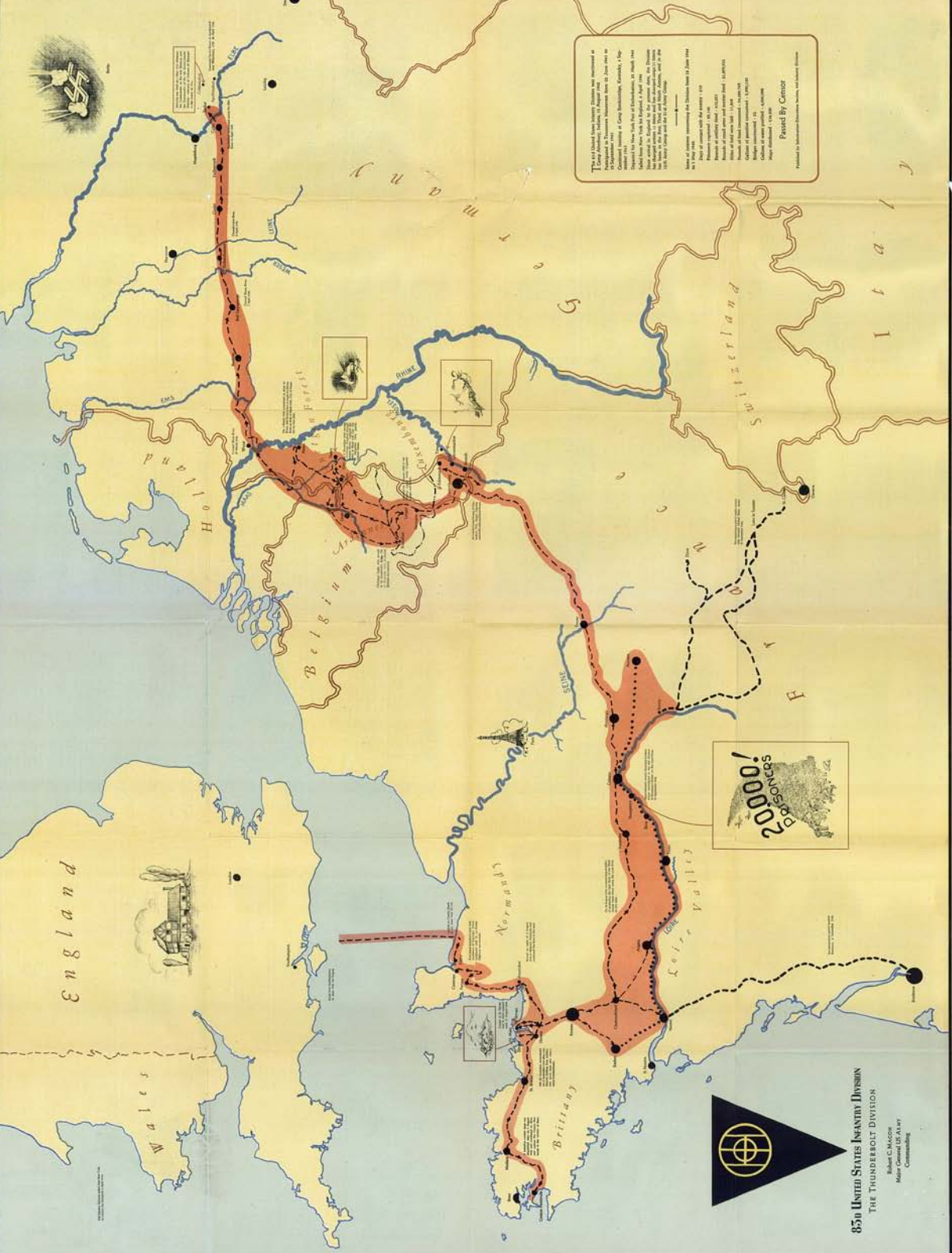
Over There, Over There  
Send the word, send the word,  
Over There  
That the Yanks are coming,  
The Yanks are coming,  
The drums rum tumming everywhere  
So prepare,  
Say a prayer  
Send the word,  
Send the word to beware  
We'll be over, we're coming over.  
And we won't be back till it's over over there!

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,  
Johnnie show the Hun, you're a Son-of-a-Gun,  
Hoist the flag and let her fly  
Like true heros do or die  
Pack your little kit, show your grit, do your bit,  
Soldiers to the ranks from the towns and the tanks  
Make your Mother proud of you and to Liberty be true.

Chorus:

Over There, Over There  
Send the word, send the word,  
Over There  
That the Yanks are coming,  
The Yanks are coming,  
The drums rum tumming everywhere  
So prepare,  
Say a prayer  
Send the word,  
Send the word to beware  
We'll be over, we're coming over.  
And we won't be back till it's over over there!

NORMANDY-BRITTANY-ST. MALO-LOIRE VALLEY-LUXEMBOURG



HURTGEN FOREST-THE ARDENNES-NEUSS-HARZ MOUNTAINS-ELBE RIVER



**85th UNITED STATES INFANTRY DIVISION**  
 THE THUNDERBOLT DIVISION  
 Robert C. Malone  
 Major General, US Army  
 Commander

2,000 PACES

The 85th United States Infantry Division was reactivated in France, Normandy, during the invasion of Normandy on 6 June 1944. It was assigned to the 1st US Army and fought the Battle of the Hurtgen Forest, the Battle of the Ardennes, the Battle of Neuss, the Battle of the Harz Mountains, and the Battle of the Elbe River. The division was deactivated on 1 July 1945.

Major General Robert C. Malone was the division's commander from June 1944 to July 1945. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his leadership during the Battle of the Hurtgen Forest. He was also awarded the Silver Star and the Legion of Merit.

The division's operations were supported by the 85th Central Postal Directory, the 85th Signal Battalion, and the 85th Medical Battalion.

Prepared by: Censor



