

Mr. Koskimaki

Here's my contribution

			Home
X	FLOYD CRUTCHER	shot in leg ON JUNE 6 <sup>th</sup>	?
X	W <sup>rd</sup> E. Fox	cook Killed in bombing JUNE 9 <sup>th</sup>	?
X	T/S FRANCIS <sup>LOUBER</sup> Houloubek	or Houloubek -- cook - KIA JUNE 9	?
X	Christopher Roussos	cook -- now lives on east coast	
X	Jake (or Jacob) Miller	KIA JUNE 9 <sup>th</sup>	?
X	EARL Stewart	" " "	?
X	CANTER	awarded silver star for heroics in Normandy, Killed in jeep accident in England <sup>about July 15</sup>	
X	S/Sgt Chas. Michelson	1829 Wentworth Ave South	ST. PAUL MINN
X	Lt. James Walsh	Div. Med. Supply Officer	Chicago
X	Lt. Richard Carrier	captured on D-Day	" (I think)
X	Chas. Rosenberger	6124 Clephane 6623 Haley	CINCINNATI O.
X	Sgt. John Garnick	or Damar	" O.
X	Cpl. James L. Query		No. CAR.
X	Capt. Alvin Cohn (M.D.)		INDIANAPOLIS
X	" Jack Reiss	"	"
X	Sgt. Stan Rutter	Mess Sgt. PENNSYLVANIA, later CALIFORNIA	
X	PFC Michael Long		Chicago
X	Cpl John A. KALLA	3810 Memphis Ave	Cleveland O
X	S/Sgt John E. Woodrich	5441 S. Sayre	Chicago 38 Illinois
X	Cledis Whitaker	Rural Route	Marion Ohio
X	Cpl John Kenney	10412 S. PALMAN	Chicago Illinois
X	Andrew Roach	1719 Elderway	Burlington N.C.
X	Edward Giska	(rumored to have died about 1952)	PENNSYLVANIA
X	Sgt. PAUL CARMACK	Motor Pool	OKCANA Ohio
X	MERLEHAN		New York area
X	Sgt. Charles Vestal	Div. Med. Supply Killed 6/9	west Virginia
X	LANDIS	(was with Lazarus Men's Dept.)	Columbus Ohio
X	Joseph Steflik		New York Area
X	LAKEMAN		BANGOR MAINE
X	PFC Frank D. MOYO	Jumper -- killed 6/9 after almost drowning 6/6 when dropped in channel. Chute billowed and tugged him to shallow water.	?

over

May I suggest that you contact the following men who may be able to provide helpful data?

S/sgt. Robt. Corcoran 293 Clay St. Chillicothe O.

Doctor Roy H. Moore, Jr. Louisville Kentucky

(check phone directory for address)

John E. Woodrich 5441 S. Sayre Chicago Ill. 60638

Perhaps some of the others (whose addresses I've tried to fill in) can supply additional information.

As you wrote, time has dimmed my memory considerably. In fact, many of the names you already had, are "strangers" to me. Perhaps some were late replacements, also, being the oldest enlisted man in the company, I was not too active in the "night" crowd and may not have known the "kids" too well.

Anyway, the best of luck to you in your journalistic endeavor.

Sincerely  
Edw. A. Miller

June 30, 1966

Mr. Edward Miller  
7253 Thomas Drive (Maderia)  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45243

Dear Ed:

I was extremely disappointed at having missed you when you were in town last week. I called the number of the motel just a few minutes after I had returned home but someone there informed you that you had gone on to Ann Arbor (incidentally my wife and daughter are there now for six weeks while Wifie attends summer school and daughter carries two jobs). I did receive your wonderful report which you had posted from A<sup>2</sup> (As my daughter calls it).

