



Lee Minear

January 16, 1921 – May 25, 2008

**U.S. Army Military Service
in the European Theater of Operations,
November 1944 – June 1946
4th Infantry Division, 22nd Infantry Regiment,
3rd Battalion, I Company
“thumpin’ third of the double deux”**



by Mary Elizabeth Cavert © 2008

In 2008 – March 18, 19, 20, 30, and April 6, 26 – I had conversations with my father, Ogle Lee Minear, about his service in the U.S. Army during the Second World War. Lee is 87 years old and these are the first memories he has shared with his family. He admits that his memory may be faulty on details, but his recollections are supported by numerous World War II resources (after he read this, he said, “It’s close enough, your guess is as good as mine.”). He remembered a few different versions of the “house in the Huertgen,” so I’ve included the variations. There was much that he could not tell, it was very difficult for him to talk about it, he was very emotional -- so I have tried to supplement his record with writings from additional WW2 veterans and historians. This history was collected for Lee’s three grandchildren, who are now all older than he was when he was wounded in World War II. His narrative will be typed in **Arial Font** and additional information from other sources will be typed in **Times New Roman Font**.



Family History

Lee’s great (7 generations) grandfather, **Wilhelm Minnir** (b.1650) was an armorer and master of the forge in service of the Count of Hohenlohe in the Odenwald District, East of the Rhine River, near Heidelberg, Germany [see a map at the end of this paper]. The Minnirs and collateral families lived in an area of Germany about 135 miles southeast of the village where Lee Minear was wounded in World War II. Wilhelm’s grandson, **Johann (Hans) Georg Minnir**, emigrated from Germany to Pennsylvania in 1732.

Several of Lee’s ancestors served in the American military. His great (x3) grandfathers **David Minear**, **Nehemiah Hurley**, and (possibly) **William Forbes** [not documented yet] served in the Revolutionary War. Lee’s grandfather, **David Minear**, and great-grandfathers **Alpheus Minear** and **David Forbes, Jr.** served in the Union Army in Missouri.

State Side

Lee Minear was a student at the University of Iowa, majoring in mathematics and commerce, where he was enrolled in the ROTC program for two years. He was drafted into the U.S. Army in August 11, 1942 and was inducted at Camp Dodge, Iowa. He had basic training at Ft. Bliss in El Paso, Texas. “We climbed mountains for six weeks.” He was trained as a sharpshooter with the rank of Sergeant.



He went to Camp Hahn in Riverside, California, where he was a Chaplain’s Assistant, through Christmas of 1942. He attended dances at a local USO (United Service Organizations) club, probably *The Hollywood Canteen* (which opened in October of 1942) and danced with its founder, Bette Davis [his pass was for Dec. 24 – 27] and he was in California March 22, 1943, at least.



He went home to Iowa on leave and saw his brothers, Paul and Glenn, who had been commissioned as 2nd Lieutenants in the US Army. Lee wanted to outrank his older brothers, so he applied for OCS (Officer’s Candidate School). By the end of the war, he did outrank them.





He was assigned to the Army's Anti-aircraft Artillery Officer Candidate School at Camp Davis in southeastern North Carolina. The primary firing range for Camp Davis was at Fort Fisher for coastal anti-aircraft artillery training. Firing ranges were located away from main camps when they were near towns and shells could be fired over the ocean.

He remembers swimming in the Atlantic Ocean, (probably at Sears Landing) and he swam out too far to see land in between the swells. He had to tread water until the waves went down, and he could find the beach, before he could swim back.

He earned a commission in the AAA with the rank of 2nd Lieutenant, was discharged to "accept an appointment and active duty" on September 15, 1943, and went to Camp Edwards in Massachusetts, near Cape Cod -- and then was sent by train back to California. He may have done some artillery training in the desert near Barstow, CA. at Camp Irwin.

But he was almost immediately reassigned to Fort McClellan in Anniston, Alabama, home of the 22nd Infantry Regiment. He trained white and black enlisted men in anti-aircraft artillery. Fort McClellan was the home of the Infantry Replacement Training Center, which trained recruits in basic soldiering skills. "I was a teacher teaching something I knew nothing about."



During the war, the Army's policy of racial segregation continued among enlisted members; Army training policy, however, provided that blacks and whites would train together in officer candidate schools (beginning in 1942). Officer Candidate School was the Army's first formal experiment with integration. Black and white candidates lived separately, but all of the candidates trained together. Despite this integrated training, in most instances, the graduates would go on to join racially segregated units.

***Integration Of The Armed Forces 1940-1965* by Morris J. MacGregor, Jr.**

<http://www.history.army.mil/books/integration/IAF-02.htm>

In the summer of 1944, Lee heard that both of his brothers had been sent overseas. Because of air superiority and a badly damaged Luftwaffe, the Army didn't require more anti-aircraft gunners -- so Lee applied to be a paratrooper. Paul and Glenn were in Normandy, France and Paul had been wounded. Lee went home to Newton, Iowa, on leave; he was assigned an ID card on August 8 and received his orders to report to the infantry as a "replacement" in October 1944.

Paul L. Minear (1916-2005) – 1st Lieutenant served overseas for 27 months with the Ninth Reconnaissance Troop, Ninth Infantry Division. Wounded June 19th 1944 near Barnesville France during the Normandy invasion. He was awarded the Silver Star, Purple Heart, and three battle stars. [see document at end]

Glenn E. Minear (1918-1961) – 1st Lieutenant served overseas for 2 years with the 109th infantry, 28th Division. He was awarded the Bronze Star, Combat Infantryman's Badge, French Government citation, and five battle stars. He served in Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland and Central Germany.

O. Lee Minear – Captain served 45 months with 18 months overseas for Fourth Division, 22nd Infantry, Company I. Awarded the Bronze Star [?], Purple Heart. [Combat Infantryman's Badge, two battle stars]

~~ from **Dennis Minear**, email quoting family scrapbook, April 14, 2008

Lee took a train to Boston where he saw his sister-in-law, Betty, Glenn's wife, and then he left from New York City on the Cunard Line's RMS *Queen Mary* in October 1944.



The *Queen Mary*, re-painted in camouflage gray ("The Grey Ghost"), was fast enough so that it did not use an escort convoy and could avoid German submarines by zigzagging across the Atlantic to the Firth of Clyde at Glasgow, Scotland [he remembers it, probably incorrectly, as Edinburgh]. She could transport as many as 16,000 American troops.



On the ship, officers had waiters and good food. Lee said he joined his men below deck. He helped them get inoculated. Lee shared a cabin with five other officers. One evening, movie star PFC Mickey Rooney used the shower in his cabin after a performance.



Rooney did a tour of "Jeep Shows" for troops in France, Belgium, and Germany. He served from June 1944 to March 1946 with the Army's Special Services Battalion [photo: April 1945]

Regiment History

Lee was assigned to the **22nd Infantry Regiment** as replacement officer in **I [Item] Company** – it was attached to the **4th Infantry Division**, part of Patton's Third Army. The 22nd IR had assaulted Utah Beach in Normandy in June 1944 and fought to Cherbourg and across the hedgerows of France. It joined the 4th ID for Operation Cobra in Belgium in September 1944.



On November 16, 1944, the 22nd Infantry Regiment was part of Operation Queen to clear the way to the Roer River and take the village of Grosshau in Belgium in order to secure the river dams along the German border. The 22nd IR relieved the 28th Infantry Division, which had sustained brutal losses in the Huertgen Forest. The 22nd fought in the Huertgen until they were pulled out because of casualties and exhaustion. The 22nd Regiment lost 85% of its soldiers as casualties and wounded, but with a constant stream of individual replacements, the regiment maintained its strength at about 75%. [see summary of the 22nd IR at the end of this paper]



By December 3, the 22nd IR was attached to the 83rd Infantry Division and took positions along the Moselle Valley through December 7. The 22nd crossed into the "quiet zone" in Luxembourg by December 12 to re-join the 4th ID and to rest (in Luxembourg City, Echternach). Hitler launched the Ardennes Offensive (Battle of the Bulge) into the Allied line on December 16. The 22nd relieved the embattled 12th Regiment and were in Luxembourg on Christmas Day 1944. They returned to Belgium on January 28, 1945, fighting along the Siegfried Line (the "West Wall") and re-entered Germany on February 7, 1945.

