



With the Colors *April 17, 1945*

With the Thirtieth Infantry Division.—To the officers and men of the 230th Field Artillery battalion, an occupation of position was more or less routine procedure—but during the recent drive from the Roer river to the Rhine, these Artillerymen added a new chapter in their combat diary.

Playing an important role in this new experience was First Lieutenant Gene A. Barthelme of Sainte Marie. Lieutenant Barthelme, who wears one campaign star on his Theatre ribbon, is a forward observer of the battalion. In addition to his ribbon, Lieutenant Barthelme proudly wears a red stripe on each side of his helmet—symbol of a 230th Artillerymen.

The 230th Field Artillery battalion, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Lewis D. Vieman of Dickerson, Texas, have become veterans in artillery warfare. Landing in France on D-day+4, the battalion has given direct support to the 120th Infantry regiment during such famous campaigns as the crossing of the Vire canal, capture and break through of St. Lo, historic stand at Mortain, breaching the Siegfried line north of Aachen, and Battle of the "Bulge" in Belgium. And so it was the 120th-230th Combat team fighting once again on the plains of Cologne, following their assault crossing of the Roer river.

The "Doughs" of the 120th had taken the town of Kirchenherten the night before and while their sister regiment, the 119th, continued to push forward the following morning, Lieutenant Colonel Vieman was reconnoitering for a new battle position in the 120th sector. The terrain features that were most adapted for the battery gun positions were carefully studied by the battalion commander, when he called for the Reconnaissance party from each battery to come forward. Led by Major Raymond I. Clement Jr., battalion executive officer from Savannah, Georgia, the forward elements were welcomed at their new positions by rounds of German artillery that kept the men jumping from hole to hole. Dodging flying fragments from the artillery and tanks firing direct fire, the necessary plans were completed and the parties returned to their batteries.

A few hours later in the morning, the 230th received orders to move forward to the newly reconnoitered gun position—in face of the intense hostile shelling. As the howitzers bounced along the shell-beaten road, there was a look of grim determination on the faces of the men of the battalion. Into position, the chief of section led their guns, undaunted by the whine of shell fragments as the artillery burst near them.

The commands of the executive officers laying the batteries were heard over the clash of shovels digging into the ground of the Wehrmacht, the hurried steps of wiremen preparing the important lines of communications, and the continual hum of enemy artillery pounding its way into the battery areas.

Simultaneous operations with the battery preparations to fire are: The battalion fire direction center, where highly trained computers prepare data for the newly arrived howitzers; the battery ammunition sections, where the trains of artillery ammunition are handled from the rear areas to the guns; the battery maintenance section where echelons of service keeps the trucks rolling; and the battery kitchens, where hot meals are cooking on field stoves for the hard working artillerymen.

The teamwork of the battalion, coordinating men from the front lines of the infantry to the gun pits of the howitzers, begins to roll when the artillery forward observer with the "Doughfeet" sends in a fire mission to the fire direction center. As the radio transmits the observer's commands, the F. D. C. map board becomes the center of attraction, from the computers and operators prepare the data that is sent to the battery executives, who relay the commands to each gun. Each man's duty cooperating to send more and more artillery on the enemy.

And so another chapter is closed in the dairy of the 230th Artillerymen. A chapter that unfolded valor and heroism in demonstrating the highest traditions of the Field Artillery.

Mrs. Kenneth W. Walden of Yale received the following letter from her husband, Sergeant Walden, serving in the United States Army in New Caledonia:

"Here are some pictures which will

tell you better than a million words, what I have been seeing and doing with the 'Wildcats' since we left the United States. We will never forget that day back in June, 1944, when we stepped off good old home soil and joined the stream of 'best soldiers' who have passed through those portals at San Francisco port of embarkation. The first part of the journey to far away places brought us to where the war really began for us Americans. Being so near to Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian islands, made me realize for the first time that war is something that happens to me, and not just to other people.