Had a wonderful time trout fishing. Made a pig of myself in the number of hours spent on the streams. It doesn't matter if I catch fish or not but gosh it certainly is relaxing -- hiking for miles through the brush, occasionally slipping and going over my head in ice cold spring water. The weather was so beastly hot and the instant duckings were "refreshing". Got my limit on one of three occasions but did quite well the other two times. Fished almost from sunrise to sunset. I like it when the wife isn't there to tell me when I must stop fishing and get back to camp. Now I am "batching" it at home. Should straighten the house but will wait until next week. A former officer from A Company of the 501st is passing through next week to visit some of his former men (I gave him their addresses) and he hasn't seen them in 21 years. It will be quite an occasion for him in Chicago. He used to be a coach like myself but is now one of those "finky" administrators who make our days so miserable in school (really just kidding on that!).

Because you are going to have some of your old service buddies in during August I thought I'd compile a list of the men and addresses for the Medical Company and send them on to you. Perhaps during your "bull sessions" you can come up with some useful material for me. I've heard from a number of the jumpers thus far but only one glider-rider (that being Bert Zichuhr whom I chatted with in Cleveland last month. He came in via Horsa in the evening.) Perhaps in looking over the list you will spot some men who definitely came in during the predawn hours and during the evening flight. I have a number of the seaborne reports thus far also. Dr. Hubner sent me pictures of General Pratt's glider, the wrecked hospital and the big hole left by the bombing. I wish I could locate a picture of the hospital taken from the inside to show what it was like on D-day or thereabouts. There is a short description of the hospital in the Rendezvous with Destiny book but I want more detail on how the equipment was set up. The books give so little credit to the medics and I do want to rectify that situation. Hope you will be passing this way oncemore so perhaps we can get together.

Thank you ever so much for all your help.

Send me another map or two  
and I'll pass them on to a couple

June 2, 1966

Mr. Edward Miller  
7253 Thomas Dr. (Maderia)  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45243

of g.i.s who will spend the  
week of Aug 6-12 with  
me in Coney.

Dear Sir:

I am presently working on an account of the actions of the 101st Airborne Division on D-day in Normandy. It is being geared for the teenager. The books on the market are centered on the interests and levels of adults and former division members. I want to reach the sons and daughters of the veterans of the Second World War. Having taught teenagers (as a high school biology instructor and basketball coach) I feel I am qualified to write on their level. I've been teaching school for the past eighteen years.

During my three years of service I served with the 101st Airborne Signal Company and parachuted into Normandy as radio operator with General Maxwell Taylor. During the invasion of Holland I jumped with Brig. General Gerald Higgins. I worked closely with Division Headquarters at Bastogne in the Battle of the Bulge.

Much good material has been written about our division in Rendezvous with Destiny, A History of the 101st Airborne Division. (This account is now available once more at \$5.95 through the 101st Airborne Division Association.) Another fine account you might be interested in is Night Drop by Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall. However, many D-day actions received little or no mention in these accounts and I'd like to touch upon some of those phases in this book.

Enclosed with this letter you will find a little questionnaire which I hope you will take the time to answer. Perhaps you cannot supply direct material for me but you can still help by providing some leads as to where I might locate some valuable information. The memories of our members have dimmed much in the last 21 years and unless we get some of these actions in print they will go to the grave with us. I've spent almost two years doing research for the account and new directions keep cropping up each week.