In January [1945] the Division launched a counterattack across the Sauer River on the town of Fuhren where it successfully pushed back the stubborn German forces. By the beginning of February it had again arrived at the Siegfried Line, facing the familiar defenses of the Schnee Eifel [snow mountain]. Once more successfully breaching the formidable West Wall, it mounted the ridge for the second time, driving southeast toward the Pruem River to join the fight for the bridgehead into Germany.



4th Infantry Division Chronicles <http://www.history.army.mil/matrix/4ID/4id-cc.htm>

Lee was wounded on February 10, 1945 near Pruem [Prüm], Germany and evacuated to Paris for surgery.

Hürtgenwald

Lee arrived in Edinburgh [? probably Glasgow], took a train through England and crossed the English Channel to the port city of Le Havre, France.

A series of camps, named after American cigarette brands, were located outside of the severely damaged city and port.

In late 1944 these camps were rather primitive places, usually sprawling tent cities characterized by a sense of transience, with little if any conveniences. These "canvas" camps were at the mercy of the weather that was particular to Northern Europe in the Fall and Winter of 1944-45, and many U. S. veterans who spent time at any of them before the onset of the Battle of the Bulge and prior to being shuttled forward recall nothing but cold rain and colder mud, and, of course, snow. Trenchfoot ran rampant. So did the flu. <http://www.skylighters.org/special/cigcamps/cigintro.html>

He traveled across newly liberated France. "We walked a lot. I was taken in a truck and dumped off at the edge of the Hurtgen Forest in Belgium on November 1, 1944."

The Hurtgen Forest, covering roughly fifty square miles just south of ancient city of Aachen along the German-Belgium border, was described by those who were there, as a "weird and wild" place. Here "the near one hundred feet tall dark pine trees and dense tree-tops gave the place, even in daytime , a somber appearance" ...

After the war, German General Rolf van Gersdorff commented, "I have engaged in the long campaigns in Russia as well as other fronts and I believe the fighting in the Hurtgen was the heaviest I have ever witnessed." ...

Both German and American troops fighting here had to share these deplorable conditions: exposed to incessant enemy fire, fighting daily without relief, receiving little support from their own artillery, drenched in frequent rain, and without the possibility of changing clothes. Forsaken as they were they had no choice but to hold out and die in hopeless resignation. Oddly enough, one-half of the Americans who fought here had German - American ancestry which meant that three quarters of all the combatants in the Hurtgen Forest were either German or of German origin.

Battle of Hurtgen Forest Ernie Herr http://www.5ad.org/hurtgen_joe.htm

... the Huertgen Forest, the scene of the most bitterly contested battles of the entire campaign. The enemy had all the advantages of strong defensive country, and the attacking Americans had to depend exclusively on infantry weapons because of the thickness of the forest.

Crusade in Europe General Dwight D. Eisenhower

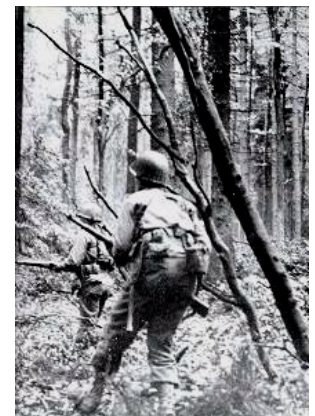
So short was the front-line stay of some men that when evacuated to aid stations they did not know what platoon, company, or even battalion and sometimes regiment they were in. Others might find themselves starting their first attack as riflemen and reaching the objective as acting squad leaders.

"Docking in Scotland in early November, he found himself in the Huertgen Forest by the middle of the month. At the Service Company of the 22d Infantry someone took away much of what was called 'excess equipment.' From there Sussman and several other men 'walked about a mile to some dugouts.' At the dugouts the men received company assignments, and their names and serial numbers were taken down. A guide then led them toward the front lines. On the way they were shelled and saw a number of 'Jerry' and American dead scattered through the forest. Private Sussman said he was 'horrified' at the sight of the dead, but not as much as he might have been 'because everything appeared as if it were in a dream.'" The Siegfried Line Campaign

<http://www.history.army.mil/books/wwii/Siegfried/Siegfried%20Line/siegfried-ch20.htm>



The Huertgen Forest.



Unlike the Germans and the British, the U.S. and the Soviet armies didn't pull their units out of the front line to make up their losses. Replacements were dribbled in as needed. The attrition rate for replacements was often 50% in their first three days in combat. That turned out to be just what Buck experienced. He and one other replacement got sent straight out to the front line. On their very first day there, the other new guy was shot and killed right in front of Buck. Buck said the woods he fought in were so thick you could only see the two guys on either side of you. They fought through the winter of '44 - '45, one of the coldest in European history with the temperature going below zero [F]. They slept out in the mud or the snow often without shelter and Buck once told me none of them ever caught a cold. They went day after day on cold rations since any kind of smoke would attract the German artillery. After the war Buck would never eat Spam™, saying he had been forced to eat it cold too many times during the war. **Buck Brener, 8th Infantry Division, 28th Infantry Regiment** <http://members.aeroinc.net/breners/buckswar/>

When Lee joined the 22nd in Huertgen he was a platoon leader in I Company of soldiers embedded in the woods. They slept on the open ground in the snow (soldiers dug foxholes which they would try to cover with logs or branches. It was not uncommon to wake up under a new snowfall but the forest was always wet). On his first night, he crawled into a "cave" with 4 or 5 men.

He never really knew anyone in his platoon or company. There were three men to a foxhole, one kept watch for about 2 hours while the other two huddled together for warmth to sleep. Lee also did guard duty with his men. He said that when they weren't in foxholes, they used logs for shelter.



On his first day after arriving in the Huertgenvald, Lee's platoon was sent out on patrol at the edge of the forest and found a cabin. It was just before evening and light enough that they could see the tripwires 9 inches off the ground and step over them. The cabin had two sets of bunk beds and Lee sat down on a pile of mattresses to study a map to decide how to deploy his men. After he had left the area, his sergeant found him later and said, "Hey, Lieutenant! You sat on a kraut in the mattress." They had found a young German soldier, about 15 years old, in uniform. "He was lucky he was wearing a German uniform, some would have US uniforms [or civilian clothes] and those weren't treated so well." Lee said he "wasn't bothered at all" about finding a young prisoner.

The next day, they found an abandoned farmhouse (he said it was a beautiful home) with a barn attached. Lee slept upstairs in the house and his men were in the barn. There were boxes of German grenades in a room upstairs. The next morning, they came under German rifle fire in a counterattack. Lee started throwing grenades out the window. The box was under the window, "I opened the window first, pulled the pin, and threw the grenade out. That worked, so I started throwing the others. When I bent over to pick up a grenade, they opened fire with a machine gun, moving across the house. They shot through the window and shattered the mirrors on the wall behind me when I was leaning down to get the grenade." His sergeant yelled, "Lieutenant, stay down (or maybe it was get away from that window!)." He went downstairs and encountered a young German who had come around the corner of the barn -- Lee shot him with his pistol. At that time, he says he was only carrying a pistol because he was an officer. Reinforcements arrived to drive the Germans away and they were able to leave.



I remember when [we] were preparing for our tour of Europe in the summer of 1974, and planning to visit Bastogne where your dad had served during the Battle of the Bulge, that he reluctantly and hesitatingly told us a few of his wartime memories, and your mom said it was the first time that he had ever talked of them. ...

