



30th IDV of WWII Enjoy Another Successful Reunion

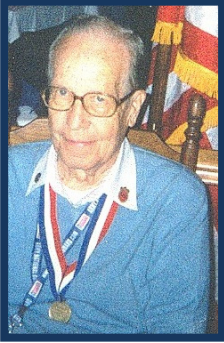


The 30th Infantry Division Veterans of WWII held their annual reunion in Nashville, TN on March 30 through April 03, 2011. There were only two (2) stalwart Old Hickory men who were able to attend this years reunion but Neil Trivette and Ken Hyatt did yeoman duty to set up our usual impressive memorabilia display, man the bar, deliver good cheer and provide a lean color guard for the memorial service. The "Iron 2" OHA Members, Neil Trivette and Ken Hyatt deserve a huge thank you and earth shattering round of applause from the rest of us OHA slackers. Unlike years past, even with the sounds of Glenn Miller drifting throughout the meeting area, our guys were so busy that they found it difficult to visit with some old friends like Frank and Mary Towers, Marion and Peggy Sanford, Vic Neiland, Frank and Wilma Currey, Dick Lacey or Roger Casey. They also were unable to spend much time to talk with Micha Tomkiewicz again (a Magdeburg Train and Holocaust survivor) who attended previous as well as this 2011 reunion. Matt Rozell, the Hudson Valley High School teacher attended along with General Robinson. Matt Rozell, who with his students developed a WWII oral history website. This incredible online project was integral to finding the Holocaust survivors who've attended these reunions. You may remember when General Robinson spoke at a previous reunion about why it's so important for him to attend 30th reunions in order to honor the memory of his father, Pfc. W.A. Robinson, 120th IR, 30th Infantry Division. The Saturday evening banquet was enjoyed by the veterans, their families and the many guests and was superbly emceed by Frank Towers. The evening was a great success. Maybe the OHA will provide much better attendance numbers for the 2012 Reunion. **Old Hickory!**





Old Hickory Mourns the Loss of Jack Moore



Jack Milton Moore, beloved second son of Lillian and Emerald W. Moore, was born October 13, 1923 in Kansas City, Missouri and died February 26, 2011 in Alva, Oklahoma. Jack grew up and was educated in Alva, graduating with a Bachelor's degree from Northwestern Oklahoma State University. He also earned a Master's degree from Central Missouri State University as well as an additional certificate from the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts.

Jack Moore was a WWII 30th Infantry Division "Old Hickory" veteran and was posted in the 30th Infantry Division's 119th Infantry Regiment. He landed in Normandy on June, 1944, doing combat throughout France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and fought in the Battle of the Bulge. Jack served overseas from February 1944 through March 1945, when after being wounded he was honorably discharged March 15, 1945. Jack was an active member of and a past President of the 30th Infantry Division Association. He made post-war visits to the European theater and enjoyed seeing a re-building Europe emerge from the destruction of World War Two.



In civilian life, Jack was a professional photographer, an educator serving in Kansas City, Missouri and in Derby, Kansas. In his hometown of Alva, he was known as a gentleman and enthusiastic promoter of all things Alva and Northwestern Oklahoma State University. He served on the boards of the Alva Public Library and the Northwestern Oklahoma Concert Series and was a member of the Kiwanis Club. He had an extensive personal library and enjoyed Laurel and Hardy comedy and memorabilia.

Jack and his family were members of the First Presbyterian Church where he was a serving Elder until his passing. He is survived by family currently living in Atlanta, Georgia, and by his beloved cat, *Sir Felix*. All of us are saddened by Jack's passing and he will most certainly be missed but never forgotten. **OLD HICKORY**



Jack Milton Moore Company "F", 119th Infantry Regiment, 30th Infantry Division



This is Jack Milton Moore's WWII story: Jack was born in 1923 in northeast Kansas City, MO., and moved to Alva, OK as a youngster. He graduated from high school in 1941, entered Northwestern Oklahoma State University in the fall, and joined the army in December, 1942 as part of the University's Army Specialized Training Program. After several moves for training, he eventually wound up at Camp McCain in Mississippi, a special replacement facility in preparation for D-Day. His group traveled first to Ft. Meade in Maryland for outfitting, then on to Camp Kilmer, NJ for embarkation from New York. After 11 days at sea they arrived at Glasgow, Scotland and traveled in a blacked-out train to southern England in preparation for the Channel crossing to France. His story continues below in his own words.