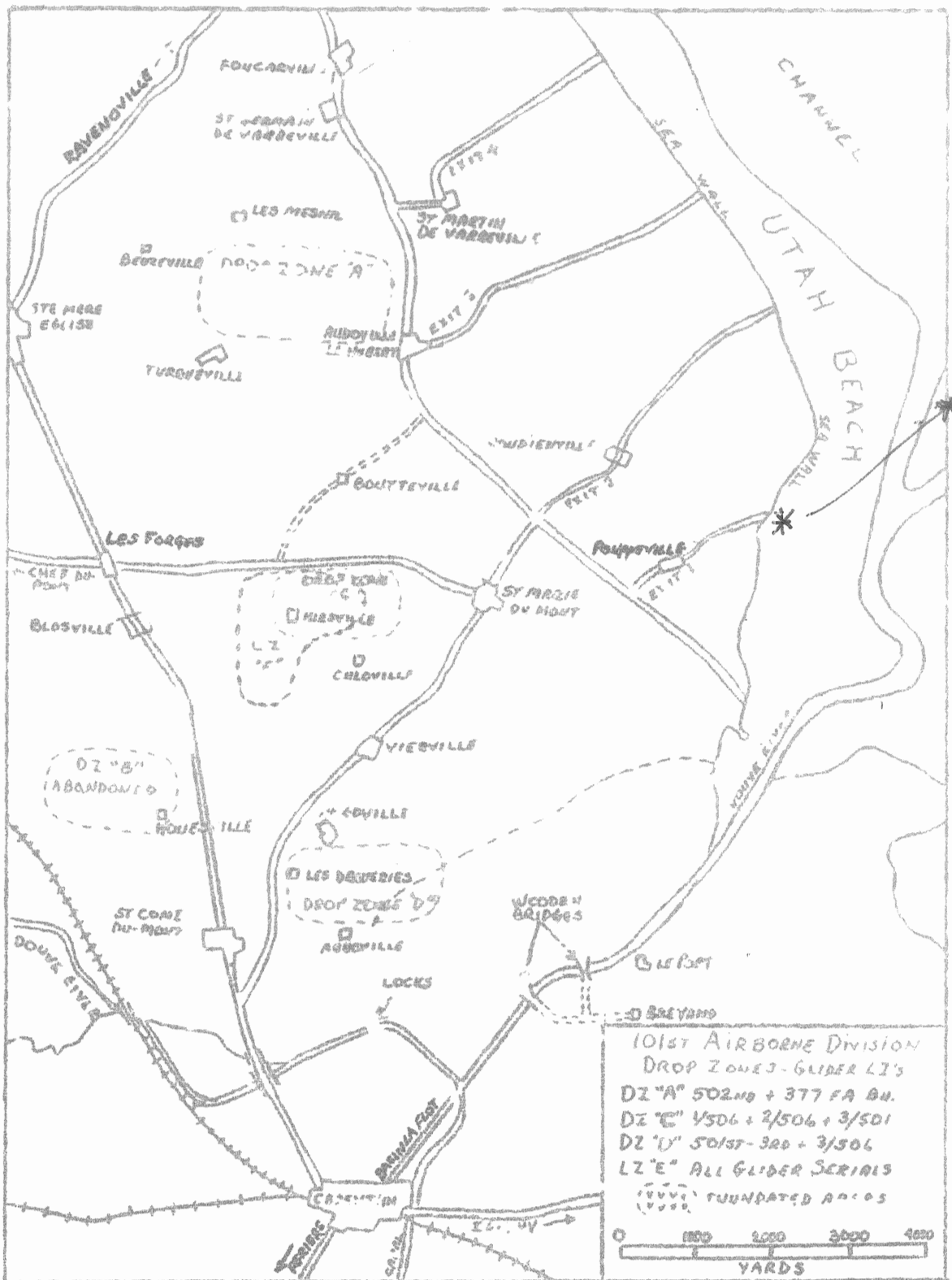
All material that you might supply will be greatly appreciated and you will be given credit for it in the account.

Thank you.

*George E. Koskimaki*  
George E. Koskimaki

Dear Ed:

Stan Shrodo sent me your name and address on a list of men who came in via glider or seaborne on D-day. Will you help me get the story of your medical company for this particular day? Every little bit of information counts. I searched for Bob Barger for two years. He and I jumped from the same plane. Finally on Saturday, he called me from his home in Omaha after my letter had been rebouted by his mother. Give me any names and addresses of men from the outfit who were in on D-day. I shall send you a list of all your men and their addresses once I complete the research for your company. The back of your questionnaire contains a partial roster that should help you recall names and events.



Note: Perhaps this little map will help you orient yourself as to your location in relation to the rest of the division on D-day. I realize that many dropped outside the confines of the area covered by this map. Remember it is your D-day movements which interest me at the present time. Mention locations as often as you can so I can locate your movements.