"We worked hard while there, completing our training and getting ready for the battles ahead, but there was some time for fun, too, in the way of ball games and swimming parties. We had a pass to visit Honolulu and went swimming at Waikiki beach, just like we used to see others do in the movies back home. We had free movies every night and several stage shows. At one we saw our first real hula dancers, and later Bob Hope brought his show for us.

"Suddenly we were at sea again. Aboard our transport we read, wrote letters, played cards, and did some training too. We had boxing matches, shows, and bingo parties on deck for our entertainment. One sunny day in August we crossed the equator. At a ceremony filled with laughs, old 'King Neptune' transformed us from landlubber 'Pollywags' to trusty 'shellbacks.'

"On September 17, we invaded Angaur. We saw the Navy giving it a terrific bombardment from ships and planes. As H-hour neared, we boarded our landing craft and our men hit the beaches. Being thoroughly trained, carrying our finest equipment, with the greatest confidence in our officers and enlisted men, we gave a good account of ourselves on Angaur and Pelelire, and thanks to our fine teamwork, between Infantry Engineers, artillery and tanks. The medics did a wonderful job.

"As our doughboys pushed the Japs back, the Engineers would get busy with their bulldozers and clear away the rubble of shattered Jap buildings and broken trees. After the fighting was finished we fixed more comfortable living quarters and soon were having movies and shows, from talent among ourselves. One night we had a show put on by the natives of the island, dark skinned people, who are very happy that the Japs are gone, and we have taken over.

"The women gave us a native song and dance and the men, dressed in odd native costumes, went through wierd dances. Also some boxing matches between native boys, who learned how from us Americans.

"Christmas, 1944, was our first overseas, and we made it as cheerful and enjoyed it as much as possible. Church services Christmas eve were well attended and many groups managed to fix up decorations for a tree. Large quantities of Christmas packages from home had already been delivered and many saved them for opening on that day.

"We boarded transports and came to the island of New Caledonia, which is a nice place. Here we are doing some resting. The Red Cross has set up several recreation centers here and doing a swell job in helping us to enjoy ourselves. Also we've had opportunity to go on pass, play ball, swimming, boating, fishing and hunting. We also have had a series of impressive ceremonies at which medals for bravery and especially meritorious services against the enemy were presented to a number of our officers and men.

"The 'news map,' and our mascot 'Tuffy,' indicates something of what we have done here in the Pacific and what we expect to do to finish this war. This about covers the highlights of what we've been doing for the past nine months. I hope you enjoy these pictures. Keep them until I get home, and I'll be able to tell you a story about each one."

LISTEN MISTER

So you're tired of working, mister,
And you think you'll rest a bit;
You've been working pretty steady
lately,

And you're getting sick of it.
You think the war is ending
So you're slowing down the pace—
That's what you think, mister,
But you bet it ain't the case.
What would you think, sir,
If we quit now because we're tired
too?

We're flesh and blood and human,
And we're just as tired as you.
Did you ever dig a foxhole?
And climb down deep inside
An' wish it went to China
So you'd have some place to hide?
While buzzards with motors in them
Circle overhead,
And fill the ground around you
With hot, exploding lead.
And find you couldn't move
From debris, rock and dirt,
And feel yourself all over
To find where you were hurt?
And find you couldn't move

Though you weren't hurt at all;
You feel so darn relieved
That you sit there and bawl.
Were you ever hungry, mister?
Not the kind that food soon gluts,
But a gnawing, cutting hunger
That bites into your guts.
It's a homesick hunger, mister,
And it digs around inside;
It's got you in its clutches
And there ain't no place to hide.
Were you ever dirty, mister?
Not the wilting collar kind;
But the oozy, slimy, messy dirt
Or the gritty kind that grinds.
Did you ever mind the heat, sir?
Not just the kind that makes sweat
run,
But the kind that drives you crazy
'Til you even curse the sun.
Were you ever weary, mister?
I mean dog tired, you know—
When your feet ain't got no feeling
And your legs don't want to go.
But you keep them going, mister;
You bet your life we do,
And let me tell you, mister,
We expect the same of you.