"We shipped out in a British ship and landed, as did all, at the only arrival point at Omaha Beach. All troops arriving at Omaha Beach had to climb the rather steep path leading to the top of the bluffs. The first thing we saw at the top was not a reassuring sight, a temporary cemetery for those who fell on D-Day. While there, we were given a sort of regular meal from the chow line. This was to be the last meal since from then on it was K-rations. In places where certain troops had a chow line, there were French civilians probing the garbage cans at the end of the line.



On a very black night we were traveling to the replacement depot, and during the ride I struck up a conversation with a guy who seemed to be on the same circuit as me. We started to laugh and couldn't stop. The rest were silent and did not join in. They thought we were nuts. At the replacement depot I was assigned to Company "F", 119th Infantry Regiment, 30th Infantry Division...Most platoons in F Company that were normally led by a Second Lieutenant (who came and went like travelers in Grand Central Station) were led by non-coms. Sometimes

platoons had to be combined and I didn't know half the time which platoon I was in. Replacements were sorely needed but an outfit didn't receive new troops with open arms or any gesture to form or make them part of their established set-up and the replacements were not anxious to join them, either. Units that trained together Stateside went overseas as a unit and had formed close relationships that made a difference. But as the war went on, most outfits became dominated by replacements due to casualties catching up with them.

As a rifleman, I moved out with the Company heading east through the hedgerow country. Casualties were high on both sides there. We were never told much where we were exactly or what we would be up against until it happened. During my days in F Company there was no rest area time, or a chance for a bath, for that matter. So, I was surprised that we got to see a USO show. Somewhere in Normandy we walked in the rain to a chateau where a portable stage had been set up for a performance by Dinah Shore. While it was certainly not the fault of Dinah, the troops were rather quiet and not showing their usual exuberant and enthusiastic selves when entertained. The reaction of combat-weary troops is usually shock because suddenly they're taken out of their war and for a brief spell are allowed to enter a world which they had dreamed about and then are quickly returned back into war.

There was always plenty of practice digging holes as we moved on. The last hole dug at night was hopefully a place to sleep (briefly of course). The holes were usually referred to as foxholes; actually we dug two main slit trenches. The holes were usually the only defense in a stationary position against artillery, except from a direct hit. Nothing is more terrifying than being in the hole under fire and praying not to get a direct hit. I was raised in a religious family, and my faith in God and prayer were greatly expanded. My survival was proof enough and my faith has never wavered.

The German army committed many atrocities and were always unpredictable. So far, we had not learned of the death camps since we had not advanced far enough east. There was stiff resistance across France, and the French were jubilant to be liberated, in spite of their loss of homes, families, etc. In some towns, we came across crowds surrounding one or two women who had been accused of collaborating with the Germans. The women were handled rather roughly and had their heads shaved. We regarded it as a French civilian affair and therefore our forces could not and did not interfere.

We eventually reached the Seine River near Paris. A special task force was formed there for a fast advance into Belgium. Various units were selected, including the 119th (not all were included because of the shortage of trucks and gasoline). This was the fastest advance in history at the time, but there were still nasty encounters along the way.

We crossed northeast France, the area of the worst trench warfare of WWI. We reached Tournai on the Belgium border just as the convoy ran out of gas. At Tournai, Belgium, we came in contact with the "FFI", the French Forces of the Interior, who played an important role with the Allies before and after D-Day. I gave one FFI fellow one of my grenades. He was delighted and treated it like a Christmas present. I've always wondered when and if it was put to good use.