I think my Group landed about here

12-9-44



✓ Eddie Miller  
7253 Thomas Dr  
Madeira, Oh 45243



YOU MAY TAKE  
THE STAPLE  
OUT FOR EAS-  
IER READING

Believe me, Abe had  $\Sigma$   
Nothing to do with this

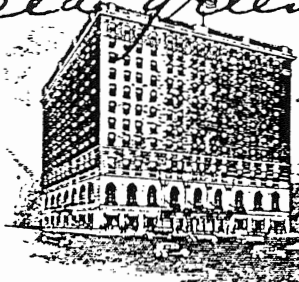
## Hotel Abraham Lincoln

FIFTH STREET AT CAPITOL AVENUE

Springfield, Illinois

D-day morning was clear and windy and the sea did a nice job of kicking up. We were called at 5:30 and, after a skimpy breakfast, set about to complete our last minute checks on equipment. I was below deck strapping my pack together and making certain that all waterproofing was complete. I had carried my camera and film and wanted, particularly, to be sure that they got ashore in good shape.

By 7:30 the motion of the tub was having its effect. The bunks alongside of which I was standing began to move away and return toward me in a manner designed to produce violent illness. All about me were men in various stages of sea-sickness and I decided to go topside to shake it off, if possible. Moose, Nabours, Capt. Pearl & some of the others were seated on the fan tail and welcomed me by remarking how different I looked wearing a pea-green face. Soldiers were camped on the rail spewing directly into the wind and their ignorance of sea-sense resulted in them being covered with what they were trying to throw away.



I felt no better altho the breeze was fresh and the air was clear. I had an inspiration and returned below deck where I was sure the sight of splinters and the smell of vomitus would make me sick enough to join in the fun. It was awful, but not enough so. ~~Mr. [unclear]~~ <sup>MERLEHAN</sup> aimed at the bobbing bucket but his timing was off and his deposit missed completely. The floor (deck) was awash with the stuff and I could stand it no longer so I rejoined the group on deck. Capt. Dearl came to the rescue with a plug from his canteen and I promptly realized that it contained nothing to make shaving & bathing any easier.

There were battle wagons of various types in the great armada and also frequent groups of planes overhead. The volleys fired by the ships seemed to bounce us in the water but we rejoiced in the knowledge that it was "all for us". An explosion to the starboard side marked the end of the line for a sister vessel and a P.T. hurried to pick up survivors. As the rescue vessel cut across our bow I decided never to pouch a ride in one of those things. The little craft had plenty speed but each wave administered a slap at its' bottom that seemed sufficient to bat a man's brains out. Soon the wreckage from the ill-fated ship drifted past us and we breathed a mental prayer for the safety of those who had been aboard.

Our landing time had been scheduled for 10 am but that hour had arrived and we were no



## *Hotel Abraham Lincoln*

FIFTH STREET AT CAPITOL AVENUE

*Springfield, Illinois*

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Where near shore. True, we could see land but we were making no apparent effort to reach it. For quite a while we rode at anchor and were able to identify another ship which carried others of our company. The picture at sea seemed to be one of confusion, at least to us who knew little of the landing plans save those which directly concerned our men. At the shore line we watched huge

geysers arise as the krant shells landed in the water. Sound of heavy guns continued and the roar of shells passing overhead was at the same time terrifying and reassuring. We hoped the gunnery crews were on their mettle today and that there were not going to be any slip-ups.

Towards noon it became evident that our turn was soon to come. We had approached the shoreline and could see the small boats carrying their cargoes of men & supplies to the beach.

The sight of shells landing amid the landing craft was something one could not avoid thinking about — and sweating about. at

approximately 17:30 we were lined



OPERATING THE HOTEL LINCOLN-DOUGLAS, QUINCY, ILLINOIS



up as we ran with a number of up-ward  
to take us in. There were about 40 of us and we  
all got aboard safely & shoved off. I managed  
to get a vantage point where I could watch  
the progress of our craft & report the distance  
to the beach. Mill - three-quarters - half -  
and still the spouts of water marked the pre-  
sence of Jerry's guns. The ride in took no  
more than five minutes and soon we felt our  
progress forcibly stopped by the sand of  
France. The gate was opened and a burst  
of explosions sent everyone to the deck. Be-  
fore we could get started another burst put  
us down. The sailor who brought us  
in was in a hurry to get out of there and I  
am sure many of us wanted to do likewise.