When he told us the story in 1974, I think Lee said that his squad had been sleeping in the upper level or loft of the farmhouse or cabin, and he dropped down from the loft in the morning and was very startled to encounter the German there. He said the German was likely foraging for food and must have been desperately hungry to have taken the risk of sneaking into a house where he probably knew that American soldiers were upstairs. Lee said he and the German were both momentarily frozen with fear and he just was able to react more quickly. I think it's amazing that your dad had this sudden encounter when he had just awakened and hadn't left the supposed safety of the farmhouse -- he was probably just going to pee -- and yet he was carrying his rifle, as he undoubtedly had been trained to do. If he had left his weapon

leaning against a chair in that farmhouse, the outcome would have been different; he survived in part because he was good at being a soldier. For soldiers in those circumstances, living or dying surely depended mostly on blind luck, but being smart and competent made a difference too. **Harlan Cavert, April 2008.**

There was another lieutenant in his platoon, Lt. Schneider. Schneider said he was going to put Lee up for a Silver Star for throwing the grenades (Lee said in April 2008, "If I knew then what I know now I would have to him to put me up for a discharge!"). Schneider was always asking to report back to Battalion headquarters. "What do you want to report?" "I want to find out about The Big Picture." Lee told him, "The Big Picture is right in front of you!" Lee finally told him to go and never saw him again.

Lee's Captain was a "handsome guy" and he heard he was badly wounded or killed. He doesn't remember his name. The Captain lived in a "cave," a dug-in bunker (fortified with logs). He gave Lee his First Lieutenant bars. Lee saw General Barton, only once, standing on a hill when he told the troops to "Give 'em hell!" and then "he walked back as far as he could get."

[November 17 1944] The **3d Battalion**, in reserve covering the rear against German infiltration, had no direct contact with the enemy, but nevertheless suffered heavy casualties from artillery. The battalion commander, Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Teague, the last remaining infantry battalion commander in the division who had landed as a battalion commander on the Normandy beaches, and a large part of his staff became casualties within three minutes of the 1st Battalion Commander's death. The artillery did not let up and later that morning, Major James Kemp, the new 3d Battalion Commander radioed his position was "hot as hell". ...

Although there was no regimental attack on 19 November, fighting continued. Even the regimental command post was not immune from attack. Lieutenant Robert Mitchell, the Regimental Headquarters Commandant, was killed when bypassed Germans attacked the regimental command post. Getting the call for help, King Company attacked the enemy position near the command post, but couldn't destroy it. **Item Company** attempted to alleviate the supply situation when it cleared Road W to the regiment's northern boundary. ...

Every day since 20 November had brought some measure of sleet or rain to augment the mud on the floor of the forest. To get supplies forward and casualties rearward, men sludged at least a mile under constant threat from shells that burst unannounced in the treetops and from bypassed enemy troops who might materialize at any moment from the depths of the woods. ...

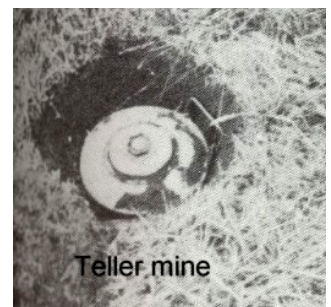


On 22 November, Colonel Lanham again used deception with good success. He had the 1st Battalion, along with two battalions of artillery, engage the Germans just north of Road X, while the full strength **3d Battalion**, with companies in column in the order King, Love, and **Item**, swung around the 1st Battalion's left flank. The 3d Battalion moved several hundred yards up the Schiefersiefen Creek to the head of the draw, where it turned south and passed behind the enemy facing the 1st Battalion, in the process capturing an anti-aircraft gun and two 88mm anti-tank guns. Although the 3d accomplished this maneuver without ever making serious contact with the enemy, artillery fire killed the King Company Commander, Captain Charles Whaley and caused his company to lose contact with the battalion.... When the 3d Battalion reached the junction of Roads V and X 600 yards west of Grossshau, the battalion halted and established an all-around defensive perimeter. **Paschendale with Treebursts - Robert S. Rush**

On Thanksgiving Day 1944, they were fighting in the woods. The commanders, who were ignorant of conditions at the front, insisted that all the soldiers get a Thanksgiving meal, which was a logistical nightmare. Nonetheless, Lee says they got turkey in a box that "still had feathers in it."

"I'll never forget Thanksgiving in '44," he [Sergeant Bieder] said. "They said all the troops were going to have turkey for Thanksgiving. We did get turkey -- cold turkey sandwiches with cold coffee! It was a cold rainy day, and we were sitting in foxholes with water up around your waist. But boy, damn it, it tasted good!" ... One thing we were told was never to take a path that is already made in the woods or the forest for fear of land mines being planted there.

<http://www.defenselink.mil/news/newsarticle.aspx?id=24868>



" You can't get protection. You can't see. You can't get fields of fire. The trees are slashed like a scythe by artillery. Everything is tangled. You can scarcely walk. Everybody is cold and wet, and the mixture of cold rain and sleet keeps falling. They jump off again and soon there is only a handful of the old men left."

Turkey sandwiches and "luke cold coffee" went forward to the rifle companies of Thanksgiving Day, the 24th. This was the only hot meal to be served to the soldiers of the line during the 18-day battle.



[November 25] The 3d Battalion also met little initial opposition as it moved through the woods. King Company was on the left and Love was on the right. The battalion's unexpected attack swept rapidly to the edge of the woods northeast of Grosshau, capturing some Germans and bypassing others who surrendered later. **Item Company** captured Foresthaus Grossshau. By 0845 hours the battalion was in position along the edge of the woods. All indications received pointed to Grossshau being lightly defended, and Major Kemp assumed a coordinated attack on the village using armor and infantry would capture it quickly. Unfortunately, getting the armor up through the minefields and mud to the infantry took four hours, delaying the attack until 1330 hours. Then coordination failed when the assault began, and only three tanks and one tank destroyer left the woods with the infantry. As the tanks emerged from the edge of the woods, German anti-tank fire destroyed all



three. The tank destroyer pulled back into the woods. Three more tanks 300 yard back in the woods were then destroyed by anti-tank fire. The infantry in Love and King Companies were hit as soon as they left the woods by a massive artillery barrage and forced back. For three hours German artillery rained on the battalion and artillery bursts cut down almost every tree in the area. The concentrations were so heavy and accurate that at on of the 3d Battalion's positions, eight of eleven scattered foxholes sustained direct hits, and fragments struck the other three. The **Item Company** Commander, Lieutenant William Lee was wounded. At about 1500 hours, Kemp called off the attack.

Although Grosshau did not fall, 101 Germans were captured and two of the 22d's battalions were on the edge of the woods.

By November 27, more than half the soldiers in the regiment had fallen; in fact almost as many replacements (1640) had arrived as there were soldiers in all the rifle companies at full strength (1737).



[November 28] The 3d Battalion's casualties were still relatively few, although a heavy toll of leaders had been taken. The battalion was almost at full strength with only about 20 percent replacements in its ranks. Nevertheless, the 3d Battalion was not a fresh unit. Its soldiers had also been living, working, digging, patrolling, skirmishing, and dying for nine days in the Hurtgen Forest. The soldiers of the regiment had been in the forest for twelve days. Their miserable existence consisted of rain dripping through the trees, never-ending mud, never getting dry, never getting warm, no hot food, not enough sleep, and laying at night shivering, wrapped in raincoats in foxholes filled with cold water. The soldiers were becoming enfeebled even without enemy action. For days on end, the constant artillery fire kept soldiers close to their water filled holes. ...



Major Kemp, commanding 3d Battalion 22d Infantry, ... knew his battalion would eventually be required to take either Grosshau or the woods east of the village. In the words of his operations officer, Lieutenant George Bridgeman, "He didn't want the Krauts looking right over his left shoulder."

[November 30] The 22d Regiment's next objective was the wooded area between Grosshau and Gey, the last bit of the Hurtgen Forest before the Roer plain. Lanham ordered the 2d and 3d Battalions to attack northeast to the edge of the woods facing Gey. ... Love Company was on the left and **Item Company** was on the right. Fourteen tanks and tank destroyers supported the attack with eight on one flank of the battalion and six on the other. The tanks and tank



destroyers on both sides then crossed their fires in front of the advancing infantry. As the 3d Battalion Narrative relates, this was a " . . . rather ticklish maneuver to make -- that is to keep the tanks on both sides abreast of the infantry -- It is remarkable that only once did one of the tanks get a little behind and accidentally shot four of our men." ...