It was at Tournai Belgium that my luck ran out by being in the wrong place at the wrong time and I was severely wounded. After a stop at the Battalion Aid Station, I found myself in a G.I. meat wagon with two wounded Krauts, headed for a tent facility in Versailles, France. In my time there I couldn't appreciate enough the life-saving ability of the Army field nurses. They were truly "angels of

mercy" and never received enough credit for their dedicated service, along with their many acts of kindness.

Later I was flown in an Army C-47 hospital plane from Bourget Airport in Paris to southern England. The plane had the best-looking nurses I had ever seen. It was no doubt an elite assignment route. After southern England, I spent time in western England at Malvern Wells in the Malvern Hills. I departed, again, from Southampton for Boston, USA, and I spent Christmas on a most stormy Atlantic with a convoy. After a short stay at Camp Edwards, MA, the final destination was Brooke General Hospital at Fort Sam Houston, TX. At Brooke ... I had a surprise visit from Academy Award-winner actor Paul Muni. I eventually made it to the VA facility in Wichita, KS, where I received an honorable discharge.

All GIs received certain service medals; mine included the Combat Infantry Badge (considered the most important one to us), the Purple Heart, the Bronze Star, and recognition medals: the European Theater, the American Defense, Victory medal, and Good Conduct medal. My contribution to the war effort was a small one and insignificant compared to the thousands who were left with lifetime handicaps, and most of all, those who made the supreme sacrifice – the high price paid for American to remain free. My small Company "F" of the 119th Regiment, 30th Infantry Division, suffered 162 killed, 650 wounded, plus one platoon that was captured. It seemed strange to be back home with family. It took a while to get adjusted to a sudden peaceful and safe environment. The unsung heroes of the war were the mothers, fathers, wives, sweethearts, and all who had to endure the worry and uncertainty, waiting for the safe return of their loved ones.





Old Hickory Engineers Bridge the Roer River



105th Engineer Combat Battalion 30th Infantry “Old Hickory “ Division, Ninth US Army

LTC Carroll Dunn, Lake Village, AR commander of the 105th Engineer Combat Battalion, had himself flown above the Roer River to better acquaint himself with the tasks we would be facing. Major Jack Allison, New Braunfels, TX, monitored river flow data. Captain James Rice, Los Angeles, CA was wounded again so Lieutenant Leland Cofer, Grand Junction, CO, took command of Company A. The Rhine River promised to be a bloodbath but first we had to conquer the Roer River.

A new replacement, Lieutenant Edwin O'Donnell, San Francisco, CA, was an accelerated war time graduate of West Point. LTC Dunn had us cross the placid Roer by boat to explore the far shore for enemy mines or explosive devices that could disrupt our upcoming assault, but we found none. We were about to return when he made an arbitrary decision; “Wait here“, he whispered, I'll be right back.” O'Donnell's decision really surprised me because we had accomplished our mission. None the less, I lay down prone in the mud, aimed my rifle down the middle of the road for what seemed like an eternity until a disturbance in the village was followed by pounding footsteps approaching my position. O'Donnell, passed me on the run whispering hoarsely, “ Let's get the HELL out of here!”. We reclaimed our boat and paddled with much vigor back toward our own side of the river.

When our engineer patrol sought to control the flood gates of the Schwammenauel Dam, they were repulsed by the Wehrmacht. The Germans had already destroyed the flood gate controls which



then flooded the valley two miles wide with cascading, white water sending trees, bushes, fences and small sheds downstream. We managed to escape the surging waters and to get to higher ground but our river crossing date had to be postponed. The unexpected delay gave us time to instruct our new replacements on the building of infantry support bridges. We double checked every item in the inventory to prevent possible shortages during actual construction. The bridge resembled a line of letters HHHHH with attached duckboard footbridges to whatever length it required to reach the far shore. Each 'float' was connected by rope to a large upstream steel anchor cable we had anchored to a tree on the enemy side of the river and to a 'dead-man' log on the friendly side. Bridges were assembled under camouflaged conditions and then hand carried down to the river. Our particular bridge would cross the river near the small village of Krauthausen. Lightweight bridges capsized if overloaded.