The water was only a couple of feet deep  
and surprisingly warm. I remember wading  
in, trying to hurry, yet unable to make but  
slow progress in the water. I had no diff-  
iculty reaching the dry land and continued,  
stooped over until I was among the others  
who landed with me. The scene here was  
more confusion. Vehicles were burning and  
a couple of 'heroes' had already given their  
all. I saw one man who had evidently taken  
a direct hit, all that remained was his upper  
half. Men were furiously digging in and a  
large hole had been blown in a concrete wall  
thru which we poured.

Our group had suffered no casualties  
and we proceeded up the causeway towards

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## Hotel Abraham Lincoln

FIFTH STREET AT CAPITOL AVENUE

Springfield, Illinois

our rendezvous. A short distance from the beach we saw the first of the enemy dead, a couple of krants, one lying full length inside a field bearing warnings "Achtung-Minen" with the soon-to-be-familiar "death's-head."

About one half mile from the beach we stopped to re-group and to allow the mechanized part of our forces to use the roads. It was a great morale booster to see Tanks ashore so early and, altho their presence would probably draw fire we never-the-less welcomed them.

Capt's Pearl & Hubner decided to walk farther inland to locate the rest of the company and I was left in charge of the men who by now had begun to dig temporary shelters and partake of rations. On the return of the officers, we again set out toward Doupeville, a small village a couple of miles inland.

Moose & Honeycutt who had fallen asleep in a shell-hole, while we were waiting soon caught up with us.

The humor of the day was also



Contributed by 11,000 who sprawled on his face in debarking thus absorbing as much channel water as the rest of us combined.

The roads from the beaches were littered with life-savers of all descriptions as well as many other items of equipment which the owners had decided to do without. Soon we began to see parachutes in the fields and in the trees and we knew our buddies were there before us. An 82<sup>nd</sup> paratrooper came along at the head of a hundred or more of the "supermen", their hands clasped over their heads, the war, for them, all over.

On the way to Doupeville I saw a dead Jerry whose head was entirely hollow with a small hole in front and a large departure hole in back. Other Jerries were lying in the ditches along the road, evidence of close contact warfare.

At Doupeville we stopped along the road and listened to Machine-gun Smith & Mickey long tell of being left on the beach to console a g.i in his dying moments, then being unable to find the company. There, too, there was a Jerry tank which the paratroopers had surprised and annihilated, leaving many dead & wounded. Paratroopers had commandeered wagons and bicycles and were ferrying the wounded to the beaches. There we saw our first "vie blanc" and "cedar" the french contribution to liberation. No pay was accepted altho the G.I.s always march linnards<sup>in</sup> makes it <sup>easily</sup> ~~it~~ by distributing rations or candy or coffee among the prisoners.

At this time the second wave of the



## Hotel Abraham Lincoln

FIFTH STREET AT CAPITOL AVENUE

Springfield, Illinois

Airborne part of the invasion appeared overhead. Transports towing gliders filled the sky and Jerry in turn sent his protests up in the shape of flak & small arms fire. Some of the transports were hit and we watched them head for England, flying on the deck. The continued small arms fire made us realize that Jerry had zeroed in the landing field and our boys were having hot moments.

Lt. Walsh and several of his drivers found us on the road and told us where the company was located. We boarded the jeeps & sat on the packed trailers and rode about 5 or 6 miles to a chateau which had been taken over by the Medical Co. On the way we passed frequent krauts, "hors-de-combat" and didn't realize at the time that more of them, not so out of action probably were hidden along our way.



At the chateau things were really getting done. Operating rooms had been set up and everyone was

busy trying to help with the confusion was really chaos. The fine precision of training problems was gone and no one seemed to know what platoon was working and which was "in reserve".