The soldiers in the rifle companies now faced a new problem, the shortage of drinking water. Earlier in the battle, soldiers had obtained water from the Weisser Weh Creek. Now they had to find water in small streams and then carry it up to the soldiers on the front lines. Private First Class Fern L. Hartman noted the severity of the crisis and what soldiers did to obtain water: "We had plenty of rat[ion]s, food and ammunition, but never enough water. We put raincoats over our holes and tried to catch some of the rain and sleet, but invariably a shell would come along and splash some mud into what we had carefully collected." The use of raincoats to acquire water worked when the soldiers were not moving, but they certainly must have gone without water for long periods when they were attacking. ...

Colonel Lanham planned on 2 December to send a task force from the 1st and 3d Battalions to clear the front of the 2d Battalion and get the 2d forward to tie in with the 1st. A German counterattack from Gey struck before daylight between Baker and **Item Companies** stopped the maneuver before it started. The Germans attack immediately penetrated to the rear of **Item Company** and surrounded its command post. "The attack was of 250 strength, **I Company** is dispersed, tanks and K Company have gone to help. G6 [Barton] asked how much we had on line. S6 [Lanham] said only thin line." Rather than withdraw, Lanham committed his reserve and told his units to "hold on and fight."



The German penetration was shortly wiped out by infantry and tanks. The line was restored. Because of its heavy losses, MG Raymond O. Barton, the 4th Division commander, requested that the 22d be relieved "because the had attacked until there was no attack left in them." The next day, the 330th Infantry, 83d Infantry Division, began relieving the 22d on the line. ... Later during the day the German Luftwaffe sortied and about 30 German aircraft bombed and strafed the area, but with few American casualties. The 22d pulled out of the forest on 3 December and headed for Luxembourg. Its battle in the Hurtgen Forest was over.

***Paschendale with Treebursts* Robert S. Rush**

12/6/44: Hurtgen Forest will not soon be forgot. At the end, the regiment was groggy; squad leaders hardly knew the men they were leading; many men did not know their company commanders, and first sergeants were not sure which men were supposed to be in their companies.

***A Soldier's Journal* David Rothbart, 4th Infantry Division, 22nd Infantry Regiment**

On 4 December, the 22nd Infantry Regiment, 4th ID, with C and D Company attached captured the town of Grosshau and opened a path through their portion of the forest, for which they received a Meritorious Unit Citation. Most elements of the 70th were relieved and left the Huertgen Forest on 8 December. The battalion withdrew into Luxembourg to refit and repair. Only 26 operational tanks remained in the battalion. The crippled 4th ID and 70th Armor Battalion held Luxembourg City during the Battle of the Bulge in late December and fought north to the Pruem. ***Unit History of the 2nd Battalion 70th Armor*** <http://www.riley.army.mil/view/article.aspx?articleId=523-2002-04-24-54880-47>

Any man who survived Hurtgen must have had a guardian angel on each shoulder.

Ernest Hemingway

Ardennes

In the course of the next eight days, the entire 4th Division was to move from the Huertgen Forest and arrive in Luxembourg just in time for the counteroffensive in the Ardennes. ***The Siegfried Line***



<http://www.history.army.mil/books/wwii/Siegfried/Siegfried%20Line/siegfried-ch18.htm>

After Hurtgen, Luxembourg was heaven. Dry, warm houses were a welcome change from holes full of icy water, from incessant shellings. Since the division's sector extended 35 miles, each platoon covered about a mile. Although there was snow, rain and cold for men on post, it was a comparative rest. **Famous Fourth: The Story of the 4th Infantry Division**
http://www.lonesentry.com/gi_stories_booklets/4thinfantry/

With the Hurtgen Forest behind them, the division moved into a defensive position in Luxembourg and were soon to be engaged in the Battle of the Bulge. General George S. Patton wrote to Major General Raymond Barton of the 4th Infantry Division - "Your fight in the Hurtgen Forest was an epic of stark infantry combat; but, in my opinion, your most recent fight - from the 16th to the 26th of December - when, with a depleted and tired division, you halted the left shoulder of the German thrust into the American lines and saved the City of Luxembourg, and the tremendous supply establishments and road nets in that vicinity, is the most outstanding accomplishment of yourself and your division." As the German push was halted in the Bulge, the **Ivy Division** resumed the attack and continued the pursuit back through the Siegfried Line at the same location it had crossed in September and fought across Germany as the war ground on in the first four months of 1945. http://www.campgordonjohnston.com/4_infantry.htm

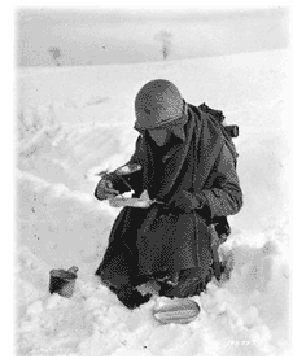


The 22nd Regiment spent the Christmas of 1944 in Luxembourg. Lee's company was sent there to rest. He grew a moustache for about two days, until a Belgian girl, told him, "Lt., you look better without it." He slept upstairs in a house and one night someone's rifle went off from the room below and the shot came up through the floor and the bed beside him.

Lee was on patrol with his company and the sergeant said, "Lieutenant, there's a big fire over there," – it was a yellow full moon coming up.

The only thing that bothered Lee was rotating his men in patrol, when they had to "run a recon, -- Lee always went with them. They patrolled near Echternach, which was deserted, but he heard a clock strike in a house, so he knew someone had been there to wind the clock. They met another patrol and he spoke to the leader, but he was nervous. Although the other officer spoke English, no one else in the other patrol talked and, even with a perfect moon out, it was still hard to see the details of their uniforms (everyone would have been wearing winter gear). Lee was suspicious because the patrol walked in lines and in cadence. Although nothing happened later, he had his men scatter, in case they had just passed a German patrol.

After Christmas, he took a truck north from Erpeldange, Belgium into the Ardennes, to the "Battle of the Bulge." He really didn't know where he was. His drivers were two enlisted black soldiers and, when he was ready for lunch, they stopped the truck and put his can of beans on the engine to heat. They were friendly and "they were good fighters if they were treated right."



American soldier in the snow during the Battle of the Bulge.

Casualties mounted, bringing on a manpower shortage in both camps. Although the Germans continued to commit fresh divisions until late December, the Americans, with only three uncommitted divisions in theater, were forced to realign their entire front. Many units moved from one combat to another without rest or reinforcement. December's battles had cost the Americans more than 41,000 casualties, and with infantry replacements already critically short, antiaircraft and service units had to be stripped to provide riflemen for the line. Black soldiers were offered the opportunity to fight within black platoons assigned to many white battalions, a major break from previous Army policy.

Ardennes-Alsace Army Campaigns of WW II

<http://www.history.army.mil/brochures/ardennes/ara1.htm>



The enemy gains on 21 December marked the high tide of the advance over the Sauer begun six days before, a fact that could not yet be appreciated by the little group of commanders gathered in the 4th Division command post. General Irwin probably summed up what all were thinking: "Situation on whole front from east of us to north varies from fluid to no front at all. Information is very scanty and the situation changes hourly." ... But the **4th Division** had undergone six days of heavy fighting, its last reserves had been used up, and the events of the day just ended seemed to presage a hardening of the enemy's resolve. ... There was, however, a fairly continuous-although jagged-line of defense confronting the enemy. ... The eastern wing was defended by the **4th Infantry Division** and task forces from the 10th Armored Division. ... The terrain on which the 4th Infantry Division had defended and over which the 5th Infantry Division had attacked proved to be as difficult as any on which military operations were conducted in the course of the Ardennes campaign. *The Ardennes: The Battle of the Bulge* **Hugh M. Cole**
http://www.history.army.mil/books/wwii/7-8/7-8_cont.htm

They drove through Bastogne, which was a desolate landscape, and then got to their "jump off." Their destination was 35 miles northeast near Pruem, Germany, a communications center for the German ground forces attacking in Belgium. Lee also rode on top of a tank, which was dangerous if the gun swiveled. On January 16, 1945 Lee turned 24 years old. Lee 's memory is not clear on whether he had acquired a German winter coat during this campaign, but he thinks that it is possible he had one at this time. He was lucky that he didn't suffer from frostbite or trench foot during the fierce winter weather that year.