Lieutenant Paul B. Jones, Pittsburg, PA., was battlefield commissioned and the Browning Automatic Rifle (BAR) was his favorite weapon which he used with a vengeance. We often encountered enemy patrols and exchanged hostile fire with them and that usually resulted in casualties. Lieutenant Jones, my platoon leader, and a highly respected engineer officer, may have known fear, but I never saw it in him.



Lieutenant Jones sent T/4 Adam Burko and me across the river to check the security of the anchor cable. We launched a two man pneumatic boat into the turbulent river and were halfway across when we hit an underwater obstruction upending the boat dumping us into frothing white water. Our weapons splashed to the bottom of the river and Burko swam ashore but my pants had caught on barbed wire and the more I thrashed around to break free, the tighter it seemed to hold. I tried ducking under in an effort to rip myself free but that was all for naught with swirling water pushing me under again and again until I became totally exhausted. I knew then I was going to drown. Burko fought his way through strong currents to grab me by the collar to drag me ashore. Burko saved my life! At exactly 0330 on the 23rd of February 1945, thousands of allied artillery

tubes began firing from above the river against enemy emplacements beyond the river. It was the most hellacious artillery barrage I'd ever seen. Shells screamed overhead sounding like a dozen freight trains. The sky lit up like daylight from muzzle flashes bright enough to read a book. Bridge building teams stood up as far as the eye could see carrying one section after another down and launching them toward the enemy side of the river. Within thirty minutes the first float of our bridge into the river was nudging the embankment on the far shore.

To carry the duckboard and my rifle across to connect the float to the riverbank was too burdensome and so, I set my rifle aside and crossed without it. While making that connection, an enemy patrol appeared on the embankment directly above me and began throwing hand grenades



wounding two men installing stanchions and hand railings. Outmanned, outgunned and without my rifle was unsettling so I just hunkered down in the mud until they had exhausted their supply of grenades. Most grenades exploding in the water created small geysers, but one exploded hitting my leg, bloodying my pants, sock and boot. Medic PFC Gerlach, wanted to evacuate me, but we were short-handed and after he cleaned and bandaged my wound, I returned to help finish the bridge.

When our first wave of infantry jogged across our bridge, our artillery had to 'lift' to protect them from friendly fire. When the enemy crawled from their



bunkers, they returned a hellacious artillery barrage into our bridging area and so it was our job to keep repairing the damage. Enemy artillery took a heavy toll on man and bridge alike. We continued rebuilding broken sections and saving men attempting to get across with fifty pounds of combat gear. Some fell from broken sections and drowned. Others died clinging to broken floats colliding with others. Medics moved from man to man saving as many as they could while grave registration troops collected cadavers from among the dying. The stench of death and cordite permeated the area. We worked our way along the river bank tossing ropes trying to save those floundering under such adverse conditions while others, miraculously survived. When ten men in flat bottomed utility boat attempted to cross, it was frustrating to see them overturn or run aground isolating the men downstream on mud flats to face enemy snipers.



Alligators had been held in reserve for the Rhine crossing, but clear heads soon prevailed and they began hauling men safely across the river. Bridges, however, were designed to put more men across streams more rapidly, therefore, in spite of enemy fire, we pushed and pulled to rebuild as many sections as was possible under the circumstances until our assault troops could eventually overwhelm artillery positions in enemy territory to silence their 88 mm guns.