I tucked my equipment beneath several other packs near the door of the house and began giving plasma, litter-bearing and doing anything else I could think of. Many of our casualties were German and they had to wait until our own were treated altho many were seriously & painfully wounded. It was heartbreaking to look on a litter & see someone who had been a friend or acquaintance lying there helpless, face ashen, yet uncomplaining.

I think everyone worked thru the night with no rest & thought little of it. In fact, it was seven a.m. before I realized the darkness had gone. I went downstairs for a breath of air and met Gen. Taylor who was visiting to learn the extent of casualties. He declined my offer to "get" Major Barfield and went to the operating rooms to see for himself.

Overnight we had accumulated a number of German prisoners and, until they could be interrogated & sent to the rear, we put them to work loading patients & helping generally. By noon on the 7<sup>th</sup> a bit more order was in evidence and we operated more smoothly. I got a chance to catch a few winks between 2 and 5 and also got some show, if K-rations can rightfully be called that.

Sgt's Smith and Anthony had made a hasty ... of the ... and the ... that





# Hotel Abraham Lincoln

FIFTH STREET AT CAPITOL AVENUE

Springfield, Illinois

NOT ANDY  
BUT  
ROBT  
E

our glider landings had been expensive. We had lost four men definitely killed, Roach, Bennet, Powell and Sallman. Several more, including Whittaker, Crotcher, Rosenberger Boudreau and Lt. Carrier were missing. The paratrooper element of the company could not be checked, because they would probably work with these regiments for a few days before returning to us. However, Cootky had not been heard from and all of us who were close to him were hoping & praying that he would show up safely.

Thursday was a repetition of Wed. except that we had captured a Kraut medical installation and had turned over to them the task of caring for the very wounded. A schedule was being set up so that everyone would get a chance to sleep without having to wait until he fell on his face from exhaustion. I drew quite an off period and was free until 2 PM on Friday, from 10 pm on Thursday. I spent Friday taking pictures of the Krauts and of our own men in various poses and got quite a few nice



OPERATING THE HOTEL LINCOLN DOUGLAS QUINCY, ILLINOIS

the war was over I might add that sniper kept us on the alert all the time. In fact, Martiney had one draw a bead on him while he was caring for a patient, inside a tent. The bullet went thru Marty's arm and embedded itself in the patient's clothing. Marty came up with a badly fractured arm but was more irritated at his patient than at the sniper. The patient popped the slug and insisted on retaining it as a souvenir altho Marty felt more entitled to the memento. Marty was evacuated on the 8<sup>th</sup> of June and I've not seen him since altho I heard that his arm will never be very much use.

On Friday June 9<sup>th</sup> we began to get some ambulances and evacuation to the beach was stepped up. We placed all the patients in a large courtyard and evacuated them as quickly as possible, performing only first-aid when that was sufficient to enable a man to travel. As a result we were almost cleaned out when I reported for duty. A shift in plans made it optional if I worked Friday nite. or not, but I decided to go on at 10 pm along with Carl Weinreber & Query. When I got to the operating room there was little activity, so I told Carl to get some rest & I sat around ~~th~~ & talked with Halla, Capt. Yeary, Moore & Maj Crandall. There were only three or four patients in the house, one on the table receiving a slow blood transfusion. I suggested coffee & got about four takers so I contacted ~~Carl~~ ~~Paul~~ ~~in~~



## Hotel Abraham Lincoln

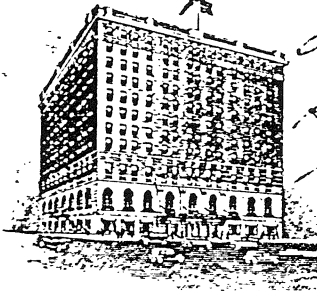
FIFTH STREET AT CAPITOL AVENUE

Springfield, Illinois

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Several tins of coffee. I was without my helmet, a fact which I noticed about midnite when I heard a plane droning overhead. Because our artillery had been operating quite close to us during the day, I had expressed a fear that Jerry would try to move us during the nite. Course, I didn't attach too much significance to the plane but never-the-less, I stepped into the hall & picked up my helmet.