At 3:00 a.m. on January 18, 1945, the 5th Infantry division (and its right neighbor, the **4th Infantry Division** at Moestroff-Reisdorf) crossed with each two regiments the Sauer river and was able to take the northern highground including the "Goldknapp Hill," the "Herrenberg" and "Hoesdorf Plateau" a few days later after crushing the German resistance near Ingeldorf, Diekirch, Gilsdorf, Bettendorf, Moestroff, and Reisdorf. Towards the end of January 1945, whatever remained of scattered and exhausted German units in the Sauer valley sector, had been pushed back to the initial December 16, 1944 German offensive jump off line across the Our river in the "Westwall." <http://www.nat-military-museum.lu/pageshtml/bulgetrails.php>

Lee lead attacks on "pill boxes" made out of concrete, known as the Siegfried Line, by throwing grenades into the openings. He ordered a private, Doyle E. Spencer, to stand guard before an attack -- he was immediately shot in the head. Spencer had enlisted on February 25, 1943 and was an auto mechanic and farmer from Mt. Ayr, Iowa. He was 20 years old.



Double Deucers drove through snow, rain, and mud, deeper and deeper into the Rhineland. Germans fought and fell back from village to village; nowhere did they stand more than a day. On Feb. 9, the 8th crossed the Prum River. Two days later, the 22nd took Prum. [Prüm lies on the [Prüm River](#) (a tributary of the [Sauer](#)) at the southeastern end of the [Schneifel](#), which is 697m high] *The Famous Fourth: the Story of the 4th Division*
http://www.lonesentry.com/gi_stories_booklets/4thinfantry/

The difficult terrain on which the winter campaign was fought, the prevalence of pitched battles at night and in fog, the tactical failure of the American 57-mm. antitank gun, and the paucity of German assault guns and self-propelled tank destroyers brought the bazooka into a place of prominence on both sides of the line. Admittedly the bazooka was a suicide weapon, but there were always brave men-mostly platoon and squad leaders-to risk its use against an enemy tank. *U.S. Army Center of Military History Roger Cirillo* <http://www.history.army.mil/brochures/ardennes/aral.htm>

About 6 inches of the fins protrude from the back of the bazooka after it is loaded. The long firing wire is taped to one of the fins. This wire is wrapped around one of two contacts near the rear of the bazooka to allow the electrical firing circuit to be completed when the trigger is squeezed.

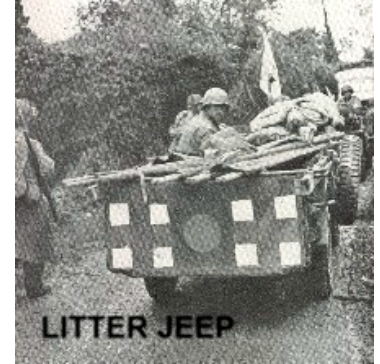
<http://www.geocities.com/savingprivateryan0/town.html>

On February 10, 1945, as the regiment moved toward Preum, Germany, his two bazooka men were killed. Lee picked up their bazooka with another soldier named Balducci [John? Baldacci?] to fire on an approaching German tank. He told him to



be quick and step out, "I'll wrap the tail end." Lee had to wrap wire around the back of the bazooka shell to fire it, but Balducci froze and didn't fire. The tank fired first, killing Balducci and sending shrapnel into Lee's legs and hip. He tried to stagger away and others yelled at him to get down and take cover. "There were three enemy tanks in the town," recalled Lt. Minear, "but two of them fled as soon as we started firing. The third tank elected to fight and opened fire on us, and my bazooka man became a casualty. We no effective anti-tank weapons, but kept fighting with small arms and grenades. Shrapnel from a shell from the tank's 75mm gun tore into my left knee and right thigh, but I remained in action until one of our tank destroyers came up and finished off the German tank. After it had been knocked out, I went back to secure medical aid, and just before I was evacuated to the rear I learned that our troops had taken the town."

He was picked up by medics and put on the top of a jeep and taken back to the medical evacuation station. The medic treated his right hip and thigh wound and looked at his right leg and told him he was ok to go back to the front. Lee tried to walk and fell and said that his knees wouldn't work. The medic cut off the rest of his pants and found steel shrapnel in his left knee. He said, "Lieutenant, you aren't going back, you're not walking wounded." Lee was put in an ambulance with six others and a red-haired nurse. Balducci's widow wrote to Lee but he was never able to write back. "I ended up being one of the longest serving officers in the company. All the others were killed. When we were dropped off at the Huertgen, seven of us went in and three of us came out."



Lee was sent to a hospital in Belgium, then by train to Paris. He wrote a letter home on February 12 while he was enroute to Paris. He was carried to the hospital on a litter by German POWs. He remembered how their loud boots stepped in unison as they carried him. "I said, if you drop me, I'll see that you're shot -- but they probably didn't understand what I said." He had surgery in Paris and had a plaster cast from his left hip to his ankle – the worst part of it was trying to go to the bathroom.

He took the first plane ride of his life across the English Channel to Taunton in southern England. His doctor was an old redheaded English doctor. His ward surgeon was Captain T.D. Paul of Evanston, Illinois. He was out of the cast in late March. The weather was windy but not too cold and he learned to walk again by going out into the country by himself. The first time he went he had a terrible pain in his leg, his heart was racing, and he had to sit down -- he thought, "This is it." But he rested and made it back.

After Lee recovered, he had two weeks of leave in London (this may have been the time when he saw his brother Paul who was an MP). He stayed with the family of his brother-in-law, Tom Jones, near London (Tom was the husband of Lee's sister, Irene). The family's son, Gwynne, took him to dances -- this was one way to try to get strength in his legs!

Continental Central Enclosure No. 23, Bolbec, France 1946

1/19/1945 to August 1946, capacity 40,000

Lee was sent to France and he was surprised that he wasn't sent back to his company (The 22nd was ordered to France for rest and recuperation on March 14 and sent back to the States in July 1945). He had decided to go back to school when he got home but couldn't start for another year. He landed in Paris on VE Day (Victory in Europe), May 8, 1945. He was assigned to an anti-aircraft platoon near Le Havre who thought they were going home (it is likely that they were re-deployed to the Pacific). He was able to take a jeep to see his brother, Glenn (probably at one of the "cigarette" camps nearby for departing soldiers).



Lee was assigned to the POW camp in Bolbec, France, which is about 20 miles from Le Havre. He stayed in a chateau and had a nice room. He was one of several officers and was the "low man on the totem pole." The camp had an American commander and US soldiers worked as guards. Lee said that they had good officers. The chaplain was from Cleveland and Lee played the organ at Catholic services in a big tent on the grounds. [As of this writing, there are no official records about this "phantom" POW camp, although there is a recent one written in French: Delacroix, Philippe, and Alain Avenel. *C.C.P.W.E n 23: le camp de prisonniers de guerre allemands de Bolbec, février 1945 - aoust 1946*. Bolbec: Ville de Bolbec, 2005.]

The Americans also had a good chef, entertainment, and parties, to which they invited nurses from Le Havre. The USO came several times. At one show, he was asked to hang a GI blanket to make a changing space for one of the female entertainers. The light cast her shadow on the thin blanket, which the men enjoyed, but she was angry at Lee for the embarrassment.

If soldiers were caught with women, they were required to report to the medics. One night Lee walked through a barracks and passed a couple on a cot. He gave the soldier's bare buttocks a hard swat as he went by. The next day, his sergeant said, "Lieutenant, you scared my man shitless!" Lee told the sergeant to make sure the soldier reported to the "prophylactic station."

The camp at Bolbec had been in operation since the end of the war. One prisoner called it "notorious Bolbec." A general food shortage complicated life throughout Europe, but especially for POWs who were last on the list of food distribution. There is not much information about the Bolbec camp, but it seems that it was a transit camp transferring Germans into French custody or discharging them back to Germany.