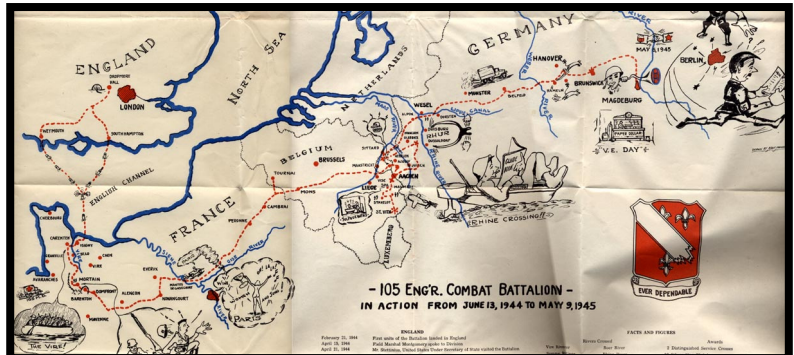
not quite daylight when we learned that the infantry had bypassed Krauthausen and we would have the dubious honor of liberating the village. So Captain Cofer led us and we moved in to encounter the results of our own artillery. Dead farm animal littered the landscape among shell holes, trees were shredded and houses were reduced to rubble. The German farmers really shouldn't have complained because we had plowed their fields, pruned their trees, butchered their livestock and air conditioned their houses! We entered the village unopposed, captured a camouflaged 88mm anti-aircraft gun and roused three Hitler Youth from their bunker. We expected a fire fight with the Wehrmacht troops defending the village but found they had fled into the nearby Hambach Forest. We followed them with Captain Cofer leading us into a deep darkness to face unseen enemies, hiding behind every tree with deadly automatic weapons.



We moved on up to our next job to clear a roadblock of trees blown across a road and got to clear an unmarked mine field that was awaiting us in a nearby field. 'Pappy' Morgan (our truck driver) delivered our tools of the trade before departing the scene. Two Sherman tanks were hiding in the trees and waited until we had cleared the roadblock. About that time, a British tank arrived with chain flayer to clear the mines but several chains failed, the tank

lost a track and this sent its crew scrambling for cover. When the first Sherman tank attempted to push through, we saw it get hit at its turret by a panzerfaust which killed the entire crew. The second Sherman attempted evasive action but it got hit in its fuel tank which exploded and incinerated every man inside. By this time, we were all totally exhausted from weeks of fighting the war of attrition and the enemy so we found a huge barn near the village of Wessel for the platoon to prepare food and finally get to sleep the sleep of total exhaustion before preparing to cross the Rhine River.

Article submitted by David Lester, who served with the 105th Engineers in WWII.



OHA UNIT NEWS

OHA Annual Business Meeting Is June 5, 2011

The Annual business meeting of the Old Hickory Association will be held at 12 noon on Sunday June 5, 2011, in front of the Raleigh Militaria Show exhibition hall ...**not at the stands of the Racetrack of the State Fairgrounds in Raleigh, NC....repeat not at the stands of the Racetrack of the State Fairgrounds in Raleigh, NC.** All current members should attend this session which is designed to allow you to voice your opinions, gripes, requests or to talk about the future direction of the OHA... you can discuss any topic which is near and dear to your little heart so why not plan to attend. Attendance has been getting more sparse as times have been getting tougher but we've always held this meeting to allow you to get out of the house, to avoid pesky domestic duties, to spend quality time with "real men" and to provide you with a great chance to see old pals and to spend lots of cash you don't have at the Raleigh Militaria Show! Hope to see you there.



Price of Freedom Museum in China Grove To Hold Their Annual D-Day Remembrance Event June 3 - 4, 2011



How about it Gomer? Are you gonna' sign up or not? The event set-up will be on Friday June 3rd and camping is available Friday evening for participants. We will have a cookout Friday evenings for those staying over. I would like to see enough OHA members so we can do a few demonstrations. Years ago at Celebrate Freedom in Columbia SC we did a full squad display and demonstration. With six dog tents and inspections for each member of the squad with correct equipment for each squad member. Then we did a demonstration of the tactical formations of the squad which ended with a simulated assault. I would like to have 1/2 dozen members so

we could do a demonstration of different uniforms used during the war. We can also do some firing demonstrations. I'll need your help getting all the tents set up or you won't tents to sleep in. So I need your commitment to get all the work that needs to get done to make a Class A presentation! Vehicle owners! Last year was great, let's see if we can top it this year. Please contact me if you can help make this a top notch event and especially help get the OHA displays back to being number one in the south as it used to be. Thanks, in advance, for your reply. Contact: Don Shupe shupeda@carolina.rr.com or call him at 704 - 431-2839 (before 8pm please)