—Private First Class Clyde Wade

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Eighteen year old James Christian, a coxswain in the Navy, is spending a seventeen day leave with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Earl J. Christian, of Casey, after a six months trip around the world after being torpedoed in the Pacific.

Serving with an armed guard aboard a freighter, Jimmy's convoy left from New Orleans, Louisiana, sailing southward through the Panama canal and the South Pacific to New Guinea and Australia. Just four days out from the kangaroo country, his ship was torpedoed by a Jap submarine, and the crew was forced to abandon, one being lost in the confusion.

Young Christian and several others drifted in a raft for fifty hours before being picked up by a troop transport. Later transferred to a tanker, they sailed to Iran and Italian ports, past the Rock of Gibraltar and across the Atlantic to South America, coming northward to New York.

Christian was not injured during the attack. This was the first time in his twenty-one months of sea duty that his ship went down.

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Mrs. Iva Snyder of Greenup has received a letter from her son, Sergeant Marshall Snyder, stating that he was recovering from chest injuries and burns about the hands which he received in action on the western front in Germany in March.

This was the first word the anxious mother had received since a telegram from the War Department informed her two weeks ago that her youngest son had been seriously wounded.

Mrs. Snyder has three sons in service, the other two being Corporal Lester Snyder in Italy and Private First Class Reah E. Snyder, who was recently transferred from India to an unknown destination with the Army Air Force.



John Harlan Seesengood of Newton, has completed his course of studies as an electrical mechanic in this Army Air Forces Technical Training school at Amarillo, Texas,

and is rated an electrical specialist.

His graduation from this technical school now fits him for electrical trouble shooting while in flight. When qualified as a gunner he will become a crew member of a heavy bombardment organization. As a fully qualified crew member gunner and electrical specialist he will help the Army Air Forces carry the war to the enemies homelands.

In addition to completion of the schedule of academic and practical studies as an aviation mechanic, he has been thoroughly drilled in military tactics and defense and a course of physical training that has conditioned him to meet all requirements of an American soldier.

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Mrs. Garland L. Williams of Newton has received a telegram from her husband, Motor Machinist's Mate Williams, stating that he will be home today. Mike has been overseas for the past eighteen months and has been hospitalized in Australia since January following an eye injury received in the Southwest Pacific.

Mike is co-owner of "Mike's place" here. He will have thirty days leave before returning to a hospital on the west coast.

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Mrs. Lorene B. Fehrenbacher of near Ingraham has word that her brother, Private Raymond J. Klingler of the Marines, is on his way overseas. Private Klingler entered the service in October, 1944.

Another brother, Private Lea A. Klingler, with the Eighth Air Force, is somewhere in France. He is with a Medical Detachment and works in a dispensary. He has been overseas since April, 1944.

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Mrs. Carl Flynn is in receipt of a letter from her husband, the first time she had heard from him in six weeks. He said he had landed on Okinawa island at 5:00 p. m. on D-day with a battalion of Engineers. On the way from Leyte island he spend nine days in the hospital of the ship with yellow jaundice.

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Sergeant Virgil A. Bliss of Newton, who is now at Hot Springs, Arkansas, after two years in the Aleutian islands, writes: "If any of the fellows from home are sent through here, we would be glad for them to come and see us at 618½ Park avenue, Hot Springs. We like it fine here. It is a beautiful place."

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Lieutenant Wheeler Sears has been promoted to captain. He is an intelligence officer in the Air Transport Command, stationed at an air base in Canada.

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Private First Class Lloyd "Bones" Derixson is visiting his father, Jasper Derixson. He is stationed in Louisiana.

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Sergeant Francis Kinsel is now in China with the Army Air Forces, he has written his wife at Newton.