This is the report of the Military Governor for Germany in July 1945: "The food situation throughout Western Germany is perhaps the most serious problem of the occupation. The average food consumption in the Western Zones is now about one-third below the generally accepted subsistence level." The September report declares, "Food from indigenous sources was not available to meet the present authorized ration level for the normal consumer, of 1,550 calories per day." ... the Allies could not afford to feed the millions of German prisoners at the same level at which they were able to feed German civilians, not to mention the civilians of the liberated countries of Western Europe, and not to mention as well the displaced persons. But the United States and other Allied nations had signed the Geneva Convention, which had the force of a treaty. They did not wish to violate it, so they used the new designation of "Disarmed Enemy Forces." The orders to the field commanders were straightforward: do not feed the DEF's at a higher scale than German civilians. **[defense of Gen. Eisenhower and POW Policy] Stephen Ambrose**
<http://www.nizkor.org/hweb/people/b/bacque-james/ambrose-001.html>

When we marched through [Bolbec], we were greeted with laughter that soon turned into shouting and from their balconies we were pissed upon and the flowerpots started flying. The US guards shot in the air to stop it. We dragged our wounded along and finally ended up in our new camp. Tents for sleeping, first rain cover in three months. The grass that covered the ground was eaten in three minutes.

... Every morning we stood in formation to be counted by the lieutenant. We had been told not to look into his eyes; he did not like to lose count. He had a terrible temper and had broken a few noses. I was in the second line and stared at the neck of the guy in front of me. All of a sudden I saw a dozen bedbugs crawling up the neck of the poor man. I was so shocked, I looked at the lieutenant. He stopped dead in his tracks and gave me a look that made me go cold all over. Luckily he went on counting and my face was saved from a re-arrangement. A few days after that we all had DDT blown into our clothes by the pound and it worked quite well. I was handed over to the French to help clean up the mess we made during the war. Stationed mostly in Etretat (a beautiful town) we cleaned up all the mine fields. Then we dug up all the duds left over. To get out of the damn camps, we all volunteered to work in a French coal mine in Lorraine. Wonderful to have enough to eat all of a sudden and able to walk down the street.
<http://discuss.50plus.com/ipb/lofiversion/index.php?t15393.html>

Lee was in charge of about 500 German POWs (there were probably several groups of POWs) and many of them spoke English because they had worked in US towns and on farms in POW camps around the United States before they were sent back to Europe after VE Day. These prisoners had been treated very well during the war. The US allowed them to write letters home about their good circumstances to help assure good treatment of American POWs. They were given personal supplies but most of these were confiscated when they were transferred to POW camps in Europe. German prisoners were required to help rebuild and clean up in Europe and the luckier ones were placed in Britain or in the camps of US forces. Conditions for prisoners held by the French and Russians consisted of long-term hard labor, little food, and high attrition. "Most Germans repatriated through Le Havre were forced to work for the French for 3 or 4 more years in coal mines and farms."

The POWs at Bolbec were separated by metal fence enclosures called cages and lived in tents and worked in the camp. A German sergeant-major was in charge of the cage and was called "Lagerfuhrer" ("camp leader"). Lee was also called Lagerfuhrer by the sergeant-major.

[an account by a US guard at another camp] We were told our duties would be taking German prisoners of war around the camp on work duties jobs. We began to refer to them as POWs or just plain Germans instead of the more derogatory names like Krauts and Jerries we had used during the war. However, the civilians we met in Belgium and later in France still all referred to the Germans as the Boche, and just like the young girls we had met earlier in Luxembourg, the emphasis they put on the word made it sound like they were talking about someone for whom they held great contempt.

<http://www.gallagher.com/ww2/chapter25.html>

One morning Lee saw a German prisoner standing alone holding a loaf of bread – he was being punished for stealing. When Lee approached the gate, all the prisoners were called out of their tents and lined up at attention when he got out of his jeep. "I hobbled as slow as I could so they would have to stand in the hot sun." He had a cane and a dog. He didn't know where the dog came from but it adopted him. The dog would ride on the jeep engine and slept at the foot of his bed.

Many of the prisoners were still committed fascists, true fascist believers to the very end and beyond. There was still much fascist solidarity among the prisoners — particularly against the non-fascists, not to speak of the anti-fascists. ... In general, the officers and enlisted POWs had a very good life in the American prisoner of war camps [in the US]. However, after Hitler's government fell ... things changed but the food was still much better in the American camps than in Germany or in European camps at the time. ...

In February of 1946, I was ... shipped back to Europe. However, on the way back to Germany the State Department made a mistake. The liberty ships, on which we were being transported in, had only numbers — no names! Well, somebody mixed up the numbers so the liberty ship with the fascists and war criminals went home to Hamburg and the ship with the anti-fascists (that I was on) went to Le Havre. From Le Havre, we were transported by truck to Bolbec. In Bolbec, the Americans had built a prison camp for former SS troops.

At that time, the Allies did not yet make a distinction between the SS who were the elite troops and commandos of the German army and the SS who worked in the Concentration Camps. In this camp, the majority of the POWs were elite troops who were used primarily against Russia tank troops. When we arrived in the Bolbec camp, we naturally said we were anti-fascists. The American officer in charge said, as he played with his dog, "Of course, all the Germans here are anti-Nazi, I have never met a German who was a Nazi." So he took everything away from us that we had received in the States. We were given these huge seas sacks full of cigarettes (mostly Camels), chocolate, underwear, etc., to use as trading material to get what we needed from the black market in Frankfurt. The US government knew, of course, that if we were to promote democracy in West Germany we also had to eat. Anyway, when I came into the Bolbec camp, I was put in a tent that was half under water. There were two corpses in the tent, their stomachs swollen. These were young men, sixteen or seventeen years old, who had not volunteered for the SS but who had been drafted into the SS in the final years of the war. Now food was in short supply in the camp and the SS POWs were very hungry. Thus they did not mention to the camp commander that they had two dead bodies in their tent because they wanted to keep the dead men's food rations for themselves. The daily rations were so small that my new bunkmates were starving to death. So the dead men remained with us, in the tent, for quite some time.



German POWs erect tents at Camp Tophat.

photo from Bruno Schokouers: 5 Jahre im Lager

<http://www.gallagher.com/ww2/chapter25.html>

I was in the camp for three weeks. During the war, I had never been so close, for such a long a time, to the SS. In the camp, things did not get better during my stay. French doctors came into the camp and saw how healthy and well fed the anti-fascists were. From that point, we were ordered to either work deep in French mines digging out coal or to remove the mines from Normandy.

After three weeks, the notice came from Washington D.C. that a mistake had been made. So we, the anti-fascists, were taken out of the camp and the camp commander had to give us our sea bags back. But of course, all the chocolate and cigarettes were gone. We just got back some underwear, too short, too long, or whatever. We were then shipped back in railroad wagons for animal transportation through Paris and eventually to Heilbron Germany and Frankfurt. *Life as a Prisoner of War Rudolf J. Siebert, professor of Religion and Society Western Michigan University*
http://www.rudolfjsiebert.org/bio_story.htm#03_Life-as-a-Prisoner-of-War

When our ship arrived in Le Havre we were brought to a camp near the Town of Bolbec, but still under US. jurisdiction. There, I worked about another 6 weeks for the US Army, and then I was promised a safe passage to Germany with release [into freedom] at Bebra [Hesse]. "They kept their word"! The train-load of POW's from Bolbec was escorted by US Army guards, - at the German Station of Bebra these guards gave us our discharge papers and from there on we could go into any direction, the individual would choose. **Hans Kruger**

<http://discuss.50plus.com/ipb/lofiversion/index.php?t15393.html>

Lee was at the camp on VJ Day (Victory in Japan) on August 15, 1945 and stayed for about a year. Once he escorted released prisoners to Cologne, Germany on the train. He remembers seeing the great cathedral, one of the few buildings to survive the 262 Allied bombings, without its windows.



http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bombing_of_Cologne_in_World_War_II

In the winter of 1946, the German lagerfuhrer, who was a tall blond man, asked Lee if he would like to have a painting of himself. One of the prisoners, a carpenter named H. Steckel, painted Lee's portrait on a piece of army cot canvas (this was done in the cage headquarters because POWs were not allowed out of the cage areas), dated February 11, 1946. Although this kind of thing was done by the prisoners to get extra food or other favors, there was no special treatment given in return.

Lee was promoted to Captain and received an honorable discharge on June 2, 1946. He returned to Newton, Iowa and became an assistant cashier at Newton National Bank. He retired 42 years later as a senior Vice-President at West Bank in Des Moines, Iowa.