Old Hickory Mourns the Loss of Jesse C. Holley



Mr. Jesse Cleo Holley, 91, of Clemmons, passed away Thursday, April 7, 2011. Jesse was born on January 27, 1920 in Winston-Salem to Jesse Cleveland Holley and Ollie Gibbs Holley. He was the owner and operator of Holley Printing Service, a member of the Mineral Springs Baptist Church where he served as deacon, trustee and teacher and was a member of the Forsyth Lions Club until his health began to fail.

Mr. Holley served in the U.S. Army for a total of five years starting before and then during World War II. His army service began with the 30th Infantry Division (**Old Hickory**) but ended up with service in the 63rd Field Artillery of the 24th Infantry Division which saw action in the South Pacific. When he returned from the service, he was married to Gladys Lee Williams on April 5, 1947. He is survived by his wife; a sister-in-law, eight nieces and four nephews. A Funeral Service was conducted at Mineral Springs Baptist Church on April 9, with the Rev. Gus Thomas, Dr. Cecil Cave, and the Rev. Keith White officiating.

Old Hickory Pin Up

May

<u>S</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>T</u>	<u>W</u>	<u>T</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>S</u>
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29	30	31				

June

<u>S</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>T</u>	<u>W</u>	<u>T</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>S</u>
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Items For Sale

OHA Items:

Grey T-shirt w/OHA logo, S-XL \$10., XXL \$12.50 Golf Shirt, White or Grey, w/ OHA logo, S-XL \$22.50 XXL \$25.00 Grey Sweatshirt w/ OHA logo, S-XL \$18.00, XXL \$20.00 Ball Cap, Grey body w/ blue bill w/ OHA logo \$11.00 Prices do NOT include shipping. Brett says to "Order directly" from: Custom Embroidery Company 123 Wooding Ave. Danville, VA 24541 ph. 434-799-3153 Tell them you are an OHA Member.

Reproduction Items:

WWII Reproduction Rations - Complete reproduction of WW2 K ration, C ration and D bars, as well as other such accessories as Foot Powder, Charms, PK Gum, fuel tablets, batteries and much more. Catalog available. . www.angelfire.com/nc/stug or mail to:

Todd Hogan, 225 S. Melville Street, Graham, NC 27253 or you can e-mail me at -thogan@triad.rr.com

World War II Impressions – U.S. Army uniforms and accessories. Catalog available.

7165 Adwen Street, Downey, CA 90241 Fax and Phone – (562) 927-6922

Email at – www.wwiimpresions.com/contact.htm

What Price Glory – Reproduction uniforms and accessories. No Catalog available.

238-A Commission Street, Salinas, CA 93901 Toll Free Order Line) – (888) 431-2351

Inquiry Line (831) 754-2351 <http://www.whatpriceglory.com/usunif.htm>

Upcoming Events

April 30, 2011

NCNG - Col. Powell

Steeple Chase Event

Mineral Springs, NC

Contacts: Mike Owens

Walt Sowinski

May 7, 2011

American Legion Post 116

Honor WWII Vets Event

Fuquay-Varina, NC

Contact: Walt Sowinski

May 21 - 22, 2011

Latta Plantation

Huntersville, NC

Contact: Ron Crawley

May 27 – 29, 2011

Kings Mountain Timeline

Kings Mtn, SC

Contact: Ron Crawley

June 3 - 4, 2011

Price of Freedom Museum

China Grove, NC

Contact: Don Shupe

June 5, 2011

OHA Business Meeting

Raleigh Fairgrounds

Raleigh, NC

Contact: Neil Trivette

June 3 – 5, 2011

Reading Airshow

Reading, PA

Contact: Ken Hyatt

July 4, 2011

Faith Forth Parade

Faith, NC

Contact: Don Shupe