Before I could get it on my head the low-flying plane dove in, I heard a scream, and a ~~big~~ blinding flash accompanied by a terrific explosion seemed to go off in my face. I huddled, stooped over, while the plaster & debris rattled around me. Everything was silent excepting a buzzing noise which I reasoned was one of our <sup>323</sup>ammunitions, not completely knocked out. Reed came from upstairs and told me to follow him as he knew where there was a trench. We felt our way down the stairs until the moonlight streaming in the door showed us the way. We ran around the building and, as I ran, I was still concussed



OPERATING THE HOTEL LINCOLN-DOUGLAS, QUINCY, ILLINOIS

of the buzzing sound. Reed ducked thru a gateway toward where the trench was located. For some unknown reason I didn't follow but ducked behind a wall just as a second bomb exploded and tore things loose. The resultant thunder of rocks & rubble seemed to last for minutes. When things quieted I ran to the trench & climbed in. The French who occupied the chateau were clamoring to get into the already filled trench and we accommodated them as best we could. I remember reaching to one of them to take the "Bebbie" a tot of 3 years. I passed her to someone who had a foot of room to shelter her.

The plane returned but evidently had no more bombs and we crouched low, expecting to be strafed but were not.

Now voices were heard crying out in agony as the wounded recovered from their first shock and pain began to assert itself. I was torn between duty & desire more so than I'd ever been but not for long. I asked the men in the trench to come along as we were needed but got no response. I went out in to the courtyard and was appalled by the scene.

The chateau was almost completely wrecked, one corner being blown completely off. The barn had evidently been saved in from concussion as the roof had dropped from the ends leaving the corners upright. The archway leading into the courtyard, constructed of stone was about half-gone with the but...



## Hotel Abraham Lincoln

FIFTH STREET AT CAPITOL AVENUE

Springfield, Illinois

7  
Standing precariously, tents were blown down, boulders were everywhere and <sup>the</sup> several bodies of those killed outright were lying in the courtyard. I looked for Moose & Kalla but couldn't find any sign of them.

There was no one who seemed to know what to do excepting Maj Crandall, Capt <sup>McKee</sup> Dear and the interrogation officer whose name I never learned. Some of the enlisted men were splendid particularly Nabors & Weircher, Rutter and probably many more. Clutter & I teamed up carrying patients to the ambulances which by now were nearly full. During the confusion the German prisoners, numbering about 80, had fled, more in fear, it developed later than in any effort to escape. However, our M P's were trigger happy and several times we ducked into ditches to escape the machine-gun fire that seemed to be being fired promiscuously about. After several minutes of shouting to them to hold their fire we were able to work in comparative safety.



At this time Major Davidson, surgeon for 502 Pchbt Regt. arrived



and insisted on having the ambulances turn over to him. He went so far as to draw his #5 when Capt McKee refused to agree. However, we were ordered to unload the ambulances and load the patient on a truck, using a shuttle system to cross the bomb-blasted area. I recall helping to carry Sgt. Smith, (who seemed not too badly injured,) to the truck. Rutter, I'm sure was also on this carry and we agreed that Sgt Smith was just anxious to get away and was using a slight injury as a pretense. A couple of days later I learned that his injuries had been fatal! Nuttall was another whom I recall having helped to the truck, he was not seriously injured.

Capt. Rock and I made a tour thru the battered chateau to see if we could locate anyone who had been unable to get out of the building. Holding our hand almost completely over the flashlight lens so that only a beam was visible. Even this precaution was not enough as calls of "duck that light" came from without. We searched thru the wreckage without discovering anyone until we came to a room that was almost completely destroyed. I heard the sound of heavy breathing and directed my beam into the far corner of the room expecting to see someone badly injured. Instead I saw a soldier sleeping peacefully, totally unhurt, altho more than a ton of rocks & rubble littered the room. I recalled that we had given him a sleeping tablet & put him there about 10 o'clock the night before. The