"I don't remember that I was ever afraid. I didn't have anything to prove and I didn't expect to come back alive."



VE Day - May 8, 1945. Eleven months and two days after storming ashore on Utah Beach, the men of the **4th Infantry Division** accomplished their mission of stopping Hitler and his Third Reich. No other Division can claim more success during those 11 months than our WWII veterans of the 4th Infantry Division. Who else can claim - first seaborne troops to land in France; capture of the port of Cherbourg; successfully fight through the terrible hedgerow country; lead the breakout at St. Lo; liberation of Paris; first Allied troops on German soil (Sep 11, 1944); **gained all objectives in the Hurtgen Forest; held the southern shoulder of the Bulge in Luxembourg; broke back through the Siegfried Line;** and pursued the Germans across their homeland until their ultimate defeat 55 years ago today. And, no other unit can look back and mourn as many casualties as our Ivy Division suffered in accomplishing those

objectives. Everyone who has ever worn the 4ID patch, who is wearing it now, or who hopes to wear it in the future, should stand up with pride and salute those great WWII veterans of the 4th Infantry Division on this very special day of victory for them. <http://www.4thinfantry.org/gbookarchives/gbarch007.html>



Glasgow (not on map) 2. Le Havre 3. Huertgenvald 4. Luxembourg City
 5. Echternach 6. Erpeldange 7. Bastogne 8. Prum 9. Paris 10. Taunton 11. Bolbec
 M = Wilhelm Minnir family in Mannheim and Michaelstadt in Odenwald region of Germany.





Medals

In September 2004, I looked at Dad's collection of medals, pin, ribbons related to his service. To the best of my recollection, these were items I saw:

- **Purple Heart Medal,**
- **Captain's Bars,**
- **Combat Infantryman Badge** ("This is the best one, the one I'm most proud of."),
- **4th Division Ivy Leaf** shoulder patch,
- **World War II Victory Medal,**
- **Honorable (Discharge) Service Lapel Button:** "Ruptured Duck"
- **AA** anti-aircraft shoulder patch, cannon pin (AA),
- **crossed rifles** infantry pin,
- American Legion Group pin "**40/8**"
-

World War II Campaign Ribbon has purple heart ribbon, European Theater of Operations (ETO) ribbon with 2 Battle Stars for Heurtgen Forest and Battle of the Bulge, a blue and red ribbon which I didn't identify.

Purple Heart: "the decoration holds a very unique position in that it can be earned in only one way, by being wounded. An attendant requirement is that the wound must have been received as a direct result of enemy actions."



Honorable (Discharge) Service: "It was issued to service personnel who were about to leave the military with an Honorable Discharge. It also allowed them to continue to wear their uniform for up to thirty days after they were discharged since there was a clothing shortage at that time. This showed the MP's that they were in transit and not AWOL. Well, the boys thought the eagle looked more like a duck; and, because it meant they were going home, the popular saying was, "They took off like a Ruptured Duck"...hence the nickname."

<http://www.therupturedduck.com/WebPages/Whatis/whatis.htm>

"40/8" "Soldiers arriving in Europe at Le Havre would cross the English Channel ..., spend a few days in what must have seemed like a hell hole, and then entrain to the front in boxcars known as "40 and 8s" (so called for the French designation "40 hommes et 8 cheveaux," which means the boxcars had a capacity of 40 men or eight horses."

<http://www.skylighters.org/special/ciqcamps/ciqintro.html>

Division and Regiment Officers

Major General Barton, was relieved of command of the 4th Infantry Division on 27 December and Brigadier General Blakeney, the Division Artillery Commander, assumed command.

Major General Raymond O. "Tubby" Barton (1890 –1963) He commanded the 4th Infantry Division from 3 July 1942 to 26 December 1944 and led them into battle from D-Day at Utah Beach to the Liberation of Paris and into the Battle of the Hurtgen Forest before leaving the command due to health problems on December 27, 1944. During the war he became friends with Ernest Hemingway who sought his favor as the war correspondent assigned to the division and the two corresponded after. Hemingway wrote to Barton: *You had one of the greatest divisions in American military history* During the Battle of Hurtgen Forest on the Weisser Weh stream near Grosshau, Germany General Barton gave up his belt for tourniquet material to medic Russell J. York of his division at York's request. Lives were saved, and a Silver Star awarded to the Technician Medical 4th Grade York for his actions. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Raymond_O._Barton

Colonel Lanham was promoted to Brigadier General and became the Assistant Division Commander for the 104th Infantry Division. The Regiment's XO during the Hurtgen, Lieutenant Colonel Ruggles became the Regimental Commander and remained so until the Regiment was deactivated. Lieutenant Colonel Edwards, the Regimental S3, remained in that position the remainder of the war and was the last soldier in the regiment. On the Regiment's deactivation, he turned the 22d's cased colors in for storage. Major Blazzard, the Regimental S2, when offered a choice between battalion command and a trip home, chose the trip home. **Lieutenant Colonel Teague** the 3d Battalion Commander who was wounded on 17 November, came back to the Regiment as the Executive Officer.

The Regiment's three battalion commanders at the end of the war were products of the 22d; all having landed on 6 June as captains with the organization. Major Goforth was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and remained the commander of the 1st Battalion. When Lieutenant Colonel Kenan, the 2d Battalion Commander was relieved in February, Captain Henly, now a major became the 2d Battalion Commander. **Major Kemp**, the 3d Battalion Commander, remained the battalion commander, and ended the war as a Lieutenant Colonel. Captain Newcomb, who entered the Hurtgen as the E Company Commander and became the White5 when Major Samuels was wounded, was killed in February 1945 while again commanding a company. Captain Harrison, who became the Blue5 on 17 November, remained the 3d Battalion Executive Officer, and ended the war as a major.

Paschendale with Treebursts - Robert S. Rush <http://www.5ad.org/hurtgen.htm>

Additional Reading

The Hürtgenwald

("Americanized" to the Huertgen or Hurtgen Forest) is a triangular shaped woods only 50 square miles in area on the German border near the point where Germany meets Belgium and the Netherlands. Ironically, it is nearly the

same size as one of the "Happiest Places on Earth", Walt Disney World in Orlando, FL (47 sq. miles). The Hürtgen had its own nickname: "The Death Factory."

Mostly it was a state-owned tree farm. Fir trees had been planted in rows 8 to 10 feet apart and were now 75 to 100 feet tall. Some of the rows were so close together that the mature trees formed an almost impenetrable wall. Their low hanging branches were interlocked so that it was only possible to walk stooped over and visibility could be limited to only a few feet in any direction. It was also covered with deep gorges, high ridges, streams and rivers. The few clearings, narrow firebreaks and trails were heavily mined, covered by interlocking machine-gun fire and zeroed in on by German artillery. Any concentration of soldiers would bring down a furious barrage of shells and mortars. The German shells were set to exploded up in the treetops showering deadly bursts of shrapnel and tree splinters down onto the helpless troops below.

The Hürtgen also included two parts of the Westwall, known to the Allies as the Siegfried Line. The Westwall was a hardened defensive system on Germany's western border averaging 4 km miles deep and stretching the whole 640 km of Germany's western borders with France, Luxembourg and Belgium. A German version of France's Maginot line, it started with the concrete "dragon's teeth" anti-tank barrier in a gray line snaking north from Switzerland and was fortified with 14,000 bunkers and pillboxes (over 22 per kilometer) These were put in clusters to provide covering fire for each other. They were built half underground and made of eight to ten feet of reinforced concrete. They put out rolls of barbed-wire, two rolls high in some places, booby-trapped in others. Machine guns and 37 mm cannon were put in the bunkers.

They also put in place thousands of landmines: Teller anti-tank mines, S-mines ("bouncing betties") and the infamous "Shümeinen" (powerful enough to remove a man's foot but no bigger than an ointment box and made of wood or glass to avoid mine detectors). There were even anti-lifting mines designed to catch anyone trying to remove mines. All anti-personnel mines are designed to injure and not kill. That way more men are required to help retrieve and aid the wounded leaving even fewer to fight. The German "sappers" were experts at creating "booby-traps". Trees were cut down and booby-trapped with mines. Shell craters were mined to catch anyone trying to take cover during an artillery barrage

Aerial photos showed nothing but trees. Maps were nearly useless. Units became disoriented and disorganized almost immediately upon entering the woods. Maneuver and reconnaissance were just about impossible. Support both from artillery and the air was next to impossible since targets could not be spotted. American tanks could barely move on the trails and were easy targets for the Germans who knew where to hit the clearings and trails. If they did reach battle the American tanks and their cannon were no match at all for the German tanks' armor and firepower. It became a terrible battle of men against machine gun nests, mine fields, artillery barrages, tanks and the freezing weather. The burden fell to the infantry to clear the forest using only their M-1 rifles and hand grenades.

<http://members.aeroinc.net/breners/buckswar/>

Paschendale with Treebursts:

A History and Analysis of the 22d Infantry Regiment During the Battle of the Hurtgen Forest,
16 November through 3 December 1944,
by Robert S. Rush.

<http://www.armyhistory.org/armyhistorical.aspx?pgID=868&id=108&exCompID=32>

Sources, Photo Credits, and Further Reading:

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<http://www.greetingsfromcampdavis.com/Photos.php>

antiaircraft artillery photo.

<http://www.nchistoricsites.org/fisher/ww2/ww2.htm>

Camp Davis information

<http://www.skylighters.org/places/campdavis.html>

Hollywood Canteen and Bette Davis

<http://profile.myspace.com/index.cfm?fuseaction=user.viewprofile&friendID=292938442>

Silver Star - Minear, Paul L. HQ, 9th Infantry Division, G.O. No. 90 (1944)

http://www.homeofheroes.com/valor2/SS/2_WWII/indexes/army/Army-Me.html

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<http://www.archives.gov/research/ww2/photos/>

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Replacements In The European Theatre

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http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/22d_Infantry_Regiment_%28United_States%29

An Historiography of the Huertgen Forest ~ Bibliography

http://members.aeroinc.net/breners/buckswar/hist_biblio.html

Robert Rush summary of 22nd Reg in Heurtgen

<http://www.armyhistory.org/armyhistorical.aspx?pgID=868&id=108&exCompID=32>

Stanley Jozwiak <http://1-22infantry.org/history/hurtgen.htm>

Huertgen Patrol painting http://www.pf-militarygallery.com/prints/james_dietz.htm

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David P. Roderick, S/Sgt. Co. H, 22nd Infantry, 4th Inf Div. <http://www.geocities.com/oralbio/roderickdpbio.html>

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http://www.35thinfdivassoc.com/Ardennes/carlson_speech.shtml

Eifel photo http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Image:Eifel_Kylltal_Speicher.jpg

Cigarette Camps: US Army in LeHavre <http://www.skylighters.org/special/cigcamps/cigintro.html>

US Military Rank http://1stbattalion3rdmarines.com/military_ranks-chart_folder/blrank.htm

Battle of Bulge memorials in Luxembourg

<http://www.nat-military-museum.lu/pageshtml/bulgememorials.php#1>

Robert F. Gallagher Account of a POW camp run by the US Army <http://www.gallagher.com/ww2/chapter25.html>

photo of Huertgen and litter jeep <http://gateway.ca.k12.pa.us/memorial/dadstory.html>

Huertgen snow photo <http://www.answers.com/topic/517th-parachute-regimental-combat-team>

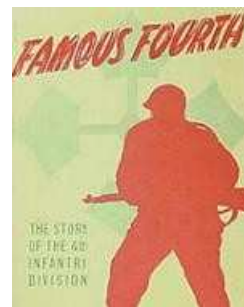
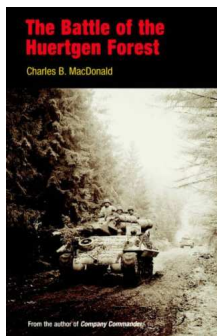
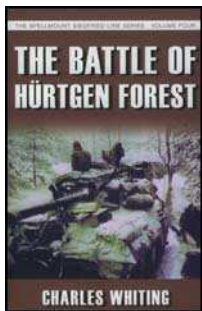
Fall, 1944: A German Jagdpanther (hunting Panther) in wait for the Americans in Hurtgen forest area

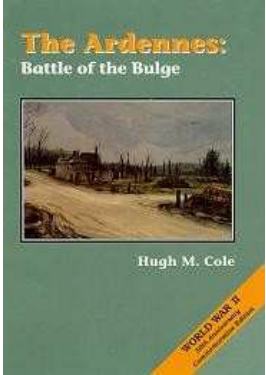
<http://www.wing21.rtaf.mi.th/wboard/question.asp?GID=7129>

5th Armored Division photos <http://www.5ad.org/pics/hurtgenpic.html>

87th Infantry Division photos <http://www.87thinfantrydivision.com/History/345th/Personal/000021.html>

http://www.kodakgallery.com/Slideshow.jsp?mode=fromshare&Uc=887rvmi.cza2uny&Uy=bppamb&Ux=0&UV=672921909631_538638983605



<p>Units in Battle of Bulge with the 4th Division</p> <p>http://users.skynet.be/bulgecriba/usunits.htm</p> 	<p>8th, 12th, 22nd Infantry Regiments</p> <p>20th, 29th, 42nd 44th Field Artillery Battalions</p> <p>4th Engineer Combats Battalion</p> <p>4th CIC Det.</p> <p>4th Signal Co.</p> <p>704th Ordnance Co.</p> <p>4th QM Co.</p> <p>4th Reconnaissance Tp.</p> <p>4th Medical Battalion</p>	<p>70th Tank Battalion</p> <p>802nd Tank Destroyer Battalion (9 Dec- 27 Jan)</p> <p>803rd Tank Destroyer Battalion (9 Nov- 25 Dec)</p> <p>377th A.A.A. Battalion</p> <p>Cos. A & B 91st Chemical Mortar Bn (22 Dec 44 - 5 Jan 45)</p> <p>159th Engineer Combat Bn 16 Dec - 23</p>
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U.S. divisions in Heurtgen Forest

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_the_Hurtgen_Forest

- [1st Infantry Division](#)
- [3rd Armored Division](#)
- **[4th Infantry Division](#)**
- [8th Infantry Division](#)
- [9th Infantry Division](#)
- [28th Infantry Division](#)
- [78th Infantry Division](#)
- [83rd Infantry Division](#)
- [104th Infantry Division](#)
- [5th Armored Division](#)
- [7th Armored Division](#)
- [82nd Airborne Division](#)
- [366th Fighter Group](#)



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HEADQUARTERS NINTH INFANTRY DIVISION
A.P.O. #9

201 - GNMEQ

18 October 1944

SUBJECT: Award of Silver Star.

TO : Commanding Officer, 9th Reconnaissance Troop,
9th Infantry Division, APO 9, US Army.Under the provisions of Army Regulations 600-45, as amended,
the Silver Star is awarded to:

PAUL L. MINEAR, 2nd Lieutenant, 01014980, Ninth Reconnaissance Troop, who distinguished himself by gallantry in action against the enemy on 20 June 1944 in the vicinity of Barneville, France. While on a reconnaissance patrol, Lt Minear destroyed a light enemy tank and discovered an enemy strong point. Returning to the vicinity of the strong point, he engaged the enemy in a fire fight. Personally manning a 50 caliber machine gun, he successfully destroyed an enemy gun. During this action, heavy mortar fire destroyed two 1/4 ton vehicles, and antitank fire killed the radio operator, and severely wounded a gunner. Exposing himself to the heavy enemy fire, Lt Minear attempted to extricate the wounded gunner from the burning vehicle but was wounded and seriously burned by the exploding ammunition in the vehicle. He then covered the withdrawal of three of his men, two of whom were wounded, to a point from which they could be evacuated safely. Assuring himself that all the wounded and the remainder of his platoon had withdrawn to positions of safety, he returned to the scene of the action and attempted to rescue one of the men who had been wounded by mortar fire, but was unable to do so because of the enemy action. Lt Minear's courageous actions were a credit to himself and to the Armed Forces of the United States. Entered military service from Iowa.

By command of Major General CRAIG:

J. R. Hutchison
J. R. HUTCHISON,
Major, A. G. D.,
Adjutant General

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